

# Submersed

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by Chris Bellows

## Prologue

The battered car accelerates onto the interstate. 'Not fast,' the driver tells himself. No speeding. But not slow. He must make it to his next stop in time. At the precise time. Too soon, he will draw attention in lingering about. Too late and the deal is off, his prized acquisition worthless.

Short wave scanner blaring, the drive brings stimulation, adrenaline, anxiety. No soothing music, he must listen for activity... police activity... and watch the road with diligence.

Engaging in his skills in a rural area has advantages. He can move about at his schedule, no traffic jams, limited surveillance. Conversely, the roads are sparse. With alerts and bulletins such can be easily monitored, readily cordoned off.

There comes a moan from under the blanket in the passenger seat. Perhaps not enough sedative, but there is nothing to be done now. The next stop... ten minutes. There, after contact and additional instructions, he will inject anew.

He reaches to his right, under the blanket, his hand smoothing about naked flesh. Ostensibly he comforts.

"Just a few more hours, sweetheart... then to your new home."

From most, the words would tend to sooth. But not from the gravelly voice of abductor John Anderson Tilly. And his intention is not to bring composure but to instead test the level of consciousness. When his fingers find a nipple and firmly pinch, he is quieted in not hearing a screech of pain. His package is merely hallucinating, the sedative sufficient.

The scanner squawks. There is activity. The interstate highway is being blockaded at the river one mile ahead. Though the abduction has brought attention, there is no panic. There is an alternative route. Easily taken. It is the timing which will suffer.

Off the interstate. A secondary road to the south. A left turn returns the car towards the east. With the local authorities no doubt engaged in the road block, he knows he can speed, make up for lost time. Fast, faster... with pending darkness the surrounding farm fields become a blur. Then comes a sign, construction ahead.

'I cannot slow,' John Anderson Tilly tells himself. 'The next instruction point. Arrival must be on schedule.'

But the construction is more than minor. The locals are aware. John Anderson Tilly is not. The bridge of the secondary road is out. In approaching a detour sign, John Anderson Tilly's sense of

direction suggests the alternative route will take him north, back to the interstate and the road block. No slowing, time of the essence, he reaches for the Google maps function of his cell phone, swerving around the detour sign, attention occupied in finding another route over the river.

With the distraction, the speeding car ascends the ramp to the missing bridge. When John Anderson Tilly looks up, the windshield shows nothing but water. He swerves. The car veers to the right. Heavy braking, down the embankment, the vehicle stops not until water's edge is reached. Then it topples, to the right, passenger side into the river.

John Anderson Tilly, no seat belt, is tossed about, head hitting the steering wheel to join his captive in unconsciousness. Even the cooling water, slowly immersing the car, does not revive him. And his package... doomed. The new home reached is celestial.

### Aida Benson

The mammoth woman of color lies supine on a work bench, legs of power folded, knees at her chest, bare feet pressing a bar of steel above, weighted with some three hundred pounds. She pushes, legs straightening. The bar slowly rises within the stanchions. She smiles. Anyone observing would think the deed to be strenuous. Then she flexes. The bar slowly lowers, knees returning. Pressing again, with force, the weighted bar now effortlessly pops upwards, seeming to be a balloon kicked into the air.

Warmed, the workout begins in earnest. Up, down, up, down. The rhythm steady and fluidly easy, the repetitions many.

Nearly nude, the seclusion of rural Alabama makes outdoor exercise invigorating for Aida Benson. It is only a tight sports bar, inhibiting breasts of size from flopping about, that is worn. With breezy wafts of fresh air, the quick evaporation of perspiration augments the invigoration. And knowing that subservient tongue and lips wait nearby to cleanse brings ascendant thrill.

The leg lifts end a most exhausting two hour exercise routine and her servant stands, water bottle and towel prepared for presentation. The tall muscular form rises and silently beckons. With adoring eyes glued... her servant obediently responds.

Dusk approaches. The biting flies and mosquitoes of the river will soon claim the night. A warm bath will be drawn. Perhaps she will share it with her servant, offering a rare privilege.

“Enough exercise, Pansy. Come. Kneel for me.”

The nakedness of her servant prances forth, knees bending, eagerly dropping, the water bottle handed over along with the towel. The empty arms reach forth, relatively slim and tender, the alabaster hands lovingly embracing the mammoth mocha buttocks, wet and warmed with vigor.

“You so much enjoy my taste,” Aida letting herself be guided, parting her thighs, her well trimmed uncovered mons to be aligned with an eager mouth.

She towels her shoulders, the height of her six foot frame putting her upper body out of reach. Then feeling the mouth enshroud, lively tongue slithering past her labia to swish at her urethral opening, she opens herself, always marveling at the neatness, not a drop ever to touch the soil... just as with the flooring of her home. Such training... such eagerness to please... self imposed discipline.

Deed completed, the towel stills and a smiling Aida drinks. The sweat of her thighs, legs and buttocks is reserved for the oral attention of her servant. So cute, the page boy styled hair the only covering, the entire body denuded of hair, the lack of tan lines evidencing the denial of clothing at all times and all places.

“Quickly, Pansy,’ she admonishes, “the flies will eat more of me than you.”

With that comes the sound of a roaring engine. Down river. The opposing side. With the bridge out, it has been quiet of late, the noise thus drawing attention. Clamor follows. Aida steps away from the lapping tongue. Dashing down to her dock, she catches the sight of the car, rushing down the embankment, into the water, flipping to one side, the mud slowly engulfing.

Retired, yet medically well trained, Aida knows to respond.

“Pansy. Into the house. Have my kit ready.”

Donned only in her sports bra, Aida knows it is no time for modesty. Oars grasped. To the end of the dock. To her boat.

It is a racing scull... for exercise... of limited utility in an emergency, other than that Aida’s arms of steel will propel her down river and to the embankment of the missing bridge in less than a minute.

If there is a life to be saved she has the skills to do it.

### Military Training - Corrections Career

Poverty left Aida Benson with few options despite excellent academic achievement in high school. For her it was the army. And once again her achievement excelled. Out of basic, it was into medical training, trauma surgery. There her efforts were noted, competency at the top of her class. But it was her cool confidence that most drew the attention of superior officers.

‘We need those who can function while being shot at and under attack,’ noted one officer.

Next step, ranger school, training with special forces, bonding with those most in the line of danger... and most likely to be in need of her skills. Her ultimate assignment was to be at the front lines of combat, treating the wounded at the place of battle... ostensibly.

Yes, ostensibly. Her tour was a cover. Indeed, Aida Benson went to the front lines... the middle east... the battle lines of terrorism. But it was not so much her wounded comrades... potential wounded comrades... who became the recipient of her skills.

Working with the Central Intelligence Agency, she was to tend to prisoners... committed terrorists... killers of innocent women and children. The goal... keep them alive for questioning... and make them eager... to tell their stories... to talk... to confess... and for those who didn't... to have them begging for a merciful end to their lives.

Surgical nurse Aida Benson assured such an end was not to come.

Many tours, many years, Aida mustered out and returned home to Alabama, all records of her service were sealed, despite her valor, despite her meticulous efforts to assure retribution came to the deserving... slow and unending retribution.

Jobs opportunities for her sophisticated skill set were rare in the rural south. With the prospects of an ailing mother facing the end of life alone and with limited access to care, Aida Benson returned home to the large, Civil War era decrepit house on the Mobile River. There she offered care and found employment at the only local facility in need of her skills... the nearby state penitentiary... the hospital ward.

It was there she encountered Pansy... a part of the story to be later told. And there once again her cool confidence in a challenging environment... amongst killers and rapists... impressed her superiors. For after years in combat, proximity to terrorists, her cool confidence had been augmented by insouciance for the male. The machismo was all superficial, she learned... not a terrorist under her purview failed to break.

'I've squeezed my share of testicles,' Aida Benson offered in response to a question posed during her job interview with the penitentiary's warden... the question being her ability to handle threatening male brawn.

Warden Grace Addison stopped the interview. Aida Benson was hired.

Some three years into her second career, mother passed on, leaving the mansion to daughter Aida. With its run down condition, Aida looked upon the bequeathment as an ironic opportunity to exhaust any excess funds from her modest government salary. For on her deathbed, Mother Benson beseeched her daughter to keep the house... and if sale needed in financial desperation, to first return the architectural gem to its antebellum splendor. Aida nodded her consent... yet knowing that restoration would require many years and much cash.

Months later, on a Saturday afternoon, refurbishment beginning with a spare bedroom, there came a discovery. In preparing to remove ancient wall paper, Aida noticed that a patch which was behind an armoire was relatively recent. Someone had replaced the decades old covering, poorly attempting to replicate the design, the armoire positioned to cover the feeble attempt to match the pattern.

'Pansy, let's start here.'

They did. Peeling away, they found that an old closet had been covered up, the door hastily replaced with cheap wall board which quickly yielded to hammer blows. Sunlight revealed some steamer trunks. The illumination of a flashlight revealed the contents.

Someone in the family of Aida Benson robbed banks... or houses... or both. Cash and jewelry, a treasure trove, Mother Benson most likely aware yet too shamed to utilize the small fortune for household needs and medical care.

Thus her deathbed request... if in need... restore the house before sale.

Aida Benson kept her reason. She thought about her impoverished upbringing. The lack of funds for college. She both cursed her mother's memory for withholding the benefits of such a stash, yet admired her integrity... the refusal to sully her hands with ill gotten gains.

Still she allowed the small fortune to remain in place. Not to be revealed, not to be turned over to the authorities. Mother Benson lived a life of conflict... guilty silence... yet silence of self sacrifice.

For Aida Benson, there had been enough self sacrifice.

No flashy displays of new found wealth. She instead slowly siphoned... weekly depleting the steamer trunks. A bank deposit here... the purchase of savings bonds... a brokerage account there... occasional visits to far off jewelry dealers. The latter effort was the most precarious, she realized. But after some half dozen trips to major cities, she concluded the presumed burglaries were many years in the past... no buyer suspecting or reporting her stash as potentially stolen. Yes, Aida Benson was cool enough not to press for immediate cash... never taking a low offer which would signal to the buyer an insignificant investment in what otherwise appeared to priceless rings, bracelets, earrings, watches, and necklaces. Instead she patiently bargained, maximizing all sales.

The task required nearly a year, but when all was turned to liquid accessible assets, she had a seven figure net worth. Not yet age 40, Aida Benson retired, humorously explaining to Warden Grace that she had milked her last prostate gland.

'You'll be missed, Aida. Your efforts calmed the prisoners so well.'

### A Captive

"Arrgh," the indiscernible noise emanating from a naked form kneeling on all fours, tummy propped up by a short wooden bench.

"He's coming to, Pansy. Water please."

Aida Benson sets aside her precision tools, taking from her servant a squeeze bottle of water. First she douses the head of her kneeling charge, stimulating more consciousness, then inserts the straw into a yawning mouth to hydrate. Her captive sputters, some liquid imbibed, some spewing to the stone flooring.

"Whaa..." the well trussed man attempts to speak.

"Stay still for just a little longer and I'll remove the molt gag. Don't bother trying to talk," Aida's

tone smooth yet firm.

Hands return to her tools. There comes the high pitched screech of a small drill, the bit approaching the captive's mouth.

"Just one or two more teeth for today then we'll talk and I'll finish tomorrow."

The drill pushes past a mouth forcibly opened by the steel jaws of the molt gag. There comes pain, there comes heat, there comes the pungent odor of enamel greeting the sharp rapidly spinning bit. The captive spasms, legs and arms flailing... attempting to flail. This triggers more pain.

"You'll find that to be futile... mister whomever you are. You're well bound. Let me finish and we'll exchange information."

The steady hand works, another bicuspid is ground to the gums.

"Your smile will be... ah... rather ungainly. But there will be few who will notice," Aida's flippant observation so aloofly uttered... considering the abhorrence of the deed.

"There... more tomorrow," smiling in assessing her efforts.

In removing the molt gag, Aida surveys four front teeth, ground away, flattened to the point of uselessness in terms of masticating food. But more importantly in terms of biting.

"So... I'll talk... you'll listen. Then you will talk... answer questions... and I will listen."

"Fuck you," the invective comical in being hissed through missing teeth.

