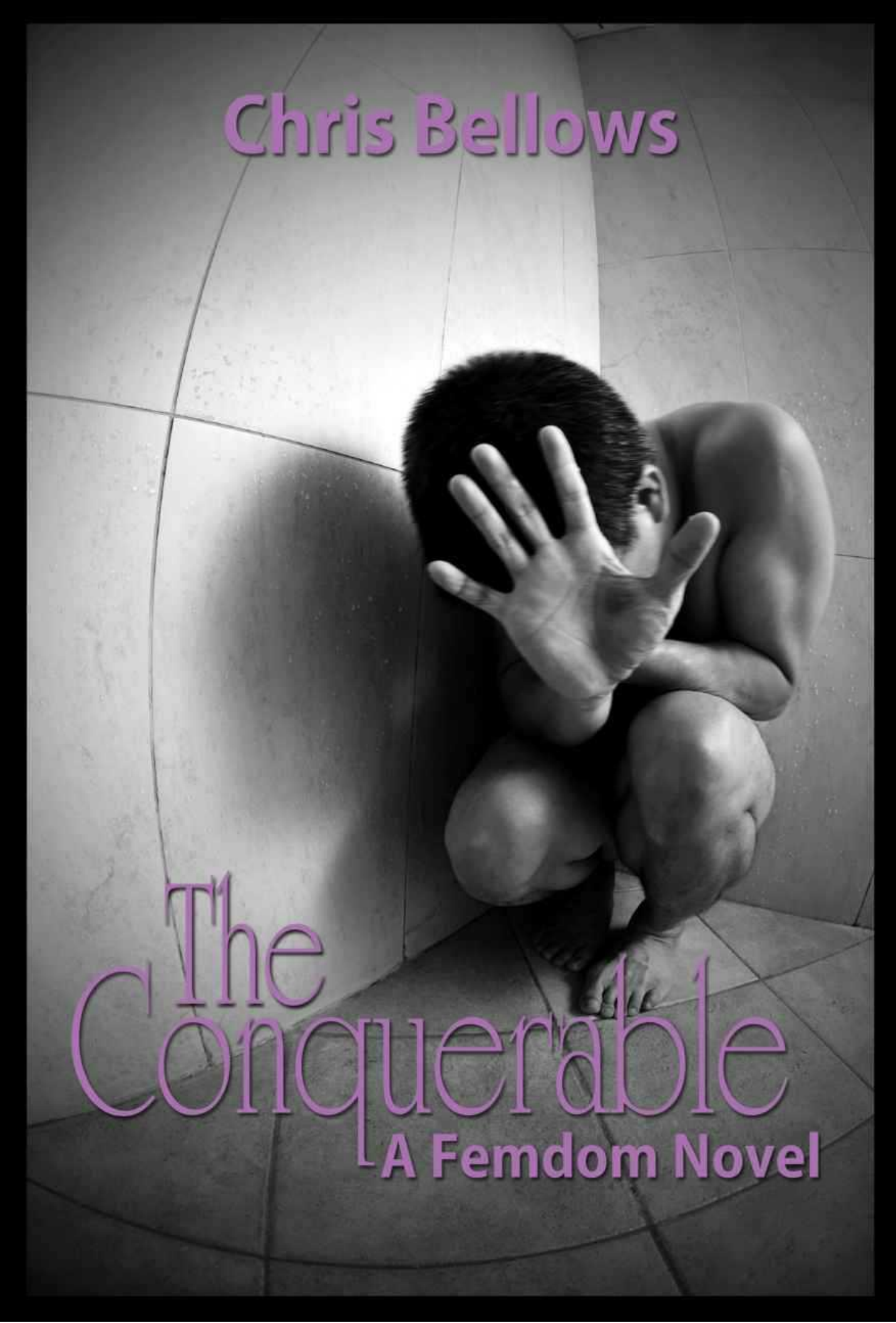




Chris Bellows

The
Conquerable
A Femdom Novel

The Conquerable
Femdom Erotica by Chris Bellows

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The Conquerable

“And then what did you do?”

“I talked.”

Describing the young man’s halting lisping reply, the slow deliberate intonation of each word, is difficult. As difficult as, I suppose, it is for him to speak. Thus, my interview is time consuming and my frustration, though well cloaked, mounts.

“Though psychiatry is my field, I would strongly suggest having your teeth fixed. I believe I can assume with some degree of confidence that your reticence is derived from the dental alteration. I can only help you if we communicate. That entails an exchange.”

Gazing downward, the man nods... the boy really. Once again there is silence, despite my best efforts to prompt discourse. Therefore, though only his initial visit, one which I routinely deem to be an ingenuous ‘let’s get to know each other’ type of meet and greet, I find myself earnestly offering advice.

“Caps expensive,” comes a tardy response.

I note the absence of a verb, making his utterance brief, phonetically inharmonious and grammatically cumbrous. A rap to the knuckles would be earned in any strict parochial school. For some reason the thought intrigues. My mind, dulled with the tedious pace, pictures an imperious teacher standing over this cowering verbal miscreant and applying a crisp, well deserved tap of a ruler to hands compliantly offered for retribution.

“Besides your teeth, were there... other... what shall or how shall I term it... modifications?”

I feign a degree of reluctance in making the inquiry, to be perceived as sympathy. Yet deep within, I want to know the full story, every nasty detail. Douglas Harper is not cognizant of my own proclivities, unaware that he has awakened my... well... I entitle it my ‘non vanilla’ side.

He looks up. In gazing at me, he seems to be encouraged, somewhat inspired. Though I detect lasciviousness, I let him peer and do so without protest. After all, I know him to be impotent, such information freely offered in the lengthy precedent questionnaire. So, I consider any spark of lust to be therapeutic.

And besides, I do not consider myself to be damaging to the eyes. Though almost old enough to be his mother, at 35 it is comforting to be considered alluring.

“Hair. No hair.”

Since his scalp is well maned, I must assume he has otherwise been made glabrous. As a psychiatrist, I understand the intent of his interrogators. Everything that could be done to bring forth a sense of defenselessness, maximize the stress of being brought to complete vulnerability, would be undertaken, including the filing of his teeth.

The thought of that time consuming and painful process brings forth a twinge of concupiscence. Yes, the non-vanilla side is aroused in contemplating the psychological reaction to sitting well strapped while having one's teeth ground to the gums, thus altering speech, disrupting eating ability, and, probably most importantly, terminating any ability to bite... most certainly his captors. Essentially, he's been defanged, as would an ornery pet.

But now I learn all hair has been removed. How? By whom?

I shall eventually find out. But meanwhile what dawns is that the rendition of this alleged terrorist sympathizer, Douglas Michael Harper, was executed by highly skilled professionals.

Whatever it was they wanted from him, I am sure the information spewed forth like a Roman fountain, even from an edentulous mouth. And thereafter he was freed... perhaps not the man... boy... they thought he was? Or perhaps a well-publicized prosecution for sedition would bring more notoriety to his handling and interrogation than the government desires.

Still, it is my task to psychologically rehabilitate... to put aside my self-interest and not speculate on the government's involvement.

Complicating the matter is the relevant question... which government? The United States is not the only country with a dog in the fight against terrorism. Israel, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Egypt... all known for harsh interrogation... techniques unbridled.

Yet, Douglas Michael Harper lives... to tell his story... should he summon the ability to form words. Curious that he was not executed and furtively buried in some unmarked grave.

I lean back in my large stuffed swiveling desk chair, gazing in thought at the meek lad sitting in an uncomfortable straight-backed chair. The nature of the offered furniture is deliberate in bringing forth a degree of awkwardness. For the seated, it inures onto me an aura of control, to be perceived by my patient. My relative comfort normally fosters a one-way flow of communication... patient to me, the relaxed interlocutor... a sponge leisurely soaking up all.

"Let me see," my suggestion spontaneously offered, mischievousness disguised.

I know my response to be construed as a simple and direct dictate. And in fact, he stands with noted alacrity. The mentally downtrodden Douglas Michael Harper will obediently

respond as if the words are offered as a command. After all, he has been rendered psychologically vulnerable.

I watch suppressing a smile... a wry smile... a wicked smile... as my patient denudates. There is discomfort... but there is indeed notable obeisance as each item of attire is removed, neatly folded and placed on the chair.

He assumes I do not want him to resume sitting. How curious! And when finished, he rigidly stands facing me, feet widely parted with his hands folded on the back of his head in some Pavlovian response to being naked.

In sultriness, my non vanilla side boils within as I silently inspect.

Yes, below the neck he is as hairless as a new born. I cannot even detect stubble and must assume he has either very recently shaven his entire body for the visit to my office, or... he's been chemically depilated. I am sure the latter is the case.

As a woman in her sexual prime, it becomes my turn to lasciviously gaze. Though hairless and appearing infantile, sizable testicles nestle within a ponderous scrotum. A flaccid penis stirs not, but is impressive in its possibilities. Douglas is short... but only in stature. Yes, the tip of that nonfunctioning tube of pink flesh dangles at mid-thigh. Nice.

And I note a dab of prostatic fluid, just a little ooze. I must repress a smile, knowing that despite his impotency, his sex organs are priming the pump. He's somewhat aroused in posing for me. And in not having 'gotten his rocks off' for quite some time, that curious male gland seems to beseech relief.

As I casually absorb the enticing potential of virility, I detect a degree of mental squirming. Yet he neither protests nor shifts about in modesty.

"Turn," the simple directive sternly offered.

In offering for view luscious buttocks, smooth, well rounded, seeming to beg for corporal correction, the imagination stampedes, now picturing more than a rap to the knuckles.

"Scars. There are none, Douglas. It is important that I know of any physical abuse," I cleverly provide camouflage for my otherwise unseemly demand to strip naked.

But I do not suggest that he dress. The moment, too delicious, is to be extended. His discomfort brings stimulation... for both of us. "Face me."

He turns again, docilely, with the precision of a trained beast yet absent the pride exuded in accomplished dressage.

“Probably some concern over pediculosis. Hair can give rise to many tiny vermin when one is held captive in squalid conditions,” offering for consideration my own summation as to the time consuming and I assume harsh depilation of his entire body.

But I truly know otherwise. To the duress of capture was added the extreme humiliation of complete exposure as every square inch of Douglas Michael Harper is revealed for a woman’s visual examination. Shorn of all covering... plucked like a chicken, the mental capitulation is palpable. He obeys me... and with noted crispness.

“You seem comfortable standing naked before a woman,” I prompt.

He is not. The more appropriate description would be reluctantly accustomed... a sort of acceptance. Still, I am too intrigued, too entertained, to offer a suggestion that he clothe himself. I have a sense that the longer he will remain exposed before me the more I can provoke words, “No clothing permitted,” comes another succinct reply.

“A standard protocol used during interrogation,” I explain.

And with that, remaining naked, feet even further parted, words cascade and I find just how accustomed Douglas Michael Harper is in displaying himself completely nude before a fully clothed woman, one who is perceived to be in charge.

Yes, my dentally challenged patient begins to sing... like a canary... a plucked canary.

Having taken notes, also having recorded the session, I adequately learn of and document every detail of the ordeal endured by Douglas Michael Harper, despite his speech impediment, the slurring, lisping, halting flow of words difficult to formulate with incisors and bicuspid ground to nothing.

It is shocking. But I am in the business of shock, really. Of understanding ordeal, stress, the frailty of the human mind when confronted with the reality of obdurate events... when mortality greets the inevitable. We all die yet we all believe life is unending... until it ends.

Douglas Michael Harper, at a young age, met the inevitable in being debriefed by ruthless interrogators. Their technique was masterful. What little information he had, was divulged. And ironically was most likely of little value, the bomb making school where he trained in Afghanistan, probably long dissembled, by the time they broke him.

I doubt if his terrorist friends ever confided much in him. From one simple session, I know he is not the type to be turned into a martyr. Yes, he would strap on a dynamite vest but never ultimately pull the trigger. Such probably became apparent to his terrorist friends as well. Thus, I speculate that he was never brought into the inner circle, leaving him in the desperate position of having nothing to tell... yet made eager to tell all.

Yes, Douglas Michael Harper is a bomb school dropout. Though it is difficult to judge his level of docility before he was psychologically dismantled, he was probably just as much a meek loser.

Still, for some reason I agree to take his case. He has no money, but the wealthy paranoids who daily stream through my office can subsidize the rehabilitation of my boy.

Yes, my boy. You see, since Douglas Michael Harper cannot afford to pay me, he will offer service instead... serving as a house boy. Sometimes I cede to my non vanilla side.

At 35, as stated, looks remain, men still using words like ravishing. I have dated often...

many dinners, many overnight visits, many mimosa breakfasts, basking in the lingering scent of sexual coupling. Whereas I am at the age to settle down, I have instead become a 'cougar', the newly coined term used for experienced women who enjoy the company of young men.

And in my case, it's the company of a boy. Douglas Michael Harper is 18, but with that glabrous form, his flesh chemically returned to puberty, he appears to be not a day over 13, when stripped.

And oh, he will be stripped. I have convinced him it is part of his therapy. And with his recent time in captivity, obedience so well instilled, he has not the fortitude to suggest otherwise. And so, despite having this relationship of convenience with Roger, a nice guy whose penis comes in handy after a week of listening to my paranoids whine, it is time to, in a way, indeed settle down. But not in the manner mother would envision. Neither would she envision my Sybian, the marvelous machine for women which I frequently straddle to vent frustration. The orgasms are deep and sustained, particularly when I fantasize. Yes, entering my non vanilla world spurs climactic ecstasy.

Saturday I shop, many supplies required, much paraphernalia. I arrange for a hospital bed, quite institutional, guard rails included.

I spend an hour or two on Sunday evening developing a protocol for Douglas. I type, listing his chores, what to do and when. I also list hand signals. Verbal commands are adequate, but I like the idea of training him... like a hunting dog. So, with snaps of my fingers, claps, pointing etc. Douglas will learn to react and be successfully transformed to a well-trained servant.

How can I be assured?

Well, I happen to know exactly how his interrogators coerced everything he tried to withhold. It will be therapeutic to re-immers him and place him back into the authority of a commanding woman, at least that is the premise under which he will serve me.

Yes, I guess it should be divulged, the interrogators of Douglas Michael Harper were women, the ‘gentler sex’ known to become more callous and forcefully reactive when confronting antagonists.

We begin. My boy Douglas arrives early Monday morning. I greet him in my bathrobe, revealing more feminine charms than my staid office attire as I point to a spot in my apartment vestibule.

“Strip!”

Terse, authoritative, no nonsense, Douglas is no longer a patient, though I will offer rehabilitation such that he can once again function in the real world... if being under my tutelage can be so termed.

He wordlessly complies, removing his clothing and placing such in a newly purchased lockable box. I take the time to inspect and admire, the resulting twinge of lust brings thoughts of my Sybian waiting in the spare bedroom. Diverting, but it is early on a workday. For now, my pleasure must be subtle and reserved.

I present his items of bondage, Posey cuffs. Adhered utilizing Velcro, the foam lined strips of nylon are ubiquitous in asylums and nursing homes. Safe, well tested, ineluctable, small luggage locks assure that Douglas will not remove. He peers at the collection of restraints and straps with a look of reminiscence, hinting that I have correctly guessed at one element of bondage used during his captivity.

“Yes, brings back memories as I intend,” I lecture. “Wrists and ankles, now. Be a good boy for me.”

He encircles each limb. I snap closed the tiny locks.

Yes, he will have adequate opportunity and equipment to cut away the nylon. Shackles would be more permanent, and wonderfully gothic. But as stated I want to replicate the conditions of his capture. There any sharp instruments... knives, scissors, etc... were denied him.

Here I will just punish, should he in any way cut and alter his bonds.

Straps connecting ankles and wrists are designed to assure he is constantly reminded of his status... captive to a governing woman. Yet I offer enough slack so he can work... stepping reservedly and often... planning each reach of his hands to accommodate his connected wrists... thinking and being constantly reminded of capitulation... bondage... of governance... instilled by a woman.

I hand him the typed list, chores to be performed while I shower and dress, preparing coffee and toast, thereafter cleaning. All to be performed before I leave for the office. For thereafter, his bondage begins in earnest. There is more than simple cuffs.

“Read and memorize the hand signals. Carry out all these chores. And Douglas, you’ll be thrilled to learn I acquired a Segufix restraint system. I am sure you will recognize it.”

The Posey cuffs are good, but the imposing Segufix system of straps, broad bands and instantly latching magnetic locks is both Teutonic and wonderfully institutional. Designed for mental patients threatening self-harm, once placed within the myriad of restraints it can be adjusted, if desired, such that there is no possible body movement and obviously no escape. There is even a subsystem to immobilize the head, utilized quite well by Douglas’s captors... and not only for his dental modification. Thinking of it is deliciously enticing, my non vanilla predilections causing a degree of giddiness.

My naked house servant appears forlorn. But I know otherwise, letting his circumstances mentally sink within, pausing before snapping my fingers. Having scanned the list, he knows to begin by falling to his knees and kissing my bare feet.

This brings a smile, as I learned in last week’s interview, he kissed more than the feet of his interrogator.

While a broad and ample tongue laps my toes, my right hand reaches to the pocket of my bathrobe. Establishing control over a man... boy... requires either a forceful yet reasoned display of strength and determination or the threat thereof. So, I remove a short, flexible but strong length of rubber tubing.

“This will be for later, Douglas. Would you like to bear this for me?”

I dangle the seemingly innocuous length before him, veiling my smile as I see his eyes widen to saucers. He looks down, like a punished puppy. Oh, this is delicious, and I have yet to really begin.

“It is necessary, I know,” his tongue and lips wrestling, the words struggling for emission.

“It offers a woman quite a level of control, doesn’t it Douglas?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And a boy like you is better being under control. A naughty boy who conspires with terrorists.”

He sheepishly nods.

“It will be time consuming. Once inserted it is probably best left in place. Very aggravating to take it in and out... for both of us.”

He nods and I am sanguine in having planted a seed of thought which will grow throughout his long trying day.

“Time for coffee and toast.”

I pat his head and move to the bathroom knowing my naked and trussed house servant will have my simple breakfast waiting for me after morning ablutions.

It is trying, getting through the day, listening to troubled patients who aren't troubled. But the dollars roll in and my bank account is well stuffed. Plus, I have my thoughts of Douglas Michael Harper naked and well bound in my spare bedroom.

The coffee was adequate, the toast perfect and while I took my time dressing, a good portion of my apartment was cleaned. Since I begin office hours late in the morning, letting the hurly burly of rush hour diminish, a well-supervised Douglas had time to make the kitchen spotless and straighten up the main bathroom. I watched, quite entertained, his hobbling ankle strap made many tiny steps necessary which comically caused his balls and penis to flop about. In kneeling to swab the kitchen floor, wrist restraints adding a frustrating degree of challenge, he knew to keep his knees as widely parted as possible, letting that burgeoning hairless scrotal sac swing about heavily. I do think he has been trained to amuse.

I was impressed and thus as the dreary day ends, I think of him lying on the new hospital bed in my spare bedroom, the Segufix system mandating almost total immobility. Diapered and blindfolded, there is nothing for him to think about but me and what I will do when I return home and find he has soiled himself.

There is no doubt, for I watered him quite well before leaving, assuring that a full bladder will result in a diaper in need of changing and of course harsh words and punishment for his slovenliness.

Returning home, my spare bedroom beckons. Not only my Sybian but my naked house boy resides within, and as I enter, my nose detects that a well-restrained Douglas has wet himself.

“Good evening, Douglas, how was your day?” I mockingly inquire knowing that the Segufix system of restraint has not allowed more than a finger or toe to wriggle.

I approach and sniff demonstrably, communicating that I know of Douglas's transgression.

"You've wet yourself. Good thing I diapered you."

"I am sorry Ma'am."

It's a pain to remove the soiled garment. The Segufix system is comprised of a series of broad nylon straps studded with grommets. Such transverse his supine nakedness at the ankles, thighs, waist, chest and head, the ends to his right and left affixed to the sturdy guard rails of the bed. Soft but exacting cuffs and straps encircle the limbs and connect to the broader straps by way of clever magnetic locking posts inserted through the many grommets. Only someone wielding a special demagnetizing device can release the posts inserted through the aligning grommets and thus return mobility.

A well-designed head harness also serves to immobilize. Tautly pulled and well secured over the forehead, Douglas cannot even nod. And should I choose, I can likewise render his jaw motionless, a second strap under the chin will silence completely my vocally impaired servant.

As a psychiatrist, I know the system inures onto the holder of the demagnetizing device the ultimate in perceived power and authority. And the design, one in which anyone can quickly remove the locking posts... anyone with freed arms and hands, gives rise to a luscious level of frustration for the bound. Anyone can offer mobility... except the trussed. And Douglas is fully aware that the demagnetizing device which offers freedom, rests nearby, within feet... if not inches. But he cannot avail himself of its offer of emancipation... only a governing woman.

"Wetting yourself will mean punishment, Douglas. Your tube awaits."

"Please no, Ma'am, it's... it's so..."

"Painful... controlling... dehumanizing, disconcerting that it imbues such wondrous power? That it forces you to cede what I believe, deep within, your psyche wishes to offer?" Silence... and in my profession silence signifies consent.

"It removes ambivalence, Douglas. Removes the opportunity and need to make choices. Leashed like a pet, for the likes of you it terminates the burden of having to decide. You would never pull the trigger on your own, Douglas... detonate what your cohorts in Afghanistan trained you to fabricate. That they learned late, casting you out and making you a bomb school dropout. Yes, though deep within there is a need to end all of life's burdens it will not be through suicide. Having to make choices, selecting paths... roles... friends... enemies... you need someone else to even make that decision. So, the tube strangely entices in ending all need for thought... any need to accept responsibility. It empowers... and you enjoy empowering. Your loss... your surrender of will... becomes a heady transference for the right person... such as me. You are commanded... and you

obey. Life at its simplest. For you there is bliss. And for she empowered, there can also be bliss.”

As I speak, I prepare the rubber tube identical to that which changed Douglas’s life. I lubricate and summon thoughts of early medical school. My training... in the hospital emergency room... an unconscious patient, breathing impaired, possibly an airway blocked, one must learn of the body’s various orifices and experience the inspection thereof. I know the nasal passage to be sensitive. I know it to be accessible. I know that palpating, stuffing, the insertion of an object into the sinuses, being so near the brain, can bring consternation. It’s what ‘water boarding’ is about... partially. Not only the sense of drowning but that something foreign is forcefully introduced so proximate to the cerebrum and frontal lobe.

Unfortunately for Douglas, his captors were equally aware of the reaction of the somatic system. Though there is no true endangerment, the mind over reacts. Panic, terror, fear... with a governing woman there to offer comfort... or torment... should desired behavior and cooperation not ensue.

Is it cruel to return Douglas to his captivity? Of course. But my vanilla side postulates it is for his own good. Douglas is the abandoned puppy at the local pound, awaiting adoption... or extermination. I offer adoption.

Rubber forceps, somewhat flexible, begin to work up Douglas’s right nostril. He protests, pleads, struggles against his bonds... in vain. The sinus cavity initially resists invasion, but a firm hand and knowing fingers soon feel the little pop of concession, the prongs entering the sinus cavity.

Tears flow, bringing a smile but no grace as my right hand inserts the tip of the tube into the left nostril. Smaller than the forceps, the tip slips into the sinus cavity with less resistance. I fish about with the forceps, snag the tube and slowly draw the invading tip of rubber back down the right nostril. In being about a foot in length, I adjust until the two free ends of the tube dangle just below Douglas’s encumbered chin. I discard the forceps and grasp the twin ends, tugging gently. In forming an upside down ‘U’, the tube has been looped through his sinuses. Douglas cries out evidencing the incredible level of sensitivity. I smile then pull the left end of the tube down a little, tie a simple granny knot then pull the right end until the knot slips up into the opening of his nostril. I tug the right end, stretching the tube. This offers a moment of intense discomfort, as I tie a similar knot on the right side. When I release, the tube retracts, the right knot likewise slipping into the right nostril.

Gratified that my new leash will not inadvertently slip out, I smile knowing that my pet will instantly and most obediently respond to any level of handling I choose to administer.

“Brings back memories, Douglas?”

“Yes,” the voice beleaguered.

“Well, while you’re here serving me, your nostrils will be so intubated. I like the control it offers. But you will have a decision to make. Should I remove it each time you leave and stuff you each time you return, or just leave the tube in place. It will probably be your only decision,

Douglas. It’s your choice.”

As I speak, I grasp the demagnetizing device and begin to remove the many locking posts, inserted into the many grommets and holding Douglas completely immobile. I know the ease and quickness brings a sense of frustrating futility to the bound... the small but emancipating demagnetizing device placed well within reach... including the thoroughly trussed, given the ability to lift a hand.

He will be returned to the Posey cuffs while I supervise diaper removal and a cleansing shower. He will always feel the constriction of some form of bondage in my presence... and perhaps when not.

Then it will be time for him to learn to crawl for me... tube bearing hand gently offering feminine guidance.

As Douglas responds to my directing hand, I note the precision, the willingness, the abject obedience. Instilled within is the mental concession that whomever holds the ends of his nostril tubing... his leash... holds all power. The slightest tug of my hand feels as if I am maneuvering a portion of his brain... and in a way I am. There it is not only the discomfort, there is the sense that I have reached well within his being and can manipulate... that my feminine guidance is unfettered.

So round and round my apartment I walk, he crawls while I attempt to quell the many twinges in my loins, the fire of my non vanilla side stoked, smoldering and threatening outright conflagration.

“Your captors were kind in exercising you like this, Douglas,” I contend in prompting memories.

But my declamation also prompts my memories... of the lengthy interview days before when Douglas, in my office standing naked, feet parted, hands placed so obeisantly on the back of his head, finally told his story... that slurring, lisping, halting flow of words in which he divulged all.

Utilizing the alarmingly brazen but quiet furtiveness of cat burglars, Douglas Michael Harper was drugged in the middle of the night and taken from the suburban Long Island home of his parents.

Months before, having graduated from high school, the jobless lad had scraped together some funds to travel. Impressionable, in dire need of some role in life, casual conversations with a seemingly innocuous fellow traveler, in fact a terrorist recruiter, resulted in a side trip to Afghanistan... there to attend bomb school... there to raise the concern of monitoring intelligence services... there to change his role in life.

Yet, as suggested, Douglas is not the type to ultimately pull the trigger. It quickly became apparent to me that the terrorist recruiters need some basic psychology training in identifying the attributes of callous suicidal psychopaths. Douglas is not one.

He was rudimentarily trained and returned to the United States under the guise of a 'sleeper'. But his trail was apparent... apparent to which intelligence service will probably never be known. Where he was taken and interrogated will never be known.

But what is known, as my directing hand brings him to a stop and I raise his nose... face and head following... having him sit up like a little doggie, is that information flowed and Douglas was rendered useless... to his terrorist handlers... to himself... and to women. He was left impotent, his ordeal both bizarre and effective in forever altering behavior.

Use of his hands denied him, kept naked, his hairlessness augmenting his sense of exposure, if and when Douglas experienced the slightest degree of tumescence, a cattle prod or some such shocking electrical device, was applied to his genitals. Yes, in more Pavlovian conditioning, he learned to remain flaccid in the presence of his captors, despite the soft, sultry and alluring voice of his interrogator. It was she who seemed to most often coax stiffness... and it was she who most often applied the prod. But it was she who ultimately had Douglas divulging all. In the end, he so much wanted to please her.

Yes, there was the good cop, in the parlance of the standard interrogation technique used in police dramas.

'Please don't stiffen like that Douglas. You'll force me to use the prod again.' In my office interview, Douglas choked in repeating those oft heard words.

Yet, it is the woman fulfilling the role of 'bad cop' I would most desire to meet someday... she of unfathomable wickedness.

