THE CONSTANCIA COMPENDIUM

BEHAVIORAL MODIFICATION
CONSTANCIA ISLAND
LADY CONSTANCE

CHRIS BELLOWS

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by Chris Bellows
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Lady Constance

To the male reader...,

Somewhere out there, in the recesses of the mind, lurks a Lady Constance. She beckons with a confident smile, firm but comfortable cuffs, and a promise..., that toil and obedience will be rewarded. Rewarded solely with the opportunity to serve more and with the knowledge that soft, knowing hands may dab your away tears, sponge your sweat, or perhaps merely tighten your bonds.

She waits deep in the mind’s imagination. A demanding figure who will extract all you have to offer, laugh, then spur your flanks for more.

And you will perversely enjoy the endeavor...

To the female reader…,

Do it. It’s easier than you think.

Having studied D/s relationships for many years in my capacity as a clinical psychologist, I found the relationship of Lady Constance and “boy” to be most noteworthy. Thus, with a sabbatical from the university long overdue, I spent many weeks interviewing those concerned with “boy’s” care and training. My efforts included a flight to Europe for additional background information. This draft is the result of organizing my notes for a paper to be submitted to the American Society of Behavior Modification.

A preliminary interview with Lady Constance was arranged in her New York hotel room, a large, private suite specially maintained for Lady Constance and her cohorts. The name of the unusual establishment is kept confidential for reasons that will become evident to the reader.

Chapter One

Interview with Lady Constance

January 4, 1998

Notes: Lady Constance graciously agreed to be interviewed with few restrictions but requested precautions concerning the true identity of certain friends and employees. My comments/questions are in *italics*.

Lady Constance sits in a large, stuffed, leather chair. A very dignified woman of some thirty years, her attire and demeanor are indicative of her extreme wealth. A descendant of one of Europe's royal families, her late father reportedly revitalized the "old" wealth of his antecedents by eschewing ownership of vineyards and art work for timely investments in technology, biotech, and energy. Details are beyond the scope of this research, but it is said by those most knowledgeable that Lady Constance can buy and sell almost any one in Europe. As the reader will learn, her proclivities mandate a "low" profile. Therefore few in Europe are aware of the full extent of her resources and how she chooses to exercise the privileges of immeasurable wealth. And there are even fewer in the United States, where she visits from time to time with complete anonymity.

A notable air of self-confidence emanates from Lady Constance. When she enters a room, all seem to silently turn to her in an unsolicited display of homage. It is difficult to portray in writing what attracts such admiration, but her facial features are symmetrical and proportional. Her shoulder length, raven hair is always perfectly coifed and any jewelry worn is elegant but understated. As one noted gemologist informed me, there's not a stone she wears that a museum or collector would not proudly exhibit in a well-secured display case.

Those who have accompanied her on lengthy annual soirees to the Caribbean report that in bathing attire, Lady Constance is the envy of every woman and an object of lust

for every man. Apparently not pre-occupied with achieving the gaunt look of a fashion model, Lady Constance is not Rubenesque either. And as I glance at her calves and the lower portion of her thighs, the firm texture of the tanned flesh hint at underlying muscles which are most likely subjected to a daily and exhaustive exercise routine. The sculpted shapes of her arms confirm this conjecture and cause me to reflect on the rumors of her martial arts skills. As I scan Lady Constance's physique, newspaper accounts of a broken limb attained by an alleged purse-snatcher of questionable agility come to mind. The story goes that Lady Constance reacted quickly to the clumsy attempt and was reportedly not hurt in the incident. But I again ponder the curious follow up stories of the perpetrator's disappearance after bond money from unknown sources was mysteriously posted with the French court. No concluding details were published, as the sensational death of Princess Diane began to dominate the news. And to my knowledge the incompetent thief never was found to stand trial. But alas, that's another story.

I sit at a nearby desk with pen and notepad. "Boy" is not present at the start. I ask Lady Constance for a chronology of her relationship with Boy.

"Mother was a firm woman, as you can imagine. Early in life she wanted to introduce me to the delights of the domination of the male. I cannot recall the exact age, but one afternoon the chauffeur was summoned to bring the car around and we drove to a nearby clinic.

"It was a rather imposing building, four stories high with straight, formidable lines of red brick. Built in the twenties I should guess, and I believe was designed as a sanitarium for the mentally ill.

"Well, we were met at the main entrance by a regal woman of an age somewhat older than mother who, although treating my mother with deference, displayed quite an air of authority. She was the Director of the clinic

and spent very little time with casual conversation. We were quickly invited inside and ushered into an elevator. It may have been my young age, but the three of us seemed to descend for quite some time, and I remembered wondering just how far under the earth the large elevator would take us.

“When the grind of the motors ceased, a most interesting scene came to view. As the door slowly slid from left to right my eyes opened wide to the panorama of a large, well lit open room filled with completely naked males in their late teens, odd apparatus, tables of shiny, stainless steel and women in crisply starched, white uniforms.”

“Was it your first glimpse of the naked male? And what was your reaction?”

“Yes. I suppose it was. And you may be interested to learn I was quite curious. Mother admonished me not to be afraid, but as I recall I was far from it. The teenagers all had amazingly long penises. And I had an insatiable urge to get closer to look..., and that we did.

“The Director spoke to Mother as we stepped from the elevator. I don’t recall all she said since my curiosity had me focusing on the long dangling strips of pink flesh. I suppose the initial exposure to the anatomical difference captures the attention of most girls, and I was indeed somewhat mesmerized. But I do remember some explanation offered by the Director that the teenagers were troublesome orphans from various countries sent to the clinic for special care.”

Lady Constance laughs at this point in the interview.

“‘Special care’..., a rather whimsical oxymoron. There was not a stitch of clothing to be found among the teens. They all wore thick, neck collars and had their arms secured in back of them, bent at the elbows so that their hands pointed upward where their wrists were attached to the collar. The only thing covering their flesh was a large number painted on the right buttock of each. ‘We don’t

brand or tattoo here,' I remember the Director explaining to Mother. 'That option is left to the new owner.'

"Well, for a girl my age it was an overwhelming scene as you can imagine. The uniformed women were each busy with one or two teens, examining, exercising, washing, feeding, and watering. Since the boys' hands were cuffed there was not much they could do for themselves. And I distinctly recall watching one young male on a treadmill, his long penis flopping about as a very strong, black woman stood nearby supervising a rather vigorous, exercise routine.

"The Director insouciantly stepped into the room and led us down an aisle splitting the middle of the equipment. The women in white smiled graciously, but I noticed the naked males did not seem to acknowledge our presence.

"'As you know, we have the trainees wear special contact lenses. Everything is blurred and out of focus to them except that certain silhouettes can be discerned at close distances. Keeps them docile and dependent on their trainers,' the Director explained."

Lady Constance pauses and sips some water from a nearby glass. Her reminiscence causes a wry smile to appear.

"I remember feeling something between my thighs at that point; a twinge and some moisture. I suppose it was a reaction Mother expected from a daughter with her genes. The arousal of a young, dominant female as she surveyed a room of completely helpless, male forms. All essentially blinded with hands bound, forced to submit to the will of the women in white. I was excited…, but too young to fully understand why."

"Interesting, Lady Constance. It was not merely the naked male flesh which aroused you?"

"No. Of that I am certain. It was the interaction of the firm women with the naked males; so much happening in one large room. Watching the women work the young

trainees, making them bend to their will. It was new. Different. A carnal cornucopia.

“And Mother acted so naturally..., just displaying an occasional smile as she observed me zestfully absorbing it all. Yes, she knew and expected me to be enthusiastically curious, which I was.

“We spent several minutes touring the room and watching each woman. The Director referred to them as ‘behavior specialists’, and I specifically recall how proud she was of their talents. There was one lad receiving an extensive enema, his bulging belly being carefully monitored by a smiling woman as he struggled with the pressure, another was undergoing depilation as the trainees were kept completely hairless below the neck collar, another was being trained to swallow a sizeable rubber phallus, a hideous thing with strings of rubber hanging from it. The Director explained it was designed to ingrain the control of the ‘gag reflex’ which the dangling rubber strings triggered when brushing the back of the throat. Another trainee, well secured with thighs widely spread, was undergoing bladder control, a ‘behavior specialist’ holding a beaker under his flaccid penis and signaling him to turn the flow of urine on and off with snaps of her fingers. I was amazed at the demands she put on the trainee and even Mother smiled as we watched the lad’s penis twitch and quiver with the various efforts to curtail the flow in midstream.

“‘Total control. Our methods are firm but effective. The subjugants leaving here after our training are totally subservient to the will of the female,’ I recall the Director boasting with zeal. And Mother nodded in agreement.”

“How many were there, Lady Constance?”

“I suppose a dozen or more judging from the number of cages where the trainees were ‘penned’ at night. That was another element of control, which turned the moisture between my thighs into a river. There were large dog pens

stacked up three high near the far wall. Large for a dog, you understand, rather cramped for a human. The cages were of steel wire some two feet high and two feet wide. A penned trainee was open to view from all sides. The front side facing the open room had slots where a food bowl could be pushed in and removed. In the rear, the pen opened for the trainees to enter and exit and presumably also provided access for the behavior specialists to monitor and control bodily functions.

“The drains on the floor answered my unasked question about toilet visits. I learned on a subsequent visit to the clinic that boys had to earn a berth on the top row of cages. There the uncontrolled bladder of a fellow trainee did not result in a problem. The boys on the bottom row sometimes had long, wet nights.

“When I pictured the naked, restrained trainees huddled into the cages at night, being fed from bowls slipped through narrow slots in the wire mesh, then obsequiously waiting the long hours to be freed for another day of training..., well, Doctor, that really set my imagination going. I think Mother noticed the damp spot on my slacks at that point.”

Lady Constance again pauses. It is obvious the memory of the childhood visit to the clinic produces a pleasant reverie.

“Well, the discussion continued between Mother and the Director, as I gazed about in rapt fascination. Mother explained her desire to acquire a companion for me; a thought to which the Director nodded.

“‘Yes, Madame. I received your letter. But most of our trainees complete their training on consignment. That is where a client visits as you are so doing and makes a selection. Then we “polish” his training, conforming the subjugant to the proclivities of his new owner. You’ve probably noticed, for example, number 14 receiving extensive oral training. He’s been purchased by a gay, male

couple, therefore certain skills must be imbued before he leaves.’

“She was referring, of course, to the trainee being taught to control his gag reflex and accommodate the sizeable rubber phallus.

“‘And that trainee on the treadmill will become a colt. He will leave here to undergo exhaustive pony training from a rather severe woman in New Zealand. He’ll arrive there in good physical condition but extremely docile and mentally prepared to wear the harness and receive her whip.’

“The Director paused and Mother asked if there was a course of action which could provide what she termed as a ‘plaything’ for me.”

“‘Constance is entering that delicate age,’ Mother explained. ‘She’ll need to manifest her dominant tendencies, and I’d rather purchase a plaything for her now than later find she’s intimidating her male classmates.’

“The Director nodded in agreement and settled into thought. I, in turn, was watching the interesting juxtaposition of a slight Asian woman working a rather large boy. He was kneeling on a stainless steel table, which had been adjusted to a height of two feet. She was instructing. He was listening and obediently reacting.

“‘Thighs spread…, head back.’

“The trainee immediately complied and his head slowly moved back and down until it rested on the table. It was a somewhat contortionist position since his hands and arms were secured under him and he had to arch his back awkwardly.

“Such a sizeable male being totally controlled by the cute, little Asian women and placed in such an unnatural position,’ I thought to myself. I was fascinated with her control and the trainee’s unquestioning obedience. He patiently remained motionless resting on his knees, calves and I suppose the back of his head.

“Of course, my gaze moved to his privates. What girl wouldn’t gawk given the opportunity, and as you can imagine my curiosity was well rewarded. Two large eggs rested on the steel table in a massive pile of pink flesh. His scrotum must have been enormous, and I wondered what the sac would look like when he stood.

“And resting on top of the pile was another lengthy tube of skin which seemed to be the prerequisite attribute for admission to the clinic. Thinking back now, his flaccid penis must have been seven to eight inches, a rather precocious appendage. The Director noticed that my attention had been diverted and smiled.

“‘Looks like number 23 will be standing for us.’

“As the Director ushered us to the table, I noticed the number 23 corresponded to the digits painted on the boy’s right buttock.

“‘It’s the final stage of training. Ejaculation control. Number 23 will be shipped out at the end of the week. He’ll become a rather exotic piece of furniture for the vacation home of a nice, lesbian couple,’ she explained.

“As she spoke the Asian woman donned latex gloves. With the crisp sound of the snap of the rubber fingers, number 23’s penis seemed to twitch. This brought a knowing smile to the Asian woman’s face as she deftly pinched the head of the long, uncircumcised penis between her left thumb and forefinger. She looked at the Director who nodded back.

“‘A little milking today, Nona?’

“‘He’s not scheduled for it, Ma’am. The shipping instructions call for three months of complete chastity,’ the Asian woman replied in an even, professional tone with no discernible accent.

“‘Well, perhaps just a bead of fluid to demonstrate to our guests.’”

“As the Director made her suggestion, Nona pulled up the flaccid phallus. I guess my reaction of surprise was

quite noticeable for not only was the incredible length more prominently displayed, but the underside of the foreskin was pierced by a sturdy gold bar with small globes of gold attached to the ends to hold it firmly in place.

"'All the trainees are infibulated in the first month here,' the Director explained, 'a precaution against masturbation and fellatio. You'd be surprised how resourceful they become in seeking sexual gratification while locked in their cages.'"

"Nona twisted off one of the globes and slid out the bar. The head of his penis was now free of the entrapping frenulum, and it slowly began to engorge itself. It was a seminal event for me. It was my first glimpse of an erection. I often wonder how my experience compares with that of other girls."

Her narration lingers and I pick up on her musing. I ask if the sordid display of the erect penis frightened her.

"Frightened? I never felt such a strong urge to take control."

Her reply is punctuated with laughter.

"Such a display of power. The helpless, bound male kneeling in the most subservient of positions before four members of the fairer sex. His precious organ fully exposed to the gaze of all. Slowly rising to full blossom.

"I remember wondering when it would stop, never before having seen an erection. And I was impressed with the Asian woman's controlling manipulation; very subtle touching. A brush of one nipple…, then the other. She also palmed his massive scrotum and gave it a gentle squeeze, the whole time softly speaking words of encouragement while the penis slowly but steadily rose. It was interesting to observe that after removing the bar she never actually touched the penis.

"I was spellbound. The subjugated, young male was reacting so obediently to her words and to her touch and seemed eager to please her. He stared at the woman with a

look that I can only describe as part fear and part devotion. Like a puppy in training, hoping to please but concerned about committing an unintended transgression leading to punishment. It was evident his eyes could not focus with the special contact lenses. He could locate Nona's silhouette, but it was as if he didn't know we were standing nearby.

"Well, Doctor. I was enthralled. I remember thinking, 'I'm going to have one of these for myself.'"

Lady Constance pauses for another sip of water. A knock on the door briefly interrupts her story. It is Jasmine, the tall, African woman who trains and cares for Boy. They exchange words while my pen captures more of the interview on my pad.

"Bring him in flaccid, Jasmine. I'll call for you if I want him to stand."

Jasmine turns to leave and nods to me with her pleasant smile. She is wearing her crisply starched, white uniform and walks to the door with the gait and authority of a well-trained soldier. The movement of her arms and legs evidences her exceptional strength and conditioning. I look forward to meeting with her and learning her story. We had briefly met before, and since I am scheduled to interview her later in the week, she is aware of my endeavors.

"The morning cleaning, inspection and exercise has concluded. He'll be joining us shortly.

"So to conclude the demonstration, the penis of number 23 was brought to full erection, and he remained absolutely motionless while I gaped at this huge pink and purple phallus pointing straight to the ceiling. Mother and the Director talked while I stood in awe. After a few minutes, Nona slipped her right hand under the mass of scrotal flesh and inserted two lubricated fingers into the boy's rectum. With some dexterous motions of her digits the lad moaned and a clear fluid began to flow from the penis.

“Nona can completely drain him if desired. But the lesbian couple want him quite randy and ready for show.’

“The fingers were withdrawn and Nona stepped away. The Director and Mother continued to converse as Nona returned with a leash.

“We like walking the boys while fully erect. It’s good training and helps them establish self-control. Nona will keep him erect for about an hour as she leads him about and displays him to the other specialists. The girls enjoy watching an erect male under strict supervision and of course number 23 is happy to be free of the infibulation bar.’

“Nona snapped the leash onto the boy’s collar. ‘Up’, she said, in a pleasant but commanding tone, and the boy bent forward at the waist, pulled up to a kneeling position then stood. It was then that the ball sac jiggled like gelatin, unraveled and swung down between his thighs. I was once again in awe. The boy’s large eggs hung in the pink scrotal sac just short of his knees. Even Mother was amazed.

“Yes, 23 has been stretched. His new owners were quite specific; a rather simple process. Just takes time and constant attention’.

“Nona led the trainee away with his erection pointing straight up and his testicles swinging with each step. I could picture his lesbian owners being quite amused; a curious addition to the household. ‘Some people keep exotic animals,’ I thought to myself.

“I turned my attention back to the Director and Mother.

“‘We do have a recent addition. Completely untrained..., still in the box so to speak’.

“The Director led us to the cages and there in the bottom left was this timid, naked teenager. He was collared and cuffed just as the others. Since the cage was so short from front to back, he laid in sort of a fetal position, knees pulled up toward his stomach, and a small chain attached to the wire mesh ran to his mouth.

“‘Just arrived. As you can see his tongue has been clamped to enforce our rule of silence, but otherwise we haven’t scheduled him for training yet so he won’t be ready for a long while. According to his file, he’s the same age as Constance.’

“Both Mother and I stooped to peer at the naked, male form. My heart leaped. He was so cute! I felt like I was in a pet store looking at puppies. I really wanted to take him home and keep him, even though I hadn’t a clue as to what to do with him.

“Well, Mother must have liked him too, for she began asking questions concerning the lad’s background, health and of course penis length, all of which the Director answered adroitly until she finally made a suggestion.

“‘Why not stay for his cleaning and inspection? It only takes 30 minutes or so. After that, he’s scheduled to be depilated for the remainder of the day.’

“Well, I looked up at Mother with such a pleading look. She just couldn’t ignore me. And deep down I think she wanted to watch also. And so we stayed and I got to know Boy very well. The inspections at the clinic are very thorough and I have continued the procedure to this day.”

Another knock and the door to the room opens. In steps Boy, naked as always, followed by Jasmine. His entrance is slowed by tiny steps, and I look down to spot a very short chain connecting two ankle cuffs. His flaccid penis swings with each tiny step, its pendulous ark highlights the shiny jewelry of which Lady Constance is so fond. Behind, Jasmine slowly follows with leash in hand. As the procession nears the center of the room, I can see that the leash is attached to Boy’s genital clamp, that cruel instrument of persuasion used so effectively on the male gender.

“Goodness, Jasmine. Has Boy misbehaved?’

“I prefer to be very cautious at the hotel, ma’am. Management is circumspect about having naked males

loose in the hallway.’”

“Well, I’m glad to see you, Boy. Has Jasmine been good to you this morning?”

Lady Constance speaks to Boy as if addressing a child, her voice having a soothing, pleasant cadence in a high pitch. Boy immediately goes to his knees upon hearing his Mistress’ voice. His training mandates that his head always be below the level of her waist. Jasmine reaches down and removes the ankle cuffs. Boy begins to crawl toward the sound of his Mistress’ voice before the genital clamp can be removed. He yelps when Jasmine yanks the leash as a reminder. Boy stops and waits patiently while Jasmine loosens the clamp.

A simple device, said to have been developed in Medieval times, the clamp is simply two flat pieces of wood, hinged face to face at the top edges. The hinged edges have a semi circle cut into the middle of each to form a circle when the boards lie end to end. Boy’s testicles are slipped through this circular hole. Thus it is worn just under the penis with one board hanging over the front of the scrotum, the other over the back. Two bolts are threaded through holes in the bottom of the boards. Wing nuts allow Boy’s trainer to tighten the boards together, which as one can imagine, closes the space between the hinged boards and pressures the gonads. Jasmine added another hole in the bottom of each board through which her leash is threaded. This additional feature allows her to sharply tug on the leash and temporarily squeeze the boards and his testicles even more. As Jasmine demonstrated, Boy’s reaction to tension on the leash is immediate and most servile.

“He gets excited. So happy to see Mistress,” Lady Constance cooed, in her baby voice.

I will pause here to explain the epistemology of Boy’s care and treatment. Jasmine’s duties include, not only cleaning, feeding, and training, but also to assure that Boy

is kept in constant torment or heavy bondage when not in the presence of Lady Constance. When in her presence, all bonds and sources of torment are removed, except of course for his collar and wrist cuffs which are worn at all times and removed only for morning cleaning and stretching.

Thus, as a result of the years of repetitious, long term bondage, pain and humiliation, Boy knows that serving Lady Constance and being in her company affords the only relief possible from the daily rituals of torment and toil exacted by Jasmine. As the reader will learn from her interview, the powerful African woman is relentless, and Boy's tears and groveling never earn a minute of mercy. Only Lady Constance provides such, and she extracts a price for it.

Jasmine's fingers quickly remove the genital clamp. As she opens the hinged boards, I notice that layers of soft foam have mercifully been glued to the inner surface of the boards. At first, the modification appears to be an uncharacteristic concession toward moderation. But after further contemplation, I realize that the addition of the foam merely allows the clamp to be tightened and worn for extremely long periods, providing constant pain and discomfort without causing permanent damage.

With the removal of the evil device, Boy crawls toward his Mistress's voice. The contact lenses limiting his vision are still worn, and from my position at the desk I am afforded an unimpeded view of the naked buttocks and scrotal sac, swinging with each movement of Boy's thighs. Occasional changes in position also reveal the sizable, flaccid penis, with the various attached ornaments glinting in the room's bright lights. Jasmine exits to an adjoining room wearing a smile of self-satisfaction. The rustling sound of her starched, white uniform causes Boy to freeze in fear. Lady Constance snaps her fingers with the

additional command of "come!" and Boy resumes his awkward crawl to Lady Constance's chair.

Boy is hairless from the neck down. Years of depilation and electrolysis destroyed most of his hair follicles. Jasmine's morning inspection insures that those few strands that had escaped electrolysis are quickly removed. His appearance is oddly feminine. Whereas Jasmine's forced exercise routines have kept Boy in excellent physical condition, the closely monitored sculpting of his body gives him the appearance of a lithe, female athlete rather than male. The carefully administered hormones have successfully imbued Boy with a body of firm but modest muscles covered with soft layers of effeminate flesh. Boy's finger and toenails are painted with a thick layer of bright red, acrylic paint. His lengthy hair is trimmed at the jaw line in a "page boy" style, emulating that of a Dickensian choirboy. There is mascara around his eyes which I later learned is actually permanent tattooing. Overall, but for the sizeable scrotal sac and oddly bejeweled phallus, Boy's appearance is very feminine. He is the same age as Lady Constance but appears to be no older than a teenager.

Upon reaching Lady Constance, Boy lowers his head and an enormous, pink tongue begins licking her boots. His Mistress smiles and affectionately pats the top of his head. The warmth and comfort that Boy's servility brings is quite evident as the hand of Lady Constance gently slides from the top of Boy's head, down one side of his neck to his chest. The knowing fingers find his right nipple and casually pinch and toy. A soft laugh evidences Lady Constance's enjoyment as the infibulated penis stirs.

"The hormones have provided Boy with a heightened level of sensitivity. He has the epidermis of a young girl, and the nipples are particularly reactive to the touch. The years of forced chastity have also made his pleasure center incredibly responsive to my presence. Without the infibulating piercing, I could bring him to full erection and

ejaculation by merely massaging his skin and kneading his perky, effeminate nipples. He is completely subordinate to my will."

Lady Constance resumes her chronology.

"Well, we stayed and watched as the Director called out to the large African woman who was just finishing with the boy on the treadmill. It was then that we were introduced to Jasmine and Mother was quite impressed with her skills and ability to handle boys even when they were not restrained. I'm sure she will share her background with you when you interview her.

"Jasmine removed Boy from the cage, and we observed his inspection. Mother was impressed with both Boy and Jasmine. I intently watched Boy's initial humiliation at Jasmine's hands, while Mother negotiated a financial arrangement for Boy's procurement.

"And then Mother and the Director discussed Boy's training and development. 'And I want his oral skills honed,' I remember Mother emphasizing. 'An infibulated male must have some usefulness.' The Director nodded.

"He'll be ready for a weekend visit in three months. I like the concept, and if it works we'll be offering it to others'.

"Well, Doctor, I had not been listening to most of the discussion but that concluding statement got my attention. Boy would be visiting us! My own helpless naked male to play with!"

Lady Constance separates her thighs, as Boy works his prodigious tongue up her knee high boots. In a graceful and practiced motion, she lifts her left leg. Her pleated skirt easily yields, as her thigh drapes over the large arm of the stuffed chair, better opening herself to Boy's oral service. Spurred by her change of position, Boy's laps become longer and more animated as he approaches the top of her right boot. Lady Constance smiles.

"Such a good boy!

“Three months later, Mother sent the chauffeur to the clinic to pick up Boy and Jasmine. From that point onward, Boy and Jasmine spent weekends at our house for the remainder of my teen years. Can you imagine Doctor, being trained in the day to day control and domination of the male by Mother and Jasmine? I learned eagerly and quickly and had a close hand view of the results of the clinic’s behavior modification process. Mother mandated that Boy have accomplished oral skills and that his genitals be much more presentable for the female viewing pleasure. The changes could be detected weekly. He slowly approached complete submission to the female gender and underwent physical changes, which any dominant woman would enjoy. You can judge the results for yourself.

“But imagine having a completely subservient male available when a girl’s monthly curse manifests itself, and available for those unpleasant duties in the bathroom. Yes, my teen years were heavenly. Having my own play toy gave me self-confidence. My girl friends envied me. In summer days, we moved to the country house where in the seclusion of the well protected estate, Boy became the object much outdoor amusement.”

Lady Constance paused and lifted the front of her pleated skirt. A well trained Boy edged forward. His face nuzzled between Lady Constance’s thighs. With a smile, Lady Constance released the skirt to cover the top of Boy’s head.

“So eager to please.”

Occasional sounds of a wet tongue caressing moist flesh broke the brief silence, as Lady Constance gently patted Boy’s and encouraged closer proximity.

“The process of his complete subjugation was slow, steady and thorough. I remember the first time Jasmine masturbated him for me. I was excited. But I was also a little apprehensive. Mother told me that my participation was mandatory. So I put aside my reservations and adorned

the clothing suggested by the clinic guidelines, a very brief halter-top with a very short pleated skirt, like a tennis outfit, but with no undergarments.

“It was a Saturday morning and Boy had spent the evening in extreme bondage. Hogtied on the special table with ankles drawn up behind him and attached to his neck collar. Jasmine is very strict, as you have seen, for when she utilizes such a restraining position, she also slips wooden dowels behind his knees. They are secured to ropes to keep the thighs widely separated and also serve to painfully stretch the ligaments in the knees. When in such bondage, Jasmine also binds the scrotum and stretches it downward and clamps the tongue to stretch it outward. Boy’s hands remain cuffed behind him, and a bar is placed under arms at the elbow. When all the restraints are secured with cords properly tightened, he is completely immobile with pressure on his tongue, scrotum, knees, legs, arms and back. It’s delicious to view. Very long and slow torment, which of course is the objective, and to which Jasmine aspires wonderfully.

“Jasmine casually sits nearby, occasional tightening the restraints as deemed necessary and dabbing away the steady flow of tears. And Boy cries and whines. Speech is impossible with the tongue clamped and stretched and is forbidden in any case.

“Well, Doctor, the hours take their toll. Jasmine is relentless. Her extensive training provides for the maximum prolongation of the torment, knowing just when to temporarily release a limb or appendage that is becoming numb, providing the modicum of water needed to prevent dehydration, holding the receptacle for his excretions and monitoring his flow, offering the soft words of encouragement so necessary to complete the mental subjugation.

“‘Lady Constance will have you released soon. But you must show your gratitude…,’ or words to that effect.

“And then I enter at the appointed hour, expressing words of sympathy, examining my toy very closely, smoothing my hands over the well restrained arms and legs but waiting as suggested by the clinic’s guidelines for any offer of relief. Boy’s contact lenses are still in place mind you. But he can individualize my voice, and when I move to stoop near his head I make sure that the short front of my skirt flaps about enough to provide a good whiff of my feminine scent.

“Then I dry away some tears and pat his head.

“Good boys get a special reward.”

“He knows the signal, and I turn to Jasmine.

“Has Boy been good?

“Where upon Jasmine reports his conduct and the number of hours spent in the excruciating bondage, which I may add Doctor, over the months the time spent built to quite an impressive period.

“I then instruct Jasmine to release him. It’s crucial that he know all relief is at my whim and jest. That a young girl his own age is in control of his body and over time also his mind, of course.

“The subtlety of who gives the command is important. Over the months he learns that I am the sole source of relief from the torment…, and source of any pleasure, what little he receives.”

Lady Constance pauses. Her attention moves to Boy, as the fingers of her right hand gently toy with his left nipple. The sensitive, pink areola hardens and turns to a pencil point. Boy’s penis twitches and stirs. From my viewpoint, the head, which had been dangling loosely between the thighs, begins to become engorged as the shaft firms itself.

“Careful, Boy. You don’t want to hurt yourself.”

Lady Constance coos in her soft, feminine voice. Her wicked smile reveals that her concern is feigned.

“We’ve replaced his infibulating bar with a very thin but strong wire. Jasmine has the penis head very firmly tucked

away under the frenulum. He can just about urinate through the opening she allows. And any tumescence produces pain when the sensitive tip abrades the wire. But sometimes he just can't control himself. He likes his Mistress so much, he wants to show off. Like a proud Peacock.

"Would you like to show off for the Doctor? Yes, I think you would."

Lady Constance calls for Jasmine. The powerful black woman enters. She has donned latex gloves and holds in her hands some rubber paraphernalia, which includes tubing. Lady Constance smiles.

"You are a mind reader, Jasmine. Let's show the good Doctor a very firm stand."

Boy continues his oral ministrations but obsequiously spreads his knees even further. The amazing scrotal sac almost touches the carpet. Jasmine firmly but gently grips his testicles in a well-practiced move. She uses the sac for control as she inserts an inflatable plug into Boy's anus. It is evident that Boy has been well lubricated, and that his backside has been well stretched as the sizeable plug is swallowed quickly. When finished, the rubber tubing connected to the plug emanates from his sphincter and attaches to a squeeze bulb. Lady Constance explains.

"With a little pressure on the prostate, Boy will stand for hours.

"Enough. Display position, Boy. Stand for the Doctor."

The "stand" command refers to Boy's penis. Boy slides back from the chair remaining on his knees. He rights himself at the waist. Jasmine slips the squeeze bulb between his legs so that the tubing passes to his front and hands it to Lady Constance. Boy then slowly leans back further and further until the back of his head rests on the soft hotel carpet. In this contortionist position, his legs, bent at the knees, are trapped under him as are his hands and arms. It is a most awkward position but assumed so

naturally that the observer quickly concludes that years of training have ingrained its assumption upon the "stand" command.

"You like his trinkets, Doctor? Many years of collecting little gifts from friends."

Here, I will pause to explain. Boy's penis is adorned with dozens of gold baubles resembling gewgaws worn on a charm bracelet. Each one is attached to a small ring, which pierces the skin of Boy's penis. Over the years, after friends learned of Lady Constance's enjoyment of such trinkets, gifts were made with the understanding that the donor could watch while Jasmine attached the offering to Boy's appendage, sans anesthetic, of course.

As a result, Lady Constance's wicked acquaintances always returned from trips and vacations with a small remembrance of the journey, which would forever be commemorated on Boy's phallus. With the numerous friends and trips, Boy's penis, when flaccid, is completely covered with the small offerings, except for the head, which is entrapped by the infibulating wire tightly squeezing the frenulum. Jasmine's handiwork becomes quite evident in Boy's position of subservience. The long, flaccid penis glints in the bright, hotel room lights. Small replicas of such mundane items as the Eiffel Tower, numerous classic automobiles, the Statue of Liberty, etc. can be discerned along with cleverly miniaturized bondage and torture devices. As Boy's penis slowly engorges itself, the tintinnabulation of the stirring trinkets amuses Lady Constance. It seems the mere assumption of the awkward position and the command to "stand" is enough to begin the process of tumescence, and a smile of self-satisfaction steadily grows as she gives the rubber bulb a brisk squeeze.

"Now. Where were we..., ah yes, my first supervision of Boy's masturbation.

“Jasmine is quite adept with bondage as you have seen. Within a minute, Boy was freed and you can only guess where he chose to manifest his freedom. Teenage boys undergoing hormone treatment are delightful to observe. With his randiness, he could not stop himself from craning his neck forward. His nose exploring my feminine scent, and his tongue offering, in exaggerated gratitude, oral service between my thighs.

“What a feeling of power! I let him explore knowing that my scent would bring arousal. And with arousal the pain of the infibulating bar would soon have him groveling.

“Jasmine stood nearby. I remember stifling a sigh when his tongue found my young mound. Already wet from the heady feeling of power. He licked so tenderly, the clinic having trained him extensively, and it was difficult for me to retain my composure.

“But Boy was busy trying to maintain composure himself. He began to moan with the torment of his infibulation. I looked to Jasmine who nodded back, signaling the next step.

“Would you like to ejaculate for me, Boy?

“I spoke the words in as stentorian a voice as I could muster at that age. Boy whimpered, his tongue increasing its gentle and practiced endeavors.

“Jasmine drew up a small stool and sat behind Boy. A clear, glass, specimen dish was placed between his knees then her experienced fingers quickly removed the infibulating bar. I stood arms akimbo enjoying the ultimate submission of a young male.

“After a moment, Jasmine gruffly pulled back on Boy’s neck collar. He remained on his knees no longer bent at the waist. His chin was covered with my essence and although I had experienced several small orgasms, my genitalia ached for more attention. Which in time would come.

“Boy’s penis was enormous. It’s purple head, freed of the entrapping frenulum, pointed straight up. It drooled of

pre-ejaculatory fluid. Boy's young age and hormone treatments had his testicles and prostate gland in full production.

"Jasmine began her practiced routine. The fingers of a gloved, left hand toyed with Boy's anus. Her right hand palmed and kneaded the pink eggs swinging between the thighs. Her touch caused the mammoth erection to twitch, which in turn brought a knowing smile to Jasmine's earnest look.

"'You'd like to come for your Mistress, wouldn't you, Boy? Naked. Restrained. While on your knees and before your superior. What a nice tribute to offer her.'

"Jasmine offered these words in a smooth and dominant tone. As Boy nodded, her right hand grasped the stiff penis and slowly bent it downward. Boy grunted but remained in his position as Jasmine incredibly angled the amazing appendage down to the floor. She held it there, while her left hand continued its penetration of Boy's sphincter. Within a minute, the flow of drool increased.

"I have since learned that the male cannot ejaculate when the penis is held at such an angle. He can beg, squirm, gyrate, grovel…, but he cannot come.

"Well, Doctor, the flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid was impressive. Jasmine knows the male anatomy and with her trained fingers manipulating the prostate gland, it was like watching a cow's udder giving milk. After several frustrating and humiliating minutes, Jasmine released Boy's erection and pushed his face toward me. My thighs eagerly awaited his renewed efforts, and my scent spurred him to a most amazing explosion of sperm into the waiting specimen dish. Jasmine smiled and let his freed penis spurt. The motions of her left hand seemed to be timed to Boy's eruptions. Later I realized it was the opposite. Jasmine's well-trained fingers were actually milking Boy of his essence. His untouched, erect penis was reacting to her deft manipulation with glob after glob of semen. The dish

was soon filled without a single stroke of the penis by Jasmine! She controlled his ejaculation from start to finish, and when he finally began to become flaccid, she twisted her left hand within Boy's backside apparently greatly increasing the pressure, squeezed his penis between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, then drew them down the length of the shaft, ridding his urethra of the last drop of drool. It was like squeezing the final dollop of toothpaste from the tube.

"I remember laughing. Jasmine was a delight to watch, and she played Boy like a musical instrument. There was nothing she could not extract from Boy, whether it be pain, pleasure, or a demonstration of emotion. Through her talents I was empowered with total control.

"Over time, Boy learned that complete subservience and loyal oral service earned him a very gratifying draining of his fluids."

As Lady Constance completes her narrative, Boy's manhood grows. The shaft is engorged and the entrapped head comically appears to become smaller by comparison. Boy grimaces with the pain, the thin wire obviously abrading the sensitive, hidden head. Lady Constance merely gives the rubber bulb another squeeze, pressuring the prostate gland and encouraging more tumescence. Jasmine stands nearby smiling with Boy's discomfort.

"I like to let him squirm a bit, Doctor. When the wire is removed, he'll put on quite a stand for you. The inflatable plug will keep him amazingly stiff. "

We all watch in silence for a few minutes. Lady Constance and Jasmine are amused. I am awed by the demonstration of control but use the pause to reflect and catch up on my notes.

Finally, when the mounting pain no longer allows Boy to remain in his position of subservience, Lady Constance nods and Jasmine steps to his side. The ends of the thin wire, inserted through the two piercings in the underside of

his frenulum, are merely twisted together, somewhat like a bag tie. Jasmine untwists the wire, straightens it and pulls it out to the side. Incredibly, the purple head of one of the largest penises I have seen thrusts forth from its fleshy fold. Jasmine returns to the side of the room and within seconds Boy's phallus stands straight up. The wet, purple head seems to be mounted on a pedestal of shiny, gold jewelry. It is massive compared to Boy's svelte torso. The juxtaposition of the fleshy, bulbous head perched atop the long, metal sheathed shaft, standing some nine inches above Boy's stomach, gives the appearance that Boy's most prized possession is detached from his body. That it actually belongs elsewhere. And when Lady Constance gives the bulb another squeeze and the erection quivers in response, the viewer is indeed imparted with the impression that this most precious part of the male anatomy belongs to Lady Constance, and Boy is merely entrusted with the obligation of carrying it about for her.

"Goodness, Jasmine. He's dripping like a leaky faucet. When was he last milked?"

Pre-ejaculatory fluid is indeed oozing steadily. The flow makes the purple head glisten then disappears as it streams under the collection of trinkets.

"It's been nearly two months, Lady Constance. I've scheduled a milking for Friday."

Lady Constance reads my mind.

"Why not observe, Doctor? You can interview Jasmine while she works him."

The time is set. Friday morning, I will return to observe Boy's morning inspection, his milking and interview the puissant Jasmine.

The interview concludes with Lady Constance promising to continue her chronology at another time. As I pack away my notes, Lady Constance hands the rubber bulb to Jasmine.

“Why not take him down to the chamber maid’s lounge, Jasmine. They seem to enjoy Boy’s company. And some of the new girls may not have met him as of yet. Keep him nice and hard. Use the freight elevator.”

Lady Constance arises from her chair, signaling the end of our chat.

“The help here are very good to us. I try to entertain and amuse. I also enjoy learning of the girls’ reaction. Some of them have definite dominant tendencies…”

Jasmine is slipping Boy’s testicles into the genital clamp, as I exit to the hall. I try to visualize the reception he will be given by the collection of young, female, hotel employees. “The hotel must be a fascinating place to work”, I think to myself, as the sound of a soft bell and a flash of light announce the arrival of the private elevator.

Chapter Two

Interview with Jasmine

January 7, 1998

I sit in the room adjoining the one in which I interviewed Lady Constance. Courteously, a small table has been set up, Lady Constance evidently noticing my disposition for feverishly taking notes.

The room reminds me of a large, communal shower. The walls are tiled. The floor appears firm but is coated with a rubber like surface. My shoes make a slight impression with each step. There are no windows and sound echoes due the hard and smooth surfaces. Several drains complete my mental comparison to a shower room, as do various plumbing fixtures and hoses adorning a far wall.

I feel rather odd sitting and organizing my notes, while Jasmine changes into her morning "uniform", for Boy obsequiously hangs nearby. Unbeknownst to me, when not serving Lady Constance Boy spends the night suspended on a special frame, designed to display his nakedness and highlight his complete submission. It is one of the more diabolical of touches which Lady Constance has imputed into the care and training of Boy, for I have not seen anything quite like it in the D/s community.

The frame is of specially welded, high quality, stainless steel piping. Foam padding covers the areas that bear Boy's weight and thus makes the exceptionally long-term bondage tolerable.

The main portion of the frame is a vertical pipe some three to four feet long. The top has a sturdy eyehook welded to it, which is firmly attached to the suspension cable hanging from the ceiling. This vertical pipe runs from the top of Boy's head to his buttocks. A padded crosspiece is attached at the level of Boy's shoulder blades. Boy's upper arms are pulled back as always and as they drape over the padding the inside portion appears to bear much of his weight. At the bottom of the main pipe two shiny, flat

lengths of steel are attached by way of a hinges. These surfaces form a "V" and support Boy's thighs, forcing them apart. The hinges allow the surfaces to be widened, and I envision Jasmine placing Boy in the most uncomfortable of positions with thighs widely split. Boy's legs are bent back at the knee. Cuffs secure his feet well back and the ankles are tightly bound to eyehooks at the bottom of the vertical pipe. The back of Boy's neck collar is attached to the pipe near the top. This final detail making Boy completely immobile except, comically, his lengthy scrotum with the spangled penis limply resting on top, swings about and jiggles with the slightest of Boy's attempted movements.

Overall, the devilish frame places Boy in the most vulnerable of positions. His effeminate nipples are thrust forward and his thighs are well separated. His reproductive organs curiously invite the scrutiny of the most indifferent of observers for the frame is hung placing the genitals at eye level. With his complete state of submission, demented thoughts and fantasies creep into even the most virtuous of minds, since it is impossible to ignore his prodigious organs.

It is difficult to visualize how Boy sleeps situated on the frame. But then I realize, in keeping with Lady Constance's policy, the extreme bondage makes him very eager to please his Mistress when he's released. And invitations, if and when extended, to share Lady Constance's bed rather than hang helplessly on the frame, must be met with the most enthusiastic of responses and result in energetic service.

Jasmine steps from the changing room. I am shocked to see that her white, nurse's uniform has been replaced with the briefest of attire. Her large breasts are covered by a thin layer of black latex in the form of a halter. It clings to her mammaries leaving her nipples perfectly outlined beneath. Over her pubes is a matching black, rubber apron

freely hanging from a thin cord around her waist. There is no other garment, even her feet are bare.

I cannot stop myself from staring, for her physique is incredibly muscular. She has the appearance of a professional body builder with huge muscles that flex and roll with every movement. Her torso displays the characteristic ripples of abdominal muscles which have been toned to perfection and the rubber apron glances off powerful thighs, as she gracefully approaches Boy.

"Good morning, Doctor. You'll understand the utility of my attire as the morning routine progresses."

I flip back in my notes and use my pen to highlight the comment by Lady Constance that her Mother was impressed by the way Jasmine could handle the males at the clinic, even when they were not restrained. It is evident that Jasmine's incredible strength can overpower the most recalcitrant of teenagers. And I don't doubt either that at close to six feet and some 180 pounds of mostly muscle, she can bring most adult males under control.

I also note that Jasmine speaks with a very cultured British accent. Had I closed my eyes, the even tone and perfectly annunciated words would acoustically place me in an upper crust London club instead of a New York hotel.

Jasmine steps to Boy's side. In her left hand is a cotton swab, in her right a hypodermic needle. When she turns to swab the alcohol soaked cotton on Boy's flesh, her buttocks are exposed to me. They are huge, perfectly formed, and naked and my distraction is broken by Jasmine's voice.

"Boy's hormones. He receives a shot every week; mostly female hormones with a little testosterone to keep him randy for Lady Constance. The combination has a most interesting effect, wouldn't you say, Doctor?"

Jasmine callously jabs Boy's left cheek with the needle and deftly presses the plunger. Boy's uncontrollable spasmodic reaction makes his penis flop, bringing a knowing smile to Jasmine's face. She smoothes her left

hand along his thigh, up his stomach and playfully kneads his left nipple, highlighting her comment concerning the effect of the hormones by tweaking his most effeminate attribute and displaying it to me.

"Lady Constance is considering having him grow breasts. It's easily done."

The smiling Jasmine removes the needle and steps back. The action with her hands causes the frame and Boy to slowly twist at the end of the suspension cable, providing added emphasis to his helpless and bound state.

"Just a little change in the hormones is all it takes."

I ponder if the comment is for my edification or is part of the process of further impressing Boy with the extent of his complete submission. To realize that, at his Mistress's whim, his body could be further feminized and altered for amusement must provoke the most servile of thoughts. And I believe had his neck collar not been so tightly fastened to the vertical pipe, he would signal some form of objection or concern.

Jasmine moves to a nearby table. The hypodermic needle is discarded, and she retrieves a clear plastic container. Returning to Boy, she holds the container under his flaccid penis. It is very tightly infibulated (over the period of my many visits with Lady Constance and Boy and subsequent considerable research, I learned much about the shape and condition of the infibulated penis), the skin of the frenulum is pulled forward and tightened by the thin wire to such an extent that the end is tapered to resemble a large dart. It is an amazingly different appearance compared to the large, bulbous, purple head which Lady Constance displayed for me only days before.

Jasmine drapes the penis into the container. She also seems to recognize that the infibulating wire may be so tight as to block the urethra. The nail of her index finger pokes and prods and when Boy noticeably jerks in his tight

bonds, Jasmine smiles, knowing that her finger has cleared Boy's passage for urination.

"Time to empty yourself for me. Give me a nice sample."

On cue, Boy's flow begins with Jasmine holding the container in one hand and playfully directing the penis with the other…

"He's well trained. Only relieves his bladder upon command and under the close supervision of a woman. A sample is tested every week for any afflictions. You should know, Doctor, that Boy gets the best of care."

Yes. It's an interesting contrast. In terms of health and nutrition the helpless, vulnerable, well-bound Boy is treated better than a prized racehorse, for after Boy finishes, it is feeding time. Jasmine lowers the frame so that his knees almost touch the floor, and Boy's head is just above the level of Jasmine's waist.

The container is exchanged at the table for a bowl of mush.

"Highly nutritious. Full of fiber, vitamins, calories…, and it tastes terrible. But Boy never complains."

Jasmine smiles with the irony of her observation, since Boy's silence is mandated by the omnipotent Lady Constance and enforced by her own wicked hand.

I begin the interview as Jasmine patiently spoons the mush into Boy's mouth.

"Perhaps, Jasmine, you can give me a synopsis of your background. From the point where you began to handle males."

With that suggestion, she began a long narrative, which I recorded word for word as best as my dictation skills allowed.

"I was born and raised in Nigeria. My parents were well educated, and my father was involved in the government, which meant, as opposed to government employees in most developed countries, we were wealthy. Government

positions mean power in undeveloped countries. Power means money.

“I was privileged to attend the best schools and at age twelve was sent to study in England where I eventually attained a Bachelor’s degree in abnormal psychology from a prestigious British institution. I began to attend graduate school. But at the end of my second semester, civil war broke out in my country. I was called home to assist the military.

“I was always athletic in school having won many events in track and field. When I reported for military service, something in my demeanor caught the attention of a most interesting woman, who spearheaded one of the intelligence branches. She noted my degree in psychology and also my completed year of schooling toward a Masters Degree in psychiatric nursing. When she interviewed me, what also became apparent to her, was a certain disdain I had for males.

“You see the interview took place deep in the bowels of the military intelligence building and while we chatted, certain rebel prisoners were being interrogated. The sounds of their cries and pitiful pleas for mercy brought a wry smile to the face of my interviewer, and the fact that I was likewise not phased by such activity, pleased her and was highlighted in my file.

“So, I was inducted and began a rigorous training program. My stamina from track events proved useful, for upper body strength was mandated and, as you can see Doctor, the military was quite thorough in their program, which I completed with enthusiasm.

“After months of training and an extensive physical regimen, which added many pounds of muscle and inches of flesh, I was introduced to my new role as interrogator.

“You must understand, Doctor, that the African male is a very proud beast. All social interaction resolves around the male as leader and being superior to all. Therefore our

interrogation techniques were specifically designed to exploit this weakness and misperception.

“The threat of demonstrating the fallibility of the powerful male and gradual emasculation proved to be a very effective interrogation technique.

“So when a captured rebel soldier was believed to possess valuable information, he was turned over to our department, which incidentally was staffed solely with women. We were instructed that the quality and thoroughness of information obtained was more important than the timing. Therefore, we had complete discretion concerning methodology, as long as the results were accurate and useful. And they consistently were.

“We never failed to break a prisoner.”