"Tsk, tsk. Such nastiness for the woman who saved your life," a hand reaching forth, fingers gathering up the man's nose and twisting. "I'm sure you've already realized you're not only well restrained. But you're also naked and quite vulnerable," twisting convincingly, smiling with the resulting outburst of agony.

The hand retreats, the smile turning to a wicked grin in seeing unavertable tears of anguish rolling to the cheeks.

"That's better. Silence. My name is Aida Benson. You were in an accident, driving your vehicle into the river. You were knocked unconscious. Blunt force head trauma. You've been in a coma for two days. Really, seat belts do save lives by the way. I rescued you, brought you to my home. It's a good thing you float, otherwise I would have had to swim the width of the river."

"Hospital?"

"No. I'm medically trained. You're in capable hands. And I did not think you'd want to alert the authorities."

The captive attempts again to move, his effort bringing more pain.

“I’d be hesitant to do that... Mr. Whomever. For reasons which you’ll come to understand. If you have not already guessed... I’ve got you restrained. While unconscious, I took the liberty of assuring you’re in bondage... inescapable bondage... and bound in such a manner that you’ll not need to be freed for quite some time. So move about, but be forewarned, too much motion... sudden pulling... will bring cramping.”

With that the captive mightily tugs at his right arm, a futile attempt to grasp or punch his interrogator... and a painful one. His action brings a sharp and agonizing cramping to his arm muscles.

“Yes, sometimes actions are more convincing than words. Slow and easy... you’ll learn. While you’ve been in la la land, I’ve been busy. You’re bearing some rings for me. Best described as surgically implanted. At your heels, deeply inserted to snare the Achilles tendons, and at your elbows, snaring your medial epicondyle tendons and thus the ulner nerves. As a child you were probably told it was your funny bone when you banged yourself there. Well, with your harsh attempt to strike me, you just triggered your funny bone. Different tendons in your legs, but you’ll endure the same type of pain if you were to try to kick me or otherwise try to stand.”

An arm extends to pat the man’s cheeks, the tenderness incongruous with the size and strength of the hand.

“To the rings are attached steel cables. Such end with a foot or two of elastic cording which are in turn secured to floor bolts. So mercifully, you’ll be able to move a little and stretch... stay any cramping. But sudden motion... punches and kicks will aggravate some very large nerves. Just think, you can instantly punish yourself for any untoward attempts to become physical.”

Aida stands from sitting on a low stool. The man is astonished to see that other than an attractive bodice of white cotton, she is uncovered... completely naked from just below breasts of size to her feet. Just as astonishing is the tone... the muscling. The woman has the physique of a well exercised Olympian, abdominal muscles rippling, shapely thighs of granite. He finds himself gawking where a man seeks to take his pleasure. Little pubic air, thick meatiness of dark brown yield to peeking deep pink labia... seeming to beckon for attention. Above is a clitoral hood, fleshy, the man’s imagination envisioning beneath a pearly bud of wondrous size.

“It tends to be warm in these parts. And with the seclusion, I keep myself comfortable... and readily accessible for pleasure... my pleasure,” noting his lascivious gaze.

“Where...” speech faltering.

“You’re at my home, as I said. Along the river where you nearly killed yourself. You’re in a sub basement, dug well underground, beneath the original basement, before the Civil War. Supposedly as a wine cellar. But at the time the owners of this house were abolitionists and this hidden chamber was to shelter escaping slaves... the first stop on the so termed underground railroad... transporting folks like my ancestors to freedom in the north.”

A hand gestures to a far wall.

“You’ll note the many hanging artifacts. Chains, collars, shackles... forged from wrought iron. Much sweat and labor expended in assuring a man was well restrained for working the plantation. After escape, here is where they were freed... the bonds broken. I’ve left the stuff in place as mementos. Some it was probably worn by my ancestors. Irony that sometime after the war, my great, great grandfather made a good living trading cotton... what the slaves long toiled to harvest in the hot sun. So when the plantation ran into hard times during the Panic of 1873, he bought the place. When things got better he sold off much of the land to make a tidy profit and kept this house. Family’s been here ever since.”

Aida signals to her servant Pansy.

“Bathe him... and remove his hair,” reaching to tug a clump at the back of his head. “Curious that you have not inquired about your passenger.”

Aida steps back. The naked Pansy, clothing rarely permitted, works to the kneeling man’s rear side, unraveling a spray hose. Within a moment, the man is showered in comforting warmth.

“Now, what is your name?”

### Resistance

John Anderson Tilly needs not to be known. When on an assignment his identification... three sets of driver’s licenses, credit cards, business cards and other extraneous information... are kept in the trunk of his car... one real, two fake. Neatly arranged such that with a traffic stop he can divert attention from his package, stroll to the back of his car and offer the name of his choosing along with fake addresses.

Thus the query tells him such was not found. He does not remember driving the car into a river. But in mentioning a passenger, recollections of being on an assignment... an abduction... cut through the fog of his addled mind. The crime of kidnapping and the penalties to be endured if caught are constant considerations. Therefore when this imposing woman of color asks, he knows to prevaricate.

“I... well... my head... it’s... ah... Edward,” truly not recalling the full name of one of his fake ids.

“And your age?”

“38.”

He pauses, the few words not easily coming with many teeth filed. The severity of dental work alone sends a message... tells him something.

Who is this woman... why am I so convincingly bound... and how is it she has the audacity to drill... in my mouth... alter my limbs?



Eyes finally move from the woman's charms. He looks up into a handsome face, her look one of resolve and determination, assessing the reception of his lie. The hair is short, complementing her athleticism. Every other feature is significant... large powerful arms and hands, the muscling of a professional boxer, even her sex.... so blatantly exposed... suggests strength and vitality.

Her servant begins to bathe, the warm spray of water soothing. With the pain and aggravation of challenging his bonds, mouth and gums aching from the intrusion of the molt gag and dental drill, the care is welcomed. Then he smells soap and feels soft small hands working about, both massaging and cleansing.

"You're to be shaven Edward... Edward whatever. Things can be septic here in the confines of a sub basement. Hair attracts dirt and lice. So now in particular you'll need to stay still. Pansy is good with the razor... as you've noted my own grooming," Aida glancing down to her well presented mons. "But you'll not want to get nicked."

With the words, John Anderson Tilly feels the gentle scraping of a razor... arms, back, legs. He is chagrined to feel the hands tenderly work about his privates, fingers manipulating his scrotum to not only whisk away all pubic hair, but explore. Is there adoration?

Meanwhile Aida resumes sitting, pulling the low stool quite close, scissors in hand. She begins brusquely cutting large clumps of cranial hair. John Anderson Tilly shakes his head, resisting more clips.

"Stay still. You'll no longer need to worry about your looks. And your passenger's head was shaven, so it may be a new fashion look."

"Passenger?" John Anderson Tilly feigning. "Oh, yes. I think I was giving a ride to some hitchhiker."

"I was unable to rescue. That side of your car was underwater and your side was filling up rapidly as it was sliding further towards the river channel. The mud... it's thick and slippery in this part of the Mobile River. You were lucky I was able to pull you out.

"Did you catch a name... of your passenger?"

"Ah... no..."

"With the head shaved, I could not even tell if it was a boy or a girl. I'm sure we'll be reading about it in the local paper in a day or two. It's weekly down here. But the police eventually responded, pulling out the car and the body.

"Was it a girl, Edward?"

"I... ah... don't know."

"You know, I spent some time in the army. Treating captured terrorists. One of the first things we did was to shave their heads. Sends a message... of power and control... and demeans. Do you

think someone did that to your passenger? Intentionally degrading? Instilling a sense of vulnerability?”

The questions come as Aida resumes, the scissors crudely working, preparing the skull for Pansy’s razor. John Anderson Tilly stills himself, presenting his head for defoliation, thoughts of the woman treating prisoners occupying his mind.

“So, Edward, you picked up a young hitchhiker... boy or girl not apparent to you... or me... but the age... or lack thereof was. Curious to travel about the country... seeking rides... while shackled. Must have been difficult getting into your car.”

“I... ah... well...” the web of lies quickly unraveling.

“And then there’s the lack of clothing. The body was nude, but for a blanket billowing in the water. So... let’s give that some thought. One must remove one’s clothing first before putting on restraining wrist and ankle cuffs... assuming your passenger was into self bondage. Rather quirky for someone so young.”

Discovered! The well concealed trade of John Anderson Tilly, years of abducting for money, is exposed.

“I’m not saying anything more,” the words sullen but of determination.

“Oh, I think you will, Edward... or whatever is your real name. And you’re going to do so without your teeth... at least those used for biting.”

Hair cut away, Aida withdraws her hands as Pansy moves to the front, ready to completely denude the head of the remaining stubble. The servant for the first time is to be fully viewed by John Anderson Tilly. And despite being disturbed by the revelation of his sordid profession, he is stunned anew.

The form is naked... not a stitch. The hair style is short... a cute page boy the only covering. All is effeminate... such in contrast to the muscular Aida Benson. Yet there is a penis... embarrassingly tiny if this Pansy is of adult age. But what most shocks... there is no other evidence of maleness... below the penis, an empty puff of pink flesh.

Castration! The realization brings a shudder... the notion striking fear into the gruff heartless abductor of the young and relatively helpless. Aida Benson notes the reaction.

“Yes, my servant Pansy at one time had balls. I took them. And as you can see such a transformation has brought wondrous loyalty and devotion. So gentle and loving. You must forgive him for so lovingly cradling your bits Edward. She no longer has any with which to play.”

Another cringe, John Anderson Tilly closes his eyes with the vestiges of Pansy’s maleness coming within inches of his face as the straight edged razor defoliates.

“You’ll turn me in... to the police?”

“Oh no, Edward. But you’ll wish I had.

“So let me tell you about Pansy. Perhaps more information will loosen your tongue and I can be more... ah... indulgent in learning of your craft.”

Inmate Peter Pancini - aka Pansy

“You’re visiting me again, Peter... or should I call you Pansy?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Bleeding again. Badly?”

“Well... I’m here... and you know... with the embarrassment and all...”

“Yes. Bad enough. Not something you’d want to go through with a woman if you had a choice,” nurse Aida Benson standing arms akimbo, a stance of authority as she towers over the diminutive inmate.

She points to a medical apparatus, an adjustable table.

“So strip naked for me. You know the position. I’ll get prepared.”

“Does it have to be everything?”

Aida Benson finds inmate Peter Pancini’s shyness to be cute... and amusing. And indeed, the procedure does not mandate complete nakedness. But she does. It abets her aura of omnipotence at Alabama’s Mobile State Penitentiary... earning her the respect of the hardened inmates.

“Of course. And come now Pansy, does it not bring you a little thrill... baring yourself to the woman in charge?”

As nurse Aida prepares antiseptic, sutures, needles and other surgical supplies, the girlishly slim Peter Pancini meekly disrobes, knowing to lie prostrate on the table, exposure complete. Nurse Aida notes the blood stained underwear, shaking her head.

Having access to the prison medical files, she knows of Peter Pancini... knows of his crime. Caught shoplifting, the ignominy of arrest compounded by the fact that he was in drag... ostensibly finding it facile to stuff items of theft under a pleated skirt. So he has claimed.

But Aida knows better. Peter Pancini’s crossdressing is more than just for the convenience of theft. He pines to be a woman... yes, to dress like one... but not just for theft. He is transgendered in mind. And in the grizzly world of a maximum security prison, there is a price to be paid for beliefs thought to be so aberrant.

How and why a judge sentenced him to five years of hard labor for such a minor crime speaks of the discrimination in the deep south. Any place else, such an infraction would result in months... if not weeks... of community service.

Nurse Aida adjusts the surgical table... the ends lowering, the middle rising to bring prominent exposure to Peter Pancini's buttocks and wounded opening.

"Spread for me, Pansy. Be a good boy. You certainly know to do that for your cell mates," repressing a laugh.

For the third time in six months, Peter Pancini has been sodomized... brutally... his rectum torn. Thus highlighting the humiliation of having to submit to anal penetration comes the need for sutures.

"You're now going to be even tighter here, Pansy. Each time this happens and I sew you up, your little rectum becomes less supple. So henceforth even being penetrated by a modest sized guy is going to bring you to me again."

"I'm... ah... sorry... Miss Benson," such meek words, gasping with pain as Nurse Aida applies cleansing lotion and antiseptic.

"Have you considered fellatio? Just orally submit and getting it over with?" such crass yet practical advice.