Sight permitted only when she was governing. Douglas described her as a brute, a tall, heavysset, Russian, Ukrainian, some Slavic accent. She broke Douglas daily, sending him into the 'caring arms' of the good cop, there his penis to be shocked to flaccidity, should his organ react disobediently.

His bondage was constant, except when directed to crawl about, nostril leash offering a most humiliating degree of control for the good cop. I have assumed, judging from Douglas's description and the level of immobility, that the bindings utilized were the Segufix system. Proven to be inescapable, the choice of equipment evidenced impressive professionalism, the women had many times handled men... violent men... determined men... psychopathic men... killers.

And so, a boy like Douglas must have been refreshing for them, I think to myself peering down at his pubescent front side, nipples puffy with the hormonal buildup of chastity. And after the described weeks of captivity, I cannot help wondering if his 'visit' was extended more for entertainment than for acquiring more of what little Douglas knew.

My eyes move to gaze down at his long useless organ.

"Douglas, we *will* need to do something about that prostate gland. Your penis is drooling."

Though in the sexual prime of his life, Douglas is unable to ejaculate. Such nasty women.

"You must excuse our little affectation with the nostril tube. But we have found that it maximizes control with minimal effort," the words Slavonically accented.

Having callously jammed the length of rubber up one nostril, with forceps the woman penetrates then fishes about in the opposing nostril as tears flow like a waterfall and Douglas sputters in protest.

He lies prostrate, head hanging over the table edge, well bound in his many Segufix straps and cuffs, and oddly welcomes the change after days of lying supine. For during that time, when not coated with powerful burning depilation cream, his mouth was forcibly held open to the extreme with a Jennings mouth gag, a demented dentist working away. It is a distressing enough tribulation without adding the pain and mental suffering of having one's teeth methodically ground to the gums.

But now, as the woman lectures, it seems whatever his captors want, will be extracted.

Yet up to now, nothing has been demanded... not even politely requested.

"Yes, I used to break bones, tear some ligaments, dislocate some joints. Things were different in the old country. Leaving marks was not a problem, permanent damage... no worry. I once crushed a very pretty set of young testicles... between a pair of flat boards the little balls could not long withstand my boot... leisurely pressed. Marvelously slow

and painful, he talked of course. And that boy now serves as my maid. His subservience and loyalty to me are telling. But now... it's the tube. Maximum authority... no marks. I no longer need these."

She pauses to flex massive biceps, well-muscl'd and bare, a brief halter permitting coolness and ease of movement with wrists and arms.

The tube ends are knotted and gruffly pulled, testing the effectiveness and sending the important initial message to him under such exacting feminine governance... 'you're leashed'.

"There, nicely under control. Now Douglas, I'm going to learn just how good a boy you are. I have something for you to eat. And don't worry, despite your dental work, it's easily swallowed... soft and mushy."

Teeth no longer a potential weapon, the woman works with impunity proximate to his mouth, fingers teasingly brushing his lips. A wheeled cart with tray is rolled before his face and Douglas notes a heaping pile of brown mush. It is disgustingly familiar and his heart pounds. "Lots and lots of nourishment and I'm going to fill your tummy."

"No! It's shit!"

"Oh, Douglas, you're not to concern yourself with what it is. You're to be obedient and eat it for me."

With that, the left hand grasps the ends of the dangling nostril tube and lifts forcing his head back and aligning his mouth. The right hand retrieves a sizeable spoon and scoops up a large dollop of the foul looking mass.

"Open wide."

The mush is presented and pressed to his lips. A repulsed Douglas refuses to partake, of course, and the woman cackles.

"Well, you're not the first to decline my offering. But I'll soon have you feasting. We do this often. It is good for a man's pride to partake in what we offer. It humbles... and we like humbleness."

A second tray laden cart is wheeled directly under Douglas's chin. On it is a bowl filled with water, the height bringing Douglas's chin to within an inch of the brim.

"So, you deny food. I will deny oxygen. When you decide to take my offering, you will have air."

Such a simple matter to gently tug downward on the nostril tube and introduce her hand into the bowl... along with Douglas's face. Yes, the nose and mouth dip below the

surface. She pauses and the woman is masterful in her timing, depriving Douglas of air for just long enough to convince of her earnestness before directing his head and face upwards where he can take a hurried gulp of air before she immerses again.

Two more dunks and a gasping Douglas is once again offered the large mush filled spoon.

“No!” the single word sputtered.

The face returns to water as Douglas is alarmed to hear guttural laughter, shocked in learning of her glee. And he finds her correct, the effort needed to bring drowning is minimal... the pinch of thumb and forefinger, the gentlest of tugs, the needed resolve more than apparent.

“Just as with the others, you will eat for me. They all do. It’s what I do best, breaking a boy’s will. Not only obliterating your resistance, but in time you will beg me for it and thank me thereafter. I like it when a boy begs. It exhilarates.”

Yes, in time, Douglas ate, but not until after a few more equally distressing and traumatic dips into the bowl... and much more gleeful cackling.

The events of the meaningful encounter with the Slavic woman roll through my head as I casually stroll about stimulated in having Douglas follow in abject obedience to a feminine thumb and forefinger, similar to that which began his fall into the abyss of complete capitulation.

Years ago, as part of my psychiatric training, I read of the horrors of the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia during which hundreds of thousands were tortured and exterminated. Documented were tales of the jailer’s amusement in forcing helpings of excrement on their captives... the soon to be executed. So dehumanizing, I imagine it to be the final loss... of all pride... of the will to exist... the forced act so foul and so much epitomizing their helplessness...

Curious how Douglas’s captors seem to have used a similar tactic, only not for amusement per se, but to extract what they wanted. Minimal lasting physical harm... permanent mental damage?

As stated, Douglas, told to strip naked in my office, sang like a canary after nearly forty minutes of me futilely cajoling for information while he remained clothed.

And now I have him leashed.

“You are to make me dinner, Douglas. Then more bondage for you.”

I release my light yet thoroughly controlling grip. When he stands, I gently slap that impressive smooth and hairless derriere and send him to my kitchen. I follow to where I have installed a length of rubber coated cable. Padlocked to the radiator, I attach the free end to Douglas's hobbling strap. It is important that he never feel the relief of unfettered movement. The cable is long enough for kitchen duty, and though a nice heavy chain would be ideally symbolic, the hushing rubber of the cable will permit him to work noiselessly. I have neighbors. While he labors, I think I will prepare my Sybian for an evening ride.

Not a bad cook. I eat casually having Douglas watch assuming a stress position, standing one foot raised. He instinctively places his folded hands on the back of his head and awaits the command to lower the right foot and raise the left. It should not be surprising that he is accustomed to the age-old interrogation technique. And I imagine the good cop questioning him, cattle prod in hand should his penis begin to firm, the likes of Douglas known to tumefy with the arousal of feminine governance.

In finishing, my watch suggests it is nearly seven o'clock, enough time for another interval of tight bondage... and a long ride. But Douglas must be fed, and my intellectual curiosity somewhat smolders. In a way I look forward to his feeding time about as much as my pending ride.

"Down," I command finally relieving him of the stress position.

I snap my fingers and point, the dishes needing removal and cleansing. Douglas jumps to respond, washes with alacrity while I finish coffee then knows to go to all fours to await my whim.

"You must be hungry, come," I command detaching the cable.

Grasping the ends of his nostril tube, it requires only the gentlest of pulls to have Douglas follow me to the spare bedroom. My Sybian awaits, my favorite faux phallus prominently beckoning the folds of my love nest. There is a brief inquisitive look on Douglas's face, but not for long as he instantly must follow my lead.

To the bed, supine position, Posey cuffs and connecting nylon straps removed, the more imposing Segufix straps and cuffs await. He lies docilely as I encircle ankles, thighs, wrists, and biceps. Then each cuff is attached to the broad straps traversing the calves, thighs, waist and chest. Lastly comes the head restraint, delicious in holding him such that his vision is limited to the ceiling and what he can see peripherally.

"I'm going to prepare something special for you, Douglas. Something you have not had in a while."

So wicked of me, yes. But it must be kept in mind that with my leash blocking Douglas's nostrils, the knotted tubing, his ability to smell is most impaired. I spent much time on Saturday selecting and finally purchasing that which most resembles excrement. The foulest cheapest dog food to be had.

Yes, warmed, some equally foul-smelling cheese mixed within, I have concocted a mush which I speculate very much replicates in sight and texture that which Douglas forcibly learned to relish, pleasing his captors and bringing forth his desired capitulation. Oh, this will be fun.

Quite cathartic, returning Douglas to his mental Waterloo. As I offer the initial spoonful, his persona transforms, seeming to sink even lower, yet his debasement oddly enjoyed.

"Thank you, Ma'am. I so much enjoy eating shit for you. May I have more?" comes a seemingly spontaneous reaction, somewhat robotic.

Yes, as I replicate his feeding, pulling his nostril tube upwards with the fingers of my left hand, positioning his mouth to receive a nice big spoonful, the humble words he learned to offer are in turn replicated. This brings to my mind the recent office interview, where standing stripped naked before my desk I learned of his ordeal...

"You have such an appetite. I like my boys when they eat a lot of my special offering," Douglas quotes in regurgitating words as I imagine the Slavonic accent.

Having broken him, Douglas describes lying supine for his twice daily feeding, the portions of the mush filled bowl seeming to grow with each visit. The woman, the bad cop, smiles, breaking a boy, as she has divulged, a favorite past time. And what better evidence of breaking a boy than to have him eat excrement... force him to offer thanks for it... then require that he energetically ask for more.

"Be polite and take it all Douglas."

"Yes, Ma'am, I enjoy pleasing you."

"My partner wants to talk to you and I want you to be in the right frame of mind so we can learn what we want to learn."

"Will she walk me?"

"If you're good. Just think, Douglas, a few moments free from your restraints. We're very nice to boys who are humble and help us. And if you finish the entire bowl, there will be no ipecac."

Reluctance to partake all that is offered results in the application of an emetic and the inducement of vomiting. Thereafter the water bowl is prepared, Douglas rolled onto his tummy to lie prostrate, and his face casually dunked time after time until the mass of brown sludge is happily consumed and his governing captor humbly thanked.

“Will she leave my penis alone?”

“That depends on you, Douglas. If it stays soft, she’ll not use the prod, but stiffen and you’ll be shocked. You know the rules.”

Kept bound and chaste, always naked in the presence of governing women, Douglas’s propensity to harden must have been noteworthy. I know his type... I am a psychiatrist. That prod most likely surged regularly.

Yes, Douglas’s description of his captivity replays in my mind as spoonful after spoonful is consumed. Dog food yes, but Douglas believes otherwise, bringing to mind B. F. Skinner’s controversial work in operant conditioning as he grovels for offering after offering. And I of course accommodate.

I find myself wet and ready for the Sybian.

Expensive, but I can afford it, the Sybian was allegedly developed by a dance instructor who, in empathizing with the sexual frustration of his students, developed a device to foster orgasms... for women.

In being such a thoughtful and caring instructor, I too often wonder as I sit astride, what type of relationship this man could have with young dancers such that he found it necessary to be so helpful with their intimate biological functions.

Putting the thought aside, I disrobe in the spare bedroom, comfortable with Douglas’s presence in knowing that he cannot turn his head more than a centimeter. Yes, I tightened the head harness unmercifully, assuring that I can sit and gaze at his glabrous nakedness while he must stare at the ceiling.

The Sybian is best described as a saddle, designed to rest low to the floor, which the user straddles in a kneeling position. Centered and most prominently displayed is a phallus, size and shape open to selection. Once attached, it is motor driven to waggle about most obscenely, and when penetrating the vagina, it kneads and caresses in a manner unattainable for a real penis. A wonderfully designed mat of soft ridged rubber offers clitoral stimulation. There can also be attached, if desired, an object for anal penetration. And course there are a myriad of options and other attachments, the selection of and experimentation upon makes for much fun when the Sybian is first procured.

Did I mention it vibrates? Yes, does it ever. The clever dance instructor apparently researching for many years before determining the proper reverberation, I often imagine him assembling his dance troop and having them straddle and evaluate as various speeds and motors are tried.

It is the control box which most enthralls a woman of my predilection. Yes control, for the rider can instantly adjust the level of vibration and the rate of waggle for the phallus, bringing perfection to the process of achieving climax. A curious labor of love, the resulting effort, with control box, numerous penetrating implements, clitoral stimulators, etc., make the physical companionship of a male irrelevant if not obsolete.

Perhaps such was the intent of the instructor, relieving his young proteges of the need and time-consuming quest for interacting with the opposite sex. Instead, ‘ride the Sybian for 30 or 40 minutes than return to practicing your footwork’, I am sure was his advice.

Rather self-serving, but what a delightful invention for womanhood.

And so, I straddle, lower myself and let slip within my nest the phallus of my choice. For tonight’s ride I have the visual catalyst of my well bound naked houseboy, he who has just undertaken at my behest, the foulest of deeds... and humbly thanked me for it.

Remote control in hand, I press and feel the indefatigable device begin its chore. It will not quit, it will not ejaculate prematurely, it will not need rest, and I will not have to make it coffee in the morning.

Multiple orgasms, I don’t shriek like some women, but Douglas, an impotent Douglas, is well aware of my many pleasures, the guttural outbursts just not to be withheld.

I am soaked, inside and out, and the room reeks of sweat and the musky scent of feminine arousal. Rising from my nirvanic slump, I don a robe, somewhat revealing, and step to inspect my trussed servant.

“You inspire some wonderful climaxes, Douglas,” I flippantly offer.

He remains where I want him, of course, naked, supine with ankles, thighs, waist, chest, wrists biceps, and head all strictly secured in padded nylon. A shame to partially cover his pubescence, but there is exposed that useless penis and the comically plucked scrotal sac, plump neglected testicles within. I brazenly reach and for the first-time touch, cupping my hand to cradle his balls. I know from the debriefing in my office that his interrogator, the good cop, often so caressed. I likewise toy, fingers teasingly wriggle about, my thumb offering a more earnest caress in sensing the firm yet vulnerable organs within. Such virility... so thoroughly ceded to feminine governance... they are more mine than his.

Well trained, many applications of the electrical prod, he stiffens not, his operant conditioning apparent. Yet he continues to ooze, the prostatic fluid flowing to the seminal vessels, there to somewhat seep, awaiting an ejaculation that occurs no more.

“Please no, Ma’am,” comes a simple plea.

“Would you like to stand for me, Douglas? I can change your protocol. Erection permitted but no touching. I will keep you chaste, but train you to harden at my whim. Would you like that?”

I am testing of course. If his interrogators can force flaccidity, in time, I can condition him and bring tumescence... only at my command, of course.

Sheepish, he answers not. Meanwhile I release, letting the testicles softly thump against his forcibly parted inner thighs then step to the bathroom to retrieve a basin. With no diaper in place, I do not want Douglas soiling the hospital bed. And since I will demand a few more hours in bondage before I send him home, he’ll need to urinate for me. Yes, I have one more task I want performed.

I insist on holding and directing the penis during urination. Douglas insists that he cannot go. That will change, bladder shyness will dissipate.

A blindfold helps, as does a directing tug on his nostril tube to aid in forcing open his mouth. One glass of water, two, he’ll not be freed until he performs for me. And I believe a certain elixir will help frame his mind.

Yes, the good cop, daily offered the same, so after a third sizable glass of water, I mount the bed, and straddle Douglas’s head facing his feet. As I part my robe and lower myself, I align the small basin remaining between his thighs and awaiting his excretions.

“More to drink,” I gumptiously suggest, once again handling his penis.

Having ridden the Sybian for nearly an hour, my moist and fragrant pouch remains exuding essence. Yes, Douglas seems eager... eager to partake... eager to please... eager to spur the orgasm psychologically denied to him. Conditioning replete, need to please ingrained, his toothless mouth knowingly forms an oval to accept my labia. My sex seems to fit over his mouth like glove on hand. The tongue laps, penetrates and begins to thrust.

He has been trained, much time spent in orally gratifying the female sex. And when I give the command he obediently pauses and patiently awaits the contents of my bladder. I note that his breathing is repressed... no annoying deep breaths... no wafts of forced air to disturb my concentration. The water filled basin of the bad cop has instilled more

than the desire to complacently eat some repulsive offering, Douglas having been trained to properly breathe, subordinates his need for oxygen to maximize a woman's pleasure.

I empty myself, noting that not a drop of my torrent escapes. And when finished, Douglas resumes lapping, his lips glued to the perimeter of my sex, protruding tongue cleansing me of both excretions and the gooey remnants of feminine essence roused by the Sybian.

Once again slumping in a nirvanic trance, the sense of sexual power brings forth an exhilarating feeling of headiness. There is no doubt in my mind that long after Douglas divulged all that he knew, obeisantly downloading every iota of information, his captors kept him well bound, naked and leashed... immersing him in a new world, one of complete subservience to the governing female.

There are thoughts... impelled by my professional vanilla side... of empathy... but my non vanilla side questions... why would they ever release him?

In my office, awaiting my next client, my mind wanders to the night before, watching Douglas dress after a long day and night of servitude... cooking, thorough restraint, and cleaning... my quim included.

I slept well, needless to say.

He's a good boy. A psychological mess... one with which I should not trifle but instead better attempt to rehabilitate. Yet deep within, there was noted sanguineness in serving me, and it was evident, particularly in experiencing the unending cunnilingus, that there was not only acceptance but that Douglas felt a degree of fulfillment.

So, if there is happiness, is it best to return him to grim reality? Return his sexual potency and with it the frustration and loneliness of searching for normal female companionship and sexual release? Without teeth, the search will be futile.

His current world is so one dimensional... a fairy land... particularly for she who sits astride his face. He took all I had to offer, and despite the Sybian I not only climaxed anew but experienced this curious sense of nurturing, as if offering sustenance to a new born. He hungrily coveted my juices.

My assistant buzzes on the intercom, interrupting my contemplation.

"A woman to see you doctor. From the government... requesting just a moment of your time. About a new patient... a Douglas Michael Harper." Interesting.

In occupying my thoughts, still basking in the glow of the exquisite tongue work of the subject matter, I decide to speak with her, though the impromptu visit is unusual.

Into my office is ushered quite the alluring young woman. Short hair, raven black, I am sure conveniently coifed to accommodate her athleticism. Well dressed, a staid business suit serves not to cloak well-shaped calves and sizeable breasts. Beneath the veiling layers of wool is a young vibrant beauty.

“My name is Ann Cromwell... from the Social Security Administration.”

I nod and introduce myself gesturing toward the straight-backed chair where last week, Douglas initially sat before I had him strip for me.

“Though I know not of your quest, I cannot divulge much about a patient, Ms.

Cromwell... or even confirm that he is indeed a patient.”

She smiles. A surprisingly calm confident smile, one which belies her youthfulness. For some reason a twinge of concern begins to linger, a psychiatrist’s intuition in sensing when one is being disingenuous. My right hand lowers and I surreptitiously turn on the recording device, hidden so that patients relax and speak more freely.

“Douglas has applied to us, the Social Security Administration, for permanent disability. In his application he has listed you as his consulting physician. In being so young, the application will undergo much examination. Including a review of the files of the attending physician.”

Interesting, I must counsel Douglas to keep me informed. Permanent disability has quite the strict definition, that is unable to work at any level of employment at any time, making such standard most difficult to attain along with the accompanying lifelong monthly payments. I can certainly understand the concerns. But a personal visit? No communication by mail, no prearranged appointment. My concern is well founded despite the suave presence and logical quest for information. And it is telling that she references him as ‘Douglas’ and not the more formal ‘Mr. Harper’.

The women... girl... hands me an official looking document which I quickly scan. It certainly pertains to the aforementioned request, an application for disability submitted last week, shortly after his initial visit to my office.

But can the government truly react this quickly? Concerns indeed abound.

“Well Ms. Cromwell, based on this document I will confirm that Douglas Michael Harper is indeed a patient, but my files are incomplete, having just visited days ago. I have yet to fully transcribe the tape of his interview and analyze.”

I prevaricate, having indeed transcribed the ‘interview’, reading it several times, then listening to the slurring, lisping, halting flow of words and training my ear, successfully, to understand his attempts at verbal communication.

“With Douglas’s concurrence, I will arrange the file and forward it to you... say three days.”

There comes an odd smile... demure or possibly wry, a rather enigmatic look for a government employee.

“That would suffice. No need to mail it. I will pick it up.”

We bid adieu. She departs and I return to contemplating the challenge of Douglas Michael Harper... not only his challenge but my own. My vanilla side begins anew to grapple with the non-vanilla... a debate within my psyche. I think of the discomfort, the abundant tears which flowed when I removed his nostril tube to send him home. It was like freeing a captured beast and returning him to the wild... the cruel world of ruggedness and uncertainty of survival... of competition, struggle and the inevitable.

I sensed he did not want to depart. Douglas has come to accept his fragileness... and his need.

After a full day off from his housekeeping duties, Douglas returns the following morning. He strips, kneels, kisses my feet, then humbly straightens at the waist, turning up his face to position his nostrils for the tube.

“Such a good boy,” I coo as I toss his clothing into the waiting box and snap closed the lock while Douglas dutifully enshrouds wrists and ankles with Posey cuffs.

Then I return to stand over him and cruelly work the flexible rubber forceps into his right nostril.

Now having experience, I simultaneously push the rubber tube up his left nostril, doubling the discomfort, but also saving time. And yes, bingo, I instantly snag the tip, ignore the abundant tears and draw the forceps and looping tube down the right nostril.

Leashed again, I cannot help smiling as I tie granny knot number one then quickly pull to stretch and tie granny knot number two. I ignore the sputtering reaction as once again the intense discomfort and sense of having a most intimate grotto of the body invaded with noted impunity bring instant humility.

“Come,” I command in taking the loose ends in my right hand.

A kneeling Douglas lowers to all fours and once again I am leading about a leashed and naked boy. And once again there come the twinges, the moistening, my non vanilla side reveling in sexual power.

“New protocol Douglas. The bathroom will be cleaned then locked, forbidding you access while you perform your other chores. You are to urinate for me upon arrival and then withhold until day’s end when I return. Since I do not enjoy changing diapers, you’ll not release until once again I supervise.”

It is important that he learn all aspects of his being will succumb to my control. I have a basin waiting in the bathroom. I direct to position him on all fours with that useless flaccid organ aligned. I release his leash, stand to his rear then reach to grasp the ‘mighty’ male phallus, rendered impotent at a woman’s whim, and also in my right hand, cradle his balls.

“Psst. Psst.”

Yes, he performs for me. How could he not?

With the day’s first appointment scheduled for 11:00 a.m., there can be a leisurely simple breakfast offered by my nude servant. While he stands, loosely tethered hands behind his head, feet widely parted, a pose which highlights those freely swinging hairless testicles, I cross examine.

“Douglas, did you apply for disability?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Henceforth you will keep me informed of all your activities. It seems you referenced me and I received a surprise visit from a Social Security representative. I will need to know these things if I am to offer proper rehabilitation. Control, governance, power... that’s what it is all about. You are to have none... and I am to have all.”

“Yes, Ma’am. But I did not offer details concerning you. Only that mental impairment precluded employment and I was seeking counseling.”

In thought, I extend a free hand and cup his balls. Such ironically vulnerable softness, the source of procreation thoroughly exposed and offered for whimsical play. My fingers beneath diddle, my thumb above caresses, offering a gentle squeeze as a wave of satiation augments the warm comfort of a sip of coffee.

Yes, his response gives rise to thought. How did Ann Cromwell know I was ‘treating’ Douglas Michael Harper?

I finish my coffee and arise.

“The living room this morning. I want it spotless.”

With that I move to the bedroom to dress, smiling as the bare feet of a well-hobbled Douglas prance to begin his task. I think I will bell him.

Having cleaned for an hour while I read the morning paper, Douglas stows the vacuum cleaner. I snap my fingers and point. He knows to drop to all fours and offer his face, presenting his nostril leash for my guiding hand.

“Come,” the gentle tug so amazingly controlling.

Into the spare bedroom, the Posey cuffs are removed and Douglas positions himself on the hospital bed, the tedium of a long day of restraint not seeming to be bothersome.

I encircle and close the many nylon strips, tighten the head brace and double check the many straps. I note that a forearm spontaneously tugs resulting in the slightest motion of his left wrist. The effort is an unfortunate attempt to act under his own will. This is not to be. This will not do! I smirk and immediately adjust to tighten his bonds. I want him passive... to not even think about motion... to not even consider self-control. Douglas will not move without my guidance... that I will most forcefully ingrain.

Satisfied, I water him well, two large glasses, then retrieve my tape recorder.

In replicating the elements of his captivity and interrogation, Douglas’s mind returns to the seemingly endless oblivion between interviews... and between feedings of the ‘bad cop’s’ foul offering. So just as his body is captured and well bound his mind is as well.

I flip the ‘play’ button. The tape is of the brief talk with Social Security agent Ann Cromwell the day before...

‘Douglas has applied to us, the Social Security Administration, for permanent disability. In his application he has listed you as his consulting physician. In being so young, the application will undergo much examination. Including a review of the files of the attending physician.’

As the words of the calm and confident beauty spew forth, I watch closely Douglas’s reaction. He bristles, fingers curling, feet squirming, in response moving the only anatomical parts free of the intense bondage.

“You recognize the voice Douglas?” my question superfluous, the answer quite evident.

Having listened to his interrogator day after day, her words heard only during the glorious intervals of his release from the grueling bondage of the Segufix straps, I doubt there can be any confusion. Always blindfolded in her presence, the nuances of her voice would be imprinted onto his mind in lapidary.

Yes, with Douglas's office interview still fresh in my mind, the many details of his interrogation, I can picture the trim young Ms. Cromwell leading about a naked and leashed Douglas, his obeisance prompting that odd smile, one of wicked confidence. The Germans have this most apropos term... Schadenfreude. In her free hand is the electrical prod, a quick jolt applied for the slightest priapic response to her guiding hand. She knows of the predilection for males like Douglas... to become stimulated under feminine control, and her calm, authoritative sultry voice brings stiffness. She verbally encourages then zaps, Douglas never seeing that knowing look of satisfaction.

"Yes, Ma'am," finally comes a reply.

"Well, you heard the words. She wants my file on you. It seems that once again she wants to know everything you know."

I know Douglas's thoughts to be tormenting, hearing the voice of the woman who instilled such obedience... including the taming of his penis... now relegated to the sole function of emptying his bladder... who casually sat on his blindfolded face and demanded sexual gratification from a mouth altered for oral pleasure... who learned all she demanded then toyed...

cat and well subdued mouse, vulnerable... defenseless.

I decide to let Douglas stew on the words... on the woman's request... on her reappearance into his short miserable life.

"Don't wet the bed," I forewarn, inwardly smiling in having induced the large glasses of water.

I depart for my office and the humdrum of counseling numerous overly pampered depressants.

Between patients I excogitate. With Ms. Cromwell's visit, at least it becomes evident which body of government was responsible for Douglas's rendition and interrogation. His application to a U.S. government agency for financial assistance triggered an alarm... a warning.

Yes, they released Douglas after many, many weeks of torment and debriefing, possibly months, but it seems he is on a watch list. Yet, the authorities by now know all too well that he is harmless. It required very little effort for me to gain a naked houseboy, what possible damage could the meek and truckling Douglas Michael Harper wreak at this point?

And how did they determine it was me offering counseling?

A Google search of ‘Ann Cromwell’ yields nothing. A call to Social Security results in the same... no such employee. The ruse is apparent, further evidenced by the offer to pick up the file rather than have me mail it.