[With this strongly emphasized statement, Jasmine paused from her feeding and smiled with the seemingly pleasant reflection.]

“The typical prisoner arrived in the deep basement of intelligence headquarters restrained in a medical strait jacket, and nothing else except ankle cuffs and a short hobbling chain. From the waist down, he was exposed. And the reaction of the proud soldier to being so exposed to pretty, young, female handlers was interesting. I enjoyed most those who became erect despite their efforts to control themselves. Those were the prisoners who, when broken, gave us the most information.

“I can also tell you, Doctor, that after the uprising ended, I received very humble correspondence from some of those, and I still do to this day..., but that’s another story.

“So the prisoners lined up and the staff of interrogators chose their subject. There was an unwritten hierarchy among the interrogators based on seniority, but for the most part I was never disappointed with those placed in my charge. The feeling of power is incredibly heady. And when you look straight into the face of a half naked, restrained,

young male and tie a control leash around his scrotum, the rush is indescribable.

“The psychological games were very well designed and effective. Most prisoners arrived on Monday. And it was explained to the prisoners that Sunday would be interview day. In the interim, silence was enforced while the interrogators established control. On Sunday, after some six days of torment, the prisoner was given an opportunity to talk. If he provided useful information, he was released. If not, he spent another week with us.

“Rarely did anyone intentionally spend another week by remaining silent. On occasion, we would recycle some poor, young male to demonstrate our resolve or perhaps because an interrogator particularly enjoyed tormenting him. But for the most part, when Sunday came about they sang like canaries.”

[Boy finishes the mush. Jasmine places the bowl on the table and slowly lowers the cable until Boy’s knees touch the rubber-coated floor. Jasmine guides Boy’s head forward and downward as the cable slackens. When it rests on the floor, the frame is unhooked and Jasmine mercifully releases Boy from his bonds including his neck collar. Surprisingly, when Jasmine slides the metal pipe down Boy’s spine, a ‘plopping’ sound reveals that a steel plug, welded to the bottom of the pipe, had been penetrating Boy’s anus for the entire time of his suspension. Thus Boy’s weight was borne not only by his arms and separated thighs, but also partially by the sizeable shiny, steel, butt plug. Jasmine notices my look of surprise.]

“We keep Boy opened for a variety of reasons.”

[With that brief explanation, Boy is completely freed of all bonds. It is the only time of the day when his arms are not cruelly secured behind his back. But he remains motionless, kneeling on all fours. The daily regimen is well ingrained, and I notice that his thighs remain well

separated. It seems at all times he endeavors to display his mammoth testicles and bejeweled penis to the female sex.

Jasmine positions herself directly in front of Boy. With her hands on her hips, she makes a very imposing figure, a dark skinned Goddess exuding power and strength. Boy lowers his head and kisses her feet. A long, pink tongue then appears and licks. Jasmine resumes her story as Boy, in what appears to be a well practiced ritual, slowly moves his head up, applying long, slow, affectionate laps with his tongue to well muscled calves.]

“Well, Doctor, you can imagine what a group of dominant aggressive women would do to restrained males. Our training and tactics revolved around the male organ. In Nigeria, as in most African countries, circumcision is not common. In fact, it is disdained as abnormal, considered as a disfigurement, which subjects the male to ridicule, an opening to question his masculinity.

“So, to establish authority, I routinely removed the foreskin of my subject. Not done in a normal manner you understand, but instead, with me standing between the legs of a completely shaven, very well restrained prisoner. I learned to work the scalpel slowly and developed a technique that left the prisoner’s penis cut high and tight. This involved removing every centimeter of flesh I could gather. There was no anesthesia of course. And when and if a prisoner fainted, I merely waited until he was revived to complete the procedure.

“This painful operation created the bond which the interrogator needed with the prisoner. My power and control was established with the proud male mentally vanquished.

“And it was made quite clear to the prisoner that other alterations could be performed. I, for one, relished explaining how easy it was to remove the testicles. ‘Quicker than circumcision,’ I would casually quip. And the shock would cause the horrid reality of complete helplessness to

settle into the psyche of the prisoner. A woman was in complete control of his precious organs! And with the excruciating pain of the circumcision and the high and tight cut, he knew there was no bluffing.

“The days following the operation were used to further establish control. Feeding the prisoner, assisting with bodily functions, changing bandages with close inspection of the incision.

“Toward the end of the week, if I felt the prisoner remained reluctant, I would mark the sides of his scrotum with a felt tipped pen. Then graphically describe the simple incisions, snipping of nerves and blood vessels, and removal of the precious organs, which would render him permanently neutered.

“By Saturday, the prisoners were ready to provide whatever information they could. In fact, most were eager. But for those rare exceptions where a recalcitrant prisoner expressed resistance, we had one long-term prisoner we kept as a pet. Neutered and feminized, one of his duties was to provide oral service to the prisoners choosing to remain silent. And while the reluctant prisoner fought the contrasting emotions of pleasure in having his genitals licked with the mental torment of having it done by a man, or former man, I would explain that it could easily be his next function. The interrogation unit could easily accommodate another servile eunuch with an agile tongue.”

“It was a very effective and persuasive procedure.”

[Boy’s tongue reached Jasmine’s thighs. Her hands patted the top of his head and stroked the simple but effeminately styled hair. With a smile, she parted her feet and she lifted the rubber apron so it rested on Boy’s coiffure.]

“Given the time, I could elaborate much more on the games we played. Having complete control and active libidos, Doctor, you can imagine the uses to which we put

our prisoners. Some had very good tongues, and that's where I discovered the delights of oral pleasure.

"You see I have an extremely large clitoris. Therefore, as Boy has discovered, I find direct oral stimulation to be much more pleasurable than vaginal penetration. And ever since those days in the Nigerian military I have preferred the lips and tongue of the subjugated male over any other sexual activity."

[Jasmine stopped and grinned. Boy's tongue had evidently encountered the aforementioned part of the female anatomy and the thrilling wave of pleasure was apparent. Her feet slipped further apart. Boy's head bobbed earnestly. After a few moments, Jasmine regained some composure.]

"Boy's tongue is particularly attentive this morning. He knows he's going to be milked and wants to show his gratitude."

[Jasmine silently allowed Boy to pleasure her oversized clitoris. Her hands, initially on top of his head, moved after a few moments to his ears. There she worked her fingers under his hair, grabbed the fleshy protrusions and aggressively pulled his head between her thighs. The sounds of wet tongue and lips became louder as Jasmine's pleasure mounted.

Finally, with her thigh muscles contracting noticeably, Jasmine groaned and abruptly shoved Boy away. She resumed her story.]

"Well the uprising ended and my services in military intelligence were no longer needed. It was dangerous for me to remain in Nigeria. There were numerous circumcised rebels seeking revenge, although strangely enough, as I mentioned, I received occasional correspondence from some former prisoners requesting meetings.

"You'd find that of interest, Doctor. The humbled, male warrior seeking further humiliation at the hands of his inquisitor...

“Well, it was not possible to determine which former prisoner truly desired more of my special attention and which sought revenge, so I returned to the safety of England to complete my studies.

“My military service had spurred a curiosity within me, and, while I completed my Masters degree, I also took many courses which concerned the male. Basic urology, male reproduction, and any courses related to the male anatomy. I did extensive research into male behavior..., the affect of hormones on the psyche.

“I volunteered at a nearby animal clinic and truly learned to perform castrations. I was fascinated with the changes in behavior that a simple operation could manifest.

“And as a result, I became very knowledgeable concerning all facets of male behavior. The mental aspects and the interrelationship of the physical.”

[At this point in the story, Jasmine was coating Boy’s body with mineral oil. Her narrative slowed as she began to methodically inspect every inch of Boy’s flesh. This was followed by a most aggressive massage, which included pulling and bending Boy’s limbs into incredibly awkward positions. On occasion, Boy cried out, which interrupted Jasmine and earned him more pressure on the subject limb. The naked Boy and the nearly naked Jasmine appeared to be in a rather uneven wrestling match, with Jasmine demonstrating very painful holds and Boy docilely accepting his losing status.

After several minutes of rolling and flipping Boy like a toy doll, Jasmine reached under Boy’s buttocks, firmly gripped his scrotum in her right hand, pulled back and stood. Boy quickly brought himself to his hands and knees to relieve the tension, but Jasmine slowly raised her clenched hand until Boy was forced to position himself on the very tips of his fingers and toes with his sizable scrotum pulled back between his thighs. The pink flesh was stretched taut by Jasmine’s gruff handling, and its modified

state was quite apparent since the bottom end where the testicles nestled was held upwards as high as the level of Jasmine's waist.

It was a very impressive display of power, and I sincerely believe Jasmine had the strength to lift Boy entirely off the floor and dangle him by his precious organs.

But after looking at me and smiling, she just stood while Boy very carefully balanced himself. Any movement on his part increased the pressure, which he desperately sought to avoid. So he obsequiously remained in the most humiliating of positions while Jasmine continued.]

"So what does a dominant female do with all this training and knowledge?

"I could not return to Nigeria. So upon receiving my degree, I applied for positions in several psychiatric prisons in England and Europe. I relished the opportunity to handle males, although I knew my military experience was unique, and I probably would not have the opportunity to replicate it.

"But then Ms. W----- came to London to interview some of the graduates. She's the director of the clinic where Boy was first trained to serve. In our first meeting, it became evident that we shared many philosophies concerning the handling of the male. But then when I told her of the details of my military experience, which I obviously did not have listed on my resume, I was hired instantly.

"And so it was off to Europe."

[Jasmine lowered Boy's testicles allowing him to better balance himself. She then used his scrotum as a handle and pulled him to the far wall where the hoses hung in waiting. Boy comically scampered on all fours. Experience told him where he was going. Jasmine's firm grip assured that he would get there without delay.

When Jasmine released her hold, Boy obediently turned his backside toward the wall. Jasmine removed a hose. A familiar nozzle on the end told me where it was to be

placed and Boy's anus, well opened from the butt plug and lubricated during the massage, accepted the business end without resistance. Several quick squeezes of a rubber bulb indicated it was an inflatable nozzle. After a noticeable groan from Boy, Jasmine squeezed twice more then slowly turned on a valve.]

"You're going to take an extra couple of pints for the Doctor this morning, Boy. Nice and high for me. Head down..., buttocks up."

[Boy's forehead touched the floor and as commanded he knelt with his effeminate cheeks pushed up. As always well separated thighs left his organs freely swinging.]

"I learned much at the clinic, particularly concerning the long term care of younger males. You understand that my military experience was comprised of only short-term contact. Ms. W----- was very experienced, and my education in abnormal psychology became most useful in transforming her charges into submissive, groveling playthings.

"Her contacts were impressive. There was a worldwide network seeking candidates for her. And of course her clientele were comprised of the extremely rich and in some cases people of great notoriety. You'd be surprised, Doctor, to learn which famous people have a naked, submissive male secured in their closet waiting to lick the shoes of his Mistress. Or who owns a secluded ranch where feminized, young males fulfill the most unusual whims and fantasies of weekend guests. Yes, there's global demand for the likes of Boy, and my years at the clinic were gratifying in assisting to develop an appropriate supply."

[Jasmine removed another hose from the wall while she talked. This one ended with a shower nozzle, which with a twist of a valve spewed a curtain of water over Boy's kneeling form.

After soaking him thoroughly, she retrieved a large bar of soap and a brush and began to slowly lather Boy's entire

body. The utility of her latex halter and apron became apparent with her proximity to the wet, soapy, naked Boy.]

“Within a few months at the clinic, I was taught to infibulate the new arrivals. It’s really a very simple procedure, but the spacing of the piercing is very important. A young, male’s frenulum must be pinched tightly over the penis head to be most effective. And Ms. W----- noted that I did it the tightest.

“Ms. W----- also noted my work in neutering animals, and I was placed in charge of alterations when demanded. A certain Chinese woman, for example, insisted that neutered males provided the most attentive oral service and I must confess, Doctor, that after the quick and simple removal of the testicles, training became much simpler and quicker. And the hours of teaching good tongue work has marvelous rewards, as you can imagine. I have a theory that the altered male can be trained to attain a curious level of sexual gratification by orally servicing a demanding female. I plan to write a research paper on the subject at some point.”

[Jasmine was scrubbing away. Boy was covered from head to toe with suds and a level of discomfort was becoming apparent. It was not possible to discern whether the enema hose was filling him to a level of unbearable pressure, or Jasmine’s scrub brush was abrading his skin. I could only assume both were occurring and Jasmine seemed to enjoy the reaction.

While she cleaned, she also inspected. Beginning at the head and working down, every cranny was poked, pinched and examined in the bright lights. When she reached the buttocks, her slippery, soaped hands placed the bar and brush on the floor and grasped the scrotum.]

“I always give the testicles a good examination, feeling for cysts and unusual growths.”

[Jasmine’s strong, black hands pulled Boy’s enormous, scrotal sac back between his thighs. She stretched the

hairless, pink skin with her left hand until the large gonads appeared to be two lumps lying in a bag of flesh. Her right hand began to pinch and squeeze the vulnerable testicles testing Boy's composure. He remained motionless, and this observer was impressed. It appeared that Jasmine truly owned the organs and could play with them at will. With her extensive knowledge of the male reproductive system, she knew just how much could be meted out without damage, and, at her whim, Boy's sensitive eggs were taken to that level.

When she finally released the scrotum it swung back and forth heavily, while she poked his lower abdomen. Apparently satisfied with the level of expansion, Jasmine arose and turned off the enema hose.]

"Up. Show the Doctor your nice plump belly."

[Boy slowly straightened at the waist, remaining on his knees. As the soapsuds glided down his wet body, his distended stomach came into view. It was apparent that the pressure stimulated the prostate and caused his penis to be partially engorged. The tight, infibulating wire was performing its function admirably in painfully preventing full tumescence. With his blurred contact lenses, he just stared into space, docilely accepting what for him was a daily ritual, but for me was fascinating grist for my writing mill.

A knock came on the door. Jasmine moved to the far end of the room to open it. Her extensive muscling allowed her to seemingly float across the room, and I again found myself transfixed by the flex and roll in her naked calves and thighs.]

"Hello, Mary. You're a little early for us."

[A young woman stepped into the tiled room. The absence of any reaction to Boy's naked, wet and kneeling form told me she was familiar with his situation. She was uniformed in white and carried a bag stuffed, judging from the protruding electrical cords, with various appliances.

She was pretty with angelic features. Her demur temperament and dutiful nod in response to Jasmine's greeting indicated she was most likely a low level employee. I was most impressed by her level of comfort with the unusual scene. Whereas most girls her age would be shocked or repulsed, the sight of Boy seemed to bring a pleasant smile and a look of satisfaction to her otherwise expressionless face.]

"Boy is going to be milked, Mary. You'll find it interesting if you care to stay. You can make him presentable while he's being iced."

[Mary's smile broadened with the suggestion, and she placed her bag on the table next to Jasmine's paraphernalia.

Jasmine returned to her duties and doused Boy with the spray hose. The rinsing removed the last remnants of soap, and he appeared to be more naked than ever..., wet, hands placed on top of his head, not even a neck collar for covering.

Jasmine stepped back to survey her work. I wondered if she concluded the same..., a male in the most submissive of states, skin cleansed to a noticeable pink color, intestines filled at the behest of a woman, penis entrapped and adorned with the trinkets of his mistress, stretched scrotum swinging, docilely kneeling and displayed totally naked..., he symbolized the ultimate power of the female.

The brief respite ended when Jasmine toyed with the hose emanating from Boy's backside, while Mary retrieved various items from her bag and set them out on the table. My curiosity was satisfied when I spied a hair dryer, nail polish and various other cosmetics being placed on the table. Mary was a cosmetician.]

"Give Mary a proper hello, Boy. No spillage."

[Jasmine deflated the nozzle and carefully slid it from Boy's anus. As the tip slowly exited, Boy comically clenched his hairless, rounded cheeks in obediently holding what

must have been a considerable quantity of water. I stifled my laughter as he crawled toward Mary with his buttocks in the described state. He knew Jasmine was serious with her command and judging from the bloated belly the pressure must have been considerable.

Mary patiently waited. Experience told her not to move toward him, and when I was able to peel my eyes from Boy's ungainly efforts to crawl, I looked into the face of a young, dominant woman. Gone was the look of young innocence, for Mary was very amused with Boy's plight. Her contentment with his discomfort, along with an eager anticipation of possible seepage from Boy's overfilled bowels, was evident on her face. In a subtle symbol of authority, Mary moved her right foot forward and offered words of feigned encouragement. When Boy's humiliating journey ended, he lowered his head and kissed her proffered foot.

In reward, Mary tousled his hair.]

"I'm going to make you very pretty today, Boy. Lady Constance has a special visitor and he wants you highlighted in red."

[Jasmine called Boy back to the shower area. The return trip was negotiated somewhat more quickly, for he knew it was time to expel the sloshy contents of his bowels.

With Jasmine closely supervising, Boy positioned himself over a large drain, squatted and patiently waited with an extraordinary look of anticipation. When Jasmine snapped her fingers, Boy's rectum reacted instantly and a torrent began. Incredibly, Jasmine snapped again and Boy somehow cut off the flow. She waited for a minute then snapped, and Boy completed emptying himself. There seemed to be nothing that Jasmine did not or could not control.

Satisfied that all had been expelled, Jasmine again turned on the hose..., apparently this time to a very cold setting for Boy noticeably jumped as the spray cleansed his

backside. But it also soaked his penis and testicles with the presumed ice cold water, and the partially engorged phallus began to shrink.]

“Table!”

[A simple command sent Boy scurrying to an odd, stainless steel table. The bright, room lights reflected from the shiny metal and provided a beacon for the blinded, naked hermaphrodite, for he crawled to it without hesitation and positioned himself kneeling on all fours. The height of the surface of the table placed him so that his head was just above the level of Jasmine’s waist. But it was not the level that was unusual but the four raised edges. I had seen similar equipment at seafood stores where fish and other perishables were displayed resting on beds of shaved ice. This table could serve in such a capacity, for it was pitched and drained at one end and the edges could hold in place ice or liquids.

There were also the numerous restraint devices, which added to its curiosity. And Boy docilely positioned his wrists and ankles close to straps attached to the sides.]

“Boy doesn’t like the table, Doctor, but he knows to obey. This is where I keep him stretched to Lady Constance’s liking. Without an occasional few hours strapped down and being stretched, the tongue and scrotum would shrink somewhat. And we wouldn’t want that…, would we Boy?

No. Lady Constance enjoys a certain look in her cute, submissive toy. And it’s easily maintained.”

[Jasmine’s comments explained the small winches attached to the front and rear edges of the table. I envisioned Boy struggling for the appointed period of time with his tongue clamped and pulled by the front winch, and his scrotum cradled by the diabolical parachute and pulled by the winch to the rear.

I had read of certain cultures where modifying the body was prevalent and remembered learning that it was a slow

and time-consuming process. Boy must have spent many hours of many days being stretched to achieve Lady Constance's desired results. But, time was of little consequence to Boy's powerful tormentress. For Lady Constance, the longer and slower the process was the better. For Jasmine, it was just another pleasant day of humiliating the male. For Boy, well…, it didn't matter. His body was not his to control.

Jasmine deftly attached the straps to Boy's wrists and ankles effectively making him part of the table. She then left the room, and I could not take my eyes off the amazing gluteus maximus muscles, which rippled with power as she strode to an adjoining kitchen area.

Meanwhile, Mary began her work. Starting with his hair, still wet from Jasmine's cleansing, she cut and styled it, gracefully combing and snipping to ensure Boy's effeminate appearance.

Then she retrieved a small stool, positioned it to Boy's right side, sat down and started to manicure. Jasmine returned with a bucket full of wet shaved ice.]

"Hold on one minute, Mary. Boy has trouble remaining still."

[Jasmine placed the bucket on the table between Boy's calves then slid it forward near his thighs.]

"Up."

[Boy raised himself off his knees as best he could, and Jasmine pushed the bucket so his thighs straddled the top. She grasped his penis and testicles.]

"Down."

[Boy obediently lowered himself. When his sensitive organs touched the icy slush it appeared that there was a spasmodic reaction to rise, but Jasmine's grip was firm and Boy settled his organs into the freezing bucket.]

"The first step to a thorough milking, Doctor. Lady Constance insists that Boy's sexual pleasure be derived exclusively from orally servicing the female organ. So to

prohibit orgasmic relief while draining his semen, it's a simple matter of numbing the ejaculatory muscles. That way I can endlessly massage and toy with his prostate gland and ampulla, and he cannot ejaculate or feel any pleasure.

Unfortunately, he'll feel a little glow when I'm done. The change in his hormonal balance will have the effect of calming him. But that is nowhere near the ecstatic feeling of having a true orgasm. Lady Constance forbids that. He had his last one many years ago."

[While Jasmine explained, she held Boy's organs in the bucket. After a moment, the initial shock passed and she released her grip and stepped away to the preparation table. There she retrieved a plastic squeeze bottle with an attached straw emanating from the top. Returning to Boy's front, she inserted the straw into Boy's mouth and squeezed.

Mary continued with manicuring his right hand.]

"A nice, bright shade of red for you today, Boy. Yes, you're going to be very alluring."

[Mary finished and moved the stool to Boy's left hand. The color of his nails was indeed bright and could only be described as that worn by an expensive lady of the evening. While Mary continued her efforts and Boy's genitals were properly iced, Jasmine calmly supervised and watched Boy's organs turn an interesting shade of blue. She picked up on her narrative.]

"So I had been working at Ms. W-----'s clinic for some four years when Lady Constance and her Mother visited. I believe you're aware of the circumstances under which I made the transition from the clinic to the employ of Lady Constance and her Mother.

"It was a challenging assignment..., to be in direct charge of Boy's subjugation. But with Ms. W-----'s input, I developed a program that has been quite successful. You must understand that the most important element is Boy's

deeply ingrained desire to please…, to give pleasure to his Mistress in complete disregard for his own feelings or comfort.

“In addition to the desire to please, he also needed to be endowed with the proper tool. Perhaps Doctor, you have not had a good view of this…”

[Jasmine sauntered to Boy’s side as she spoke. With the simple command of “Tongue!” Boy opened his mouth and the demanded prodigious, pink appendage was thrust forward between his lips. It was amazingly long, and when Jasmine palmed the wet, slippery length and pulled it further out, the sight caused Mary to pause. The young cosmetician’s momentary look of surprise changed to amusement and she began a youthful giggle, obviously imagining to what lascivious purpose such an oversized organ could be put.

Jasmine released the slippery, wet tongue and stepped away. Mary began applying lipstick. The makeup case placed on the front of the table indicated Boy was to receive a full make over.]

“As you are aware, Doctor, all flesh can be stretched. It’s a matter of time and maintaining sensitivity that becomes difficult. It’s important that Boy be able to properly feel with his tongue the soft pink flesh and be able to adjust his caresses to his Mistress’s reactions. Good oral service requires a well-trained, dexterous and assiduous tongue, and we have transmogrified Boy’s into one of the best.

“I instituted a very simple, long-term program of punishment and reward. Whenever he is permitted to orally serve the superior Female, he’s released from all bondage, except his wrists of course. When not servicing, he’s kept in what I term severe restraint.

“Also, in the early days at Lady Constance’s mother’s estate, Boy was masturbated while his tongue serviced Lady Constance. This was eventually curtailed and in place of masturbation, I taught the young Lady to offer treats. As

you can see, we keep Boy lean, and he's always eager to earn a little doggie treat. It tastes terrible, but he knows that the nutrition is craved by his body. So as a young submissive in training, he pined for opportunities to exercise his tongue and earn temporary release and perhaps a doggie biscuit, if his efforts were deemed particularly attentive.

"Lady Constance took to her role so well. At first shy about having a male so close to her feminine parts, she quickly realized that the special contact lenses effectively keeps Boy blinded. Thus her bashfulness ended on the first day, when Boy was masturbated while permitted to lick and explore her genitalia.

"Later, more subtle forms of Dominance and submission were practiced. It became a common sight for certain neighbors to view the pretty, young Mistress of the manor running her naked plaything through the fields of the country estate. She regally sitting atop her large, white horse, Boy struggling to run behind at the end of a leash.

"As I stretched Boy's scrotum more and more, his running became more amusing to the dilettante Dominant Constance. Watching Boy's testicles bob about between his thighs and working his effeminate buttocks filled entire afternoons and made for interesting diversions, when Lady Constance had her young friends from school come for a visit.

"And all the exercise kept Boy in good condition. Good oral service requires the wind of a trained athlete. Every woman enjoys a certain rhythm when receiving service from the lips and tongue, and Boy was trained to find a satisfying cadence even if it meant holding his breath for inordinate periods. Boy learned to probe deeply with his tongue and eventually, as the stretching progressed, was trained to properly caress the rear crevice with his lengthened appendage.

“You can see the results, Doctor. Boy obtains a fascinatingly subtle form of sexual gratification from serving the female genitalia. And since it’s the only gratification he receives, he craves to be of service.”

[Jasmine squeezed more water in to Boy’s mouth, then dipped her hand into the slushy ice and extracted a cold, blue, scrotal bag. Even in its contracted and crinkled state, it was sizable. She firmly pinched a small fold of the sensitive skin between the nails of her thumb and forefinger. Boy did not react to what would normally be sharp pain.]

“He’s just about ready, Mary. Almost done?”

[Mary was finishing the nails of Boy’s left toes with the same shade of bright, red polish. When she stood up and pulled away the stool, all her efforts came into view. In addition to the abundant nail polish, Boy’s lips were highlighted with the same shade of red. A gloss coating reflected the room’s antiseptic lighting. Mary had applied eye shadow to augment the tattooed mascara, all of which greatly added to Boy’s particularly effeminate appearance. From the neck upwards, it was not possible to guess Boy’s true gender much less his age, which by my estimate was some thirty years.

But the typical cosmetic alterations were further augmented by the attention Mary paid to Boy’s perky nipples. An interesting shade of red rouge drew the observer’s eye to what appeared to be underdeveloped female breasts. This feature added an interesting contrast to Boy’s appearance. Facially he appeared to be a woman. But the rouge forced the viewer to move the eyes to his chest, where any attempt to determine his gender became obscured. A boy with make-up? A young girl with undeveloped breasts?

With the extensive cosmetics and make up effort, I became curious as to the sexual proclivities of Lady Constance’s visiting friend.

Jasmine removed the ice filled bucket. I stifled my own laughter in viewing the shriveled organs. Jasmine's ten minute treatment changed the shape and color, and another cruel pinch indicated complete numbness.]

"He's ready."

[With that comment, Jasmine moved to the preparation table and donned long, latex gloves. She returned with a specimen dish in her left hand and placed it between Boy's thighs. In her right was a large jar of lubricant.]

"We send the semen out for testing. The sperm count will show the effect of the hormone treatments and determine future dosage. This will take about thirty minutes, Mary. You can stay and watch or come back later and finish."

[Mary eagerly indicated her preference to watch the ultimate humiliation of the male. Boy would give up his semen under the control of a Dominant female. He was to be milked like a cow and had no choice but to kneel and patiently allow the knowing hands of Jasmine take what she wanted. The presence of the pretty, young, female observer must have added greatly to his embarrassment, but complete silence was the rule, and strong, comfortable straps enforced his compliance.

Jasmine lubricated her right glove and a glob was worked into Boy's anus. Jasmine stood to Boy's left and began the slow process of working her fingers into the well-cleansed anus. With her left hand, she very gently caressed the reddened nipples. This seemed to calm Boy, and he seemed to open himself a little more with each touch of a nipple.]

"As you can see, Doctor, the nipples have become quite an erogenous area. He responds to my touch like an eager whore."

[Jasmine slowly and methodically worked. Even the most casual of observers would acknowledge her high level of

experience, as every movement and touch caused Boy's puckered sphincter to relax and open further to her fingers.

Within some five minutes, she had three fingers inserted and began to massage the perineum with her left hand.]

"He's numb here, of course, but the prostate will react to massage. It will be physically stimulated despite the lack of feeling. And my goodness it's nice and full. You're going to give us a good sample this morning, Boy. You're quite ready for milking.

The coldness also forestalls erection, which of course is painfully impossible with his infibulation."

[Jasmine folded her right thumb under and a full assault of Boy's squeaky, clean rectum began. I was amazed to see him relax and then flex the muscles of his bowels to assist with the penetration. Evidently the years of experience taught him to not only accept the inevitable but also to minimize the time and discomfort of penetration. Jasmine's hand entered and she smiled.]

"So eager. And I can feel the prostate. Yes. It's swollen with fluid and ready to empty for us. Yes. Isn't it Boy?"

[A drop of clear fluid beaded on the pencil sharp tip of Boy's shriveled, infibulated penis. It was interesting that Jasmine made no effort to remove it. The realization that her manipulation was taking effect brought a wry smile and more movements of her hands.]

"With the ejaculatory muscles numbed, he cannot orgasm. But my fingers can force the glands to secrete. The flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid will increase. And when I decide it's time, some added pressure to the prostate and ampulla will begin the flow of sperm.

"Milkings are best done slowly and thoroughly, Doctor. It's best for Boy's health. By the time I'm done, he'll be thoroughly drained."

[For the next few minutes Jasmine worked in silence, and the bead of clear fluid grew larger and eventually dripped to the specimen dish. Then it turned to a steady

flow, and Mary watched in complete fascination while I took notes. Boy's blank stare seemed to become even more distant. But when the first drop of creamy, white sperm hit the dish with a 'plunk', Boy closed his eyes in embarrassment while Mary giggled.]

"Yes, very good, Boy. Give it all to Jasmine."

[I moved for a closer look and the substance did indeed have the cloudy, sticky properties of sperm. Boy's numbed ducts had opened under Jasmine's manipulations and absent any feeling his ejaculatory muscles failed to properly expel the seed. Instead the fluid just dripped. It seemed to be the ultimate ceding of control to the dominant female..., a male's most fundamental and proud biological function was placed in the hands of the controlling female. And Boy's closed eyes evidenced the extreme humility of the act. His male organs were no longer his to control.]

"You'll notice, Mary, that when I stop moving my fingers, the flow of sperm stops. Thus by controlling the flow, I could slowly milk him for the entire day if I'd like. Of course, I'd have to apply more ice after awhile."

[Jasmine demonstrated her conjecture. The slow flow of white turned clear when her hands remained motionless. But then after a few minutes she resumed, and the creamy substance again dripped to the dish.

The amazing demonstration continued for several minutes with Mary mesmerized by Jasmine's knowledgeable actions. Incredibly, the shallow dish was filling, and I wondered if one facet of Jasmine's amusement was to continue until it overflowed. But finally, Jasmine leaned over and peered at the flaccid phallus as the cream turned back to a clear, viscous liquid.]

"Good Boy."

[Her left hand gripped Boy's penis at the base and squeezed. She then drew it down, careful not to press the many ornaments and piercings into the skin. When she

reached the tip, she pinched it between thumb and forefinger and one last glob of white plopped to the brimming dish.

Boy was indeed milked.]

“He’ll be quite docile for his visitor. He feels a glow after the release of hormones. Nowhere near the ecstatic feeling from a true orgasm, but he knows that it is Jasmine who has provided such a kindness and he’s grateful. Aren’t you Boy?”

[Jasmine’s right hand was slowly withdrawing as she spoke. Mary stirred from her riveted observation and retrieved an appliance from the preparation table. When Jasmine’s right hand finally slithered into the room light, she carefully picked up the specimen dish and exited to the kitchen. When she returned, her gloves had been removed, and she picked up Boy’s neck collar from the preparation table.

The two women worked silently as Jasmine collared Boy and Mary plugged in her appliance. Once again Jasmine inserted the straw of the plastic bottle into Boy’s mouth and gave it a generous squeeze.]

“There appeared to be some new hairs growing under the scrotum Mary. The highest setting should eliminate them nicely.”

[Mary seemed to jump with eagerness at the suggestion. She stepped to Boy’s rear, drew the warming, pink sac back in her left hand and after a few seconds of examination applied the metal tip of the appliance to various points on the soft, sensitive skin. Boy convulsed noticeably, but it was evident that he was quite adapted to the electrolysis. It was inconceivable that a normal male could remain kneeling and tolerate pain equivalent to a bee sting on such a precious organ, but as I was discovering, Boy was no longer a normal male.

Jasmine released Boy’s wrists from the table and placed them in cuffs. Her powerful hands guided Boy’s limp arms

back as if they belonged to a puppet. Years of training had taught Boy to keep his limbs relaxed to be pushed and pulled about as Jasmine or other female superiors desired. Therefore it was an easy matter for Jasmine to place Boy's arms behind his back, bend them at the elbows and attach the wrists in the standard configuration…, well up the back and attached to sturdy eyelets on the neck collar.

Mary continued her work with relish, eliminating many unseen short hairs that had the temerity to grow and potentially sully Lady Constance's hairless play toy.

Jasmine paused to watch and pointed out other stubble that she had encountered during her earlier aggressive massage. When satisfied that Mary was attentively zapping Boy to complete smoothness, she walked to the wall opposite me and released a rope. A sturdy chain lowered from the ceiling directly over Boy's head. Jasmine tied off the rope and returned to Boy, where she attached the chain to the back of his neck collar.

This held Boy so that he knelt on the table as before, except that his upper torso was supported by his neck-collar, instead of his arms and hands.

Jasmine picked up a metal device from the preparation table and walked to where Boy's head was suspended by the chain. She held up in front of him a shiny, metal clamp.]

"You know what I want."

[Boy reluctantly thrust out his tongue. He knew what was coming and had no way to avoid it. Jasmine gripped the long, slippery appendage and unmercifully tightened the evil device entrapping Boy's only permitted functioning, sex organ. She didn't stop until Boy winced. It was a real signal of pain not feigned, and at that point Jasmine pulled on the clamp to ensure its tightness.]

"He'll be very eager to use it when freed. Yes, won't you, Boy? Lady Constance's visitor will be very pleased with your oral efforts today."

[A cord was released from the winch in front of the table, pulled upward and attached to the clamp. Jasmine smiled as she turned the winch back, tightening the cord, pulling the clamp and stretching the incredibly long tongue well beyond Boy's bright, red lips. As with the clamp, she slowly turned the winch until a guttural sound erupted from Boy's throat, indicating an intolerable pain level. It was only then that Jasmine locked the winch assuring a steady tightness on the cord and thus the tongue.]

"Boy just wiles away the time while his body is modified to Lady Constance's liking. He'll think about how much pleasure he will bestow at the next opportunity. Yes, won't you, Boy?"

[Mary continued her endeavors with the electrolysis moving to the buttocks and then to Boy's right side, closely examining the scrubbed, effeminate flesh. An occasional unseen but apparently stubborn short hair would catch her soft fingers, as she gently smoothed her free hand over every inch of skin.

Jasmine stood by Boy's head. The fingers of her right hand moved under her brief, rubber apron and returned glistening with wet traces of her feminine charms. She reached to Boy's face and slowly coated his nose, upper lip and corners of his mouth leaving her scent where he could not avoid inhaling the musky aroma.

She resumed her narrative.]

"I only regret not being able to masturbate him. It's a very heady feeling, firmly grasping a good, stiff phallus, especially with a male as well endowed as Boy. But complete chastity is essential. When he was deemed to be properly responding to Lady Constance, all overt gratification ceased.

"But for the year or so of training..., what fun!

"I remember one night at the country estate with Lady Constance's school friends we had a contest. Each girl guessed at how far Boy could ejaculate.

“I was not permitted to enter of course. Lady Constance knew I could make him squirt any distance I wished. So I became the non-partisan participant with instructions from Lady Constance to maximize his performance.

“Well, Doctor, you can imagine what an interesting challenge that was, having free reign over a male with a huge penis and in his prime years of sexual development.

“With my medical studies, I knew the proper method and position for the best results. I had Boy kneel on a thick book. I attached two chains hanging from beams overhead to each side of his neck collar. His wrists were secured in back of course, and a white linen sheet was spread in front of him on the floor.

“Lady Constance’s friends loved Boy. It’s not often that teenage girls are able to view the naked male form with impunity. And of course, they had a free hand in assisting with his training. Most learned quickly, as Lady Constance had, that with his lenses Boy could not properly focus. So it was a common sight to see a young lass take Boy to a far corner of the large house, or when outdoors to a secluded area of the estate, hike up her skirt and encourage his oral training.

“So the suggested contest was enthusiastically received, and each girl guessed at the distant of the furthest stain on the linen sheet. The winner received Boy’s oral ministrations, which were much appreciated.

“I knelt behind Boy and began the slow process. I kept him infibulated and I enjoyed waking up the various glands that way. As one Dominant woman described it, making his organs ready to boil.

“One must be careful with timing in such a scenario. Leaving him infibulated causes painful attempts to tumefy, which normally is not a problem, but on that occasion too much pain would interfere with performance.

“So I massaged the testicles, perineum, worked a finger or two into the rectum and watched the infibulating wire

very closely.

“When I detected a moderate level of pain, I pulled out the infibulating wire and remained motionless. I wanted no distractions as Boy’s erection steadily rose. Each girl, lined up on both sides of the sheet, gasped in amazement. I myself got tremendously excited knowing that it was only by my hand and action that Boy stood, and of course with his size and the girls’ limited experience, it was quite an impressive performance for them.

“Boy had no trinkets at the time. It was only when I decided that he should be kept chaste, that Lady Constance began adding all the mementos. So his long shaft was free to stroke, and I was and still am quite adept at it.

“I like to work just the base, the lower portion which has much less sensitivity. The method requires more time to reach the boiling point and continues awakening the prostate, ampulla and ejaculatory muscles. I keep the shaft bent downward as much as possible. Usually to the floor, which is most uncomfortable, but for the contest I did not want to mix a pain signal with pleasure. So I kept him at a modest downward angle, which would forestall ejaculation with minimal discomfort.

“My lubricated left hand continued its penetration of course. While working the shaft, most males won’t even feel the fingers enter, and of course we kept Boy’s backside opened from early days at the clinic.”

[Jasmine paused in her story. Tears were rolling down Boy’s face. Either the slow torture of having his tongue stretched or Mary’s electrolysis was breaking his stoicism. Jasmine gently dabbed away the wetness and patted Boy’s head cooing words of encouragement. But then she tested the tightness of the tongue cord and gave the winch a quarter turn.]

“Don’t be alarmed, Doctor. The winch is highly geared. That quarter turn only shortens the cord by an eighth of an inch.”

[But the action was emblematic of Boy's treatment. Relentless training and cruelty was the regimen. Jasmine was aloof to his tears. They were just something to be wiped away and the stretching continued.

"More water was squeezed this time with the straw carefully inserted well down Boy's throat. He had difficulty swallowing with his tongue so cruelly stretched."

[She stepped back and resumed.]

"The masturbation was just to amuse the girls, of course. And that I did, pulling and pushing about this ten inch, stiff rod which was drooling fluid. The girls giggled and laughed all wondering aloud about my prowess and ability to make him spurt under my control. His scrotum was only partially stretched at the time. But the girls still enjoyed watching it swing. In general, I held him back for a good twenty minutes or so and used the time for a demonstration and explanation of the male anatomy. Something very much overlooked in the education of teenage girls.

"But it became time. I didn't want him to run dry of pre-ejaculatory fluid, so I announced to the girls to watch carefully, then increased the pressure on the prostate and brought the penis up to the optimal angle. I stroked away keeping a firm grip, which, as you can imagine Doctor, is substantial. Then when it was time, I shoved the book out from under Boy's knees, effectively leaving him hanging by his neck collar. My penetrating left hand felt the muscles contract, and I instantly lessened the grip of my right hand allowing the semen to erupt. And erupt it did. The girls screamed in amazement for I directed a sizeable glob beyond the end of the sheet onto the carpet. The next hit the very end, and after that I just pumped until a puddle formed in front of him.

"The tension on the neck causes a curious reaction in males, Doctor. One must be careful and Lady Constance stood by to slip the book back under him as the last drops

dribbled to the sheet. But the sudden change of pressure affecting the spinal muscles and nerves greatly stimulates the ejaculatory muscles.

“But it was an amazing explosion, and the girls became speechless after their initial shouts.

“And I closely looked at Boy. Humiliated but satiated, I also detected some level of pride. Like a dog performing tricks for his Master.

“Yes. He was ready. Eager to please despite the embarrassment, the giggling, the cheers and the complete display of his naked form and intimate anatomy to girls his own age.

“It was then that I recommended to Lady Constance’s mother that we begin the chastity phase of his subservience. Two days later, I thoroughly emptied his sac while he knelt with is head between Lady Constance’s thighs with his marvelous tongue ardently working his Mistress’ genitalia. He has not experienced a true orgasm since, and he was trained from that point to earn a nice doggie biscuit for good service.”

[More water was applied. Mary finished with the electrolysis and was packing away the electrical device.]

“Boy needs to relieve himself, Mary. You know he needs a girl’s help.”

[How Jasmine knew his bladder was full was curious. But Mary returned to the special table with some additional make up and a broad smile.]

“Yes. Enjoy yourself. Just make sure the urethral opening is clear.”

[The young, right hand of Mary reached under Boy and took the tip of the narrow penis between her thumb and forefinger. It was evident that Jasmine had allowed her this privilege before, for she dexterously pulled back the foreskin as far as the wire allowed and whispered into Boy’s ear.]

“Go ahead, Boy. You’re going to be on the table quite awhile.”

[With Jasmine’s added words of encouragement, Boy’s bladder opened. Mary continued holding the appendage and amused herself by directing the flow. The utility of the table became evident as the excretion splattered onto the shiny surface then gathered into a channel in the middle and gently flowed to the drain at the rear. Just as Boy seemed to maximize the outpouring, Mary playfully gave the command to stop, and watched closely as the naked, restrained, helpless male struggled to curtail the flow.

After a devious pause, with Boy’s pronounced antics to hold back his fluid quite animated, Mary once again commanded him to relieve himself, only to once again give the stop command when the flow resumed.

I did not record all the starts and stops, but it was evident that Mary was very fascinated by the level of her control and authority over Boy. It seemed he reacted to the commanding voice of a female, without hesitation or forethought as to the circumstances or to whom the voice belonged.

After several minutes, Mary’s game ended when the last drops joined the stream in the middle of the table and began its journey to the drain. With a grateful smile toward Jasmine, she shook the flaccid penis of all remnants and released it in such manner as to make it swing between the well spread thighs.

Jasmine smiled back and squirted water unto the table in a simple but effective cleansing action.]

“OK, Mary. Do his scrotum and he’ll be ready for tonight’s guest.”

[Mary returned to the makeup she had brought to the side of the table. She opened a jar and with a small brush began to paint Boy’s scrotal sac with body makeup. It was a bright shade of red and Mary soon had the entire sac coated and matching Boy’s nails, lips and nipples.

It was a fascinating juxtaposition. After spending over an hour making Boy appear as effeminate as possible, this last touch seemed to highlight his maleness, drawing attention to that part of the anatomy that most distinguishes the genders.

When done, Mary also dabbed the body paint unto the tip of Boy's penis further drawing one's attention to the male organ.

I leaned over in my chair for a better view. Boy's genitals appeared clownish. And when Mary dabbed blue spots on the right and left side of the lower abdomen with black slashes atop, there appeared to be a face on Boy's midsection…, two blue eyes with black eye brows, the penis emulating a nose with a bright, red tip, and bright, red cheeks in the form of the hanging scrotum.

There was no need to hide my smile. Boy could not see me. And I wondered if he had any idea of how humiliating Mary's handiwork made him look.

Jasmine noticed my reaction.]

"Yes. Lady Constance likes to show off Boy's attributes. She's thinking of having his tongue tattooed. But the color hasn't yet been selected."

[Jasmine returned to the preparation table and picked up a strip of cloth with several cords attached. When she held it between her hands, the cords hung down about a foot and had rings at the ends.]

"It's Boy's scrotal parachute. Custom made to firmly hold the sac and yet be comfortable. He'll wear it for hours, and the cloth will not pinch the sensitive skin."

[Jasmine touched the freely hanging scrotum and satisfied herself that the paint was dry. She then wrapped the cloth strip around the base of the sac just below the penis and folded over the ends, which adhered utilizing Velcro. Next she pulled up a cord from the winch at the rear of the table. A sturdy hook at the end of the cord was threaded through the half dozen rings on the smaller cords

dangling from the parachute. With several turns of the winch, Jasmine tightened the large cord and Boy's scrotum was slowly pulled back. It was quite a sight watching the massive bag of red flesh slowly unfold, and Jasmine mercilessly continued turning until the cord was taut and the sac was pulled far from the base of the penis.

Boy finally groaned in agony, Jasmine gave the winch another quarter turn and smiled.]

"Only a few hours until play time, Boy. Lady Constance will be very pleased with your pretty makeup."

[Tears formed which Jasmine gently and professionally dabbed away with a gauze pad as she watered Boy's tongue and inserted the straw into his throat.]

"I'm afraid the remainder of the day will appear to be somewhat boring, Doctor. Males in severe bondage are constantly monitored to ensure safety and that the torment is prolonged as much as possible. In stretching the tongue, it is important to keep it moist, as you've noticed, and Boy is not permitted to urinate without female supervision. So I stay nearby, sometimes reading sometimes just watching the agony slowly build. The stretching is wonderfully effective. It provides a level of torment that relentlessly accumulates. Just when Boy becomes accustomed to the pain, I give each winch a slight a turn. He knows I'll never provide relief. He can only hope for Lady Constance, and when she calls for him, he'll be as eager as a puppy to serve her.

"When Lady Constance wishes to introduce him to her guest, he'll be released. I believe she'll want him wearing a genital harness. It's a simple belt worn around the waist and highlights the complete subjugation of the male. The flaccid penis is pulled upward and attached to the belt utilizing the infibulation wire. The testicles are pulled back between the thighs utilizing a modest strap encircling the base of the scrotum and attached to the back of the waist belt. As you can imagine it projects a very submissive

image of the male and provides for a wonderfully depraved rear view of his gonads helplessly suspended between his buttocks. Mary's makeup efforts should provide much amusement, and I'm sure Lady Constance's guest will be pleased.

"So I await for Lady Constance to summon and occasionally check to make sure the pain is steady and constant. The winches are adjusted every half hour or so. So what appears boring to most, keeps me tremendously aroused. I wouldn't trade my job for anything."

[Mary packed her things and gave Jasmine a look of combined envy and admiration as she bid her adieu. I used her departure as a stopping point. The interview ended.]

Chapter Three
Flight to Europe
January 28, 1998

The trip over the Atlantic gives me time to reflect and add to the "Boy" chronicle.

The puffy, white clouds slowly sliding under the plane have a relaxing effect. My mind wanders a bit, then two other noteworthy contacts with Lady Constance come to mind, while she was in New York. With note pad nearby, I record my recollections.

After the interview, as I endeavored to leave Jasmine's company, Lady Constance was entering the hotel room. With her was a well-dressed, distinguished looking gentleman who I judged to be in his early forties. The casual observer would assume he was a successful businessman perhaps with a pretty wife, a home in the suburbs and lovely children. Except this "suburban husband" held in his hand a leash, and the casual observer would be shocked to find the hooded but otherwise naked form of a genderless being at the other end.

Lady Constance introduced me and as requested his name shall remain unknown. But the leashed, gentle beast was called Chris, and it was never elucidated as to whether the diminutive was for Christopher or Christine.

The only opening in the smooth, black, shiny leather hood was at the mouth and nose, where a ring of sizable gauging deeply pierced the septum. There is where the leash attached, and Mr. Suburban used it to expertly guide Chris around the hotel room. It was evident that the naked android spent much time under the hood for "it" followed the slightest of tugs very carefully.

Chris' arms and hands were encased behind the back in a single glove of matching black leather. I wondered whether the girl/boy was double jointed in that the single glove held the elbows incredibly close together which served to force forward the chest.

There, two nipples, cruelly clamped with small weights attached, adorned a hairless, smooth breastplate. The mammaries were small, if they could be termed such and further spurred the observer's curiosity concerning gender. But when the eyes shifted downward in a final attempt to arrive at a conclusion, a triangular patch of matching black leather covered the pubes. Small bulges were discernible. But were they formed by a clitoris, freed by way of a circumcised hood, and protruding labia..., or by an underdeveloped penis and pusillanimous testicles? It was not possible to determine.

The legs provided no clues. Hairless. Effeminate, yes, but they could have belonged to a young male. The cruelty of Chris' state of servitude is given further evidence by more rings. Mr. Suburban is ardent in his methods of restraint. For piercing the ankles between bone and Achilles tendon are thick stainless steel rings.

I had read of Roman slaves being pierced in such a manner. The advantage to such extremeness being that moderate but firm pressure instantly caused the calf muscles to painfully and spasmodically contract and cause the slave to collapse. Thus the strongest and largest of male slaves could be controlled by the most delicate of Roman noblewomen. And when the ankle rings were chained or otherwise restrained, attempts to resist the diabolical form of bondage were met with painful and continuous muscle spasms. Thus, a clever Mistress could ensure the docility of a recalcitrant slave by placing him in any desired position and be assured he would remain properly secured by the ankle rings.