"Yes... I do... ah... take them that way. But they always want to finish me... there," the words so pitiful, the deeds so cruel.

So they use him there too. Such beasts.

"You should not be here, Pansy. You're not going to finish your sentence... not when having to endure this so often," Nurse Aida's left hand parting the cheeks to find the wound. "It's not too bad. But with the frequency... and the renewed tightness... if you pass out and don't get to me in time, you could bleed out after one of these assaults. Turn these guys in! They'll be put in the hole."

"And when they get out?"

Yes, the vicissitudes of prison life... so much time for revenge... so much time to plan retribution.

"Did you consider requesting to serve your time in a woman's prison, Pansy? You don't have to put on any ruse with me. You're closer to being female... in your desires, thoughts and emotions... than any of the animals jailed here."

"In Alabama, the deciding factor is physical as to gender. And I have... well..."

"Yes, Pansy, balls. Your tiny plums are dangling about now. There are probably prepubescent boys better equipped than you."

“Thank you, Miss Benson... I think. But it’s just as well... the size... fitting better...”

“Yes, fitting under your frilly panties and skirt. Guess it’s convenient for you... more convenient not to have them though.”

Aida Benson’s own words give rise to thought.

“So with balls it’s men’s prison... no balls women’s. There seems to be a simple solution, Pansy,” Nurse Aida completing the stitching.

“It’s expensive. Miss Benson... sexual reassignment surgery.”

“Yes. But if testicles are the only deciding factor... such are easily removed. I think you’re going to have an accident, Pansy. Let’s say in the woodworking shop.”

Suturing completed, Nurse Aida Benson strolls to stand over the bowed head of inmate Peter Pancini, lowering her hand to his face. She smiles in seeing him crane his neck, humbly kissing her hand in gratitude... then knowing to lick it when she continues holding it in place. The tongue is gentle but firm, deftly swishing about.

“So... you have oral, skills, Pansy. You’ll need such in a women’s prison. I’m sure they can be demanding there as well when it comes to pleasure.”

#### Completing the Message

“So an accident. That’s what happened... there?” John Anderson Tilly nodding to the pubes bereft of gonads as Aida Benson pauses in her story.

“No, of course not. That’s just what I forged into his medical records. Pansy here never worked in the wood shop. But with the bureaucracy of an understaffed prison, who was even going to check... question me about having to excise what remained of his manly plums after the alleged accident. No I just snipped him.”

Aida Benson moves to stand behind her forcibly kneeling prisoner, arm lowering, a hand palming freshly shaven organs so helplessly presented with thighs restrained well apart.

“It’s quite a simple operation, Edward.... if that’s your real name,” hand closing to gently squeeze. “Probably easier... and certainly less time consuming... than a root canal.”

The hand retracts, the fingers flick, Aida smiling in transmitting her message of vulnerability as the plums flop about in response to her commanding fingers and hand.

“Within weeks, Pansy’s... Peter Pancini’s... application for transfer to the women’s prison was approved. It could not be denied under law. There he finished out his sentence. And I may add.... perfected his cunnilingus.”

Aida Benson retracts her hand returning to stand to face her prisoner.

“And a very grateful Peter Pancini... Pansy... lives... rectum intact and never again to be ripped open. Such curious devotion and adulation for the woman who emasculated him... don’t you think? It’s a bonding thing... and so wonderful to have a lifelong servant.”

Aida Benson gestures. Pansy immediately steps forth, going to his knees, shuffling forth as Aida parts her thighs, hands going to cradle the coifed head and guide tongue and lips. Such greet the brown folds of her sex to engulf, mouth and labia becoming one. There comes a pause. Then prisoner John Anderson Tilly gapes in awe, seeing the Adam’s apple and throat pulse, the effeminate servant no doubt imbibing.

“Wonderful dedication... and she so much enjoys my taste. Do you think you will enjoy my taste Edward?”

### Alone in Thought

John Anderson Tilly lies in darkness. The windowless sub basement seems to have only one exit, a flight of stone steps leading to an overhead door which, when sealed, yields not a glimmer. He has not before experienced such blackness, so dark that he knows not when his eyes are open or closed.

Mind better clearing, his thoughts become more organized. There is relief that his latest abduction did not end with arrest. And that his package, potentially giving testimony as to his crime, did not survive. Though it means no payday... it also means no jail. However, in being so well bound with this Aida Benson woman demonstrating ungainly control and confidence over his form, is being alleviated of the threat of jail to be welcomed?

She has to release me at some point, he reasons. But then what... and under what circumstances? To be handed over to the authorities? In noting that his package... his passenger... was both naked and shackled... she is not only suspicious, but determined to learn more. Curious her comments concerning the lack of hair on his package... that in her experience such sends a message... of power and control... and demeans. For that is precisely why he includes the complete depilation of all hair as a precursor to preparing his packages for transport... to instill a sense of shame and vulnerability. Plus such makes ready identification more unlikely should his victim be somehow spotted from afar. The color, length and styling of hair is a most distinguishing feature.

John Anderson Tilly finds himself shrugging in irony. Each time he moves a limb, the elasticity of his bonds yield... to a point. But any strong pulls... or wayward motion... brings agony... triggering intense cramping just as the woman described. So it seems he can lie, yummy down, on all fours with the permitted movement just enough to make his bondage wickedly acceptable in the long term. In effect he can exercise himself.

Such brings concern... the term of his incarceration. That and the fact that the woman offered her name... presumably her real name. The abductor is now the abducted... and he knows full well that in seeing her face and knowing her name... plus the approximate location of his incarceration near the river... the ability to later identify her if there comes the irony of escape or rescue means she cannot just let him go free.

Yes irony. She must keep him. The realization comes that this may be forever. Ending in death? And as his thoughts further percolate, the concern grows. The Benson woman shows too much confidence... too much ability in handling a captive. She is medically trained. She has a naked servant... one who she castrated! She is adept at bondage. And then there are the teeth. Tongue swishing about in exploration, John Anderson Tilly finds that incisors and bicuspid in the left side of his mouth have been ground to the gums. And there is the promise of more!

He has given his name as Edward. He still cannot recall the remaining details of his false identity. But does it matter? In examining the car and its contents, the investigators by now have the three sets of identities. In time they will know which are fake... two of the names and addresses are of deceased men. And of course the identity of his naked and shackled package will immediately be known. After all there was a roadblock set up as a result of the abduction. So there will be a manhunt for John Anderson Tilly... and the astute Aida Benson woman will know... know of his true name and of the crime she suspects.

What do to?

He decides to play it out, continue the ruse. Deny all. He has nothing to lose, he concludes.

John Anderson Tilly concludes wrongly.

### Morning Breakfast and Bath

The sound of a door. A flash of light. The swish of bare feet on stone. More light. The eyes of John Anderson Tilly slam closed in trying to adjust.

Behind him he hears the spray hose being unraveled, a valve is turned on and he is again doused in warmth. Soft tiny hands begin to swath soap. Once again he is to be cleansed. On this occasion fingers work about his gluteal cleft. A hand gently cradles his scrotum, closing to hold with convincing firmness as something invades, slipping into his anus. Warm water flows within as he hears more footsteps.

Eyes acclimating, he opens to see the giant, well muscled form of his captor, again her only covering a cotton bodice, this one of blue. He cannot help gaping at the finely presented portal of her sex. So inviting!

“Just a little spritz enema, Edward. We’re going to be very intimate with you... such assures neatness. So just release for Pansy into the bucket and you’ll not be kneeling for me in filth and stench. And don’t worry about the flow. The chamber is well drained and from time to time you’ll hear the sump pump. Being well below the level of the river it clicks on regularly. Otherwise you would find yourself under a few feet of water.”

Yes, the bowels somewhat fill. And the presumed concoction of soap and whatever bring a quick need. He is embarrassed but must empty himself, the deed coming with a strange brisance of joy as a massive hand of mocha smooths over his bald head then fingers play with his left ear as he defecates. Intimate indeed, made to empty himself at a woman’s behest.

He can feel himself hardening, berating himself in so responding. The servant Pansy is male... was a male... and he is aroused. And blushing.

“Stow your embarrassment, Edward. Pansy is more girl than boy. And it pleases him that you find excitement in his touch.”

The low stool is pushed forth. She sits, thighs parted to further entice... and excite. A bowl is presented, the free hand of Aida Benson takes a spoon.

“Mush. You’ll become accustomed to it. When I’m through altering your mouth you’ll find there is not much else you’ll be able to take for me.”

Hungry, John Anderson Tilly takes in the offering, finding that to chew is superfluous, the gooey mass easily sliding down his throat.

“Memory cleared up? Any recollection of your full name?”

“Ah... Edward... Edward Johnson,” thankful that the nom de guerre finally comes to mind.

“And where are you from... and where were you going? Should I be notifying anyone of your status.”

Such games, Aida thinks to herself, spooning more into a needy mouth.

“New Orleans. Headed for... ah... Atlanta. And there’s no one. I was... ah... going for a job fair... employment. And there’s no one to contact... ex wife dumped me years ago.”

Aida smiles. At least he’s now thinking clearly enough to better fabricate a story. But it matters not. The pathway for whomever is this kidnaper and probable sexual predator... based on the youthfulness of the naked body in the submerged car... is set in Aida’s mind. The only people looking for him will be people he does not wish to find him. And in being held so far beneath the earth... and at a secluded former plantation... his wishes will be accommodated.

Spoonful, spoonful, spoonful, the bowl is consumed in silence as Pansy completes washing... palpating the nakedness to bring more blushing then again gliding about a straight edged razor to assure all follicles have surrendered. In completing there comes a low roar, the draining water activating the pump.

“Pumped by hand, a hundred or more years ago. First slaves... later the escaped slaves seeking freedom,” Aida Benson lectures. “Irony, having to work as a slave in order to end your slavery,” playfully tapping the nose with the spoon. “When I am assured of your obedience, Edward... and you will become obedient to me... I’ll release your arm restraints so you can kneel upright and Pansy will shave your stomach and chest,” pushing aside the empty bowl. “Now, open wide for me. More dental work. And perhaps I’ll remove a fingernail.”

“What!” the tone sharp and defiant.



Yet, that is his last word as simultaneous with the strident outburst, the molt gag is deftly slipped in place. Knowing hands adjust, forcing open the mouth of captive John Anderson Tilly... wide then painfully wider as the device is adjusted.

“Yes. A fingernail. One per day. I think it will encourage more truthfulness... and better establish who it is in charge... and who it is who will submit.”

The drill screeches. John Anderson Tilly, now more fully conscious, better understands his circumstances. More dentistry. And with full cognition restored... he better feels the pain... and the horror of the permanence... the modification... and the forced capitulation to this unknown woman's caprice.

What is happening?

### A Calm Talk

“Next time Pansy so graciously feeds you, I'm going to have you suck his little penis to show your gratitude. He likes that. And he so rarely receives attention there.”

“Fuck you, beesh” the slurred invective instantly regretted, John Anderson Tilly relieved to see his torturess not disturbed but instead smiling.

In slowly ripping away the nail of the right index finger, the pain brought John Anderson Tilly to regurgitate. And the experienced Aida Benson had the depleted food bowl ready, capturing much of his breakfast. Then after meticulously cleansing and dressing the wounded finger, she had Pansy spoon the bile laden mass back into a mouth much relieved of any front teeth which would normally preclude the forced ingesting.

“So... Mr. John Anderson Tilly,” Aida Benson holding forth the weekly paper. “You're a wanted man,” the subterfuge ending. “Sort of wanted. It seems that since there were no footprints in the mud exiting your partially submerged wreck, it has been presumed that you were thrown from the car upon impact and your missing body is somewhere in the Mobile River. With the strong current, and the full moon high tide at the time of the accident, the authorities are looking for you... your body... well downstream. There seems to be conjecture that you're floating in Mobile bay... or an alligator is peacefully digesting your remains.”

Aida Benson reaches... tapping lightly on the bandaged finger... bringing a howl of agony. Such a facile touch... such suffering. She smiles. There comes to mind the contrasting demeanor... to so cruelly and callously rip and remove... then to so heedfully dress and bandage.

“Good. I have your attention. Your passenger. Name withheld pending notification of the next of kin. Based on the age, should I assume the parents?”

John Anderson Tilly ponders the significance of the non disclosure. Not only no name... no mention of abduction.