I review my notes and the transcript, reading all that Douglas divulged. There is nothing to cause concern for his captors, though he can visually identify the sizeable Slavic woman who tortured and fed him. But responsibility for her actions is easily denied by the authorities. It is apparent that she is not a U.S. citizen but instead a hired gun, a torturess with years of experience antithetical to American practice... up until the events of 9/11. If this ‘bad cop’ were indeed located, I am sure there is no trail linking her to the U.S. government... just as there is nothing to be found about Ann Cromwell.

Yet this Ann Cromwell returns to the scene of the crime, in a manner of speaking. So much effort concealing her identity from Douglas, day after day leading him about leashed and blindfolded, and now she endangers her anonymity.

The mysterious ‘Social Security agent’ will return tomorrow for the file. It is apparent they feel Douglas knows something that could jeopardize the clandestine operations of... of what? CIA? National Security Agency? Homeland Security?

One more patient for the day then I will return to my apartment. And it dawns, it is now *I* in the position of interrogating Douglas. And I need to know more. Curiosity will not allow me to merely hand over a copy of his file without understanding... particularly since Douglas will be spending considerable time in my abode.

Yes, I do not desire to have a team of brazen cat burglars visit me. I need to know why there remains interest in Douglas Michael Harper.

For a woman of my ilk, returning home to an apartment quartering a naked, well bound houseboy is akin to anyone else returning to a warm fire, cocktail, and the reading of a refined evening newspaper. It’s comforting.

Nonetheless, there is a task to be performed which will violate the tranquility... and delay my dinner.

Entering the spare bedroom, Douglas lies in his Segufix restraints his full bladder bringing a delicious level of discomfort. He has withheld all day... and he will withhold longer.

“You have not wet yourself... good boy.”

He expects the basin and the feel of my tender fingers aligning his penis. Not yet, I instead prepare to torture him, the tools at hand and easily readied.

“I have been giving thought to that woman’s visit to my office Douglas. She is after something, concerned. Or she missed something during your interval of rendition. But after reviewing the file and transcript I cannot fathom what it would be... assuming you told me everything. You spent more time in interrogation and torture than you did with your terrorist friends.”

While I speak, I empty some gelatin capsules of a common household pain reliever. I then refill with sea salt, the surface of the granules relatively large and rough.

“Please Ma’am, I need to pee,” the toothless mouth laboring to form words.

“Of course, you do. But this evening we’re going to offer a little challenge. There is something you have not divulged, Douglas. Something is of great concern to your interrogator, the imposter Social Security agent Ms. Ann Cromwell, and it is of such significance that she endangers her cover. Think Douglas, after so many weeks of concealing her identity from you, she exposes herself to me, thus allowing us to in tandem identify her as your tormentress.”

I dab KY jelly on his urethral opening as I speak. I know the pink moist flesh within to be some of the most sensitive on the male, so I slowly insert one gelatin capsule and gently press, working it well into his penis, my fingers prodding as one would work a tube of toothpaste.

Douglas cries out, fighting his ineluctable bounds, and I must smile in noting that despite his energized straining efforts, the Segufix cuffs and straps barely move.

“Simple and slow, the gelatin capsules melt with the heat and moisture and then the fun begins. Rock salt, Douglas... harmless but incredibly painful.”

A second capsule is introduced for good measure and I manage to slip both well into his urethra to where such reside at the base of his scrotum.

“So, here’s the challenge, Douglas. Continue to withhold information and bear the intense agony, or tell me what is missing, what so concerns your interrogator. We will exchange information for the comfort of a catheter.”

With head immobile I hold up the foley, amused with the irony that such an otherwise aggravating medical apparatus will offer relief from the unrelenting sting of sizable granules of sodium chloride. Yes, absent the catheter there will be added to the suffering the sting brought forth by his own urine.

“You have the misfortune of having a long penis, Douglas. So much flesh exposed to my nasty capsules.”

My right hand returns to squeeze, at the base of the penis, the pressure ensuring that the capsules melt and further highlighting the level of power and my limitless ability to torture.

“So, let’s review. Start with people. There was the dentist you never saw. The Slavic woman who so warmly introduced you to new gastric delights, and your interrogator... never to be seen, her smooth calm confident voice and the cattle prod encouraging a loquacious recollection of your vacation in Afghanistan...”

Oh, the Sybian will be ridden tonight...

Ms. Ann Cromwell is expected and I once again sit in thought, reflecting on the prior evening. Douglas not only broke, he thereafter offered the tenderest, unending cunnilingus imaginable. Yes, there are those who are very respectful... make that appreciative... of sexual power. I emptied myself, my way of nurturing, and he cleansed my nest of all remnants of my lengthy ride on the Sybian.

It was telling that he thereafter did not want to leave, knowing that to do so I would have to remove the catheter and return him to the stinging pain of an irritated urethra.

So, for the first time he spent the night, supine and well secured of course. Added to the advantage was that I did not have to remove his nostril leash, a procedure which Douglas prefers to avoid, bearing the controlling tube more acceptable than having it inserted daily.

My assistant buzzes to announce the arrival of ‘Ms. Cromwell’. Within a moment she enters, smiling in spying the file waiting on my desk.

“Do you have time to talk?” I politely inquire.

She nods and seats herself, responding to my gesture.

“The transcript of Douglas’s only office interview... plus my notes and summation,” pushing the file to the front edge of my desk. “You’ll probably want a second opinion but it appears that as a result of his ordeal, Douglas is not able to work. Mentally impaired. You can read of the details.”

Yes, I play along with the ruse that the offered information has been requested in response to his application for disability.

A smiling Ms. Cromwell, a pleasant smile, her look of Schadenfreude reserved, leans forward and takes the file.

“Douglas will appreciate your learned opinion, doctor. We’ll work to facilitate his monthly stipend. Should he be institutionalized?” the smile transforms.

Yes, now comes the look of Schadenfreude. One can only imagine what this young but highly skilled interrogator would do with Douglas in a facility for the insane... all legal rights sacrificed as the government continues the torment.

I shake my head. Time to drop the bomb.

“You should know that the file is incomplete, Ms. Cromwell, or whatever is your real name. Things became known to me after Douglas’s office visit that are not detailed in there, but in which I believe you have interest... another player involved in his ordeal. And as to institutionalizing, Douglas is under my care... strict and exacting. He will be kept in a position not to divulge anything... and it certainly is not in my best interest either. You see, he greets daily a certain Mr. Segufix who also assures that Douglas is quite comfortable while I sit and offer... *counseling*.”

The woman’s initial look of surprise melts as I more than hint as to Douglas’s fate, giving the enunciation of the term ‘counseling’ a rather sarcastic nuance.

“Clipped to the inside of the folder is a change of address for him. Have his disability checks forwarded... if and when approved.”

Ms. Ann Cromwell, or whatever is her name, becomes demure, not knowing how to respond to the fact that her subterfuge is over. The smile somewhat wanes as she tucks the folder into a brief bag, thanks me for my time and rises to depart, I am sure well aware of where it is, I sit during my ‘counseling’.

Do I detect a degree of envy?

She strolls to the door and I can picture the alluring but calloused young woman applying a cattle prod to the testicles... so insouciant. I can also picture that smile as a stiffening penis is instantly returned to flaccidity.

Offering my home address to the mysterious woman does not really enhance my peril. It is evident she has ample research resources and investigatory skill. She can find me any time. Besides, I am not hard to locate and I have probably already been followed by some gumshoe government agent. And now that they know... or at least this ‘Ann Cromwell’ knows... that I am aware of the faux pas that has returned Douglas Michael Harper to being a person of interest, I too am a person of interest.

Leaving my office for the day, I stroll with enthusiasm knowing that my naked well restrained houseboy awaits. I smile inwardly recalling the intensity of the reaction to the

agony induced the prior evening, forced to accept the simple suffering of rock salt introduced to the most sensitive epidermis of the male anatomy.

Yes, he begged to be catheterized, but it did not happen until we once again reviewed his incarceration... every detail.

There was the dentist... the Slavic 'bad cop'... the sultry voice of the 'good cop', Ms. Cromwell... or whatever is her name. And then I learned... as I gently pressed his penis to foster more sting... that there was someone else, it seems Douglas was before too chagrined to enlighten me.

For whatever reason the true identity of this person was made known to Douglas...

inadvertently? That is a good question, possibly to be logically answered, possibly just some operational sloppiness. But somehow it seems, after the fact, after Douglas's release, that higher ups learned of the slip. And now, with Douglas knowing the identity of one of his interrogators, presumably someone of importance who cannot be compromised, the government is in a quandary.

There are places and countries which are prosecuting, or attempting to prosecute, the perpetrators of certain renditions. Outstanding arrest warrants for a number of CIA agents have brought political embarrassment. So, with Douglas aware of the name, more than able to chronicle his torture and interrogation, his shocking dental alteration not to be denied, his captors are backtracking, attempting to better cover their trail.

Another rendition? This time to make Douglas permanently disappear to that unmarked grave I before surmised as his possible fate? Yes, Ms. Cromwell's question concerning having him institutionalized is telling. Perhaps he is to be permanently restrained, never to see the light of day... the likes of the Slavic woman daily tormenting.

It works as long as he has not passed on what he knows to another... such as me. And that is what Ms. Cromwell is after. What has Douglas revealed and to whom... that question has some very determined people scrambling.

Well, I finally offered Douglas the relief of the catheter, thereby pushing remnants of the undissolved rock salt up into his bladder where it harmlessly dissipated. The moment of discomfort in being catheterized was well accepted since it made the emptying of his bladder much less distressful, the irritated urethra burning with his own excretions.

Such mercy. Begging to be catheterized, akin to begging to be kicked, I relented.

With the aloof parents of Douglas no longer expecting him home, a fabricated story of taking another long trip, I will keep him. Well tethered, fed lots of dog food, unending oral servitude... and a clean apartment for me. He augments my Sybian wonderfully and my vanilla side seems to have forever lost its grapple with the non-vanilla side. Such wickedness!

Still there are angles to be evaluated. The role of this fourth person was most sordid. Not only is his identity a contentious element but his acts vile... ones I am sure are well outside the realm of suggested interrogation... at least for a ranking government official. For it seems cunnilingus was not the only oral skill Douglas was made to hone. In completing his thorough degradation, assuring that all male pride was decimated, the nostril tube and water basin encouraged more than the partaking of excrement.

He fellated... regularly... learning to deep throat a man who for some reason revealed his name.

And ironically, no matter how long I coerced and withheld the relief of the catheter, Douglas could not recall the name!

The rejuvenated efforts of the government rendition and interrogation team are for naught. With the intensity of the ordeal, the mental trauma, whatever the name which slipped, however important, it is lost in a mind addled by way of unending bondage, jolts to his balls and blindfolded isolation... except when enduring the horror of being made to eat sludge and crawling in response to a woman's governing hand.

So, I know not whose identity was ostensibly comprised... and Douglas cannot ever recall. But the pragmatism of his dental alteration is now more apparent. Besides the humiliation of altering speech and eating habits, the defenseless mouth of Douglas became a repository for government spunk.

This Ann Cromwell must have known of the homoerotic coupling, and certainly the 'bad cop', who Douglas described as controlling his nostril tube as his face was dunked while a penis to suck was offered in lieu of near drowning.

It would not be the first time an underling offered deference to a boss's peccadillos. But a noted government official?

The hypocrisy is shocking... somewhat.

I want Douglas to completely subordinate his mind... his will... his existence... to me. We're close to that goal, the Segufix system very much instilling the notion of a woman's control.

But I want more.

I stop in a hardware store and purchase small steel rings. A block away I find a bell in a novelty store. A sleigh bell, spherical and about an inch in diameter it will chime with the slightest motion. After selection I give it some thought and purchase many more, same spherical shape only smaller. I am scheming.

When I arrive home, a catheterized Douglas lies in wait. The isolation, the bondage, the nothingness makes him very happy to see me.

Whereas normally a catheter is to offer bladder relief, I have clamped closed the end.

Thus, he squirms a bit, full of a day's excretions and of course the begging begins.

"Please, Ma'am, I need to go."

"You're being punished, Douglas. You did not tell me everything about your captivity.

Lots of fellatio, along with whatever it was you were made to eat. Tsk. Tsk."

I reach to cup his balls. For whatever reason, perhaps it is that the soft pink flesh there offers such wondrous exposure, it thrills to handle a boy there. And in so doing, I know I have his attention.

"I've apparently been too lenient. I'm going to change the protocol. I will keep you blindfolded. Hence you will lie completely motionless. You're not even to think about moving.

You are instead to recall that name... the man you so often sucked."

I remove the catheter, the irritated urethra bringing a nice level of stinging pain. He cries out and it delights me. I continue squeezing closed his penis. This increases the sense of urgency of course, as I admonish him to hold until I allow relief.

Well, one must go at some point, so after reveling in my power for a moment of two, I retrieve the basin from the bathroom and direct while a day's build up streams from his useless organ.

I have concluded that for Douglas's own good, he must remember who he fellated. And it is for my own good as well. Ann Cromwell and company will assume that I know the name. This knowledge endangers. One can only imagine, having listened to the chronology of Douglas's rendition, what her capabilities and resources are. Exposing the government's involvement in the legally questionable kidnaping of Douglas will be embarrassing, but bringing to light the sexual antics, that a ranking and noted intelligence official participated in such tawdry acts, will shatter current politics.

I need that name... for protection, to threaten revelation should Ann Cromwell continue her escapades.

Ice and mineral oil, the chill comically shrinks the male organs to that of a child. I lubricate then select one of the rings of stainless steel. The smallest seems it will fit, with Douglas's skin smooth, hairless and now slick. Still my fingers must feverishly work as I

slip one gonad through the circumference then tug at the scrotal sac to pull through the other.

Finally, applying even more ice as Douglas futilely protests, I tuck his penis under the loop of steel and once again work with fervor to pull it through.

Completed, the ring convincingly circles both scrotum and penis, at the base. With circulation returning the organs expand and Douglas's genitals are well ringed and will remain so.

Yes, it can be removed in a similar manner, ice, lubricant and much prodding, but he'll not have the opportunity. Lastly, I hook on the sleigh bell.

"Now you're belled like a cat. There are times when you're working for me that I will want to hear you chime. There are times when I have you in bondage that I will not want to hear a thing."

There will be more, bellling his balls is only the start. But it is time for Douglas to prepare dinner while I prepare what for the most part will be minor surgery.

Ears, biceps just above the elbow, wrists, hips, thighs, calves, hands at the thumbs, I even do each big toe. Douglas flinches with each and every pin prick, his grimaces bring wetness and the nearby Sybian beckons. I will ride well tonight.

I am essentially suturing, gathering a centimeter of flesh in my left hand and spearing it with a curved surgical needle. Nylon filament, similar to fishing tackle follows the needle into the opening and I attach one of the many small sleigh bells, tying off the suture, cutting then moving to the next anatomical target.

Yes, working quickly, ears, biceps, wrists, hips, thighs, calves, hands and each big toe are belled. Douglas, when mobile, will chime like a sleigh horse.

"Remove any of these and I will more permanently... and painfully... replace them," I admonish, playfully tapping his nose.

I arise and survey the many glimmering spheres of metal. There is giddiness in decorating a boy, altering his appearance in a fashion I so choose. It is for the best.

We must learn that name!

"Begin to train yourself to remain motionless, Douglas. I want your mind to become completely subservient to me. I will direct when you can move. Meanwhile, think of that name, the man you so graciously sucked off."

He nods as best he can, and despite the head harness of the Segufix, the move, though slight, causes his ear bells to ring.

“Tomorrow I will electrify. The slightest sound will bring shock.” So wicked, yet so gratifying.

I remove my clothing and straddle the Sybian. With telling ease, the waiting phallus slips within.

I am familiar with voice activated gadgets. The recorder in my office is so triggered. So, in completing the protocol for Douglas, I must also purchase some electronics. A sex store in the village is a treasure trove of devices. I purchase a high-powered electrical stimulator and a penis probe. Whereas it is designed to be manually controlled, I will improvise. A voice activating device will also react to other sounds... such as ringing bells.

The question is, will Douglas be able to perform adequate cunnilingus without ringing any of his many bells and setting off the electrical stimulator? It will require quite a bit of concentration. But that is what I demand, complete focus on me and pleasing me. And he can best please by remembering a very important name.

In my office, I test my contraption. Holding the penis probe, a slim rod of conductive metal, I turn on the activator and speak.

“Test,” I offer, sotto voce.

I am pleased to be shocked, a barely tolerable jolt. I spasm spontaneously releasing the probe, noting that when inserted into the moist urethra of the penis its conductivity will be enhanced and will bring instant agony... and inserted there it cannot be released.

Yes, a test of discipline and self-control, for the initial shock brought by any sound will certainly cause a twitching reaction if not a lurch... which in turn will cause more chiming of the many bells... and more shocks.

Arriving home, excited about my purchases, a foreboding develops. I sense something...

different... though nothing appears changed or missing. Then it dawns, a scent of perfume, not mine.

Someone has been in my apartment!

I rush to the spare bedroom concerned for my well bound houseboy, my thoughts about government cat burglars well manifested. There the scent, stronger, mixes with the fragrance of feminine arousal. In moving to the hospital bed, I am relieved to see Douglas, remaining supine in his many Segufix restraints. I note that the cloth of his blindfold reeks... and is moist... but most disconcerting is a piece of paper. Someone has used a safety pin to attach a note...

addressed to me... the thin shard of steel cruelly thrust through his left nipple.

Ms. Ann Cromwell... it can only be she.

As I gingerly remove, I note that Douglas seems to be in a trance.

Needed to talk to Douglas. Seems he cannot remember a very important name, so he insists. But I enjoyed riding his face one more time. And the many bells are quite charming. We may add such to our own repertoire. By the way, Medco locks are normally quite secure, unless your locksmith patriotically responds to a request to assist his government.

Yes, why waste time picking a lock, or breaking down a door when with a flash of government credentials, it can be opened as easily as a milk bottle?

My thoughts shift, my mind envisioning the athletic raven-haired woman once again sitting astride Douglas's face, his edentulous mouth forming the perfect oval, his tongue methodically laboring to please as she once again interrogates. Yet, it is apparent he remembered not the name that so concerns.

"Douglas, was it your interrogator who did this?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I know her taste."

I smile with the irony. How could he not recognize not only the sound of her voice, but the taste of a quim that day after day greeted his lips and demanded abject attention? As a psychiatrist I know that returning Douglas to the elements of his daunting captivity is most stressful... after all it is what I am doing in his therapy. So, if the name could not be divulged, it is deeply suppressed in the hippocampus.

Well, this Ann Cromwell now knows that I am not in possession of a very important piece of information, or has reason to believe I may not be in possession. She may not conclude about my lack of knowledge.

But where does this leave Douglas Michael Harper? Will they withdraw, hoping that the name never returns to memory? Can they rest assured that I may never learn it?

I release Douglas from the Segufix and he knows to don the Posey cuffs. I hobble, smack his buttocks and send him to the kitchen to prepare dinner, the sound of more than

a dozen tiny bells quite melodic to a woman of my ilk, my non vanilla side continuing to triumph.

Then, as I crumple the note and begin to cast it into the garbage, I see writing on the back. A web address... just numbers... followed by another long string of numbers. How can I not investigate?

While eating dinner I begin to acclimate Douglas to his new protocol. Standing on one foot, I have him remain motionless... which means silent... not the slightest tintinnabulation of a single bell.

It is marvelously challenging for him.

“Did she have you drink as well, your interrogator?”

“Yes, Ma’am. Always. She enjoys it and knows I am there to please, for her enjoyment.”

For my first ride, I was surprised how facilely Douglas located my urethral opening and patiently partook in all my bladder had to offer. His training has been intense and exacting. And in not having a drop spilled, there comes this overwhelming sense of bonding with the oral servant... as stated, a sense of nurturing. Excretions, something my body rejects, seem to be so warmly received by the subjugated. This sense transfuses throughout the entire session of cunnilingus... all a woman has to offer is relished... savored... abundant ejaculatory juices included.

It is no wonder he was held long and, I suspect, finally released in reluctance.

Dinner ends. Douglas is returned to bondage and I attempt to quell a degree of girlish glee in explaining the new electronics.

“After I turn on the voice activator, which will instead shock you, even I will need to remain silent, Douglas. Any noise will trigger the voltage. So, when I say good night you must respond quickly before I flip the switch.”

The probe, though well lubricated and intentionally moist for conductivity, brings some satisfying grimaces as I slip it well into his penis, at least six inches, tape inhibiting rejection. This will also serve to forestall unsupervised urination, which of late has been well under feminine control.

“I will return later to ride my Sybian. For now, good night.”

“Good night, Ma’am.”

I flip and depart, curious about a certain web address, sanguine in knowing that the mind of a blindfolded Douglas will be forced into oblivion, not even the thought of wriggling a finger permitted.

Yes, the Segufix system inhibits the motion of the head, torso and limbs, but my configuration will punish the motion of something as slight as a toe.

The website is slick and clandestine, obviously a product of government funds and eccentrically brainy computer gurus.

Typing in the address, there appears nothing more than a request for a code and warning to enter such most carefully. And that I have... many digits... and a couple of letters. So carefully I type, understanding that to prevent hacking, a slip will probably lock me out for a given interval of time.

Well, Ann Cromwell certainly writes with precision, for the many numbers and letters, entered laboriously, offer access.

Onto the screen comes white letters ominously posted on a black background.

Interrogation, Douglas Michael Harper, broken, day three.

The letters fade. A video begins, shot inside a seedy room, the camera angled to peer down at a naked, well trussed young male lying prostrate. His head hangs over the table edge, a large bowl of water just under his dripping chin. It is of course the face of Douglas Michael Harper, his nostrils stuffed with the aggravating tubing which would come to control all.

As expected, the Slavic voice is heard. Then a large hand comes into view, reaching forth to grasp the freely swinging ends of the nostril tube. A slight tug upwards demonstrates the extreme sensitivity and brings a demonic laugh as Douglas cries out in protest. Another hand appears, holding a spoon heaped with the repugnant brown mush, that which when consumed brings the most abject sense of mental capitulation.

“You will eat for me. Then you will do everything we want you to do. It is good for a boy to eat my offering. It humbles, and you are most useful being humbled... most compliant and eager to please.”

The lips do not open. Symbolic resistance in that without teeth, the spoon could easily be pressed into his mouth. But I realize the goal is to have Douglas agree to consume... to concede... to succumb... and he will. For the spoon retracts and the tube is pulled downward, introducing once again Douglas’s face into the water filled bowl.

I mentally count the seconds. There are many, and I note that Douglas initially brings himself intense discomfort as his neck muscles strain in fruitlessly fighting the tube.

He cannot win the tug of war of course, and he eventually calms accepting his fate, awaiting the moment of mercy when access to air is returned, listening to the crass cackling of the woman in charge.

“You will eat. They all do. And then you will talk and tell us everything... and then you will do more. We like boys who entertain us. Naked, eager to please, kept in bondage, walked about at the end of a leash, we know your type Douglas. So easily convinced to make bombs... so easily trained to serve otherwise.”

Rudimentary psychology, she is correct, the impressionable can easily be impressed upon... even to eat excrement.

The head arises, a gulp of air is allowed, and then it is again immersed without an opportunity to refuse the spoon.

The woman is truly enjoying herself. And I know from Douglas’s office interview, should I keep watching, the wet face will soon be feasting, thanking his tormentress most obeisantly, and then indeed humbly asking for more.

Tabs at the bottom of the screen suggest I can click to observe day four, five, six, seven, etc.

I envision the Slavic women comfortably sitting at home... in Russia, the Ukraine, Romania, Bulgaria, wherever... her naked castrated ‘maid’ serving her while she gleefully clicks to this most sordid website... reminiscing and cackling anew in enjoying her triumph, her many moments of ultimate power.

Perhaps Ann Cromwell observes as well, the women of authority and resolve keeping their appetites wetted should the likes of another Douglas Michael Harper need debriefing.

I do not click. I need to ride the Sybian!

Unfortunately, I must turn off the sound activated penis probe while riding the Sybian. It seems the noise of the vibrations trigger voltage. And whereas it is a rush to muse over the fact that the sound of that which pleasures me offers Douglas agonizing shocks, zap after zap, it is contrary to the desired result of instilling the discipline of complete motionlessness. I want his thoughts totally focused. No motor movement. Complete synaptic curtailment.

I straddle and ride. After multiple organs, it is time for Douglas. I offer a glimpse of my nakedness in quickly slipping over his eyes a blindfold of silk cloth. Then I straddle his head and lower myself, amused that it is as facile as sitting on a bidet. The lips knowingly purse to accept my sex. Despite the lengthy Sybian ride, there comes more thrill, my non vanilla side more fully aroused.

Cunnilingus, a lively indefatigable tongue, caring lips, a well-entrenched need to bring sexual gratification to a woman... yet I now know the need extends to being of service to the male organ as well... I am certainly able to empathize with his interrogators demand for an unnecessarily long incarceration. My plans for Douglas's rehabilitation, returning him to the real world, begin to waver. Yes, there are second thoughts.

What other role in life will he ever be able to undertake?

With the third orgasm, I shift, grasping his nostril tubes. The slight tug offers the signal to which he too eagerly responds, shifting his mouth in turn to perfectly align his oral aperture with my urethral opening. I open myself and am always enthralled when the normal sounds of splashing instead are transformed to well repressed sounds of gulps.

Fatigued, I pause while that marvelously trained tongue ensures cleanliness then I release the nostril tubes and slip off my supine, naked and well bound oral servant. I am soaked in sweat and will sleep the sleep of the dead.

"I think I will bell your nipples as well, Douglas. This Ann Cromwell, or whatever her name, already pierced one with a safety pin."

Saturday offers more time for Douglas's rehabilitation. After breakfast I have him clean, well-hobbled with a short strap connecting the Posey ankle cuffs. I offer change, which is important, demonstrating that his environment is really never his. The rubber coated cable is now hooked to the tight ring encircling his penis and scrotum. Yes, leashing a boy by his balls certainly sends a signal of feminine authority and I read the morning paper listening to the many tiny bells chime along with the larger bell attached to his genitals.

Nearing completion of his duties, I step to the spare bedroom and retrieve the penis probe and sound activated control box.

"I think you and I need to review some tapes, Douglas. I think it is important for you," detaching his cable.

That web address remains accessible for anyone with the code. And I cannot help thinking about the recording of the events of days four, five, six, etc.

So, into my den office, a tintinnabulating Douglas humbly crawls, my controlling hand grasping his nostril leash. There I have him kneel upright, hands behind his head while I lubricate, insert and tape in place the penis probe then turn the control box to manual. It is I who will offer shock when I hear the slightest ring.

“Stay,” I command master to dog, demonstrably pressing the button to offer a slight zing.

I then move to my desk, adjusting the computer screen so that Douglas can see, and type in the web address. The code is meticulously entered and a chagrined Douglas begins to watch himself grovel, naked, so thoroughly trussed, the Slavic woman so consummate in her authority.

“That fact that you told me so much, but expurgated some very meaningful events, is telling, Douglas. Consider this replay to be therapy.”

Yes, we watch, clicking from day to day, the filmed snippets offering a visual chronology of his capitulation. I learn much.

We watched day after day, the recording becoming rather redundant, shot from the same angle, down at a prominently displayed Douglas. The tormentress, the Slavic woman was heard but never seen. The interrogator, aka Ann Cromwell, was only referenced, never seen, never heard.

Scene after scene, Douglas consumed much excrement, his position rolled to lie supine as his face no longer required dunking. Words of thanks were demanded. Words expressing the desire for more patiently embedded into his mind. Sometime around day seventeen, it was amazing to see an exhaustively broken Douglas eagerly consume for his tormentress, his enthusiasm to partake, offer thanks and request more not seeming to be feigned.

Brainwashed.