An ancient diagram of a kneeling slave receiving a flogging from his smiling Mistress came into my memory. I remembered reading about the clever utility provided by the method of restraint. Any movement in reacting to the sting of the whip resulted in more pain from pressure on the encroached tendons and muscles. Thus, a mental game

ensued where the slave endeavored to remain perfectly still while the Mistress was challenged to encourage him to thrash about and add to his own torment. I always wondered how far the superior Roman woman would go with her gamesmanship, for stroking certain well exposed parts of the male anatomy were sure to cause convulsive movements of the legs.

My recollection was interrupted when Mr. Suburban sat down, and Chris obediently knelt following the leash downward. I then noticed two more rings of similar size pierced each buttock. Judging from the circumference and the portion of the rings that were exposed to view, it appeared that the rings were deeply set into the epidermis. Obviously not casual piercings performed by the novice, I concluded that they were surgically implanted and just as with the ankle rings were designed to snare the gluteus maximus and thereby cause a similar spasmodic reaction when tugged.

Mr. Suburban's devious smile and a telltale bulge in the front of his pressed slacks caused me to picture the kneeling Chris, forehead touching the carpet, single glove held high above by a cord, ankles secured well apart. Master's firm hands grasp each buttock ring and Chris instantly opens for penetration. The muscles of the buttocks, normally able to assist the anus in denying sexual assault, helplessly part, with Chris succumbing to the inevitable and avoiding painful attempts to clench and resist Master's grip on the rings.

Mr. Suburban unhooked the leash and a double "D" clamp was attached to the two ankle rings. With ankles attached and arms well restrained, Chris humbly knelt motionless and in blind silence.

"Do we still need these?" Mr. Suburban inquired, about the nipple clamps.

Chris' head slowly shook, knowing that the removal of the clamps was the most painful part of the slow

punishment. Still, he/she remained motionless as the right was removed and, after a measured pause allowing the rush of pain to subside, also the left.

“Sometimes Chris needs encouragement to better obey,” was the concluding comment, as the reddened areola slowly returned to its normal shape.

The inability to distinguish the gender of Chris was frustrating but deliberate. For a man with Mr. Suburban’s proclivities, the tight, lubricated rear aperture of the partially compliant plaything was the only attribute of consideration. And I had interviewed some sodomites who, although not gay, preferred the male backside and theorized that certain anatomical differences made their passage naturally tighter.

So, it was evident what delights Boy would be required to present to Lady Constance’s guest. And there was certainly no question as to his gender despite Mary’s extensive cosmetology.

Jasmine was called and she entered wearing her starched, white uniform. After greetings were exchanged, Lady Constance politely suggested that Jasmine chaperone Chris, while Mr. Suburban introduced himself to Boy.

“Jasmine gives an excellent massage,” was Lady Constance’s comment, and the vivid morning wrestling came to mind with Boy twisted like a pretzel on the floor of the special room.

After a nod from Mr. Suburban, Jasmine moved to the supine hermaphrodite and incredibly picked Chris up with just her left hand grasping the top of the single glove. Her right hand slipped under the leather pubes patch and Chris let out a load moan.

“Oh, my. Aren’t we going to have fun?” was Jasmine’s reaction.

“Please remove Boy’s wire before bringing him in, Jasmine. We’d like to watch him tumefy when he hears my voice.”

Jasmine nodded but seemed distracted. Whatever Jasmine's hand discovered under the brief covering excited her, for without releasing Chris's ankles Jasmine dragged the helpless form to the door. Whenever the restrained feet moved in attempting to achieve balance, the entrapped tendons caused the leg muscles to painfully spasm and Chris would lurch toward the floor. But Jasmine had a firm grip on the single glove, which held Chris up, but also caused more pain in the arms and shoulders as in falling they were awkwardly bent up and back.

The comical march resulted in Chris trying to hurriedly bunny hop to wherever Jasmine wanted to go despite whatever reservations about her intentions.

As the door closed behind them, Lady Constance turned to Mr. Suburban.

"Don't worry. She's very skilled with the strap on."

I used the hour as an excuse to beg my leave. It was apparent that whatever activities were planned for Boy, they were intended for privacy.

The sunlight disappears quickly when flying eastward. The clicking of cabin lights interrupts my concentration, and I join the surrounding passengers, reach upwards and illuminate my darkening pad with a push of my finger. After a pause, I decide to record my last meeting with Lady Constance in more detail than originally intended.

The last New York contact with Lady Constance and Boy occurred about ten days after Jasmine's interview. I had requested her assistance in arranging a visit to the clinic where Boy had under-gone his initial training. In a telephone conversation, Lady Constance suggested that I stop by the hotel and retrieve a letter of introduction and other documents, which would ensure a fruitful journey.

Jasmine answered my knock on the hotel room door. She smiled courteously, and I could not help thinking that the same smile appeared every time her powerful hands secured Boy's stretching cords, or unmercifully tugged on a

limb, or gently dabbed away the stream of tears after the winch was given an extra quarter turn.

It was late morning and Jasmine informed me that Lady Constance was awake but not yet ready to face the day. It seems with Royalty, very little effort was ever expended before lunchtime, and I therefore was not surprised when Jasmine led me into a huge bedroom where Lady Constance lay in bed covered by luxurious sheets.

What did surprise me was Boy's presence. He was docilely hanging on a frame within reach of Lady Constance. It was either the same frame or an identical one to that upon which he hung at the start of Jasmine's interview. He was not infibulated, and it was interesting how accustomed I had become to viewing the enormous erection pointing straight up with the gold trinkets seeming to support the bulbous purple head.

Boy was blindfolded with a thick, dark cloth, which also covered his ears. The bulges in the cloth indicated that something had also been inserted into his ears.

"He's much more capable of holding his erection when he cannot see or hear," was Lady Constance's reaction to my inquiring gaze.

"Over the years, I have found it a most pleasant way to welcome the morning."

She reached over and palmed the massive scrotum. Her brief bodice, which provided a moderate degree of modesty, failed to hide her right breast when she stretched out her arm. A most attractive and symmetrical nipple flashed into view, perched atop a perfectly rounded and firm mound of feminine flesh. Her touch caused Boy to twist ever so slowly on the free hanging frame. His penis seemed to waggle in response and with a smile she retracted her hand to right her garment and one again cover her mammary.

She turned her attention to me nodding to a nearby chair where I was to sit.

“The contents of this envelope should provide you with unfettered access to the clinic, Doctor. I have also included an airplane ticket from Berlin to Aruba. After your visit, you may wish to stop in at my Caribbean retreat. I’ll be there for the entire month of February, barring an attack of extreme boredom, and if you come I believe you’ll find the activities to be of interest.”

There was a knock on the door and without any response a woman entered carrying a tray of food. I had apparently earned enough of Lady Constance’s trust to be permitted to truly sample her life style, for the woman was completely nude and was without hair. Everything, including eyebrows, pubes and head hair had been removed.

Attempting not to stare, I quickly scanned from head to toe and my eyes encountered a thin but formidable chain around her waist. A second chain attached to the waist chain at the area of the lower belly ran to a patch of steel covering her pubes. Another chain evidently ran between her legs and back up to the waist chain at the rear.

Lady Constance anticipated my question.

“I keep Nancy chaste. She works much harder to please knowing that I have the only key to her belt. And with the insertion of some clever oriental balls, she’s kept on the brink of orgasm. Exhibiting Boy’s erection keeps her focussed and if she’s a good girl I’ll let her lick these nice plums.”

Lady Constance again kneaded Boy’s testicles and Nancy’s attention was drawn as was mine to the free-swinging, pink bag.

“There’s coffee and toast for you, Doctor. If you care to stay, I am about to review a videotape. I believe you will find it of interest and certainly relates to the subject matter of your paper.”

Before I could reply, Nancy set a small table in front of my chair. I again had the opportunity to more closely

examine her amazingly smooth skin and attempt to further satisfy my intellectual curiosity.

Whereas my initial impression told me Nancy was a teenager, a closer look revealed that she was older. The young age indicated by a quick glimpse of her hairless profile was deceptive. Despite her youthful, well-proportioned body, her eyes revealed a degree of maturity. The quiet obedience of her service evidenced many years of training. A musky, feminine scent emanating from moisture trickling down the inside of her thighs, although embarrassing, did not cause her to hesitate in her duties. This indicated to me a certain level of experience in mentally confronting the constant arousal provided by the vaginally inserted spheres.

“I occasionally enjoy the touch of a female, Doctor, particularly one who completely submits. And Nancy is most accommodating when I visit New York. Before I leave for the Caribbean, I’ll have Jasmine unlock her for an hour or so. After that, she’ll be belted until my next visit and remain very eager to see me.”

Coffee was poured, after which Nancy wordlessly lifted the bottom of the bed sheets, slid under and positioned herself between Lady Constance’s waiting thighs. The hairless head formed a curious bump in the satin between Lady Constance’s knees, which in turn slowly rose to make her pudendum accessible.

Lady Constance reached for a remote control device and pushed a button.

“I receive a weekly tape from an undisclosed location in Northern Africa. It’s from a Turkish woman. Her daughter is quite adept with the video camera.”

Lady Constance lifted her coffee cup, seemingly aloof to the bobbing head under the satin sheets, she casually sipped as the video rolled.

On the screen appears a man in a cell. He is nude and lying on his side. The camera moves closer and the bars

become at first larger then disappear as the lens is placed between the bars.

“It is time, Jean Claude. Mother will take you for another ride.”

The man stares back at the camera, which is the source of the young, accented, female voice. After a pause, the lens zooms in on the man’s genitals. An extremely short penis with an iron ring piercing the tip lies atop swollen testicles. When the man moves the camera zooms back and follows him as he crawls forward and to his right. There, a padded leather horse awaits and he gingerly mounts it. Occasionally grimacing in pain, it is evident that either his legs or feet are sore.

The camera angles downward and films the man voluntarily placing his wrists into loops of rope. Someone outside the cell controls the opposite end of the rope, for the camera records the loops, as they tighten around the man’s wrists securing his arms and upper body to the horse.

A close-up of his face reveals tattooed lettering on the forehead, which can barely be discerned under layers of grime. ‘Molester’ is probably the word, but a clump of badly cut hair hides the last two letters.

Metallic sounds indicate that a key is opening the cell door. The camera pans backwards and reveals a tanned, middle aged woman entering the cell. She is wearing black, leather gloves, boots and nothing else. She appears strong and when she bends over the man, her back muscles suggest many years of manual labor. Her physique is not polished like Jasmine’s but appears to be of similar, superior strength.

Experienced hands gather up a thick leather strap from under the horse and buckle it around the man’s waist. More straps secure the thighs and the woman admonishes the man in a thick accent.

“The feet, Jean Claude. You know I need the feet.”

It is a calm matter of fact tone and the man reluctantly shifts his calves so that his ankles rest in stirrups and expose the soles of the feet.

“You’ll sing nicely for us today Jean Claude. My daughter has not douched for days, and I believe her essence will excite.”

The camera moves. The daughter holding it steps into the cell and the angle changes to the rear of the horse. The older woman sits astride the man’s waist and faces back to the camera. She places a newspaper on the stone floor between his parted thighs and grasps the testicles. After gruffly pulling about the scrotum she spreads out the flesh and reveals for the camera the letters “L” on one side and “C” on the other.

The letters have been branded into the scrotal flesh, and I notice Lady Constance smiling as the camera zooms inward. The branded letters and the date of the newspaper occupy the entire screen and remain for several seconds.

“I insist on evidence. Jean Claude is caned every week. The date on the newspaper insures this is not a copy of a prior session,” offered Lady Constance.

With this explanation the woman releases the scrotum, reaches down and pulls the diminutive penis into view. As stated, it is incredibly short. But more shocking is the absence of the tip. The one inch shaft just ends with a opening for the urethra and a crude ring piercing the flesh underneath. The woman toys and manipulates and the puny appendage begins to tumefy. Not really an erection, it more resembles the swelling of a large clitoris.

“You’ll squat to pee for the camera after I’m through, Jean Claude. This little stub isn’t much good for anything else.”

The camera moves back and to the side. There is a jarring motion and the nude body of a beautiful young woman comes into view. Apparently having placed the

camera on a tripod, she is free to join her mother in tormenting the well-restrained prisoner.

A small stool is placed in front. The girl sits and spreads her legs. Jean Claude's head rests between her thighs and his view of her naked charms is unimpeded. The mother leaves the camera view and returns. In her large, gloved hands she holds several canes. She swishes each one in making a selection, and Jean Claude grimaces with the ominous sound.

The woman occupies time with more preliminary preparation. Jean Claude begins to tremble. The girl moves a little closer, holds his head in her hands and whispers inaudible words of encouragement. With her change in position, Jean Claude's mouth and nose appear to be inches from her naked, pink genitalia. If in fact she has not washed, her aroma must be overwhelming and in a conventional setting a male would be quite aroused.

But Jean Claude faces a strong, severe woman brandishing a frightening instrument of correction.

"Your little stub shows arousal, Jean Claude. Perhaps the canings are exciting for you. Or perhaps you would once again like to molest my daughter."

With that conjecture, the woman swings viciously from the shoulder and strikes the buttocks of the well-restrained prisoner. He screams. The girl smiles. The woman's face is not in camera view.

There is a long pause, during which I recalled reading accounts of inquisitors and interrogators concerning the proper application of instruments of correction and discipline. All concurred that floggings are best done in a leisurely manner. And one memorable written account described how the executioner relished extending the application of twelve lashes to over an hour of torment.

And so it was with the woman with the cane. But for the sobbing and spasmodic movements of Jean Claude's head

in the hands of the naked girl, I would have thought the tape stopped.

Lady Constance spurred Nancy to greater efforts beneath the satin sheets and used the extended pause to explain the video.

“This man attempted to steal my purse in Paris. His efforts were rewarded with a broken limb and an arrest. But when he was arraigned, it came to the attention of the police that he was wanted for questioning in the molestation of a young girl. The girl sitting before him in the video.

“She’s of age now, as you see, but at the time of her unfortunate encounter with Jean Claude, she was just reaching puberty.

“Well, Doctor, I had my attorneys look into the matter, and they concluded there was probably not enough evidence for a conviction. Witnesses had died or could not be located and the girl’s testimony, strained by trauma and emotion, could be brought into question by clever defense counsel.

“So, what better way to put some of my many dollars to good work. I arranged for Jean Claude’s bail and immediately induced him to visit a certain strict, African country with a letter offering free airfare. The reigning dictator there is a good friend of mine. A rather uncultured individual but certainly sympathetic to my request for complete control over his French visitor.

“I convinced the girl’s mother, a Turkish woman who emotionally never recovered from the incident, that perhaps she would enjoy chaperoning Jean Claude’s incarceration. It was she who sought her daughter’s participation. As you can see, they work together very well.”

Another frighteningly loud crack emanated from the video monitor. It was followed by Jean Claude’s scream. He was indeed singing for the Turkish woman, and the smiling

girl began to mock his exaggerated response by moving her pudendum even closer to his face.

“You have lost interest in me, Jean Claude? Years ago you were so eager to gain access to my charms.”

Lady Constance continued providing background.

“As you can see, Doctor, I very much enjoy watching mother and daughter work Jean Claude. Whenever a tape arrives and proves to be genuine, I send them a nice check. It keeps all happy, except Jean Claude seems to be experiencing some level of discomfort.”

Lady Constance laughed with her understated description of Jean Claude’s predicament and another stroke was applied, as she giggled.

“Do you like Jasmine’s handiwork? I sent her to meet Jean Claude when his plane landed in Africa. She terms the procedure an “extreme circumcision”. But she in fact removed the sensitive tip of his penis. I wanted to leave something for amusement, and you can see the results. He can even achieve a tiny erection, which the daughter finds to be most entertaining. But it’s really an old Chinese torture, leaving the hormone generating testicles and removing the instrument, which permits gratification and relief.

“Over time, the canings have become his sexual relief. You noticed how he obediently placed himself on the horse and arranged for his wrists to be secured? It’s the only way his body can be rid of the buildup of hormones. Ejaculation is impossible.

“And it was very poor judgment to molest a Turkish girl. As you can see, mother is rather handy with the cane. And bastinado is a Turkish cultural specialty.”

Yes. Lady Constance was correct. My years of research and my collection of illustrations had many examples of this most painful technique of discipline and behavior modification. Bastinado is the application of the cane to the

soles of the feet. It's thought to have been developed by the Turks, and, if it wasn't, it was certainly perfected by them.

In the feet are the endings of the largest nerves in the body. Thus, a crisp stroke sends an intense message to the cortex. And because of the location of the thousands of nerve endings it is a very strong and direct message, which the nervous system of most recipients cannot override with the flow of endorphins. It is an interesting contrast that nature also provides the feet with the toughest layers of skin. Thus the cane may be repeatedly applied to well-restrained feet without breaking the skin, as opposed to other areas where application is comparatively limited by the eventual development of welts and bleeding.

And so as I contemplate Jean Claude's fate, Lady Constance moves her hands under the shiny blue, satin sheets, shifts her pelvis and gives Nancy excited and explicit commands concerning her oral efforts.

"Good girls get masturbated, Nancy. Perhaps I'll have Jasmine fist you before the entire hotel staff. Yes, I think you'd like that."

With Lady Constance's words of encouragement, the Turkish woman disappears from the screen then returns with a shorter more sturdy cane. Jean Claude, apparently well accustomed to the weekly torment, begins to shake uncontrollably. When the woman touches his left foot with her hand, Jean Claude convulses in apparent anticipation of a stroke to his well-exposed foot. Both mother and daughter laugh.

After a pause her hand moves between his thighs.

"Your little stub is nicely swollen, Jean Claude. Is it your view of my daughter's sex, which excites you? Perhaps the strong aroma of her feminine scent? Years ago you were aggressive and very determined to taste her forbidden fruit. Perhaps you would like to try again?"

The woman laughs sardonically.

“I will let you have a lick for taking the cane. Yes, a nice firm stroke to the sole of the foot will earn you a lap. A stroke of the cane for a stroke of the tongue. One must earn his pleasure, Jean Claude. Everything has a price.”

Ordinarily such an offer would be refused. But I ruminated over Jean Claude’s state. Both mental and physical…, the days of boredom in solitary confinement, his truncated penis with questionable sensation, pleasurable or otherwise, the tiny shaft with limited sensation precluding normal sexual relief, the beautiful, naked daughter freely displaying her genitalia. I wondered how often she appeared before him. It was apparent that the sexual assault at such an early age had twisted her libido. Maybe her only gratification was in tormenting Jean Claude, her assailant, with her naked charms, fully aware that the hormones developed by his intact gonads would flow abundantly, yet normal relief was denied by Jasmine’s handiwork, the stubby, inadequate, penis shaft.

Yes, how ironic that Jean Claude’s egregious conduct had sealed his own fate. A normal girl would not expose herself in such a manner and so devotedly assist in his torment. But by Jean Claude’s own hand, she was no longer normal. And she sat with a smirk of satisfaction knowing that with each pleasant application of Jean Claude’s tongue, he would pay a dear price. Yes, one could quickly conclude from her calm, knowing look that the table had turned in the sexual power game with Jean Claude. It was she who was in charge, and when she reaches between her thighs and separates her wonderfully pink and youthful labia, Jean Claude’s tongue humbly thrusts forward and licks.

The woman raises the short cane. The stroke to Jean Claude’s left foot is impressively abbreviated yet produces the most amazing reaction from Jean Claude. The shriek is eerie in tone and decibel level. And the girl smiles broadly,

perhaps from the soft wet tongue, perhaps from Jean Claude's torment, probably from both.

Mother and daughter look at each during the pause, letting the full level of pain roll through Jean Claude's nervous system. Within a minute, his humble tongue reappears and the girl beckons for its attention by once again parting her inner labia. This time the tip of her clitoris evidently peeks out, for Jean Claude struggles in his bonds to move higher and savor the inviting bud of the beautiful, young girl.

The collaboration between mother and daughter is well rehearsed. The girl impassionately sits and waits until Jean Claude is able to crane his neck and position his lips and tongue. When he finally laps and draws the pink bud into his lips, the cane rises. An equally abbreviated stroke lands on the right foot in the area preferred by the bastinado aficionado, at the very center of the arch.

With this shriek, the daughter giggles like a schoolgirl.

"Lick again, Jean Claude. Your little manhood is showing your enjoyment."

The mother's comment is interesting. Oddly enough it is indeed possible for the mind to mix signals of pain with those of pleasure. But to achieve enforced masochism takes time. Thus my own research tells me Jean Claude has been groveling on the leather horse for many sessions and perhaps these weekly encounters are, deep in his psyche, a strange source of sexual enjoyment.

After many strokes, Jean Claude's shrieks and struggles against the tight bonds tire him. The daughter several times waves smelling salts under the Frenchman's nose, but it is evident that a respite is needed.

The Turkish mother nods to her daughter, who responds by standing and momentarily leaving the screen. There are a few frames displaying her backside, and it is marvelously proportioned with smooth globes of the tanned skin so prevalent in the Middle East.

A blip in the tape indicates that the camera was turned off for an indeterminable period. A new scene unfolds. Mother moves the stool and stands in its place. Her large, powerful buttocks are facing Jean Claude and as she backs closer to him, she reaches behind her, gruffly picks up his head utilizing a clump of hair, pushes it back, and thrusts the cracks of her cheeks into Jean Claude's face. The nose and lips of Jean Claude disappear into the pungent crevice and the half conscious prisoner cannot escape this most humiliating of positions. He cannot pull his head further back. Forward places his nose and mouth further into the fragrant abyss, and left or right are impeded by his prodigious proboscis wedged between the sizable cheeks.

Mother wriggles her hips and satisfies herself that Jean Claude's face is well entrapped. Daughter returns to view wielding a very small whip. She positions herself where her mother stood.

"You know what needs your attention, Jean Claude. Your tongue is not through yet."

Daughter reaches between the thighs and palms the scrotal sac. She toys and seems mesmerized by its size and the weight of the swollen testicles. After a moment, she assures herself that it is well exposed then steps back.

I recognize the small implement in her right hand. It is referred to as a "penis whip" for its diminutive size allows it to be very accurately applied to the eponymous organ. Applied to less sensitive areas, it can barely be felt, a mosquito bite. Applied to the genitals, it creates fire.

Daughter's face yields a look of absolute delight that not only reveals the pleasurable afterglow of having her intimate parts served so obsequiously, but also the heady power of having a male restrained and exposed in such a subservient manner with his inviting genitals awaiting chastisement. And since it is the very male who so horribly violated her pubescent body and ended her halcyon days of youthful innocence, the delight is doubly pleasurable.

Jean Claude initially does not respond to the mother's admonishment. But when the daughter snaps the small strand of leather directly to the swinging, fleshy bag, a muffled groan is heard and movement of the lower jaw indicates Jean Claude has found renewed strength.

Some ten minutes of videotape roll with daughter snapping and mother coaxing deeper penetration. The salts appear from time to time providing pauses during which I glance at Lady Constance who is sanguine in receiving her own oral attention. She apparently has the ability to achieve many, many orgasms without the verbal or physical demonstration of ecstasy displayed by most people. But barely audible sighs and the occasional biting of a lip indicated that Nancy is an accomplished and assiduous cunni-linguist. And her smooth, warm and completely hairless flesh must provide Lady Constance with glorious sensations of pleasure and power.

My coffee and toast were long gone when the Turkish women finally acknowledged that Jean Claude' had swooned for the final time. Mother releases his bonds and easily rolls him off the horse unto the floor. He is semi-conscious and attempts to crawl by moving to all fours. Mother kicks out his arms and he returns to the floor in a fetal position. She then squats about his head and opens her bladder. The torrent splatters first onto Jean Claude's face and then into his hair as the Turkish woman directs the flow to thoroughly soak his head.

"Your turn for the camera, Jean Claude."

The final scene is of Jean Claude, precariously perched on well-chastised feet, squatting over a drain in the stone floor of the cell. Under the mother's direction he spreads his thighs and the camera lens zooms in. The tiny penis occupies the screen. In an interesting ritual, which highlights his alteration, Jean Claude relieves himself squatting like a woman.

Lady Constance pushes the off button on the remote. Before I can speak, she picks up the phone and inputs a well committed phone number. Her free hand then reaches to Boy, quietly swinging on his frame. His huge erection still points skyward, slowly oozing the clear, pre-ejaculatory fluid of a virile male. While she waits for a response, her fingers toy and twist some of the many piercings then glides down to give the hanging sac a reassuring pat.

The blindfolded, deafened Boy seems to twist toward Lady Constance in an awkward attempt to obtain more attention from her soft, feminine touch.

Receiving a response on the phone, she speaks commandingly.

“Egbert. Send the Turkish woman her weekly check. Yes. $5,000, as usual.

“But include a note to the daughter. Tell her that if she persuades Jean Claude to volunteer for an oriechtomy, he will be released. Yes, that’s right. I’ll send Jasmine for a short holiday and whether it be done slowly or quickly can be decided by her. Inform her that as a reward, she’ll have his plums in a glass jar to be placed next to his prized manhood…, and $1,000,000. Yes, that’s right Egbert. $1,000,000 to be shared with her mother, when I receive a tape of Jean Claude humbly requesting the removal of his testicles and a subsequent tape of the operation. But emphasize that to be set free, he must request his own alteration. I want to experience the total capitulation of the male, and I want it recorded.”

Lady Constance hangs up the phone and turns to me.

“Whether Jean Claude volunteers or not I consider his incarceration to be an eleemosynary service. It is by my hand that there is one less sexual predator in the world. But I believe the daughter can be very persuasive, and Jean Claude will soon be more concerned with the feel of a fine pair of silk panties than attempting to gratify what little lies beneath.”

Lady Constance laughs wickedly with her observation and commences another phone call, evidently to Jasmine.

“Come and get Nancy. I want her released from her belt, restrained and feathered..., extensively, Jasmine. Correct. Keep her on the brink with no orgasm. Maybe next month she’ll try harder.”

With Lady Constance barking orders, it was apparent that the business portion of her day had begun. I used the excuse of a lunch date to bid her adieu. On my way through the hotel lobby, it occurred to me that Boy remained restrained and tumefied for well over an hour, before, during and after the videotape. His physical and mental training were unmatched.

I feel the plane begin to descend as I record my final thoughts. I will definitely have to follow up on Jean Claude. His choice of ritualistic, weekly canings versus one final act of complete submission to the dominant female must provoke the ultimate in consternation. Throughout our descent into Berlin, I picture the naked and beautiful Turkish girl taunting him with scraps of rancid food thrown into the cell and reminders that complete freedom is his to choose..., complete with the final offering of what remains of his precious genitals to the young girl he so viciously molested.

Chapter Four
Visit to the village
January 29, 1998

It was a short flight from Berlin to Munich. From there Lady Constance had graciously arranged for a limousine to take me to the small town in the Bavarian Alps where the clinic was located.

Lady Constance requested that the exact location be kept confidential, but I will offer that the rustic village has overwhelmingly beautiful views of snow covered mountains and the four story, brick structure housing the clinic is quietly imposing in its comparative size to the small, commercial district in the rural village.

In a phone call from Berlin, I had politely declined the Director's invitation to have dinner using the long trip as an excuse. I am expected at the clinic the following morning and do not wish to preempt my interview and tour with casual dinner conversation. I prefer to relax with an idle evening surveying the area.

In spending time in the village shops and bistros, it becomes evident that either the townspeople are unaware of the clinic's activities, or they conveniently choose not to delve into the odd goings on. Judging from the number of behavior specialists I encounter during my stroll, the clinic is probably the largest employer in the village, and thus has significant economic impact.

The local leather shop alone must profit handsomely from the constant delivery of thick, broad "dog" collars to the large, brick structure. And it is incredulous to think that the shop owner's curiosity is not piqued by the consistent orders for more collars compared to the paucity of canines in the vicinity of the town, not to mention the purchase of leashes, cuffs and other items of restraint.

And of course, there is the curiosity of the ominous, windowless vans swiftly moving through the square at very late hours. Whether an untrained, obstreperous orphan is

arriving or a meek, thoroughly broken subjugant is leaving for his new owner is never known. The drivers never stop to eat or rest. The large, uniformed women arrive and depart with earnest determination, and it seems that it is only I who notice them.

Another oddity which strikes the casual visitor but seems not to phase the villagers is, as noted, the presence of numerous, stern, young women shopping or otherwise traversing the village square to and from work, or perhaps on work break. Ostensibly, their white uniforms indicate a hospital or medical facility is nearby, but their dour demeanor and the resolute manner in which they conduct themselves seem to hint at something more gravely purposeful to their mission than nurturing the sick or providing obstetrical care.

In a small coffee shop, where I sit addressing postcards over a cup of hot chocolate, I overhear a very telling exchange between a behavior specialist purchasing a magazine and the proprietor.

“You have shorted me again, Herr Hermann.”

Her tone is aggressively firm and coolly even. Verbal intimidation is not normally encountered or expected from a young, handsome woman. But it is the shopkeeper’s histrionic reaction that is most noteworthy. Fumbling for more change, he blanches in apparent fear and begs her indulgence. The woman just extends her hand and stares with a piercing look. She does not blink or move until the flustered, middle aged man carefully recounts the change and humbly places it in her palm. After she drops it in her purse, the man nervously reaches for her wrist, bends his head and kisses the back of her hand, simultaneously dipping in subtle genuflection.

“Perhaps another visit to the clinic’s fourth floor would sharpen your concentration, Herr Hermann. I may take the time review your file.”

It is only with that ominous reference that the woman seems to smile. But the shopkeeper becomes catatonic and wordlessly watches the uniformed antagonist walk to the door. Before stepping into the cold Bavarian night air, she turns back to look at the frightened man, stifles a sardonic laugh and pulls the door closed.

So…, what does the casual observer conclude from such an encounter? As a psychologist, I know that studies have shown many errors to be subconsciously intentional. Perhaps the behavior specialist is also cognizant that the shopkeeper's repeated mistakes in a process, which is most basic to the daily execution of his business, is actually an expression of desire. Maybe a yearning for attention in the form of a visit to a certain red brick building and an appointment with a firm, uniformed woman? My conclusion is that an interesting mental game had unfolded between the dominant specialist and the sycophantic shopkeeper. And it was a game he was most desirous of losing.

But on a larger scale, by extrapolating the shopkeeper's behavior to the entire village, many of my questions are answered concerning the ability to run a secretive operation as large as the clinic in such a small town. The tentacles of the clinic's deviant activities extend well beyond the forbidding walls of brick, affecting the behavior and economic well being of every citizen. Thus, it seems to be in everyone's self interest to join in conspiring to weave the clinic's shroud of secrecy

And to think the clinic has a file concerning the shopkeeper….

With the late hour and the time change resulting from my long journey, rest becomes essential. Despite my piqued curiosity, I do not have the energy to engage the shopkeeper in conversation. I return to my small hotel.

Chapter Five
Visit to the clinic
January 30, 1998

Mrs. W----- died several years ago. She was the founder of the clinic and as written built the business into a world - renowned center for treating socially deviant, young males and conforming them into useful subordinates.

The Directorship passed into the able hands of Dr. L------, in whose office I find myself on a bright, crisply cold, winter's day.

The good Doctor is a fully trained psychiatrist, who I discover is not fully forth coming concerning her background. Research indicates that her past includes a hint of scandal and the threatened retraction of her medical license. But that all seems to have disappeared when a loyal customer of the clinic assuaged various medical and psychiatric boards. Charges were retracted and all action was tempered after Dr. L------ quickly volunteered to take over the duties of the then ailing Mrs. W-----. But I found it interesting that details of the alleged transgressions were completely purged from all records.

The Doctor is very young compared to her education level. In whatever scandal she found herself, she must have endeavored in earnest to rile the various boards the way she did. For most newly degreed medical types, it requires years to roil the community.

Yes, she's young and handsome. Not beautiful in a "pin up" girl way, but pleasant to view; someone in whom you would place professional confidence. As she speaks of the clinic, it is evident that she is dedicated to her work. And I'm sure her looks and firm demeanor have brought to erection many a young, naked recruit, that is before their regimen began and they were taught the lessons of proper submissive protocol.

Our tour and conversation are replicated as follows.

“Our facility here is marvelously equipped for our pursuits, Doctor. Originally a sanitarium for the mentally ill, the Gestapo added certain refinements during the war including a most Gothic basement dug deep into the rock as a precaution against Allied bombing. Many of the Third Reich’s political rivals were detained and questioned here. Most subsequently became loyal Nazis.

“As a psychologist, I believe you’ll have great appreciation for our methods. I understand you’ve spent some time with one of our older, former protégés. Well, we’ve really been able to build nicely on the foundation Mrs. W----- set. We are now able achieve more thorough submission in a reduced period of time. Very important since it costs some $300 per day to keep a boy here.

“But I must say we couldn’t do it without Lady Constance. She graciously takes our rejects and pays more than a fair sum for them. It seems the more incorrigible they are, the more she enjoys completing their training. Her Caribbean facility must be most interesting. You know she has the most interesting procedure for banding the male appendage. It affords her and her staff an amazing degree of control..., but I digress.

“Her letter of introduction for you certainly got my attention. We don’t allow many casual visitors..., that is to say non customers. But for an acquaintance of Lady Constance, our doors are open.

“Shall we get some coffee? We can talk in the dining area.”

We leave the Doctor’s fourth floor office. As we proceed down a hallway toward the elevator, we pass several doors with thick padding. Each door has a red and green light above. There is an electronic number pad resembling that of a telephone to the right of each door. The Doctor notices my look of curiosity.

“Our sound proofed rehabilitation rooms. The electro-shock therapy gets a little noisy. And the key pads open the

doors only to staff with the proper code."

There is no opportunity to comment as the Doctor begins a practiced explanation of the clinic, its methods and procedures.

"We start now with two to three days of very thorough psychological and psychiatric testing including sensory deprivation. We learn everything there is to know about each boy. We concentrate on his phobias. And as you will see with our tour, our facility is equipped to indulge all the common fears. Fire. Heights. Claustrophobia. Snakes. Insects. Water.

"Once we learn which to apply, the candidate is most judiciously exposed to his greatest phobia. The procedure speeds the process of mentally breaking the will. You'd be amazed what a couple of days locked into a tight, dark box will do for a recalcitrant lad with claustrophobia. And the well trained specialist knows exactly the level of comfort she should offer, the proper words of support, the breaking point to which he should be brought…, if not beyond.

"When finished we have mental putty…, a very frightened and dependent male mind to be molded and formed to the will and whim of his specialist and later to his new owner, of course.

"And that's another area in which we've begun to expand our services. Under Mrs. W-----, the clinic delivered a very basic untrained but submissive male. We have now begun to more specifically train to the prospective owner's proclivity. As you'll see, the entire third floor is dedicated to maid training for the feminized candidate. We converted a boring, sterile cafeteria into a well adorned dining area with our French maids-in-training serving beautifully prepared meals."

The elevator arrives. We enter. She pushes the number three button. The door closes.

"A large portion of the second floor has been stocked with extensive exercise equipment. A survey indicated that

many of our gay customers demand a buffed muscular physique. With the assistance of new technology, we have developed procedures for controlling the physically strong submissive, as we tone and sculpt their bodies to the wishes of the prospective owners.

“The remainder of the second floor is a dressage area. We can now train more specifically to the desires of the pony owner. Obviously we don’t have the facilities for full pony training. But our pony protégés now leave after much time spent in bridle and harness and with a good understanding of the basic equine commands.”

The elevator stops. We exit to a large, beautifully accoutered room equipped with heavy, darkly stained, wooden tables and large, comfortable chairs. Long, red velvet drapes cover the windows. The room appears to be a nineteenth century dining room, perhaps replicated from an historic hotel or from the mansion of a wealthy individual.

Several uniformed specialists occupy one table. Coffee is being served and the young women are apparently on break. A cute waitress approaches their table with pots of coffee and chocolate. She’s dressed as a French maid but with extremely high heels and a very short skirt.

But there is something about the way the maid/waitress moves that catches the eye. The steps are just a bit awkward and the sway of the hips is exaggerated. As I peer downward to better ascertain what is so incongruous about her motion, a flash of pink flesh meets the eye as the short skirt rustles against the thighs. With the following step the skirt swings left and the pink swings right. It is the tip of a rather lengthy penis.

The specialists smile with the display. The skirt’s length has obviously been designed to tantalize the viewer and it has indeed captured my attention, for I cannot help but watch as the Director shows me to a smaller table in the corner where she evidently reigns over the dining room

antics. As I sit, a curious semicircular notch in the seat of the chair comes to my attention. I cannot help but smile as I realize it is just the size of a collared neck, and it is apparent from the worn edges that many a collared protégé has spent a leisurely meal under the table with head between the thighs of a young, demanding, behavior specialist.

My gaze returns to the maid. Having determined his true gender, I visually examine the face and head. He is flawlessly effeminate in appearance. Shoulder length hair drawn back under a brief maid's cap, full make-up with lip-gloss, eye shadow, and rouge. His eyebrows have been plucked to the thinnest of uplifting lines. Large earrings comically jingle in a subtle reminder to any remaining male ego that his new status is most feminine.

The Director notices my visual inspection and remains silent as I absorb the interaction. The smiling specialists give orders, and the maid pours from pots. While being served, the third woman from the left reaches under the brief skirt and pulls into view an incredibly long phallus. With my research and recent experience with Boy, I quickly recognize the organ as uncircumcised, tightly infibulated, and somewhat engorged. She gently manipulates the sensitive underside of the head where the small golden globes hold the entrapping bar in place. The maid smiles courteously and patiently waits to be released, after which she serves the remaining specialists. The Director explains.

"Josephine is becoming a wonderful serving girl. It's difficult to believe that just months ago he was arrested for robbing a store in Prague.

"You'll notice that part of the training is to test the concentration. The specialists are placing demands on him. The small finger strokes on the frenulum are considered a reward for good service. And for some meals, he'll be freed of his entrapping bar and serve completely erect. It's a

rather interesting sight. The little apron is pushed aside by the erect penis and affords no covering.

“This is one of the few areas of training where the protégés do not wear the blurring contact lenses, for obvious reasons.”

Josephine finishes and turns toward the kitchen. There is no back to the skirt, and his buttocks are completely exposed. But more shocking is the display of two large, hairless testicles. Evidently, Josephine has been placed into a genital harness, which encircles the base of the stretched scrotum and pulls it back between the thighs.

As he steps away, the last specialist served reaches over and gives one testicle a firm pinch. Josephine understandably jumps and the table of specialists giggle with his clumsy attempts to stay perched on his high heels.

“He’s progressing wonderfully,” the Director concluded, “and his breasts are growing nicely.”

As I watch Josephine’s scrotum waggle about with each step back to the kitchen, another maid approaches our table. Dressed in an identical uniform he/she walks with much effort, the right foot completely collapsing halfway toward us. The Director smiles.

“It’s Pat’s second week on duty. He hasn’t even been stretched enough for a harness.”

Indeed, the motions of the small skirt reveal not only the swinging penis tip but also the bottom portion of a hairless, scrotal sac.

“It’s also interesting to observe the difficulty the boys have in becoming accustomed to clothing after months of complete nudity. But there is something about the silky effeminate attire that calms them over time. Of course, they’ve been psychologically screened beforehand. We can predict their reaction and eventual acceptance of their new role with a high degree of certainty.”

The struggling maid reaches our table and curtsies with the precision of a well-trained serving girl. The Director

orders coffee. I cannot resist partaking in the rich, hot chocolate so ubiquitous to the region.

The Director calls to one of the behavior specialists at the other table. She instantly arises and moves to our table. Young, strong, pretty. The woman cannot be more than 4 or 5 years older than Pat. Her blue eyes and golden hair imply a Teutonic ancestry. Her straight, firm posture suggests an advanced degree of athleticism. It is interesting to think someone so young and pretty is imbued with such control and power.

“Greta, I want Pat to serve us naked, plugged, erect and weighted. Two pounds should provide enough amusement for our visitor.”

Greta follows Pat to a screened area. The Director explains.

“It is important to instill composure. We constantly change the circumstances and conditions of service. Your presence should present a challenge.”

Within minutes Pat approaches holding pots of hot brew. He is naked and amazingly erect. The high heels and black fishnet stockings remain as do the maids cap. A smiling Greta follows. In her right hand is some type of electrical device. In her left is the scanty maid’s uniform.

Over the weeks of research, I thought I had become jaded concerning the typical length and girth of the clinic’s protégé’s. But Pat is huge, and the bulbous, purple tip brushes against his belly with each strained step. The testicles swing exaggeratedly with a modest sized weight attached, and it is evident he is losing his composure in trying to maintain the dainty sashay which Josephine had displayed.

“As you can see, the candidates react nicely to the opportunity to tumefy for their trainer. He’s very proud to show off for Greta. And with a nice sized butt plug, he’ll stay firm for quite a while. But he’ll have to learn to walk better to earn Greta’s touch.”

Pat finally arrives. The Director diddles the underside of the penis with her index finger and coos words of support. Then she reaches down and pulls the weight and the testicles to the side.

“This is new since Lady Constance visited the clinic years ago. We term it a control ring.”

At the upper portion of the scrotal sac, just below the penis, is a metal ring. It snugly encircles the sac and it is to this ring that the weight is attached.

“It’s made out of a very expensive alloy. Slipped over the sac and then crimped, it cannot be removed except with heavy wire cutters.

“The metal reacts to electro-magnetic fields. Depending on the strength of the electrical charge, the ring will heat as a warning then zap the wearer with a significant shock. Every doorway in the building is wired. You may have noticed the red and green lights above. When red, the field is charged and should Pat or any of the other boys attempt to go through, the results can be painful.

“Windows and doors leading to the outside are heavily charged. No boy has maintained consciousness after attempting to go through them. The internal doorways are more forgiving.

“The technology was developed for controlling dogs. We’ve adapted it and replaced the collar worn by the dog with a more appropriate device and higher power settings.

“We also have a hand held device which will create an electrical charge. Greta has one in her hand. Should Pat display an urge to touch himself, she’ll give him a little reminder of who controls his genitals.”

The Director finishes her explanations and nods. Pat, standing perfectly still on his high heels, is flushed, but otherwise his comportment in appearing naked, erect and feminized before a stranger is amazingly controlled. He pours my chocolate, moves daintily to the left, and pours the Director’s coffee. As we sit, the massive stiff manhood

is at eye level and the right side of his smooth, hairless buttock reveals the painted number of a clinic protégé, 1535.

The Director again affectionately diddles the sensitive exposed underside. She then moves her fingers to the scrotum, lifts and gently kneads the left testicle.

“Pat’s been stretching slowly. We’ll make him presentable over time. But it’s interesting how the flesh differs from male to male. On some it takes only weeks, on others it requires months.”

When she releases the sizable egg, the weight causes the sac to swing heavily. Pat’s penis wags upwards in what seems to be a rather interesting salute to his superior. The Director smiles.

“Within a few months, Pat will be a cute serving girl for a wealthy lesbian writer. It’s very interesting how much she disdains the male but enjoys controlling them. Right now, Greta masturbates Pat for good performance, but I’m told his new owner will want him kept permanently chaste.

“Therefore, next week Pat will begin to wear a rather severe chastity belt. By the time he’s ready to leave, he’ll be very docile and be constantly pining for the gratification of the firm grip of a soft, feminine hand. But he will not receive it. I believe Lady Constance has similar views toward the male orgasm.”

I nod as Pat dejectedly withdraws. Apparently the realization, that soon Greta’s firm but soft fingers will no longer be wrapped around his formidable shaft while he’s slowly drained of his seed, saddens the youth. It is obvious he has come to enjoy displaying his massive phallus for the enjoyment of the female, and the notion of Greta’s ownership and control of his genitals has become more than acceptable.

Our conversation continues with Pat stepping forward to occasionally refill our cups. His penis remains tumefied,

and he occasionally looks to Greta for a sign of approval. He is indeed doing his best to perform for her.

We finish our refreshments. The tour resumes with the Director showing me the remainder of the third floor. There is a complete beauty parlor and various protégés are undergoing cosmetic changes to the hair, skin and nails. It is impressive how docilely they sit and stare into the mirror. It is interesting that the lower the number displayed on the buttocks, the prouder they seem of their status, the number providing evidence as to the relative length of their stay at the clinic.

The elevator next takes us to the second floor. The scene in the exercise room could be straight from a standard gymnasium except the participants are naked and restrained. Here is the clinic I expected to see. The thick, leather collars. Wrist cuffs. Well-infibulated phalli flopping about on the various equipment. Specialists holding the small electrical device. And an occasional wince of pain, from a youngster whose performance is less than exceptional.

An adjoining room is large and open. A specialist in jodhpurs and knee-high boots stands in the middle with a young male wearing bit, bridle, and harness circling about at the end of a long, lunge line held in her left hand. The small, circular, indoor track is some forty feet in diameter and is surfaced with slabs of heavy, flat stone. Ostensibly, the casual observer concludes that the hard surface precludes wear. But with bare footed human ponies, how much wear could there be?

The specialist holds in her right hand a long whip, which she snaps in the air. Welts are discernible.

“We rarely bruise or mark the flesh here, as you know Doctor. But pony training requires introduction to the whip, harness, bit and bridle. Lucretia is very good. This boy will learn to obediently react to a woman with a whip, and he won’t be scarred in the process. I can’t speak for the marks

he’ll bare from his new owner. I understand she enjoys excoriating young buttocks.”

Lucretia overhears the Director’s comments. Two rapid snaps of the whip follow. Right cheek. Left cheek. She then moves her arm to the pony boy’s front and with the motion of a back handed tennis stroke deftly cracks the whip with amazing proximity to the scrotum. The boy jumps, for although the business end does not directly touch the flesh, the nearness of the intensely pressurized air causes sharp pain.

“Canter!”

Lucretia’s command is simple and sharp, and it is timed to be simultaneously comprehended with the arrival of the signal of pain. The pony boy speeds his gait, but Lucretia shakes her head in dismay.

It is amusing that I can determine his approximate level of training by peering at the scrotum, which under standard clinic procedures has been stretched. The sizable testicles bob about at the level of the mid thighs indicating a rather experienced lad. And the unquestioning responses to tugs on the lunge line and snaps of Lucretia’s whip also evidence complete mental subjugation. The infibulated penis has been secured upwards to the bottom of a harness which encircles the torso. Lucretia’s whip has unfettered access to the sensitive scrotal flesh and the restrained penis leaves it a very vulnerable, pink target.

We stand in silence and watch Lucretia work the boy. He begins to perspire and the bit precludes him from controlling the flow of saliva, which drips from his chin, blends with the sweat on his hairless chest and then is flung to the floor with certain exaggerated movements. The whip begins to make impressively loud “smacking” sounds as it strikes wet skin, and the boy seems to react more to the initial sound of a stroke rather than the subsequent pain.

Lucretia displays a confident smile. She is older than most of the behavior specialists and her skill level in handling the whip is commendable. ‘If one must be flogged, better an experienced hand than that of a dilettante,’ I think to myself. The thought emanates from watching the whip graze the boy’s sensitive areas, minimizing damage to the skin but maximizing the intense pain. She truly seems to enjoy making the boy concentrate. He is oblivious to our presence and although partially blinded by the special contact lenses, I doubt his attention would be diverted even if fully sighted. He intently moves and reacts to Lucretia and no matter the gait or direction of motion seems to be eager for the next command or tug so he can demonstrate his compliance without earning a stroke of the whip.

Lucretia seems dissatisfied but notices our fascination.

“He’s ready, Dr. L------. The short pauses and small peccadilloes in dressage are actually his way of playing. As happens with the pony boys, they get frisky. They oddly begin to enjoy the searing heat of a good snap of the whip and this one is no different. We’re communicating by way of his resistance, however minor it is. But if I get serious with the whip, he’ll get serious with his compliance.”

It is an interesting observation. I can not detect a single flaw in the boy’s dressage. The eye of the perspicacious Lucretia, however, not only perceives that his steps are not sharp but also understands why.

“For his next exercise, I will heat the floor. Then you will see him prance like a ballet dancer.”

The Director smiles.

“An expensive but interesting feature. At Lucretia’s discretion the stone track can be heated to over two hundred degrees. Even the most recalcitrant of pony boys finds himself reacting to the bit and bridle at that temperature. The feet cannot remain on the hot stone, and the pony boy welcomes the tugs on Lucretia’s control line and the crack of the whip. The need to keep the feet from

touching the floor instills obedience and results in a good lathering."