“And nothing about the state of the body,” Aida continues. “that it was shackled and without

clothing. Perhaps since you're presumed dead, the police do not want such sordid stuff in the papers. Relieve the next of kin of the disturbing details of the crime... your crime."

The hand moves to the face of John Anderson Tilly. A finger points, pushing past the lips into the defenseless mouth, demonstrating the thoroughness of Aida Benson's dental work. Molars remain in place, otherwise there can be no biting, the finger pushing inward to press the back of the mouth, down the throat, and then thrusting in and out to emulate a motion of copulation.

John Anderson Tilly gags anew, bringing a grin to the face of his tormentress.

"It would almost appear that, but for me, you'd have gotten away with this... assuming I'd have let you go after the immediate rescue and a new identity could be established... like the two others found in the trunk of the car. Yes, that's in the article... the burden of determining the identity of the driver. Seems you're rather experienced at this, John Anderson Tilly. And I don't mean picking up naked, bald and shackled hitchhikers."

Aida Benson stands, strolling in thought about the cave like sub basement. John Anderson Tilly again gapes, the physique, though muscular, seeming to glide about the chamber as would a ballet dancer... a nude ballet dancer. Despite the trauma, there comes attraction... odd attraction. 'What is happening?' John Anderson Tilly must ask himself. 'Why the rapt fascination? The woman tortures and alters my teeth!'

"I'll want to know how long you've been doing this... and the details... the whom... your victims... and what you do with them... to them. You'll going to tell me all, John Anderson Tilly. I have nine more fingernails to extract... and ten toenails. Tomorrow... I'll let your breakfast digest a little more before we begin. Keep things a little neater. And you'll choose which hand and which finger to tear away. I like that... the democracy of choice."

She nears, a hand right and left grasping an ear, pulling forth, the mons and meaty outer labia just about pressing his face, her feminine scent prevalent.

"And in case you're wondering, fingernails will grow back... over time. But then I can rip away again. Keep in mind... I can keep you alive and in agony forever. At that I excel."

### Day after Day

John Anderson Tilly learns painfully of the determination... and the skill set... of his tormentress. Each day, he fears the chamber alighting and his bath and breakfast. For though the naked Pansy brings stimulation... perverse sexual stimulation in the handling of his body... intimate parts included... he knows that a visit from Aida Benson will follow.

He comes to resign himself... one fingernail per day, the agony never diminishing. But little by little his story comes out.... gasping in eagerness to talk... to reveal... to confess. Yet, she will not let him fully do that.

"Enough for today, Mr. Tilly. I'll let you rest and think... about what you'll want to tell me tomorrow as I slowly rip away another nail."

Finger bandaged, she departs. And adding to the perversion, just as she described Pansy's unwanted bonding... for she whom extracted his testicles... there comes strange respect, perhaps allure. With the resignation that the suffering is inevitable... comes surrender... to a woman viewed more and more each day as his superior.

His cries, his tears, his pleas... all serve to alter the self esteem. It ebbs.

"Where did you get such a thing?" he inquires after yielding the nail of his left ring finger to the oddly shaped pliers.

"A present, from my colleagues in the armed forces," knowing to never mention the Central Intelligence Agency. "Intended as sort of a gag gift when I left the service. And the hand block as well," referencing the sizable block of wood the surface of which is carved to perfectly accept the palm of a hand and isolate straightened fingers, small straps holding all immobile for prospective extraction.

Some half dozen nails removed, the tone of the interrogation becomes quirkily conversational.

"So Mr. John Anderson Tilly, for eight years. And you say you do this... the abductions... were doing... for money... only for money."

"Yes."

"How many?"

"I guess two per year," Aida Benson pleased that the answers now come so readily.

He wants to talk, the accomplished torturess knows... wants to acquiesce... to please.

"So about 16. Tell me again... how it works... the protocol," the pliers slowly working under the nail of the left pinky finger, the stab of the initial penetration just the beginning of seemingly unending suffering. As the tongs grip, John Anderson Tilly knows the slow extraction will begin. He closes his eyes, tears of anguish already forming.

Sobbing, words choking, he does...

An email. A description of a potential package... the code word for a victim. Desired age, gender, hair color, eye color, etc. Only his employers, those who contract his services... have the email address. It requires a few days. He hunts. He finds. He surreptitiously takes a photo. He sends. He obtains approval. Initial instructions come. After abduction and preparation... removal of clothing and hair, shackling and sedation... fulfilling the contract becomes somewhat like a treasure hunt. A journey... three or four stops. At each stop there is an envelope for him, more instructions and a small down payment to assure him that the quest is real. He is certain that somewhere, someone watches to ensure in turn that he is real, has a package and is not being followed. Cheap used car purchased for cash from unsavory dealers, only used for the purpose of abduction, at the end of the trail, there is a final, well stuffed envelope, and he simply steps away.

“So you never see a live person. And there is transportation available to you?”

“Yes,” he gasps, the pain mounting. “A train station, bus station, most times an airport. I just leave the car in a lot, the parking stub on the dash board, the package sedated.”

“Who do you think pays you?”

“I don’t know,” the voice strained as the nail is slowly lifted, the nerves below exposed.

“I’ll want your conjecture. You must imagine.”

The nail is left hanging, the intense agony of the final pull in abeyance.

“It’s not always the same person. The emails, the spelling, the punctuation, all different over the years. And I would guess English is a second language.”

“So some detective work... speculation. Very good Mr. Tilly.”

“You must remember, I make my money... did make my money... by not knowing... not trying to know. Six figures for every package delivered. Why fuck it up?”

“So foreigners... you’re convinced of that,” Aida’s hand pulling, bringing forth a final gasp of agony to finally end the suffering, the nail extracted.

“Most likely. I began to realize over the years... every final drop... where I stepped away with the final payment, was proximate to an airport... an international airport... even when the final drop was at a bus station, an airport was within a quick and easy drive.”

John Anderson Tilly watches in quiet awe as Aida Benson incongruously begins to tenderly cleanse and bandage the pinky finger. Yes, the bonding... castration for Pansy... the mutilation of fingers for him... followed by loving care? Will there come the devotion?

‘If so... what will be my fate?’ he again asks himself.

“Think about what you’ll want to tell me tomorrow. You have three more fingernails left. And we have not begun on your toes. I am told those bring longer suffering... heal more slowly.”

Torturess Aida Benson arises from the low stool. Moving to stand very close, hands go to the bald head, mons pressed to his defenseless mouth. John Anderson Tilly senses warmth, moisture, her sex fragrant. He quivers in realization. Just as frightening as the woman’s calloused torment... she enjoys. There is arousal.

‘Should I tell her... blonds?’ He queries himself. ‘That almost every package was fair skinned, blue eyed and blonde?’

“I’m going to have Pansy service me. I’m sure you’re aware of my need. And her tongue is strong, eager and tireless.”

## Shaven and Milked

Aida Benson releases for the first time the cables leading to the rings deeply penetrating the arms of her captive.

“Time to do your stomach and chest.”

Stepping behind, Aida Benson leans. The massive well muscled arms work, placing her groggy captive in a head lock, pulling upwards to position him on his knees. There comes the feel of her warmth, the bare skin of her pubes abrading his buttocks. Pansy awaits with spray hose, razor and soap.

With ankles remaining secured, arms of steel convincingly restraining, John Anderson Tilly meekly lets the androgynous naked form step forth and deftly spray, soap and shave. After more than a week of relative incapacitation, the tendance, though gruff, is very much welcomed.

Yes, he feels twinges. He feels himself engorging. He closes his eyes in shame, knowing that in addition to being ignominiously placed on display, he is hardening. The reaction cannot be ignored by Pansy. He/she smiles, bringing Aida’s Benson attention.

“So you’re beginning to like it here, Mr. Tilly. Enjoy being tortured and interrogated? Or perhaps my little girly boy brings arousal. Then again maybe your submission to me excites.”

“I... well... it’s...”

“Yes, Mr. Tilly, the chastity does build a need. And I’ll tend to that... unless you want Pansy to suck you a little bit.”

“No... no...” the homophobia evident.

Wetted, soaped, shaven. Deed completed, entire body now as hairless as his abducted packages... his captives... John Anderson Tilly is returned to kneeling in bondage, the arm cables resecured to floor bolts.

“Unguent, Pansy. And bring a bowl and my stool.”

Remaining to his rear, Aida Benson stands between the forcibly parted feet.

“Some of my boys at Mobile State Penitentiary would get frisky from time to time. After I had to castrate Pansy to protect his cute little butt... literally save his tight little rectum... I decided the frequency of rape and sodomy was getting out of hand. So with Warden Grace’s concurrence, I’d calm a few of the more belligerent boys. And bring them down a notch or two. The male pride thing... too much dignity... can be bad for a boy’s thinking.”

Pansy brings the demanded items. Aida Benson sits.

“Pansy, treat yourself to a ride. He’s nice and smooth.”

Pansy nods and smiles, straddling the back of John Anderson Tilly, riding him like a pony. The captive closes his eyes in shame, feeling the fleshy warmth... thighs and buttocks... of the hairless adult ingenue. With the neglect, so much pain, the constant anguish of bondage, sensing the naked warmth abrading his is comforting. Yes, the proximity... the frottaging as Pansy playfully rubs about his thighs and buttocks... extends his tumescence. He feels himself harden more, his erection wagging about in invitation.

“Such a pervert, Mr. Tilly. But I want you focusing on what I want from you... and it’s certainly not sex. I’ve got Pansy for that. Lots of oral attention. And when I sense the need for vaginal penetration... it’s the double dildo. Modest of course, poor little Pansy so tight there,” Aida Benson chuckling.

Bowl placed beneath the male package, Aida Benson shows both her determination and callousness, left hand firmly gripping the erection of John Anderson Tilly. She bends downward pointing the tip to the bowl, careful not to stroke or further stimulate. Her helpless charge shouts in protest... in disbelief... the angle awkward, thought to be impossible when so engorged. She holds in place as the right hand gathers unguent, then brusquely lubricates the gluteal cleft. The motion is practiced and mechanical, the fingers finding the anus then working inward. Within moments the prostate gland is found, John Anderson Tilly lurching against his bonds. More words of protest are sputtered.

“Quiet. I’m going to milk you. Cows are serene at milking time, just calmly giving up what nurtures. Let your Nurse Aida work your little gland. Be a good little boy for me.”

Knowing that the male organ cannot possibly spurt in discharge when so angled, Aida Benson works her fingers with fervor, peering down with a smile, seeing the thick pent up essence begin to drool. What brings most satisfaction in the deed, performed almost daily at Mobile State Penitentiary, is that any pleasure felt by the male is so distant... so incomplete. When drained, he will feel complacent, as if he’s copulated, ejaculated in triumph. But there will be no ultimate ecstasy.

‘He’ll sleep like a baby after a good feeding,’ Aida Benson has come to realize, so many belligerent inmates forced to give of themselves so humbly.

“Good boy, Mr. Tilly. You’re filling the bowl for me. And then you’re going to have a nice nap... sleepy time,” her tone mocking.

Ooze turning from cloudy to watery viscous, Aida Benson simply withdraws, leaving her captive in a daze... partial frustration... partial satiation in having the hormone levels adjusted.

“Beddy bye.”

### Tears

“More tears, Mr. Tilly? Thinking about the plight of your many packages... or thinking of yourself?”

It's morning. John Anderson Tilly knows that an hour or so after his mush, after sufficient time for digestion, one of his hands will be strapped onto the terrorizing block of wood and the slow removal of a fingernail will begin. He will cry, scream, plead... but in the end his finger will yield... the nail will be agonizingly ripped away.

Aida Benson steps to the kneeling form, arms extending, hands grasping the ears to tenderly cradle the head and lift. His mouth and nose come within an inch of her love nest. She smiles in seeing a tongue extend... such heartfelt submission... an inviting offer of oral pleasure... a slave wanting to please the master... a futile attempt to divert from the morning task. Yes, her sex attracts. Aida Benson knows she is moist, her cunny redolent. Torturing a man does that. And most importantly... she wants him to know that.

"You want to lick me, tsk, tsk. I'm not one of your packages, Mr. Tilly."

"I've told you all I know. Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because I can," the tone flippant. "And you're so deserving. And you have two fingernails remaining which must go. And I have not started on your toenails. Plus there is more I want from you."