Then began the events which Douglas chose to exclude from my office debriefing, so traumatic I suppose that even in seeking therapy, he could not recite.

Day twenty-five, I assume Douglas having divulged off camera to his interrogator everything about his elementary explosives training, he lies supine and for the first time there is a male voice. Adult, American English, it chides, commenting off camera as Douglas, as usual, lies helpless and supine in the array of Segufix bindings.

One must also assume, and it correlates with the information I gathered during his debriefing, that Douglas’s superb cunnilingus skills were also well on the way to being honed. After all, once a boy is trained to accept excrement, what little effort would it

require to have him thoroughly cleanse a woman's love nest... and graciously accept her offering of excretions?

"You know, a really good boy also learns to suck cock," the male voice asserts.

A male hand comes into the camera view, and in a sarcastic manner, tenderly pinches Douglas's cheek. The Slavic voice can be heard, the irascible cackle so familiarly offered during each feeding. Then the hand takes hold of the nostril tube and pulls upwards, normally the initial gesture for feeding.

A sizable penis comes into view and is draped on Douglas's forehead, the camera perfectly positioned to conceal the identity of the owner. A male chuckle, deep and wicked, follows as the hand works the nostril tube.

With teeth well ground to the gums, even the most wrathful homophobic male cannot resist the offered phallus. Yes, a defanged Douglas can only do his best to lock his jaw. I know that if desired, the penis, now firming, could easily be thrust through the defenseless lips.

So, there is futility of course, but I come to realize just as with the feedings, the purpose is to break the will, have Douglas succumb and voluntarily fellate. And sure enough, after several moments, when he does not, a male voice, feigning disappointment, offers the command. "Fill the water basin and roll him."

I look to see that Douglas begins to involuntarily shake, his trembling reaction to viewing his introduction to fellatio bringing forth the ringing which I forbid.

I zap... cruel but I must... and admonish... to resume complete motionlessness.

So due to his catharsis, I more quickly click on the tabs. Days 26, 27, 28 replicate the events of his training to accept his new fare. The hand of the Slavic woman, her timing superb, dunks. A gasping head is finally released, the lower male torso comes into view, his penis offered. With the decline to suck, the hand lowers, the face immersed again.

So fruitless on the part of Douglas, he had no manner of resisting. On day thirty, the camera reveals him fellating with noted glee, meekly requesting that a penis would be welcomed, seeming to relish the penetration and eventually by day thirty-five, deep throating his male antagonist, his toothless orifice becoming a defacto vagina.

The Slavic woman, judging from the renewed enthusiasm of her cackling, seemed to relish observing, and that deep male voice offered demonic laughter as it was suggested that wads of spunk were well ingested.

"That one shot directly into your gullet, Douglas. You are an ideal sucker of cocks."

Both antagonists laughed with sarcasm as the newly transformed Douglas offered his humble gratitude for the compliment.

“Thank you, sir. May I clean your penis for you.”

Douglas once again becomes tremulous in hearing the recording of those words, his bells ringing in watching as his tongue danced about the softening penis to ensure he had ingested all it had to offer. I once again press and deliver a disciplining shock to his penis. And when I turn my head to survey the results of my simple but effective message of control, I note for the first time ever, Douglas has become partially erect!

Food for later thought.

That was the last tab marked chronologically, I suppose the end of the ‘interrogation’ process marked by the surrender of all male pride, no ego remaining to be conquered.

Yet I know he was incarcerated for more than five weeks, further evidencing that his lengthy rendition was not solely about the gathering of information.

Another tab, marked ‘Final’, I skip, Douglas has revisited enough trauma for the afternoon... and what more is there? How much lower can he both mentally and physically be taken? What more is there to transform?

A pleasure slave! Owned by the government, and used for forced homosexual couplings... amongst other licentious deeds.

Politically explosive!

To whom was that sizable penis connected?

Having neglected my vanilla life, ignored Roger’s phone calls in being depleted of sexual energy by Sybian and oral servant, a somewhat guilty conscious finally brings relent.

Yes, despite a notable degree of concupiscence prompted by the clandestine website, I forgo a late afternoon ride and agree to meet Roger for dinner, fully knowing that normally the evening ends back at my place where a sexually deficient Roger is unwittingly compared to my Sybian, furtively awaiting in the spare bedroom.

Much innocuous small talk at dinner, I am in the unenviable profession of never being able to talk about work. Thus, Roger initiates most conversation, as I have fun mentally placing him in Segufix restraints.

Bored, halfway through coffee I reach under the table, caress his inner thigh then offer a quick knead of his well-covered genitals.

Bold, yes, but at age 35, I have become jaded in offering more subtle gestures. On weeknights I have Douglas offering his tongue and cleansing me of orgasm number four or five by this time of night. Guess I am becoming spoiled.

Well, Roger takes the hint, though it is more like a robust clonking to the head. He calls for the tab, gulps his coffee and we gather ourselves to head to my place. In the cab, I become transfixed with feminine sexual power knowing that in my spare bedroom is a restrained and well-disciplined naked servant, held silent despite his many bells, waiting endlessly for another opportunity for the relief of serving me.

And in my bedroom, I will play the role of attentive sex partner, cooing words of praise over Roger's relatively unremarkable prowess.

Still, he will bring me to climax, though it is my imagination and the fantasies induced by the secretive website that will most initiate orgasm.

Knowing that Roger sleeps heavily, I arise well after our coupling, a need for a bathroom visit which I decide to detour.

I quietly move to the spare bedroom, careful not to create noise and thus offer an undeserved shock to Douglas's penis. I momentarily turn off the sound activation switch and whisper.

"Not a sound, Douglas, I have a house guest. I need to urinate and you will cleanse me. I know how much you have been trained to appreciate the taste of another man. I am turning the switch back on, power set at high."

Naked, lights remaining off, I can see well enough to seat myself, my quim brimming with Roger's juices. But my need comes first, gently pulling Douglas's tube upward, by now the gesture merely symbolic. His lips knowingly purse, I release, the torrent silently imbibed. Then, bladder empty, my sexual power further manifests. Douglas dutifully cleanses me of Roger's seed, nothing moving other than that alacritous well-trained tongue. I sit in revelry wondering if my sleeping staid vanilla companion can ever be brought to understand my intense need... my non vanilla side which so often wickedly overpowers... and yet... under which I so much enjoy its influence.

Will it ever be that Roger and Douglas cuckold each other? An interesting thought, though really it is the Sybian that most offers rivalry for my affection.

Well before dawn I return to Roger and bed thinking that perhaps Sunday morning is a good opportunity for a test. Under the guise of therapy, I can explain the most deviant

behavior. Though I may lose a companion, my vanilla side will bereave only shortly before my non vanilla returns my libido to the irresistibly debaucherous antics.

If clutching Roger's crouch is bold, I cannot find the word to describe Sunday morning's actions.

I prod a semi slumbering bed companion.

"Roger, you know I cannot talk about work... all that client confidentiality stuff." He murmurs a sleepy concurrence.

"Well, there is a confidentiality which I am going to have to share with you and you in turn must keep. If you cannot agree, you'll have to leave without your morning Mimosa and skip your leisurely massage."

The latter is really a slow hand job, but I prefer not to use the crass description of tenderly gripping and then, in a subtle controlling manner, bringing a man to climax.

If only men knew how empowering it is for the woman...

It's not fair to withhold sex in gaining consent, but what else does a woman have... in the vanilla world.

Roger murmurs again, full consciousness slow to return.

"You're playing doctor... today?"

"Just about every day... and night of late. I've taken a patient in... for extensive therapy."

"In? Here? At your place? Today?"

"Yes, to all four questions. Do you want to stay, or can't you handle it?"

Yes, always appeal to the macho side, suggesting that there may be an inability to confront something which a woman can.

"Well, I am not a psychiatrist. I'm an engineer."

Yes, and a dull one who will soon be enlightened.

"Nothing for you to do or say Roger, other than to enjoy the service. I have a houseboy.

He needs care and nurturing but also much governance. Mornings he cleans and fixes breakfast.

And I'm getting hungry."

"Well, if that is all, have him make breakfast... for two."

It's unfair, Roger is psychologically outgunned. But my words bolster the veneer of male courage against any apprehension he may have concerning my use of the term 'houseboy'.

I arise and don my robe.

"No need for you to dress."

Roger knows I like him naked, not realizing that the simple delight is more allied with my non vanilla side... mentally picturing his nude form restrained in heavy steel shackles.

I stroll from the room, quietly entering the spare bedroom to turn off the punishing sound activation apparatus. I slip out the penis probe and use the demagnetizing device to release the many Segufix restraints. I decide to postpone offering him any bladder relief for now, the bathroom remaining locked.

"I have company, Douglas. I think it will be good for you to offer service to a man...

house service," I explain in adorning him with his Posey cuffs and straps.

"Please no, Ma'am."

"I said house service, you need not engage in anything else and certainly not reference your other... let's merely term such 'skills'."

To the sound of the many bells, I swat those luscious buttocks and send Douglas to the kitchen, a short hobbling strap mandating tiny steps and bringing forth a cacophony of seemingly timorous chiming... toe bells, ankles, calves, thighs accompanied by the more sonorous scrotal bell peeling rapidly and adding a charming counterpoint.

"Champagne and orange juice. In my bedroom. Now," I command assuming that Douglas does not otherwise know what a Mimosa is.

Yes, more boldness, but it will certainly be fun. Two naked males romping about my apartment... with me totally in control of one... and the other? Time to test.

I return to the bedroom letting my open robe flap about to allure.

"Roger, we'll start with Mimosas. Do be understanding, Douglas has a tremendous need to serve."

I toss away the bed covers to reveal the nude, adequate form of my part time lover. Yes, in nakedness he's somewhat shy... but yes, he's a guy. My flashing charms return his male libido to last night's thump and bump sex... in his mind the apex of an otherwise tedious week of drafting blue prints. I also think about last night... Douglas's tongue humbly yet exhaustively purging me of Roger's juices, then patiently bringing exquisite climax... after climax... after climax.

"And I promised you your massage."

I've developed the slick adroitness of an expensive hooker over the years. Roger did not even notice me lubricate my hands, thus not detracting from the spontaneity of my offer. And being a guy, it does not matter that he engaged in satisfying intercourse last night. In the male world it's 'take what you can get when you can get it'.

I begin, and though there is some apprehension, Roger knows of my ability and has come to enjoy. He does not realize, as stated, the sense of control the act imbues to me. He becomes distracted as his lust percolates, the little head taking control of the big head in male parlance, and my soft seductive voice slowly becomes more authoritative.

I massage his balls while offering very teasing strokes to a rapidly firming penis. It stands for me within moments, a nice response considering Roger is nearing forty. Stroke and twist, twice, thrice, assuring that Roger is well into the throes of priapism. I smile coyly, it's important for him to know I enjoy. But the smile is derived from the thought that my naked houseboy is expected, and outside the bedroom door his arrival will soon be announced by a serenade of chiming.

Stroke and twist, just enough friction for moderate pleasure... not the ultimate. And sure enough, there comes the sound of Douglas, then a meek tap at the door and before Roger can say a word, I issue the command to 'enter'.

"No!" my tumescent bed companion protests.

"He's a houseboy... a servant, Roger. He's well trained and what he sees and hears stays here."

Not much resistance since one hand remains firmly cupping Roger's balls and the other offers a more gratifying stroke than my prior teasing ones.

The door opens and Roger is at first perplexed and then aghast as my well belled naked servant enters.

"You see Roger, he's not one to leave here telling stories."

Meanwhile I feel the twinges which incite the need for my Sybian as I now have two naked males, one under complete control, one lustily smitten by my slow hand job.

My stroking becomes more subdued, not to distract as I let Roger absorb. Douglas holds a tray with the Mimosas, the connecting strap of his cuffed wrists just long enough. Shorter is the strap hobbling his ankles mandating dozens of tiny steps and bringing forth the ringing which announces his presence, his endeavors... and of course his status... abject servitude.

“He’s belled,” Roger exclaims.

“It enhances a woman’s control, Roger. One knows when he is moving, cleaning or cooking, and one knows when he’s stationary. As I said, Douglas is in therapy and very much needs guidance, to address a craving for authority.

“And what’s with his nose?”

“A very convenient and effective leash. One just needs to grasp and gently pull and Douglas will offer his complete attention,” I flippantly explain.

“Here,” I snap my fingers and point to the bedside table, noting Douglas is turning a blushing pink.

I also note that my priapic Roger remains... priapic. This is working.

“And he shaves... everywhere!”

“Chemically depilated actually. It does make an impression doesn’t it? A nice boyish look.”

“Over eighteen?” Roger sputters, the thought finally occurring.

“Currently eighteen,” I casually reply as Douglas nears, bows and my hand leaves the scrotal sac to empty the tray, placing the Mimosas on the bedside table.

I observe that Douglas takes a keen interest in the organ I firmly grip. And yes, it offers another clue, recalling his firming penis while watching the website.

“Over there. Kneel and face the window. Do not look.”

Roger is either enthralled or appalled. But with my hand encouraging the flow of endorphins, continuing its penile manipulation, the scene is more acceptable as he gawks, listening to the bells, noting the many tiny dainty steps as Douglas complies. I also know that Douglas’s hairless rather effeminate buttocks will make an impression.

“Arms straight out... stay,” Roger intrigued as my tone of voice becomes most authoritative in mandating the awkward difficult pose.

“Let’s get you taken care of so you can lie back and sip your Mimosa,” I coo, voice returning to sultry.

I pretend not to notice that Roger continues to visually examine as my hand resumes caressing his balls and the penis receives such a stroke that a spontaneous moan of joy erupts.

Yes, ‘take what you can get when you can get it, Roger,’ I think to myself, the otherwise kinky scene to be endured as his need to get off ascends.

Sensing his peak, I shift my role. One thing as I stated, offering a hand job can bring a heady sense of power. My voice changes, not as authoritative as when addressing Douglas, but Roger will better sense who is in charge. Besides, he knows what’s coming, having been subjected to many leisurely Sunday mornings of Mimosas and massage.

“Knees to chest.”

Under the guise of good prostate health, I convinced Roger that it is best to ejaculate in this rather embarrassing position. And it works, returning a man to a pose which is subconsciously pleasing. You see, many, many years ago, his mother so positioned him when changing his diapers. Thus, my governance is sensed to be matronly. And sure enough, as I lie to his side, his thighs rise, knees bend and he assumes the mandated pose... that gluteal cleft offering access.

“Let’s give that prostate a nice massage. It’s good for you boys,” my voice no longer sultry but matronly, toying with the subconscious as the lubricated fingers of my left hand explore to find his rectum.

There is no objection, I have so masturbated often, explaining in very clinical terms the need for prostate health. So why should he resist? It’s for his own good!

My fingers enter, I find the plateau within his passage and go to work in earnest, knowing that Roger’s eyes are glued to Douglas who obediently stares out the window.

He’s too aroused, too far down that path of ecstasy, to turn back, to have his prim ‘vanilla world’ sense of reality curtail my sordid scenario. No, he lies, knees up, thighs pressing his chest as he absorbs, not realizing the level of my enjoyment, and from a completely different aspect.

He thinks I am doing this for him.

“Good boy, Roger, you’re so nice and hard for me,” my encouraging words expressed as if potty training a toddler.

And he is indeed. He is performing well for me.

I angle the penis down, inhibiting ejaculation and bringing slight discomfort... and further demonstration of my control. Roger will ejaculate when I want him to ejaculate, another factor in enjoying these Sunday morning escapades. So, I continue to pleurably stroke, letting the sight of my naked, belled house boy become imprinted within the frontal lobe. "Very nice, Roger... you're sooooo hard."

Another stroke and twist then another. I deem it time, righting the angle, wriggling my penetrating fingers vigorously then instantly slipping out palm upwards to capture the explosion which I finally allow.

His penis spurts magnificently, splattering a goodly wad onto my waiting palm. I then slowly milk away, repeating the comforting mother-like phrases, bolstering his psyche in knowing that it is a rather demeaning but gratifying act for him, treating his softening manhood like a cow's udder.

"Give it all to the doctor," I coo, "be good for me."

Yes, I drain him. It is known that the male organ will better be depleted by hand action than copulation, a rather ironic fact. And so, I insisted on milking him early in our relationship under the guise of proper male healthcare. But I do it my way... knees to chest as the mother of an infant would clean and diaper, as suggested.

"Quite the load," my voice changing to become more clinical as I examine the pool of spunk in my palm.

My stroking hand, now free, offers Roger his Mimosa as I rise from the bed, enraptured in having two naked males under my tutelage... only my Sybian and Douglas's meticulously trained orifice offering more satiation.

Stepping to Douglas, I am pleased in noting that he has made not a sound, remaining perfectly still, his training progressing nicely.

"For you," I suggest, offering the cloudy white goo of my palm.

The ear bells chime as I grasp the nostril leash, assuring that Roger sees how the tube can so facilely empower. Douglas lowers his face to humbly lick away Roger's seed. I look back to the bed and smile wickedly as Roger once again gawks.

"As I said Roger, Douglas is here to clean."

"Now Douglas, do you have to go potty?"

Having cuddled with Roger as we quietly sip, deliberately letting his thoughts effervesce, I too gaze at my kneeling naked houseboy. I have not yet offered a morning trip, positioned him kneeling over a basin so I know he is full... and the urge makes it difficult to remain motionless.

Will Roger watch? In his thoughts I am sure he by now realizes that for both my naked males... what they see here... what they do here... will remain here.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Douglas speaking for the first time, his altered speech alarming Roger.

I arise from the bed as does Roger.

“Put the tray down. Come,” taking his nostril leash as I note Roger begins to dress.

“Not staying for breakfast?” I forcefully inquire.

“I... I...”

He stammers.

“Douglas is an adequate cook. Stay. You’ll not need covering. My males are more comfortable here when nude.”

I’ve got him, noting that he pauses to watch me guide a now crawling Douglas to the bathroom, once again intrigued as his many bells chime away.

“I’ll need to... to know more,” Roger’s analytical engineering mind trying to sort through... the satiated little head returning control to the big head.

I lead into the bathroom and push the basin into the middle of the floor with my foot. My voice softens, forcing Roger to follow to the doorway in order to hear me, offering an excuse for him to view.

As trained, Douglas knows to align himself with the basin on all fours as I step to his rear, left hand cupping his soft, warm hairless sac, fingers of the right taking his penis.

“I cannot offer all the details. Douglas is undergoing therapy after enduring an intense ordeal... in which he was more or less punished for being a naughty boy.”

Being trained by terrorists and planning a suicide bombing I suppose would fall under the realm of being naughty, I chuckle inwardly.

“Psst. Psst.”

With Roger’s presence, bladder shyness returns. And I also sense a degree of firmness. A curious state for a male deemed impotent.

I look to Roger, patient in awaiting Douglas's performance. "What happened to his... his voice." I laugh.

"Smile for Roger, Douglas, don't be shy."

He sheepishly complies, turning his head and drawing back his lips to reveal the absence of dentistry.

"Some dental alterations which makes verbal articulation difficult... along with ingesting certain forms of sustenance."

The flow finally begins and I make a show of directing the penis. It's invigorating, being in charge of a most intimate male bodily function. I look up to observe that Roger in turn heeds my enjoyment as he tries to mask a smile watching the stream and my directing hand as I have fun.

"He follows the leash very well," my bed partner becoming immersed as I resume my grip on the nostril tube.

"The proper mindset... lots of practice," I casually reply in leading out of the bathroom to the kitchen.

"Douglas needs guidance. It is best for him. It makes him feel comfortable... wanted... needed."

And my needs? For now, I choose to avoid addressing as even with a linear mind like Roger's such are becoming apparent.

Roger follows our procession as I lead Douglas through the living room. In the kitchen there comes another gawk as I attach and lock the rubber coated cable to his genital ring "Thorough restraint... well bound... he would not be happy in other way." I give an order for breakfast, ham and eggs, then turn to Roger.

"Time to shower," masking a devilish smile. "Together."

I tenderly grasp his pecker, that which I so adroitly handled in bringing male ecstasy, and again lead... back to the bathroom. Roger does not protest... not realizing that I am going to shave him...

A very pleasant Sunday, enlightening... for Roger, but I missed the Sybian. As stated, the well-designed machine makes the male obsolete, especially for the woman who is financially self-sufficient.

What will be Roger's long-term reaction to Douglas and my therapy I cannot say. But his initial protests when I began to shave him dissipated quickly and with straight edged razor in hand, he knew to remain motionless otherwise be nicked. There was mostly silence in doing his pubes area, quickly but carefully, and a few words of surprise as I continued onward and denuded his buttocks and thighs. I was naked with him in the shower, and that helped divert his attention, knowing that the longer he let me scythe, the longer he could admire feminine charms that remain somewhat entrancing. I stopped at the knees, understanding that Roger may become overwhelmed, his staid temperament quite challenged. After all, there was breakfast to follow.

We sat at the kitchen table, Roger naked, I robed, and I felt like a college girl after a night of good sex and abundant alcohol... but without the throbbing head. And the headiness I feel when my well restrained houseboy serves was heightened with Roger's presence. Some discomfort was evident, but I reminded Roger that I am a psychiatrist and Douglas was undergoing badly needed therapy... plus that it would only be by his disclosure that our morning frolics would become known. Yes, what happens here stays here, I reiterated.

Overall, a productive introductory get together. Bold yes, but had Roger stormed out the door shocked and offended, one must keep in mind that the Sybian beckoned in the spare bedroom.

I did not make Roger aware of the intensity of Douglas's Segufix bonds while not serving... and certainly not his diet of faux excrement. Yes, a brainwashed Douglas remains believing that this woman of governance continues the ultimate degrading element of his captivity, coercing the energetic ingesting, the offer of humble thanks, the ironic groveling for more.

So, another work week begins, glad that relieving ultra-wealthy patients of some of those 'useless' dollars seem to be just the right therapeutic approach.

Built into my daily schedule is a half hour for a light lunch at my desk. Fruit and yogurt, simple and healthy, I am slicing an apple when my assistant buzzes me.

"Ms. Ann Cromwell is here requesting a few moments."

How brazen, the woman who broke into my apartment, if bribing or pressuring a locksmith can be so described.

"Have her come in."

Professionally attired, those lively piercing eyes exude awareness, knowledge. Ann Cromwell smirks in stepping in, knowing to take the straight-backed chair. "Enjoy the website? You spent much time viewing." She notes my perplexed expression.

“We’re the government... creators of the internet... remember? We certainly monitor traffic on our top-secret domains. I can give you the exact times of your logons and logoffs. But I am curious to know, did Douglas view?”

“Yes, I deemed it to be complementary to his therapy. As you’re aware from your visit to my apartment, I am replicating many of the conditions of his incarceration.”

“And yet the most relevant thing he acquired, the name, remains lost... it is best for all.

Do keep that in mind, doctor.”

“How did it ever become known to him... a slip?”

“It seems it was deliberately revealed. In some departmental bungling, it was not fully communicated that Douglas would be released after his... let’s term it debriefing. The man who gave up his true identity assumed that after Douglas’s usefulness ended there would be either an execution... or a permanent silencing... a transfer to a deep dark cell in a friendly third world country where the rule of law is... well... is best described as open to the interpretation of friends with money.”

So ominous, I wonder how many captured terrorists have simply disappeared, a just trial deemed a superfluous media show for the evening news.

“The man receiving fellatio I assume is of importance. The dental work must have been time consuming and expensive just for a few blow jobs.”

Ms. Cromwell laughs.

“Well, as I am certain Douglas revealed to you, a girl can also benefit. And his tongue work made those many, many hours of interrogation go much faster. But putting aside the specific benefits to his interrogators, compromising his ability to bite is a precaution which dovetails well with the general goal of debasing him.”

“Interesting that you have a sadistic gay boss and it’s kept so confidential.”

“In our branch of government, we are not judged by sexual proclivities but by the results... and that is the saving of lives. Douglas killed no one, will not be able to kill as a result of our... term it, psychological transformation, and his performance helps regularly to save others.”

Again, my perplexed look is noted.

“Yes, his performance, I noted that you did not view the final video, the full stage production. Take a look and keep in mind that it has been transmitted not only to his handlers in Afghanistan but translated into several languages and sent around the

world... everywhere we have a problem with the recruitment of suicide bombers... the poor... the undereducated... the indigent who have been led to believe that becoming a martyr is a highway to heaven and an everlasting romp with 72 virgins. Douglas's experience tends to disavow them of that." Ann Cromwell arises.

"Homosexual activities are considered a blasphemy in many of the countries where suicide bombers are recruited. In some, it is a crime punishable by death. It is so reviled that potential recruits will view Douglas's performance and think twice about engaging the 'great Satan' U.S. of A. in some terrorist plot. Captured, they may very well find themselves stripped of their dynamite vest and kneeling in sexual servitude instead of cohabitating with virgins.

"So, you see, they send us videos of executions and we return... with a slightly different message.

"And Douglas can never return to his handlers. Never resume his activities. He would be beheaded. So, you see, our program is doubly effective.

"So, it's important that it not be comprised and the name be revealed. There are lives at stake. It goes beyond exposing the homosexual peccadillos of one government official." "Your program is cruel," my words simply stated. Ann Cromwell steps to the door turns and smirks.

"How is Douglas's appetite?"

She departs leaving me to my thoughts. Her unanswered question makes it evident that during her incursion into my apartment she uncovered my hidden supply of dog food and taleggio cheese, that which is offered and daily consumed with demented relish, continuing the degradation of Douglas Michael Harper. Should I feel patriotic?

As intended, for Douglas, time with me, offered the privilege of motion, gives rise to exhilaration. Serving me becomes a thrill, otherwise Douglas lies blindfolded and not only physically restrained but relieved of any desire to move by way of the sound activated penis probe.

So, when I return in the evening, the excitement, well repressed excitement, is evident.

I must be quiet until the electrical probe is turned off. And Douglas of course has learned the same, the slightest tinkling of a bell resulting in painful voltage where a boy prefers otherwise. But when I remove the blindfold, his eyes, about the only thing that can move without triggering a jolt, dance in admiration and gratitude, and I can tell humble words of appreciation are stifled as well.

It is a daily ritual and helps form a bond. It does not dawn on his muddled brain that I am the one who places him in the cruel restraints. No, only that I am the one who 'graciously' offers long overdue release.

He is a punished child in need of consoling care after a spanking... and can only obtain such from she who has spanked.

Flipping the switch on the sound activation device, I slip out the penis probe. Thereafter Douglas knows pain free motion is possible and there follows a serenade of chiming as he comically wriggles his toes and fingers in celebration. But that is about all, the tight Segufix cuffs and straps remaining in place and securing him so wonderfully.

I retrieve the small basin, place it between his thighs, direct his penis and have him urinate for me.

"How did like you serving Roger yesterday, Douglas?"

He's had much time to think after spending Sunday morning and afternoon with us and lying strapped down for many hours since.

"It was... embarrassing."

"Embarrassing but somewhat stimulating, Douglas. There was some evidence that this otherwise useless male organ may have life," I declare referencing the slight firmness of his penis while supervising urination.

I pinch as he pees, punctuating my point. He squirms, the cutting of the flow rather aggravating. I smile looking directly into his face and then lessen my grip so he can finish, my symbolic gesture of total control well received.

"Your interrogator stopped into my office today and offered some thoughts. You're going to pour me a nice glass of wine, prepare a glass of warm water for yourself, and we're going to watch more of your interrogation."

Bladder empty, the demagnetizing device frees his many bonds. Posey cuffs replace such and I adjust the straps to ensure movement is well encumbered. He will never move without feeling... and hearing... the effects of my governance. It is essential for him, he needs it and he feels better as a result.

Arising from the hospital bed, I again slap those girlish buttocks and send him to his chores.

"Den, five minutes," I command listening with a smile as the first dainty step brings chiming to his many bells.