We leave Lucretia as another command has her pony boy prancing on toes, with each step drawing the knees well above the waist. This causes the huge gonads to bounce about in a peculiar fashion, and it's interesting to watch the experienced pony boy adjust the timing of his steps to coincide with the wild swinging of his lengthy scrotum.

The elevator takes us to the first floor. The administrative offices of the clinic prove to be boring. No naked protégés are present. But what is interesting is that much of the clerical work is performed by middle aged males. They quietly sit in a large, one room office presumably keeping the books, paying the bills, and perhaps arranging the logistics for the receipt of candidates and delivery of subjugants.

They all humbly look down as the Director passes through, and an ominous silence seems to roll through the room as we move to the rear.

"You'll find the loading dock to be of interest, Doctor. And a separate elevator takes us down to the initial reception area."

A door takes us to the rear of the building. There we enter what appears to be the loading area for a standard warehouse operation. Two high, overhead doors permit trucks to back into the building to a platform some four feet above a recessed loading pit.

Sturdy, wooden boxes are piled against a far wall. Their coffin-like appearance causes a degree of discomfort.

"The boys arrive and leave with the complete anonymity afforded by these boxes, Doctor. They're actually well padded and quite comfortable once a candidate is secured inside. We've found over the years it is best for all concerned that their ability to resist be non-existent.

And here is where the candidate is ringed."

Yes, with the controlling ring. The director leads me to what can only be described as a modified gynecologist's examination chair. Modified with large, thick straps that is.

"The candidate is strapped into the chair. His feet placed in stirrups. Thighs widely spread. His assigned behavior specialist introduces herself in performing a simple but permanent procedure to emphasize her control."

On the wall behind the chair hang dozens of rings of varying diameters. To the side is a what appears to be a huge set of pliers.

"Not as evil as it appears, Doctor. After the ring is slipped on, this device crimps it into more of a figure eight shape. Like this."

She hands me a ring that has been crimped by squeezing opposite points on the circumference almost together. The metal is strong and despite its modest gauge I cannot bend it. Once placed around the scrotum and crimped, it is obvious that it cannot be slipped off.

"We have found that it is important for the assigned behavior specialist to be the woman who permanently attaches the ring. An obvious symbolic gesture, but one which is easily understood by the candidate. Once this is in place, he's here to stay. Let me show you."

The Director retrieves an electrical device similar to that held by Greta. She pushes and holds a button. The ring in my hand heats, then I can feel a tingle of electricity. She releases the button.

"That's just a warning charge. Easy to bear on the tough skin of the hand, but on the sensitive scrotal flesh, it gets attention. Had I continued, you would have gotten a nice shock.

"As mentioned every doorway is charged."

I follow her gaze to a set of red/green lights above the overhead doors.

It's chilling to think of a youth, no matter how troubled and rebellious, arriving naked and restrained in a most

confining enclosure. And then to be introduced to his new life by a dominant uniformed specialist who will bath, feed and train him over the ensuing weeks with such a forceful and permanent gesture as having his genitals ringed.

The Director pushes a button next to an elevator door. It slowly slides open to reveal the inside of a huge elevator.

“As I mentioned Doctor, the basement was added during the war. It was carved out of the rock, and you’ll probably notice its size. It extends outwards beyond the foundation of the building and is actually a separate chamber.”

We step in and the door slowly closes.

“The Nazis wanted a safe and secure area for their political foes. We’ve put the area to good use and this large elevator allows us to properly equip it.”

A motor grinds. We slowly descend. I recall Lady Constance’s description of her first visit as a teenager, and it indeed feels that we are being lowered into the bowels of the earth. It is evident that what is termed a basement is actually more like a cavern connected to the building above by an opening in the Bavarian rock which more resembles a mine shaft.

After several minutes, the elevator stops and the door slides open. The scene that unfolds is amazingly decadent. Naked, restrained males all closely supervised by the dour, young behavior specialists so omnipresent in the village. Uniformed in crisp white. All shapely with a physical strength which is only surpassed by impressive intellectual fortitude and determination.

It is just as Lady Constance described in her interview with displays of total control of young males manifested in so many ways.

There are several shiny, steel examination tables similar to that found in Lady Constance’s hotel suite. Naked, bound, young males kneel humbly bent at the waist with heads downward, their neck collars secured by cables hanging from the high ceiling. Stern, white uniformed

women are softly enunciating commands while examining, washing, pinching, kneading the smooth hairless flesh. And the most compliant males instantly react to their demands, changing positions in an effort to better expose themselves to their trainer.

One of the teenagers is being depilated by two women. He stoically remains motionless, but the bee sting level of pain is not lost judging from the numerous winces and tears dripping to his chin.

Another is covered with suds. A tube emanates from his rectum. A trainer gently smoothes her hands over his wet skin, simultaneously washing and examining. Occasionally her right hand moves under him and checks the swollen lower belly, slowing filling with the warm, soapy water of the enema. She smiles. Her enjoyment in having the one time troubled youth under her dominance is evident. And she knows the pressure will slowly build to a level of intolerance, the whole time monitored very carefully to ensure that maximum discomfort will be administered without damage.

The dog pens, which so enthralled Lady Constance in her first visit, are stacked against a far wall. All are empty except one. The Director speaks as we stroll toward the wall of wire mesh cages.

“Just came in last night. This one’s a very bad boy. He’s served much time for petty crimes in the past, but last week was caught in a poorly planned hold up of a store in Warsaw.

“The judge looked at his record and decided more prison time was pointless. After she supervised his strip search, it was apparent that he had the male attributes we seek here. So she arranged for his ‘escape’. Escape into the back of one of our trucks of course.”

The Director laughed with the irony.

“From what I’ve read of the robbery, it almost seems he wanted to be caught. You’d think a young career criminal

would have better skills.

“Well, we’ll imbue him with more acceptable skills. The judge has first option on him. In a few months, he may be back in Warsaw serving the judge in a very comfortable prison cell..., comfortable for her..., not for him.”

Another laugh.

The sizable blond lies on his side with knees drawn up to his chest. A small chain runs from the front of the cage to his mouth. His tongue is evidently clamped enforcing the rule of silence. He wears the standard thick, dog collar with wrists secured behind him and drawn up to the back of the collar. He is blindfolded and cloth or cotton wads cover his ears under the blindfold encircling his head.

We move to the rear of the pens. There the boy’s buttocks are exposed due to his fetal position. But the viewer’s attention is drawn to the pair of pink testicles pulled toward the rear of the pen by a cord attached to his newly added control ring and tightly tied to the wire mesh of the pen’s door. They are huge as is expected, and I am sure that the judge could not miss such prodigious organs during a strip search.

I step to the side and despite the drawn up thighs the tip of the boy’s phallus peeks out. He is partially erect with the bulbous head somewhat engorged and well outside the frenulum.

“Interesting, is it not, Doctor? We can determine a male’s propensity for submission rather early in his stay. He’s naked, well bound, and experiencing moderate pain. And look at his reaction. He’s tumefying. We’ll have this one well trained in six months. This is one career criminal who’s going to be of good service to the community.”

A behavior specialist approaches holding a tray propped on four legs. Her hands are gloved in latex, and she smiles professionally at the Director and me.

“What timing, Doctor. Amanda is here to infibulate our new arrival.”

Amanda places the tray next to the pens. She unties the scrotal cord then opens the door. Her right hand picks up the small electrical device similar to that demonstrated by Dr. L------. With a push of a button, the large blond moans then convulses in pain. With the sudden movement, Amanda deftly reaches between the boy's thighs and pulls the lengthy male appendage between his thighs and back toward her. It is impressive. But what is more impressive is Amanda's commanding handling of the organ. Despite its partially swollen state, she holds it firmly in her left hand, while her right discards the electrical device and gathers an ice cube from a bowl on the tray. The helpless delinquent again spasms, as she callously begins icing the shaft.

I am amazed at how quickly her precise actions bring the penis under her control and cause it to shrivel. After a minute, she returns the ice to the bowl and, still holding the shaft in her left, draws the frenulum down until the once engorged tip disappears under the protective foreskin. She holds it there and waits.

"The ice is necessary but unfortunately numbs the flesh. Our procedures require that the pain of infibulation be fully felt. It's important to the process."

After some three minutes, Amanda cruelly pinches the sensitive tip. The boy yelps comically, the tongue clamp muffling any attempted discernible speech.

Satisfied that sensitivity returned, Amanda reaches for a long sharp needle.

"Nice and tight for the Judge, Amanda. She'll want him well controlled."

Amanda nods with quiet sagacity. She quickly releases the shaft and pinches the underside of the frenulum drawing as much skin as possible down and away from the hidden tip of the penis. Her right hand holds the needle, which she casually thrusts through the frenulum very close to the tip. Her effort is smooth and performed with a

frightening degree of indifference. It is obvious she has executed the procedure numerous times.

I have always found it curious, the pregnant interval of time between the application of an instrument of pain and the reaction of the recipient. And Amanda uses that immeasurable second to release the shaft and hold the penetrating needle away from the boy's buttocks and thighs, as he thrashes about in the confines of the cage.

After he calms, she plays with the skewered penis, pulling it to and fro using the long needle as a handle. It is difficult to determine if she is just amusing herself or assuring that the holes, through the left and right underside of the frenulum, are properly opened.

There is a little blood and she dabs away what red I can see with an antiseptic soaked gauze pad.

"Amanda's the best. I can assure you, Doctor, with the infibulating bar in that proximity, our new subject will feel discomfort with the slightest degree of tumescence."

Yes. It is indeed a tight piercing. For after several minutes of twisting the needle to ensure a good opening, and waving the penis to and fro to demonstrate that enough foreskin had been skewered so that no tearing would occur, Amanda retrieves the evil but simple gold bar from the tray. She removes the needle and quickly inserts the bar into the new opening. One gold globe at the end prevents it from sliding through. A second gold globe is twisted onto the opposite end to hold it in place.

Just another infibulation, I conclude from the calm, professional demeanor of Amanda and the Doctor.

But the procedure is so casually performed yet impacts the lad from Warsaw so significantly that it shakes the psyche. Ringed and infibulated he will be waking to the commands and rigors of his behavior specialist for several months. After which I can only guess the demands, which the judge will extract, assuming his training meets with her approval. Assiduous oral service seems to be the de rigueur

attribute for most of the clinic's protégé's. I visualize the thighs of the stern judge firmly clenching the Polish teenager's head, relaxing after a busy day of sentencing recalcitrant males to horrid institutions of forced servitude.

For some reason, I had thought this first step in the complete subjugation of a young male would be more ceremonious. But when Amanda reaches to the tray for a large rubber stamp, then with equal casualness imprints the number 1567 unto the right buttock of the new arrival, it occurs to me just how many delinquent males have faced the clinic's program of forced submission.

"Indelible ink," is the Doctor's only comment. Amanda continues to hold the penis securely to immobilize the clinic's newest subject while the numerals dry. So 1567 enters his new world and he oddly becomes rather calm, while Amanda's fingers firmly establish her authority with her impressive grip on his skewered male appendage.

We move onward. As I step away, Amanda plays with the penis and testicles. She softly offers words of encouragement as the former thief from Warsaw begins to tumefy. As a psychologist, I understand that her speech and demeanor are carefully chosen and practiced. 1567 will soon understand that he no longer controls his genitals or any other function for that matter. Amanda's knowledgeable hands will bring his penis to near erection, offer sympathetic words as the pain of the infibulating bar performs its function, then graciously provide relief. Her soft, feminine voice will make 1567 fully aware of her power to exact pain, and her ability to offer mercy with a simple twist of the newly added gold globe and removal of the bar.

We next move to one of the strangest devices I have seen.

A young, behavior specialist is ardently strapping a subject into a very elaborate harness. A middle-aged woman joins her. She does not wear the common, starched,

white uniform but instead is attired in black latex. But for the color, it resembles apparel worn by surgeons and nurses.

“Well, it appears some lucky young man is going to be masturbated on the spit. I believe you’ll find this of interest, Doctor. In addition to the orgasmic relief provided the behavior specialist, Nancy here is enlisted to provide special pleasure on occasion. She’s an experienced masturbatrix and the harness and spit are her creations.”

Indeed, the harnessed subject lies between two stanchions that resemble the large, barbecue spit one would see at a Texas ranch. Oddly one stanchion is higher than the other and the strong metal bar running between slopes downward. At the low end it is only a foot or so from the floor. The high end holds the bar up about three to four feet. The center third of the bar forks into two bars. The imagination frolics as I notice the two are split to the width of a human form.

Nancy speaks to the behavior specialist.

“Nice and tight on the straps, Helga. The sensation of complete helplessness is paramount.”

Helga aggressively pulls to tighten a broad, fur-lined strap encircling the right thigh. There are so many straps that more of the hairless flesh is covered with leather than is exposed. But the buttocks are naked and the number 1532 indicates the completely immobile subject has been in the program for some two months. Straps secure the ankles, calves, waist, chest, and arms and all have eyelets permitting the straps to in turn be elsewhere secured.

It is evident that number 1532 will soon find himself hooked to the bar. For Nancy releases the high end from its stanchion and lowers it to the floor where the “lucky” subject lies prostrate. His motionless form is the approximate length of the opening formed by the separation in the middle of the bar.

Both women smile in anticipation as they peer down to where a large, ball sac lies on the floor between the thighs. The tip of an infibulated penis can also be seen, and it appears to be somewhat engorged, perhaps also in anticipation of experiencing Nancy's craft.

"Let's have him ride for awhile. It's important to ingrain the futility of attempting to move. And, it's enjoyable to watch."

Helga nods as both women stoop and roll 1532 unto his back and between the split bar.

"Let's do the knee-chest position this time. But I want the thighs widely spread and held well up."

Helga busies herself with several lengths of cord. The left and right side of each strap is attached to the split bar with the knees bent upwards as desired. She works quickly and as with every behavior specialist, she seems most comfortable working with articles of restraint.

Within minutes, 1532 is made part of the bar. The broad straps not only tightly bind every mobile part of his body, but they are also well secured to the bar. Helga's finishing touch is to attach clamps to the tongue and nostrils. Both are tied to cords, which are tied to the bar near the lower stanchion. This serves to immobilize the head and face making any attempted movement most painful.

When Helga steps back to survey her work, it becomes obvious that 1532 cannot move a single limb or muscle. The two women silently wait with confident looks of power to ensure that 1532 is completely helpless, and indeed, the only detectible movement is his breathing. But the final test comes from Nancy. She lifts her right boot, jiggles the well-stretched scrotal sac with her toe, then cruelly begins to press one gonad against the right leather, thigh strap. The considerable pain causes no noticeable reaction except a slight gurgling sound. The vocal cords move, but the tongue cannot. Any verbal protest is lost.

"He's ready."

The two women lift the free end of the bar with 1532 attached back unto the stanchion. 1532 finds himself suspended by the bar, his head well below his knees. Had there been a charcoal fire below, it would appear that he was being prepared for consumption by the two smiling, female antagonists. His long scrotum hangs well below his buttocks. The infibulated penis seems to be engorging more. It is difficult to describe Helga's smug look of self-satisfaction.

"He'll turn awhile and think about his subjugation. Good masturbation is best done slowly with time to build the anticipation," instructs Miss Nancy.

With a flip of a switch, the bar and 1532 slowly begin to turn. The penis and testicles comically flop about as gravity draws the organs downward then with the rotation to the side. Helga stays near the rotating head insuring that 1532 is well aware of her presence.

"Would you like to stand for me? Hmm? I think you're imagining Miss Nancy's fingers and a good penetration of your backside."

The specialist's soft words combined with his humiliating subjugation begin to cause the entrapped tip of 1532's manhood to engorge further. The effect of the motion also excites as the penis and testicles are slowly manipulated by the turning spit. The abrasion of the sensitive tip by the infibulation bar must cause immense pain. But 1532 cannot react. He is as rigid as the bar to which he is attached and cannot display any signs of discomfort.

Helga finally reaches out to the youth's manhood, holds it in one hand and deftly releases it from the gold bar before another revolution is completed. The penis tip thrusts into view. It is the only acknowledgment of relief that 1532 can communicate. He tumefies for his trainer, and it is interesting to note that this is the only gesture of

welcome he can muster toward the waiting hands of the skillful masturbatrix.

The lascivious exhibition attracts more of the specialists as 1532 rotates and his enormous, erect penis circles about. His own scrotum seems to increase the erotic sensations by uncontrollably flopping from side to upwards to side to downwards with his changing position. The uniformed women in white pause from performing their various duties to watch the spectacle, some stifling giggles.

Nancy also watches, but with a quiet smile of confidence. She knows the minutes spent by the helpless subject amuse the young females of the clinic, but her years of extracting semen from the male have taught her the best methods for maximizing the level of performance. Her practiced technique drains the male organs of every drop of essence. The humiliation and thorough bondage are just part of the procedure, however welcomed by the dominant specialists, and whether the male is willing or unwilling she will soon have him spurting when and where she desires.

The Director suggests we move on and return when 1532 is deemed “ripe”. Before we step away, I request and am granted an appointment to interview this most interesting woman.

As we leave for an adjoining room. I look back to see Nancy placing something under the rotating 1532. It is a soft feather brush, the handle of which has been encased in a block of wood. The devilish device rests on the floor and serves to ever so gently caress the scrotum and bulbous purple tip of 1532's manhood with each turn of the spit. Yes, “ripe” may indeed be the appropriate term for 1532's pending condition.

The Director leads me to a cavernous room. It is dark and ominous compared to the main chamber.

“Sensory deprivation is key to the initial process of subjugation, Doctor. 1567 will soon find himself here with

Amanda beginning the extensive interview process. As stated, we will elicit his deepest fears and phobias. He'll tell Amanda everything we'll need to know to turn him into an obedient, groveling subjugant, responding to every command and whim of the dominant female."

Before us is a counter top with a large aquarium behind it. A thick wall of glass, or most likely specially made clear plastic, holds back the thousands of gallons of water. The depth of the tank is well over my head and, as expected, a human form can easily be completely immersed into it. Cables and tubes hang from the ceiling above. To the side of the counter top is an electronic control panel, which includes a microphone and headset.

"The subject is intubated for both oxygen and nutrition. Watertight headphones are attached, then he's lowered into the tank. After immersion, a special chemical is added which turns the water to gel, making any motion almost impossible. Then he just floats. Hours and hours. Amanda will begin her psychological dominance, speaking to him through the headphones. The words are well scripted and carefully selected. The helpless, male subject listens. It is all he can do. And with his complete immobility and isolation the comprehension is complete. Every word Amanda utters will echo into the deepest recesses of his mind. He has no choice but to listen. When finished, Amanda will be viewed with adulation and authority, and he'll be ready to tell her everything she wants to know.

"And as discussed, we concentrate on the phobias..., his deepest fears. We learn them all and record them in his permanent record."

We proceed to into another room. It is incredibly dark until the Director flips a light switch. Banks of electronic gear appear. The room resembles a recording studio with wires, gauges, switches, etc., everywhere. A large padded couch occupies the center. Nylon straps give it a diabolical pretense.

“And here is where the subject experiences his worst fears. You’ve probably seen one of these in the movies or on television. Rather advanced electronics. But we’ve learned to use it well.”

The Director holds a helmet with what appear to be large goggles. Yes, I have seen such a device. It is an individualized video monitor. Worn over the head and replete with stereo sound, it replicates and projects in incredibly stunning detail video and audio recordings. The experience encountered by the wearer is as close to reality as conceivable.

“We have developed a huge archive of film. At the behest of his behavior specialist, we can put a subject through his worst nightmare. And she is always there to rescue him, psychologically speaking. It ingrains dependence on the female trainer, which leads to obedience and over time complete subjugation. Works well on adolescent males. We have limited experience with adults.”

A very technical discussion follows, and I am impressed with the Director. She is young but very knowledgeable in this area of specialty. After several minutes, she curtails our conversation and guides me back to the sensory deprivation room.

“1532 should be nicely ripe, Doctor.”

Yes. How could I forget?

We return to the main chamber. Almost every specialist has suspended her duties and has gathered about the spit and the supreme masturbatrix.

Nancy has switched off the motor and 1532 lies supine, knees pulled well up and spread, head tilted downward with the slope of the rod. She is aggressively massaging his testicles and the long, glistening, scrotal sac. She speaks as she works providing the younger specialists with an interesting lecture on the male anatomy.

“Never overlook the scrotum, ladies. And here, leading to the testicles, are some nerve endings that deserve special attention.”

She kneads the sac with the lubricated, gloved thumb and forefinger of her right hand. The fingers of her left manipulate the anus from below the rod.

“He’s been stretched and well lubricated here. But it’s best to penetrate slowly. Build the anticipation and the fluids will build even more. And always remember, it’s yours to take as you please. The subject cannot and will not ejaculate until you wish.”

1532 helplessly looks up at the stern, authoritative woman. Helga sits on a small stool and gently smoothes her hand over his forehead, whispering more words of apparent comfort. The massive, purple erection points straight up. Although it is one of the largest I have seen, the specialists are jaded by its length and girth. Every day they see the largest penises in Europe, and their attention is more riveted to Nancy’s actions than the impressive, male phallus.

“Waggle for me.”

Spoken as more of a command than request, Nancy demands response and feedback from her subject. I cannot help thinking that it is the only part of 1532's anatomy that he can move, except perhaps some minor muscle contraction in the scrotum.

But 1532 obediently complies and the gaggle of specialists giggle when the massive manhood indeed begins to move.

“You see how much he wants to experience the firm grip of my fingers, ladies. He’s willing to completely humiliate himself to obtain the few moments of male gratification.”

Nancy begins to impale the young rectum with the fingers of her left hand. The lad is amazingly open and seems to draw in the feminine digits. Nancy smiles. She

recognizes complete subjugation, and her confident look evidences her subtle satisfaction.

“You have quite the scamp here, Helga. He’s a natural for the strap on.”

After moments of silence, with Nancy and 1532 communicating with their eyes, the gloved left hand disappears.

“Oh, yes, nicely swollen and ready to squirt for us. Miss Nancy is going to drain you completely. You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

She is evidently feeling the underutilized prostate of a young male in his sexual prime. Her right hand reaches under the scrotum and manipulates the perineum. The double pressure on the prostate must be incredible, I think to myself, but the flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid ceases.

“I have the middle finger of my left hand squarely pressed against the urethra, ladies. Our young subject cannot expel any fluids until I am ready.”

The specialists smile and marvel at the control and confident experience, which the supreme masturbatrix applies to her trade.

“Now. What are we going to do with this?”

All laugh as her right hand finds the enormous, powerful shaft, helplessly standing with its functions usurped by the single digit of a dominant female.

“From this point, the timing is mine, ladies. He can be stroked, pulled, massaged, caressed, manipulated, kneaded, all day. The need to ejaculate will overwhelm his thoughts. He’d walk through fire for me right now. All to achieve an orgasm. But it’s mine to decide when and how.”

It is not often that I wish a camera was available during my escapades. But this is one of those few times. To see the young specialists completely absorbed by the lecture and 1532 helplessly restrained, waiting in complete humiliation until his masturbatrix decides on the timing of relief, is one

powerful scenario of female control that cannot be described with the written word.

I wonder what 1532 would offer, given the chance to speak, in order to be allowed to complete his humiliation by squirting his seed for the crowd of women. I hazard to guess it would be everything he owned. But alas, Dr. L------ already owns all he has. Therefore it is his lot to lie helplessly restrained and suspended while Nancy plies her craft. He can not even offer a symbol of protest or resistance.

Miss Nancy continues her lecture, pointing out many little known erogenous areas of the male. Explaining the functions of the prostate, ampulla, seminal vessels, erectile chambers including, as an aside, how certain dominant, Asian women pay many dollars to have such chambers truncated in males deemed suitable only for oral service.

“It serves to greatly focus the oral subjugant on his prime duties,” was Miss Nancy’s casual remark, as the young specialists smile with the thought of a male’s proudest organ being shortened at the behest of a dominant female.

After several minutes of apparent internal massage by Miss Nancy’s penetrating hand and fingers, she announces the release of some pre-ejaculatory fluid. Right on cue, the clear, viscous substance slowly oozes from the purple tip, Miss Nancy evidently momentarily removing her finger from the urethra.

“I think he’s ready, ladies. We’ll drain him completely. Helga, better use a large specimen dish.”

Helga dutifully places a clear glass dish on the floor then positions herself standing over the head of 1532.

“Turn slowly. I want him face down.”

Helga gently places her hands on the shoulders of 1532. Miss Nancy removes her right hand and repositions herself. Her left is still penetrating the helpless male’s backside.

Helga pushes down on the left shoulder, pulls up on the right and the suspended 1532 slowly turns on the spit.

“By keeping my hand steady while he turns, this young man is getting quite the prostate massage. I’m going to hold him off a little longer. I think you’ll be impressed with the results.”

As the spit turns 180 degrees, Miss Nancy maintains her penetration. But as 1532 faces downward, her right hand returns and palms the massive, erect shaft, forcing it downward toward the anus.

“With the erect penis in this position, ladies, it is impossible for the male to ejaculate. Helga will rock him a little, the pressure will build and when I want him to squirt, he’ll explode for us.”

Helga slowly twists the spit. A quarter turn clockwise. A quarter turn counter clockwise. Miss Nancy holds her hand in place. 1532's prostate is receiving incredible pressure, and I stoop to see that the young male’s eyes are popping from his head.

The coordination between Helga and Miss Nancy is impressive. She wordlessly twists the spit. Miss Nancy smiles, feeling the swollen gland and occasionally announcing to the viewing audience the futile attempts of the male anatomy to expel its seed without the permission of the controlling, female hand. She can evidently feel the ejaculatory muscles contracting.

Perhaps it is pity, perhaps Miss Nancy just feels the timing is right. I can assure the reader 1532 had nothing to do with the decision. But finally after many, many slow half twists of the spit, the most skilled masturbatrix releases the erect penis. It promptly salutes by righting itself and within seconds explodes in the most amazing ejaculation of thick, creamy sperm. It splatters into the dish. Then a second. Then a third.

His audience applauds and laughs. No one had stroked or touched the erect shaft. Miss Nancy controlled the

process through her hand penetrating the anus and massaging the various male glands.

After the dramatic climax, Helga continues with very slight twists and Miss Nancy works her left hand. The dish slowly fills and Miss Nancy's final act is to squeeze the base of the shaft between thumb and forefinger then slowly draw it down toward the tip and the waiting dish. One last glob drips into the dish.

She slowly withdraws her hand and steps away.

"He'll be too worn to walk back to his cage, Helga. But he can crawl. I suggest leashing him for effect."

The exhibition ends with Helga carefully removing the specimen dish. Dr. L------ and I move onward as the specialists return to their duties.

I ask many operational questions as we depart the large, deep basement. Dr. L------ will not reveal the revenue of the clinic but indicates the consortium of owners is quite satisfied with the financial results. It seems that certain small European countries have contracted with the clinic to take their most troubled youths. Thus, in addition to the sale of subjugated youths, the clinic actually derives revenue from their initial acceptance, keeping the budgets of many governments free from the recurring expense of the long-term incarceration of delinquent youths.

As the large elevator grinds its way to the surface, I ponder whether a juvenile contemplating a life of petty crime would ever consider such endeavors if he were first afforded the tour that I have had and thereby fully understood his ultimate fate.

"And of course there's our rehabilitation services. Not overly lucrative but helps pay the overhead and keeps our specialists challenged."

Dr. L------'s comment tugs my mind back to our conversation. We are again traversing the first floor office where meek men are assiduously typing, keeping books, and busying themselves with assorted clerical duties.

I fish for more, not wishing to appear unknowledgeable, but my curiosity is piqued since it was mentioned at the start of our journey but I had no opportunity to learn more.

“I apologize, Doctor. I thought you were aware of that branch of our services. Mrs. W----- had anticipated the need and visualized its development. It was a simple matter for me to implement.”

She pauses as the main elevator arrives to return us to the fourth floor. We step in and the doors silently close.

“Since the clinic has been training subjugants for nearly twenty years, Mrs. W----- realized that over time the roles the young submissives were fulfilling would be difficult to maintain with maturity. Most dominant women prefer youth, and although an argument can be made that the tongue becomes more tactile with age, there remains a tendency to seek younger flesh.”

We arrive at the fourth floor and step out.

“So the question was posed, what would happen to our older protégés? Mrs. W----- understood the need for males to perform menial tasks both within the clinic and the village. And she also realized that after completing years of service to the Dominant female, our typical protégé is in his early thirties, unskilled with regard to employment, uneducated, malleable and incredibly submissive.

“He also needs occasional correction and to some degree rehabilitation. You’d be amazed at the initial reaction to wearing clothing after years of completely naked servitude.”

Dr. L------ smiles with her observation. And I suppose it would indeed be like getting a dog to wear the garments one sees in colder cities, there being a natural aversion to such covering.

“I believe we have Mr. M---- in room 6 this morning. Perhaps you would like to observe?”

How could I decline? After all, the purpose of my sabbatical was to study D/s relationships. I wordlessly nod

a response not wishing to appear over eager, and Dr. L------ leads the way to room six. The red light over the door forewarns those wearing the control ring of pending pain should they attempt entry or exit. Dr. L------'s index finger quickly taps the required code into the key pad. A discernible click indicates that the door unlocks.

"A precaution against straying casual visitors. The doors can be opened from the inside. The control ring inhibits exit by the patient."

With her comment she turns the knob, pulls the door outward into the hallway and props it against the wall. It remains open.

"It's easier to observe from here. The Specialist needs her space."

Her words fade as my attention turns to the room and its occupants. It is larger than suggested by the simple doorway and remarkably similar to Lady Constance's special room for Boy. A tiled floor bevels to a drain in the center. Similarly tiled walls are cluttered with hanging paraphernalia, which can only be described as a combination of medical devices, restraint gear, and evilly crafted artifacts the usefulness of which is left to the diabolical imagination.

Kneeling on the hard floor is the naked Mr. M----. His arms are secured behind him in a single leather glove. His Specialist has evidently cinched his elbows together judging from the thrust forward chest and the tears of pain rolling down his cheeks. He is erect and appears to be humbly offering his appendage to his antagonist. A bowl sits on the floor before him.

A uniformed Behavior Specialist stands over him with her back toward us. Her hands are on her hips in a most commanding pose. When she hears Dr. L------'s voice, she turns her head to look at us.

"Don't mind us, Veronica. The Doctor is here to observe."

Veronica is an imposing woman. Older than most of the Specialists, she is a tall and in her thirties. Her brown hair is short and a traditional nurse's cap covers most of it. She wears no make-up, but it cannot be concluded that such a feminine diversion would improve her rugged appearance, for her strong facial features radiate a confidence which makes one comfortable with her "in charge" presence.

Mr. M---- continues to look up at her as she acknowledges Dr. L------ and nods to me.

"He continues to eat out of a dog bowl, Doctor. His Mistress wishes to domesticate him a little better."

My eyes move to forearms that are strong and lead downward to hands of steel. Fingers of strength end with plainly clipped nails without polish. The starched, white uniform evidences firm buttocks in proportion to her height and athletic calves complete the silhouette of a demanding, physically able woman.

"He will be reluctant to use it after today."

Veronica moves to a sink and fills a very large glass with water. Doctor L---- explains the reference.

"Mr. M---- came through the clinic about twelve years ago and was sold to the wife of drug lord in South America. She trained him as a dog, an apparently appropriate amusement when spending much time in a secluded but luxurious home in the thick jungle. With no one to moderate her proclivities except her brutal husband and his guards, I understand her training was quite harsh but effective. After Mr. M---- matured, she sent him back, and we replaced him with one of our younger protégés. Mr. M---- has been in rehabilitation here and living with a local village woman serving as her handyman. Occasionally his behavior reverts. Thus a visit here."

As Dr. L------ explains, Veronica pulls back Mr. M----'s head and pours water into his mouth. He drinks with her command, and she returns to the sink for another glass.

“You can imagine the daily regimen she put him through. Crawling about at the end of a leash. Eating from a bowl. Trained to relieve himself only after a walk through the garden and under her strict supervision. And I understand her husband permitted extensive use of his tongue, and his Mistress trained him to provide much pleasure...,” Dr. L------’s suggestive comments hang, as I watch Veronica ply her trade. A third glass is imbibed, a little slower, but there is no doubt concerning who is in charge and that Mr. M---- will drink until Veronica is satisfied. A fourth glass demonstrates such, and Veronica returns the glass to the sink.

With a trip to a nearby cabinet, the firm hands of Veronica retrieve what appears to be a bar of soap. She returns to Mr. M---- and grasps the top of the arm glove to hold him steady.

“Stay still,” is her softly spoken admonishment, as she bends slightly at the knee and applies the bar to Mr. M----’s right nipple.

“A simple pumice stone,” explains Dr. L------. “Clean, easy to use, and very effective when briskly applied to the appropriate areas.”

Brisk is an appropriate description. Veronica works the coarse stone over Mr. M----’s right nipple, pauses and checks her handiwork, then continues.

“She’ll abrade the flesh as she see fit. It serves to keep Mr. M---- focussed. A little irritating gel also helps.”

The left nipple receives the same treatment. Mr. M---- grimaces but oddly, his erection seems to stiffen. Veronica smiles.

“Goodness, Mr M----, you really enjoy showing off for me, don’t you? Yes, well Veronica will take care of you.”

The tall woman reaches into her pocket and retrieves a small jar. She opens it quickly and dips in her right index finger. Dr. L------ explains.

“A special unguent I developed right here at the clinic. It’s a glycerin base with a very irritating mixture of alcohol and a form of acidic vinegar. The alcohol provides an incredible initial sting when applied to sensitive skin. The vinegar serves to maintain a very uncomfortable level of slow anguish.”

No sooner does the Doctor finish her description, then Veronica’s finger touches the right nipple and Mr. M---- yelps. She quickly moves her coated finger to the left then steps away. Mr. M---- crawls toward her whimpering. It is indeed the sound of a puppy, and when he lowers his head and an enormous tongue thrusts out, the “rehabilitated” male gently licks Veronica’s left calf and in so doing more resembles a canine than a human.

“She must be a marvelous trainer, the drug dealer’s wife. Under stress, he reverts to a mode in which he is most comfortable, despite our best efforts.”

Veronica lets him lick and affectionately pats the top of his head. His reaction to the pain inflicted by the Specialist is most interesting. Mr. M----’s long tongue glides up and down Veronica’s calf making it shine in the well-lit room. He then shuffles forward and attempts to rub his erection against the smooth, warm flesh that he has so assiduously lubricated with his saliva. Veronica steps back.

“I think I know what our puppy wants. But first some more water.”

Veronica provides more hydration with two large glasses, then again retrieves the pumice stone. Mr. M---- looks at it with fear.

“Come now, puppy. You know the position.”

The tears continue to roll as Mr. M---- obediently remains on his knees and bends backwards. The effect is to push his huge, purple erection straight upwards as his head and shoulders slowly lower until his back rests on his folded legs. His control ring pops into view. I marvel at how discreetly it is positioned.

Veronica’s hands go to work. She grasps the large, penis shaft with her left, pulls it toward Mr. M----’s knees, then begins a slow, firm pumicing of the sensitive, purple, penis tip.

Mr. M---- yelps but remains motionless, allowing Veronica to expertly complete her handiwork.

Within minutes, she has removed the thinnest layer of flesh and the purple head shines. Judging from the look of pain, just the exposure to air causes the overly sensitive erection to sting, and the abundant tears evidence the results of Veronica’s endeavors.

“Now, let’s see our doggie frottage. You seem to like my leg. Well, now you may use it for your pleasure.”

Veronica’s finger dips into the jar of unguent and cruelly covers her left calf. She then moves to a nearby chair, sits, and hikes up her uniform. Her legs are bare and when she snaps her fingers, Mr. M---- cannot stop himself from quickly righting himself and crawling the few steps to her chair.

“You can’t help yourself, can you? My little doggie knows his weewee will be hurt, but there’s pleasure to be had. And if he’s good, I may let him ejaculate. Yes, I’ll let you rub my leg until your little organ releases all that pent up sperm. Then I’ll insert a little tablet and watch you dance. Yes, all that water needs to go somewhere, and Veronica will help you go. Or, you can just kneel and there’ll be no pain and no pleasure.”

As Veronica speaks, Mr. M---- crawls forwards. The enticing soft flesh cannot be resisted. Despite the overly sensitive, abraded penis, he presses against the lubricated calf. He cries out yet thrusts. He has a look of anguish, which is indescribable, yet he gyrates his hips and pushes his erection against Veronica’s leg. He is indeed frottaging with fervor, and Veronica again pats his head and laughs.

“Such a good doggie.”

A knowing Veronica holds her leg firmly in place in order to maximize the painful yet pleasurable friction, which Mr. M---- so desperately seeks. His scrotum flops about comically with the thrusts of lust, and the frustration of having his arms and hands well secured is apparent.

On occasion, Veronica moves her calf and Mr. M---- thrusts forward into thin air. This causes a moment of laughter from Veronica and clumsy efforts by Mr. M---- to reposition himself to continue his ardent march toward orgasm.

The Specialist's extensive knowledge of the male anatomy is once again displayed as Veronica senses a pending climax. She reaches down with both hands and pinches each excoriated nipple with incredible pressure. Mr. M---- erupts, shooting load after load of thick, white sperm. Some reaches Veronica's lap. Most splashes against her leg and slowly dribbles to her ankle.

"And now you must pay for your pleasure."

An interesting comment considering the level of anguish Mr. M---- must have felt in achieving ejaculation. But the women of clinic certainly know their function and the combination of torment and gratification on the face of Mr. M---- was most curious. Veronica reaches behind her. She picks up a smooth, thin cylinder from the counter. Mr. M---- cowers but remains motionless, still pushing his amazingly reddened penis against Veronica's leg. Although he is satiated, her warm flesh obviously provides some degree of comfort, and the shaft softens only a little.

"Hold still, you know it hurts more if you move."

Veronica grasps the tumescent shaft with her left hand. The cylinder in her right is slowly inserted in Mr. M----'s urethra. It is obviously a procedure she has executed many times, as she looks directly into Mr. M----'s face and smiles as she slowly slides the cylinder into his penis.

I am surprised that he so obsequiously accepts the catheter. Its diameter approximates that of a pencil, yet

Veronica slowly slides it in without hesitation on her part or protest on his.

When she releases her left hand, Mr. M----'s penis is now controlled by the catheter, held by her right.

"Nice and deep for you today, my fine pet. You'll be dancing for me for the entire afternoon."

She smiles with her comment then slowly pushes a plunger on the exposed end of the cylinder with her left thumb, Mr. M---- again yelps. His ability to emulate canine sounds is deeply ingrained.

The cylinder is withdrawn and Veronica stands. Dr. L------ explains.

"An amazingly effective method of behavior modification. Veronica has inserted a simple salt tablet into the urethra. As it dissolves, Mr. M---- will endure the most incredible level of pain. And of course urination will be most irritating. His full bladder will keep him very busy and focussed on Veronica and her counseling. You see, the only relief is full catheterization. And he'll have to earn and beg for that."

The Doctor and I pause in silence for several minutes. The tablet evidently begins to dissolve as Mr. M---- rolls to his side in pain.

"Now, let's talk about your penchant for eating out of a doggie bowl…"

With Veronica's comment, Doctor L------ steps away from the open door.

"Veronica will continue to counsel him for many hours, Doctor. And I believe you've experienced many such behavior modification sessions."

I nod as she leads me away. The door to room 6 remains open, and as we enter Dr. L------'s office more cries are heard.

"You must visit again sometime, Doctor. You'd be interested in one of our latest endeavors. We have begun to rehabilitate a male who was subjected to the cruelest of owners. His fingers and thumbs were surgically sutured

together to prevent masturbation. We've reversed the procedure, of course. But teaching him to masturbate is a most interesting undertaking. Luckily we have skilled staff here that can accommodate his condition."

With that thought-provoking image, my tour of the clinic is concluded. It is close to lunchtime, and I have an appointment at the local leather shop. The quality of its work and its proximity cannot be overlooked. There is much to be procured.

I thank Dr. L------ for her time and depart.

Chapter Six
Interview with Masturbatrix Nancy
January 31, 1998

My flight originally was to depart Munich this morning. But I have decided to accept Lady Constance's gracious offer and visit her Caribbean retreat. Thus I reschedule the flight from Munich to Berlin for this afternoon, which better aligns with the flight from Berlin to Aruba and allows time to interview Nancy, the most accomplished masturbator of young males.

Nancy's home is a short walk from my hotel. I check out of my room and arrange to have the concierge hold my luggage for the limousine. But in requesting that he instruct the driver to pick me up directly at Miss Nancy's home, I observe the most interesting reaction from the splendidly uniformed, young man.

My request is not unusual, but when I give the concierge the address, he begins to stutter and demurs. It is evident that Miss Nancy's abode is known to him and known in a manner that causes concern. But within moments, he recovers from his verbal fumbling and assures that my wishes 'will be carried out to the letter'.

Rather an overreaction to a simple request, I think. But not entirely unusual based on past interaction with other males of the village.

A brief overnight storm has left a dusting of fine, powdery snow on the village streets and sidewalks. Although it is relatively early, the town square bustles with shopkeepers sweeping away the clean, white powder. The view of the beautiful mountains is much enhanced by the new covering, and the scenery looks as if a picture postcard has been brought to life with the sun illuminating the granite outcroppings high above.

Miss Nancy's house is modest but immaculately maintained, as one would expect from a demanding woman. It is indistinguishable from the neighboring homes

and perhaps that is intentional, as Miss Nancy's avocation is not one to be flaunted.

But all illusions of modesty are lost when a naked, hooded male answers my ring at the door. He silently and obsequiously beckons for me to enter and assists in removing my coat. Miss Nancy appears from a parlor.

"Welcome, Doctor. I trust Gerhardt did not alarm you."

She is dressed plainly compared to her latex, masturbation uniform. Her demeanor is of quiet confidence, and the strange presence of Gerhardt is ignored.

I smile and offer my warmest greetings. But my eyes are drawn back to Gerhardt. In addition to the smooth, shiny, black latex hood covering his face and head, he is belted. I recognize the device as one of the most secure and expensive chastity belts manufactured. Stainless steel with neoprene lining for long-term comfort, the design is considered ineluctable. No male has ever been known to attain an erection or orgasm while wearing one, and I had read of males under strict control wearing such devices for many months, except for occasional respites for cleaning.

Gerhardt is also pierced in dozens of places with sturdy, steel rings along the outer most edges of his arms, legs and torso. There is also a sizable ring, which pierces his septum and protrudes through the hood's opening for his nose and mouth. Miss Nancy notices my interest.

"It is Gerhardt's unfortunate lot in life that he finds himself in service to the most skilled masturbatrix in Europe but is kept completely chaste. Rather ironic, don't you think Doctor?"

With a sardonic laugh, Miss Nancy reaches down and tenderly palms Gerhardt's free swinging testicles, which dangle under the entrapped penis. She then moves her deft fingers further under and between the thighs and briefly manipulates his perineum, causing Gerhardt to whine with the sensuous stirrings of her touch.

“Maybe next month, Gerhardt. But right now, we’ll have coffee in the parlor.”

She leads me to the adjoining room.

“The rings facilitate cleansing. He can be well restrained, while my maid gives him a sponge bath and the belt is washed.”

Nancy is evidently an American, judging from her speech. She is a person of pleasant appearance, some 45 years of age, tall, with shapely legs and a minimum of the excess weight so prevalent in people of middle age. Her hair is black and hints of untouched gray evidence her lack of vanity. When she points to a chair with a gesture of practiced hospitality, one cannot help notice the juxtaposition of soft fingers mounted on hands and wrists of steel, the many applications of lubricant and the lengthy sessions manipulating the penis having conditioned her anatomy to so adequately fulfill her vocation. Her motioned directive and general demeanor are of a person with purpose and focus. She reminds me of an athlete. When in competition, all thoughts and efforts are committed to the task at hand, and so it is on this sunny morning. The Director has suggested that an acquaintance of Lady Constance wishes to interview her; therefore all of Nancy’s thoughts and deeds will be committed to such.

As with Jasmine, I suggest she provide a chronology of her introduction to and the subsequent development of her skill. She immediately responds, and I hurry to remove pen and paper from my brief bag to capture her words.

“I was a good nursing student. But in serving a period of residency at a local hospital, I was written up twice for poor ‘bedside manners’.

“My advisor recommended entering the military where the lack of such empathy is not viewed with the same degree of gravity.

“I did. But dealing with sniveling males with scratches and bumps was wearing. I found myself catheterizing male

patients with objectionable behavior no matter their injury or affliction, usually utilizing as large a diameter tube as I could obtain. It's termed 'giving him the hose' in nursing parlance, and I soon gained a reputation for taming even the most opprobrious of soldiers. You know, Doctor, if the tube is inserted slowly with the proper twist at certain intervals, catheterization can be a marvelously effective method for the application of pain and the establishment of control. Normally, I would perform it on young males who had limited experience with the procedure, and trust me, they soon were groveling with newly found manners.

"And of course the occasional suggestion that changing to a larger tube may be in order kept even the most unruly patient in line.

"Well, my skills did not go unnoticed. Within a year, my supervisor recommended that I be promoted to a supervisory position in a special burn ward in Germany.

"It was an appropriate position for me. My callousness became an asset in treating the sensitive burns of the young soldiers. Despite many medical advances concerning the treatment of burns, the daily cleansing and changes of bandages is quite painful. Only the most aloof of nurses can function properly in the midst of the pitiful cries. And I seemed to revel with the power and complete control.

"I was some two months into my tour when a seasoned Doctor casually mentioned that a particularly young patient with thoroughly bandaged hands needed 'special treatment'. He had been field-testing a new weapon, which backfired. Well burned but with no permanent damage, his conduct become quite obtrusive with my nursing staff after a couple of weeks. I was too young to recognize the symptoms as the randiness of a male in his sexual prime. But the doctor knew that the inability to utilize his hands was taking its toll. Finally, after another three days the doctor was more specific. 'Apply generous amount of glycerin based lotion to this patient's lower midsection and

pubes, massage vigorously', was his official orders on the chart.

"At first, I laughed and showed it to the other girls on duty. But when I later looked over the shoulder of one of my charges, as she changed the bed linen of the young soldier, I noticed she was working around a rather stiff erection. She was spending too much time concerned with the patient's modesty, cautiously removing the sheets in such a manner as to minimize any view of the rather evident bulge in the hospital gown.

"Later at a staff meeting, I brought up the subject of productivity and was shocked to learn how much time my nurses spent in similar situations. You see, Doctor, burn accidents in the military involve the hands in ninety percent of the cases. Bandaged hands mean little or no manual relief. No relief means rather common and prominent displays of the erect male appendage.

"After discussion, I concluded my nurse's time could be better utilized, and we could also modify the behavior of our patients. So I gave orders. Tumefied males would no longer receive special attention to protect their modesty; quite the opposite. I wanted them exposed to discourage such a condition. One young nurse suggested a special gown, which terminated at the waist. Two of the nurses skilled with needle and thread took the time to modify our supply. Within a week, those patients experiencing tumescence were denied full-length gowns and provided the altered brief garment, which ended at mid stomach some two inches above the navel.

"My young nurses soon became accustomed to the comical sight of their patients attempting to cover their engorged organs. Their bandaged hands and arms made their efforts rather clumsy and eventually the patients were encouraged to lie calmly and let the professional do her job.

“You know, Doctor, we didn’t have the pre-selection process afforded the clinic. The patients had organs of all sizes and shapes, circumcised and uncircumcised. But sometimes putting the more diminutive erections on display was more amusing than the larger ones. And within a few weeks of the new procedure, the nurses became quite comfortable exposing the young males, commenting on their embarrassing state and taunting them about their frustrating state of arousal. On one occasion, a patient made a particularly objectionable comment. In response, his nurse folded the bottom of the bed sheets upwards leaving the young soldier completely exposed from the waist downward. He lay half the morning trying to calm himself, hands and arms heavily bandaged. With his immobility he could only lie, penis pointing straight up, while the entire staff walked by with smiles and curious looks.

“Well, the exhibition proved popular. And the other nurses began to use the shorted sheets with a pair of comfortable ankle straps to ensure control and maximize exposure. The ward is supplied with abundant equipment and paraphernalia enabling the nurses to restrain burn victims in any number of ways. So from that point onward, naughty patients were kept naked from the waist down with no covering.

“It was fun for the staff and the aggressive, young soldiers certainly fell into line quickly. So in order to keep the nurses entertained the bar was raised, so to speak. The young males soon found themselves not only exposed but their genitals shaved as well for the slightest of infractions, such as not finishing a meal, failure to take medication, hesitation in relieving their bladders.