"I've told you everything. I have nothing more."

"Oh, but you do. First your dignity and your self respect. I want it. I want to take it from you. But first, which shall I excise today? Your right pinky finger? Your left middle finger? Running out of fingernails, Mr. Tilly. Just think, tomorrow you won't be able to choose... unless you want me to leave one for the time being so you can select a toenail."

"Middle finger," so humble, so desperate.

"Good. I will work it from you as slowly as I can... so you can enjoy the catharsis. And then I want you to suck Pansy's little penis," Aida Benson nodding to her servant.

Pansy smiles, stifling a giggle.

"See... she likes the idea... a big strong man orally pleasing her."

Aida Benson, as always, makes a show of preparing the block, moving in place then guiding the hand to bring slight pulls to the tethered arm. There comes a gasp of pain as the motion aggravates the ulner nerve. What she finds notable and telling... the lack of resistance. That he surrenders to her... letting her do it.

Does he want her to do it... nurture his penitence?

"And secondly, I want your email address and the password needed to access it."

"No, you can't do that. I won't..."

“Oh but you will, Mr. Tilly. Think about your situation. Think about my situation. I am harboring a criminal, abetting escape. That’s prison time... for me. And the death penalty remains in Alabama. So, in being responsible for the demise of your so termed package... an accident yes... but occurring in the commission of a felony... for you it’s a murder charge.”

A large mocha hand closes over the pliers, the sharp tongs working under the nail to squeeze and grip. The anguish is comparatively slight, but the precursor to mind wrenching agony brings another gasp.

“So it seems our circumstances are aligned.”

“These people... they have resources... and demand loyalty. They will punish the unfaithful. Holding captives... slavery... is not their only crime.”

“So the best thing for you is to remain here and endure. Pay your penance. Conversely, it may be that the best thing for me is to have the authorities find your body where they have been searching for it... in the river. Not sure how all your missing fingernails will be explained... but alligators are known to nibble. And with a day or two of floating about, there may not even be much left for them to find.”

There comes both the expected cry of agony... the pliers slowly working under the nail... and a shudder of fear... images of his naked form in the jaws of a reptile.

Aida smiles, hand working to angle the pliers upwards, tearing the connecting flesh, inflaming the nerves, the removal beginning.

“You will suck my Pansy with tenderness, Mr. Tilly. And just think... he won’t ever come in your mouth.”

### Nails Depleted

For John Anderson Tilly the steady thumping of the sump pump has come to comfort. It’s a heartbeat. In the darkness, mobility limited to slight tugs on his arms and legs, sound means he lives. Sound means the invading waters of the Mobile River are being driven back. Sound means he shall not drown in the blackness of the deep sub basement.

More comforting, the thought bringing ironic humor, is that he is bereft of finger and toe nails, his master having extracted all... one per day for presumably 20 days. The excruciation has ceased.

At the end, he came to thank her for her attention, the agony becoming a form of catharsis... the sense of calm after each ordeal strangely exhilarating as with tender the medical care, his wounds dressed, the salve so welcomed.

Is he going mad? Has he gone mad?

Countering the sense of odd glee... one sage describing it as having been shot at and missed... is



his oral servitude. He has come to so much pine for Miss Benson.... Master Benson... and instead his nearly edentulous mouth has humbly savored only the withered penis of servant Pansy.

It disgusts. But in berating himself he counsels... Master Benson is pleased... and that has come to be paramount.

The door rattles. A flash of light. Such has become a forewarning, to hastily close his eyes, that the chamber will soon flood with illumination... painful after many hours of dark seclusion.

It must be cleansing, enema, shaving and breakfast. He is heartened in that there are no more finger or toes nails to offer in sacrifice... in penance.

Or is he? What will now break the endless monotony and loneliness?

“Good morning, Mr. Tilly,” Aida Benson following Pansy down the stone steps.

There comes the warm spray. Fingers prying open his cheeks. The bucket for his excretions is positioned. The nozzle of the spritz enema bottle inserted, the routine daily. He manages to pry open his eyes. He so much wants to gaze, to adore, to visually idolize the woman who has bested him.

And there she stands, regal in her near nakedness, her sex seeming to beckon for the humble attention of his mouth and lips. His joy quickly dissipates. She carries a tray. Such does not bode well.

“As you know, I’ve been sending out emails... using your address... signing your name. There’s a listing of prior addresses used in sent mail. Quite the collection of pedophiles and perverts... numerous... assuming only one per address... that they don’t change addresses. Which I am sure is the case. How many, Mr. Tilly? You’ve deleted almost all the messages. Only the one received concerning your latest abduction is in the archive. But you must have an inkling of the number of people who have contracted your services over the years.”

Remaining silent, John Anderson Tilly struggles to lift his head, assessing what the tray forebodes.

“It would be a guess. Based on the familiarity with my... ah... services... the words... the language used in contracting me... I would guess four or five.”

“Hard to believe there are that many wealthy perverts in the world.”

Setting down the tray, Aida Benson steps back, arms akimbo in thought, her uncovered mons in plain sight... so enticing to be held in strict unending chastity. She patiently observes as Pansy gently washes then glides about the razor, smiling when the enema nozzle is slipped away, so humiliating to be forced to so empty oneself.

“That may be why I am not getting a response. I have given myself... your circumstances... away. Alerted by inadvertently sending duplicate messages to the same degenerate. Someone knows

that you failed to deliver your latest package... that something happened. But the details of you missing the delivery... unlikely. Doubt that if your clients are indeed overseas the Alabama papers would be read. So your suspected demise in the Mobile River may not have reached much further than the southern states. And I am cluing them that either you remain alive... or someone is gaming them... possibly law enforcement. Thus the silence... no reply.”

As Pansy completes morning ablutions, John Anderson Tilly manages to glimpse to the tray, his eyes otherwise feasting on the powerful shapeliness. Along with his bowl of morning mush there is a Sterno can, matches, a mass of what appears to be fishing tackle. Are those hooks as well?

“What is it... what are you trying to do?”

“Oh Mr. Tilly. You’re my slave. Curious historical irony... is it not? My ancestors came here to this hidden chamber to be freed of slavery... their shackles broken... the first step in a journey to freedom. And you’re here to be immersed... inducted into an endless life of servitude.”

“You... you... can’t do that!”

“Hush. Don’t add hypocrisy to your transgressions. You’re going to serve... abjectly... completely... and without end. And as opposed to the morally minded abolitionists of the Civil War era, no one will be working to free you. Quite the opposite.”

Aida Benson removes the food bowl then picks up the tray, moving to the rear. Pansy steps forth, presenting his/her penis to be savored. John Anderson Tilly knows to open his toothless mouth, extend his tongue and lovingly engulf. It is only then that he is fed, a new aspect of the daily regimen, fellatio exchanged for his only sustenance.

“You so much appreciate Pansy. And she so much appreciates you.”

### Restoring Mobility

“Just some pin pricks, Mr. Tilly. Nothing like having your nails pulled out.”

There comes the sound of a scratch, the smell of a match. The Sterno can is lit. John Anderson Tilly feels heat... where the male feels the most. Aida Benson works between his parted feet, sitting on her low stool. A hand palms the scrotal sac, drawing back the fleshy mass, fingers palpating, eyes examining.

“Just a few piercings... not too deep... not like the rings of your heels and elbows. And thereafter you’ll be permitted to move. Won’t that be nice? To not be restrained all the time on the bench?”

John Anderson Tilly merely nods. Whatever the woman does, it is rarely to his benefit, he has come to realize over the weeks of captivity. But to finally be able to stand upright and move about... the thought is wondrous.

“I’m going to add testicle bondage to your array of restraints, Mr. Tilly. I think it will make you feel better... a sense that you’re more completely under a woman’s control... having your balls

tethered.”

With that, as calloused as with the removal of the many finger and toe nails, John Anderson Tilly feels indeed a pin prick... but it is a heated pin prick, the penetrating metal brought to a glow with the Sterno can. He screams, lurching, spasmodically tugging against the cables... that which in turns brings more agony. For it is the thin sensitive skin of his scrotum being impaled!

“You should have learned by now to stay still, Mr. Tilly. It’s only a little fish hook. Hot, I know. But that assures there will be no infection... and that there is little bleeding. Normally not of concern, but I’ve got some two dozen. So cauterizing the opening speeds things along.”

There comes another, and another. John Anderson Tilly closes his eyes, concentrating on remaining motionless, minimizing the overall pain, not pulling against his restraining cables. Mentally he tells himself to comply, to yield. Words within come... ‘stay still for your Master’... ‘be obedient’... ‘let her have her way, it is for the best’. ‘I will be permitted to move!’

Nearly an hour, though time in the deep sub basement cannot be reckoned, John Anderson Tilly feels the final assault, the final hook. When completed, the palming left hand withdraws. Moments later he feels tugging and he recalls, the many hooks had strands of filament attached. His Master pulls, the hand firm... controlling.

“See. You can be controlled without feeling a lot of pain... unless of course I want you to feel pain,” jerking to bring the lurch he has so tried to avoid.

John Anderson Tilly gasps with the dual infliction of agony. Aide Benson laughs.

“Oh, it’s not that bad. And you’ll become accustomed to it... somewhat. Otherwise you’ll come to find the thrill will always be there, Mr. Tilly. A thrill you’ll come to enjoy.”

### Released

Allowed to rest, recover from the trauma of the many piercings, John Anderson Tilly is joyed when the door above opens and the chamber alights. It is not often he is visited twice, anointed with the input of words, the physical stimulation of bathing, food, the frightening feel of the straight razor on defenseless skin. His inner clock tells him it is not time for that. It must be the promised release.

Down the stone steps comes Aida Benson. For some reason, without encouragement, she has become Master Benson. He is heartened to see her, her near nakedness... only bearing a tight bodice... bringing such visual delight to the constantly chaste male.

“Eager to see me, Mr. Tilly. Yes, I know. I promised release.... temporary. And it’s a nice day.”

The muscled form moves to the far wall. Arms extend, hands taking from a hook lengths of ancient wrought iron chain.

“Artifacts of the slave trade. Hope you don’t mind being shackled. I’m sure the newer bonds you

used on your abducted packages are lighter, easier to use, and more effective. But I think this is provocatively symbolic, don't you think? A Caucasian male shackled and placed into slavery by a woman of color... a descendant of slaves."

Chains in hand, Aida Benson stoops. From the floor she picks up a ball of iron. Not heavy, though not light, she approaches the prostrate naked form, carrying all effortlessly.

"I'm guessing eight to ten pounds... the ball. Light enough to allow a slave some motion... but heavy enough to preclude thoughts of escape... running off into the swamps."

Aida Benson sets down the collection then steps left and right to remove the arm cables. John Anderson Tilly notes that she works nimbly and with purpose. She has before had a man in bondage. There will not be full release. In being so long bound, and with her impressive strength, it is unlikely he can overpower her and escape. Still she is careful. Or perhaps she never wants him to sense full emancipation... to instead always feel the restraint of her tethers.

"Stand."

Ankles remaining connected to restricting cables, John Anderson Tilly does so carefully.

"Draw back your arms for me."

He complies, feeling the deep set rings penetrating the medial epicondyle tendons and the ulner nerves being manipulated. He senses slight pulling and realizes such is the weight of a short chain stretching behind his back, left elbow to right. He can somewhat move his hands, reach a little up and down. But not much below his waist... and certainly not to his long neglected manhood.

He looks down, for the first time able to view the earlier handiwork of his Master. Between his thighs dangles a mass of nylon filament, ending at his knees... the fishing tackle spotted on the tray. He knows where the attached hooks reside, having felt the painful pricks... so many decorating his entire scrotal sac.

"Probably overdone, Mr. Tilly. But I can't have you running off. By the way, escaping slaves had their ears notched when captured and returned," a hand reaching to gruffly tug at the top of the right ear in demonstration. "Marked, so that a second attempt at escape would result in castration," a hand lowering to gather the dangling filament and tugging there as well. "That was to be avoided... the reason ironically... castrated slaves were of lower value... could not be worked as hard. Not as productive."

Leaving John Anderson Tilly to that appalling thought, Aida Benson stoops. Another short length of chain in hand, she gathers together the freely hanging lengths of filament twisting, then threads such through a loop of chain. She then knots and to the opposing end, she hooks the eight pound ball of iron.