I in turn head there to turn on the computer. Ms. Ann Cromwell termed the final video ‘his performance’, as one would describe fine acting.

I enter the web address and laboriously type the complicated code. Onto the screen comes the austere page with the words *Interrogation, Douglas Michael Harper, broken, day three*.

Below are the many tabs for days four through thirty-five. I assume days one and two were not noteworthy and thus not posted, an ‘unbroken’ Douglas Michael Harper of little interest to whomever has a propensity to watch the many hours of torture.

My chiming naked servant enters, tray pressed between linked Posey wrist cuffs. I take my wine.

“Sit,” I command, clicking the tab marked ‘Final’, that which I skipped during the last viewing.

The video begins with the placarded letters, ‘Douglas Michael Harper, suicide bomber, captured and reformed’. Below is unfamiliar lettering, another language, presumably a translation, perhaps Arabic.

Sitting at my feet, Douglas once again begins to tremble, knowing what to expect, as onto the screen unfolds a much more elaborate scene. Filmed in high definition, amazing clarity, the colors jumping forth, there kneels a naked Douglas Michael Harper in what appears to be someone’s living room, for the first time freed of his bonds. The room is devoid of any hint of imprisonment, the camera for the first time panning, just enough to suggest to the viewer that nothing seems compulsory. And there is no nostril leash dangling at his chin.

Then the lens zooms inward as the familiar American male voice booms from out of camera range.

“Some cock, Douglas? I know how much you enjoy,” the tone most condescending.

At the bottom of the screen appears lettering, not English, same type. I must assume it is indeed Arabic, this Ann Cromwell suggesting ‘the performance’ has been translated into many different languages.

A naked male steps into the frame, shown only below the waist, the camera angled down at a naked kneeling Douglas and offering anonymity. Just as Douglas reacted in my office when directed to disrobe, his hands go to the back of his head and obsequiously fold.

“And you know how much I like to accommodate,” offered with a snicker.

More letters appear, encaptioning every spoken word.

The left hand entwines in Douglas's hair and pulls back his head. The fingers of the right hand press against Douglas's lips. There comes the sound of wicked laughter as the digits easily slip past the lips into a mouth rendered defenseless by cruel dentistry. Then the hand works in earnest pressing the fingers inward, grasping the tongue and drawing it into camera view. Long, pink and wet, the man steps closer and presses the length of wet warm pink against his penis.

"Make me nice and hard. You know how much you enjoy when I take you deep."

I look to see that Douglas, sitting at my feet, is both horrified but engrossed, a reaction of mental conflict.

Thereafter my eyes regularly shift from the screen to Douglas as the well-produced video, better quality than most mainstream movies, not to mention run of the mill porn, unfolds as expected.

Yes, a compliant Douglas deep throats the anonymous male for all the world to see. The resulting video transmitted everywhere. A very compelling message to those contemplating terrorism... there are fates worse than death.

On the screen, having brought the man to full tumescence, Douglas's mouth and throat accept the initial plunge with noted ease, a massive erection thrust into his orifice with remarkably little resistance. Then the man fucks, crass terminology but the only way to describe Douglas's acceptance of the ultimate male comeuppance. A stiff, stout and sizable penis methodically plunges. It is apparent that the coupling is a well-practiced ritual.

There is evidence of tears... of discomfort... of shame... but it does not stay the rough fellatio. Thrust... deep... deeper... deeper still, it is indeed a performance, the man's scrotum pressed against Douglas's chin in seemingly trying to plunge into his gullet.

With a final thrust and grunt of pleasure, the 'performance' concludes with Douglas offering his thanks and tenderly licking the marauding phallus clean of all remnants of rough coupling.

"Thank you, sir. May I suck you again sometime." the voice almost effeminately meek

The slurred words appear below, encaptioned for what I am sure is an appalled and thereafter more indecisive Arabic viewer, the viewing insurgents enraged... the scene engendering skepticism amongst the suicide candidates.

With the American government so commonly referenced as the 'Great Satan', can the circulation of such a video, the message quite clear and staunchly offered, endanger relations with those already sworn to kill?

It is a unique counter terrorism effort, not to mention incredibly audacious. And I can understand that the owner of the assaulting penis, of good size, would be endangered in having his identity disclosed. His career in the government ended, possibly his very life threatened in performing such a forbidden and blasphemous act on a converted faithful to the terrorist cause.

The ‘performance’ ended, I look down to see that Douglas’s penis is once again firming, and it drips.

I will milk him.

Once again, I am partaking in my simple and quick lunch of yogurt and fruit when my assistant buzzes.

“Roger Clearfield on the line.”

I smile, not having heard a word for three days. He is chagrined and confused, having been masturbated, experiencing pleasure, while gazing at Douglas’s belled and bound nakedness, not being able to interpret his own attraction to the seemingly nubile yet male form.

But most disconcerting for him I am sure, was observing without comment as I so imperially governed... commanding Douglas’s every deed... including the cleansing of my sperm laden palm... and closely supervising the otherwise intimate deed of emptying his bladder. He remained wordless and as suggested for me silence means consent.

In drawing Roger into my non vanilla escapades there can only be one of two results... he either drops from my circle, too horrified to continue our casual relationship... or there is intrigue. Not total acceptance... but the need to learn more.

Roger is an engineer, a linear mind which systematically plots, sketching plans, and when curiosity is stimulated, dismantling things in a need to know... then reassembling to learn the function of every part.

I press my speaker phone conveying a short, brusque ‘hello’.

“Saturday night,” comes an equally short but somewhat humble reply.

“Is that a statement referencing last Saturday night, or a question/invitation regarding this

Saturday night?”

There comes a pause, Roger always transfixed when I challenge. He probably does not know the answer himself, merely attempting to spur a reaction from me first.

“Well, I suppose both. An interesting weekend.” “You enjoy watching me work?” He chuckles, somewhat sardonically.

“You seem to enjoy more. I was more intrigued.”

“So, intrigued that you have called about this Saturday?”

“Yes, I suppose.”

He’s shy, not emboldened enough to speak plainly about the seemingly quirky events, yet somewhat accepting of the non-vanilla paradigm I set at my home.

“No need to go out, Douglas will cook. Bring some wine, and shave yourself,” my tone most assertive.

“Yes, doctor,” he replies with a hint of modesty.

“And Roger, the box will be waiting. I explained its purpose.”

There comes a pause as he thinks about the final instruction in departing on mid Sunday afternoon. The lockable box near the front door, it remains containing the clothing of Douglas. I pointed and firmly suggested that preceding each future visit, Roger’s clothing also be deposited.

As stated, I like my males nude. And the simple act of stripping and placing all attire under my lock and key sets the atmosphere.

“Time?”

“Seven o’clock. Douglas will let you in, I will lengthen his cable.”

I cannot help setting a visual image before curtailing the conversation. It’s Thursday and I suspect he will be thinking about my chiming houseboy, leashed by his balls, for the next two days.

“In front of...”

“Got to go,” hanging up before he completes his words of protest.

Roger will strip for me upon demand, that’s going to be the new protocol, and if I want him to do so in front of Douglas then he will make himself naked in front of Douglas.

Friday, I write myself a prescription, actually for Douglas. His impotence is becoming boring and in noting that on at least two occasions his penis somewhat firmed, I know his condition is not physical... that the erectile chambers of his manhood can become engorged and bring tumescence. It's a mental condition, the duress of having the good cop, Ms. Ann Cromwell, zap his genitals time after time... whenever her governance fostered arousal... has manifested perennial flaccidness.

I will begin an opposite protocol, rewarding Douglas whenever he stiffens for me... the reward being most limited. I would not bring ultimate pleasure to a male under my control, my non vanilla side would wither in dismay. Instead, I will entertain myself... and others.

Saturday morning it's to the hardware store. That cable needs to be lengthened, the one that restricts Douglas to the kitchen. It will be somewhat ungainly, but there is no reason to have him prance about the apartment only partially restrained. Hence, he will always be leashed. And the slack is easily adjusted, offering opportunity to peregrinate the entire apartment... or restrict him to the kitchen.

Late Saturday afternoon, I bathe, soaking in the tub after a modest workout. I have Douglas in his Posey cuffs, well hobbled with the extended cable attached to his penis and scrotum ring. He cleans and I listen, his bells telling me approximately where he is at and the level of energy expended in making things spotless.

It's very comforting for a woman of authority.

I finish a cool glass of Chardonnay and arise, donning my robe. Douglas will clean endlessly, never suggesting he is through, endeavoring to extend his time out of the unending tedium of total Segufix restraint. Thus, I call out and give the order to stow all cleaning apparatus and return to the spare bedroom.

When I arrive, I must smile in seeing my naked servant humbly standing, tethered hands behind his head, prepared for another long stint of nothingness.

He has no choice.

Cable detached, Posey cuffs unlocked and removed, Douglas shows no reluctance in lying supine for me, as limbs are encircled then magnetically secured to the straps traversing the bed. He seems to be curiously disappointed when I skip the head harness.

"A little experiment, Douglas, while I dress. You will be serving tonight, Roger and me, and I want you to be well displayed."

I speak as I prepare a hypodermic needle, filling it with Douglas's prescription.

“Nitric oxide, Douglas. It occurs naturally in the endocrine system, mainly in the bloodstream. It relaxes muscles and in doing so regulates the opening and closing of arteries and veins. And most critical for the male... the normal male... is that it regulates the flow of blood into... and out of... the erectile chambers.”

I lecture so that he understands just what I am empowered to do... that he will helplessly lie in bondage while I, a governing woman, physically compel what he mentally cannot. And I also assure he will watch, lying supine, his lower peripheral vision able to view as my left hand grasps the long but flaccid manhood and I examine to gauge the superficial dorsal vein.

“We’ll need to experiment with the size and location of the injections. But I will have you standing for me... and in time for exactly how long and how prominently engorged I desire.”

I plunge the needle and press to inject. He lurches of course, testing his many straps with the instant of sharp pain. I withdraw, select another location and casually inject again... and again... and again.

“Enjoy,” I tease in stepping to my bedroom to dress.

CFNM, the acronym for the subtle form of Feminine dominance, clothed female, naked male, works best for me, my non vanilla side, when I am dressed to the hilt... fully clothed... term it regalia.

And so, I take my time... make up, jewelry, a most tempting red cocktail dress...

revealing... assuring that my males will feel most humble and intimidated. And of course, Douglas continues to lie well bound, the nitric oxide working its magic, anointing him once again with that deprived by a woman, his interrogator who used his propensity to stiffen as a method of control. Ironically, I shall do the same, but demonstrating that feminine authority can be manifested in many ways.

Nearing seven o’clock, I step from the bedroom knowing that my engineer companion is punctual. I enter the spare bedroom and my smile cannot be suppressed. Douglas lies with what can only be described as a telephone pole reaching for the ceiling. Yes, he’s a big boy, the nitric oxide mandating that the erectile chambers flood and begin a cycle of tumescence as partial erection impedes more blood flow which fosters a firmer... and larger... erection.

“Oh, you’re showing off for me. How nice, Douglas,” I coo as a mother would complement an infant’s first steps.

I move to the front edge of the hospital bed and slip my hands under his head, tenderly lifting, enhancing his vision. Relieved of the burden of elevating to better see, there now appears in full vision this amazing hard on... that denied him many months ago by the electrical prod of calloused interrogator, Ms. Ann Cromwell.

“What’s that, Douglas, I thought you were impotent?” I chide.

I will not let him remain silent. Not now. I want an exchange of thoughts. He will embarrass himself in his reply... that is important.

“Tell me what you see. Be a good boy,” I insist.

“It’s my penis, Ma’am.”

“But it’s different isn’t it?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“How is it different?” “It’s bigger... and it’s stiff.” I cannot help but chuckle.

“And how did that happen?”

“You did something... to make it hard again.”

“Just as your interrogator... who did something to make it soft. And what does that tell you Douglas... about your penis?”

Oh, I revel in this one-sided conversation... brainwashed house boy... master of his universe.

“I... I... don’t have much to say about it... don’t have much...” he searches for the word.

“Influence, Douglas? You don’t really control much about a very important male function?”

“I guess not.”

Yes, some precious moments...

“You’ll serve me like this tonight... nice and hard, your penis standing. I have much nitric oxide. And I like it when a boy is hard for me.”

I lower his head and release him from the Segufix cuffs. He knows to don the Posey’s. One slight change, I connect the wrists together behind his back, allowing some slack but certainly not enough to reach to the front and stroke himself.

“No touching, Douglas. There will be punishment. You’ll not want to feel the effect of salt capsules while you’re erect,” I warn. “Should I need to discipline you, I won’t be able to later catheterize you to relieve the pain. And be aware you’ll need to turn the door knob from behind when Roger arrives.”

I palm the weighty scrotal sac, augmenting the sense of ownership... that I am free to tease and tantalize but he is not... and never will be. I am giddy in picturing the greeting Roger will receive. Douglas fully stands and is so much better endowed.

Meanwhile, I have fun speculating on the psychological effect of the forcibly induced erection which Douglas can see but must not touch. For him it epitomizes feminine sexual control, imparting the notion that the huge strip of flesh may be attached, but is certainly not his.

I hook the cable to his genital ring, humorously noting that when erect, it is a much easier task.

“To the living room. Stand on your right foot until I direct otherwise.”

It is essential that he be most obedient while erect... psychologically very important that in his state of tumescence... thorough tumescence... he be humbled by a woman and not sense any male pride in displaying his fully blossomed phallus.

His penis stands for me... my enjoyment... not his. It is imperative he come to understand this. That when erect, his enjoyment will instead come in knowing that he amuses and pleases me. It will be the only reason for stiffness.

The doorbell rings at two minutes after seven, a sluggish elevator most likely detaining my otherwise punctual weekend diversion.

“Open the clothing box and answer the door,” I command slipping the key into Douglas’s cuffed hand.

“Please, Ma’am, not like this.”

“Oh Douglas, you’ll do as I say. You so wearily complained of impotence in coming to me for counseling and now you’re erect and so sheepish. You’ll need more training. But for now, obey and go to the door, it’s Roger.”

Douglas lowers his right foot, I mercifully had him switch feet moments ago, and prances, his many bells chiming, the restraining genital cable slithering across the carpet, care taken not to entrap it on any furniture.

I await in the living room, letting my naked boys sort out the manner of greeting. Initially I am sure Roger will be as uncomfortable as Douglas with the comically prominent display of a turgid penis. But overall, though it will be quite entertaining... and intimidating... Roger will acclimate.

Within a moment an equally sheepish Roger steps before me... naked... shaven... I am not sure why he agreed to stop in to join my soiree, but I have a good inkling. It cannot be pure curiosity.

“So nice of you to join us, Roger,” snapping my fingers with my declamation, pointing for Douglas.

“More therapy?” Roger inquires as a compliant Douglas lowers himself to the floor, his nakedness most proximate.

“Impotence, it appears my treatment is effective.”

I smile, an ostensibly charming greeting, setting the atmosphere.

“Kneel, lean back, back of your head to the floor... stay... no talking,” my terse commands instantly obeyed, noting that Roger carries a bottle.

“I’m afraid you’re going to have to open the wine, Roger. When stiff, Douglas remains cuffed or closely supervised. The cycle of impotence is to be broken but not his chastity... you know how naughty boys tend to play...”

Roger nods, his stare, an outright gawk at Douglas’s massive penis, the hairlessness offering wondrous visual distinction, unbroken.

“Douglas stay. No bells. Keep your knees well parted,” I direct in offering more exposure for Roger’s examination.

With the many hours of forced motionlessness in his Segufix restraints, Douglas instantly parts to better display his balls, then freezes, not a sound to be heard from his many, many bells. His penis stands straight upwards and he also stares, transfixed. Psychologically he feels as if something has been attached and in not touching, he feels estranged from his own manhood.

I pause, letting Roger’s engineering mind dismantle, the linear thought process plodding through the scene as I feel the twinges which summon the need for my Sybian.

“It’s big,” Roger finally concludes.

“And it’s mine,” I counter matter-of-factly, reaching down to palm then playfully jiggle the burgeoning ball sac.

The objectification of Douglas, essentially mandating he remain motionless in the awkward kneeling pose, presenting him as a mere piece of furniture, serves to bring comfort to an equally naked Roger. I send him to the kitchen to open the wine and upon return, two glasses in hand, he sits next to me on the couch. Within minutes we are conversing as we would on one of our regular Saturday night dates.

Small talk, but that linear mind plods and he cannot keep his eyes off the eight plus inches standing like a candlestick atop a human coffee table.

“Therapy,” he proclaims, a bit of a non sequitur, sipping wine and nodding as if understanding.

“He needs discipline, the guidance of a firm woman. He needs to know he pleases... and in his subjugated nakedness he in fact pleases me. Very palliative for him. And there will be more erections for him. He’s not physically impotent... it’s between the ears. In place of the flaccidity that has been ingrained, he is to be trained to harden for me when I want him hard.” “And for you?” Roger’s inquisitive mind drudging away.

“Curing is what the profession is all about, Roger. And to cure a boy of impotence offers self-satisfaction.”

“Nothing more?”

I pause, rising to retrieve a napkin from the dining room. I return to the couch refolding the soft cloth to make its shape long and slender.

“There is a sense of empowerment that a woman feels, Roger,” I explain in gently draping the folded cloth over Douglas’s eyes and forehead.

Just as when I offer you those humiliating hand jobs, Roger, I want to add but refrain, pausing to take another sip of wine.

“And a woman such as me needs that.”

“Empowerment?”

“Sexual power,” I forcefully specify, gentility eroding.

My free hand moves to Roger’s smoothly shaven pubes. Yes, I denuded him last week, yet in deference to me, he has also shaven himself, removing the weeks growth of stubble.

“Very nice Roger, I appreciate this look in a man.”

I feel his organ stir, bringing him to stiffness a relatively easy task as it seems Roger does not toy with himself as much as most boys.

“Stay, I will get my hand cream.”

“Here, before dinner?”

“Wherever I want,” I rejoin, my firm tone curtailing any debate.

I return and direct, knowing that since at Roger’s age there is little likelihood of premature ejaculation, I can engender an elaborate scene which will further kindle my smoldering need for the described empowerment.

“Stand,” I simply command, positioning Roger facing Douglas to his left and me sitting to his right.

I open the hand cream, reach up and give Roger a good whiff. He purports to enjoy the scent, but really it is part of the operant conditioning I have imbued, masturbating him on almost every visit with the same fragrance filling his nostrils. While he inhales my left hand teasingly grips the penis tip, adding a brisance of pleasure, and sensing initial engorgement.

“Here?” he meekly inquires as I signal him to place his hands behind his head.

“I like the view,” responding with a sly smile, my eyes momentarily shifting to where Douglas’s hard on continues to rage.

I begin. As stated, nearing 40, Roger’s erections don’t spring forth, but he’s a good boy...

priapism somewhat delayed but priapism nonetheless. And over the many months, his many visits, I know exactly how to stroke, how best to inspire arousal, and how to time ultimate climax... if and when I desire.

For the younger male, there is normally no problem spewing spunk in a standing position. Though the surging endorphins will tend to rob the leg muscles of energy, youth prevails and there is ejaculation before the knees succumb to gravity. But for the more mature... and I know Roger to be of that age group... the leg muscles tend to concede well before the small but very significant ejaculatory muscles contract in explosion. It is not that Roger is out of condition, it’s that there is a tinge of ejaculatory incompetence, age delaying the ability to pull the trigger, which means the legs must endure longer.

So, I can masturbate with relative impunity, sanguine in knowing that Roger will not climax. Also, my left hand cradles his scrotum, he likes that, and an exploring finger occasionally abrades the perineum to assess the status of the muscling there. Oscillations

signal a pending contraction... prompting the spewing of sperm... and that I will not allow.

My sly smile broadens in noting that Roger tends to once again gawk at Douglas. Last week it was the girlish smooth and round buttocks which seemed to serve as lustful catalyst. This week it's the standing erection, unwaveringly pointing skyward, appearing indeed as if I attached it to his pubes.

I need not inform that with similar injections I could have Roger standing equally stiff for equally as long, though size is size. Instead, I let him peer in envy, absorbing the slow knowing pleasure of my hand job. I am quite the masturbatrix and can sense exactly where Roger is in the cycle of mounting pleasure.

"Enjoy the view, Roger? I do."

"I... I..." his sputtering triggering a girlish giggle.

In time, my exploring fingers detect the telltale oscillations. I immediately terminate with a firm down stroke and withdraw my hands.

"Hands in place, remain standing," I command knowing that there is a degree of exhaustion and certainly a need to finish my task.

Meanwhile, I am soaking, having two naked and tumescent males under my tutelage. Yet my fun cannot stop. I whisk away Douglas's simple blindfold bringing forth an utterance of protest from Roger.

"He can finish you if you'd like, Roger. Douglas is quite the accomplished cocksucker, aren't you Douglas?"

Douglas blinks, my words triggering the rote response of his long psychologically modifying incarceration.

"Yes, sir, may I suck your penis sir."

I laugh, the conditioned words amusing me, horrifying Roger.

"Time to make us dinner, Douglas. Stand."

He arises and I rearrange the strap connecting his Posey cuffs, enabling him to draw his hands to the front.

"No touching," I forewarn, slapping his buttocks to direct him to the kitchen.

With the dainty steps, his bells ring and the cable slithers away while I pat the couch next to me.

“Sit Roger, have more wine, let’s talk,” noting that he remains erect, hands dutifully pressed to the back of his head.

A nicely cooked meal, I teased and kept Roger somewhat erect while Douglas slowly returned to flaccidity, the nitric oxide dissipating.

Later I returned Roger to a more vanilla environment, excusing myself briefly to secure Douglas in his Segufix restraints for the night, then in my bed sitting atop Roger as I always demand... in control and riding him to climax... as vanilla as I get.

Still, with thoughts of the somewhat demented scene residing, the eidetic male mind I am sure picturing that delightful hard on I induced, Roger adequately performed for me, though the Sybian beckoned my own thoughts.

Once again, trip to the bathroom always needed with a semen filled quim, in the early hours I detoured to Douglas, silently sitting astride his face as his well-trussed form lay immobile and his tongue dutifully cleansed... accepting a torrid of wine induced excretions as well.

Sunday morning, I again masturbated Roger in the humiliating pose, ‘prostate health’ mandating the lithotomy position assumed by women during vaginal exams, and subconsciously returning him to his diaper days... another era of feminine control.

On this occasion I insisted that Douglas more closely observe... no longer commanding that he stare out the window.

This brought protests from Roger... brief protests.

“What happens here stays here, Roger. And it is important for Douglas’s therapy,” I harshly admonish, prevaricating concerning the clinical efficacies of having Douglas watch.

“He remains impotent, unless I physically bring him to tumescence. He needs to observe male female sexual interaction.”

Yes, and with the woman totally in control, I think but do not verbalize.

And so, a somewhat distraught Roger stowed his protestations and I gave him the slow, controlling hand job he has come to expect and enjoy... with Douglas’s naked presence adding to my delight... my non vanilla side reveling.

Bold... brazen... I may yet lose Roger. But he has latent kinkiness of his own... and he is learning to address it. The question is... will he learn to embrace it?

Milking Douglas is both an empowering yet sloppy task. Kneeling on all fours in the kitchen, ice, lubricant, gloved hands and resolve all combine to rid that curious male gland, the prostate, of pre-ejaculatory fluid.

The ice numbs... pleasure not to be offered... the lubricant facilitates access... I insist on three fingers well inside an otherwise tight aperture... the gloves protect... left hand grasping the hairless scrotal sac for leverage, right working inward... with resolve as suggested.

Into a waiting bowl the well iced numbed and flaccid penis, comically shriveled, steadily drools as his neglected system yields drop after drop. Collecting it and having him ingest the slimy goo enhances the aura of control, though having him thank me for his faux excrement is the pinnacle in my mind.

The procedure has been offered every other week or so and is really more for neatness than to benefit Douglas. Though the hormonal release initially brings balance, mollifying the jitters of complete chastity, at Douglas's age such rebuild rapidly. So, it's really about minimizing the annoying slobber that oozes and can drip to carpet and furniture. Plus having a woman's hand penetrate so deeply and unconstrainedly abrade within enhances the sense of vulnerability... which is a necessary and continuous process.

But I tire... and it is a sloppy task, as noted.

So, it occurs on one evening as I ride the Sybian, Douglas restrained and forced to stare at the ceiling as wave after wave of joy laps my floating body and slowly propels it to the shores of nirvana, that perhaps this clever machine can perform a dual function.

The design of the Sybian permits different sized and shaped phalli to be attached. One of the thrills of initial ownership is experimenting to determine the optimum phallus, there are many to be assessed and as stated anal penetration is also an option.

So, with my basic medical training, before specializing in psychiatry, there is a well-developed base knowledge of anatomy and I know none of my current collection of phalli will do. For the male gland, especially Douglas in having so often explored there, there is needed more curvature and a stout bulbous tip.

Some shopping on line yields an appropriate implement. I order and within days it arrives. I am heartened that its size will challenge and I am eager to use. But there is a forthcoming visit by Roger and perhaps the best way to introduce him to that which can obsolete male companionship is by demonstrating its flexible capabilities.

Meanwhile a curious item of mail arrives, Douglas's name, my address. I tear open the envelope and find a computerized check from the Social Security Administration. His

disability has been approved. But most amazing, also within the envelope, the contents obviously printed, inserted and sealed by machine, is a hand written note.

Disability approved. This should keep our boy well supplied with canine nutrition. Do keep me in mind should a very important name reappear in his lexicon.

The familiar handwriting suggests that the unsigned note is from the mysterious and marvelously imperious Ann Cromwell. I shake my head in wonderment, noting the woman's resources, somehow having inserted a personal note into one of the millions and millions of computerized monthly checks issued by the government.

Douglas's stern interrogator, she who induced impotency, remains in the picture. And it is logical to understand the time and attention expended to assure Douglas obtains disability funds. In a manner of speaking, his monthly payments will offer distant monitoring, informing the government where and when he cashes the checks. Clever.

I find it amusing to inject Douglas from time to time with more nitric oxide. At a whim I will chemically coerce an erection while he lies bound in Segufix restraints then graciously prop a pillow under his head so he can oddly gawp and admire that which he cannot touch.

Yes, Douglas it's only for me, I relish in telling myself as I watch the sizable organ stiffen and rise. And I need not say that notion is also dawning slowly on a dulled mind, my conditioning deliberative but effective.

Then I insert the electrical penis probe, turn on the voice activation device and leave for the office, knowing that about the only thing Douglas can do to truncate the mental torment of watching his useless erection is to close his eyes.

But there is reasoning behind my seemingly trifling play. The popular drugs which remedy erectile dysfunction, also work to moderate nitric oxide... but that naturally produced by the body. So, I am essentially fine-tuning Douglas's system... first to react to induced nitric oxide... next to mentally control his own.

Which reminds me to write another prescription... for tadalafil... the long-term ED drug sold under the name Cialis. It will enhance the flow of his natural nitric oxide.

Dressed for a night of dinner and theater, the doorbell rings with punctuality, and a tumescent Douglas knows to respond, clothing box key in hand. I'm not going out, it's my night of CFNM.

Another Saturday date, more entertainment from my naked males, I have moved the Sybian to the living room. Douglas's penis has been subjected to moderate injections of nitric oxide and he is amazingly stiff, having fed him also a half tablet of Cialis as well. What is noteworthy in the mind of this psychiatrist is that the penis is reacting more quickly to the introduction of the hypodermic needle... indicating that over and above the effect of the nitric oxide, there is a degree of psychosomatic reaction. In a short time, I will be able to inject nothing more than saline and he will harden for me... the placebo effect. In a few weeks I will simply inform him that he is to be injected and he will stiffen to my words.