“But as amusing as it all became, there was still the problem of balancing the hormones. Some of the more virile patients would actually begin to shake when a pretty, young nurse turned up the sheets and strapped the ankles,

knowing that the humiliation would cause his erection to grow even further and that he would not be released and covered until he could bring it back under control. And that we made very difficult, of course. The ward was a large, open room with partitions to the sides of each bed, but the end was open to passing nurses and staff. We soon learned the proper words and actions to ensure the maximum level of embarrassment. Simple comments, really. But when the male is naked from the waist down, erect and restrained, the reaction to comments concerning the size and shape of his shaved genitals is very interesting. This attention resulted in more tumescence. Thus some of the younger patients spent entire mornings showing off for their nurse.

"But even though we had learned to control the patient, it became evident that some form of relief had to be afforded. Patients receiving skin grafts may be heavily bandaged for months, and the eventual hope and expectation of relief was needed to maintain order in the ward.

"So one of my more deviant nurses suggested we modify the bathing area to provide better cleansing of certain parts of the male anatomy. Burn wards have specially equipped rooms for washing the victims. Because some are immobile, there are all types of suspension harnesses, overhead lifts, large tubs and basins, a cornucopia of devices, all of which can be converted to more lascivious purposes.

"And we put all of it to use."

Nancy pauses and smiles with the recollection. Gerhardt enters with a tray. Coffee is served by this most interestingly belted and hooded male. His posture and demeanor are totally submissive in the presence of Nancy and, like a pet dog, he occasionally glances at her for approval.

Nancy again reaches between the thighs and palms the free-swinging sac. Gerhardt separates his legs to permit

better access.

“I may have Antoinette wash your belt today, Gerhardt. I know she’s scheduled you for tomorrow, but I think the Doctor here would be interested in the procedure.”

She turns back to me.

“Gerhardt came to enjoy my touch so much he swore a life time of service and allegiance. He agreed to become completely subservient to me in order to receive the firm stroke of my hand, no matter my whims or demands. Well, unfortunately, Gerhardt learned too late that one of my whims was that I would keep him forcibly and permanently chaste. I only bring him to ejaculation once per year, and then only if it amuses me to do so.”

She smiles and evidently manipulates the perineum, causing Gerhardt to moan with pleasure.

“Yes, I know it’s difficult, Gerhardt. But remember your pledge. ‘All my whims and demands’.”

Nancy laughs and retracts her hand. Gerhardt reluctantly returns to the kitchen.

“I suppose it could be considered a bizarre affectation, Doctor. But I think you understand that after years and years of stroking submissive males to the ultimate sensation of pleasure, the idea of having my own under complete control is exhilarating. And you’ll be impressed with Gerhardt. I wouldn’t take the time to subjugate a normal male. Gerhardt has the largest phallus I’ve seen, and you have an inkling of what I’ve seen at the clinic. And now it belongs to me. I think of it as the hunter mounting on the wall of his den a trophy from some big game hunt. Well, you’ll see that Gerhardt’s penis is indeed big game, and I have quite the trophy.”

She laughs with the thought.

“So back to the hospital...

“The wash room soon became a play room. Patients learned that if they voluntarily walked to the far end of the ward and entered this ascetic and antiseptically clean tiled

room, the problem of their abundant hormones would be addressed.

“At age 26 I was the most experienced nurse, so I began a sort of clinic on bringing the young male to climax. And it was never my style to do it other than from a position of complete power and authority, so my methods always placed the patient in a completely submissive role. All had to humbly request to be masturbated and had to affirmatively consent to having other nurses present.

“The girls became very enthusiastic and long forgotten and forlorn anatomy texts began to be reread with fervor. Within weeks, my entire staff learned various techniques for stimulating the relevant organs, and thus masturbating the young males in the most humiliating manner. And you would be surprised, or perhaps as a psychologist not so surprised, how rapidly the patients fell into their role.

“Quite a sight to see, Doctor. Erect and partially erect, young males humbly walking to our special room and beseeching their nurse for the manipulation they so desperately needed. We had very good boys after our special treatment program began. And they seemed to heal more quickly, but it may have just been the seemingly quick passing of time with the enjoyment.

“Our activities continued for several years. With fewer patients being troublesome and the efficient care provided, the doctors never interfered. Except that a certain female doctor serving her residency sometimes observed our morning escapades. She marveled at how docile the patients became afterwards and was fascinated by our level of control. Her attitude was ‘if it works, do it’. And it did indeed work.”

Nancy’s narrative is interrupted when a very pretty, young, French girl enters the parlor.

“Ah. Antoinette. I think the good Doctor here would like to observe you bathing Gerhardt. Not the daily shower but the weekly sponge bath and belt cleaning. I know tomorrow

is the regular day, but one day early won't hurt. Be a good girl and get Gerhardt. Then we'll go to the washroom. And Antoinette..., I'll want you naked, as always. The Doctor will enjoy observing Gerhardt's full treatment."

Antoinette nods and quietly turns to leave. She is wearing a classic, French maid's uniform, black and rather brief. She is diminutive, not much more than five foot, but her legs are strong and the discerning observer can detect sizable breasts under the frilly, white smock. Her blond hair is curled up and stuffed under her cap, and loose strands indicate that much hair has been quickly and unceremoniously rolled up in order to don the traditional black cap.

When she turns to walk, rounded, firm buttocks stress the seat of the uniform. I am reminded of an interview with a certain dominant lady who described similar fleshy globes as 'sculpted for the crop'.

"She knew I was having a visitor so she dressed. I normally keep her naked to arouse Gerhardt."

Miss Nancy smiles wryly. The thought is wicked, the virile but chaste male serving at the behest of the naked, blond girl. The steel belt must indeed be inescapable, and the imagination hears Gerhardt's whining as his entrapped organ attempts to pay tribute to the sight of the smooth, pink flesh of Antoinette's buttocks.

"To complete my story, Doctor, my term of enlistment ended. I had developed quite the penchant for handling the phalli of obsequious males, and the army had provided a consistent supply. But the economics of military service are difficult, and to make ends meet I had begun to offer what I termed 'home care'.

"Many of the males we had so easily subjugated returned to the hospital, trying to enter the ward for treatment. Usually complaining of some contrived pain or discomfort and suggesting a thorough examination. It didn't require much gray matter to conclude what they

needed, and our special room was soon occupied day and night. It was those out patients that became the nucleus of my service after I decided to retire from the military."

Antoinette reenters the parlor. She is completely naked as demanded by Miss Nancy, and she is more voluptuous than imagined. Her short stature allows the firm, ample breasts and the well rounded buttocks to punctuate her frame in a most desirable and effeminate manner and the blond hair, no longer awkwardly stuffed under the traditional maid's cap, caresses her shoulders and drapes down her back.

Her left mammary bounces with each dainty step. Her right is firmed by the position of her arm, which is reaching behind her with her index finger firmly hooked to Gerhardt's nose ring.

Gerhardt obediently follows the naked nymph, he is bent over at the waist with his head forced downward by Antoinette's controlling digit. He remains belted and grunts of discomfort emanate from the under mask. His hands are submissively placed on top of his hooded head in a well-practiced symbol of concession to Antoinette's control.

A distinctly feminine aroma fills the room, as Antoinette marches through the parlor and stops at the far end with Gerhardt's nose ring firmly held. One's eyes cannot move from the globes of smooth skin, which roll with each step then form sordid objects of carnal delight, as she pauses and saucily contracts her gluteus maximus muscles. Faint, parallel lines left by an instrument of correction cross each buttock at precisely measured intervals. It is obviously the work product of the meticulous lady of the house, and it seems Antoinette has been trained to display her handiwork without request or command.

Miss Nancy smiles as the parade of flesh pauses and waits for permission to enter an adjoining room.

"Gerhardt still finds it difficult to control his penis in Antoinette's presence. It's inserted into a precisely

measured tube, which the steel belt holds in place and which firmly holds the flaccid penis downward. It allows for urination in the squatting position, but any attempted tumescence causes quite a bit of discomfort, as you can imagine, and unfortunately Antoinette's naked, nubile form seems to arouse. And as you probably noticed, I keep Antoinette natural in terms of feminine hygiene. Her aroma also tests Gerhardt's self control. It seems to arouse him."

Miss Nancy smiles then begins to laugh wickedly. Her comment is an interesting observation, which psychologists and sexologists have researched for years. The fragrance that most embarrasses the female is that which most arouses the male. And it appears Miss Nancy is well aware of this basic fact of nature, as Antoinette blushes with the comment and realization that her diminished level of hygiene has announced her presence to the olfactory nerves of all.

"Secure him tightly, Antoinette. Let me know when you're ready."

Antoinette obediently nods and pulls the nose ring with Gerhardt following into the adjacent room.

"So, to continue…, I established a 'therapy clinic' near the base. Physical therapy was the ostensible function. The masturbation of young males was the real purpose, and it became quite enjoyable and rather lucrative. The most interesting challenge was to develop new and thoroughly humiliating ways to make a groveling male squirt his essence at my behest. And you'd be surprised at not only the number of 'patients,' but at how often they returned. I charged accordingly. But over time, one becomes jaded. So after a few years, I sold my practice to two of my most devious and wicked protégés. The price was good, I had saved and invested well, and when Dr. L------ called to tell me she was drafted to run the clinic, I knew where I could comfortably live in semi-retirement.

“So, here I am. One day per week I am at the clinic teaching and demonstrating proper, dominant, masturbation techniques and once per week open my door here to the local villagers. I assume you have conversed with some of the men in the village. There is much work that needs to be done here.”

Miss Nancy smiles and awaits my reaction.

The incidents of shopkeeper delivering the incorrect change and the reaction of the concierge to Miss Nancy’s address flash to memory. It seem my perceptions of unusual behavior are not unfounded.

My thoughts are interrupted my Antoinette’s return.

“He is completely immobile, Mademoiselle.”

Miss Nancy nods, and as Antoinette turns to leave, her right buttock receives an affectionate pat followed by a gentle pinch.

“As you can imagine, Doctor, I have come to prefer the feel of feminine flesh. For me, the male is nothing more than a beast in need of discipline and closely supervised orgasmic relief.”

I record her comments, and she patiently waits until I look up from my note pad. She seems to seek a sign or symbol of agreement, so I nod quietly. It is not my function to judge, but only to observe.

“Shall we join Antoinette. She’s going to remove Gerhardt’s belt and clean it in the dishwasher. While he’s freed, she will sponge him and remove any hair growth. I also permit some amusements.”

I follow Miss Nancy into the adjoining room. It is remarkably similar to the room in which Boy was washed and massaged by Jasmine in the New York hotel. Tiled, drained and scrubbed clean, the room resembles a large shower room.

Gerhardt lies supine on a low metal table. Its height is such that even the diminutive Antoinette must bend to reach down to him. Through each of his numerous rings,

Antoinette has threaded a cord, which she wraps around a metal bar attached to the perimeter of the table, then threads through another ring then back to the bar.

The result is a continuous cord, which weaves through the dozens of rings and effectively makes Gerhardt part of the table. As noted, Gerhardt is pierced everywhere and his arms, torso, legs and ankles are tightly secured by Antoinette's handiwork. A separate cord holds the back of Gerhardt's hood, and Antoinette has fiendishly utilized two short chains to secure Gerhardt's nose ring, thus making it impossible for him to turn his head.

Antoinette carefully checks the restraints. It is apparent that Gerhardt is completely helpless. Miss Nancy nods her approval and bends over Gerhardt at the waist. Her strong fingers again reach under the penis tube and slowly draw Gerhardt's pink scrotal sac into better view. It is large and hairless, but nowhere near the size of those displayed at the clinic.

"I've let Gerhardt shrink. He was stretched at one time, but to keep him that way means removing the belt for long periods. Complete denial is more entertaining."

Her left hand holds the sac up and the index and middle finger of her right move to the perineum. There, a well-practiced motion begins and Gerhardt moans with the combination of pleasure and frustration.

Antoinette removes a hose hanging on a nearby wall, turns a spigot, and patiently adjusts the ensuing flow of water until the temperature is to her liking.

Satisfied that Gerhardt's state of arousal has risen to the maximum level of urgency, Miss Nancy steps away as Antoinette douses the motionless form then applies a soft, soapy cloth.

Over the next few minutes we observe the naked, nubile Antoinette give Gerhardt the most sensual of sponge baths, her ample breasts swinging just inches from his body and occasionally brushing against his chest. Despite the

fragrance of the soap, Antoinette's feminine aroma fills the room. The display of her naked form and the opportunity to control the helpless Gerhardt seems to excite her.

When Antoinette's hands swath the warm, soft cloth between the thighs and slowly soaps Gerhardt's plums, he stirs noticeably, and I notice his nipples become incredibly erect. Miss Nancy also notices.

"Keeping a male completely chaste causes interesting hormonal reactions. Gerhardt's nipples have the sensitivity of a girl approaching puberty. They provide wonderful objects for the encouragement of behavior modification."

Miss Nancy demonstrates by reaching down and gently kneading Gerhardt's right nipple. He stirs again.

Antoinette finishes the sensual sponge bath and dries the limbs and torso. She looks to Miss Nancy who wordlessly reaches into a small pocket at the hip of her skirt, extracts a small key and hands it to Antoinette.

She in turn inserts it into a small, stainless steel lock on the front of Gerhardt's belt. With a sharp click, the steel belt opens. Antoinette pulls it further open then reaches between the thighs. There a quick tug is followed by a 'plopping' sound. The rear portion of the belt has firmly held in place a good-sized butt plug, which brings a knowing smile to Miss Nancy.

"Prostate stimulation adds to the enjoyment for all, don't you think, Doctor?"

Antoinette slides the shiny smooth belt away, freeing Gerhardt's mammoth phallus. She disappears from the room belt in hand presumably to have the apparatus cleansed. Meanwhile, the organ twitches and slowly engorges itself.

"No hands or fingers touch the penis. Not mine. Not Antoinette's, and especially not Gerhardt's. Over long periods of chastity and complete denial, the psychological effect is interesting. Gerhardt no longer thinks of it as his to control. It's something attached to him but belongs to

me. And it nicely pays homage to its owner, as you can see."

Yes it does. Within a minute, the largest penis I've seen tumefies and points straight up. It's length approaches twelve inches and the girth is incredible. Gerhardt is circumcised, which Miss Nancy is proud to point out.

"Removed the foreskin myself. It provides for better hygiene with the long periods in the tube. And of course I enjoyed snipping him."

Yes. The reddened circle of skin below the huge head indicates Gerhardt has been circumcised well after his infantile years, perhaps within the past two years.

Antoinette returns and again turns on the spigot. Gerhardt's midsection is doused, and she then gently washes the area of skin around the waist previously covered by the belt. The testicles are cleansed with Antoinette carefully working around the pink and purple manhood. As stated, the penis remains untouched.

Miss Nancy retrieves an object from a nearby table and approaches the supine and now totally naked male. It is a ruler, and she carefully places the end on Gerhardt's pubes just above the root of the penis.

"I measure him on occasion. Let's see..., thirteen inches. That's very nice, Gerhardt. My toy is paying me a nice tribute today."

Her tone is mocking and she smiles with the absolute level of control, and the thought that the organ is performing for her.

Antoinette spends several minutes removing hairs by insouciantly plucking away with tweezers. The penis seems to harden further. Either the pain or the proximity of Antoinette's naked form seems to further arouse.

Miss Nancy watches patiently and looks to me. She knows it is an extremely powerful scene; the ultimate submission of one of the most virile and potent male organs in all of Europe. I have no doubt she has seen and grasped

many for her amusement and financial gratification, and that Gerhardt's is in fact the largest.

"Give him a little taste Antoinette. You've earned some recreation."

No sooner said then Antoinette discards the tweezers and gracefully steps onto the table. With her diminutive form she appears to be a child frolicking over her supine father. But this youngster turns to face the far end of the table, straddles Gerhardt's head then lowers herself until her plump bottom rests on the smooth latex hood covering Gerhardt's face. Her cute, cleanly shaved pudendum opens to view and she twists and adjusts her cheeks until her rear aperture is evidently mounted over the opening for Gerhardt's lips and tongue.

"Gerhardt has become quite the aniliguist over the past few months." Miss Nancy's smile is suggestive.

"And my saucy Antoinette is insatiable."

The tongue and lips are Gerhardt's few moveable body parts, and Miss Nancy laughs as the well restrained, erect but chaste servant works Antoinette's puckered rectum with what are evidently well practiced oral caresses.

Antoinette moves her fingers to her exposed genitalia.

"No, no Antoinette. Hands on head."

It is apparent that Miss Nancy's realm of control includes the naked, French maid, as Antoinette quietly complies. But her frustration mounts with the sound of Gerhardt's lapping tongue, and she begins to wriggle with the ecstasy.

"Such a good boy, Gerhardt. Next week I may have Antoinette feather you to full blossom. Won't that be nice?"

The mammoth shaft waggles in anticipation. Miss Nancy stoops and casually reaches between Antoinette's thighs. The soft fingers that cause so many males to grovel with unfulfilled attempts to ejaculate begin to toy with Antoinette's labia. First stroking, diddling, and then a slow,

deft penetration of the vaginal opening. Antoinette moans. Her fragrance becomes stronger.

“Yes, just let Gerhardt collect it all, Antoinette. Your juices are flowing nicely, naughty girl. The sight of that big, purple shaft is quite the stimulant, isn’t it. And Gerhardt likes showing off for us.”

Miss Nancy’s fingers work deeper. The sighs and moans quicken. Gerhardt obediently licks. It is an amazing scene, which so well illustrates the dominance of Miss Nancy, her nimble fingers playing with Antoinette’s genitalia like a musical instrument, and Gerhardt’s tongue assuring that the pleasure experienced by the libidinous French maid is the ultimate.

“I’ve spoiled her rotten, introducing her to the delights of anal play. She’s made poor Gerhardt work so hard ever since. But occasionally she’ll let him have a little taste of her honey pot.”

The thought lingers as Antoinette squeezes her thighs in a paroxysmal orgasm. Then another and another follow as Miss Nancy’s fingers work their magic, and Gerhardt’s tongue methodically laps from below.

I do not count the number of orgasmic shudders. But finally Antoinette leans forward and places her hands on Gerhardt’s hips to steady herself. She smiles in complete gratification, and with her proximity to the huge shaft, she puckers her lips and blows on the incredibly sensitive tip. Sensitive due to the absolute isolation demanded of the large phallus by Miss Nancy and her devious locking tube. There seems to be no limit to the heap of frustration, which the two diabolical women pile on Gerhardt.

“Let him clean you up a bit, Antoinette, and wallow in the aroma of your essence. It looks like you’re going to have to ice him to get the belt back on. Make it a good-sized anal plug this time. A number five should be quite the challenge for him. I feel rather devilish today.”

We leave the special room and return to the parlor, with the well-restrained Gerhardt carefully licking Antoinette's piquant juices from her thighs and labia.

A ring and a knock at the front door indicate that my driver has arrived. I bid Miss Nancy adieu. She smiles pleasantly, but I am well aware she wishes to return her attention to Antoinette. As I depart, a rather firm riding crop catches my eye, hidden in plain view on the parlor buffet. The image of Antoinette's perky, young cheeks quivering under firm corrective strokes is thought provoking, but alas, my flight waits.

The ride to Munich permits me to finish my notes concerning the visit with the most accomplished masturbatrix of young males.

Thus I am off to a small island near Aruba, where Lady Constance's charges are afforded a hot sun and cooling breezes in which to frolic with their naked, hairless flesh exposed to all. I anxiously wish to learn about 'banding' the male appendage as mentioned by Dr. L------. What other curious things await me there?

A quick look in my bag reveals ample paper. But I make a note to purchase refills for my pen in the Munich airport. I suspect there will be much to record...

Constancia Island

This compilation of notes continues my efforts to study Lady Constance, said to be the world's most dominant woman. Having researched D/s relationships for many years in my capacity as a clinical psychologist, my initial undertaking was to better understand the relationship of Lady Constance and 'boy', a trained subjugant. Taking a sabbatical from my university, I spent many weeks interviewing those concerned with 'boy's' care and training. My efforts included a flight to Europe for additional background information and have been summarized in a treatise termed 'Lady Constance'.

These notes are an addendum to that effort, arising mainly from a trip, at Lady Constance's suggestion, to her exclusive Caribbean island. As with the 'Lady Constance' treatise, this draft also results from organizing my notes for a paper to be submitted to the American Society for Behavior Modification.

Chapter One

I have a two-hour wait in the Berlin airport for my plane to Aruba. My flight from Munich arrived early, another tribute to German efficiency.

The time between flights provides me with an opportunity to read background material on my ultimate destination, Constancia Island.

Since Lady Constance surprised me with the airplane ticket to Aruba, I had little notice concerning this extended leg of my trip. But I was able to perform some quick research before leaving and located, deep in the bowels of a New York research library, old magazine articles from the 1920's. Other articles were found, and I copied all and placed them in my brief bag without reading them, having to spend the remainder of the day packing.

In the following summaries, the italics are my editorial clarifications.

Esquire, May 25, 1923 “Baron Esterhoven Purchases an Island”

The wealthy Baron Esterhoven *(great grandfather to Lady Constance*) has purchased a small, secluded island near Aruba. Past ownership, of the uninhabited two-mile by seven-mile island, has been disputed by three countries, Netherlands, France and Spain. Thus it was only someone such as the influential Baron, with access to the halls of world leadership and with immense wealth, who could finally negotiate the ultimate status of the secluded strip of tropical greenery.

The solution..., for undisclosed sums paid to all three countries, it now belongs to him. Therefore, a new principality has been created with the Baron and his wife becoming defacto King and Queen of what, by signed agreement, will be recognized as a separate country.

The Baron was not available for interview, but associates close to the family suggest that the driving force behind the expenditure of considerable time and money, was the

beautiful, young Baroness. Noted for her skills as an equestrienne, it seems she has long sought a private facility for training and breeding. Knowledgeable breeders ponder the effect of tropical heat and thus the usefulness of the island as a facility for horses.

Eccentricity is the privilege of wealth.

International Construction (*a trade journal*) June 1924 "Baron Esterhoven Proceeds with Construction"

Baron Esterhoven has engaged a sizable construction crew and provided them with their own ship to facilitate conversion of his recently acquired island into a habitable utopia.

The SS Bohemia, leased by the Baron for one year, recently sailed from Savannah, Georgia after taking on earth moving equipment, building material, and a diverse crew of engineers, carpenters, plumbers, electricians.

Plans for the island are secretive, but dock workers report that the equipment and materials are considerable and could be used to build a city.

Time, October 15, 1925 "A New Nation?"

Stories are circulating in eastern Africa that the Baroness Esterhoven, said to be Europe's most beautiful socialite, has been offering to hire and relocate members of a small African tribe to her island paradise.

Many Baganda tribe members, noted for their unusual decorative bodies, were seen boarding the Esterhoven yacht in Mombasa. Mostly young women with a few men, it is rumored that their destination is the small island purchased and recently made habitable at the cost of many dollars by the Baron Esterhoven.

As reported in many society publications, the Baron Esterhoven is effectively a King, having acquired the small island in such a manner as to assure its sovereignty as an independent state. So, a King needs subjects, and the impoverished members of the tribe have apparently been

personally interviewed by the Baroness for employment and relocation.

Long known for her riding skills, the Baroness, some thirty years younger than the Baron, has applied much energy in completing the unusual project, said to be a vacation home with stables and training facilities.

No one is on record as having seen the island after the two-year renovation. Located some twenty miles from Aruba, all construction workers apparently had lucrative contracts which included secrecy and non-disclosure clauses, thus society circles are abuzz with rumor and innuendo. And with the proclivities of the young Baroness the subject of much past gossip, it is no wonder that the reclusive world of the fabulously wealthy is ‘champing at the bit’ for a glimpse of the world’s newest country.

New York Times, May 23, 1936 “The Most Exclusive Voyage”

With the economy still reeling, socialite Baroness Esterhoven, widow of the immensely wealthy Baron Esterhoven, has chosen New York as the port of embarkation for her annual soiree to the Caribbean. The Esterhoven yacht, dwarfing many cruise ships, stands ready to sail from the 42nd Street pier.

Is it a newly found duty of the rich to bolster the country’s staggering level of employment? In a curious instance of noblesse oblige, help wanted advertisements have been attributed to the Baroness and her planned voyage. The ads seek ‘healthy young males’ for what is described as ‘well paid manual labor’ with ‘no skills required’. There is certainly no end to such a pool of labor.

Interviews for an undeterminable number of jobs were said to include a rather extensive medical examination, which the Baroness personally supervised with nurses and the noted urologist, Dr. Emily Reinhold.

Bon Voyage to those fortunate few who met the criteria.

New York Times, February 5, 1937 “Missing Persons Investigation Stymied”

A Federal judge effectively terminated today an investigation into the disappearance of several young men. New York police had requested a broad search warrant, which the judge declined to issue citing sovereignty issues, and the right to question Baroness Esterhoven on her exclusive Caribbean island, which the judge declined to issue without comment.

Allegations that four young males embarked on a ship to the island last spring, never to be seen again, have been pressed by distant relatives. Authorities could find no witnesses to their departure from New York and attorneys for the Baroness have denied that the four young men were among those making the journey.

The Baroness declined to comment, referring reporters to her legal counsel.

“Last spring the Baroness did indeed hire many men to engage in manual labor on her island. The four men in question were not among them. For the New York Police Department to attempt to expand their investigatory powers to a foreign country is a violation of international law,” argued Margaret Dowd, the eminent attorney for the Baroness.

Time, June 23, 1970 “A New Queen”

The Esterhoven dynasty continues with the birth of a daughter to Sir Reginald(*grandson of the Baron and his wife*) and Lady Jane Esterhoven. The arrival of the daughter, Constance, was celebrated with the announcement that the secluded family island near Aruba would be renamed in the daughter’s honor.

But it’s not just an island. It’s actually a small country, which by Sir Reginald’s decree will henceforth be called ‘Constancia’. By his action, there is no doubt that Sir Reginald is anointing his new born as its future Queen and ruler.

The resources of the Esterhoven family, substantially reinvigorated by Sir Reginald, are reportedly vast, with the peculiar island nation as the only remaining symbol of the old-world wealth. Sir Reginald capably realigned all other family holdings into a new-world investment power, with controlling interests in several fast growing industries including energy, drugs and electronics.

So the new Queen will have no shortage of monetary resources.

Chapter Two

My flight is announced. I carefully fold the articles and place them in my bag. The flight to Aruba is long but I intend to sleep.

As I wait to board, my mind reviews the island's chronology. It is interesting that the age-old family of Lady Constance has been tinged with scandal and innuendo for so many years. Proposed horse breeding in the searing heat of the tropics, secretive construction, recruitment of Bagandan women, missing young men…, suddenly my thoughts jump! The Bagandas!

A cloudy portion of my memory begins to clear. Research from my masters' thesis comes into focus. The African tribe is recalled.

The Bagandas were noted for stretching various parts of their anatomy. On females it was most common to stretch the inner labia since large, exposed lips were considered symbolic of a very highly sexed woman. On inferior males it was common to stretch the scrotal sac. A very long, low hanging scrotal sac was deemed humiliating, and recalcitrant tribe members were thus altered.

This tradition of stretching expanded over the centuries and the tribe developed exotic lotions and methods for slowly and systematically stretching the skin of nubile daughters so they could attract the best husbands and of young males to emasculate for behavior modification purposes. The sophisticated knowledge acquired by the Baganda, which remains as a tribal secret to this day, lies in stretching the flesh in such a manner so that no scar tissue forms, which would tend to desensitize and deform the stretched area. Thus, if the labia are stretched too far too fast, the female loses sensitivity and a degree of sexual desire. In the male, an abbreviated stretching process causes scarring, which would detract from the desired sensual view of smooth, pink flesh.

Another unusual facet of the Bagandan culture was their relationship with neighboring villages. Whereas the history of Africa is replete with countless wars and battles among bordering African cultures, the Bagandas were for the most part peaceful. There was little motivation to expand their territory, but when attacked, they were noted for their most brutal retaliations.

But what particularly demotivated opposing warriors was the treatment of prisoners by the Baganda. The possibility of being captured by the Baganda made potential attackers very reluctant to proceed, and eventually no opposing leader could muster the needed warriors to stage an attack. For it was well known that all prisoners were turned over to the Bagandan women, who, it was suggested by numerous accounts, practiced their stretching skills with zeal and without mercy. Also over the years, the younger women were trained by their elders to have a complete disdain for non-Bagandan males, which became ingrained into their psyche. I recalled reading descriptions provided by nineteenth century explorers who when encountering the tribal village deep in the African jungle, observed captured natives being treated as beasts of burden by the Bagandan women, pulling carts and plows, with various anatomical parts modified not only for amusement, but to facilitate restraint.

It is interesting that in the Time magazine article describing the Baroness’s African hiring excursion there was no mention of the curious skill of the Bagandan women, nor their attitude toward males.

My thoughts are interrupted by a search for my airplane seat and making myself comfortable. I find myself somnolent within minutes after reclining. But as I sleep, for some reason the reference to Dr. Emily Reinhold stirs my subconscious.

Chapter Three

It seems that within minutes a flight attendant awakens me with instructions to prepare for landing in Aruba. The plane is scheduled to land at 11:00 p.m. local time. The six-hour time difference with Berlin will require me to acclimate myself to the time and I welcome the night’s stay at a local hotel.

Tomorrow, a small boat will take me to Constancia Island.

Dr. Reinhold! My mind jumps as I exit the plane. The name should have come to memory before, but I did not associate the 1930's New York Times article with the infamous doctor.

She must have been very young at the time of the article. For her name is forever associated with a 1960's New York scandal. Dr. Reinhold received much press as a result of performing sex change operations in an era when such alterations were little known. What prompted the coverage was the revelation that certain ‘males’ were appearing dressed as women for their army induction physical. Since the Vietnam War was flaring, many inductees attempted to avoid induction by utilizing a variety of subterfuges such as feigning deafness, injuries, poor eyesight, etc.

Thus, a young male appearing before the medical examiners in fine feminine attire, shoulder length hair and makeup was considered to be attempting to avoid the draft. But one can imagine the reaction of the doctors when the candidate stripped and in place of a fine set of genitals they found instead a newly crafted gash, courtesy of Dr. Reinhold’s scalpel.

The army doctors were alarmed and a subsequent thorough investigation into Dr. Reinhold’s practice by various government bureaucracies revealed other unorthodox procedures. Much was left unreported by newspapers, but in official reports I recall references to Dr.

Emily’s assistance not only to New York’s gay community but also to certain cabal’s involved in D/s and BDSM activities. It was disclosed that her medical training was used to abet (if not supervise) such unusual practices as extreme piercings, body modifications, infibulations, induced lactation, forced chastity, human transformation to animals such as ponies and dogs. And it was suggested, though not concluded, that many of Dr. Reinhold’s ‘patients’ did not fully consent to the procedures.

One could imagine, after reading the report, an unsuspecting, anesthetized patient returning to consciousness in Dr. Reinhold’s office and finding his genitals pierced and locked into a position prohibiting intercourse, with his smiling new owner standing nearby mockingly displaying a small key. Or discovering that after three months of taking the good Doctor’s prescribed medication, male breasts became oddly effeminate with perky nipples producing a cloudy liquid when sensuously kneaded by the soft, knowing fingers of a Dominant female.

The word within the medical community was that, rather than cause further scandal, Dr. Reinhold agreed, in her early sixties, to retire, and the final reports were thus quietly filed with little notoriety. She was not heard from again, as far as I was aware.

My luggage is retrieved. With the late hour and a paucity of traffic, a cab quickly transports me to a nearby hotel. I check into my room.

Chapter Four

A boring pay per view movie drags me down a long path toward renewed sleep. But the rising sun finds me waking to a television screen with a message enticing me to select another cinematic nightmare. I decline and relieve myself of the annoyance with a push of a button.

The phone rings. It quickly becomes apparent that I have overslept and the driver for my car ride to Lady Constance's waiting boat has been imbibing coffee in the hotel lobby for 20 minutes.

I hurriedly shower, pack and scurry to the lobby. There, a very large native male greets me in a manner conducive to all I have met in the employ of the domineering Lady Constance. He bows and humbly rushes to take my luggage.

The ride is short and I am surprised when, instead of going to the island's main marina, we veer onto a narrow road engulfed by tropical greenery. A casual passerby would overlook it as a pathway to a squalid native hut, but when we traverse a bend a guardhouse indicates otherwise. There is also a formidable fence, topped with strands of viciously sharp razor wire, which also serves to further suggest something other than squalor.

A huge guard, machine pistol in hand, nods to our driver and an automatic gate slides open. The auto eases forward and within a hundred yards or so the ocean comes into view, along with a long pier and several cinder block structures. The car stops in front of the furthest building. A door opens in response to the sound of the car. A very tall black woman steps into the Caribbean sunlight. It is Jasmine, the nurse and trainer for Lady Constance's toy submissive, Boy.

She is casually attired. Normally, she is wearing her starched white uniform, but this morning a colorful sarong is wrapped about her muscular physique, making her appear as a native.

“Good morning, Doctor. I have signaled for the boat waiting off shore. It will be here in minutes. We try to minimize activity here during the day. Please come inside and wait.”

The driver hurriedly carries my luggage into the simple block building. On his way out he falls to his knees, reaches for Jasmine’s hand and obsequiously kisses it. He arises and closes the door after him.

My eyes slowly become accustomed to the lack of light. It is a magnificently accoutered room with a distinguished antique bar, heavy oak tables, large chairs, comfortable couches and thick dark wood paneling. It is an interesting juxtaposition to the stark, cinder block outer walls. There are no windows and a small crack under the exit door emits sunlight, which appears dazzlingly bright.

“We are equipped here for lengthy stays, should there be a sudden storm or other cause for delay. There is a bathroom should you need it and a small kitchen if you’d like coffee or refreshments.

“The other buildings are for supplies awaiting transfer to Constancia and of course holding pens for new arrivals.”

Although Jasmine is smiling, her description of the diabolical manner in which new males are stored for transport to the island is chilling. Treated more as cargo than human, I recall the coffin like boxes at the clinic, which I visited the day before. Comfortable but confining they provide an ineluctable chamber for the transportation of the human form.

Jasmine moves to the kitchen and returns with a pot of coffee and two cups. She pours and talks.

“You’d be amazed at how this little enclave bustles on some nights. The supply boat is only loaded in darkness and of course new recruits embark here. We release them from their travel box a day or so before moving them to the island. The sedatives wear off, we cut off the control rings and it’s easier if they get on and off the boat under their

own power. Well secured wrists and a nice long whip ensures thorough compliance."

Jasmine smiles broadly with the thought of herding like cattle the naked forms of young males.

We sip the hot brew in silence. I inquire about Boy.

"He's very good, thank you, Doctor. Lady Constance decided to leave him in New York for this trip. The hotel has a deliciously devious sensory deprivation chamber. When we return he'll be particularly eager to serve."

The thought of the effeminate lad squirreled away in the hotel basement, lying in a dark room and/or floating in a deprivation tank, is provocative.

"But not to worry, Doctor. He's in the care of a particularly dominant young specialist. A Russian woman thoroughly trained by the KGB in mind control. I suspect she'll let him see daylight on occasion. She's working to extend the ability of females to have control over his tumescence. You know Lady Constance likes to have him erect for lengthy periods. We understand the specialist has a very successful record of opening up to the influence of dominant females that portion of the submissive brain affecting the penis. I get goose bumps thinking about the results."

The sound of a horn signals Jasmine that the boat is nearby. She suggests that it is time and returns the pot and cups to the kitchen. I stand and begin to pick up my travel cases.

"Those will be taken care of, Doctor. No guest lifts a hand on Constancia. Lady Constance insists."

Jasmine opens the door and the bright sunlight is blinding. When my eyes adjust I can see the sleek shape of a very fast boat approaching the pier. It docks and a black woman steps off and waves. In her left hand is a small whip. She is dressed in a colorful sarong like Jasmine's.

Jasmine returns the wave and steps onto the hardened crushed coral surface serving as the parking area for the

buildings. I follow and we proceed to the pier.

“It’s Motamba. She runs the main house.”

Two naked Caucasian males appear from the cabin area of the boat. Motamba turns her head, barks a command and cracks her whip. The two instantly jump unto the pier, tie up the lines and run toward us. They are both totally naked but for various ornaments which glint in the sunlight.

“House boys,” Jasmine explains. “Tightly banded, to the point of essentially being eunuchs. But their oral skills are renowned amongst Lady Constance’s guests.”

I remain confused about the reference to ‘banding’, a procedure mentioned during my visit to the clinic in Germany. But I remain silent and observe. I am sure I will learn more over time.

As the naked males approach running at full pace, I notice their steps are somewhat awkward and when my eyes move downward I notice that their testicles are prominently displayed but remain somewhat motionless despite the hurried steps. Their flaccid penises swing to and fro and bands of metal encircle the shafts of pink flesh near the tip.

They rush past us and I turn to watch the well-formed buttocks strain to propel their young bodies up the slight incline to the building we have just left. Apparently, it is a race as Jasmine’s comments indicate.

“The loser will experience Motamba’s wrath. During daylight it is not good to delay the boat’s departure, therefore she encourages haste.”

We reach the boat and board. I look back to see one lad running at a good pace with my lighter bag. The other has been burdened with my heavy bag and will obviously be the loser as he struggles to run with it back to the pier.

With the house boys freely running about it becomes evident to me that the high fence surrounding the enclave serves two purposes: not only keeping the curious out but

the servile bonded males in. Their freedom to move about being aberrant to any conduct I had observed among other charges under Lady Constance's tutelage.

I visually examine the young male bearing my light bag as he joins us on the boat. He appears to be in his late teens, but I know from experience that smooth, depilated skin such as his can be deceptive in attempting to judge age. He is short in stature. The top of his head is at the height of Jasmine's shoulder. His nipples are curiously pierced in a manner, which I have not before seen. Each nipple is exposed but completely surrounded by a circular metal shield, resembling a badge. It is obvious that this badge is attached to his chest by way of at least one and possibly two deep pins connected to one side of the metallic shield, penetrating under the sensitive nipple then connecting to the opposite circumference. The badge has eight points ending in small eyelets. The areolas are puffy, soft and quite effeminate in appearance. They remind me somewhat of Boy's, where chastity and hormones transformed the organs into delightfully sensitive nubs, reacting to Lady Constance's touch by obediently crinkling and standing in salute.

He stows my bag in the cabin and returns. Motamba snaps her fingers and he instantly places his hands on his head and stands with feet apart. His pose is well practiced and his stillness enables me to further inspect.

My gaze moves downward. A flaccid penis of larger than average length freely flops about, the steel band seeming to exaggerate its movements. His skin is pierced at each hip with what can only be described as rivets. It appears that a pinch of skin was gathered and several layers of epidermis penetrated by a small circular piece of steel the size of a coin. This metal disk is open in the middle and cords appearing to be elastic, run from these hip rivets to his scrotum. There, the pink bag is ringed by two moderately gauged bands of steel around the top of each testicle. The

cords are secured to the scrotum bands serving to pull the testicles forward and apart. Jasmine notices my observation.

“Interesting, is it not, Doctor? The island is staffed with descendants of a certain African tribe, which is noted for body modifications. Lady Constance insists they be free to practice their skills. Their practices have modernized somewhat with the aid of a device that embeds metal rivets into the skin. The rivets are much less susceptible to tearing as with simple piercings.

“This is a typical configuration designed to best display and control the testicles. Each testicle band is sized to perfectly slip over the gonad with moderate pressure and is serrated on the inside to hinder attempts to slip it off. The cords pull the sac forward and separate the testicles for better viewing.

“Turn and bend.”

The naked youth obeys and his plump but muscular backside is displayed. Two more cords come to view.

“These serve to stretch and hold the sac while walking and running.”

Jasmine reaches down and gruffly pulls the lad’s scrotum back and up. The cords tighten. Two smaller steel rivets pierce the bottom left and right of the long pink bag. The two cords, also elastic, run from each rivet and terminate at piercings on the inside of each knee. Therefore the bottom of the scrotal sac is held downward and is pulled by the knee rivets with each step forward and back. The overall effect of the cords, bands and piercings is to stretch the scrotum into the shape of a large letter “W” with the knee cords pulling it downward and also separating the sac into two sections, each encasing a testicle.

The second naked youth arrives and struggles to lift my bag. The moment his foot leaves the pier Motamba turns to the control panel and starts the engines. She claps her

hands and the two naked forms jump to release the lines and free the boat for its journey.

Having a clearer perception of the various modifications, I now watch with interest as the young males move and the elastic cords pull their hairless scrotums, producing a most lascivious display of the male organs. But the metal band encircling the penis just below the tip remains unexplained.

Motamba expertly guides the boat away from the dock and through coral reefs. We soon reach open water. There she pushes the throttles well forward and begins to relax. Jasmine disappears into the cabin. When she returns, her sarong has disappeared and she is naked but for a small patch of cloth loosely dangling over her pubes from a string around her waist.

I find myself staring for a moment. Her physique is incredibly muscular. She has the appearance of a professional body builder with huge muscles that flex and roll with every movement. Her torso displays the characteristic ripples of abdominal muscles which have been toned to perfection.

Her arms are large as are her thighs. When I interviewed her in New York she described herself as being 6 foot and 180 pounds. Her weight exemplifies the adage that muscle weighs more than fat, the latter of which is undetectable.

Her perfectly rounded, brown breasts are large and firm. The advanced muscle development causes the nipples to point straight out and the body of each mammary is so firm as to remain motionless as she moves about the boat. She smiles under my gaze.

“We don’t wear much clothing on Constancia, Doctor. The climate is warm and the sun feels so good.”

Motamba trims the controls and steps back. She signals lad number two, the porter of my heavy bag, who promptly presents himself, hands obsequiously placed atop his head.

“You’ll run faster for me next time.”

With her admonishment, Motamba cruelly twists the metal badges encircling the youth's nipples. The right is turned clockwise, the left counterclockwise. The lad yelps in pain as she then retrieves a small chain from her pocket and connects the two utilizing the eyelets. This holds the twisted badges in place, and judging from the youth's grimacing face, greatly irritates the nipples, which are also twisted.

She then tenderly pats his head and pushes him away, returning her attention to navigation. Tears slowly form, but the hands remain on the teenager's head and he stoically stands with feet well parted.

Meanwhile I sit in the rear of the boat taking in the breathtaking beauty of the Caribbean. The morning sun is surprisingly strong with our proximity to the equator and after weeks of experiencing a dreary New York winter, I am grateful for the change and in particular for the warmth.

Jasmine appears amazingly relaxed with her nudity in the company of the two males. It seems she indeed considers them to be the equivalents of eunuchs and she beckons to both. They obediently step forward and stand before her. She gently reaches to their heads and guides their faces down to her breasts. Without a word, each dutifully opens his mouth and begins to suckle. Jasmine smiles with the pleasure. It is the feeling of the supple tongues? The power? The control? The warm air blowing over her naked form? She becomes enthralled and closes her eyes as the well-trained young males exhibit assiduous oral skills.

After a few minutes, she pushes their heads down further. Number one licks her thighs and works his tongue up until the small patch of cloth rests on his forehead. Number two licks her naked buttocks, the pain of his chastised nipples not deterring him from what is a well conditioned response to Jasmine's prompts. He circles to her rear and a lengthy tongue plies the crevice of her

muscular cheeks. It works its way in and Jasmine parts her legs and grasps one of the boat's structural supports for balance.

The two subservient naked males work deeper and Jasmine moans with the combined pleasure of cunnilingus and analingus.

I recall that when I interviewed her in New York, she described her clitoris as outsized and I envision the young male tenderly wrapping his lips around it and rhythmically sucking the hardening pink nub into his mouth. Meanwhile, number two kneels and positions his head directly between Jasmine's thighs from his position behind her.

"Yes, thrust that tongue in, lap it all up.

"As you know, Doctor, Lady Constance insists that all her charges be well imbued with oral skills. These two work together very nicely. Their tongues intertwine and don't miss a drop of nectar."

It is quite the display of subservience. A most powerful female basking in the warmth of the Caribbean and the glow of multiple orgasms, verbally spurring two naked, servile and chaste young males to ardently apply their tongues and bring her to even higher levels of pleasure.

I watch, unable to take notes with the motion of the boat and the rushing air. Both penises remain flaccid and the lower cords of the kneeling youths are somewhat taut, pulling the long scrotal sacs down and into better view.

Eventually, a verdant strip of land comes over the horizon. The low coral island is punctuated by a 'bump' on the highest stretch of land. As we get closer it becomes evident that it is a windmill. Not of the ancient wooden kind found in Holland but new and shiny. Mostly it is built of steel or some alloy and topped by a huge propeller.

Motamba guides the boat directly toward the obelisk, using it as a point of navigation. Closing in on our destination, she slows the boat and Jasmine pushes away the head of number one and closes her thighs on number

two. The insatiable, puissant nurse has been the recipient of oral service for the entire 45 minute trip. Her bright smile acknowledges some level of pleasure, but more akin to that received from a fine glass of wine or an exotic dessert. The intense feelings of the multiple orgasms have been swallowed up in the cortex of her brain and her outward appearance of calm indicates that incredibly attentive oral service is merely a daily regimen.

In a demonstration of extension training, both lads briefly return to their endeavors to carefully lick all traces of feminine excitement from her pudendum, thighs and buttocks. They remind me of kittens playfully and tenderly licking the fur of mother cat.

When they finally withdraw, the small, loose patch of cloth returns to its function of protecting Jasmine’s false modesty, only it now reveals a small protuberance where the large excited clitoris remains engorged by number one’s laborious oral ministration.

The boat enters what appears to be a natural harbor formed by jetties of large stone and chunks of coral. But a closer inspection indicates that it is manmade. It appears to be the only navigable approach to the island. Looking right and left, waves can be seen breaking over shallow reefs and the dark blue color of the water under the boat indicates Motamba is navigating through a deep channel.

The Baron must have spent millions to ensure that his yacht could safely berth at the island, for as we near land the channel takes us between two bluffs where we enter a large cove. There, the mammoth Esterhoven yacht, hidden from ocean view by the protective bluffs, pops into view. The anonymity in which it rests is surprising for its size. On the opposite side of the dock is a more modest vessel, which I presume is the supply boat.

I look back to the bluffs and notice that a large chain is rising from the depths cutting through our wake. It is apparently strung between the bluffs and a powerful winch

lifts it until it is suspended between the bluffs and blocks the cove entrance. Attached and hanging below the chain is a wire mesh curtain, prohibiting small boats and I presume scuba divers from entering Constancia's protective cove.

Motamba guides us past the yacht, which becomes more and more imposing as the idling engine slowly pushes our boat into its shadow. We glide toward the land end of the lengthy wooden strip where an entourage awaits. There stands a waving Lady Constance. She is nearly naked.

As the boat gets closer, behind Lady Constance I can see vehicles of some sort and of course naked male flesh, as can be expected in the company the world's richest dominant woman.

Our porters begin to position themselves for docking. Again their penises flop about with the metal bands drawing attention to their privates. Motamba reverses the engines, the boat vibrates and our journey ends with a skillfully executed maneuver, which gently edges our craft next to the dock. Lines are secured and the beautiful and dominant Lady Constance, defacto Queen of Constancia, moves adjacent.

"Welcome to Constancia, Doctor."

As noted, she is naked but for a small cloth patch covering her pudendum which is held in place by strings around her waist and presumably between her buttocks. Her tan evenly covers magnificent skin. Her raven hair is pushed back and held in a simple ponytail, a concession toward simplicity compared to her normal perfect coif. There is no discernible fat on a body that can only be described as near perfect with firm symmetrical breasts and a muscle tone that although not muscular like Jasmine's, no one would consider inadequate.

I step onto the dock and offer greetings. While exchanging pleasantries, I cannot help but look past Lady Constance to the two odd vehicles resting on the dock. Their configurations appear to be chariots, with a low

platform suspended between two wheels. But in place of horses, there are naked males harnessed to the front.

One chariot is quite decorative. Its harnessed team is rigged in white leather and the two males docilely kneeling to its front appear to be mammoth, judging from the breadth of their shoulders.

The other chariot is somewhat bigger and rigged in plain leather. But again, the pair of kneeling males harnessed to its front are large.

Lady Constance notices my interest and curtails questions regarding my journey.

“My best team,” is her brief explanation, as she escorts me towards the ornate chariot.

“There are no autos on the island. We have more entertaining methods of conveyance.”

Our diminutive porters scamper ahead with my bags, placing them in the rear of the chariot. Before returning to the boat, Lady Constance affectionately toys with the nipple of number one and playfully swats the naked buttocks of number two as he trots past.

“The permanent chastity keeps them wonderfully obedient and eager to serve. Like having neutered puppies,” my smiling hostess observes.

Meanwhile I am gathering in the sight of the most amazing manifestation of Lady Constance’s dominance, a matched pair of naked males, kneeling in harness in front of the chariot, bent at the waist with heads down.