"Hands," she commands in righting herself.

She smiles, noting that despite all the machinations of the new restraints, John Anderson Tilly looks at her near nakedness covetously, slowly pushing forth open hands, not tensioning the rings snaring the ulner nerves.

“I think you’ll need to hold onto this,” placing the weighty ball into partially restrained hands. “Dropping it could be painful... where a man feels the most pain.”

Aida Benson steps back to surveil. She smiles, noting the somatic reaction. John Anderson Tilly is slowly becoming erect... a tribute to her Mastery.

“You’re showing off for me. Very telling, Mr. Tilly. Now we’re going outside. I’m going to sun you. And we need to talk. If need be, I can hobble you... so be a good boy for me. You can feel the weight of the chain on your arm rings. Chaining the ankle rings will be worse.” holding up a two foot length of extremely thick and heavy chain loops.

Aida Benson steps right then left, releasing the cables leading to the ankles. For the first time in weeks, John Anderson Tilly is free... relatively free. She steps away, pointing to the stone steps.

“Step slowly. And do be careful with your iron ball, Mr. Tilly. Would you feel better collared and leashed?”

### Discussion on the Dock

“It gets hot out here. And starting at dusk the insects from the river and surrounding swamps will feast. But otherwise it’s quiet and peaceful, particularly with the bridge out,” Aida Benson pointing down river. “And before noon the temperature is tolerable.”

Master and slave rest on the dock, the racing scull of the athletic Aida Benson standing at the ready for a workout.

Naked and shackled, John Anderson Tilly feels especially exposed... and vulnerable, clinging to his testicle weight with undue firmness.

“Sit. We need to talk. Try to avoid splinters. They hurt,” Aida Benson grinning with thoughts of the relatively slight prick contrasting the slow removal of finger and toe nails.

“What will you do to me?” John Anderson Tilly finding his voice so meek, needing to enunciate with care, front teeth ground to the gums.

“Whatever I care to do. You’re a slave. And you’re wicked, certainly deserving of torment not to end.”

“What if someone comes. I can’t be seen,” lowering to the wooden planks, carefully resting the iron weight on the dock.

“It’s unlikely. Few visitors. And if I hear a car approaching I’ll simply roll you into the river... back to where I found you. You’ll sink with all that weight. The question is, will your bloated

body eventually surface, or will the alligators and crabs get you first.”

With the warning John Anderson Tilly looks up to his Master. She stands, deliberately parting her feet to expose her charms. Her near nakedness symbolizes her power over him. He can look... the view so alluring... but he cannot touch. When she turns, for first time her rounded well muscled buttocks can be visually examined. John Anderson Tilly finds himself wanting to lick and savor... humbly lick and savor... please the woman who has bested him... she who lectures and disciplines... metes retribution for his sins.

“That is where your car went into the river. Mobile Bay... connecting to the ocean... is about ten miles downstream. We get tides here. You’ve heard the sump pumps. Lots of water seeping into your deep enclosure twice per day at high tide. Before steam engines were perfected... before the war... slaves were made to pump... manually keeping massa’s wine cellar dry,” intoned sardonically. “Then the slaves were freed, steam engines became more workable and now there are electric motors... which automatically respond as the water level rises.”

Why is she explaining this, John Anderson Tilly, queries himself.

Hands reach to the hem of the bodice, the sole garment, and clench. Arms rise, pulling the garb over her head, baring herself completely.

“It does get hot out here. Just a few more minutes.”

John Anderson Tilly gawks. The breasts are not only sizable but seeming to be of stone, brownish red nipples both inviting and pointing to the clouds.

“I’m going to save electricity, Mr. Tilly. It is you who will pump. And you’ll do so quite fervently. For I won’t whip or cane your bare buttocks, you’ll need to keep yourself dry. I’m guessing that but for the pumping, the sub basement fills at that rate of about an inch an hour. So when I tether you, you will either pump or drown... slowly. Same fate as your last package... only not as quick. It will be quite laborious for you. We’ll need to feed you and water you more... which mean Pansy will have her little penis sucked more often. But otherwise, you’re going to live as my slave... a hard working slave.”

“For how long?”

“That is the appropriate question... in your mind. In my mind it’s why does not anyone respond to the emails I have sent to your perverted clients using your address. The messages are anonymous... the addresses can’t be traced. I must assume that anyone wealthy enough to purchase another human being has the resources to assure secrecy. You would think the recipients would answer... particularly the one expecting your latest package... the one that drowned in the river.”

Aida Benson turns, stepping toward her sitting slave.

“Lie back. Close your eyes if you’d like. But I think a denied male will prefer to watch.”

With that she straddles the supine form, feet left and right of his head. Fingers go to the mons, parting the luscious labia, exposing the pink moisture within.

“Enjoy.”

With that, Aida Benson opens herself. In so often relieving herself into servant Pansy, there is no compunction, no hesitance in urinating, the wooden dock will absorb and the river to rush away excess excretions.

“Yes... look, Mr. Tilly. And drink if you’d like. Yes, you’d like to taste your Master.... your owner... take from me what I cast away and treasure it.”

He does, mouth opening, tongue extending. No where near as accomplished as Pansy, most streams to the dock and into the river. But the communication is received. John Anderson Tilly is to be used... at the whim and caprice of his Master. And strangely, he joys. How is it his Master Benson knows this!

“There is a code, Mr. Tilly. In your sent emails... all now deleted. You began your missives with a code or a phrase... so the sick recipient would be assured it is you... the procurer of human beings... the modern slave trader... that it is you initiating the contact.”

Aida Benson steps away, smiling in hearing and seeing her slave sputter in trying to take all her bladder has offered.

“You will pump... or be submersed... drown... or give me the code.”

“I... I... can’t do...”

“Yes you can. You have nothing to lose. It matters not how powerful are your clients... what revenge they can inflict for your disclosure. Think about it, Mr. Tilly... emotionally your soul is gone... physically no one knows you’re here. You’re now dead to the outside world... I’m just going to use your toil and sweat until you physically die as well. The river won’t go dry. And as long as you pump for me... keep yourself alive for another day of torment... you will keep the river out and live for another day of endless suffering.”

Aida Benson leans, picking up the testicle ball and placing it back into the encumbered hands.

“Or you can give me the code,” gesturing for him to resume standing.

“Then you’ll release me?”

“No. I’m going to fuck you... take you anally... have you ejaculate for me in the most humiliating manner a man ever must endure. Something for you to remember me by. Then I will sell you. You’re my property. And though older then the young packages you’ve abducted, I’m sure there will be a buyer. Just think, Mr. Tilly, the only people interested is seeing you alive and free are the people who would like to see you brought to justice and executed... law enforcement. Your clients just want to assure your silence... for good reason. So there will be safety in your bondage,

Mr. Tilly. A life of servitude, yes... but it is best for you. The question is... who is it you will serve... who is it that will enslave you for the remainder of your life?"

### To Pump

Everything Master Benson has said comes to be. Such augments her mastery in the mind of John Anderson Tilly... his sense of ownership. To be told of such a horrid existence and then have it happen... precisely as promised... brings even more warped idolatry.

And it is not the more frequent cock sucking that so much brings horripilation... it is that John Anderson Tilly has learned to provide it graciously... thanking the androgynous servant Pansy by swishing and swirling, humbly yet energetically bringing pleasure to the tiny, soft appendage... earning an extra ounce or two of water.

Day after day after day. Upon rest, there are occasions when he awakes in the darkness, knees inundated as the tide has come in. He must resume... exhausted or not.

Tethered kneeling, ankle rings returned to restraining cables, his arms are free to spin a sprocket which pumps, hands secured to handles. No where as quickly as the electrified motor... the sound of which is greatly missed... keeping the sub basement dry requires hours... versus a few minutes for the motor.

There is never enough food... water always coveted... his needs great... the exertion endless. But so is Pansy's need to be pleased. No fellatio. No sustenance. His cock sucking is becoming accomplished. Should he feel pride?

Adding to the ignominy... testicle bondage. The many strands of filament emanating from the two dozen fish hooks implanted in his sac are secured to a third cable which is in turn connected to a floor bolt. That restraint too is elasticized.

He is held in place by his most prized organs!

He can slightly move about and tug at his manly plums, bring modest stimulation to organs neglected. He can even bring himself to firmness... but to what end? Hands secured, he cannot touch himself.

Emotionally, perhaps worse than the slow unending physical torment.... Master Benson denies him her presence. He no longer views her charms, is no longer able to treat his denied libido, able to visually savor her fine quim.

With every third or fourth feeding, as slave John Anderson Tilly sucks penis, Pansy will inquire, his/her voice shockingly soft and high pitched... so rarely heard.

'The code, Mr. Tilly. Miss Benson wants to know the code. Then you no longer need to pump.'

Dare he divulge it? Put his Master in contact with the powerful and the evil? What will be the result? Surely they need him forever silenced. How will that be achieved?



But is he not silenced now... and slowly dying in exertion?

Days, weeks, a month? John Anderson Tilly considers ending his plight... to simply stop pumping... join his nameless package in letting the Mobile River end his life. There is much time to think... too much time. The slowness of such a death horrifies. But living in constant exhaustion horrifies as well.

To be anally sodomized... then sold... to whom? The humiliation... the unknown begins to intrigue. Such entices... titillating a dulled mind... oddly invigorating a body racked by muscle pain which will not stop.

“Ulysses 214. Tell Master Benson to begin her message with the code Ulysses 214.”

‘There! It’s done. Fate sealed.’ John Anderson Tilly realizes.

His advisement comes as, in returning to the demanded oral attention, water bottle withheld, servant Pansy opens herself, urinating into his mouth... the hierarchy of servant and slave made apparent.

Why is the wetness so welcomed?

### Making Love

“No cage tonight, Pansy. You’ll sleep with me. And prepare yourself for the Feeldoe.”

Pansy squeals then girlishly giggles. He enjoys the soft masochism of adoring his idol... his savior... from the short distance, behind the bars of his confining cage as she prepares for bed. Just watching her exquisite form as she does something as simple as doff her sole garment and walks about the huge bedroom of the ancient mansion completely brings a thrill... her form so potent, so sublimely athletic. Cage, the sense that he can watch but not touch tantalizes. He will never love her as a man... that disappoints... but to otherwise so intimately serve her brings thrill.

And now it is time for the Feeldoe!

The reaction that of a little girl offered a cupcake brings Aida Benson to smile. As Pansy prances to the bathroom, she reaches to a dresser drawer and retracts the odd shaped double dildo. Designed by women, for women, she has found that the bulbous female end, ridged with a slight protrusion to slip beneath her clitoral hood, perfectly aligns and kneads her vagina, bringing ecstatic orgasms. Such are both evanescently teasing and lastingly deep... like listening to a fine symphony... the decrescendo and the crescendo.

Pansy exits within moments, his anticipation evident, eagerly taking the blue implement of rubber and popping the female end into an accomplished mouth. He both moistens and lubricates, kneeling. As Aida Benson parts her feet, hands going to her hips in a pose of authority, slim effeminate arms extend. Soft hands go to the alter where he so often prays. Manicured fingers gently work, parting the entrance to her love nest. Then the Feeldoe is pulled from Pansy’s mouth and fawningly slipped past the thick reddish brown of her outer labia.

Aida coos, feigning excitement which in turn excites Pansy. She saucily wriggles her hips, sensing the implement firmly seat itself within. She feels twinges, the insertion bringing even more lubrication.

“Bed, knees to your chest,” she pleasantly commands in pointing.

Pansy complies, jumping to the mattress, the decubitus position assumed as naturally as sitting at a table.

“You’re my little whore, Pansy. So easy,” Aida Benson humorously notes, joining the hermaphrodite in kneeling over him on the bed. “Good job in getting the code. Have you enjoyed getting your little clitoris sucked so often,” reaching to brazenly flick the tiny male appendage with her index finger.

She knows that a concupiscent Pansy has demanded oral satiation for every swig of water, every morsel of mush during the forced pumping interval, challenging his homophobia and emotionally breaking John Anderson Tilly as well as physically.

“Yes, Miss Benson,” the voice timid, the pitch high with hormones so long depleted.

Aida Benson grasps right ankle and left, unfolding the legs to lift and place the heels at her shoulders. Having tossed aside her only garment, her complete nakedness brings attraction, Pansy ogling her large breasts. He gapes... not as would a normal male... but in envy, his own chest that of a prepubescent boy.