Pavlov and his dogs... I moisten thinking about its applications.

Roger enters with the obligatory bottle of wine, naked and well shaven, the demanded protocol accepted. He comments, the Sybian for the first time displayed for his plodding engineering mind.

"For exercise?" he inquires in visually inspecting.

"For Douglas. You know what great care I offer your prostate. Well since I demand strict chastity, his little gland is differently massaged."

Comically, I have not only lubricated Douglas's rectum but deliberately smeared unguent all over those hairless smooth and alluring cheeks. Roger notes, the rounded globes gleaming in the room light, then glances away endeavoring to cloak any homoerotic reaction, Douglas's backside obviously well prepared for anal penetration.

Since I have not attached the special phallus, the Sybian appears rather innocuous, only a small post protruding where the prostate implement will be attached. Thus, Roger looks somewhat befuddled until I produce the newly acquired, rather hideously shaped, anal insertion and bend to attach it.

"He's not been milked in over two weeks, lots of fluid building in the 18-year-old system."

Roger follows my eyes to look at Douglas's erect penis tip, the prostatic ooze evidencing my observation. I stoop to disconnect his hobbling ankle strap. Then I grasp the nostril leash and with care but firmness direct, gently tugging, Douglas instantly following with noted obeisance as I position him over the Sybian and waiting insertion. Roger observes with fascination, coming to realize once again the utter control the simple tube offers even the most effeminate hand.

"Do open the wine, Roger, a thorough milking will take time."

He seems disappointed in having to move to the kitchen but returns quickly, glasses of wine in hand as I align Douglas.

“Please, Ma’am, it’s too big,” the words slurred and labored.

“Of course, it is, Douglas. It would not be very entertaining if there was no challenge in riding for me. And its size and shape will assure you’re all cleaned out... all that nasty goo slowly extruded.”

An open-mouthed Roger watches intently as my leash hand lowers, forcing Douglas to in turn lower and impale himself. Roger is awed by the absolute level of control offered by the simple length of rubber. I could walk Douglas in front of a speeding train and he could not resist.

Moans... groans... the deed done, Douglas straddling and stuffed, wrists secured behind his back, I reconnect his ankle strap and turn to accept my offered glass of wine. I notice that Roger is less than flaccid... not stiff, his age precluding the spontaneous erections of youth... but there is arousal.

Yes, there are curious predilections, the need to return to my apartment and strip naked every Saturday evening evident... and there is more.

“That’s it?” he inquires in disbelief.

“Hardly.”

The remote control rests nearby and I’m going to have fun... mind game type of fun. For under my governance, it is Roger who will press the buttons and twist the dials inducing more or less vibration and faster or slower wagging of the bulbous insertion.

Good of me to sacrifice... it’s not easy for a girl to give up her favorite sex toy... even if it’s only for one night.

Roger, in a singular combination of engineering exactitude and sexual deviance, pressed then slowly turned the Sybian’s control dials, veiling his apparent interest in Douglas’s nakedness, the huge erection quite the object of focus, in ostensibly determining the level of vibration and pace of wagging the anal insertion which would optimize the slow ooze of fluid.

“I’m sure it’s like extracting oil from a well,” he remarked, both flippantly and seriously. “There’s an ideal setting that both offers a regular production but assures as well that the overall quantity is maximized.”

Yes, that linear plodding mind focused on milking a boy, the notion that ‘what happens in my apartment stays in my apartment’ prevails, feeling unfettered by the constraints of normality.

My smirk was difficult to stifle as my boys performed for me, Douglas's penis appearing more as a smoldering volcano exuding the hot lava of male essence, my weekend lover seeming to revel in what my non vanilla side craves... control. I just sat and sipped, listening as the vibrations caused every one of Douglas's tiny bells to ring, my psychiatrist's mind questioning how far down the path of depravity I can lead the sexually guileless Roger.

On occasion, when the flow of Douglas's prostatic fluid streamed to his ball sac, I arose, gathered a goodly smear and had him lick clean my fingers. When the effluent turned a cloudy white, I immediately commanded Roger to stop, ridding Douglas of spermatic buildup not desired. That dramatically shifts the hormonal balance, taking the edge off his extreme chastity.

That will not do.

"Time for me to ride," I announced in ending the arousing scene, Roger knowing himself to be the vehicle not the Sybian.

Releasing the hobbling strap, I reversed the procedure of impaling Douglas on the Sybian, grasping the nostril leash and slowly and gently pulling upwards. Again, there came more pleas, the discomfort of expelling the sizable anal insertion equal to initial insertion. But abject obedience... and convincing tugs on the nostril leash, soon had Douglas standing.

He appeared wonderfully humiliated, forcibly milked, offering a very entertaining nonconsensual performance, his penis as erect as ever.

I sent Roger to the bedroom, his semi stiff organ not to go unnoticed while I guided Douglas to his hospital bed and the more than acceptable comfort of Segufix restraints and the rigor of the sound activation device.

I then stepped to my bedroom, disrobed and mounted Roger... an eager Roger... eager to be beneath me and further submit to my power.

I need to open a bank account for Douglas. His monthly disability check is modest in comparison to my monthly plunder... the wealthier the patient, the more eager to exchange funds for the expectance of mental health. But over time his checks will build and at some point, an emancipated Douglas, after I tire of him, will need something for subsistence. Even dog food costs money.

Unfortunately opening an account means a visit to the bank... just one. But even that one will make an impression. Roger's many bells... his nostril tube... and his hair... I have yet to cut it and have instead decided to let grow and groom... effeminately... all will draw attention.

What to do.

I am known at the local branch around the corner. As a professional, I have a business account and thus the manager is aware of my vocation. Perhaps I just disclose the truth.

One phone call sets the stage and suggests that the process will be facile. It is Roger who will challenge.

“But it’s woman’s clothes,” lisping with the letter ‘s’.

“That is all I have Douglas. Besides, I’m not going to cut your hair... and I am not going to remove any of your bells. I have told the bank manager that you are a patient under my strict supervision, one who has gender issues.”

A true tale, though the gender issue is obviously a stretch. But I have no male clothing other than what Douglas wore upon his arrival many, many weeks ago, and that is too tight to conceal the bells and the short sleeve shirt not practical.

Instead, I have selected for him a long-sleeved silk blouse covering the bells on biceps, forearms and wrists. And though I would be much amused in placing him in a skirt, such would not adequately camouflage the bells on his thighs, calves and ankles. Thus, I have dressed him in billowy full-length pantaloons... hips to ankles. His ear bells will be viewed as earrings, attributed to his desire to appear as a woman, as will the cute ones I attached to his thumbs be viewed as decorative rings, the chiming of those serving to cloak the many others which I am sure will sound with every motion.

As to the larger genital bell... sans underwear, clanging away beneath the loose silk slacks... let any onlookers gawk in wonderment about that. They will hear but not see.

“No, no please.”

Douglas beseeches as I pull down and snip the rubber nostril tube above the knot, freeing it so I may tug firmly on the opposing end and withdraw. It’s been a few weeks, probably time for replacement as the elasticity wears. As stated, removal is as uncomfortable as insertion and Douglas is fully aware that a new tube will be inserted upon return.

“You can’t go out leashed, Douglas. Hush. Be a good boy.”

The tube slides from the sinus cavity, but any sense of liberation is countered by the aggravation caused and in knowing that in an hour or two it will be replaced, suffering to be brought anew.

“How is your rectum? Feel nice and full?” I inquire as mother to child, playfully brushing and primping his long locks.

To augment my control, his sense of powerlessness, I have stuffed him with a sizable anal insertion... an inflatable model. That combined with a pair of my shoes, moderately heeled, not an easy fit, will alter his gait, drawing unwanted attention to he, whom I have spent many weeks transforming into a shy recluse.

“Come. To the bank. You are not to speak unless spoken to and you are to be polite...

docile... subservient to all. You know I like that.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” a reluctant Douglas replies.

Out my apartment door to the elevator, in stepping within I test my veiled control device, reaching to the back of the loose flowing blouse, where beneath there awaits taped to his skin the inflating bulb for his anal insertion. As the elevator descends, I have fun squeezing the bulb and watching Douglas squirm as he realizes that a governing woman can manipulate well inside his viscera as we walk about.

“When I walk you, you are to hold my hand at all times, Douglas.” Not as convincing as the nostril leash, but Douglas knows who is in charge. It is imperative that he always feel the directing hand of a woman. Always.

Arriving home from the office, there comes a knock on my apartment door before I can tend to Douglas.

Strange.

Through the peep hole I recognize the trim athletic form of Ann Cromwell, or whatever is her real name, her look radiating calm, cool confidence.

I open expressing pleasant surprise.

“An official visit, doctor. We check on those collecting disability.” The ruse continues, though we both know the real story.

“Of course, Ms. Cromwell, come in,” having no reason not to play along.

“There are those who accept the payments fraudulently,” she declares most officiously. “Well Douglas remains unable to work. He has a bit of a mobility problem right now.”

Yes, why not play along? And it is true, since Douglas lies thoroughly bound in his Segufix restraints patiently waiting... perhaps impatiently, it does not matter... for my return...

bladder relief due... freed to prepare my dinner, a task which he anticipates with great enthusiasm... then to be fed his foul sludge.

“He’s in the spare bedroom. I think you know where that is. We must be quiet in entering,” I forewarn, the sound activated penis probe set at maximum voltage.

I enter, Ms. Cromwell follows obliging wordlessly as I turn off the electrical stimulator.

“I read in his file where he was subjected to shock treatment during his interrogation,” she so disingenuously comments, the voltage applied by her hand.

As I slip out the probe, Douglas’s toes and fingers twitch fervently, the sound of Ms. Cromwell’s voice, the ‘good cop’, bringing a serenade of bells on thumbs and toes. The trepidation is apparent.

“Excellent to see him so well controlled, doctor.”

“The electrical penis probe is sound activated,” I explain. “The bells ring with the slightest motion and results in a substantial charge to the penis. He quickly learned to remain completely motionless when strapped down for the day.”

““Therapy?”

I smile, my turn to continue the ruse.

“It is best for a boy like Douglas, yes.”

“May I use your bathroom? I’ve been making many calls and I not had an opportunity to go.”

“Douglas will accommodate, he’s been well trained,” taking the hint.

Undergarments apparently optional for government employees, Ms. Ann Cromwell, master interrogator, smiles as she hikes up the skirt of her business suit. Pubes neatly trimmed, smooth but athletic thighs she turns to display an equally shapely posterior.

With Douglas remaining blindfolded, she dexterously grasps his nostril leash, gently tugs upwards in the signal to open, then adroitly seats herself over his face. As I noted many weeks ago, it is as simple as sitting on a bidet and I know that Douglas by rote will compliantly conform his mouth and lips to oblige, aligning with the urethral opening and accepting a most torrential flow.

“Have you ever thought of caging him? The Segufix straps are most restrictive.”

As she speaks, I note motion in Douglas’s throat. Yes, he partakes, just as he daily accepts my elixir.

“I want him compliant and eager to move under my dominion. After both a long day and a long night thoroughly bound, you’d be surprised how energetically he approaches the most demeaning of tasks.”

“Nice and clean, Douglas,” Ms. Cromwell demands, bladder apparently empty, the offered command pleasant but firm.

“Has a certain name been divulged?” this Ms. Cromwell finally getting to the real point of her impromptu visit.

“It’s long gone, I can assure you. After his ordeal, it is fortunate that he remembers his own name.”

It dawns that I have power well beyond keeping Douglas as a well-restrained house servant. One word from me and the brunt of the entire government anti-terrorist services would be brought to bear on Douglas. Yes, another rendition... one of permanency, ending with an unmarked grave, or a thought more enticing for my non vanilla side, long term institutionalization. There they would induce insanity, assuring thereafter that anything divulged... such as the name of a high-ranking government official engaging in sadomasochistic homosexual acts... would be deemed the rantings of a lunatic. I have read of prisoners in the so termed supermax penitentiaries becoming despondent in permanent lockdown, depression forever dulling cerebral activity to the level of a vegetative state.

“Tongue,” Ms. Cromwell commands again.

“I hope you don’t mind, doctor, he’s been exceptionally well trained,” she comments, shuddering with the first wave of oral pleasure.

I smile with the irony. Yes, well trained by you... you pert imposter, I think to myself. Still, I can share my toys like a good girl, dichotomously feeling that accomplished wet tongue slither and flutter well within my vaginal opening.

“Amazing that the only thing that moves are his tongue and lips. Not a bell to be heard.”

Yes, as demanded, a most compliant Douglas performs cunnilingus motionless and in complete silence... not even his breath to be heard or felt, thanks to the firm directing hand of a resolute woman and large water basin. And Ms. Cromwell, not being a shy girl, basks in the offered joy... Douglas’s absolute docility enhancing the sense of sexual power.

“Some wine, Ms. Cromwell? Perhaps we should talk... after Douglas has... pleased.” She nods and I step out, leaving her to many orgasms I am sure.

Penis training continues. Mixing the tadalafil into Douglas's faux excrement, his system is physically prepared to perform for me. My boy just needs a psychological prompt... which I offer... waving about a syringe now filled with saline. That and some coaxing words and Douglas stiffens for me... eager to please... eager to be put on display.

"My goodness Douglas, I think it's growing," I coo in a sultry voice, amused in knowing it is not to be touched... ever.

Yes, the sizable useless organ remains neglected. Other than my fingers directing bladder relief and inserting the electrical probe, the penis remains untouched, the nitric oxide injections no longer required, just as I predicted.

Saturday nights Roger visits religiously, probably a poor choice of adverb, for the depravity deepens, and I have decided to withhold vanilla sex altogether. He cannot compete with the Sybian, and continuously introducing new homoerotic activities brings heightened levels of delight, well beyond that offered in riding Roger's barely sufficient joystick.

During Roger's visits Douglas remains erect, his conditioned priapism, his chastity a symbol of my authority, his frustration well-tempered by absolute obedience.

On one Saturday night visit Douglas knelt in the living room and I positioned Roger standing to his front. I sat to his side, a gloved hand working well into his rectum as the sole Sunday morning prostate therapy has been deemed inadequate. I now masturbate on Saturday as well.

"Henceforth I'll stroke you Saturday night and Sunday mornings, Roger. That way you'll leave here well drained and your prostate gland in top health."

As stated, masturbating a male of Roger's age while standing requires a degree of stamina. But I had him ejaculate quickly, before his knees gave way. Peering at Douglas's kneeling nakedness, mammoth erection well displayed, seemed to prompt arousal. And of course, my knowing fingers kneaded well within his rectum while I stroked.

I was delighted to achieve a bulls-eye, offering Douglas a goodly wad of hot sperm, splattering at the forehead between his brow and comically drooling down to an eager tongue.

Yes, he took it all, ingesting with zeal as trained. And though Roger objected to having a male tongue cleanse his spent organ, I detected a degree of feigning reluctance as he declined... on this occasion.

I suspect in a number of weeks, that it will not be my stroking hand to bring ultimate climax... though prostate massage will continue.

After all, Douglas is so accomplished at fellatio... why should I so earnestly labor?

“Unemployed? As in fired?” my tone both of concern and surprise.

“My project, after a year and a half, has been postponed... though probably cancelled.”

I know it to be related to the defense department and I know there have been cutbacks announced. It seems Roger has been downsized.

Having friends and acquaintances financially struggle is not good. Though my situation is stable, it is burdensome to be associated with contention, the inability to make a living fostering self-doubt, the sense of uselessness seeps and depresses, pressure to find new employment can stress. Besides, Roger buys good wine, not to be procured again. “I’ll need to cut expenses. Can’t cover the rent on an unemployment check.” He’s hinting... and I am not committing. The situation requires thought.

“We’ll talk on Saturday evening,” I conclude, informing that a patient awaits.

Later, walking home, I reflect. Roger certainly is well aware of my non vanilla side. The Saturday evenings of CFNM have been regular and many. He knows I have a propensity for bondage... for sexual power.... for governance. He does not shrink from my controlling hand jobs and has so much come to enjoy... probably need at this point... that he permits me to masturbate him before a closely observing Douglas... a scene otherwise giving rise to homophobia.

He understands that Douglas is an abject servant... a sexual slave who performs for me on command. I am sure Roger’s plodding analytic mind has by now extrapolated that if Douglas so willingly... eagerly... ingests sperm, there is probably not much limit to his ‘diet’.

What he does not know... the Segufix restraints have remained out of sight in the spare bedroom... the severity... the intensity... of my need to reign not fully conveyed. He is unaware that Douglas survives on dog food, the faux excrement. He is unaware that I moisten during the humiliating feeding hour, spooning the horrid mass into that edentulous mouth and thrilling at Douglas’s humble words of thanks and the well programmed request for more. Though my quim no longer serves as a repository for Roger’s seed, he never realized that with every visit Douglas tenderly and fastidiously cleansed me of every drop of his spending, the notion of cuckolding spurring amazing orgasms.

Well, Roger is hinting that his apartment will have to go... that he will need a place to stay. If I agree to be of assistance, the full regimen of Douglas’s servitude will come to light.

And it will also come to light that it is indeed therapy... but for me as well.

Not only have I been unable to quench my thirst for sexual diabolism, I am addicted. I am a ravenous spider and must have more... and poor Roger isn't falling into my web... he's flying in at full throttle.

And he's to be fully entangled, I conclude in unlocking my apartment door.

A well bound Douglas awaits. I am going to have him stand for me. We have progressed to where a mere verbal command, the sound of my voice, will initiate tumescence. In purchasing a webcam, I will be able to observe his prone and well strapped form from the office. I am also working on a communication system which will signal him to harden for me without painfully triggering his penis probe.

Control... I crave it.

Financial independence certainly augments my desires, I cannot help thinking as I rest between patients.

Before me is my computer and I click to the secretive web address I have created, worth the modest monthly sum. Coming onto the screen is Douglas, lying in restraints as he spends so many, many hours deprived of motion, initially his thoughts running rampant, now dulled and focused on me... as intended. Yes, the brain cells somewhat stir... but not much else.

I click the mouse on a small unassuming window at the bottom of the screen. It triggers a tiny earphone placed in Douglas's right ear, signaling that I am observing... and that I want him to stiffen for me.

I smile, my need satiated... a partial and temporal sate... as the organ which has been totally under feminine governance for nearly four months quivers. Yes, I have reversed his impotency. Engorgement commences. Yes, he now stiffens... but only under the tutelage of a woman.

Such cheap entertainment... some equipment... an understanding computer programmer... some investment of my time... many cans of dog food.

Yet, there is more. Ms. Ann Cromwell suggested a cage. Once implanted the thought intrigued, and I have commissioned such. Large, sturdy, it is to be fabricated of the hardest of tempered stainless steel, the welding and cutting quite costly. Ah, the joys of financial independence.

Yes, while Roger organizes his affairs and possessions, I do some organizing myself.

Also, on order, a chastity device. I'll not be able to keep Roger bound like Douglas. I'll want him out interviewing for employment. But I will not permit unsupervised male gratification in my home. There I reign supremely, and orgasms are to be well regulated.

In fairness to Roger, it is best to review the rules before he negotiates out of his lease and has no alternative other than my place. Matter of fact, it is probably more than fair on my part.

After all, moving in is his idea not mine.

So, as I watch Douglas stiffen for me, I place a phone call to Roger and arrange dinner. "Just talk, Roger, at my place. Though I will still want you shaved and naked."

I receive a positive but rather tremulous response to my more authoritative voice. Previous conversations with Roger were about dating... this is about changing his life. And I think he knows it.

Five minutes before 7 p.m. I give Douglas the command to stiffen. His priapic state will juxtapose nicely with his presentment. Hair now fully grown to the shoulders, I have it most effeminately coifed. Make up... the works... mascara, rouge, lipstick, plucked and slicked eyebrows... offers prettiness. Most feminine in appearance, the eight plus inches of hard but well subjugated phallus will stun.

Sipping wine, now my turn to assume a look of Schadenfreude, the doorbell rings at one minute after seven. I snap my fingers and a prancing Douglas knows to respond, raging hard on seeming to waggle in cadence with his many bells.

I hear the door open and shut then the clothing box and Roger steps into the living room to offer the audience I have demanded.... nude and shaven.

"Douglas, some wine for Roger."

Impoverished, he no longer buys vino. I shall miss his meticulous analyses and tasteful procurement.

I reach out and gently pat his hairless testicles, the gesture setting the desired atmosphere... my desired atmosphere.

"How's the job search?"

"Frustrating," a rote reply as he peers at the coffee table, his engineer's mind not to be denied the opportunity to scrutinize.

“It’s a chastity device, Roger. One of the subjects of our talk. I trust you’re not intending to move in for the sex.”

He looks at me aghast. Is it the device... the suggestion that he has an ulterior motive for the move... or that I am hinting at a form of denial? Probably all three provoke the reaction, though the modified CB3000 does tend to bring consternation... to the male.

“A standard device, Roger, with some refinements. A special insert in the cock cage to assure any swelling will be well inhibited. I’m going to pierce you and insert the Prince’s Wand for good measure. And there will be some wiring for the application of electricity.”

The thin cylinder of stainless steel seems to attract most interest, the male mind quickly extrapolating its use. A hollow tube about a centimeter in diameter, it slips into the urethra. Quite cleverly, the inner most three inches are flexible links and can give to allow deep insertion. The outer three inches are cast steel, unyielding and not to be bent. At the tip there is a transverse post which will be thrust through the Prince Albert piercing to be performed. Its terminus will rest outside the cock cage and will accommodate a small padlock.

Thus, not only will the large base ring of the CB3000 be locked about his testicles and penis, the tip of his penis will be secured as well, never able to be pulled back or subject to the slightest undesired manipulation.

Also displayed on the table are three flanged tube-like implements which will slip over the flaccid penis and, as suggested, very much discourage even a hint of swelling. Small, medium, large, snugness is important and I pick up the smallest and wriggle my finger for Roger to approach.

“Tightness Roger. It’s important.”

A strangely obedient Roger stands as I align his penis and labor to slip the smallest tube over the tip. It is difficult but I manage and once past the more bulbous head, the inch of smooth hard plastic slides to the base where, when I want to invoke chastity, it will attach to the CB3000. The Prince’s Wand prevents erection, the constraining tube will obviate the slightest engorgement.

“A good fit. How does it feel.”

“Very confining.”

“As intended. You will not even think about getting hard. And if such becomes a problem there are these.”

I hold up the manufacturer’s suggested addition for naughty boys... termed the points of intrigue. Such likewise fit inside the cage and are not smooth but instead have

eponymous spikes which will painfully counter any swelling. Three sets, the points vary in length and ability to convince the bearer of his abject denial.

“And this?” Roger’s inquiry akin to the condemned ironically seeking detail on the operation of the electric chair.

“The power unit. When taped to your tummy with wiring your Prince’s Wand and a rectal probe will allow me to offer a little voltage whenever a whim befalls... or if you are disobedient.”

Roger’s look becomes forlorn as I hold up the remote control device. I note he glances at a fully erect Douglas, standing nearby and awaiting my simplest directive.

“*He’s* permitted erection.”

“A woman’s prerogative. Douglas’s penis stiffens when I want to be amused. Yours will as well... but not nearly as often. I am sure by now you are aware of my proclivities, Roger. And you know I have taken very good care of your glands over the months of our relationship. You will not suffer or bear harm... physically.”

“You’ll milk me?” his words garbled and uttered with remorse.

I shake my head, smiling... wry... perhaps devilish.

“No. That will be Douglas’s task.”

Cruel, taking advantage of Roger, forthrightly introducing him to a few facets of his new existence in my apartment. And of course, I did so on the day he negotiated the breaking of his lease. So essentially, it was wear the CB3000 or become homeless.

However, even older boys like Roger need guidance. I would not want him to think he’d be simply lounging about my place, watching old movies and maybe taking on an occasional job interview. No Roger will earn his keep... by entertaining me.

The Prince Albert piercing went quickly and simply... for me. It seems for Roger it was rather cathartic... painfully cathartic. I secured his wrists in Posey cuffs then, while he laid on the kitchen table, I put on an elaborate show of assembling ice, ostensibly to numb. I didn’t.

While he was distracted, thinking his genitals would be immersed in slushy cold, I merely grasped his penis and thrust, a curved needle entering the urethral opening, penetrating the underside of the tip then exiting beneath.

He screamed like little girl, the myriad of nerve endings there which offer the male some eighty percent of sexual pleasure forced to yield to a sharp marauding shard of steel directed by a woman... such an affront to male pride.

And so calloused of me... but pain is all in the mind and is intended to ensure the body is aware of and avoids harm. There is no harm.

After penetration I used the ice to minimize bleeding then stuffed the opening with a slim bar to hold open the flesh while healing.

“There, neat and quick, Roger. Just a little stab and one large step closer to bearing the Prince’s Wand for me.”

Judging by his look, he did not agree with my assessment.

I suppose it is somewhat unfair to have Roger so thoroughly locked up and Douglas free to stand. And it is somewhat instinctive for a mother to treat all her boys the same. But I have this non vanilla side which demands satiation... to not avoid depravity but instead embrace it and revel in its offerings.

Roger returned three days later, having cleaned out his apartment and either junked many lesser belongings or sent anything coveted to a distant relative for storage. In mandating one suitcase, he even had to triage his clothing, arriving with a set of business attire for job interviews, some leisure wear should I take him out on a date, and required underwear.

He did not need much, knowing that the protocol of nakedness in my presence... in my apartment... would be staunchly enforced. And indeed, I immediately took the suitcase under my control, locking it away. I made a point of shredding the clothing he arrived in... a symbolic and somewhat dramatic welcoming to his new life.

Yes, for the first time Douglas remained in his Segufix restraints as I personally greeted Roger, his apartment emptied then quickly leased to another. A defining moment in one’s life, leaving so much behind... and more importantly having no options other than to humbly enter my lair.

The CB3000 awaited along with the Prince’s Wand and assorted accouterments and after Roger stripped and I shredded, I wordlessly led him to the kitchen and patted the table where he knew to sit and part his knees.

First came the base ring of the CB3000, snugly encircling both the scrotum and the base of the penis at the top. Then came that tight encircling penis tube which inhibits swelling, for some reason even tougher to slip on then when I tested it nights before. Yet, the firmer the fit, the more Roger will feel the effect of my control. And so, I took

my time and eventually pressed it to greet the base ring where two prongs slipped into preset holes in the flange.

Then came the delicious moment for the Prince's Wand. I remained silent, Roger instinctively knowing to keep his hands on the back of his head.

The one-centimeter tube entered his penis tip without any effort. But then as it slithered inward, growing friction on the most sensitive of skin, that which bore salt capsules when punishing Douglas, brought anguish. Intended to reside well inside the male organ, the flexible inner segment I knew would eventually come to rest at the prostate gland, offering constant manipulation. The outer portion, rigid and unbending, would offer a very much enhanced sense of chastity... of feminine control... when locked the penetrating cylinder very much obviating tumescence.

Roger moaned but obediently took my offering of steel. Then the transverse post, a small loop to bear a tiny padlock, slipped into the recent Prince Albert opening and when it greeted the cylinder, my fingers twisted, turning to attach it to the wand.

"There," finally speaking, more drama as my words framed the event, "how do you feel?"

With penis stuffed and tightly encircled, I know how he feels... owned... governed... controlled.

"It's... it's tight... and confining." My smile evidenced how I felt.

The cock cage was more easily donned, greeting the prongs and locking in place at the base ring. The post of the Prince's Wand was then pressed through the vents of the cage, a small lock inserted into the loop then clicking closed to complete Roger's rather extensive and delightfully thorough chastity.

"Comfortable?"

Roger had to nod. And though I was referring to physical comfort, I do believe that deep within Roger was mentally comfortable as well.