Both are hooded in white leather. Blindfolds cover their eyes. Holes for the nose and mouth allow for breathing, but both have wicked bits wedged between their lips. White leather reins run from loops at the ends of each bit to the front of the chariot. Identical single white gloves encase the wrists and arms behind the back. A broad white leather waist belt is worn and attached to pull bars emanating from the front of the chariot.

Lady Constance walks past the body of the chariot to the kneeling male on the right. She knows I wish to observe and fully examine the extreme bondage.

“Years of selection, modification, training and exercise, Doctor. Physically these two are as close to identical twins as possible. Same height, weight, muscle development and of course penis length.”

With her statement, the Queen of Constancia leans over and reaches under the motionless male.

“Up.”

The well-restrained male rights himself from the waist and Lady Constance pulls to the side a mammoth, partially engorged phallus. It is banded just under the tip as with the two porters, but it is not flaccid and seems to further stiffen in her hand. A modest ring pierces the urethra at the tip in a common ‘Prince Albert’ configuration.

It is difficult to compare, but the large head would rival that of Gerhardt, the frustrated kept male of masturbatrix Nancy, who I recently visited in Germany. Nancy claimed Gerhardt to be the most well endowed male in Europe.

“They enjoy my touch as you can see. As with all my males here, they’re banded. But these two have the loosest to allow for a good degree of tumescence. It portrays pride.”

Lady Constance plays a bit more and the tethered male at first hardens more but then seems to pull away in discomfort. She laughs then guides the reddening penis up toward his stomach. There she deftly hooks the Prince Albert ring unto a piercing on the abdomen. Below the stiffened appendage is the scrotum, hairless and smooth. It is large as expected and ringed. As with the porters, elastic cords separate the testicles. I also notice that the nipples are pierced and ringed with a similar circular badge, leaving the soft pink areola deliciously exposed.

“Let’s get you settled in the house.”

Lady Constance moves to the other tethered male, reaches down and appears to grasp his penis. She whispers in his ear and as the hooded, naked male rights himself at the waist, his phallus is exposed and incredibly appears to be a duplicate of that just shown to me. Lady Constance toys awhile until the organ engorges itself to a similar size.

I look back to see Jasmine checking the rigging on the heavier chariot. Her two beasts are likewise secured, blindfolded and kneeling. In her right hand is a small, very thin whip. She cracks it twice in the air and the kneeling males stir. Incredibly, it appears they have been asleep and when the porters remove their blindfolds, they both wince with the exposure to sunlight.

As their torsos rise, each porter kneels before a huge pony, lowers his head, and obediently licks the entrapped genitals. Within seconds, two more penises begin to tumefy. These are also pierced at the tip and hooked to an abdominal ring. It is interesting to note that the porters seem to be androgynous in applying their oral skills. For them, applying their tongues to sensuous pink flesh is a duty to be fulfilled without regard to gender.

Jasmine barks a command. The porters climb into the chariot and their heads disappear as they kneel in wait for Jasmine. She moves to the front, briefly checks the reddened shafts with thumb and forefinger and apparently satisfied with the level of tumescence, joins the two porters in the body of the chariot.

Meanwhile, Lady Constance removes the blindfolds of our team and joins me in our chariot.

“Stand.”

When the two beasts arise, I am in awe. They are the exact same height, which I approximate at some six and one half feet. In a last, but seemingly important check, Lady Constance leans forward and grasps cords, which are freely dangling between the legs of each giant. As she pulls back, the huge scrotums of the two come into better view.

The sacs are riveted at the bottom just as with the porters but these attached cords are not elastic and are somewhat longer. Lady Constance threads the end of each cord to eyelets on the front of the chariot. Our ‘horses’ are now tethered to the chariot by, among other restraints, their gonads.

A convenient whip in a cylindrical holder awaits Lady Constance’s hand. She removes it and deftly flicks it right then left.

“Gidup!”

The chariot instantly rolls. Her snaps of the thin whip are fast but judging from the spasmodic reaction of both ponies, the strokes expertly nip the right nipple of the right beast and the left nipple of the left. Their steps begin in perfect unison. It is obvious that much training has ingrained into the naked, well-bound human ponies an instinctive ability to time each other’s movements. I ponder how many months of laboring under the hot sun it required before the two mindlessly began to react to the whip with such precision.

We roll to the end of the dock and onto a dirt path. With more snaps to the nipples, our speed increases and our human ponies are leaning forward into their harnesses and digging their feet into the compact soil.

Apparently not satisfied, two more strokes, right and left, are applied to the front midsection.

“When I excoriate the penis, they know I mean business, Doctor. I just arrived two days ago. The team needs to be worked. They’re well exercised when I’m not here, but without the whip they naturally become mentally lazy. There is no better way to cause the mind to focus then to apply a nasty strand of leather to sensitive skin. Wouldn’t you agree?”

I nod silently, my attention diverted by the sight of muscular buttocks straining to reach Lady Constance’s desired level of performance. And with the two scrotal sacs

pulled back into plain view and vulnerable to casual flicks of a dominant female's whip, it is a most lascivious display of subjugated male flesh.

I look back to see that Jasmine is wielding her whip in a similar manner. Her ponies appear shorter in stature. Thus the sweat and saliva fly with their exaggerated efforts as Jasmine is determined to keep up with our chariot. And where Lady Constance is judicious with her use of the correcting instrument, Jasmine is methodically whipping her team..., nipples, penises, and with the two scrotums well secured, they also become targets of chastisement.

When I look back at Jasmine's face, I see that although she is applying the whip in earnest, she is also smiling wickedly. The orally gifted porters are kneeling somewhere in her chariot. Could it be that a pair of dexterous tongues are serving to spur her sexual appetite and thus her whip hand?

After minutes of observing the two women adroitly handling the huge human ponies, I turn my attention to the island and its magnificent scenery. Our path is carved into coral and surfaced with a firm but soft soil. It is apparent that naked human feet are comfortable walking and running on such a surface and I picture the workers of the late Baron cutting swaths through the tropical vegetation and carefully laying down a carpet of the imported soil. In certain areas the pathway appears to be like a cave with beautiful lush vines forming a curved ceiling of red, yellow and blue flowers.

I glance to my side and watch Lady Constance stand, reins in one hand, whip in the other. She projects a notable air of self-confidence, guiding the chariot through curves and skillfully pulling the reins at various intersections of pathways to direct the chariot to our destination. I notice her nipples have hardened into firm pencil points. Is it the cooling air rushing over her well-formed breasts? Or the feeling of power...control...authority, which causes such an

erotic reaction. I believe she could direct the chariot off the side of a cliff and the two huge but subservient human ponies would be obediently reacting to her tugs and strokes right up to the time the earth could no longer be felt beneath their feet.

Our ponies become well lathered. The sun reflects from their perspiring skin. Their breathing can be heard as air is sucked past the cruel bits. When we reach an incline, Lady Constance begins stroking the exposed scrotums to build speed. The reaction is instantaneous, as one would expect. But again, the pace increases in perfect unison, with the cadence remaining unbroken.

“I think you’ll enjoy your stay here, Doctor. I know your function is to observe. But please do not hesitate to engage in any proclivities. The staff is very accommodating. And I have certainly paid enough for the training of these boys that no guest should go without proper oral service at the very least.”

It is interesting to think that Lady Constance’s concept of basic hospitality includes such salacious escapades as unfettered oral gratification. As odd as it seems, however, I remind myself that I am in a foreign country ruled by one of the most dominant women in the world and whose power is absolute. As cruel as the treatment of the naked young males appears, one must remember that using principles of democracy as a basis for comparison is not relevant. The only forum which protects the rights and the naked flesh of the island’s subjects stands beside me, her corrective instrument callously flicking away at the most sensitive areas of the male anatomy. The omnipotent ruler deciding the fate of all is this amazingly beautiful woman wielding a whip and being conveyed about by two naked males, who are forced into an inconceivable level of docility by thorough mental and physical dominance. Whose genitals are restrained and displayed like trophies for both viewing pleasure and chastisement.

The chariot is moving at an impressive speed. We have reached a level stretch of road and Lady Constance puts her team to the test. The thin short whip begins to consistently work the scrotal flesh and an occasional lurch can be felt when the razor thin tip of the devilish instrument finds its mark and the human pony reacts. I look back to see Jasmine's chariot slipping further back despite her determination and frequent strokes. It is interesting to note that the firm whip hand applies an occasional intermittent stroke to the penis. Apparently, making it impossible for the burdened beasts to anticipate where the next fiery burst of pain will originate is an important element of control, keeping the pony alert and ready to react by causing his will to be completely subordinated to the knowing hands of his mistress. There is no opportunity for the pony to think. Thought is replaced by tugs on the reins and snaps of the whip and the response to such is instantaneous. The wicked smile of Lady Constance evidences her self-satisfaction with her complete level of control.

When it is apparent that the performance of the ponies is maximized, Lady Constance puts the whip into its holder and graciously reaches forward. There, the once menacing, evil-hand gently pats and kneads the glistening wet buttocks of her charges.

"Good boys!"

We round a curve, enter another tunnel of lush, flowering vegetation and a house comes to view. Its proximity signals to the ponies that their anguished endeavors are coming to a close and they accelerate in unison in order to avoid further torment.

"Welcome to Estovia, Doctor. It's somewhat quaint but I've become quite comfortable here over the years. Especially since we developed a more consistent supply of electricity. I imagine you saw the windmill from the boat. Before I had that installed, power generation was

performed by manual labor. The costs of whips alone was incredible. But my great grandmother found it amusing. She was known to spend many a casual afternoon sipping mint juleps and watching the males being worked by her staff to turn the generators. Now we have more interesting activities for them."

Lady Constance laughs softly with her description and indeed, the vision of the regal Baroness, lying in the cool shade while dozens of naked, restrained male's labor as beasts of burden in the hot tropical sun, whipped relentlessly by the firm hands of callous Bagandan women, is thought provoking.

The chariot arrives at a porte-cochere. Lady Constance reaches down and grasps the cords leading to the scrotal sacs. She pulls. The flesh stretches towards us, and the chariot slows. The human ponies knowingly pull our vehicle to a worn spot in the soil where Lady Constance embarks and disembarks with regularity.

"Cruel, one would think. But let me show you something."

We step off and I follow my hostess to the side of the left pony.

"Kneel."

Both simultaneously drop in response. The chariot tilts slightly downward and the ponies, formerly leaning forward at the waist to maximize their pulling efforts, right themselves in a practiced movement.

Lady Constance leans over and unhooks the massive phallus, secured to the small ring on the abdomen by the Prince Albert piercing. It is amazingly engorged. Despite the liberal application of the thin whip, to the nipples, scrotum and the penis itself, the human pony is tumefied.

Lady Constance kneads the left nipple with her left hand and toys with the pony's penis with her right. The purple tip is oozing prostatic fluid as she coos indiscernible words of encouragement in his ear, and the massive beast

struggles in his bonds to snuggle closer to his mistress. Amazingly, he seeks comfort in nuzzling the woman who has just unmercifully whipped his sensitive privates and pulled on his bridled head like a farm animal.

“As you can see, Doctor, my pony boys enjoy the touch of my whip and the pride of pleasing their mistress. Their fluid flows with abundance when they’re excited.”

As she speaks, Jasmine’s chariot passes by and stops ahead. She is standing with powerful legs well parted. A naked porter kneels at each foot, arms wrapped about her large thighs for support. Their heads are locked together and judging from the bobbing motion, there appears to be a rather vigorous contest to determine whose tongue can provide the most satisfying oral service.

Meanwhile, I turn back to see that Lady Constance has rescued the stiff manhood and is slipping the bits out of the mouths of her team. No sooner done, then the heads crane forward and hungrily lick Lady Constance’s breasts. She better positions herself and each pony mouth draws in a nipple and as much of her ample breasts as possible. Her fingers toy with their sore nipples and the ponies shuffle their knees closer and frottage their entrapped penises against her calves.

“The complete chastity does wonders for their behavior. They are as strong as oxen yet gentle as lambs. They’ll nuzzle and frottage until the penis bands get too tight, then they’ll begin to yelp and back away.”

I look down at the left pony to see that in fact the mammoth head has grown even further and yet is somewhat constricted by the metal band encircling the shaft just under the tip.

Lady Constance closes her eyes with the ecstasy, her nipples being so sensuously caressed by two giants, trained and whipped into complete submission, there to please not to be pleasured.

After several more moments, the left pony does indeed cringe in pain and pull away. Lady Constance laughs and moves her hand under the brief garment covering her pudendum. She returns it to the nose and lips of the whining pony. The fingers are wet with her essence and she coats his nose and lips, leaving the frustrated creature with a strong reminder of her feminine fragrance.

The right pony suckles a little more than similarly draws back in pain. Lady Constance also rewards his efforts with a moist reminder of her excitement.

A native girl steps from the front door. She is completely naked. With her short stature she appears very young, but large breasts indicate otherwise. Her short hair also makes her appear younger than her years. She smiles brightly at the lascivious scene and her teeth appear attractively bright juxtaposed against her smooth blemish free dark skin.

Lady Constance blindfolds her ponies and looks up to the pleasant native girl.

“Ah, Botana. They need to be watered, rubbed down and treated to some good-sized plugs. They’re standing nicely for me but need some draining.”

The young girl energetically steps forward. She releases the right pony from the chariot as Lady Constance does the left. When finished, the completely naked girl bends over and gathers up the four cords attached to the scrotal sacs. I cannot help but visually examine her as she does so. Her rounded buttocks have the most modest of fat layers and the muscles move in quite a sordid manner. The strong legs are obviously the result of fresh air, sunshine, and the ability to exercise daily in the sunny Caribbean weather, imbuing the cute young girl with a very firm, athletic but feminine figure.

She arranges the ends of the cords in her left hand, turns and walks. The cords become taut, the long scrotal sacs rise in response, and with the feeling of tension, the

two ponies in turn rise from their knees and obediently follow the slight tugs. This young native girl leads away the two docile giants. Blindfolded, they step in unison, and it is an astonishing scene to see the figures of two powerful males being led about by their testicles, with a diminutive naked girl holding the leash.

We step toward the house. The porters rush ahead with my bags. I cannot help but notice moisture on their lips and around their mouths. Number two has a wet nose.

“Good sized anal plugs will help the ponies relieve their swollen prostates of all that fluid. Just a little treat for them after a good run.

“If you’d care to change and relax for awhile, Doctor, I have lunch planned for 1:00 p.m. by the pool. Dr. Reinhold will join us. I think you’ll enjoy meeting her.”

With my startled reaction to the name, I have no choice but to explain my response to hearing of the infamous Doctor Reinhold.

“No. You’ll meet her daughter, Helga. Emily Reinhold passed away years ago. But she did spend her final days here establishing many of our procedures and training Helga. A very talented woman.”

Chapter Five

Estovia is a large but simple house. Built of thick concrete to endure tropical storms, every room has large openings to the outdoors capable of being protectively shuttered in hurricanes. But when the weather is normal, one has the feeling of being ensconced within a tropical jungle, the trees, shrubbery and flowering vines just about engulfing the foundation and stucco walls. I imagine that an aerial view would show the structure to be nearly invisible, the 70 plus years of growing vegetation hiding all evidence of the late Baron's incursion of the secluded island jungle.

There are many bedrooms. Each with a separate bath. Simple guest-rooms, one would conclude until, as suggested by Lady Constance, I open a door and an Asian girl silently steps from a small adjoining room. In accented English she suggests she is my maid and will help me unpack. But is she indeed a female? And as she moves about, attention is drawn to an impressively strong ankle bracelet and connecting chain.

Lady Constance is known to enjoy certain amusements and my maid appears to one of them. Her lithe body is covered only by a patch of coarse, abrasive cloth, held in place by way of small piercings on her lower abdomen and between her thighs. The breasts are underdeveloped and her hair is cut in a page boy style. There is no other hair to be found, as with most of Lady Constance's charges.

Except for trimmed eyebrows, mascara, and curious ear rings, this maid, calling herself Ming could pass for a boy. But the patch covers the definitive area in terms of making an ultimate determination of gender.

And whatever is underneath, the patch must irritate considerably. A discernible mound hints at something, but whether it is a well developed mons veneris or the tightly bound scrotum and penis of a boy, the abrasive material must rub the sensitive area unmercifully.

Ming quietly unpacks my clothing and makes a point of drawing my attention to one wall where a thoughtful collection of corrective instruments hangs from various hooks. Along with whips, crops, canes, birches, etc., Lady Constance has included numerous clamps, plugs and phalli of assorted sizes.

Ming points to a large padded footstool where ‘she’ apparently finds herself on many given evenings. And indeed, in her broken English, it is further suggested that ‘she’ is well trained in providing oral service and accepting anal penetration.

Yes. An interesting touch. An androgynous sex slave and judging from Ming’s bound ankle, ‘she’ only services my room. When I follow the chain to its origin, I find that Ming is assigned to what is actually a small adjoining closet with no bedding and a most uncomfortable floor upon which to sleep. It is no wonder she finds herself encouraging use of the toys and the padded footstool. Perhaps for her, it is an oddly acceptable alternative to a long, lonely sleepless night on a wooden floor.

Lady Constance has quite the devious mind. No matter the gender or sexual preference of her guest, he or she could easily find carnal uses for Ming. It causes my mind to wander. Sordid thoughts such as the tightness of the passage between Ming’s child-like buttocks flash into my imagination. And just how many guests have passed a pleasurable evening exploring it?

Cruelly, I find myself directing Ming back into her small closet. Lady Constance has planned a late lunch at the pool and a subsequent tour of the island. I need time to catch up on my notes and have much to record.

The notes for my paper are becoming voluminous. Hastily chronicling my trip from Germany, thoughts concerning just how I will craft an organized and informative treatise roll through my subconscious. The American Society for Behavior Modification has high

standards and although I have endeavored to gather much background material to best portray the methods, both mental and physical, by which Lady Constance manifests her dominance, self doubt rears itself concerning my abilities to sort through all I have gathered.

After a time a knock on the door brings my thoughts to the present. Porter number two calls out to indicate that I am expected at poolside for luncheon. I drop my pen, realizing that I need to change to more casual attire, and not wishing to delay anything planned by my demanding hostess, I immediately undress and don a casual shirt and shorts.

Chapter Six

I saunter through the house headed for the pool area, appearing as best I can to be insouciantly examining the artwork and various artifacts along the way. Understated but elegant in its simplicity, everything is as one would expect in a Caribbean vacation home. Except..., there are numerous eye hooks deeply set into the concrete wall and ceiling of every room and hallway. The sturdy rings of steel are similar to the one, which secures Ming in my closet. I cannot help but envision the utility of the protuberances..., some well bound lad hooked by his collar, forced to stand on toes and helplessly wait for his mistress to return and mercifully release him before his leg muscles surrender to exhaustion or his penis concedes to the urges of his bladder.

Arriving at the pool, I am greeted by Lady Constance, Dr. Reinhold and the sight of half a dozen males. Lady Constance wears a silk shawl which covers her shoulders and part of her breasts. Dr. Reinhold is in a medical uniform. The males are naked, harnessed and suspended.

“Hello, Doctor. Meet Dr. Reinhold. She takes care of our medical needs here.”

The good doctor is in her fifties. A dour woman, she is quiet and plain, her lack of pulchritude accentuated by drab medical attire. I always wonder, when introduced to such women, if early adolescent experiences of rejection set their demeanor and psyche, for I cannot picture her with a fulfilling social life and normal interaction with the male gender. Yes, I can fully understand Dr. Reinhold’s decision to concede all hope of developing her interpersonal skills and instead turn her attention to the rigors of medical school. And then there is the question of the influence of her mother...,

My brief analysis is interrupted by an exchange of pleasantries with her indicating an interest in reading my paper when completed.

“I’ve been a member of the American Society for Behavior Modification for many years. Of course my methods are considered experimental and rather avant-garde so I don’t have much communication with the research committee…”

More like extreme and harsh, I think silently. But again I remind myself that my role is to observe. And rather than engage in debate, the enticing sight of the well-bound males, completely suspended from stanchions surrounding the pool, awaits explanation.

Porter number one appears with a tray of canapés, fresh fruit and a very light cheese. We indulge and Lady Constance signals an end to the social exchange by suggesting that Dr. Reinhold show the latest group of acquisitions from the clinic.

“Start from the beginning for the benefit of our visitor, Helga.”

The doctor nods and we stroll along the side of the pool toward the first young male. He hangs from a thick metal pole with a short horizontal piece jutting forward at the top toward the pool. His legs are bent at the knees and his feet are drawn up behind him as are his hands and arms. An interesting once piece harness, with a sturdy waist belt and broad straps between well spread thighs, secures his wrists and ankles. The level of his head is held just below Lady Constance’s shoulder. He is hooded with openings only for the nose and mouth. A stiff leather collar immobilizes his head.

The harness appears curiously comfortable with all support straps connected to a large steel ring in the back. It is by this ring that the young lad hangs from a strong chain, which runs to the horizontal piece overhead. He swings ever so slightly, possibly as a result of the wind, or perhaps from muscle movement, however constrained he is.

The design of the harness leaves the genitals not only exposed but somewhat thrust forward due to the position of the feet and ankles. The chest is likewise presented due to the position of the hands and arms and a pair of pink nipples invites mischief.

As we approach, Dr. Helga reaches into her uniform pocket and retrieves a pair of latex gloves.

“This young brute was arrested in Denmark for sexual assault. Amazing how young they start. Seems he was disrespectful to the judge and rather than merely sentence him to a year in jail and a life of recidivism she had him whisked away to the clinic. Well, Dr. L------ at the clinic did a good job but his penis size is just moderately large. No buyers would pay a premium. So here he is.”

Dr. Helga pauses. She stands to the naked male’s side, reaches behind him with her left hand, and begins stroking his phallus with the other. It is a very mechanical technique, but the desired results are achieved. The red tip of the uncircumcised penis begins to emerge from the frenulum and the shaft stiffens. There can be no doubt that the fingers of the left hand have penetrated the sphincter and are stimulating the prostate.

“He’s been scanned and measured, Lady Constance, and awaits your decision.”

“Can you explain that to our visitor, Doctor.”

“Yes, of course. Forgive me.

“We have quite the medical facility here on Constancia, due to the generosity of our munificent leader. You’ll probably see it later today.

“When an acquisition arrives, he is thoroughly measured including all body parts, especially the penis, both flaccid and erect. And not only is he evaluated externally but internally as well by way of magnetic imaging. We also have access to Dr. L------’s files which as you are aware contain a very thorough psychological profile. And from all this we can assist Lady Constance in determining what

function the acquisition will fulfill here on Constancia and thus what degree of banding will be suitable."

I was about to ask for clarification on the banding procedure when Lady Constance interjected.

"You may wish to detail your mother's banding procedure, Helga."

"Yes. I apologize. You may be aware of some of my mother's work, but her development of banding the male appendage was her crowning achievement in male behavior modification. Most of her later years were spent here on Constancia perfecting the procedure. And with unlimited funding, I may add, thanks to the Esterhoven family.

"You see, mother learned over her years that much male behavior is rooted in the penis, the ability to tumefy, and subsequently ejaculate. Control those simple functions and you control the male. But how can that be done? By one of these."

Dr. Helga had stopped stroking when full tumescence was achieved. Her left hand continued its penetration, but her right had slipped into her pocket and retrieved a circular metal band. It is quite similar to those seen on the penises of the porters and ponies.

"Very expensive. Made of nickel cobalt, which is the same alloy used for artificial knees and hips. Therefore the human body readily accepts the material. We have a machine which can make these to specifications within a thousandth of an inch."

She hands me the object. At last I can examine one up close.

"The diameter and the teeth inside must be precise, as well as the porous ridges and furrows."

Yes. The teeth. Residing on the inside diameter they are sharp and nasty. And the remaining inside surface is indeed porous, not smooth like the outside surface.

“Years of trial and experimentation. Based on a male’s measurements, we can now band the penis to completely prohibit erection, or allow for a modest degree of tumescence, or as with Lady Constance’s prize ponies, permit close to full erection. The diameter of the band and the size, spacing and sharpness of the teeth are the determining factors. In all cases, normal ejaculation becomes painfully impossible. The porters are tightly banded with many sizable sharp teeth on the inside. For the first few weeks after banding, attempts at achieving erection were most painful for them. The slightest engorgement caused the teeth to bite. Over time, they became essentially physically impotent. But since their hormones are flowing abundantly their desire to serve becomes a substitute for sexual gratification. Such base desire we can discern from their psychological profiles.”

Lady Constance joins the explanation.

“You know my penchant for control. My males tumefy only at my behest.”

“Well, Lady Constance, this young brute is 7 inches fully erect. Weighs 150 pounds. Stands 5 foot 8 inches. As you can see, the clinic did its usual thorough job in depilating him. But his file reveals a resistance toward servitude. His attitude and his lack of size made him unmarketable.”

Lady Constance turns her full attention to the helpless hanging young male. She smoothes her hand over various muscles, diddles the underside of his erection and laughs when he struggles against his bonds in reaction. After a moment she makes a decision.

“Don’t care much for sex offenders, Helga. I want him tightly banded. The usual nipple piercings. Send his measurements to the blacksmith shop for a permanent steel yoke. Make it heavy with wrists well separated for this young tough. A couple of years at the power plant will improve his attitude. Send a note to Salina that she is free to pierce and stretch as she sees fit.”

Dr. Helga withdraws her left hand, reaches to her breast pocket for a felt tipped pen and records Lady Constance's instructions directly onto the naked flesh of the hanging youngster's stomach.

Lady Constance snaps her fingers. Porter number two appears from nowhere and Lady Constance points to the stiff member of her latest acquisition.

"Keep him erect for our luncheon."

Porter number one returns with the tray. We indulge again as Dr. Helga leads us to the next stanchion. There hangs a identically bound male, but appearing to be taller.

"A rather incompetent thief, this one. Actually attempted to steal jewelry from his wealthy aunt who, unfortunately for him, was at one time one of the clinic's most infamous patron's. Didn't take much effort for her to convince him to either voluntarily enter Dr. L------'s program or face jail. The problem is his aunt is too well known. No bidders. But he has good size and is fairly malleable from a psychological standpoint."

Dr. Helga once again performs her mechanical manipulations and this hooded, harnessed young male springs to full tumescence. Both Lady Constance and Dr. Helga smile with the instantaneous response to her rather clinical efforts.

"He's a randy one, Lady Constance. A nice 9 inches with good diameter as you can see. Stands 6 foot. 190 pounds. Good psychological profile. His file indicates he was on his knees begging his aunt not to be left at the clinic. Obviously rather naive, seeking pity from one of Europe's most notorious Dominants."

Lady Constance steps forward and palms the lad's sizable testicles. With a squeeze he stirs and attempts to twist from her grasp.

"Good sensitivity. Botana is coming of age and will need a pony. Moderate banding for this one. Normal nipple piercing. Botana will be free to pierce and stretch. She's

been developing nicely. It will be interesting to see what she does with her own pony boy."

So, another young male's fate is decided in a moment's time as Dr. Helga's pen records Lady Constance's edicts. I wonder if the males realize the gravity of Lady Constance's decision and how it will affect their remaining lives.

We proceed to acquisition number three and I look back to see porter number two dutifully licking the hairless scrotum of the first candidate. It is evident that his charge is to keep the penis erect sans ejaculation and he has obviously been well trained for the task as he works around the sensitive tip.

Over the next thirty minutes we circle the pool stopping before each stanchion. Dr. Helga recites. Lady Constance pontificates. Dr. Helga records and another young male will be banded according to the whim of the most Dominant woman in the world. Three of the remaining four are designated as farm beasts. The other, having 'good thighs and buttocks', will be trained as a pony.

When finished we sit at a table at the pool side. Porter number one serves sandwiches as we gaze across the pool and watch porter number two move about, orally stimulating the freely hanging males and keeping their stiff members pointing skyward.

Lady Constance makes a humorous comment about the beautiful scenery and the number of feet of erect penis surrounding our table. Dr. Helga laughs and I smile politely, simultaneously overwhelmed yet remaining attentive. I rationalize by telling myself that I am obligated by my research to observe and mentally gather in one of the most decadent scenes in memory.

"You may find the porter's teasing tongue to be cruel, Doctor. But keep in mind, for them it's their last full erection. I'll let them enjoy it for awhile."

A pleasant lunch ensues. But for the distraction of porter number two moving from stanchion to stanchion,

humbly kneeling and semi-fellating Lady Constance's suspended acquisitions, one would consider our meal to be just an informal social gathering. A variety of topics are discussed and the conversation ends when Jasmine appears. She is wearing her white nurse's uniform, similar to that worn when I first met her in New York. In her hand is a coil of rope.

"Good afternoon, Jasmine. I guess you know there's work to be done."

Jasmine nods with a smile of anticipation. The display of the half dozen erect yet helpless phalli seems to stir something within her.

"Six circumcisions. I can't think of a nicer way to spend an afternoon."

"That first one, the sex offender. No anesthetic for him, Jasmine."

Jasmine acknowledges Lady Constance's command and moves to the hanging naked males. She mercilessly slaps down the erect penis of the sex offender, then releases him from the stanchion, her powerful arms slowly lowering him to the cement pool deck.

"Hold still," she barks, as if the harness would permit any motion.

The young male is positioned on his stomach, while Jasmine deftly loops the rope first around his scrotum, then the flaccid penis and then back around the scrotum. It is a well-practiced procedure and reminds me of watching a cowboy in a rodeo.

She next uncoils the rope and moves to suspended male number two, again slaps down the erection, lowers him to the deck and loops the rope around his privates.

Jasmine's impressive strength is displayed when she releases the final four and, utilizing the steel ring at the top of the harnesses, drags them with one massive arm so that she can align them with the first two and hogtie their genitals with the continuous length of rope.

Porter number one clears our table. Dr. Helga excuses herself suggesting that much work needs to be done. Lady Constance announces that our tour should begin. As we arise, Jasmine releases the ankles of the six acquisitions.

“Time to leave, gentlemen. Walk carefully. Remember that the rope is tied around Lady Constance’s property and you’ll do well to treat it accordingly…., up!”

Stiff muscles slowly react. But eventually the harnessed males stand and a smirking Jasmine walks, rope in hand, toward the far end of the pool. There porter number two opens a gate and one by one as the rope tightens, the hooded naked males follow the tugs on their most precious parts. The amazing Jasmine has roped and restrained six potent males, which she is leading on a long leash, but to where? Obsequiously and clumsily they journey toward the end of normal sexual masculinity.

Chapter Seven

I stop in the house to use the facilities and coat myself with sun lotion. The rays of the sun are strong and my years of laboring indoors over books, manuscripts and research papers make sudden exposure to ultra violet light uncomfortable and unhealthy. I marvel at Lady Constance's tan and the way the sun has turned her beautiful breasts into a golden brown with complementary beige nipples. When I walk out the front entrance I am somewhat heartened to see that the shawl has been discarded and she is once again almost naked.

Botana has brought back the chariot team and they appear refreshed and offer no ascertainable resistance to being harnessed once again to the ornate vehicle. She begins to toy with the penis of the right pony but Lady Constance intercedes. Making her prize team stand seems to be a labor of love and, judging from the timely manner in which the two huge beasts come to near full erection, it appears they enjoy displaying themselves for her.

I step into the chariot and Lady Constance joins me. The scrotal cords are secured, the whip flicks and once again our diabolic vehicle rolls. I look down to see remnants of lubricant smeared around the inner most portion of the buttocks of the right pony. It appears that Botana had indeed plugged our two steeds and was provided with little notice of our planned excursion, thus she must have quickly retrieved the devious instruments and readied the team for travel.

Since Estovia is situated on high ground, the chariot easily accelerates to meet Lady Constance's desired speed as we move down hill and turn away from the road leading to the dock. Within a minute we encounter Jasmine and Dr. Helga in the heavier chariot. Sauntering at a limited pace, in tow are the six male acquisitions, still blinded by their hoods and struggling to time their steps so as to limit the tension on the rope securing their genitals.

Lady Constance laughs and waves as she skillfully tugs on the reins, flicks her whip on the right penis then the left and passes the slower vehicle.

“We’ll stop at the medical facility on the way back. By then there should be much to observe. But first the farm, then the power plant and I always enjoy walking my team on the beach. It’s good for their feet.”

Coming at us from the opposite direction is a small cart. As it nears, the form of Motamba comes into focus, seated with crop in hand. A moderate sized pony boy, sweating and running in earnest, is pulling. His naked form is secured between two horizontal poles emanating from the front. His labored breathing can be heard as the cart nears, the flow of air over and around the bit producing a noticeable wheezing sound. Still, Motamba firmly strokes the buttocks and the eyes of her pony boy roll with renewed efforts. She waves as the cart passes.

“She’ll be preparing a nice dinner for us Doctor, and I hazard to guess she’s late.”

We continue at top speed and I marvel at the conditioning of our ponies. They have run full out from the moment we left the house and we have traversed the island’s roads for some ten minutes without respite. Finally, Lady Constance pulls to the right and we enter what appears to be a little used road.

“This takes us to a high point overlooking the farm. You’ll enjoy the view.”

The ponies strain on an incline. Lady Constance whips the testicles and in tandem, the ponies dig in with their feet and maintain the chariot’s speed.

The vegetation begins to thin out as the road takes us higher and onto a rocky promontory. Lady Constance reaches for the scrotal cords and pulls. The chariot rolls to a stop. We step off.

“My farm. All the island’s vegetables are grown here. It would be cheaper to simply import all our food needs, but

not as entertaining."

I look down to see a lush valley with contoured rows of varied shades of greenery. Obviously an assortment of food is grown but my attention is quickly drawn from the flora to the human fauna. The field is being worked by several native women who are supervising human beasts pulling plows and carts laden with harvested food-stuffs. It is a scene from a feudal era with female serfs directing naked young males in place of oxen.

I turn to Lady Constance. She also is gazing downward at the incredible scene and her sizable breasts seem to swell even further with pride of ownership.

"Isn't it nice to know troubled youths can be redeemed for useful purposes, Doctor. Every pound of fruits and vegetables produced is derived from their toil. Over time they seem to become quite proud of their endeavors."

She returns to silence allowing me to take in the view and better understand the interaction.

I count some twenty young males laboring under the rather strict supervision of a half dozen Bagandan women, plus what appears to be their daughters. I narrow my attention to one trio. A large male is secured in wooden stocks, his head and wrists entrapped between connecting blocks of wood. The stocks are in turn connected to two horizontal poles emanating from the front of a plow. The naked male is bent over at the waist, straining to pull the plow and break up the soil. A Bagandan women stands atop the plowshare, whip in hand, her animated motions obviously directing the pointed sheet of steel to bite through the encrusted surface and encouraging the male beast to labor in earnest with flicks of her wrist.

But it is the smiling, naked young girl riding astride the back of the struggling male that provokes much thought. She is young and her modest weight cannot be physically unbearable. But instead, for the well-secured human oxen

beneath, it is the mental burden of being directed about the field by this slight girl that must indeed be unbearable.

The plow slows, apparently brushing a rock or other impediment, and the girl leans forward and reaches underneath the male oxen's chest. He cringes. The plow shakes with his renewed efforts and a stone is unturned. The girl laughs with her ability to control a grown male. The woman smiles with a look of admiration, which can only be found on the face of a mother. The young girl had obviously worked the oxen's nipples, perhaps a sharp pinch, or a twist, or a pull. Whatever the technique the results are effective. But more importantly is the amazing process of the Bagandan woman training her daughter in the fine art of control and dominance.

As I scan the field I see more naked young girls. All seem to be supervised by an older Bagandan women wearing a colorful sarong and brandishing a whip. Some ride a male in stocks as with the plow girl, others lead a naked human beast by way of a leash attached to a nose ring, the subservient male afforded an enticing view of nubile buttocks.

I'm not sure why I find the interaction to be so shocking. Well accredited research into the African tribe documents the female's disdain for non-Bagandan males. And as a research psychologist, I should realize that such behavior is most likely taught not genetically acquired. Therefore I should fully understand the training process, teaching the girls at a young age to relish their authority over bound and naked males. And I would conjecture that the lack of clothing is not entirely attributable to the climate, but instead adds a degree of sexual excitement for the girls in their years of developing sexuality. Judging from the reaction of the smiling girl atop the human plow oxen, there indeed appears to be a certain level of arousal attained in feeling between her naked thighs the warm, sweaty flesh of the subservient male. His underlying

muscles straining and reacting to the whip of her mother and the painful pinch of her fingers.

And then there is the thorough humiliation of the naked males. Forced to labor under the complete control of girls half their age, I ponder their mental state. They cannot think. They must react. The sting of a thin whip cannot be ignored, particularly when the source of the pain is from the sensitive and precious reproductive organs. And so resistance must be futile. I find myself witnessing the complete submission of the male gender, and it must be doubly humiliating to have to offer such submission to the fickleness of young girls.

Lady Constance excuses herself and returns to her ponies. They kneel in rest. A plastic water bottle is produced and she gently slips a straw into the mouth of the right pony. She squeezes and the pony swallows. With the bit separating his lips, much of the water flows out and drips to the ground. The left pony is likewise watered and I am impressed with the tenderness this most dominant woman applies to her task.

Next she reaches down and releases the Prince Albert ring of both penises. The phalli have become somewhat flaccid in rest and Lady Constance takes one in each hand and points it downward. It is interesting to watch a woman handle the male appendage so skillfully. She leans forward and whispers something into the ears of the huge males. After a pause, they simultaneously begin to urinate with Lady Constance directing the flow away from her feet and the knees of the two beasts. It is a fascinating display of her control and the ponies' training. In addition to walking, cantering, trotting and running in unison, they also empty their bladders. I contemplate the training process by which such strict coordination is developed.

She dutifully shakes the final drops of excretion from the tips of the penises, pulls up the lengthy tubes of flesh and

again hooks the Prince Albert ring to the abdomen of each pony.

“The power plant is next, Doctor. Once I show you how to use a pony cart, you can come back here any time.”

She seems to sense my captivation with the farm, but wishes to stay on schedule. I nod and enter the chariot.

“Nice and firm for me boys.”

She is addressing her prize team while diddling their penises. She insists that her ornate chariot be pulled by well muscled males with stiff appendages leading the way. I suppose for her it is a symbol of her authority, directing the biggest, most erect phalli on the island with an evilly thin whip and a firm grip on the reins.

The ponies expertly turn the chariot to return to the main road. The whip snaps and their spasmodic response to the sharp pain can be felt as the chariot shudders but quickly accelerates.

Reaching the main road we turn right and proceed at a steady but quick pace. When the road takes us through an occasional clearing, I can see the large windmill ahead, which appears to be our destination. At one point we approach a cart stopped to the side. It is laden with vegetables and a yoked and naked male has been pulling it. Standing before him is a native girl, somewhat older than those in the field but completely nude as the others. She turns her head to look at us when she hears our chariot. She smiles bashfully. Lady Constance pulls on the scrotal cords and our chariot slows then stops along side.

“Naughty girl, Luana,” Lady Constance admonishes with a smile.

Luana’s right hand is holding a leash connected to the male beast’s nose ring. She has pulled it down and forced the face of the servile beast to the level of her pudendum. There a shockingly long tongue is licking away at the teenage girl’s genitalia. Her left hand holds food of some

kind and she slips a treat into the male's mouth as he attentively plies away with his tongue.

Luana's nipples evidence her arousal. They are crinkled and point skyward atop firm developing mammaries.

"Motamba will be waiting…"

Lady Constance strokes right then left and our vehicle rolls again.

"She's manifesting her dominance nicely, don't you think Doctor? But I have to encourage some level of attention to the chores. She's expected at Estovia. That load is for our dinner."

I look back to see that Luana is reacting to Lady Constance's mild rebuke. She turns and walks holding the leash downward thus forcing the nose and mouth of the burdened male beast to be very close to her well-rounded buttocks. With every labored breath he will be inhaling the fragrance of her feminine arousal.

Our ponies are sweating profusely and Lady Constance's whip begins to make a startling cracking sound when it crisply strokes the wet flesh. The ponies appear to jump and react more to the sound than the pain but the results are a very fast steady pace with no relent. We turn left off the main road, build speed then bear to the right. The windmill is perched on a nearby hill and the beautiful domineering ruler of this island paradise again builds speed, in order to properly negotiate the steep incline to the tall structure and connecting buildings. Our human equines find a second wind, fully realizing that as challenging as the task is, a well-deserved rest will soon follow Lady Constance's added torment in encouraging that we arrive at full gallop.

"I insist on speed, coordination and tumescence. There is nothing more impressive then well lathered stallions pumping away at a quick pace and displaying good stiff erections."

The final 50 yards is on level ground. Our ponies rebuild speed and we come frighteningly close to a massive black woman standing next to a large cinder block building before Lady Constance pulls on the scrotal cords and brings the chariot to an abrupt halt.

“Good afternoon, Lady Constance. You’re working them quite nicely on this fine hot sunny afternoon.”

I am introduced to Salina, the supervisor of the power plant. She is taller than Jasmine and carries more weight, though she is not obese. And her powerful frame appears to be equally strong if not stronger. But her figure is not sculpted as with Jasmine. Rather, her strength seems to have originated from years of toil, and I am about to learn to what end all her toil has been put.

In her hand is an ominous cane, described by accomplished disciplinarians as the most painful instrument of correction. And behind her, languishing in the heat of the tropics, are three scruffy males. They are sans clothing and on their shoulders lie massive blocks of metal, which entrap their necks and wrists. I assume these are the metal yokes to which Lady Constance referred and ordered for the young Danish sex offender. The thick metal serves to immobilize the head and the wrists are likewise secured some two feet right and left of the head. The ends of the metal yokes are secured to vertical metal poles, forcing the three to stand on their toes. The heat has taken its toll as the young males have evidently been forced to stand for quite some time judging from the abundant perspiration.

“Trouble, Salina?”

“Not really, Ma’am. I’m just giving these three the opportunity to volunteer for more time on the generator. When the sun heats the metal yoke the notion of spending a few hours working the machinery is not so objectionable.”

As Salina speaks I examine the helpless trio. All are banded about the frenulum and by now I have learned

enough to discern that the banding is tight. Their scrotums have been stretched further than any I have seen, hanging as low as their knees. Stripes and welts can be seen everywhere on their naked flesh. Apparently Salina's accuracy with the cane is of little concern. The sun is indeed heating the thick metal blocks perched on their shoulders. One lad is doing a bit of a dance, careful not to lift both feet and leave himself suspended solely by his neck and wrists.

"Perhaps a brief tour of the plant for the good Doctor, Salina."

Salina nods and ushers us toward the building. The windmill is built directly over head and the propeller is slowly turning in the light but consistent tropical wind. A rotating shaft, turned by the propeller, runs from a gear box high above down through the roof of the building. It is huge, the size of a telephone pole. We enter through very wide double doors and I am surprised to see that the interior is much larger than expected. A ramp leads us downward, thus what appears to be a low building is actually recessed into the ground and has a high interior ceiling.

"My great grandfather was very concerned with hurricanes. The low profile of the exterior minimizes potential wind damage. In three major storms over the past seventy odd years the building has remained untouched and power has never been lost to the island. It makes us very self sufficient."

Lady Constance talks, but my attention is drawn to Salina. Her loose sarong folds over at the front and when she walks a curious leather garment can be detected underneath the silk, just below her abdomen.

We proceed down the ramp into an open chamber. As my eyes become accustomed to the relatively dark room I notice the change in temperature. Because the floor is set some five to six feet below ground level, it is much cooler

than outdoors. But then the array of machinery comes into focus and I am awed. The building houses massive electrical generators. I count six. Four are turning by way of various smaller shafts connected to the large shaft emanating from the windmill. A fifth stands at rest and a sixth is being turned manually. The generators are spaced widely apart and the reason is apparent. The sixth generator has metal poles jutting out eight to ten feet from the cylindrical core. It resembles a capstan seen on old sailing ships and used to weigh the anchor. Connected to three of the poles is a metal yoke and secured within each is of course one of Lady Constance's naked male beasts. The young males are walking in circles, pushing the metal poles, which in turn rotates the generator.

"We still generate some power manually, for nostalgia and amusement more than any other reason. When the winds slacken at night I enjoy reading with the knowledge that my subservient males are laboring to provide the electricity for my light. And of course should the wind mill malfunction we can easily convert the other generators back to manual operation."

The coy smile on Lady Constance's face unmasks her enthusiasm for the dreary, monotonous efforts exerted by her young charges.

We approach the three worn males. Each has a number branded onto the right buttock. Salina reaches out and applies a sharp stroke of her cane to one set of numbers. A stifled yelp results, along with a renewed effort as the leg muscles noticeably strain to push.

"They require constant monitoring. But the cane is quite the incentive."

With her comment, Salina taps the huge scrotal sac of a second beast with the tip of the cane. He understands the warning and immediately begins to strain along with his cohort.

“The capstans were originally located outdoors on top of the building with turning shafts penetrating the roof and connecting to the generators. My great grandmother found the hot sun to be an effective way to add to the slow torment. But that configuration required an enormous number of males, which had to be constantly watered. Thus, my grandmother moved the capstans indoors.

“I remember as a little girl, my mother would bring me here and we’d sit in the observation deck and watch for what seemed like hours,” offers Lady Constance. “Those were special times, so it’s difficult for me just to eliminate the manual generation entirely.”

I look back toward the entrance. There, leading from the main floor is a set of steps terminating at a rather decorative platform above. It reminds me of a balcony box at an opera house. An old but well kept stuffed chair affords a seated observer a comfortable and unimpeded view of the building’s laborers. I can envision the regal Baroness sitting with her daughter, the future ruler of Constancia, instilling the family’s female dominant traits at a very young age.

After a time, Salina leads us to an adjoining room. There, kneeling in two rows are a dozen males, all in yokes, which are resting between two short posts. Most are asleep. A few have cords attached to the bottom of the scrotums pulling them downward where the ends are secured to eye hooks in the floor. Stretching seems to be a ubiquitous process on Constancia.

A young girl, naked in conformity to what seems to be the standard code of dress, spoons mush into the mouth of one wizened male bearing the brand number 10. At her feet is a bucket of water with a ladle. Apparently finished, she moves to the mid-section of the next semi-conscious, kneeling male. She reaches under his stomach, whispers something, and a puddle begins to form on the floor. The excretion slowly flows to collecting troughs along the wall.

“Bladder control,” is Salina’s simple comment as the girl moves to the male’s front and provides him with a good view of her charms. He lifts his head as much as the constraining metal bar allows and attempts to lick her sex. The girl draws back and laughs. Then she holds a ladle of water just out of reach of his parched mouth.

“My daughter is learning well. Is she not, Lady Constance?”

The omnipotent Lady just smiles.

It is not a pleasant room. It smells of sweat and bodily excretions. Salina notices my reaction.

“They’re hosed down once a week. Hygiene is not important here. Their function is to rotate the generator, sleep and eat. But I do amuse them from time to time.”

Salina smiles and I follow her gaze to the far end of the room where a low table rests. Above it are a pair of leather straps hanging from formidable chains. Behind the table, the wall is covered with oddly shaped rubber phalli. Underneath each are identifying numbers.

“Yes, Salina. Show the Doctor your collection.”

We move toward the table.

“As you’re aware, Dr. Greta does a very thorough job of scanning and measuring our laborers when they arrive here. Included is a very accurate magnetic image of their back passage and prostate glands. From that a computer controlled machine mills a nice dildo for each boy. Good boys deserve a little pleasure and on occasion I’ll open them up and give their underutilized prostates a good massaging. The bumps and ridges are custom designed to match their anatomies. Therefore every stroke manipulates that interesting male gland with great precision. You’d be surprised at their reaction. I have quite the collection of young whores here, Doctor.”

Salina laughs with the comparison and I begin to better understand the utility of the leather device under her sarong.

“We have time for a demonstration, Salina.”

For some reason I have the impression that the demonstration is not entirely for my benefit, particularly when I see the gleam in Lady Constance’s mischievous eyes.

Salina reacts with enthusiasm and a smile.

“I think my trouble makers need to cool a bit. Let me get them out of the sun.”

Salina leaves and within minutes returns. The three recalcitrant males walk very slowly. The metal yokes are apparently very heavy and it appears just remaining upright requires considerable effort.

Number 25, according to his brand, is secured to the generator, an interesting procedure which involves moving to time with the rotating capstan while Salina connects his yoke to the end of the metal pole. When finished, the cane swishes and 25 jumps and begins pushing in earnest.

“It’s the table for you, 32. And 15, you know what I’ll need.”

Both males move toward the table. Number 32 seems to approach with a degree of renewed vigor. But when he stands at the edge and tries to lower himself, the weight of the yoke causes him to drop face downward. Salina laughs.

“The yokes are close to one hundred pounds. Doesn’t imbue them with much grace.”