“You may touch,” Aida understanding his warped desire... to have such glands of his own.

She reaches down, touching in turn, fingers kneading the empty scrotum, noting that the small incisions where she slipped away his defining maleness have all but disappeared. Pansy considers such to be unsightly, grateful that the trained surgical nurse so thoughtfully minimized the openings, pushing the testes out to the sides, leaving the body of the scrotal flesh intact and unscarred... and remaining delightfully sensitive. Indeed, Pansy giggles with the sensuous manipulation.

“Did you have Mr. Tilly lick you here as well... you little trollop.”

Pansy simply nods, smiling sheepishly.

“Yes, it must be a delight to have an intact male pay homage here, to be orally pleased by a real man” the words coming as Aida aligns the male end of the double dildo with a well greased rectum.

She knows to go slowly and gently, Pansy having been brutally raped so often at Mobile State Penitentiary. And indeed, she purchased the slimiest model of the available Feeldoes, a mere one inch in diameter. Pansy sighs, Aida in turn finding satisfaction in his look of joy.

“What will happen to Mr. Tilly?” the query coming with a cute grunt as the tip enters and greets

the prostate gland.

“I’m going to sell him, Pansy. But care must be taken. He knows too much. I can get in trouble for harboring him... if it’s ever known.”

Aida momentarily closes her eyes, the many sensations beginning to flood the cerebral cortex, her end of the dildo joining Pansy’s massaging hands, so tenderly caressing her breasts.

“Are you going to castrate him?” the question whispered with as Pansy’s tight sphincter has transformed into a source of thrill for the emasculated male.

“I don’t know. I’ll have to see what a buyer wants. Not everyone wants a naked girly boy prancing about her house,” a hand reaching, a finger playfully tapping Pansy’s nose. “Some just want to place a man in hard labor. And Mr. Tilly... well... he deserves special treatment. He’s done some bad things.”

“Like the guys at the prison?” Pansy remaining traumatized by the brutality.

“Yes... but different. Still, bad things done for money are just as wicked as bad things done for pleasure.”

Slow, rhythmical thrusting begins. The lovers quiet, eyes closing, basking in the warm glow of building ecstasy. Pansy knows to squeeze and release, squeeze and release... maximizing his owner’s joy... eagerly maximizing his owner’s joy. Tossing off the first of many orgasms, Aida opens her eyes noting the flow of prostatic fluid, the tiny penis oozing, prepared to spurt. She smiles, knowing it will never happen, that under her hand Pansy will live a life of frustrated denial, manly ejaculation forever terminated by her scalpel. Emasculation, it brings such awe and wondrous devotion for she with the resolve and determination to so perform.

The thought empowers.

### Making Contact

So... a code... assuring the recipient of the incriminating emails that the sender is/was the abductor for hire. The recipient would not know John Anderson Tilly’s real name. Nor of course does he in turn know the identity of the person purchasing human flesh. It’s a cash transaction... deliver a ‘package’, receive cash.

Aida Benson realizes that with the code, a subterfuge could play out. She could entrap, attempt to bring the owner of the procured packages to justice. But if indeed they are not U.S. citizens and have vast resources... which is evident based on the large sums earned by John Anderson Tilly over the years... then avoiding extradition and prosecution would merely involve writing a check to the local judiciary.

No, if there is to be retribution, it will have to be continuing the torment of John Anderson Tilly. Aida Benson will compose a message. The recipient... whomever last engaged the abductor for hire... resulting in John Anderson Tilly’s plunge into the Mobile River and the demise of his

package. It's the last email received and the only one he did not have an opportunity to delete. It is cryptic. An exit number off Interstate Highway 65, a BP filling station, a envelope with cash and further instruction to be found in a plastic container at the back of the men's room toilet.

She wonders if it is still there, tempted to drive the few miles north, the filling station known to her. But as John Anderson Tilly described the protocol, he had sensed that he was being observed at the numerous stops. It is most likely that when there was tardiness, the cash and instruction note were withdrawn. It is not worth the risk to lurk in the men's room for money not needed. And for sure, even if the instructions to the next stop remain, the trail would lead to nowhere.

So there needs to be a decision... attempt a subterfuge, pretending to be John Anderson Tilly, lure the wicked into another transaction... or establish trust... disclose the events of the failed delivery and the circumstances of abductor John Anderson Tilly.

In living a blissful life of early retirement, more than adequate money, devoted servant providing all needs sexual and otherwise, she chooses the latter. Minimize complications, she tells herself. The more she can divulge the truth the less effort fabricating a story.

But first, contact needs to be established.

#### Colombia - Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta

Regina de la Corte lounges in an throne like chair, sensing the indefatigable tongue of her servant, blond head bobbing away under a flimsy silk kimono.

"You're good, Richard. Bueno. But I am tiring of you. It's time for you to be put in the fields... work the coca. Suck some cock."

Richard's replacement, purchase arranged weeks ago, did not arrive at the Atlanta Airport, whereabouts and circumstances unknown. Thus Richard's extended tour serving between the thighs of the reclusive woman. She demands youth, relishing in training the naive, perfecting cunnilingus with a short whip and a staff of guards to assure ultimate compliance to her desires. Thus fresh tongue and lips are procured every year or so.

The immensely wealthy de la Corte family has engaged in growing coca for decades. It's a wholesale operation, the plant growing abundantly in the foothills of the mountains, the temperature moderate in the high altitude and rain light yet consistent. Grown by the hundreds of acres, sold by the ton, transported by the truckload, Regina's forebears realized many years ago that, although more money in the coca business is made in the processing, sale and distribution of cocaine, much of that end of the business is not within total control... thieves, turncoats and ultimately law enforcement bringing risk. In the Colombian jungles, the hundreds of acres and surrounding mountains under the auspices of a small army of de la Corte mercenaries, things are simple. Grow, harvest and load... and bank vast sums.

Growing up in seclusion, a doting father protective of a daughter subject to kidnaping and extortion, dating boys, young men, was greatly discouraged. Regina was home schooled. Upon complaining about loneliness when hormones brought the need for companionship, father Miguel

de la Corte acquired girls who were defacto maids to entertain his daughter... becoming useful in later servicing the contingent of armed guards. Later when Regina insisted on male companionship, fawning boys were procured... fixed to preclude unwanted additions to the family.

Thus began her sexual tastes... endless oral servitude by boys... by those made incapable of otherwise pleasing.

“An email Miss Regina,” a maid alerts.

“Did you print it out?”

“No. It’s been sent to your private address.”

“Get me my phone.”

Fingers tap, entering the site onto the cell phone for the email account.... rdlcwhips7@mail.com. Regina types in the pass code. It’s been weeks since the latest package was expected in the Atlanta Airport parking lot. Her many operatives in America have not been able to explain the failed delivery, the instruction stop in Alabama not visited by Ulysses 214.

There was an email received earlier. Without the code it was not from Ulysses, but someone utilizing his address. A hack? In seeming to entice disclosure of information not pertinent to the delivery of the blond youth abducted in a News Orleans bus terminal, it was ignored.

But now, the code... Ulysses 214. Regina reads...

**The latest package was not deliverable, damaged. And Ulysses has been indisposed. This is his keeper. He has given me the code for communication. I have a proposal if interested.**

Brief, to the point, mystery partially solved concerning the blond abducted from the New Orleans bus terminal. But there are new questions. Of most importance... why does Ulysses have a keeper?

Regina de la Corte is intrigued. Fingers again tap... a reply... commanding as she composes... “lower Richard,” shifting in her chair, feet rising to place such onto her servant’s back, offering her anus for oral adoration.

Within minutes comes another email. Regina de la Corte learns that Ulysses 214 is a fugitive, wanted by law enforcement for questioning, if not more! An investigation and possible trace to her personally is unlikely to bring risk, many layers of legal machinations before charges could be brought and her arrest sought. But with decades of operating the farm in relative anonymity, any attention drawn to the lucrative illegal enterprise is of concern.

Sighing with delight, the tongue of her oral servant tenderly working her rose bud opening, she struggles to focus and tap another missive...

## **What is your proposal?**

### Contact!

Aida Benson notes the timeliness of the reply to her email... coming through within hours. The code Ulysses 214 works. And hopefully the expression of interest in her vague proposal is genuine. She types a more detailed email, providing much information, but not her name, nor her location nor the real name of Ulysses 214, John Anderson Tilly. But she does hint that if caught, under the threat of prosecution and execution, the abductor Ulysses 214 may turn state's evidence, bargain for his life, divulging all he knows about a ring of perverts and pedophiles.

It's an all or nothing gambit, Aida Benson realizes. But if nothing, there are other email addresses... more clients... with whom Aida can replicate her proposal.

What she does not realize... Regina de la Corte is far removed from the threat of arrest and prosecution. But still, precautions should be considered for the procurer of abducted youths... particularly if the cost is within reason. Such is Aida's gambit... why not procure a working slave... and one without teeth and finger and toenails. And sure enough, as emails are exchanged, Aida Benson learns from Regina de le Corte that at her location in the isolated jungle of a South American country owning a slave is facile. Heavily armed guards, miles from civilization, no naked and well shackled worker has ever escaped. Besides, Aida reads that the vigorous whip hand of rdlcwhips7 twitches... needing to exercise full dominion over the pompous male.

So Aida Benson is heartened to read that rdlcwhips7 must be a woman... with one dimensional attraction for men. Thus she is assured that the abductor will be well restrained, well worked and that the climate in South American is suitable for year round labor. Next, a price is settled upon, arrangements for a down payment to be sent to a Paypal account.

For the Master of John Anderson Tilly, money is not the issue. Instead there is ironic satisfaction for a descendent of slaves to be selling a Caucasian male... assuring a long life in servitude and slavery. And with Aida Benson abetting the escape of the wanted kidnaper, she must assure her involvement is never disclosed.

"Pansy," she calls out, voice vibrant in anticipation, "get the Feeldoe for me, then clean and lubricate Mr. Tilly."

She promised to end his chastity... bring him to climax as a reward for disclosing the code... a merciful gesture before his induction into unending slavery. In picturing him laboring in the hot sun of equatorial South America, exact location not disclosed... for the remainder of his life... Aida Benson feels twinges in her loins. She moistens.

Such fitting retribution.

'Well... no more confinement tightly restrained in a deep dark sub basement for you John Anderson Tilly,' comes the pleasant thought. 'Instead it will be sunshine... and lots and lots of exercise... under a whip.'

Aida Benson arises from her computer, this trip to the sub basement bringing special eagerness. She mirthfully wonders if his new owner will have him harvesting cotton... such would be the consummate irony.

### Sold and Sodomized

“\$3,000!”

In explaining to John Anderson Tilly the terms of the forthcoming transaction, Aida Benson smiles with the ironic protest.

“I probably could have gotten more for you. Maybe another \$500. But then I’d have to arrange the shipping. At your age, it’s fortunate anyone wants you at all... other than the police.”

Having earned hundreds of thousands of dollars for the abduction and sale of so many, John Anderson Tilly has always perversely consoled his conscience by telling himself that his so termed ‘packages’ were to be cherished.... offered better lives than rooming the streets, begging for food and dealing with pimps and drug dealers. When making a six figure investment, just as when someone purchases valuable artwork, care is taken. He has convinced himself that his packages are treasured... in the long run better off.

But for \$3,000! In the sordid world of John Anderson Tilly, one must pay more than that to have a limb broken to encourage debt collection. Thus there is concern. In being sold for so little, he will not be cherished.

The exchange comes as John Anderson Tilly remains secured to the wheel of the sump pump. With the tide ebbing, there can be moments of rest, no water visible. But he knows within a few hours he will need to pump again. Aida Benson stands to his side. As always, her only garb is a bodice, and with her excitement the fragrance of her sex seems to fill the chamber.

“Who? Who is paying?”

“It does not matter, Mr. Tilly. You don’t know anyone’s name, remember. Suffice it to say, it was arranged utilizing the email of your last package... rdlcwhips7.”

Aida Benson waves before his eyes the blue rubber of the Feeldoe double dildo, attempting to divert his attention.

“Sodomy time,” she coos in an uncharacteristic little girl voice. “As promised. And I’m going to have you come for me.”

“Why would they want me?”