There are boys who need guidance...

"Just another burden relieved, Roger. The urge for sex and climactic ecstasy is no longer your problem to address. All those nasty choices, decisions about when to get off and how, are no longer yours to make. So yes, I can imagine it to be quite a comfortable sense of relief." The words, though daunting for the male, are accepted.

"You're going to practice urinating. Hence, you'll be squatting to pee," I advise in encouraging the intake of two large glasses of water. "But the Prince's Wand will make it easy to aim and keep things neat."

He nods and I pause as the second glass is consumed.

“Now, I have something to show you.”

In the spare bedroom, Douglas rests in forced immobility. And nearby is Roger’s shiny new cage.

Adding a second camera in the spare bedroom was quick and cheap. So now I sit in my office and between patients, or even during a session if I so choose, can check on both my boys. In viewing Douglas, the amusement comes in clicking the button to have him harden for me. Switching to Roger’s camera, the entertainment is a little more lively, watching him struggle to acclimate to the cage and his neck collar and chain.

Yes, not out of concern for escape, but as an added symbol of my governance, I have

Roger collared in a rather formidable, heavy circle of matching stainless steel with a chain running to the top bars at the very middle of the cage. There I can easily adjust the slack, assuring that he can only lie down when I want him to lie down. Something as simple as sleeping will no longer be at his prerogative.

Also, not for reasons of cost, the height of the cage is limited, just high enough for Roger to kneel upright like a begging dog, but nowhere near high enough to stand. With Posey wrist cuffs clipped together behind his back, he can somewhat shuffle about on his knees, but not very far. Though the cage is broad, some ten feet by ten feet, the permitted slack does not allow him even near the bars.

So, as I await my next patient, observing while the limited length of the neck chain mandates that Roger struggle to find a comfortable position, I revel in clicking from camera to camera, watching Roger’s reaction, his envious stare, as Douglas achieves the erection he is denied.

He is a very nicely endowed boy... and he is mine. The thought brings vaginal twitches as the intercom sounds to announce the arrival of my next appointment.

“One moment.”

There are now more options available to my mouse than just signaling Douglas to stiffen for me. As noted, I have Roger wired as well, his rectum stuffed with an electrical probe, his Prince’s Wand charged to accept voltage deep within a penis forcibly flaccid. So, I need to cheer myself before sitting and listening to the ‘woes’ of my next fabulously wealthy client. I point and click and apply a minor charge to the Prince’s Wand... just enough voltage so that Roger knows I am monitoring. His grimace brings a smile. Now I am ready to listen.

“Send in Mr. Farnsworth.”

Regrettably, because Roger is given to moan and groan even with the most moderate of shocks, I find it necessary to turn down the sound activated penis probe. It’s not fair to Douglas to have him jolted every time Roger squeals in pain.

But amazingly, Douglas remains perfectly motionless even without the reminding voltage. Penis probe remaining in place as a reminder, a bell never to be heard, I have an automaton, a boy who is perfectly disciplined, stiffening when I have the urge to view captured male virility, eager to be released from the Segufix restraints and serve, always accommodating my juices... all my juices, and such an appetite for what he believes to be excrement.

The latter, I am happy to report, places Roger in a funk.

“It’s shit!” he explicitly and most disobediently called out in observing an early feeding.

And whom am I to correct, further ingraining Douglas’s belief while demonstrating my unlimited power to Roger... the power to own the male mind. He watched, noting my smile as Douglas thanked me for every spoonful then so humbly asked for more, expressing enthusiastic delight in pleasing me... accepting my offering of the foulest of substances, truly not aware of the truth.

So, Roger learns in further detail of my craving for bondage... and more.

Unless scheduled for a job interview, he is caged during the workday. The neck chain offers some freedom of motion but with the limited slack he cannot lie down and with the limited height of the cage he cannot stand. Instead, he gazes at the pinnacle of my authority, the naked thoroughly trussed form of a naked Douglas, the stiffening of his penis at my behest the only motion throughout the day.

Since I have concurred with Roger’s habitation in order to be entertained, I have developed a most amusing protocol. After dinner, Douglas having served, Roger now cleaning afterwards, my concupiscence having slowly stirred, we retreat to the spare bedroom. Though

Roger each day becomes a little more accustomed to his nakedness before a fully attired woman, Douglas’s belled and effeminate presence continues to offer trepidation. The homophobia is deliciously well ingrained, and I use it to add to the nightly sport.

“Shower time,” I announce knowing the simple words bring despair.

“Please ma’am, I can wash alone.”

I just smile and point, directing Roger to follow his belled housemate, his chiming form already moving toward the spare bathroom.

It's locked of course and I must follow with the key. The room large, the shower sizable, I cannot resist observing as I have my boys shower together, insisting they lather each other... and get to know each other quite intimately.

"What happens here stays here, Roger," I playfully remind as I have him soap Douglas's penis and scrotum.

I have not yet had Douglas harden during such ablutions, that will come in time.

At the end of the first week, Roger's CB3000 remaining in place at all times, I deem it Douglas's turn to tend to the male package. The electrical box and wiring are removed then Roger finds himself in Posey wrist cuffs, hands connected behind while I hand Douglas the keys and instruct.

"Release the Prince's Wand first. Then unlock the anchor ring around his package.

You'll find the entire cage slips away and the ring opens for removal." Tender male hands obey while Roger sputters objections.

"Quiet Roger, it will feel good to be released, Douglas will clean more thoroughly and shave. And perhaps you'll put on a nice stand for me."

Unlikely with the Prince's Wand remaining well stuffed in his urethra. But with the number of days held in strict chastity there will be some reaction.

Well, the cage slides away, the unlocked post of the Prince' Wand slipping through the vent slots. But I am heartened to note that the tight tube which discourages even the slightest swelling, does not slip off. Yes, I have selected well the size and watch as Douglas's efforts, those fingers rummaging about on genitals brought to extreme sensitivity, initiates the swelling the tube forcefully prohibits. A minor tug of war develops, Roger protesting though I know the palpations to be enjoyed, and I finally have to advise.

"Douglas, turn on the water, soap up the penis shaft, then slide it off."

With that, shower time begins. Two completely naked males brought to the most intimate of contact. Slipping the restricting tube off the penis tip, pierced by the post residing in the Prince Albert opening, requires effort, gruffly pulling the post outward, forcefully elongating the organ, to bring a moment of intense discomfort. But much soap helps and the flesh yields, Roger sensing the relief of rarely offered freedom where he senses the most.

Posey cuffs the only covering, Douglas laves Roger's form everywhere, his homophobia long disassembled courtesy of the Slavic woman and the U.S. government. And Roger... well there are verbal objections... on this occasion. But over the many, many weeks of continued chastity, I suspect he will come to enjoy the weekly release. For I will not touch him, never, and the skin there needs to breathe from time to time. Pubic hair is best minimized, and besides I think deep within he likes showing off for me.

Yes, despite burdened with the deeply penetrating steel wand, Roger's libido signals the release of hormones and he comically attempts to harden. It won't stand for me of course, and stroking it will bring aggravation, but his organ does thicken, and I note that ice will be required to return the restricting tube and get him back into the cock cage.

Bathing time ends with Douglas applying the straight edged razor, removing all stubble. Then with the aid of ice, Roger, now somewhat basking in the feel of Douglas's tender care, is returned to the restricting tube, the CB3000, and the padlock of the Prince's Wand.

And I? Well for me its Sybian time. And since we're former lovers, I let Roger watch from his cage as first I ride to some half dozen orgasms then mount Douglas's face for cleansing and the more subtle pleasure of oral servitude.

To break a man, one does not have to have the biceps of a circus strong man, ala the Slavic woman. Nor does it require the unsurpassed control offered by the likes of the nostril tube borne by Douglas. For me adjusting the length of Roger's neck chain more than suffices.

Slipping through a narrow opening at the very center of the top, the free end of the chain outside the cage can be pulled taut or slackened at my whim, a locking mechanism holding it in place after adjustment.

And so, after Roger crawls into his cage and I clip the chain onto his collar, I simply tug the opposing end then in turn clip that as well. As stated, I normally deny enough slack to lie down. This also inhibits most lateral movement as well, the cage broad and deep, and Roger cannot even touch the bars when so tethered.

When I want to permit sleep, I merely offer enough slack so he can lower himself... but not an inch more.

So, it's a simple matter to deprive sleep... or at least recuperative sleep. For the first few weeks I remove such slack that most times he must kneel upright. There are times when he passes out in that position, a form of orthostatic syncope. The broad and thick steel neck collar does not inhibit breathing and he safely dangles on his knees at the end of my chain.

But the curious effect that returns consciousness... the tension on the spinal cord prompts tumescence. So, his entrapped penis attempts to engorge and the resulting pain and discomfort of the CB3000 quickly snaps him awake... so the cycle can repeat and he can again lose consciousness and slowly faint... and again begin to stiffen.

Most times in the middle of the night, I will arise from my bed and offer mercy, adjusting the chain and bringing him to a fully supine position. But meanwhile the sleep deprivation transforms the mind. He lives for the simple attention of my fingers, clicking open the clasp to offer at my whim something normally taken for granted... rest.

So, Roger's focus is totally upon me, realizing that I rule all and, in his exhaustion, the will to resist not only dissipates, but evaporates.

Three solid weeks of sharing the shower, washing each other quite intimately, and Roger somewhat begins to acclimate. But then that neglected male gland signals its quest, drool beginning to sully the bottom of his cage.

Yes, it's milking time, and a new obstacle of homophobia will need to be addressed.

I attach a leash to Roger's neck collar and have him crawl from the cage. Into the kitchen Douglas awaits with the bowl into which I so often milk him.

"Prostate milking, Roger. I promised I would continue taking care of you... and that gland."

He expects the removal of the CB3000. But he's not due to be shaven and that's the only time he is freed. It will thus be quite the ordeal to exhaustively relieve him while confined... but it will be done.

"Slip out the anal probe, Douglas. Then it's two fingers to start. By now you know where to knead."

I move a chair most proximate, sitting to the front of Roger's kneeling form, directing the leash such that his head rests between my thighs, his face inches from my mons. Short and loose pleated skirt, no undergarments, I know Roger experiences a whiff of my feminine scent, quite gracious of me after so many weeks of nothing other than Douglas's caring hands.

"Spread nice and wide," I direct.

Bowl between his knees, Douglas tenderly lubricates and Roger of course protests. "Please, not like this."

"It is best for you Roger. The chaste need relief."

Well, Douglas's penetrating fingers, my ripe pubes, moistening with the power of the scene, it's all that is necessary for Roger's maleness to attempt to join in the depravity. Within seconds of Douglas's initial thrust, Roger grimaces, his swelling penis fighting its enclosure, the restricting tube within performing admirably.

"Please, it hurts."

I momentarily ignore and reach to flip up the hem of my skirt, offering an unimpeded view of my sex, trimmed, the scent wafting strongly, the gathering moisture in great need of Douglas's accomplished tongue and lips. For Roger, this of course spurs more well suppressed firmness and I just smile with the sense of governance, homoerotically forcing male essence from my latest acquisition.

There come some droplets accompanied by moans and pleas. Finally, I relent.

"Douglas, ice him down."

For me, it is even more powerful both relieving a man of his essence against his will and denying the ecstasy of ejaculation... his ecstasy.

I suspect I in turn will spend wildly... and pleurably.

I cannot adequately describe my sense of gratification in having my two boys engage in numerous homoerotic undertakings. Roger remains apprehensive and appalled, Douglas, having been so thoroughly brainwashed, just engages by rote reaction to my commands and snaps of my fingers.

For example, I have Douglas offer Roger full body massages... at my behest and for my entertainment. And yes, despite the veneer of homophobia, Roger will become stimulated and his penis will fight its encumbrance.

He will never admit that the feel of Douglas's attentive hands and fingers bring arousal. Instead, he will grimace as the tight tube suppresses and the Prince's Wand brings equal discomfort.

I also have Douglas's penis stiffen during such intimate intervals. A nice firm eight plus inches, wagging about in cadence with Douglas's body motion accompanied by the chiming of his many bells. It greatly amuses, not only watching a male organ so much under my tutelage, but also observing Roger's look of envy.

His is locked away, his denial absolute, only to be freed by a fellow male who will clean, shave and at my command lock back into chastity.

Other times I will offer Roger the task of licking Douglas's glabrous scrotum. Whenever

Douglas stiffens for me the wonderfully pink, robust sac, seemingly bursting with male essence, comes most prominently into view. I have Douglas stand and Roger kneel most proximate, those sizable plumbs mere inches from tongue and lips.

"Give him a nice broad lap of your tongue Roger. It would be so kind after all the care he offers you."

Roger will refuse of course, his psyche just not quite able to dispense with such unwarranted phobia, despite his growing desire to please me.

And so, he'll just sleep a little less with each refusal.

Meanwhile, he must watch me ride the Sybian... and ride Douglas's face... each and every evening. Yes, his naked chained form, his extreme chastity, inspire amazing sybaritic episodes.

Sometimes I can barely make the few steps to my blindfolded and well restrained oral servant.

It is difficult to determine the level of Roger's enthusiasm in finding a new job. Such an accomplishment would result in relocation and the end of his chastity. But I am not convinced he finds that all the elements of my paradigm bring anxiety and distress.

Could it be that Roger has a non-vanilla side that complements mine?

Still, about once a week I must release him from his steel cage and his neck collar and unlock his business attire. He'll spend most of the day in an interview or two then return and wait for me at the apartment door. He has no key... and I give him only subway and cab fare... so he has nowhere to go but to patiently... and humbly... await the end of my work day.

Then he's to be strip naked, don the collar, and depending on the time of day and my mood, maybe back to the cage... or perhaps some amusing interaction with my naked oral servant. Resistance... reluctance... the slightest hesitation... is easily modified. A jolt to the either the penis... the Prince's Wand remains wired... or the metal anal probe, brings instant compliance, my remote control always at the ready.

I am beginning to enjoy feeding time more and more as I always offer to Roger a dollop of the faux excrement which he so adorably finds to be repulsive.

“Douglas so much enjoys the sludge, Roger, eating so ravenously. Perhaps I will program you as well,” I threaten. “Boys without pride have a certain attraction... the humility is so alluring.”

Then one day we have a heart to heart, well into his stay, the rejection of his resume beginning to wear... perhaps along with my governance.

“Can I lie down more... get more sleep?” his tone thrillingly humble.

“That is not for you to decide. Four hours rest is plenty, otherwise you can dangle from your neck collar... it’s safe. Ask again and I will shorten, both your chain and the allotted time for lying down.”

So autocratic of me, but it is best for him.

“What about release... you know... from this?” pointing to his CB3000.

“You’re released once per week. I think Douglas does a very nice job of cleaning you and shaving your scrotum.”

“No, I mean real release.”

“You mean getting your rocks off. How self-centered of you, Roger. Douglas milks you about every other week. At your age that’s plenty. You know keeping you chaste pleases me...and that’s why you are here.”

“Will I ever again... climax?”

“Yes. At my behest and under my parameters. When you next ejaculate I think it will be one of the most gratifying episodes of your sexual experience.”

“When?”

“When you agree to have Douglas fellate you,” I proclaim, stifling the urge to cackle.

Roger appears benumbed, the thought of the ultimate homoerotic act so appalling, despite the many weeks of intimate interaction... bathing together... massage.

“He’s very good, Roger. Douglas has been trained ad infinitum. You know he places the pleasure of others foremost. It’s operant conditioning, and it has been rather thoroughly applied.

He’ll swallow whatever you offer and be quite grateful for the opportunity to please.”

“Am I being subjected to conditioning?”

“The answer does not matter. You’re to be subjected to however I desire. Whether you are aware... whether you agree... whether you resist... in the end you will perform for me.” Roger looks so dejected... and I am moistening with my own firm words.

“And Roger, you will reciprocate... in time. I don’t permit Douglas any climactic ecstasy, but for all the care he offers you, his balls would very much appreciate the attention of your tongue.”

With that, I move to the Sybian. Douglas lies well bound and blindfolded, tongue and lips eager to cleanse then please. I have his penis stiffen for my ride, gazing at virility denied heightens my lust. Roger remains caged, the short chain mandating the upright kneeling position from which he will observe in heated desire as the amazing machine hums and vibrates and the delightful phallus obscenely waggles within.

Tonight, I will disrobe entirely, my complete nakedness adding to his frustration, and I will return his woeful gaze with looks of ecstasy, though the many orgasms will bring dark pauses, my eyes closing as I enter sexual nirvana.

Strange, I click to my secretive website and there is nothing!

I manually reenter the address, offer again the long code. And again, there is blankness.

It’s past midday and I have one more appointment. As noted, I check on my naked and bound captives frequently, mostly between patients unless someone bores me to tears, then I watch in amusement while pretending to listen to the perceived drudgery of the spoiled rich.

Perplexed and concerned, I rush through the last patient of the day and announce my quick departure. My leisurely walk home, during which I normally reflect and plan, becomes a panicky dash. What could go wrong with static cameras and a web address?

Arriving, it’s immediately to the spare bedroom. I am shocked upon entering.

Roger is gone!

How could he possibly release himself?

I investigate. The locking cage door has been rifled, and the sturdy padlock snapped by presumably formidable cutters. His neck chain likewise has been cut. I look to the cameras. Both are covered by towels. Someone has broken in and for whatever reason released Roger.

With the cameras focused on cage and the hospital bed, a person could easily enter the room, remain out of camera sight and cover the lenses. But who? Why? And how is it

that he... she... they... were so well prepared, knowing of the need to cut steel... and the need to conceal themselves from the cameras?

I check on Douglas. He silently rests blindfolded in his Segufix bonds, nothing apparently tampered. But he quakes. He has heard all and I will need to debrief him.

I calm myself and decide it is best to question him while more reserved. I step to the kitchen for a glass of wine, knowing that a distraught Douglas will spew better, more accurate information if I as interrogator show no signs of distress. There is not much more I can do.

Calling the police would be... well the story difficult to divulge.

In the kitchen there is a note placed I assume where someone felt it would be most conspicuous.

We have Roger. Do not be alarmed. In time he will be returned. But first we need to offer some conditioning of our own. We need to meet. I suggest Saturday afternoon. Your apartment is best. Douglas is not to visually identify me please.

It is the handwriting of Ann Cromwell. Of course, only she and her government operatives would have the boldness to again enter my apartment and, on this occasion, somehow smuggle out my naked captive... though it is reasonable to assume they offered some form of covering.

They drugged Douglas for his rendition. How difficult would it be to subdue a naked, caged and chained male?

Well, it's Thursday. It appears I will soon have the explanation my psyche demands.

Meanwhile I return to the spare bedroom. The presence of Ann Cromwell explains Douglas's apoplexy, particularly when I note that his blindfold is moist... and reeks of feminine essence.

Once again, Ms. Ann Cromwell has not been able to resist the refined oral skills of he, she so demandingly trained to gratify with tongue and lips. Her brazenness brings a smile.

Saturday, I have Douglas clean extensively and prepare hors d'oeuvres. At about 3:00 I return him to the spare bedroom, restraining him as always in his many Segufix cuffs and straps.

Wine and a travel magazine occupy my mind... spurring a thought... perhaps someday I will take Douglas on a cruise...

The doorbell rings near 4:00 p.m. Through the peephole I spy the alluring Ann Cromwell offering a wave. I open and welcome.

“Not sure why I bother keeping the door locked,” I quip.

To the living room, I find the dreary task of serving is now mine. I miss my naked servants already.

Wine, cheese and crackers to start, small talk ensues, though in knowing that Ms.

Cromwell is one of us, I suspect she will quickly become direct... and she does.

“I’m afraid we’ve had the temerity to monitor your website,” she announces, the words apologetic but her tone not.

“But how...”

“We’re the government... we developed the internet, remember. At some point it all goes through our pipeline,” she cuts in presuming my curiosity.

“It’s just Douglas... and now... or was... Roger. It’s best that I check on them.”

“We understand the demands of long-term bondage as well, doctor. No need to explain, though I am sure viewing was not overly burdensome for you,” her turn to quip, knowing too well of my prurient interest in naked, well subjugated males.

“Our needs have been different. That name... that high ranking government official known to Douglas... the man shown being so blatantly felled on our anti-terrorism production. We remain concerned that it will be divulged. So, in monitoring your private website, you saved us some time and effort in bugging your apartment. We recorded every moment since it was installed... day and night, quite the undertaking.”

“The name has never been revealed. It’s buried very deep in Douglas’s subconscious.

And if he were to come forward... which is not possible... who is to believe him,” I reiterate. “You are correct. It is deeply held. And we know it has not likely been revealed to you. But a few nights ago, in turning off the sound activated punishment system, Douglas began talking in his sleep. Emotional outbursts really, it seems he has had a trying ordeal. Your punishment system would have instantly awakened him and ended the nightmare, but with

Roger’s presence you had to turn it off.”

Ms. Cromwell pauses and sips. I am not completely following her thoughts.

“So...” I prompt.

“There is a good possibility Roger learned the name. There was one very specific outburst during a nightmare and he may have heard. It seems he does not sleep much in being so tightly chained,” Ms. Cromwell smiles, seeming to picture a well bound, dangling Roger.

“I do hope you don’t mind if we add that method to our repertoire of slow torture. Sleep deprivation can be effective... and fun,” she insouciantly adds, then pauses again.

“You’re sure he knows it... the name?”

“We’re not sure of anything... but will not take the chance.” “Where is he?” I know my question is asked in futility.

Sure enough, clandestine government agent Ann Cromwell, or whatever is her real name, just chuckles.

“Oh, he’s enjoying the company of Katerina... the Slavic woman on the tapes.”

Yes, the bad cop, the woman I would so much like to meet. Now I know her name. And after Roger is softened, the slow torture methods extensive and arduously applied, he’ll likewise be introduced to the good cop, Ms. Ann Cromwell. Thereafter, if he does know the name of the high-ranking government official, he will so gleefully give it up...

“How long will you keep him?”

“You want me to preach to the choir? You know breaking a man is sporadic... the timing differing. The more they enjoy the longer it takes. But thereafter we’re going to put him to work.

We’ve captured a young terrorist from one of the tribal areas of... Pakistan... or Afghanistan... the borders are meaningless over there. Well, we’re going to make another movie production.

And this time the boss is smart enough to stay out of it. I think Roger will make the perfect host.

He epitomizes the iconic American... Caucasian... educated... well spoken... sexually brash... he’ll represent the Great Satan admirably.”

Poor Roger. Just as with Douglas, he probably has nothing to reveal, and the zealous efforts of this Katerina and Ms. Cromwell will make him quite regretful that he knows nothing.

Yes, in time, he'll break, I have already softened, and they'll learn his rendition is in vain when, despite his complete subjugation, no name is forthcoming.

Meanwhile I am somewhat envious. After all, Roger is *my* toy.

I suppose I have somewhat overindulged in sexual antics, if such is possible, having two naked male servants. With no one watching in unrequited lust while I ride the Sybian, there is a missing thrill. Observing a sexually denied Roger's envious look as the mechanical phallus waggled about within my love nest, kneading and caressing areas of the vaginal walls in a manner that no real penis can replicate, heightened the physical joy. Knowing that he would also watch while the well-trained tongue and lips of a thoroughly bound Douglas cleansed after the intense physical manipulation drained me, brought a certain mental satiation not before achieved.

Now, it's just Douglas and I find myself entering a state of ennui. To occupy time, I sew, just like so many house-bound women. But my needle work is on Douglas's flesh, adding dozens more tiny bells, each painfully sutured to a carefully gathered and pinched tuft of epidermis.

Yes, for some three weeks I must amuse myself with Douglas... and his penis, trained to stand at a woman's whim, the revelry of my control remaining but now more reserved. Keeping Roger forcibly chaste empowered and I miss it. I console myself envisioning the huge hands of this Katerina woman slowly dunking Roger's face into the water basin, the offering of feces presented for consumption, his refusal prompting another dunk.

Then one evening I return to my apartment and am once again greeted by the scent of unfamiliar perfume. I am no longer alarmed, knowing that the cabalistic Ms. Cromwell has chosen to visit again.

Into the bedroom there lies my motionless Douglas. As I near, I detect the scent of feminine arousal mixing with the perfume and I know she has once again straddled his face and ridden to orgasm. The blindfold remains moist.

Cruelly pinned, this time to the right nipple, is another note.

Such quiet cunnilingus, so energetically offered yet not a bell rang.

This time I flip over the note, remembering with her initial visit the important information offered on the back. Sure enough, there is another web address and another extremely long code. I know what it is, and I find Ms. Cromwell to be uniquely thoughtful. Only she who is one of us can understand the bonding effect... the master and slave relationship which brings a gnaw... like a gastric need for fulfillment.

Wine glass in hand, I retreat to my office study and boot up the computer. I type in the web address and as always carefully transcribe the complicated code. Though I know what I will see, I have this sense of festiveness as there appears a dark screen, white letters ominously posted...

Interrogation, Roger Clearfield, broken, day two.

Even Douglas resisted until day three, is my immediate reaction.

I click on an inviting link and there begins to roll the expected video tape, a duplicate of that seen in the recording of Douglas's interrogation... Roger's nostrils stuffed with the rubber tube, the sizable water basin, the large controlling feminine hand, the firm but polite Slavonically accented voice, an invitation to partake in a gruesome spoonful of excrement, the refusal, the dunk, the sputtering, another invitation.

Yes, within minutes, Roger began to ingest... initially with regret. Yet, with my loins moistening, I watch him learn to feast as day two of his interrogation concludes.

I note there is not a question posed concerning the name. No information is sought. His interrogators will not bring confusion or distraction, initially there is instead but one goal... have the detainee, or whatever the term, agree to undertake the foulest, most disgusting of deeds. Thereafter, once broken, once the interrogators establish control, conditioning the detainee to not only feast but offer thanks and beg for more, there will come a quiet talk... governing female...

completely subjugated male... and he will relish the opportunity to cooperate.

Though repetitive, almost a duplicate of Douglas's videos, I gleefully watch every moment. And by day fourteen, so much excrement ingested, it becomes evident, as the voice of Ms. Cromwell... the good cop... is heard outside of camera lens, a leashed, blindfolded and crawling Roger walked about as her calm confidence exudes feminine control, that Roger does not know the all-important name. If he heard it uttered during Douglas's nightmare, it did not stick. Otherwise, after fourteen days of incredibly cruel psychological torment, he would divulge it... and anything and everything else his captors desired.

Yet, I note there are more available links, despite the conclusion, as I suspected, that

Roger knows not the information that would potentially shatter a government administration.

Then I recall the words of Ms. Cromwell concerning a captured young terrorist from one of the tribal areas of Pakistan or Afghanistan and the making of another movie production... bringing psychological terror to the terrorists.

My giddiness extends. Knowing of Roger's homophobia... knowing that the well-produced anti-terrorist propaganda suggests forced sodomy as the fate of those futilely clashing with the Great Satan, I envision what will ensue.

I click. The huge hand of this Katerina woman returns. Yet it is not tormenting. Instead, there appears the swarthy face of a young male, dark eyes, black hair, obviously the young tribesman allegedly trained as a terrorist. And rather than callously tugging on a nostril leash, the meaty hand applies make up. Yes, tears form, as the young tribesman... really a boy of Douglas's age... is prettified for the camera.

"You're going to look very pretty for me, Yosef. And you will learn to enjoy being pretty."

The tears are summarily brushed away as rouge is applied. Then comes lipstick, and though there is a hint of reluctance, I am certain that multiple dunkings have decimated any will to physically resist. Yes, this Yosef is to be feminized... and the will to object has been demolished.

As the hand completes its task, the camera pans back and Katerina's hand withdraws. A completely naked body fills the screen, young, hairless, the only covering a pair of gaudy red high heeled shoes. There comes the familiar Slavic laugh as the boy obediently places his hands behind his head and seems to pose for the camera.