The large woman bends over, picks up each end of the yoke and turns it end for end. The head and hands of the helpless 32 move with it, as does his torso, hips and legs.

“Good boy. Legs up and 15 will give you a nice tongue massage.”

In a well practiced move, 32 lifts his legs and Salina draws them further back until his knees are just about over his face. There she loops the leather straps around his thighs, holding them high and well apart. This affords a most sordid view of 32's massive scrotum. The testicles are not ringed as with the ponies but there are two rivets

penetrating the bottom of the sac to facilitate restraint and stretching.

Salina kicks the back of number 15's legs and he comically falls to his knees. She gruffly tangles her hand into his matted hair and directs his head, laden with the heavy yoke, between the widely separated thighs of 32.

“You know what to do. Your confederate needs your assistance, otherwise Salina’s big stick may just split his bung hole wide open.”

Salina laughs as the servile male thrusts out his tongue and begins servicing the supine number 32. He slowly licks until Salina lifts the large pink bag of flesh and better exposes the lad’s ‘bung hole’. A swish of the cane incentivizes number 15 to apply his tongue to that most undesirable area.

“Yes. Lubricate it real well.”

Salina walks to the wall and removes a large rubber dildo with the number “32" under it. It’s an ungainly implement. But as stated it has been computer milled to precisely agitate the desired areas and organs. Salina next attaches to the bottom of the specially made phallus another rubber device. Judging from its bowed appearance, its purpose is apparent. Various nubs are purely for the pleasure of the female and as Salina returns to the base of the table where number 15 dutifully applies his tongue, she rips off her sarong. Underneath is nothing more than a very thick leather belt with equally strong straps. Two hold in place the top of a formidable patch over her pubes. A third runs between her buttocks and up to the bottom of the patch. Salina’s hands adjust the straps and insert the large dildo through a hole in the patch. The female end of the long device is swallowed up by Salina’s sex. The male end protrudes menacingly and the look of self satisfaction on Salina’s face hints at the pleasure she anticipates in penetrating her young ‘whore’.

“Lick.”

She pulls back on number 15's head then grasps each end of the strip of metal strip encasing the head and hands. The long tongue obediently thrusts forward and the tip systematically begins applying short laps to the rubber surface. Salina waits patiently then slowly pushes forward with her hips. Amazingly, the huge shaft enters the lad’s mouth and begins to disappear. Slight gagging sounds can be heard. Salina pauses, cruelly thrusts an inch or two, withdraws and deeply thrusts again. She penetrates the throat of number 15 and it is apparent that she has spent much time training him to control his gag reflex.

“Good boy.”

Salina pushes away the heavy yoke. The naked male’s head and shoulders fall to the floor with a thud. Salina kicks his testicles.

“Stay.”

With a smile she turns to the supine number 32.

“He’s a young one, Lady Constance. Nice and tight, but 15 is good in lubricating my little whores.”

Her naked body is impressive. As stated, it is large and powerful. Her breasts are mountainous but firm and capped with nipples the size of silver dollars. And if Jasmine’s body can aptly be compared to a sleek, well exercised, thorough bred horse, Salina’s would be that of a bull. The sculpted muscling is not perceptible but there is no doubt as to the level of her power and strength. Her buttocks are rounded, muscled, and interesting to observe. But when Lady Constance moves to the right side, I realize that whatever is about to occur, I should reposition myself. And as I watch from the left-side Salina lifts the stretched scrotum of 32 and introduces the tip of the horribly disfigured rubber shaft to the anus.

“Just relax, my little pet. You know Salina will take what she wants whether you open yourself or not.”

Salina toys with the tightly banded penis. It quivers and reddens but within a minute, number 32 begins to writhe in

pain. The unseen teeth within the band are performing their function. With arousal comes torment and 32 struggles in his tight bonds.

“Yes, you’re going to give Salina a good ride this afternoon. This is why the new boys are so enjoyable, Lady Constance. My more experienced whores just lie and take it.”

A slight thrust of Salina’s hips and a groan from 32 indicates she is knocking on the door of the tight aperture.

“Yes. You’re going to be milked of some fluid today. We’ll show Lady Constance some of your male essence. I’m going to pump it from you.”

Salina pushes with her hips, diddles the penis with her right hand and gruffly pulls about the amazing scrotal sac with her left.

“You have quite the load here, 32. You can’t squirt it like a normal male, but Salina knows how to extract it. Yes. You’ll give it up like a cow gives milk.”

Interesting words and thoughts providing a level of debasement which I would describe as effective and appropriate for Lady Constance’s enjoyment. Salina thrusts further and then, either in eagerness or frustration, gives one large lunge with her thighs and buttocks. 32 cries out and the entire length of the odd phallus disappears.

Almost simultaneously, the penis, forced into flaccidity by the evil metal band, begins to ooze clear pre-ejaculatory fluid.

“A bull’s eye on the prostate gland,” comments a laughing Lady Constance. “With Dr. Greta’s internal scans, we never miss.”

Salina begins thrusting with fervor. She pulls far back and thrusts deeply. Again and again. 32 groans with each pull and cries out with each thrust. It sounds as if Salina is playing a most discordant musical instrument. But when I look to her face, her eyes are closed in ecstasy. The female end is providing much gratification and she indeed is

working the restrained male like a whore. Deep penetrating thrust after thrust.

After a time the flow from 32's penis turns somewhat cloudy.

“Semen,” observes Lady Constance. “His sperm is being forced out due to Salina’s manipulation of the prostate. Too bad he can only feel the pain of his banding.”

Lady Constance laughs watching the naked male, lying with thighs open to his tormentress, and being milked, as described, of his male essence.

“It’s actually rather healthy for him. Prevents prostate problems,” comments Lady Constance.

But the look of pleasure on Salina’s face suggests other motivating factors and such is borne out when she pauses from her thrusts, leans forward and aggressively pinches 32's nipples. This causes the lad to spasm and writhe in newly found pain and his gyrations obviously transfer added sensations of delight to the female end of the dildo.

Next, her fingers find the testicles. Pulling up the scrotum with her left hand, the powerful fingers of her right firmly knead the gonads, squeezing on occasion and patiently waiting for the resulting convulsive response which serves to jiggle the rubber implement within her feminine passage. It is an amazing display of the dominance of the female over the male. She is indeed playing a musical instrument and the sweet tunes of his cries of anguish and reactions to the painful hand work result in heightened pleasure for the puissant Salina.

She resumes thrusting. The oversized muscles of her thighs and buttocks lift the lower half of naked male completely off the table and were it not for the heavy yoke, I believe Salina could carry the smaller male about the room impaled on the end of her phallus.

Finally, she slows. Satiated, she smiles and squeezes the flaccid, reddened penis. A final glob of white cream oozes forth and she steps back. A plopping sound signals the end

to the penetration and Salina once again kicks number 15 lying below her feet.

“Clean,” is her abbreviated command. And she assists the quiet beast off the floor by grasping his ears and pulling upwards.

Lady Constance motions for us to depart. When I look back, 15 is kneeling before Salina and again obsequiously applying his tongue to the curiously crafted rubber phallus.

When we return to our chariot, our steeds are kneeling in rest. Lady Constance retrieves the water bottle and again lovingly waters her team. She also inspects the nipples and genitals for welts and open wounds. Finding none she diddles both to full erection and steps into the chariot. Next stop, the beach.

The ride is obviously all downhill to the ocean. The continuous decline causes the ponies to strain to slow the speeding chariot as gravity causes it to accelerate to speeds beyond the capabilities of their feet. This angers Lady Constance, who relishes the feel of the tropical wind blowing over her bare breasts. Thus any feeling of resistance to letting the chariot speed along earns nasty flicks to the penises.

The road levels for a stretch, then Lady Constance pulls the reins to the right. A more narrow downward sloping road causes the contest between the ponies and Lady Constance’s whip to resume.

Finally, a patch of deep blue appears, and we approach the leeward side of the island where the elevated land cuts off the steady breeze. This results in a scene of tropical paradise, with a patch of the Caribbean as blue and as smooth as I’ve seen. And when the road ends, the ponies’ feet reach sand…, pure, white and extremely fine. They begin to prance and Lady Constance smiles.

“They like the feeling of soft sand. I’ve run them quite a bit today. I’ll water them again and let them frolic a while.

The medical building is just a little ways down the beach and from there it's only a half mile back to Estovia."

It's some hundred yards to the water's edge and the speed of the chariot slowly diminished as the wheels sink into the softness.

"Let's walk a bit, Doctor. The chariot's a little heavy for the sand."

We step off accordingly. Lady Constance gathers the reins and walks ahead of her team, gently pulling as a reminder of her control. We continue to the water's edge where very small waves lap the wet sand. She guides the team into the light surf until the water immerses their feet, then turns to the left. The wheels of the chariot splash a bit but the main body of the vehicle remains dry. About a mile or so down the beach, I see the man made jetties that form the entrance to the secluded cove where we docked. Nearby is a barely discernible building. It appears to be our destination.

"I trust you're enjoying your tour, Doctor. The procedures performed at the medical building you may find a little harsh, but it is best for the males in the long run. Remember, most of our acquisitions have proven themselves to be too truculent even for the clinic's training program. Therefore, our methods may appear Draconian, but I assure you the world is a better place for all because they are here and not among the general population.

"Of course some just have a size problem, but as you have seen, we can deal with that also."

We pause and I gaze out across the sea as Lady Constance obtains the water bottle. There is no sight of land, boats or even an airplane. It's as if the rest of the world has disappeared.

My hostess returns to the front of the team and once again squeezes fresh water into the mouths of the ponies. With the reins dangling, they are able to move their heads and utilize their freedom to bow down and nuzzle Lady

Constance's breasts. It would strike most observers as odd, these two giant males gently seeking to suckle the gorgeous breasts of the woman who has spent most of the afternoon whipping their genitals. But the abundance of hormones and the strict regimen of training and submission has its affect.

"There'll be a hot sponge bath and massage for you two, tonight. Yes. And I'll have Botana insert some nice plugs. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

She coos as if speaking to small children rather than huge adult males. But her words are readily accepted and appear to excite.

The water bottle is replaced. Lady Constance once again stoops and frees the two engorged penises from their abdominal piercings. She quickly flicks her fingers against the tip of the right, then the left and the shafts shrink in reaction to the sharp pain. It is once again time to urinate and the ponies dutifully respond in unison. This time relieving themselves into the ocean while Lady Constance playfully directs the flow.

We resume our journey. The reins are held low and close and Lady Constance further tantalizes her team by providing them with an unimpeded view of the smooth flesh of her rolling buttocks as she walks them through the surf.

Lady Constance is silent, enjoying the warmth and beauty as much as I am. After a few minutes she speaks, reflectively.

"You know, Doctor. Many of our acquisitions could use polishing. Once Dr. L----- concludes that a given male is unsaleable, she truncates his training. I've been very gracious in accepting some very belligerent youths, but there are only so many sets of legs needed in the power plant. I could use more domestic help and that requires a certain degree of submissive savoir-faire. The porters are like puppies. Harmless and somewhat amusing but not able to fulfill all the duties I demand. I'd like to have a Ming in

every bedroom, for example. But I ask myself why I should pay a retail price in obtaining them. I have the physical facilities here and have been considering my own program. I have a connection with the juvenile courts in New York City, which can provide an endless supply of candidates. And you'd be amazed at the acquaintances I've made among a group of dominant female probation officers, another source of supply. Last winter they spent two weeks here on vacation. I had some very worn out pony boys afterwards. They all seemed to have an affinity for cropping the testicles…"

She pauses and I contemplate where she is leading with these revelations.

"And you seem to be enjoying yourself…"

Another pause as we near the medical facility.

"Perhaps you may want to consider a more formal relationship. Your background is perfect for the training program I envision. I can pay you well. Your time could be split with the university. There's plenty of room to stay at Estovia. Or I will have a house built for you. The eastern end of the island is completely uninhabited. And you'll have your own pony, of course. Male or female."

My hostess has caught me off guard. But the gracious interview she allowed me in New York, the arrangement and letter of introduction to visit the clinic, and the surprise plane ticket to Aruba…, all these efforts begin to make more sense.

I demur. I explain that I am an observer. A chronicler of D/s relationships and activities. That for a research scholar, no matter how accomplished and with whatever noteworthy works, to practice and engage in the day to day pragmatics of thoroughly dominating the young male and transmogrifying him to a groveling, obedient plaything, is quite an undertaking.

But I promise to give the concept consideration. She is a very attentive hostess. I will endeavor to be a polite guest.

A cut through the dense trees and shrubbery indicates that we have reached the egress from the beach, which presumably leads to our destination. Lady Constance angles toward it and the depth of the surf begins to diminish with every step. We cross the expanse of flat sand and reach a narrow road. It is well hidden in the brush, but surfaced as all the other roads. The island is well laid out for human ponies and I wonder if the original construction workers ever realized why so much rough and firm coral had to be removed if indeed the paths were designed for real horses.

Our ponies seem eager to roll and probably do not realize that instead of returning to Estovia we are first going to the nearby building. They just follow the directions of the reins and whip, I remind myself.

Lady Constance draws the reins back over the heads of the ponies. We enter the chariot and as always her thin whip finds the nipples with two skillfully placed strokes. The road is steep and two more strokes have the ponies digging in and accelerating. Within fifty yards, Lady Constance draws the reins to the right onto a wider more regularly used road. Within 100 yards it ends in a cul-de-sac. There, in front of a sizable brick building, a number of ponies and carts await their riders along with Jasmine's large chariot.

Our chariot draws to a halt utilizing the cords. At this stop, Lady Constance blindfolds the team and gently pushes them to their knees signaling that there will be more than a short respite. With her proximity, both crane their necks and attempt to lick her breasts. She laughs and playfully tugs on their bits, holding their lips within an inch of her prominent feminine charms.

"Later," is her pleasant admonishment. But I notice she does not fully discourage their efforts and was watching the reaction of their manhood while teasing them.

“They are frisky today, Doctor. It must be the hormones in their feed.”

I follow Lady Constance into the building. A native nurse greets us. She is wearing the standard white uniform similar to Jasmine’s.

“This is Naomi. She was born here on Constancia but was schooled in nursing in the States.”

We exchange greetings.

“Welcome, Lady Constance. Dr. Helga and Jasmine are expecting you and your guest. They indicated there was a one particular banding you wished to observe. They’ve held that one for last.”

“How nice. That’s a pleasant surprise. It must be the Danish lad. Ask Dr. Helga and Jasmine to wait a little longer, please, Naomi. I’d like to show the Doctor here the facility. Perhaps you can assist?”

Naomi nods. Speaking into an intercom, she announces our arrival and Lady Constance’s request. Dr. Helga’s voice comes back, apologizing for her absence and explaining that she and Jasmine are scrubbed.

“Naomi will show you about. We’ll start on the Danish male when you’re through. He’s maintaining a very firm erection for us. He seems rather apprehensive, and we’ve seen the penis react in this manner often.”

Dr. Helga’s normally dour and monotone voice hints at a degree of mirth.

Naomi begins our tour. The facility is impressive as has been indicated. There is not much lacking in terms of the equipment, rooms and supplies required to provide standard medical care for the island’s inhabitants. But the magnetic imaging machine is a considerable investment for the relative size population of Constancia. It would be difficult to locate such in some entirely less populated states in America. And there is also a sophisticated diagnostic lab, where Dr. Helga apparently is able to

monitor the status of certain ongoing experimental hormone treatments.

Recollections of the investigation into Dr. Emily Reinhold's practices come to mind. I make a mental note to review those reports when I return to New York.

A separate room contains two machines not found in the medical community. One is a computer controlled milling machine. I imagine Lady Constance's investment in the sophisticated device to be in the millions. While we watch, a single block of metal, nickel cobalt as described, sits on a platform while various robotic arms carve and cut the metal, first into a circle and then into a ring by meticulously cutting out an area in the middle. The cutting arms leave teeth at carefully measured points. Naomi explains that the teeth of every band are custom designed to conform to the sensitive areas of the individual penis. Such is determined by extensive scanning and testing. I stand in awe as the band is fabricated for the Danish lad. Yes. The teeth are sharp and long and I cringe at the thought of a male attempting to achieve an erection while wearing such a diabolical implement.

The last stage is for the machine to carve furrows and rows into the inside circumference. A curious last step, but I will soon learn of its utility.

When the process is completed, Naomi opens the clear plastic door and retrieves the newly crafted penal ornament. She carefully wraps it in gauze, places it in a plastic bag and drops it into her pocket.

The other machine is similar in size. It is also a computer controlled device and is used to shape the hideous rubber phalli which Salina so effectively uses to amuse her charges. It stands silent.

"It also makes butt plugs for the ponies and farm beasts," offers Naomi.

"We're very careful here to properly stimulate the prostate glands. That's important in chaste males," adds

Lady Constance.

Naomi next leads us to the end of the long hallway, opens one side of a double door and we step into a large room. There, hanging in their harnesses, are five of the six males, which were so prominently displayed during lunch. Each young male is suspended from a metal frame, which is on wheels. They are hooded. Two are thrashing somewhat, the remainder hang restfully. A feeding tube has been inserted into the mouths of all five. Plastic bags providing nourishment and whatever else Dr. Helga prescribes hang above, siphoning liquid to the tubes and stomachs of her new patients.

When I look to the midsection of the male hanging nearest, his newly acquired band shines under the fluorescent lights. In place of the foreskin, which Dr. Helga and Lady Constance so closely examined earlier, is this devious metal device. My eyes move upward to the chest. A badge encircles his nipples as worn by every male on the island. It's been attached by way of deep penetrations under the areola.

"They'll heal here for a week or two. The harnesses are actually very comfortable and provide easy access to their entire body. It is also affords an opportunity to re-enforce bladder control during their stay. Very important for the submissive psyche. They learn that all bodily functions are to be controlled."

I turn to a smiling Lady Constance. She is gazing at her new charges with a confident look of approval and self-satisfaction. Her face reflects a certain degree of pride, like that of a horse breeder looking at a new foal.

The Danish lad awaits, otherwise I believe Lady Constance would spend the remainder of the day somewhat mesmerized by the naked suspended males and their newly altered phalli. We step out and Naomi leads us back toward the reception area then through a doorway. A wide ramp takes us downward.

“Great grandfather spent a good deal of money blasting through the coral to construct this set of rooms. There are no other basements in any building on the island because it is so difficult to dig here. But he felt it was essential to have at least one area where medical procedures could be performed in an emergency situation with absolutely no interference from tropical storms. And with the proximity to the dock, it can be used as a staging area for evacuation, if necessary.”

We arrive at the basement. It is deep, cool and cavernous. Supplies are piled up, presumably for emergencies. A silent diesel generator sits in one corner. The eerie space is not only free of activity but also devoid of signs that any activity has or will occur. At the far end is a door with a red light shining above and Naomi guides us toward it. She knocks then opens and the glare of mercury vapor lamps floods the area providing a sudden contrast akin to night versus day.

I shield my eyes and follow Lady Constance and Naomi into a tiled, well lit and antiseptic room. There stand Dr. Reinhold and Jasmine before the harnessed and suspended Danish lad. He is incredibly erect as Dr. Helga has suggested and for the procedure the wicked duo have removed his hood. His thatch of thick blond hair seems to glow in the lights, and his blue Scandinavian eyes are engrossed with the actions of his tormenters. His nipples have already been pierced and the circular badges adorn his chest.

“Welcome, Doctor. The timing couldn’t be better.”

As Dr. Helga speaks, Naomi hands her the newly crafted band. The bag is opened by the Doctor’s latex, gloved hands and she holds the newly crafted implement next to the bulbous, purple head of the Danish lad’s penis. Physics would dictate that there was no way that such a small diameter ring could be slipped over such a large cylinder of flesh. But alas, I remind myself that the sophisticated

scanning device and the computer milling machine eliminate all human error.

“As you can see, this one seems to enjoy his nipple shields. He’s been erect from the time we attached them.”

Dr. Helga nods to Jasmine who acknowledges with a smile. The large black nurse wordlessly slaps the very tip of the erection with a knowing swing of her hand. The Danish lad yelps and his erection instantly subsides. Jasmine pauses until it is completely flaccid then pulls it straight out by the foreskin. Again, Doctor and nurse glance at each other. Then Jasmine picks up a scalpel and quickly incises the foreskin from the tip toward the base. Top. Bottom. Left. Right.

The young male howls and thrashes about in his harness. But this observer realizes what he does not. The medical team of Dr. Helga and Jasmine have obviously performed this procedure many times and on bigger stronger males then him. Thus his struggles are futile and as he moves about in his harness Jasmine pushes back the newly freed skin and Dr. Helga slides the band over the frenulum which was previously covered by the cut foreskin. It is a tight fit. She examines closely. Her experienced and skilled fingers ensure that the loosened foreskin is entrapped under the band. After a pause Dr. Helga unsuccessfully attempts to twist and slide it about to test its sizing. It’s perfect as can be expected. Jasmine dabs away a small amount of blood.

It is apparent that as the incisions heal, the incised foreskin will attach itself to the porous inside surface of the band. I suppose there can be some way for a surgeon to remove it someday, but I cannot imagine how, or how much of the appendage would be left when done or how much sensitivity would remain should reversal indeed be possible.

And so I finally understand the banding procedure and its pernicious effect on male potency. In a simple and quick

procedure, banded males cede their ability to achieve tumescence to the divine and dominant Lady Constance through her wickedly deviant conspirators, Jasmine and Dr. Helga. For his remaining life, the Danish lad will feel utter sexual frustration. The building of hormones, the urge of the penis to tumefy, the desire to masturbate or copulate, will fill him with unfulfilled desire. And all with a stern, authoritative female standing over him, deciding when and how, if ever, he will be permitted to spill his seed in some humiliating act of debasement.

The Danish lad calms from his reaction to the trauma. We all watch in silence. Me with insatiable curiosity. Jasmine, Dr. Helga, and Lady Constance with a sense of finality in completing a job well done. Naomi with her typical Bagandan disdain and callousness concerning the male. For her, it is just another day of work.

Finally Naomi steps forward, bends and adjusts a lever on the metal frame holding the harness. Her action unlocks the wheels and Naomi begins pushing the frame with her patient attached out of the operating room. Jasmine assists by pulling the frame and the trio exit.

“I insisted that the hoods be removed for the banding. I want every one of my males to watch and fully understand that he has been altered by the hands of females. It is a fitting beginning to a long stay on Constancia. Something they never forget. Mental subjugation is as important as physical.”

Lady Constance and I follow the rolling frame into the dark storage room and toward the ramp. As we once again traverse the room, I shudder in the ominous darkness and seclusion. The Danish lad had yelled loudly and animatedly thrashed about. But he found himself in a chamber cut deep into coral rock, in a building with thick walls, on an island unknown to most of the world, ruled by the woman who casually watched while his manhood was permanently altered to manifest her control. His protests were fruitless.

And I hazard to guess that his downward spiral to complete subjugation will be swift.

We step out the door of the medical building and I am surprised to see that the sun is disappearing. It is warm, despite the early setting of the winter sun. Lady Constance retrieves her shawl and wraps it about her shoulders. She quickly removes the ponies' blindfolds, unhooks the penises and supervises the emptying of their bladders.

"Time for cocktails, Doctor."

She reattaches the male appendages, joins me in the chariot and snaps the whip. I am amazed to see that small parallel lights on each side of the road guide us. The lights illuminate automatically about 30 yards ahead as we move along, and presumably turn off after we pass. This makes the final leg of our journey effortless, even in the failing daylight. I am once again impressed with the financial investment made in Lady Constance's deviant tropical paradise.

In the cooler evening air, the ponies seem to run with renewed vigor. I estimate that they've been run under the whip for some five miles over the course of the day, and I am amazed with their stamina. Although their performance is admirable, Lady Constance flicks away relentlessly, seeming to enjoy the sensation of the chariot shuddering in response to the painful nips to the penis and scrotum.

We quickly reach the beach road and turn right, which takes us up a hill away from the ocean. After a short distance, the main road comes into view and Lady Constance directs the chariot to the right. With a rapid combination of strokes we accelerate for a few hundred yards. A tug to the left directs the chariot unto the familiar road up to Estovia. Lady Constance cracks her implement of pain with particular force to ensure her team is sprinting at full speed as we approach the porte-cochere. She accepts nothing less than absolute maximum effort and her ponies know this and accelerate accordingly.

As Lady Constance pulls on the scrotal cords, porter number one steps out the front door. He has seen the road lights blink on and greets his mistress with a cashmere sweater and a beseeching look in apparent wait for her command.

“Have Botana take the team to the stable. She should inform the grooms to sponge them down, warm water this time. They’ve been run hard. Extra feed and have them plugged. Tell her to use inflatable plugs. Maybe I’ll amuse myself after cocktails.”

The porter nods as Lady Constance dons the sweater. When she moves to the front of her prize team they seem to be very disappointed with her covered breasts. But before leaving, she diddles their erections and smiles.

“Good boys.”

Turning to me.

“It’s 5:00 p.m., Doctor. Let’s have cocktails at 7:00. Meanwhile I’ll have champagne sent to your room. You can get to know Ming a little better. We’re very open about proclivities here…”

She lets her comment hang as she abruptly turns and walks to the house. She is not being deliberately impolite. In her mind my audience with the regal woman of Constancia is over for now. And I do have much to record…

Chapter Eight

When I return to my room I check on Ming. I open the door to ‘her’ closet and she is kneeling facing me as if she has spent the entire day anticipating my return. She smiles most submissively and asks to use my bathroom. It is then that I realize the door can only be opened from the outside and she has been imprisoned for hours.

Her chain is long enough to reach the facilities and a furtive peek through the door (which she does not close) reveals that she squats to urinate. The patch can either be pulled up or the flow streams through it or under it.

I announce that I will shower and point back to the closet. She obediently shuffles back but the disappointment of being dismissed shows.

It has been a long day. I intend after ablutions to relax and write. But the amazing tour overwhelms my thoughts. Just standing under the large showerhead and being doused with a deluge of hot water brings my thoughts to the power plant. I picture the cruelly bound and naked males sweating as they labor by slowly pushing in circles and bear the pain and resulting marks of Salina’s cane. I cannot help but ponder how many turns of the capstan and generator are required to produce enough electricity to power the water pumps for my shower. A woman such as Lady Constance must indeed be extremely dominant to live in comfort while hapless males endeavor around the clock to ensure her comfort.

I put away the thoughts by planning my three-day stay and wondering how much I have yet to see. The stables must be interesting. And where do all the Bagandans live?

When I step out of the shower I am shocked to see Ming kneeling on the bathroom floor with two large fluffy towels resting on her upturned palms. I obviously did not latch her closet door and now stand naked before her. She stares downward in a most subservient pose, seeming to realize that I am angry. But I temper any reaction by reminding

myself that she is fulfilling her well-trained role. And the encounter does serve to break the ice somewhat, the two of us being completely naked. When I reach for a towel, I feel somewhat obligated to gently pinch one of her puffy nipples in a subtle thank you. This results in a smile with both pink effeminate nubs immediately erecting in response to my touch.

I dry myself and let her observe. She has seen many of Lady Constance’s guests in more compromising positions than mine, I remind myself. But when done, modesty dictates that I don a robe and once again show her to her closet, this time making sure the door is latched.

Porter number two knocks. He silently enters with a tray containing an ice bucket with a bottle of very expensive champagne and a small dish of fresh strawberries.

He leaves and I finally have time to write.

Chapter Nine

The champagne has a wonderfully soothing effect. That, and I suppose the day's exposure to the sun, slow my pen. After an hour, and three glasses of golden effervescence, my thoughts return to Ming. Having a naked young woman, secured in my closet and humbly kneeling in wait for my command, is distracting.

I concede to compassion and open the closet door. Ming is kneeling in what appears to be a required pose, head bowed, knees widely parted, arms resting on her thighs with palms up. When she humbly raises her eyes to look at me, I motion her into the room and point to the padded leather footstool.

She seems to smile as she walks to the familiar piece of furniture and anticipating my wishes she kneels, places her abdomen on the center, and arches her back thus placing her buttocks in a most inviting position. She moves her hands to the back of her head, leaving her underdeveloped breasts hanging over the far edge and thrust toward the floor.

Is it the hour? Her experience telling her that naked, robed guests imbibing spirits are given to frolic with her nubile body? Or perhaps just my look of earnest yearning as I silently point to, what for her, is an emblem of torment, yet for most a simple footstool. What prompts such a servile reaction?

Inexplicably, I return to the small writing table where I again endeavor to record the day's events. Am I being cruel to Ming by not indulging myself in some form of carnal pleasure? Perhaps this is the most unbearable form of torture for the masochistic toy…, doing nothing. Letting her imagination run while she faces the wall draped with Lady Constance's implements of pain. It is most probably an encounter she has not faced before, and after a moment's pause, I rise and gently smooth my hand over her child like buttocks. She flinches.

I laugh and find myself parting her cheeks, my curiosity piqued. But alas, the bottom of her patch is well secured to a small piercing through her perineum, foiling my efforts to examine what is beneath and determine her true gender with finality. But the pink rose of her rear portal invitingly unfolds hinting at extensive penetration, and I am pleasantly surprised to see that it is well lubricated.

A knock on the door comes with porter number one calling out that cocktails will be served in twenty minutes. Punctiliousness should be afforded to the world's most dominant women and I curtail my examination to dress, cautioning Ming to remain positioned.

When properly accoutered for aperitifs and dinner, I peer into the mirror in a final, self-imposed verification of my attire. Over my shoulder is the reflection of Ming and I find I can no longer resist. She is too inviting and the wall ominously beckons. I yield to my urges and select some implements. Returning to the kneeling subjugant, I again slowly part her cheeks and slide a huge, evilly shaped rubber phallus into her puckered but lubricated rectum. She moans. She is well impaled but too experienced and disciplined to protest her discomfort. A pair of nipple clamps appropriately weighted with free swinging baubles finishes my decorative endeavors, and with the satisfaction of hearing a whimper and seeing tears slowly form, I step to the door, admonishing her to remain motionless as I close it behind me.

Chapter Ten

I arrive in the parlor just in time to see Botana complete some small details in securing an enormous male to one of the ubiquitous eye hooks embedded in the smooth concrete wall. He is wearing a hood, which covers his entire head, ears and eyes included, except a single opening for the mouth and nose for breathing. His only other garment, if it may be so termed, is a single leather glove, holding his arms painfully close together behind his back. He quietly stands on a block of wood.

Botana is wearing a simple cotton throw-over dress, which gracefully hangs from her shoulders and disappointedly conceals what I know to be the delightful form of a native ingénue. We briefly engage in conversation and I learn that the male is an experienced steed, at one time Lady Constance's favorite. The hood is referred to as a training hood, leaving the wearer without vision and if desired impaired hearing if the ears are muffled underneath.

"This type of hood is used to teach the pony to react solely to the pull of the reins and the sting of the whip, not to what he sees or hears," offers Botana. "When not in harness, we keep the pony hooded like this to ensure docility and reliance on his trainer."

While she speaks, she is standing on a small step stool and is testing and closely examining a simple but strong cord. It connects the top of the single glove to the eye-hook. My eyes move downward as she works to see that his nipples bear the familiar circular shields, that the flesh near both hips has been riveted, and that his flaccid penis is huge, pierced through the urethra and banded. His hairless pink scrotum encases two testicles the size of eggs, which leisurely swing between his knees. Two testicle rings serve to separate the sac into the distinctive "W" configuration, but no cords are attached. If the pink bag

has been riveted on the bottom, it cannot be determined due to the angle of my view.

Botana notices my shock at the position and size of the gonads.

“The years of whipping take their toll. Over time the testicles swell. That’s why ‘Big Fella’ has mostly been retired from actively pulling carts.”

Botana steps down. Apparently satisfied with her handiwork she leans over and removes the block of wood from under ‘Big Fella’s’ feet. The silent giant groans and his lifeless form begins to move about with the tension suddenly applied to his single glove. His feet thrash a bit until he finally finds a comfortable position standing on his toes.

Botana smiles with his struggles and tenderly pats his swinging reproductive organs.

“Calm down, Big Fella. Lady Constance will be here soon.”

With that she reaches to a nearby table for a red ribbon and two small matching roses. She ties the ribbon around the flaccid manhood and then incredibly pins each rose to a nipple. Quickly and callously each sensitive areola of this docile giant is punctured through the very tip so that his very flesh is utilized to hold in place the fragrant roses.

Big Fella cries out and once again thrashes in his simple but painful bonds. Botana merely dabs away a little blood and smiles.

“You look very nice, Big Fella. Lady Constance hasn’t seen you in a long time. Be sure to please her.”

No sooner said than the regal Queen of Constancia enters the parlor. She immediately claps her hands and the two porters appear bearing trays. Hors d’oeuvres and wine are served.

“Oh, Botana, how nice. Big Fella!”

She strides across the room. Her raven hair has been freed of its ponytail and the lights shine from it as it

brushes her bare shoulders. She wears a simple white slip with straps. At the hips it becomes pleated and the fabric rustles about her knees as she approaches her bound and naked charge. The slightest of bounces about her chest indicates that she is sans brassiere and there are no detectable seams, which would hint at any other undergarments, for that matter.

“I haven’t seen him in so long. He’s been kept quite trim.”

Botana beams with pride as Lady Constance inspects her former prized pony. In varied locations, she pinches his flesh in a very practiced manner, evidently gauging the body fat. She then more deeply kneads the thighs, then bends for a feel of the straining calve muscles. Finally her left hand grasps his right buttock and firmly squeezes while her right fingers gently diddle the underside of the banded ribbon entwined penis.

“Katrina has kept him well exercised.”

As she speaks her deft handling has its effect. Big Fella indeed becomes a big fellow as his phallus stiffens and begins to rise.

“And he remembers my touch, how nice.”

She steps back and retrieves a glass from the tray which porter number two has been patiently holding to her side. Once she has imbibed and nods approvingly, I am offered a glass.

Dr. Reinhold enters. She has discarded her medical garb and wears a frumpy cocktail dress. Still it is an improvement. But my attention is quickly drawn from her attire to what follows her into the room. At the end of a leash is a naked woman, Caucasian, hairless including her head, and covered with piercings. Finely gauged rings penetrate her skin in every conceivable area and attached to each is a tiny bell. Thus her presence is announced with a cacophony of rings as each of her steps jiggles her piercings.

Her leash emanates from a chain at her abdomen. There it is threaded through a large ring piercing the lower belly and continues down to her pudendum.

Lady Constance and I return Dr. Helga's greetings as porter number two rushes to serve her a glass of wine.

The leashed woman is Rubenesque. But her plumpness is well proportioned and firm. And as expected in such a female, her mammaries are huge. Unlike Lady Constance's and Jasmine's, the breasts are pendulous and swing heavily with each step. Her nipples protrude about an inch and a half from the main body of the mammary. My eyes detect a small ring at the base, which seems to constrict each pink areola, forcing the flesh to point forward.

Dr. Reinhold takes a glass from the tray, gives the leash a playful shake and moves to join us standing about Big Fella. With the slight motion of the leash, the woman seems to jump, again commencing numerous ringing sounds. As the duo approach I begin to understand her reaction. Her genitalia have been zipped closed with a thin chain threaded through small rings penetrating her labia. The chain also passes through a clitoral ring. It is to this chain that the leash is attached which obviously serves to greatly exaggerate the feeling of any tension on the thin leather strand. This woman is one obedient female when so secured, I think to myself. She stares at Dr. Helga and tries to anticipate her every move in order to minimize the torment of tension on the leash.

As she crosses the room her buttocks come to view. Large. Perfectly rounded. A thick layer of flesh covering nicely molded fat. I have been told such a thick layer of epidermis over the gluteus maximus makes the cheeks very receptive to the cane. And sure enough, faint stripes can be detected.

"I brought Imelda for coffee later."

Imelda is now standing close by and having finished examining her more meretricious parts, my attention turns

to the head and face.

As stated, she is hairless but has been incredibly depilated to the point where her eyebrows have been removed. The affect is that Imelda appears to be a sordid ball of soft flesh which has been randomly pierced and penetrated with rings and attached bells. She is Dr. Helga's pin cushion.

Lady Constance reaches out and pinches one of her pencil point nipples in greeting.

"Hello, Imelda. I see your hormones are working nicely."

Is it my imagination or did Lady Constance's fingers become moistened with her firm touch?

The conversation returns to Big Fella and Dr. Helga expresses similar comments about his fine conditioning. At that point, Jasmine enters and Botana uses the diversion to excuse herself.

The large black native woman is stunning in a simple skin-tight white halter-top with a matching short white skirt ending at mid thigh. Her stomach is exposed and the impressive ripple of abdominal muscles accentuates her every move. Nipples point through the thin material of the halter. Her skirt likewise highlights the sensual crack between her buttocks and the viewer is very much aware of her feminine power. Jasmine deftly snares a glass of wine before the porter can properly position himself to serve her. She also joins us and a pleasant discussion ensues.

During our prandial talk, Lady Constance holds her glass of wine in her right hand and casually works Big Fella with her left. She massages the testicles, lifts the scrotal sac and gives it a tug, then slips her hand well under and manipulates the perineum.

Big Fella emits an occasional moan, spasms a bit when a gonad receives a particularly aggressive pinch, and becomes amazingly erect considering the impeding band worn around the frenulum. As I watch, I conclude that experienced males have some way of mentally postponing

full erection and thus the accompanying pain from the band's teeth. And it seems that Lady Constance is cognizant of this acquired discipline. Therefore an interesting game appears to unfold while we talk. Big Fella very much enjoying the exquisite touch of his mistress yet mentally laboring to avoid full tumescence vs. the hand of Lady Constance...,working every known male erogenous zone in attempting to bring on the full erection which will make Big Fella cringe and writhe with the torment of the nasty penis band.

Finally, as expected, Big Fella cries out and somehow wriggles his hips away from the devious feminine hand despite his restraining glove being well secured to the eye-hook.

Lady Constance laughs.

"Still a lot of life left in him," she casually informs her dinner guests.

"Here, Big Fella."

Our hostess slips the left strap of her dress from her shoulder. This exposes her breast. Firm, tanned, magnificently proportioned.

She puts down her wineglass and guides his hooded head downward. Big Fella struggles. With his years of serving Lady Constance, he knows what treat awaits. But the single glove secures his arms and elbows high on the wall, and bowing his head requires the slow and painful stretching of numerous tendons and ligaments.

"Come on now," coos Lady Constance, and finally his lips and tongue meet the soft, warm flesh of her mammary. He indulges, first licking, then drawing the nipple into his mouth as best as his craned neck and painfully gloved arms will allow.

Jasmine and Dr. Helga laugh. Big Fella's efforts appear to be that of a male who, nearly dying of thirst, is finally afforded a drop of water placed just beyond his reach.

“Such a good boy. You know Doctor, you’re going to need a pony boy over the next few days. Big Fella can take you about the island as well as any of my younger steeds. And he won’t require much encouragement.”

‘Encouragement’ being Lady Constance’s euphemism for strokes of the whip. I nod and silently sip more wine. This helpless, suckling male is huge and indeed well muscled, I think to myself. Therefore he is certainly physically capable of pulling one of the small vehicles. Mentally, he appears eager to serve. And Lady Constance has not only suggested that I travel about the island unescorted, I would in fact prefer it. I have already concluded that to interview some of these most interesting Bagandan women without the overbearing presence of Lady Constance is a necessity for my paper.

My curiosity is provoked as to just how old Big Fella is. But with the hood and the hairless torso, it is difficult to judge his age. Deep down I was looking forward to working one of these human ponies into a good sweat and I hope he is not so old that it will be detrimental to his health.

Lady Constance curtails Big Fella’s oral homage by summarily slipping the strap back over her shoulder. More conversation, more wine and the center of attention moves from the naked bound human pony. The group strays toward the center of the room and minutes later when I look over my shoulder, I see Big Fella dutifully remaining erect, standing on his toes in as comfortable a position as he can find. He remains absolutely motionless.

Motamba emerges from the kitchen and announces dinner will be slightly delayed. Lady Constance appears unfazed, the wine apparently affecting her normal insistence on punctuality.

“The stables, Doctor? There isn’t much time but I want to check on my team. You can revisit again tomorrow at your leisure.”

Although she has posed the short trip as a question, I realize that on Constancia her whims are more akin to commands.

We take full glasses. Dr. Helga and Jasmine elect to stay behind.

After a brief walk through the pleasant night air, we arrive at a building set into a hill to the side of the house. The back of the low structure abuts high ground. The front opens to a level area, which has obviously been filled from the sand and coral excavated for the building. Being located on a down slope makes the stable invisible from the house, although when standing at the far edge of the level corral area, one can look back up the hill and see hints of Estovia through the thick shrubbery.

Dim lights frame the stable building and it appears to be very wide. A woman greets us at the entrance to the far right side. I am introduced to Sumani, stable mistress and mother of Botana.

“Just a quick look around, Sumani, and I want to check on my team.”

We follow Sumani into the building. It is quiet and dimly lit.

“Our ponies need much sleep,” explains Sumani. “They’re worked hard during the day whether pulling in harness or exercising on the treadmill.”

Down the right wall, which is windowless since it backs up against the slope outside, is a row of ponies. They are hooded, collared and hanging in thick fur covered straps.

We walk down the row toward the end passing pony after pony. Finally I recognize Lady Constance’s favorite team by their massive size.

My hostess beams with pride looking at the helpless duo. They are asleep which is most curious since the straps hold them upright in a kneeling position. Both heads are covered with soft cloth hoods with a single opening for mouth and nose. Most of their weight is held by the wide

straps, hooked behind them to the wall, each encircling the inside of the upper thigh, then returning to the wall hook. The collars, also wide and fur lined, are likewise hooked to the wall, and while serving to bear a small portion of their weight, mainly holding the pony upright. Their ankles are cuffed and drawn up behind them as are their wrists. These limbs are also hooked to the wall.

The overall configuration is to place the pony in a kneeling position about two feet off the floor. Their somnolence indicates that their bonds are comfortable, and indeed I believe a close inspection would reveal that their weight is proportionally borne first by the thighs, then the ankles, wrists and lastly the neck collar.

“These sleeping hoods are very thick,” explains Lady Constance. “No light can be seen, and much noise is muffled.”

I turn back toward the entrance and count some ten ponies to our right. There appears to be half a dozen more to our left. Past them a wide arch leads to a separate room at the far end of the long stable building.

“The exercise room, “ comments Sumani when she notices my gaze.

Meanwhile, Lady Constance is brushing her hand over the exposed flesh of our starboard pony, although he may have been harnessed to the port side, it is impossible to discern the two. He stirs in reaction. Recognizing her touch, he attempts to lower his head, lips and tongue at the ready. Lady Constance smiles and glides her right hand to the penis, the testicles and then between the thighs.

“Good. Botana has plugged him.”

Her hand returns to view. In it is a rubber squeeze ball at the end of a flexible tube. She hands me her wineglass.

“A little amusement before dinner, Doctor. And don’t be alarmed. It’s actually quite healthy for them.”

Her left hand reaches over to the other giant steed. Between his thighs she finds another squeeze ball and pulls

it forward.

“Inflatable butt plugs. One of their favorite treats.”

Lady Constance simultaneously gives the bulbs three quick squeezes. If the ponies were not fully alerted to her presence before, they certainly become so with their thighs pulling against the straps and heads wriggling.

And then the penises begin their slow rise for their mistress. The shafts engorge. The tips expand and make a steady journey toward the stable ceiling.

Lady Constance laughs. The wine stimulates the heady feeling of having the male organs perform like trained circus animals.

Her goal is to achieve as much tumescence as possible without incurring the pain of the bands. Thus, the knowing hands give each bulb a fourth but much slower squeeze. She can apparently feel the back pressure of the ponies’ internal organs, most notably the prostate gland. And with her experience she knows precisely the timing and action needed to properly display the prodigious manhoods for her viewing pleasure.

She pauses. The tips turn from pink to red to purple.

“Wriggle for me.”

Both phalli respond bringing another laugh from the Queen of Constancia and another slow squeeze from each hand.

“We’ll strike fluid soon,” she announces with pleasant enthusiasm.

Within a minute, beads of prostatic fluid ooze from the urethra. This seems to provide a signal to the prescient Lady. She releases the bulbs and they gently swing just below the scrotums. She retrieves her wine.

“With the inflatable plug massaging the prostate, they experience a very slow and subtle pleasure. They’ll squirm a bit, trying to add to the manipulation of the little gland and bring themselves to ejaculation, but it isn’t possible. I

don’t allow that. Since they’re kept chaste, the gland does need stimulation. But I decide when and how.”

The need for a sip of wine curtails her explanation. We stand and watch. The wet mammoth shafts begin to reflect in the dim stable lights as clear fluid flows with more abundance. The ponies wriggle and squirm as Lady Constance suggested, and their actions do indeed seem to increase the flow. And my dominant hostess is most sanguine in casually standing by, watching her prize team move about in their bonds.

Finally, she announces it’s time for dinner. But before leaving, her right hand lifts her pleated dress and explores between her thighs. Her fingers reappear and she then coats the nose and lips of the right pony with her feminine essence. The left pony receives the same treatment and the aroma of her sex seems to spur renewed writhing within their bonds as we turn toward the exit.

Sumani stands near the door and bids us good night.

“Remove the plugs in another fifteen minutes, Sumani. Their glands are quite full.”

Sumani nods and smiles.

Chapter Eleven

Dinner is served.

Lady Constance, Dr. Reinhold, Jasmine and I sit at a table for four set off to the side of a huge dining room. By my estimation, a formal seating for thirty and possibly more is feasible in the modestly furnished room. But tonight we are casual with the two porters scurrying about and Motamba occasionally stepping from the kitchen to obtain feedback and receive special requests.

It is odd enough to be served by two naked males. But even stranger are the chairs and what antics take place unseen under the table.

The seat of the large, padded chairs are notched in the front. And when Imelda kneels and crawls under the table I quickly learn the purpose of the odd shape. It is indented to accommodate her neck. Thus when Dr. Helga hikes her skirt and sits, Imelda's head disappears between the Doctor's thighs and under her garment.

The notch in Jasmine's chair is already filled. Through conversational tidbits during dinner I subsequently learn the naked lad kneeling before it is a new acquisition and Jasmine has volunteered to teach him the art of proper oral servitude.

Lady Constance's notch seat is initially unoccupied. But within a moment of her seating herself, porter number two enters with another naked human form in tow. 'It' is close enough in appearance to be Ming's twin, Asian with the same lithe body, underdeveloped breasts, child-like buttocks and the baffling patch covering the pudendum. 'She' is led by a leash attached to a nose ring which the porter hands to Lady Constance who in turn guides the form under the table and into the requisite position in front of her chair.

A dinner discussion of little consequence unfolds. At one point there is a brief silence and the pleasant sound of wet tongues being applied to moist flesh can be heard, where

upon Lady Constance first inquires about my length of stay and schedule then responds to my reply.

“Tomorrow I have many business calls to make and must meet with the captain of the yacht,” she suggests. “Botana will have Big Fella harnessed and waiting for you. He’ll take verbal commands if you’re uncomfortable utilizing the whip. You may wish to visit the village. And the blacksmith shop will pique your interest, I’m sure.”

Yes. The very notion of having a ‘blacksmith’ employed in the twentieth century deserves investigation, I think to myself. And as written, I have pondered about the Bagandans and their living arrangements. Lady Constance’s comment serves to answer that quandary. But a visit to the area is certainly in order.

Dessert arrives. Porter number two serves coffee to Lady Constance. She playfully grasps his testicles and squeezes, challenging him to pour without spilling.

“I’m going to need milk. Good boys get to serve it.”

With her comment, Dr. Helga shifts in her chair and Imelda appears. Her wet chin and nose evidence that her oral ministrations were well received. An unabashed Dr. Reinhold wipes the moisture from the plump girl’s chin with her napkin. With every motion, Imelda’s many bells ring.

“Lady Constance first. Hands on head.”

The thin leash is handed to the porter who leads the voluptuous girl toward our hostess. There she obsequiously bends at the waist over Lady Constance’s place setting, where upon the porter gently palms her left breast and slowly draws his fingers down to the long pointed nipple. A stream of milk erupts and lightens the coffee placed before the regal lady of the house.

“One more.”

The porter repeats his motion, the nipple gives up more white liquid and both Imelda and the porter move to Jasmine.

“She’s lactating nicely, Doctor. Your hormone treatment is very effective.”

A smile of pride appears on the good Doctor’s face.

I watch in amazement as Imelda is moved about the table and slowly milked. And I detect a twitching of the porter’s tightly banded penis. The sensuous duty of stroking the overflowing breasts even arouses the forcibly emasculated male.

I decline coffee and with it the curious delectation of watching Imelda’s nipples spurt their essence. But the Lady Constance and Jasmine have a second cup. And when Imelda slips past my chair a whiff of feminine aroma causes me to look down to where juices of arousal stream down her thighs and reflects in the light. Dr. Helga notices my observation.