“Concern, I suppose. Let’s say... tying up a loose end. Your clients are indeed overseas, Mr. Tilly... as you expected. This one, your new owner, is in South America. So though for your new owner there is little likelihood of being prosecuted for kidnaping and imprisonment, why not avoid any diplomatic pressure, a fight over extradition, and any related notoriety in the press?

No, it's best that you be kept."

The bulbous female end of the well designed implement is pressed into a defenseless mouth.

"Besides, it seems rdlcwhips7 enjoys the whip."

A hand pushes forth the blue rubber.

"Licky, licky," she coos again, smiling in seeing the lump slip in so easily. "I've told your new owner that you've been sucking some cock... and that you should be nice and tight for anal penetration. That seemed to spark interest. So if you'll note... the Feeldoe... very modest in size. Your new owner wants you to be tight. And this won't open you... not too much."

With that, the dildo is withdrawn. Aida Benson parts her thighs, smiling as her end slips inward so easily. She's indeed wet, excited in thinking about fucking her slave... about selling him... picturing his new life... reversing history.

"Two more days of pumping, Mr. Tilly. And I want you to pump for me while I'm taking you. I want to feel you laboring under me, muscles straining while I'm working away as well."

Stepping to the rear, Aida Benson casts aside her bodice. Baring herself completely she kneels, noting that well trained obedient servant Pansy has indeed both cleansed and lubricated where she will plunder. She releases the testicle restraint, untying the bundle of filament to take in her left hand. Using to guide, she introduces the tip of the dildo to the rose bud opening. Simultaneous with her initial thrust, she pulls with her left hand, the scrotal sac taut... the piercing hooks many and well implanted. The phallus slips inward with ease. There comes a grunt of discomfort.

"Oh my, you are tight, Mr. Tilly. But I think you will enjoy. You must enjoy. Accept my mastery... know who you are... what you are. A slave... to be used. You've been sold... a piece of property. And I suspect you'll be bending and spreading a lot for your new owner."

She leans, her uncovered breasts pressing against the flesh of her slave's back. John Anderson Tilly thrills... with her nearness... knowing that her exquisite glands frothage. If only he was not bound!

The right arm slips about the hips, hand searching. Aida Benson finds the penis, smiling more in feeling it become firm then firmer. She releases... direct stimulus there denied.

"Yes, you do enjoy. Now a good slave follows commands. So no spurting... until I give permission. And you may want to squeeze a little... offer me more thrill on the withdrawal... then it's best to try to open yourself when I thrust inward. Pansy will tell you that. I'd not want to have to suture you. No more damaged goods for your new owner."

In, out, in, out, the sodomy is slow, mechanical. One orgasm, another.

"You're a very good boy. But you're not pumping..."



John Anderson Tilly moans... in satiation?... in discomfort? For Master Aida Benson it matters not. What does matter, the arms begin to move, spinning the wheel... to pump... in surrender... in capitulation.

For Aida Benson the emotional joy exceeds the physical. Despite the sensuous frictioning of her vagina, knowing every thrust brings discomfort and humiliation to the evil abductor, and that he must labor under her dominion, brings a heady sense of power and control. For John Anderson Tilly, he curses himself... his reaction of tumescence defies him. He does not want his Master to know that deep within there is joy... depraved joy... for him as well. He yields, offering himself in internal conflict. He should resist be like a man, he tells himself. Yet he knows he is a slave, obediently timing his buttocks to maximize Master's pleasure. And his penis speaks while he can only grunt. He feels his need build, his neglected organ a lit fuse.

Aida Benson orgasms twice more. Finally she pulls vigorously on the testicle bondage, slaps a sweaty right cheek with her free hand and issues the command.

"Come for me, Mr. Tilly. Make it good. Drain yourself. It could very well be your last."

He does. Such obeisance to she who owns, the pent up essence splattering the stone flooring.

"And keep pumping for me."

### Completing the Arrangement

Items procured, down payment received in her Paypal account, it is time. Master Aida Benson stands over her slave on the dock. It's a sunny day and hot. The tide is ebbing, the Mobile River flowing as its quickest. At her feet sits her well trussed naked slave, elbow rings restrained with a short but heavy chain behind the back, feet hobbled with a second chain of thick loops, ankle ring to ankle ring. A third chain connects the many filaments of his testicle bondage to a wrought iron ball of some ten pounds.

Abductor John Anderson Tilly will not be running away.

"What if I fall in," the vice quivering in anxiety.

"Then the alligators will feast... and I'll need to return the down payment. Just be careful and don't move about. The raft is flimsy... cost me \$3.95 at Walmart. You're not worth much more," Master Aida Benson's words sardonic.

"And if they're not there... to pick me up?"

"You drown... I keep the down payment."

"How will they know where to find me?"

"GPS. I've sent the coordinates for my location... subtracting 2 minutes of latitude. Which means they expect to see you 2 nautical miles downstream. Your new owner has a yacht, Mr. Tilly. Big

money. They're not to know my location. And the current will get you there in thirty minutes. Think of it as a river cruise," more sardonic words.

Master Aida Benson looks at her cell phone. It is time.

"One last matter," stooping to unhook the iron ball.

She reaches to a canvas bag, withdrawing a device appearing to be a large set of pliers.

"This is an elastrator... used for neutering livestock. Put in place a small band of rubber, stretch open by squeezing the handles, slip about the scrotum at the base, release... and presto... the ring snaps, tightly contracting to geld."

"What!"

"I'll want to assure that you're eager to meet your new Master," slipping a ring of rubber over the prongs. "This is a large ring, utilized for cattle. Normally I would use a smaller one... for goats and sheep... neutering more quickly... the initial snap decimating the nerves and vessels. So the cattle ring won't immediately castrate you, Mr. Tilly. Sort of slow strangulation versus decapitation. But if it is not timely removed... cut off within two or three hours, the constriction of the circulation to your precious organs will have the same effect. You'll be neutered."

"Please no. Don't do this. You can't."

"Oh but I can. Look at Pansy. Do not doubt my will... or my resolve."

Glancing about, indeed the girlish form stands smiling. A dainty hand lowers, palming the withered sac, seeming to proudly display the life altering effort and the determination of Master Aida Benson.

With that, Aida Benson's hands work. The many strands of the testicle bondage are threaded through the pressed open rubber ring. The right hand lifts, fingers of the left guide, pushing aside the hooks and the scrotal flesh to align at the perineum. Before there can be more words of protest, the right hand releases, slowly... no decimating snap. But the nuggets of John Anderson Tilly are banded.

"Done. Now I suggest you get into the raft as quickly as possible and hope that all goes well with your new owner... and that the band is mercifully snipped away before there is permanent damage. Or perhaps they will choose to slowly castrate you. Be prepared to beg for your masculinity, John Anderson Tilly."

With the words, the bundled filaments are reattached to the iron ball and the sphere placed into the open hands.

"Get up... get in... and have a good voyage."

"You can't do this to me."

“I’m sure your many young packages thought the same,” Aida Benson assisting in seating her charge into the flimsy raft crafted for children’s play in a lake or swimming pool.

“And one last thing,” withdrawing an ice pick from the satchel.

“In the event the rendezvous does not happen,” stabbing the bow of the raft to bring a slight hiss of air. “You’ll be submersed... just like your package. If my timing is right, the raft will stay inflated for about three hours. Can’t have you floating about Mobile Bay for the entire day now can we.”

### Rescued (?)

The sun. Concerns of the potentially castrating band of rubber, the slight hissing of the punctured raft, are joined by the direct rays of the midday sun radiating the iron of John Anderson Tilly’s bondage. The hotness sears. One chain behind his back, the other stretching from ankle to ankle, he can position himself to shade one or the other but not both. Plus there are the rings, inserted deep into his epidermis, snaring the tendons to bring paroxysmal pain with any extreme sudden movement. Fortunately the iron ball and the testicle chain do not directly connect to his scrotum. But there are the many fish hooks to be shielded from the sun’s rays as well.

So as he slowly floats down the Mobile River, John Anderson Tilly both looks about in desperation, scanning the widening expanse of river for the yacht of destiny and fidgeting about to keep relatively cool his iron.

Care must be taken. If a moving a limb brings cramping and a lurch, he may fall out of the raft, the flimsiness of the children’s toy almost comical in being so far from shore.

Does he wish for a return to the pump? The cool never ending darkness of Master Benson’s sub basement?

Thoughts of alerting other boaters and shoreline fishermen are considered. But there are few. And those seen are in the distance. Plus in assuming such would assist... how does he explain his hairless nakedness... his bondage... his piercings... his missing finger and toe nails... missing teeth... yet still convince a Samaritan that the authorities need not be called?

So he floats. Though the current is quick, it can never be quick enough for one in pain.

He shifts about. In ever so slightly twisting, the raft turns. He now faces down river. And there it is. It must be the yacht of rdlewhips7. The mysterious anonymous client has paid well over the years... and often... one package delivered per year. Hopefully he/she will express gratitude for his efforts.

As the raft nears, engines come to life and John Anderson Tilly better grasps the size of the craft. It is not a toy, well over one hundred feet... if not two hundred. And there is no doubt of the range and capabilities... ocean going... intercontinental.

It moves turning, a man of great size and a woman come to the bow, evidently directing the

captain to him.

John Anderson Tilly tries to wave, the effort earning a stab of pain. It is unnecessary. He has been seen, and with the speed of the approach it is apparent that a naked and shackled man in a toy raft is expected.

“Ahoy,” a smiling woman greets, the sight of his bondage seeming to bring both amusement and wicked thrill.

The man reaches from the prow with a grappling hook. As John Anderson Tilly shouts ‘no’ the chain behind his back is hooked. The sailor of is great strength, lifting John Anderson Tilly from the raft by the chain secured to the deep piercings at his elbows. The agony with tension on the medial epicondyle tendons brings a scream and near unconsciousness. Still, when he is laid out on the deck, he is grateful to feel the woman’s hands work about his scrotum, cutting the castrating rubber band of the elastrator.

“Welcome aboard. You’ll be worked better intact. And with that sunburn, you should whip very well.”

### Epilogue

Aida Benson clicks about on her computer. Sensing the lively tongue of servant Pansy, she further parts her thighs in invitation, reaching down to affectionately pat the coifed page boy styled hair.

“Do you think they will cut the ring, Miss Benson?” the voice so cute and little girlish.

“Probably. If he’s to be worked, the intact male has more strength and endurance.”

“Where will he be going?”

“Well,” looking to the computer screen. “right now he’s in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. I’ll know more soon. Now quiet, pay attention,” reaching to pull at the back of the head, the mouth again engulfing, tongue swishing, curling upwards to work under the clitoral hood.

Aida Benson utilized most of the modest funds from the sale of her slave to procure an expensive tracking chip. With surgical skills remaining, she inserted it deeply under the skin of John Anderson Tilly... below the back of the neck... unlikely to be found or felt. It was a relatively simple procedure compared to impaling his arms and ankles with the deep rings. As a result, using likewise expensive software and the satellite tracking system utilized in the shipping industry, she can monitor his movements anywhere in the world.

She thinks of the appropriate retribution she has arranged... abductor John Anderson Tilly joining for sure at least one of his packages in being owned by the wicked and depraved rdlcwhips7. And she thinks of some of the information demanded in the exchange of emails before his new owner agreed to the purchase.

Ability to withstand hard labor, the tolerance of pain... such as being whipped. His initiation into fellatio seemed of interest. And in being anally tight... well that seemed to conclude the deal. Though rdlcwhips7 offered a nominal sum, Aida Benson accepted.

She probably should have toilet trained him... ala Pansy. But offering him the treat of tasting her charms... well... such elevated status was not to be.

She regrets that the chip will not provide any glimpses into his new life of dire servitude. But the email address remains accessible, and she will inquire of his progress. In time, when his new location is firmly established, perhaps she will alert authorities of the criminal activity... rdlcwhips7's purchase of the young and unwary. Or perhaps instead she will seek to visit... watch him being worked and whipped.

Much to think about. But for now, she'll just let John Anderson Tilly suffer.

There are the other email addresses to occupy her time. With the code Ulysses 214, perhaps she can reestablish contact, elicit information, bring to justice the ring of perverts and pedophiles before the delivery of more packages.

- End -

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. [Chris\\_Bellows@hotmail.com](mailto:Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com)

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