"Yes, you will appear like a girl for me and so much enjoy," an enthusiastic Katerina offers, the observation prompting a shy smile.

I note the genitals. Hairlessness highlighting his exposure, he is nowhere near as nicely hung as Douglas, but been similarly chemically depilated. Other physical modifications? Well, with Yosef's smile, it is apparent he has been spared any dental work.

"Turn for the camera and bend, Yosef."

Perched on high heels, there comes ungainly footwork in response. But with hands remaining on his head, the boy obeys. Into view come rounded, girlish buttocks, the equal of Douglas's, of course shorn of hair. When the boy bends the camera zooms to focus on an outsized red dildo, somehow penetrating the anus, the glistening of lubricant hinting at tightness overcome.

"You like being penetrated here, Yosef? A nice big penis stuffing that male pussy of yours."

Katerina's laugh turns wicked, as once again a ham hock like hand reappears. "Yes, I think you want some attention here."

The fingers grip, the exposed expanse of four plus inches of red cylinder nestling perfectly into the hand that so enjoys tormenting. Unexpectedly, it begins to tenderly twist, then gently thrust, offering what I imagine to be a most sensate manipulation of the male viscera. Yes, as Katerina knowingly plunges, it becomes evident she is a practiced sodomizer of the male.

“Turn for the camera, Yosef. Show us how much you enjoy.”

He does, and that flaccid unimpressive organ begins to firm. The facial expression indeed suggests sheepish enjoyment. There is humiliation... but there is pleasure. And Katerina also notes the developing stiffness, she in turn evidencing her own delight, again laughing most evilly.

“So, you want to perform for us? Show off for the camera and demonstrate for your compatriots just what a nasty terrorist you really are?”

More of Katerina’s massive form comes into the picture as she positions herself to stand at Yosef’s right side, his left exposed to the camera. The left hand maintaining its grip on the dildo, the right reaches beneath. Yosef sighs as with equal care, the fully blossomed male organ is clenched.

“Stay. I’ll say when. You know you are to come only when I want.”

Masterful slow masturbation begins, and I am impressed with the level of the otherwise brutish woman’s sense of arousal, seeming to ride Yosef’s pending orgasm as would an expert cowboy. Moans, groans, a whispered grovel for ultimate relief, yet Yosef will not... probably cannot... ejaculate, a knowing hand usurping any expungement of seed with firm grip and frustrating downward angle.

“Now, would our nasty terrorist like to ejaculate... for the camera... for all your insurgent cousins?”

The head energetically nods, the evil laugh turns to that distinct cackle, the left hand plunges firmly and the right eases the angle and presumably its grip. There follows both a twist, offering what I imagine to be a brisance of joy, and a command.

“Come for me.”

A chagrined Yosef explodes, in full high-definition color, performing on cue... a naked prettified male puppet, ejaculating with the pull of a woman’s string.

Though my Sybian beckons, and the well-trained tongue and lips of my oral servant, I keep clicking. With each video, Yosef becomes more and more effeminate, his hair growing long and subjected to cleverly alluring styling. I also note that there appear to be two goals... one, Katerina is for the most part training his rectum to respond most sensuously to a penetrating phallus, insisting that Yosef contract then loosen the purse

string muscle in cadence with her sodomizing hand... two, that Yosef appears less and less coerced into performing... that he willingly offers his backside... his male pussy... for penetration.

So, whereas Douglas's final production tape suggested he had become a male whore offering exquisite oral satiation, a meretricious Yosef will otherwise offer pleasure. Such a venturesome counter terrorism ploy.

It is late, and I am most concupiscent. The final production will have to wait. I need to ride. I need the attention of Douglas's tongue.

Mid Saturday afternoon I work out at the gym returning to my apartment for a massage and bath. It's relaxing to be rubbed down by a boy with a massive erection, knowing the organ swells only for my enjoyment and certainly not for his. Afterwards I sit in the tub, Douglas recharging my wine glass with the snap of my fingers, otherwise standing nearby in the stress position of my demanding... while fully erect of course. And I will not hear a single chime from his bell covered flesh.

With the third glass I arise. Douglas dries me, coveting feminine charms he will taste but in which he will never otherwise savor.

"Time to watch a video, Douglas. Come."

I don a robe and take hold of his nostril tube. As he walks behind, the peeling of his many, many bells, makes the apartment sound like cathedral during a royal wedding. The long cable hooked to his genital ring follows, slithering across bathroom tiling and living room carpet.

To my office den, I boot the computer. Though I have a good notion as to what will appear on the secretive website, I am still as pixilated as a schoolgirl on prom night with anticipation.

The web address, the code, the dark screen, the many clickable links denoting Roger's debriefing and Yosef's harsh training, I have Douglas sit on the floor between my legs while I type. He faces the screen and can watch. I can also command him to lick my feet should the whim transpire.

Bottom right is the tab marked final. I click and onto the screen come the placarded words, '*Yosef Abdullah, terrorist, captured and reformed*'. Again, everything that is shown is translated into hieroglyphics which I assume to be Arabic. And again, what follows is a full color high quality video recording of Hollywood caliber.

The setting is what appears to be an everyday living room, except positioned in the middle of the floor is a naked high heeled Yosef, now as prettily made up as a Las Vegas

show girl... except there is a penis and no feathers or other costumery. Yosef does not seem to be under duress, ostensibly appearing eager to show himself to the camera, an undressed crossdresser. He even smiles, turns and shakes what would be an enticing pair of buttocks on a girl. He's performing, and I imagine it to be as would an ecdysiast at a strip club.

"We have someone who'd like to meet you, Yosef. He likes boys like you. Likes to take them just the way you enjoy it."

The words, taunting in tone, are offered by Ms. Cromwell, off camera, not to be seen. As the translation appears on the screen below, Yosef smiles... demure... girlish... the words evidently spurring naughty thoughts.

"A Mr. Roger Clearfield wants to take you like a little doggy," the voice chides causing Yosef to outright blush, his bronzed, made up face reddening.

I am amazed that Roger's name is revealed. The video, if it's to be released as was that of Douglas's, will be electronically sent around the world to every region harboring terrorism, delivering the message of the Great Satan's outlandish yet effective efforts to counter terrorists.

"And I'd like to watch. Observing little trollops getting a good fucking can be lots of fun.

You do want to be fucked, Yosef. You so much enjoy the penetration."

Again, Yosef smiles, his blushing deepening. There are no words offered in resistance or protest. His brainwashing has been thorough... weeks and weeks of Katerina's tutelage, her hand teaching the ecstasy of combined anal penetration and tender penile manipulation, I am sure many hours as well of Ms. Cromwell's psychological barrage.

And how much feces consumed?

Just as the curious strip show wears, a door can be heard opening.

"Here's Roger now," Ms. Cromwell announces.

Yes, into center screen comes an equally naked Roger. As with Douglas, his entire body has been defoliated, not a hair to be seen. My chastity device has been removed as has the Prince's Wand. I am amazed to see that Roger seems somewhat anxious to greet the effeminately groomed Yosef. Unlike Douglas's production, fervently fellating a man filmed from the chest down, Roger is fully exposed to the camera... his name and appearance to be offered to all.

"When's the last time you got off, Roger? Your eagerness suggests you're rather randy."

Roger smiles in rapt anticipation. It is a different Roger than when I coaxed intimacy with Douglas.

“Many weeks.”

If true, it means his captors have continued his chastity, which is, as opposed to what needed to be ingrained in Yosef, a predilection for anal penetration, more in line with the protocol offered Douglas.

“So, what do you think of Yosef? I’m told he enjoys men who penetrate and pay.”

Roger just nods. It is obvious the intent is to as forthrightly and brazenly as possible portray Yosef as a whore.

“Does he suck as well?” Roger uncharacteristically inquires, another victim of brainwashing and excrement.

“Oh yes, but he’d rather feel you stretching that tight little rectum.”

As Ms. Cromwell narrates Roger entwines his fingers in Yosef’s long locks, then pushes him down. Yosef falls to his knees offering no resistance... appearing more eager than reluctant.

“Get me up and I’ll fill that pussy of yours with just what you need.”

Scripted... but well delivered dialogue. I can imagine the coaching of Katerina, and the travail threatened in flubbing a line.

Roger presents his male package and Yosef presses forth his face to orally partake. The camera zooms in, Yosef licking and sucking with zeal, and when he pauses for air, he seems to intuitively know to look directly at the camera and smile in depraved delight. The message... he has been transformed... trained to not only undertake homoerotic couplings... but to enjoy as well.

Ms. Cromwell’s smooth voice cheerily encourages continuing antics, for the intended viewer, the religious zealots of the middle east, I am sure making her presence known adds fuel to the fire of disgust. That a woman, the female being held in such low esteem in such regions of the world, would not only participate in such sordid interaction but would also, for the most part, be in charge, must heighten the seething rage.

But also, there is transmitted a message of power, of control. For the prospective terrorist, there evolves the question... if she can so transform Yosef, what would be my fate in challenging the Great Satan?

Roger firms, never an overly impressive stand, and then, as I am sure has been rehearsed, he pushes and prods the effeminate Yosef to place him on all fours.

“Spread nice and wide for Roger,” Ms. Cromwell mockingly advises.

It appears that Katerina has him well prepared as there glistens about his rectum, an abundance of lubricant. Thus, a stiff Roger can and does plunge with authority, bringing a moan from Yosef and sardonic laughter from Ms. Cromwell. Then the sodomy begins in earnest and I note that a well-trained Yosef times his muscling, rhythmically easing and contracting his sphincter to maximize Roger’s pleasure. Once again, I detect Katerina’s influence, I am sure dunking Yosef’s face often should he resist or improperly react to her plunging dildo.

Well into the throes of lust, Roger grasps Yosef’s long hair and draws him up from all fours. The camera shifts to display for the viewer a rather turgid manhood, Yosef reacting as trained to the anal penetration. Roger, penis remaining impaled, shifts his right hand about Yosef’s hip. He toys with Yosef’s penis, bringing forth a sigh of joy, and indicating to the viewer that the sodomy is more than merely welcomed... it is embraced as pleasurable.

Back down on all fours, Roger thrusts firmly. His hand remains caressing Yosef’s penis, and Ms. Cromwell’s annoying voice continues to offer coaxing words.

“Come together for us boys. Put on a nice show.”

They do. Roger’s hips and thighs work more earnestly as his right hand strokes away. Grunts, groans, the sound of moist flesh, the high-definition production leaves nothing to the imagination.

There finally comes a culminating grunt from Roger, quickly followed by a meek sigh from Yosef, as a splatter of his semen explodes to the carpet... that Roger has expended well into Yosef’s rear passage.

The filming concludes with the sound of raucous feminine laughter as Roger dips Yosef’s head and forces him to lap up his own spendings.

“You’ve been well fucked, Yosef... and you so much enjoy,” comes Ms. Cromwell’s final taunt.

A placard appears, black background, white letters...

Roger Clearfield... contact RogerC@signmail.com

As I contemplate the curious notion of offering an email address for Roger, I look down to see that my naked oral servant is quaking, an ingrained reaction to the sound of Ms.

Cromwell’s authoritative voice.

“Lick my feet, Douglas, I have some thinking to do.”

“Lunch?”

There is no salutation, but I know the voice.

“I usually eat lightly at my desk.”

“You’ll join me, half past noon. Third and fifty-second. A cute little bistro. Sidewalk service. It’s a nice day.”

Ann Cromwell hangs up, not awaiting a reply, knowing that my curiosity will not allow me to refrain. The location is close by and I happen to have a light schedule for the day. Thus, I instruct my assistant to postpone my one o’clock appointment for an hour, sit back and do some thinking.

It’s been over three months since Roger’s disappearance. Strangely, I miss him. The Sybian offers great physical satiation, as always. Governing Douglas somewhat appeases my non vanilla side. But coaching Roger through the tormenting throes of thorough chastity, his vaunted penis not to achieve erection until... well Katrina and Ms. Cromwell usurped my plans there.

So, I wonder what has become of him, particularly after so ‘nobly’ serving his country in the anti-terrorism campaign. And Yosef Abdullah’s fate invokes curiosity as well. In a small almost unnoticed article in the Times, there was disclosed the mysterious disappearance of the son of wealthy merchant Mustafa Abdullah, a controversial Middle Eastern businessman rumored to be funding various insurgent groups. Yes, son Yosef vanished, his father described as grievous.

Yet by now, if in fact the patriarch is involved in terrorism, he knows all too well of his son’s fate... debriefed, brainwashed, forced to play a most humiliating and humbling role in the ‘Great Satan’s’ battle.

Perhaps the result the father least desires is Yosef’s release. A crossdressing male whore returning to his prominent family and his terrorist cohorts? I can’t imagine the reception he would incite. Yes, Ms. Cromwell’s bizarre campaign does provoke some unusual irony in this war of wits, fatalism and dynamite vests.

It’s 12:15. Third and fifty second is nearby and the irrepressible Ms. Cromwell beckons.

“You wage an impressive battle... you and Katerina.”

“For God and county,” Ann Cromwell sarcastically replies with a wry smirk.

“Effective? The videos?”

“We think so. The hardcore will continue, their zealotry not to be swayed. But those most susceptible for recruitment, of which there are many, will be persuaded otherwise. At least that is our hope.”

“A curious role in life, degrading a man, tormenting until he agrees to eat shit... and express thanks.”

“It works. And it does not necessarily have to be excrement. It just has to be thought of as excrement. You’re the psychiatrist, review the recordings, give it more thought. Do we ever identify it as shit?”

Her smile broadens and it is a question well asked. I will indeed review all the interrogations. For me, dog food and stinky cheese sufficed. And she has a point, the mental burden, the demise of all self-esteem, the fall into the abyss of thorough degradation, begins between the ears... in believing that a controlling woman is forcing such a revolting act.

“Do you think Mustafa Abdullah will ever see his son again?” I prompt, knowing I will not likely receive an entirely truthful answer as to the boy’s ultimate fate.

“It’s probably best for Yosef that he not reappear... at least not on his home turf. We have him nicely tucked away. A certain island in the Mediterranean where he’ll be quite popular among the men. Though he’s free to leave at any time, he’s more interested in pursuing his recently acquired.... shall we say talent... then undertaking any terrorist activities. Katerina can be quite convincing, as I am sure you have come to understand.” I nod.

“And Roger? I am sure you have concluded that he does not know that name you so fervently guard,” attempting to learn of his fate.

“Yes, but we had to be sure. He broke easily. And he later fulfilled his role admirably. Your paradigm of extreme chastity became quite the catalyst. Once he broke, it was not overly difficult to have him follow the script. He really needed to get his rocks off,” a girlish giggle emphasizes her point.

Ann Cromwell sets a ring of keys on the table.

“You may have another patient coming to you. You’ll need these.”

“Roger’s?”

“Yes, we locked him back up... with some refinements that I am sure you’ll appreciate...

and then released him with some cash. The Prince's Wand remains but is attached to something more formidable that I had fabricated in our weapons department. Similar to a CB3000 only of tempered steel. Keeps him out of airports and away from metal detectors. And I doubt, despite being an engineer, he'll get it off without injuring himself. We surgically implanted segments of the base ring under the skin of his pubes area." "Will he know I have the keys?" Ann Cromwell shakes her head.

"We won't bother contacting him again. But his money will run out soon and he'll come to you. You should understand that we gave him the security code to that email address... the one listed at the end of the production. We know he's accessed it from a computer at a public library, you're well aware of our capabilities in that department, and I suspect after reading the myriad of threats he's as frightened as a church mouse by now. No money, no job, limited ability to travel, chastity driving him half mad, and some very threatening emails... what are his options? He'll turn to you."

"So once again I am to take in one of your castoffs?"

"Once he surfaces, I'll arrange disability income for him as well. The financial burden will be limited. How much can dog food cost? And you're going to receive a package. The guys in the weapons section made a new collar for him. We destroyed yours in cutting it off."

Lunch arrives. The conversation changes to small talk as we eat. Afterwards, over coffee, the substantive discourse resumes.

"Here is the access code to the email address we set up for Roger. I would be very circumspect about replying to any mail, but it will give you a semblance of what's driving him. Threats from around the world... which we monitor and attempt to trace and catalogue. Most times our little trap offers limited results, too many anonymous and untraceable email portals and addresses. But at the very least we can measure the effectiveness of our program."

On a small slip of paper... RogerC@signmail.com with a mercifully short string of numbers and letters as the code.

"Meanwhile, doctor, if that name does come up, Douglas talking again in his sleep, you'll be sure to let us know."

I nod, glancing at my watch, indicating I am short on time.

"I'll take care of the tab, doctor. Do keep in mind our simple request... and that Katerina enjoys exploiting her talents on both genders."

Ignoring the veiled but thought provoking threat, I nod and silently step away, that wickedly confident smile to be remembered.

That evening I log onto the internet and review recording after recording of Douglas's interrogation, listening to all the words spoken, not to be distracted as in past viewings by the revolting spoonfuls of sludge. There is first resistance, then reluctance, then after many dunkings, acceptance, and finally a completely subjugated Douglas who offers thanks and humbly beseeches for more. And I find Ms. Cromwell to be correct. At no time does Katerina or anyone but Douglas refer to the foul brown mush as shit.

I also review Roger's tapes. Same result, the captive jumps to a panicked but somewhat logical conclusion, and no one bothers to correct.

Whatever the substance really was and is, I am sure it was concocted in some government laboratory with the directive to replicate the look and texture of excrement.

What wickedness... but it is the war on terrorism.

Should I inform Douglas? Return a degree of self-esteem?

If I wanted to rehabilitate, I would deprogram Douglas, in fact informing and then working to convince him that it was not in fact shit he was forced to consume... and it is not in fact shit that I am feeding him.

The notion brings inner laughter.

Why would I ever do that? Continuing the government subterfuge is much too entertaining for me.

Next, I go to the email address... RogerC@signmail.com... and log in.

The inbox contains an amazing number of emails which, as Ms. Ann Cromwell suggested, in a way attests to the effectiveness of the bizarre anti-terrorist program. Word of the posting of the video has spread rapidly.

The English is strained, obviously the second language of almost every writer, and I only have to click on a couple to understand why Ann Cromwell so confidently predicts that Roger will be returning to my lair.

I will hunt you down like a dog, pluck out your balls and your eyeballs and like an ass work you in the fields and whip you until you die!

The canine and equine metaphors are curiously mixed, but the point is well communicated. Roger's graphic and well-produced video of sodomy, the vivid anal penetration of a promising young terrorist, has stirred quite the reaction.

I log off in thought. Why has Ann Cromwell offered this? And then it dawns.

When Roger returns, I will find myself newly empowered. I can instantly communicate with the dozens of fanatics that seek to torture, maim and obtain the ultimate revenge on he who has so shamelessly blasphemed.

Yes, my leverage will go well beyond the keys to his chastity device, a formidable neck collar and steel cage. Ms. Cromwell suggested I be circumspect concerning replies to the emails, yet not totally forbidding contact. Yes, at any time I can divulge Roger's location to any number of vicious killers.

Total control over his destiny... absolutely unfettered. With that perception, I moisten between my thighs. I think I will sit on Douglas's face and relax in celebration.

The doorbell rings and I know who it is. Roger called from a pay phone last night. In begging for sanctuary, I pretended to be angry with him for escaping but then relented, suggesting he stop in Saturday at 11:00 a.m.

I send Douglas to the door with the key to the clothing box. Roger knows he is to remove all he wears.

I await in the living room, lounging in my bathrobe, reading the morning paper and catching up on some magazines. Douglas has been serenading me with his bells, busy cleaning, gleeful in being permitted motion. Before me on the coffee table, having arrived be messenger in an unmarked brown package, is Roger's neck collar. Thick, broad, heavy, Ms. Cromwell has spared no effort. I have already come to the conclusion that it probably imbedded within is some type of listening or monitoring device.

A humble Roger enters, appearing as if sleep has been denied him and in fact, he slept on various subway trains and platforms, his money depleted.

"I did not escape, I was kidnaped," he begins to explain in desperation.

I hold up my hand, gesturing to be silent, then point to the floor. Accustomed to the hand signals I use with Douglas, he knows to lower himself to his knees.

"I know more of the circumstances of your escape than you are aware, Roger. Have you been eating shit? That which so repulsed you when offered to Douglas?" my tone of voice that of mother to a recalcitrant child.

He nods.

"Come closer, hands behind your head."

In pretending to be angry, I keep him on the defensive. He believes I need a long explanation and it frustrates when I interrupt the process. But I truly don't care to listen. I first want inspect the shiny metal cock cage that adorns his genitals then in very clear terms explain the new paradigm should he request... beg really... to be offered sanctuary and I choose to accept his plea.

He shuffles his knees along the carpet, complying with his hands. Just as with Douglas, his entire body has been chemically depilated, a sort of standard operating procedure for Ms. Cromwell's curious team of interrogators... demented dentist... Slavic torturess... and some unseen camera people who could win an academy award for cinematography.

I reach down and palm the metal, rolling it about to inspect. Yes, essentially the device is a CB3000 but of stainless steel, a small padlock assuring that the Prince's Wand within brings added security. I notice that Roger grimaces with the slight motion and he responds to my inquisitive look.

"There are spikes within the cage... in place of the restricting tube."

I merely nod. Ann Cromwell is the type that must always best a rival... and in so often sharing Douglas's tongue and lips I assume in a way she considers me as such. I suppose intensifying Roger's chastity is one way of so doing.

My fingers move to the base ring, encircling the scrotum and the penis at the top. It is even more impressive in that, as Ms. Cromwell suggested, it has almost been surgically attached to his epidermis, tufts of flesh opened at the noon, four o'clock and eight o'clock positions with the perimeter of the large ring slipping beneath an inch of skin then exiting.

So, the Prince's Wand and the cock cage can be unlocked and removed as with the plastic CB3000, but the base ring stays... literally part of his body.

"This looks pretty serious Roger. I am surprised it was not welded in place," my tone morbid.

A moment of silence, Roger's head bowed as if in prayer, then I snap my fingers. An attentive Douglas steps forth, his many bells chiming away.

"Some nourishment for Roger. It's on the kitchen table."

Yes, anticipating his visit, I have whipped up a bowl of dog food and stinky cheese. In explaining the new rules, Roger will feast as I spoon feed. And I of course will not explain the elaborate subterfuge of Ms. Cromwell and the Katerina woman. Instead, I will use it to continue his subjugation.

"I need a place to stay... I am in danger."

I once again hold up my hand to stop the unnecessary flow of words.

“You’ll eat for me while I explain the protocol for the sanctuary I offer, Roger.”

Douglas returns, tray held between his cuffed and partially restrained wrists. The heap of brown smells foul of course, and I make a point of turning up my nose in disgust.

“Stiffen for me, Douglas,” I command in placing the tray on the coffee table be us.

I then rearrange Douglas’s bindings, connecting his cuffs behind his back as his penis slowly firms and rises.

“You have by now realized that I am a woman with strong penchants, Roger. We all have our little proclivities. Mine are... well rather strong.”

I pick up the spoon as I speak, the mush so much resembling excrement.

“So, if you stay, you’re going to assist in addressing these peccadilloes of mine.”

Roger takes the first dollop, so thoroughly brainwashed. Then come the words I so often heard on the tapes... after Katerina’s unrelenting hand so often dunked his face. “Thank you, ma’am. I so much enjoy eating shit for you. May I have another?” My loins moisten, a smile cannot be repressed.

“Yes, you may. And there is so much more... more than this offering of nutrition.” I begin, presenting more faux feces as I speak.

“You’re to be tattooed, multiply pierced, and branded, Roger. I am going to affix chains such that you will not again stand. Rings embedded in your knees and elbows should do the trick, connecting tethers, when properly adjusted, will mandate a very satisfying humble posture. Yes, with a two-foot chain connecting right elbow to left knee, another connecting left elbow to right knee, your only permitted motion will be to crawl... and to do so will be comically challenging. You’ll bear a leash for me. No rubber nostril tubing for you. It’s too easily removed. I will instead pierce your septum and insert a nicely gauged ring. Douglas will be in charge of your care. He will feed you, bathe you, supervise your toilet needs and of course milk you.

“And Roger, you *will* learn to properly thank him. Being held in similar chastity, I am sure you will come to realize how grateful Douglas will be when you tenderly lick his balls. See how large and need of attention there are,” reaching to gently pat the bespoken spheres, Douglas’s standing penis offering easy access.

“You’ll have the freedom of the apartment when not caged. Sort of a house pet. But you’ll not leave. When I am done having you tattooed, you’ll not want to leave.”

“Thank you, ma’am. I so much enjoy eating shit for you. May I have another?” my spooning continuing.

The rote words in one manner are tiresome... yet in another manner so nicely stimulate.

“I have been given access to your email account, Roger. You should be fully aware that should you be given sanctuary then disobey, fail to properly respond to my commands and desires... fail to offer proper reward for Douglas’s care... I suspect you will be *hunted down like a dog, your balls and your eyeballs plucked and worked under the whip like an ass!*

Paraphrasing the email makes an impression. He knows I am not bluffing... that I indeed can communicate with his antagonists.

“So, let’s begin... do you want to stay here?”

“Yes, ma’am, please let me stay.”

“Do you agree to be pierced... any place of my choosing.”

“Yes, ma’am, please pierce me.”

“Do you agree to being tattooed... any place of my whim... face included.”

“Yes, ma’am, please tattoo me.”

“Face?”

“Yes, ma’am”

“And branding?”

“Yes, ma’am, please brand me.”

“You will offer Douglas proper affection?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

With that, my spoon hand delivers the last dollop.

“Lick his balls.”

Roger lowers to all fours, shuffles about to position himself before Douglas and extends his tongue. A make a mental note to thank Ms. Cromwell, he was so resistant to such a deed before his interrogation.

“We’ll need to work on your only functioning sex organ Roger. Size does matter,” his tongue not approaching the length and strength of Douglas’s’.

With that I pick up the neck collar, notably heavy. In the package, a note forewarned that the spring-loaded clasps lock it closed such that only through cutting can it ever again be removed. As Roger humbly services my naked oral servant, I slip it in place. It clicks closed with ominous finality.

“When I am done adorning you, Roger... piercings, tethering chains, tattoos, a nice prominent brand to designate you as my property... I think I will email some pictures to Mr.

Mustafa Abdullah. It may serve to somewhat mollify.”

It will also serve to assure that Roger, the sodomizer of his son, will most easily be identified by hired assassins, should there be any resistance to my governance and his location divulged.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

Other books by Chris Bellows

(available at Pink Flamingo <http://www.Pinkflamingo.com>)

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Tales from the Estate

Taming the Virile Male

The Decision

The Gimp

The Incarceration of Jennifer

The Last Pony Girl

The Male Concubine

The Predator

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write, some ten or more years, ago when he found the quality of the store-bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading, had deteriorated into ‘mush’. With fervent fingers and well-worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of ‘Lady Constance’, he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author’s guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, ‘Lady Constance’ was published and the relationship has continued to the present-day release of ‘Milking Male Essence’, book number thirty-two with Pink Flamingo and this manuscript book number thirty-three.

Other offerings maybe found at: www.lulu.com.

Billie and Mary (item 314775),
Pony Girl Zesty (item 1195861),
The Glass Oubliette (item 2053235),
Pony Girl Jackie (item 3240321),
Male Subjugation, a Chris Bellows Teaser (item 4286971),
The Interrogator (item 7935441),
A Woman’s Revenge (item 8340830),
Mademoiselle Rules (Item 8563008).

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of ‘conventional’ D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to ‘work outside the box’.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including ‘first person female’. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris’s work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned ‘box’ of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers’ comments. Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.