“The lactation and the permanent Ben Wa balls excite her. She’s a very randy girl.”

An after dinner wine is served and the abundance of alcohol begins to take its affect. Lady Constance issues a command that the table be completely cleared which the porters execute in seconds.

“Cushions.”

With that simple edict porter number one rushes to the parlor and returns with the demanded objects.

“A pint,” she barks in a challenging tone. Jasmine nods.

“She hasn’t done that yet and she’s lightened lots of coffee,” cautions Dr. Helga.

But Lady Constance just smiles wryly. Without request, porter number two places a bowl on the table.

“Up, Imelda.”

The humiliated girl steps onto a chair then crawls atop the table. Without a word she kneels on the cushions and lets her amazingly plump breasts hang over the bowl. The silhouette of her nipples shows they have been stretched and constricted by the two small rings.

“Hands,” reminds Dr. Helga, and she instantly places them behind her head giving Lady Constance unfettered access to her mammaries.

“Knees apart and keep those bells quiet.”

She complies. When properly positioned the tintinnabulation ceases.

“Let’s see how well you’ve developed.”

Lady Constance’s fingers and touch are much more adapted to the task at hand. She softly pinches each nipple between thumb and fore finger and ever so slightly draws down. Imelda’s white milk squirts and splatters into the bowl. She moans and closes her eyes. Lady Constance repeats the action. This time a larger squirt. Jasmine’s hands move under the table apparently guiding her oral subjugant to areas needing attention. Dr. Helga looks on, admonishing Imelda to hold her chest higher and keep the bells silent.

“She’s quite fertile. Have you tried feathering her? Sometimes clitoral stimulation increases the flow.”

“Not yet, Lady Constance. With the Ben Wa balls constantly moving about in her vagina, she is usually quite aroused.”

It is interesting to watch Lady Constance apply such fervor to a task requiring such a soft touch. But over time her fingers slowly work and the bowl slowly fills. Imelda has difficulty maintaining her position. It becomes part of the sensuous torment to make her hold still while her thighs spasm in orgasmic reaction to the slow forced lactation and her back muscles strain to hold up her torso, weighted by the huge female glands hanging over the bowl. An occasional tinkle is heard, otherwise she stays amazing still while her glands are worked.

“Such a good girl. We have many ponies here, but you’re our only cow, Imelda.”

Finally, Lady Constance’s fingers draw very little liquid. The look of pleasure on Imelda’s face fades. Her nipples

have been worked for some fifteen minutes and the bowl brims.

“It must be at least a pint, wouldn’t you say Doctor?”

Dr. Helga responds with a condescending nod.

As always, Lady Constance prevails at her own challenge.

With the exhibition over, I excuse myself. When I turn back at the doorway to bid a final good night, I see the two porters are lifting an exhausted Imelda from the table. She has been drained, physically, and in more ways than one…

Chapter Twelve

I open the door to my room and I surprise myself with the sight of the naked, plugged and clamped Ming. I have forgotten but quickly recall my relatively intemperate actions before leaving for dinner. As commanded, the minx has not moved her boyish torso one-inch.

She turns and looks at me through tear filled eyes. The anguish of the weighted clamps has slowly built and her look beseeches me for relief.

The hour is late and the house is large and silent. The few occupants are busy with various carnal delights. There is no one to hear, see, record, relate, or speak of anything that I do. I surrender to my urges.

I slip out of my clothes and into a large fluffy bathrobe supplied by my hostess. Perhaps emboldened by the alcohol, or just allowing my curiosity to prevail, I straddle Ming and sit atop the small of her back facing to the front. The well-padded footstool absorbs my weight with minimum added discomfort to the Asian ingénue. Pushing aside the folds of the robe, the skin of my buttocks and thighs rest against her smooth warm flesh. I reach down and toy with the tormented nipples, then quickly release the clamps. As the weights fall to the floor, she screams with the agony of the blood rushing back to the most sensitive of organs. She bucks. Gyrates her hips. I find myself riding a young bull. Feeling her muscles react and contract beneath the smooth warmth of her flesh is exquisite.

Gently I pinch each nipple between thumb and forefinger. They are hot, with the circulation rushing to the small forlorn area.

You’re going to give up your secret, my sweet, I think to myself, and I once again command her to remain still.

Pausing to extend the pleasure derived from my proximity to her warmth, I eventually force myself to arise. A nearby lamp is easily adjusted to better illuminate her

stuffed backside and a small pillow from a reading chair will assist my endeavors.

I return and cruelly use the large phallus emanating from her rectum as a handle to force her buttocks and lower belly from the stool. I slide the pillow under her hips, give the phallus a firm twist as a reminder of my control and push her back to the stool. Her saucy backside is now raised and angled upwards toward the light. I resume sitting astride her lower back, this time facing toward her feet. I lean forward and push her thighs even further apart.

The patch will reveal what it so furtively covers. The lamp shines to offer an unimpeded view of the bottom of the patch and its attachment to a small ring piercing her perineum. It is thinly gauged and can easily be pried open as are the other rings closely securing the patch to the pudendum. I smile to myself. With the tip of a simple pen the rings can be spread and Ming’s gender revealed.

Ming begins to perceive my intent. She protests. I give the huge phallus another twist and my message is received. She demurs and seems to resign herself to my exploration. But I again stand. This time I move to the wall of implements and open the drawer of a dresser underneath. As expected, neatly arranged within, are an assortment of cuffs, chains, cords, hoods and other items. All very comfortable and designed for long term bondage. I select a combination of collar with wrist cuffs. I retrieve a spreader bar from the wall. Ming will soon be able to protest loudly and thrash about and it will be in vain.

It takes a minute to have her immobilized. I have observed many skilled practitioners of bondage but have little such skill of my own. The collar first, then the hands are pulled back, and with arms bent at the elbow, I secure the wrists into the cuffs. That done, the spreader bar is attached to her one ankle cuff. My lack of experience shows with the need for a second ankle cuff. But the drawer is

well stocked and Ming's free ankle is soon cuffed and her slender legs are spread. Widely.

I step back. She is helplessly bound but my evening of imbibing spirits induces me to adjust and tighten. The straps to the wrist cuffs are shortened. The bar is widened. Tears form with the forced contortion.

Now to business. My brief bag yields a pen. But I spy a more suitable device. A long neglected staple remover, tossed into the bag months before during a long research project, rattles about at the bottom. I smile with my serendipity.

Returning to Ming, I straddle and sit. The staple remover wedges open the first ring. I pull up on the phallus and my little room servant lifts her hips. Two more rings appear, left and right, a little higher on the patch. They open easily but I take time to avoid distorting their shape. Other rings pierce the outer circumference of the pubes. But I hesitate to loosen all. Much effort will be required to close them after my examination and it is already late into the evening.

I slip the patch off the bottom of the open rings and fold up the coarse cloth. Pink flesh comes to view, but related to what organ? I lift further and slip two fingers underneath. Ming shudders and tries to wriggle about, but my amateurish efforts with the bonds suffices to hold her in place. It feels like the very loose labia minora of a mature women, only there is no moisture and no vaginal opening. And then my fingers encounter the determining organ..., a very pusillanimous penis! I quickly conclude the smooth loose flesh is a scrotal sac, but where are the testicles?

I stand in shock and lift Ming by 'her' collar. Commanding "her" to remain motionless, I now perform a frontal inspection, holding up the bottom of the patch as far as it will go.

Yes. I confirm for myself that Ming is an underdeveloped boy!

On the wall is a rather impressive cane. I place Ming back on the footstool grab the ultimate instrument of pain and begin. A stroke to the right buttock. A stroke to the left. Ming screams. As much time as he has spent on the stool, I doubt if he has been the recipient of crisp strokes applied by someone with purpose. And my purpose is disclosed as his tears flow and he begs for me to relent. Ming will tell me his story. I feel betrayed, tricked, flimflammed by this gender subterfuge and the alcohol serves to heighten my resolve to learn of its origin.

With a third stroke, quickly followed by a fourth, his story is divulged in accented, in halting English, as he chokes away the pain…,

Ming was born in a Southeast Asian country controlled by the most brutal and controlling of dictators. He is a descendant of people whose remote tribal village continuously resisted the dictator's authority. After many guerilla type raids on the dictator's property, the village in final retaliation was attacked and ransacked by government troops. Every tribe member, women and children included, was captured and relocated to a compound, essentially a prison camp, where they became slaves of the dictator.

Within a few years, the dictator died and his widow assumed power. But she was probably even more cruel. It seems she was concerned with possible rife among her growing captive tribe and she issued a most interesting edict. To stifle the growth of the tribe's numbers she mandated that newborn males be rendered impotent utilizing a very simple ancient Chinese practice. In their formative years, their testicles were pushed up under the epidermis of their lower abdomen. This curtails the natural development and flow of hormones and effectively truncates development as a male.

Ming, I learn, is close to thirty years old and few of his male hormones ever flowed to enable the penis to mature. The testicles did not produce testosterone and sperm. It is

amazing to think that as a result of the gentle push of fingers at the optimum age, his gender was neutralized.

But to complete the story, the dictator's widow became sexually enthralled with many of her more effeminate appearing eunuchs. Selecting many to become her personal maids, she was known to demand extensive oral service from them. Cosmetically she took particular interest in having them appear as females, insisting they wear rouge, mascara, eyeliner, etc. They also dressed for public appearances in sordid female attire. All this further served to emasculate the psyche of the various tribe members. The knowledge that those who would have become fierce warriors were instead made to serve bound and naked in the palace of the wicked woman, kneeling between her thighs in complete servitude, was most disheartening to the tribe. The policy was not only proven to be effective for the ruler but was executed with zeal.

After a number of years, the concerns of the evil ruler diminished. She slowed with age and found she had more underdeveloped males than she could possibly abuse. And that is when Lady Constance came into the picture. With her immense wealth, she enticed the aging ruler to part with a number of her curious servants. And when the ruler was assured that their dreary lives of complete subjugation would continue, on an island thousands of miles from her territory, she promised a continuous supply.

And so I learned Ming's story. Born male, he never spent a day fulfilling a masculine role. So I ponder whether my quick conclusion that his gender has been camouflaged is correct. He is better described as genderless. And his abject masochism is also explained. He has been trained to serve and accept the whip from a very early age.

I decide to take my chances. With the possibility of incurring the wrath of Lady Constance, I stand Ming up and again pick up the staple remover. The remaining rings,

three on the right, three on the left and on the top, four across the lower abdomen, are opened.

I carefully push each ring out of the flesh. The patch falls away. Ming is completely exposed. Strangely, he is embarrassed. I laugh uncontrollably.

The smallest penis I have seen protrudes about half an inch above a hairless, empty little scrotal sac. Ming becomes flushed. For him, he has been stripped naked before a stranger, and his humiliation is apparent. I stand and watch him squirm under my gaze.

The day has been long. The flow of adrenaline wanes with the uncovering of Ming's secret. The alcohol is pushing me toward a state of repose.

In a last diabolical act, I find a hood amongst the evil items in the drawer. I push the well-restrained Ming onto the footstool and slip the hood over his head. A cord is located and I tie one end to an eye-hook on the back of the hood. The other end I loop around the huge phallus, still deeply penetrating his rectum. I pull. His head is forced back. I pull again. He arches his back. With a final tug I tie the cord tightly around the protruding rubber device.

Have a good night, Ming, I think to myself. I slumber heavily.

Chapter Thirteen

Mornings in the Caribbean are delightful. The sun shines. Birds sing. Soft breezes, neither cool nor warm, waft through my room. But when I arise and see Ming meekly struggling in his bonds, my evening of alcohol and exploration jolt me to full consciousness.

I contritely release the spreader bar and before I can untie the cord and hood, he is blindly trying to find his way to the bathroom. I order him to pause and then remove the covering, where upon he hurriedly moves to the adjoining bathroom, dragging his ankle chain along. Despite the fact that the patch no longer impedes normal urination, he squats on the toilet to relieve himself with hands submissively placed on top of his hand.

Knowing that he is without gender diminishes my bashfulness concerning my own nudity. And after he finishes his business I drag him into the shower with me and have him soap and wash my body with a soft sponge. He is very well trained.

Later as I dress, there is a knock on the door. I am wearing enough garments to answer without infringing on my modesty and Naomi steps in carrying a medical bag.

“Morning ablutions for Ming, Doctor,” she announces matter-of-factly. “And his hormone shots.”

Although he has just showered, Ming’s scheduled morning ablutions are more involved. As I finish dressing, Naomi drags Ming back into the bathroom and quickly spears his buttocks with numerous hypodermic needles. Next she sets up a rubber bag with various connecting tubes. It seems Ming receives a colonic cleansing every morning and I now understand how his backside came to be well lubricated when I inserted the phallus the day before. When Naomi notices that he is no longer covered by the patch, she giggles like a child at the sight of his tiny penis.

I depart for breakfast and hear Ming protesting as Naomi inflates the bardex enema nozzle. The rubber bag is stretched with the weight of the warm water and awaits Naomi's simple twist of a valve. I conclude Ming will be occupied for a good part of the morning. I leave, eager to see the island.

A table beside the swimming pool awaits and porter number one serves a light breakfast of Danish and fruit. His buttocks bear the tell tale stripes of some instrument of correction. The dinner party obviously progressed well into the night therefore experience tells me that Lady Constance will probably not join me. The immensely wealthy don't seem to face the morning well, and when porter number two arrives to pour more coffee, I see his backside is similarly decorated. The activities must have continued until dawn.

It is just as well that I am left on my own. After all, it is difficult to get lost on a small island and as written, I prefer to further investigate on my own. So I gulp down the dregs of my coffee and walk through the house to the porte-cochere.

There, as promised, kneels Big Fella, hitched to a small cart, hooded and blindfolded. Botana is attending to him. She is once again naked and seems to be taking great delight in laving his flesh with lotion.

"Good morning, Doctor. We're very careful to cover our ponies with sun oil. Big Fella is wonderful to work. He erects so beautifully."

Indeed he does. Botana has paid particular attention to applying the slippery lotion to his penis and scrotum. His penis ring is secured to an abdominal piercing and is as fully tumefied as his band permits. As noted, he seems to be able to avoid the pain of the teeth.

But I also notice that Botana's breasts glisten with moisture. The lascivious lass has encouraged Big Fella to service her fine young nipples, emulating Lady Constance.

The training starts early on Constancia, I think to myself. But then my eyes casually move to her mid section and similar traces left by Big Fella's mouth and tongue reflect both the sunlight and my pony's oral skills.

And I realize how well instilled are the elements of control and domination at such an early age. It is not the forced oral servitude per se that so boggles the mind, it is Botana's level of comfort with it.

The vibrant native girl spends a few moments explaining rudimentary cart skills. Unlike the chariot, the rider sits in a single seat behind the pony. The configuration reminds me of a rickshaw except the pull poles are attached to the pony's waist belt instead of being held in his hands. A nasty single strand whip stands at the ready. Hopefully, I will not need it. After my evening with Ming, I am frightened by my own diabolism, howsoever induced by drink.

Botana removes Big Fella's blindfold. He stands without command and I verbally express my intention to visit the village. Ostensibly spoken to Botana, Big Fella understands my desired destination and without need for tugs on the reins or snaps of the whip, he leans into his harness and the cart rolls. I am grateful for his experience. I surmise that a younger pony would continue kneeling and be the recipient of numerous crisp and painful strokes before my intentions were forcibly perceived.

And it is such a beautiful morning for an excursion. Thankfully, I can sit back and enjoy the scenery as Big Fella seems determined to work himself into a lather.

I hold the reins in order to appear experienced and so they don't tangle in Big Fella's feet. But otherwise Big Fella is controlling speed and direction. Down the hill, right turn onto the main road and he pours on the speed. The cart is lighter than the chariot and with one passenger it appears that we are moving as quickly as Lady Constance's vehicle, though I would dare not mention that.

As we move, I reflect on last night's dinner and my subsequent actions with Ming. Over my many years of studying, writing about, observing D/s relationships and activities, I had never before participated. Research has always been my objective and as the morning sun illuminates the beautiful tropical greenery there too seems be something enlightened in my mind. Under the guise of satisfying my curiosity, I tormented and humiliated Ming. I rationalize. I did nothing that one of Lady Constance's other guests would not do, I convince myself. And certainly Ming has experienced worse, I think. But through my tabooed involvement, I have to face more than just breaking the unwritten rule of research psychologists. I have to confront the fact that I thoroughly enjoyed myself!

Big Fella begins to perspire. Although the morning air is relatively cool, the sun is intense and I estimate he has run at least a mile at a three-quarter pace.

Is it my thoughts about Ming? Big Fella's powerful naked buttocks straining just inches away? Perhaps the incredibly long scrotum encasing the huge eggs?

The proximity of the whip also has a bearing. It rests within easy reach its in cylindrical holder. And again I have those thoughts. No one will hear, see, record, relate, speak of, anything that I do on Constancia Island. The well-enforced rule of complete silence for the ponies comes to mind. And again I surrender. My hand grasps the handle and the thin, single strand of leather limply hangs over Big Fella's back. I flick my wrist. The leather cracks in the air. This time, without the influence of alcohol, my urges again prevail.

I extend my arm to the side as I watched Lady Constance do so many times during yesterday's journey. I flick my wrist again, this time emulating a tennis stroke. The business end of the whip lashes sideways, unfurls, and snaps to the front of Big Fella. It appears that I missed the targeted right nipple. But as I try the left side, the cart

begins to accelerate. My backhand attempt does indeed find the sensitive pink areola and the cart lurches, possibly more in surprise that a dilettante rider would use the whip so prodigiously than the actual pain.

For some reason I begin to smile but inexplicably suppress it. My subconscious will not allow me to fully exhibit the sensation of power and the resulting heady feeling. But I find my hand guiding the whip lower and two more snaps, right and left, find Big Fella's impressive erection.

Top speed is achieved and I sit back and enjoy the scenery..., and the power. Lady Constance's offer of employment comes to mind and I begin to ruminate. I have spent many cold winters in New York and whereas there is much subject matter for my research in the form of BDSM clubs, bars, even restaurants, my maturity is beginning to inhibit the social interaction, which was considered to be so beneficial when first moving there. And I have found the age factor to be a two way street. The very age group, which seems reluctant to socialize with persons of my age is the same which I now find puerile and boring.

The road divides and Big Fella guides the cart to the left. After another mile, we undertake a long curve to the right, and my concentration is broken by a sign indicating that we are entering the village area. The word "SLOW" is boldly printed in red and while reading it, one's mind can simultaneously hear Lady Constance barking the command.

My assumption that Big Fella will be self-motivated in escorting me around the island is rather flawed. I suppose with the painful nips to his penis, discretion tells him to keep running despite the warning sign. Thus I find that to slow the cart a firm hand is needed on the scrotal cords, otherwise my steed would traverse the village at full speed.

We slow to a walk, enter a straight section of road and I am shocked with the size and activity greeting me. Our pathway widens and lining both sides are quaint grass

roofed huts. On first impression, one would conclude that an ancient African village has been transported to the middle of the Caribbean. But strong concrete walls peek through the flourishing flora and wires for either electricity or telephone, or possibly both, are looped from hut to hut. The village is on a bluff overlooking the ocean. The huts to my left step down from the road, affording passersby an unimpeded view of the blue expanse of water. The huts on my right are perched higher, thereby sharing in the magnificent view. In front of many of the homes are pony carts, some similar to mine, others are larger and configured for two ponies. There are also the heavy vehicles seen on the farm.

Some of the carts are hitched with human ponies, blindfolded and docilely kneeling. Others stand at the ready but sans human beast. There are women milling about in the various yards, gardening, hanging laundry, and talking to neighbors. As we roll by, some casually wave, indicating that a visitor traversing the area is not an unknown occurrence. I recall, during conversations in New York with acquaintances of Lady Constance, references to annual soirees to Constancia, indicating that there are times when the island has many guests.

After passing many homes we reach a square. Off to the left a steeply graded road heads down toward the ocean, presumably weaving its way through the bluff and ending at the water. Straight ahead, on the opposite side of the square, our pathway continues. More thatch-roofed homes can be seen bordering the wide path in a similar configuration.

In the middle of the square there are numerous pairs of vertical wooden posts. To the right, the road leads to a large parking area in front of a three story Victorian style building with an enormous porch. Big Fella rolls the cart toward a split rail fence fronting the building. There, numerous carts are parked with pony boys hitched to the

fence. On the porch are native women and some men talking over coffee and breakfast. They wave and greet me, apparently alerted to the potential of my wanderings.

I return the greetings and ask for help. A middle aged native woman steps off the porch and before I can speak again seems to anticipate my needs. She takes the reins and ties them to the fence. Next she releases Big Fella's Prince Albert piercing, slaps down his erection and gently blows into his ear. Amazingly, his flow instantly begins and she tenderly holds his penis while directing his excretion away from his feet.

I retrieve the water bottle and blindfold and step out. The woman kindly encircles Big Fella's head with the cloth and pushes down on his shoulders. Big Fella kneels in response and the woman shows me where to insert the plastic straw around the bit. I spend a few moments watering my steed. He gulps greedily.

"Water is very important. You'll find that a pony is much more eager to run for you with a full bladder," she advises.

She reattaches Big Fella's penis ring and laughs softly.

"He's a big one. Years ago, Lady Constance was rarely seen without him. Now he spends most of his time in pasture, so it's nice to see him again."

She gives his testicles a gentle pat and we move to the porch. There I am introduced to a half dozen Bagandan women. All are very experienced, mainly working the males in the valley. I learn that the Victorian building serves as a community center for the village. A combination of restaurant, post office, general store, there is also a bar area where I am told many Bagandans socialize on given evenings.

I spend over an hour imbibing coffee and partaking in delicious fresh fruit. I learn much about life on Constancia. Lady Constance has apparently forewarned all concerning my research endeavors and everyone is candid concerning what, for most, would be considered an unusual life style.

There are few Bagandan men on the island. Over the years most have chosen to return to their roots in Africa. Those that remain work as fishermen. I am told the road opposite our building leads down to a small wharf where the men work the boats. Depending on the season and the tides, there are periods of time when the fishermen are gone from well before dawn until dusk.

Every adult Bagandan woman is afforded a pony, and as indicated, to be pierced, stretched and trained as desired. Other than walking, the only other method of transportation on Constancia is by pony cart. And ownership rights to a human form of conveyance dates back to Lady Constancia's great grandmother. When she recruited the Bagandan ancestors, ownership was a promise made and kept over the generations by all the Esterhoven family members.

The cost must be staggering, I think to myself. Including the Bagandan women and their ponies, Lady Constance is financially supporting what must be over a hundred people. I counted close to twenty ponies in Lady Constance's stable alone!

Undertaking the cost is indicative of her commitment to the female dominant life style. When it comes to manifesting her dominance, Lady Constance knows no limits. Yesterday's visit to the medical facility is recalled. Millions of dollars in equipment purchased with a well trained, full time staff employed. And all so that Lady Constance can most comfortably and thoroughly subjugate the male.

While I converse, a stern looking woman approaches the square. Her right index finger is hooked through the nose ring of a young male donning the wooden stock of a farm beast. I feign listening to one woman sitting around the table describe the abundant fishing found around Constancia. But in fact I intently watch the woman in the square.

She leads the male to a pair of the vertical poles. There she lifts her finger and the nose ring forcing the naked young lad to his toes between two poles. Each end of the wooden stock is attached to a pole and she steps away and calmly surveys her captive. He stands between the poles with his neck entrapped by the two long wooden blocks as are his wrists, leaving his arms helplessly hanging well apart, hands pointed skyward. After a minute she reaches into her pocket, bends and secures cloth straps around each ankle. She diddles his penis, gently pats his testicles and coats the scrotal flesh with a substance from a small jar.

The young male wriggles about, but quite gingerly since he stands on toes. Satisfied that he is well secured, the woman lifts his left foot just off the soil, ties a cord to the ankle cuff, then hooks it to the rivets piercing the bottom of his scrotum. This forces the yoked beast to stand on the toes of one foot while keeping the other suspended in the air to relieve the cord of the tension on his scrotal sac.

The woman steps back again, smiles with satisfaction and joins us on the porch.

Greetings are exchanged and I am introduced to Conida, a supervisor on the farm. I inquire about her actions.

“A rather belligerent one, this lad. A little slow to respond. And he needs to be stretched. We kill two birds with one stone. As his leg tires over time, the cord will stretch his sac. In a while I’ll switch ankles. He’ll be most eager to work for me tomorrow.”

Conida laughs and steps into the building for coffee. Another woman joins in the explanation.

“The cord is elastic. If he so chooses, he can lower his foot and accept the stretching. Or he can keep his foot in the air. Either way, the torment slowly builds. As Conida says, she’ll have a very obedient cart oxen tomorrow. Just a few hours yoked and standing in the sun slowly erodes the

resistance. But when combined with a little stretching, the results are more than acceptable."

More discussion follows concerning life on Constancia. The men leave before I can interview them, but the half dozen women are most comfortable talking and sipping coffee while watching the lad in the square. After some twenty minutes, Conida returns to her captive, releases his left foot and then secures his right in a similar manner.

Meanwhile my benefactor suggests Big Fella should be watered again. I smile in agreement and join my steed, who has been idly kneeling for a good portion of the morning. This time I empty the bottle into his mouth and bring it back to the porch with me. A kindly woman refills it and more discussion ensues. Conida returns to the porch.

"This one is rather stubborn. He just cannot bring himself to submit his will. He may be spending much time in the square. We can use more weekend regulars."

Conida's tone is mirthful and the other women laugh with her comment. It seems that breaking Caucasian males is a form of entertainment in the Village. I count six pairs of poles and envision many tormented beasts standing naked in the heat, perspiration reflecting the hot Caribbean sun, while the island's female population sits and watches the amusement. Young and obstinate, their resistance becomes a form of entertainment. Since their fate is to be pierced and stretched in a manner conducive to their keeper, the reasoning seems to be that it be done in manner which benefits all, which is to turn the process into a public display.

I have much more to see on my tour and am expected back at Estovia for a late lunch. Otherwise, I would prefer to spend more time with the amazing collection of Bagandan women. I offer my farewells. Conida walks with me to Big Fella and ensures that his manhood is in a suitable state of tumescence. She then returns to her human oxen. While removing Big Fella's blindfold, I can see

she is talking and the young male seems to be attempting to shake his head in defiance. I seat myself, flick the whip and the cart rolls. As we round the square, Conida finds another cord in her pocket. Turning onto the road, I look back to see that she is securing both feet to the scrotal rivets.

Whatever exchange took place between the callous supervisor and the belligerent male, it was apparently not to her satisfaction. As cart, steed and passenger roll by the remaining village huts, I watch as the recalcitrant male hangs by his yoke with both feet suspended off the soil. I wonder how long he can remain before his tired muscles begin the slow process of stretching the pink sac to a length of his supervisor's satisfaction.

The last hut passes by and the road begins to slowly turn to the right. I flick to the penis. Big Fella accelerates and the cooling breeze created by the rapid action of his powerful legs is welcomed.

Within minutes we reach an intersection. Joining the main road from our left is a heavy cart loaded with melons. A yoked human oxen endeavors to pull it. Riding on his back, in a manner I observed the previous day, is a young teenaged native girl. Naked, as seems to be the required state of undress for all young Bagandan girls, she smiles, waves then gently kicks her legs. I pull on the scrotal cords. Big Fella immediately slows to a stop. The girl kicks again and the cart moves somewhat faster, turns onto the main road and passes us, proceeding toward the village.

I look down to see that the naked, smiling girl is wearing spurs around her ankles and the gentle motion of her legs causes nasty burrs to prick the penis and testicles of her human oxen. With the combined weight of the melons and the rather mature teenage girl, the beast strains, pushing into the yoke which is attached to horizontal poles emanating from the front of the cart. I continue to pause and watch her work the young male. The road back to the

village is fairly level thus there are no hills to negotiate. And basic physics tell me that only moderate force is required to roll the cart. But it is the process of extracting every ounce of strength from the oxen that seems to motivate the Bagandan girl. It appears that no effort will be considered sufficient as the muscles of the buttocks curl and strain under the girl's prodding. Much sweat will be expended and torment borne, I think to myself, and as such notions cross my cerebrum the girl leans forward, reaches under the restrained arms, and pinches both nipples. The large beast awkwardly stutter steps and leans into the yoke with renewed efforts.

Big Fella seems to read my mind. My whip snaps and as I pull the reins left toward the side road, he is already pulling the cart in that direction.

The rutted path is indicative of much wear not only by way of frequency but also through the weight of heavily laden carts. Big Fella seems to pull with enthusiasm and through the surrounding vegetation I can see ahead a large clearing. It is the valley and farm that Lady Constance and I had over looked yesterday.

Our cart rolls into the sunlight, and the unusual scene of Lady Constance's farm once again unfolds. Big Fella slows his pace as the road divides into several narrow paths, each leading to different sections of the well-organized plots. Signs with directional arrows indicate that many types of vegetables are grown along with melons, pineapple, bananas and citrus. The soil must be incredibly rich and I marvel with the thought that the late Baron must have imported much of it. I cannot recall any coral Caribbean island with enough nourishing topsoil to cultivate such a wide variety of plants. Such variety results in a continuous need for the labor of the male beasts. As some crops are being planted with the need for the plow, others are growing, and still others need to be harvested. Thus there is no rest for Lady Constance's collection of young, one-

time pugnacious males. Every day they're worked under the relentless supervision and authority of the Bagandan women. Resistance earns time in the village-square. Obedience earns the right to be fed and worked again. Perhaps, just perhaps, abject subservience earns the touch of a kind hand on the forcibly chastened male appendage, and with it the subtle feelings of the twinges and tingles of limited tumescence, while lustfully viewing the young feminine flesh of the Bagandan daughters. Or possibly while glimpsing at the magnificent breasts of the regal owner of both body and soul, Lady Constance, as she whisks by in her chariot whipping her team into full erection.

I ponder if aberrant youths in Europe considering a career crime would ever stray if they were fully aware of the potential consequences. That just one deviant act can earn them a hearing before a judge who, due to carnal and financial ties to the clinic, is sure to favor the "leniency" of 'rehabilitation' over the harshness of incarceration. And that depending on the physical size of their penis and their latent psychological desire to serve, they may forever be consigned to a life of submission to dominant women.

Pray for the propensity to serve, young criminal, I think to myself. Otherwise you end up tightly banded, yoked, and worked in fields by the likes of the Bagandan women. Or laboring under the penetrating rubber phallus of a woman such as Salina.

Big Fella turns to the left and walks briskly as I meditate the fate of the young males. Ahead within the confines of a high fence is a simple shed aside an adjoining field. Numerous naked males strut about in the enclosure. They are naked. Each wears a hood and a leather waist belt with wrists cuffed to the side of the belt. A young Bagandan woman sits in the cool shade of the shed. She wears a sarong as with the other women except it is shorter and tighter around her torso, serving to highlight firm, well-

proportioned breasts. Big Fella pulls our cart through an open gate toward the shed. She smiles as we approach.

I dismount and the girl steps out from under the shed.

“Hello, Big Fella.”

If my steed had a tail it would be wagging in response. There is obviously some level of admiration between the two.

I introduce myself. She seems to be expecting me.

“My name is Katrina, Doctor. Motamba suggested you may be touring our island.”

As she speaks, Katrina releases Big Fella’s penis and gently holds it. With the obligatory blow into his ear, his flow streams to the ground. I step to the front with the water bottle.

Our conversation is pleasant and I learn she is in charge of the pasture, where retired and semi-retired ponies and farm beasts graze.

“Big Fella spends most of his time here,” explains Katrina. “We keep them all watered and fed…, and I’ll run them daily. Big Fella loves to prance and dodge the sting of the whip.”

She smiles to emphasize her last comment, and nods toward a very long, single tailed whip, looped and hanging from one of the structural supports for the shed. It brings to mind an interview I had with an infamous professional dominatrix in New York. She was renowned for her skills with the single tail and certain deviant New York women paid handsomely to watch her ply her craft. The crack of the thin tip of such an instrument, as it breaks the sound barrier, can be frightening. And the potential damage to the flesh is equally disconcerting. Thus, a skilled whipmistress is one who is able to flail without breaking the skin. Just the relative proximity of a well executed stroke results in a signal sent to the cortex that has been described as an overwhelming burst of pain, instantly breaking any

resistance or stubbornness and turning the most virile of males to groveling supplicants.

I scan the field as we speak. In a far corner a very large pony stands, feet apart while another male kneels before him, licks his genitals and then takes the engorged penis into his mouth.

“The males here become rather homoerotic over time, Doctor. The oral servicing you’re witnessing is harmless. As you know there is no ultimate gratification permitted on Constancia. Therefore they seek pleasure from whatever source is available. But it just serves to increase the frustration in the long run. The bands prohibit ejaculation, as you know.

“It’s interesting to observe how a hierarchy develops. Big Fella here gets licked and sucked the most.”

I water Big Fella as Katrina speaks. There is a worn path circling the inside perimeter of the sizable pasture. It is fascinating to envision this pleasant young woman standing in the middle of the grassy clearing, flicking the long whip as she runs the herd of mature pony boys. In the near distance a moderate sized male approaches. Katrina smiles.

“This one recently joined us. He mistook retirement for laziness.”

He trots toward the shed and positions himself kneeling over a trench. Katrina excuses herself and moves to stand behind him. There is a considerable welt on his right buttock, obviously earned by his reported laziness.

Katrina leans over his shoulder and whispers. Her left hand toys with a nipple. Her right dutifully holds his penis while his bladder empties into the trench.

So this is where Lady Constance’s loyal ponies end their service. Calmly sauntering about an empty field, frustratingly attempting to achieve the impossible orgasm. The days must pass very slowly and I wonder if any pine for the harness, the feel of pores opening while running in earnest, the sting of their own sweat trickling over

excoriated flesh, the unexplainable feeling of accomplishment in performing naked and bound for a demanding woman with a whip.

Remembering Conida's advice I ask Katrina for a refill of my water bottle. She graciously dips it into a large tub of water.

"That one labored on the farm for seven years. Wearing only the leather belt is quite a relief for him. You should see the reaction of the farm beasts when the yoke is removed for good. Like letting a puppy out of a cage."

Katrina laughs and returns with the bottle. I squeeze another pint into Big Fella's mouth. Her reference to a yoke reminds me that I want to visit the blacksmith shop.

We converse more but my thoughts are to return to this pasture sometime while she works her charges. It must be quite the sight, a young native girl herding and running some two dozen naked males in the large circle, snapping the whip. When I inquire, she suggests that they're run in the heat of the day.

"I like to work them into a good sweat," she comments.

With that, I bid adieu and refer to the blacksmith shop as I step into the cart. Katrina replies as she graciously diddles my steed. She seems to very much enjoy bringing Big Fella to erection.

"The shop is off the main road, Big Fella will find it."

Once again I am grateful to have such an experienced and docile pony boy. He turns the cart without need for tugs on the reins and instantly accelerates. He also seems to realize that I am expected to return to Estovia for lunch and the position of the sun indicates it is approaching noon.

With my thoughts concerning the single tail, I cannot resist grasping the small pony whip and snapping away. There is something oddly gratifying about feeling the cart lurch with each stroke to the penis…

My amazing steed negotiates the turn back onto the main road without any noticeable decrease in speed. For

amusement I apply strokes to the incredibly long scrotum as we come to a straight and level section of road. Big Fella's breathing becomes deep and steady. He realizes I want his best effort and welcomes the challenge and I wonder... also the whip? Each stroke appears to strengthen his resolve and the scrotal sac beckons. Within some ten minutes a small sign indicates the road to the blacksmith veers off to the right. Big Fella must slow the cart to negotiate this one. We turn onto a smaller road. A steep incline affords another opportunity for the whip and I find myself feverishly snapping the leather accordingly. Big Fella keeps the cart rolling nicely and when we reach the top, a simple cinder block building comes into view.

A massive native stands in front. He is not only tall but very heavily set. In one hand is a hammer. In the other is part of a metal yoke. Before him is an anvil and the scene is rather anachronistic as he smashes the hammer with impressive force onto the yoke. With the blow the chest and arm muscles contract. He has the pectorals of a circus strong man and as Big Fella draws closer, his lack of clothing becomes evident. When he drops the hammer and yoke and steps out from behind the anvil to greet me, legs the size of tree trunks come into view. He wears a loin cloth, his only covering.

Jambo the blacksmith introduces himself. One of the few Bagandan males participating in Lady Constance's escapades, Jambo is approaching middle age and has lived on Constancia all his life.

Jambo explains he is making a yoke. It seems measurements from Dr. Reinhold are quite accurate in molding the basic implement, but additional forging not only smoothes rough edges but also adds an element of strength.

He continues hammering away as we converse. I inquire about his status, relative happiness, relationship with Lady Constance and other residents of the island, generally

adding grist for my writing mill. He speaks freely and with a long arching blow of finality, strikes the yoke, puts down the hammer and picks up the five-foot long strip of metal. Three semi circular indentations have been carved out of what is otherwise a rectangular bar of metal. There is one large indentation in the middle to accommodate the neck. Two smaller ones have been carved into the very end. The wearer will have his hands secured well out to the side, I conclude. And I recall such is Lady Constance's recommendation for the Danish lad.

So each bearer of the yoke withstands a varying degree of frustration, depending on where, in relation to his head, his wrists are secured. Obviously those with hands widely separated endure a much higher level of torment, with the unyielding stretching of various tendons and ligaments, than those with a closer entrapment to the head. And this particular yoke which Jambo appears to be just finishing will serve to hold the wrists as far out to the side as possible.

I water Big Fella and Jambo motions me to follow him into the building. The interior is very hot due to the presence of equipment used to melt and bend steel. Kneeling before a low workbench, is the Danish lad. Although he is still healing from his banding, the process for making a permanent steel yoke has begun.

With ankles, thighs and waist strapped to the bench, the lad's neck lies on top of the front half of the yoke in a corresponding semi-circular indentation. His arms are stretched well out and both wrists rest in smaller indentations. Jambo carries the back half and his huge arms strain somewhat when he lifts it and gently places it over the Danish youngster's neck and wrists. It fits perfectly and the seam running the length of the two bars is indiscernible.

"When he is ready for the power plant, some simple spot welds will hold the yoke together. Some day he may be

freed of it. But that day will not be one of his choosing…”

Jambo walks around the work bench inspecting the finished product. I glance about the interior of the building. In addition to the metal working equipment and tools, there are large blocks of wood and some wooden yokes. The multi-talented Jambo also fabricates yokes for the more mobile farm beasts. I suspect Lady Constance keeps him quite busy.

“Time to test its effectiveness,” announces Jambo with a devious smile.

The massive native releases the straps securing the lad’s waist, thighs and ankles. Utilizing two fingers of his right hand, he gruffly scoops up a large dollop of grease normally used in lubricating the machinery.

“These new arrivals are nice and tight,” Jambo observes. His fingers smear the slippery brownish glob between the Danish lad’s cheeks. The helpless male twists against the heavy yoke when Jambo’s fingers find the anus then penetrate and lubricate.

“You see how well the yoke is working? Over time he may develop enough strength to lift himself. But this morning, he’ll just have to lie and take it.”

As I suspected would happen, Jambo’s loincloth easily slides to the floor with a simple motion of his left hand. He then stands between the kneeling lad’s legs and licks apart his ankles.

“There are two ways to take it, boy. Open yourself up to Jambo and ride with ‘Fat Stick’ or fight the yoke. Either way, I take my pleasure. The question is how much discomfort you will feel.”

Jambo’s ‘Fat Stick’ begins to rise, possibly with the thought of penetrating the blond youth’s tight aperture, possibly with the sight of the squirming, pink flesh, probably due to both.

Jambo laughs, toys with his penis to apply the remnants of the lubricant, then grasps the testicles of his captive.

“When Lady Constance was young, she used to insist on watching me open up her more truculent acquisitions. ‘Slow and deep’, she used to admonish. ‘Make it memorable.’”

Jambo steps forward as he speaks. His massive hands slip under the lad’s hips and lifts. His erection is huge and raging.

“They never forget Jambo.”

He laughs sardonically with his observation, presses the rock hard tip of his turgid penis to the entrance of the back passage and thrusts. His captive shouts in his foreign tongue. Jambo withdraws and thrusts deeper. He then releases his hands. Incredibly, the Danish supplicant’s lower torso, hips and legs are held off the floor, impaled on Jambo’s ‘Fat Stick’. The weight of the yoke holds the head, arms and shoulders on the table.

“I’ll give him a good welcome to Constancia. You will find Salina’s toys to be a most welcome diversion, boy. Yes, in time you’ll be begging to have your backside worked open and stuffed.”

While speaking, Jambo rocks his hips, thrusts deeply, pulls back, rocks more. He is an accomplished sodomite of the young male backside, I conclude. And a relentless one.

After several thrusts he pauses and jiggles his hips up and down to demonstrate his power. In response, the naked body of the Danish lad shakes like a rag doll.

“I have a theory Doctor, that the male backside is naturally tighter then the female. It’s the spacing between the hips, I think. The male anatomy is not designed to bear children…”

The thought hangs as he resumes his efforts along with the sound of protests. After several more minutes he pushes forward and grunts, obviously climaxing deep into the tight, once virginal opening.

When he steps back, ‘Fat Stick’ emerges into the room light with a plopping noise. The lad’s hips hit the table with

a plunk.

“Yes. Nice and tight. You’ll be back for the final fitting, boy. Then you’ll have a taste of ‘Fat Stick’. If you’re good I just may let you swallow.”

Jambo laughs again. I cannot help but look at ‘Fat Stick’ coated with the brown lubricant yet still stiff and menacing. I have seen longer, but rarely larger in diameter. It is no wonder that Lady Constance has chosen Jambo to properly open up her acquisitions. It is quite the introduction to anal sodomy.

Luncheon awaits. I excuse myself as Jambo lifts the top portion of the yoke freeing the Danish lad from the table. He laughs watching the lad try to walk. His rectum has been well reamed.

Big Fella is waiting. He seems to know the time and our schedule, for when I sit he instantly turns the cart to the down slope toward the main road.

The stretch to the turnoff for Estovia is a little over a mile and my steed sprints the entire distance. I cannot resist utilizing the whip. Oddly, my introspection concerning participation in D/s activities has waned somewhat.

Big Fella puts on quite the show with the final approach to Estovia. There is no way to determine whether it is pride or fear of reprisal from either Botana or Lady Constance, but the last few hundred yards he draws the cart at an unsustainable velocity. With the coolness of the morning having dissipated, rivulets of sweat stream to various extremities where they are flung to the ground with animated movements of his legs and buttocks. I pull on the scrotal cords and see Botana by the front door watching with a smile of pride. She holds in her hand an enormous butt plug.

Chapter Fourteen

Lunch is much less eventful than yesterday. Again served by the pool, the two porters serve in their usual clumsy yet effective manner. Lady Constance sips mimosas. Topless, she wears nothing but a string Bikini bottom. Lying under the table is Ling, the Asian who serviced her the prior evening. Lady Constance treats Ling like a pet cat or dog, occasionally offering a morsel of food from her plate. Otherwise the naked ingénue busies 'herself' licking Lady Constance's feet in a most humble and groveling way, glancing upwards for approval and encouragement.

"Naomi tells me you uncovered Ming's secret," Lady Constance comments, smilingly with her own pun.

I demur until I can determine Lady Constance's level of concern or annoyance.

"You're not the first guest to let curiosity trump their tact, Doctor. Others have not been so careful in removing the patch. But it's easily replaced. The covering is intended to discourage Ming's thoughts concerning gender. Androgynous thinking enhances her penchant for servicing male or female, which she does rather well."

She pauses and lowers her hand. Ling lifts her head and with a shockingly long tongue scoops a crumb of bread from Lady Constance's palm.

"Like every other muscle, the tongue can be exercised and strengthened," Lady Constance offers with a gleam.

Ling swallows and attentively returns to the obeisant servicing of her mistress's foot.

Over the next few minutes we speak about the offer of employment. Somehow she knows I am intrigued. Did my injudicious actions with Ming give me away? In hindsight I should have kept my exploration covert by replacing the patch, but Naomi's morning visit was unexpected and deprived me of the opportunity.

"My Asian friend has promised me four 'Mings' per year. Not all are kept here on Constancia. There's my English

estate. My ranch in Canada. The Riviera chateau. But another is scheduled to arrive here before I return to New York next month. She could be specifically trained for your needs…”

More food for thought. Again I demur and Lady Constance knows to remain silent and not over emphasize her point. The morning jaunt with Big Fella was strangely fulfilling and I wonder if she discreetly watched from the house as I liberally applied the whip during the final sprint to the porte-cochere.

We finish lunch in silence. When porter number two pours coffee, Lady Constance resumes.

“I am due at the yacht. An April trip to the Philippines needs to be planned. Stay and finish your coffee.

“Botana is going to the medical building to look over her new pony but Sumani will have Big Fella ready for your needs. Take a leisurely drive to the eastern end. Not much there except Dr. Reinhold’s house. You may find the seclusion to be enjoyable…”

Her suggestion remains suspended as she playfully pinches Ling’s right nipple then stands. As she departs, watching her well-developed buttocks sashay across the deck cannot be helped. The combination of beauty, power and indisputable authority is rarely found, I think to myself, particularly in someone so relatively young.

Motamba steps from the door of the house. She signals to Ling who meekly stands and walks toward her. Motamba holds in one hand an obscenely large rubber phallus and in the other an object I’ve seen described as a tongue clamp. The two disappear into the house. I finish my coffee and leave.

Chapter Fifteen

I return to my room to change to lighter clothing. Ming is not to be seen until I open the closet door. There ‘she’ kneels in her obsequious pose, head bowed with upturned palms on well spread thighs. I wonder if she hears me enter the room then assumes the trained position of acquiescence. It is difficult to otherwise comprehend how she can maintain such an unusual position on the hard wood floor.

I just nod and wordlessly close the door. Something brings a smile to my face. Is it knowing that Ming along with the footstool and cane await my return? That after a glorious day of riding in the sun, I will be decadently sipping Champagne while the genderless, hairless, naked form squirms about on the smooth leather hassock?

My own thoughts begin to concern me as I proceed to the porte-cochere.

I catch a glimpse of Lady Constance whipping her chariot team as she disappears on the drive to the main road. But Big Fella and my cart are not to be seen. I conclude that Sumani has been occupied tacking my hostess’s chariot, therefore I stroll down the hill to the stables.

When I turn to round the corner of the building I spy my cart. A few feet further kneels Big Fella. His leather collar is hitched to a fence. He is wet and blindfolded. Sumani stands beside him vigorously massaging his testicles with her left hand. Her right is between his spread thighs evidently giving his perineum an equally aggressive rub. The end of the rubber plug can be seen between his buttocks.

“Good afternoon, Doctor. A sponge bath and a little prostate massage for Big Fella. He’s a delight to work and he secretes so nicely! I’ll have him hitched in a few minutes.”

Continuing to approach, I step to the front. Sumani has Big Fella at full blossom. His penis band is barely discernible under the large purple head. And the prostatic fluid does indeed ooze abundantly, glistening in the sunlight as it rolls down the length of the long stiff shaft. One cannot help smiling at the sight…, the knowledgeable hands of the native Sumani playing Big Fella's organs. It is like watching a skilled artist sculpt a statue, the precision and timing of the movements developed over years of training and experience. And all designed and intended to build the mental frustration of the male beast while relieving the physical accumulation of hormones.

I watch with interest noting that Big Fella knows to remain perfectly still and accept what little gratification he is allowed. His years tell him that ejaculation will not be permitted, that over excitement will result in encroachment of the dreaded and painful teeth of the band, but that the subtle hormonal release will provide him some degree of comfort.

"Lady Constance indicated that you're not going very far. You may wish to just keep him plugged. It will inhibit running but the resulting erection is fascinating to view."

Sumani releases Big Fella's neck-collar as she speaks. The blindfolded giant docilely stands and follows the tugs of her fingers on the collar. He is indeed incredibly erect. And it is the first time I am afforded a close frontal view of a tumefied pony while he moves about. It is a most sordid scene. When combined with the realization that he moves only under the direction of the controlling female, I have the insatiable urge to photograph the interaction of trainer and beast for my D/s archives.

Yes. I will leave him plugged. Running him under the whip was enjoyable. But I am curious concerning his performance while impaled with the large rubber implement.

Various sounds emanating from the stable draw my attention. Sumani notices my interest.

“It’s the treadmills, Doctor. The ponies are exercised every day whether it be in harness or on the apparatus.”

Sumani busies herself securing the reins and straps so I utilize the time to investigate. Entering the stable and proceeding to the far end, I can see a large area filled with the machines. Three young native girls are supervising, in a naked state of course. They brandish nasty quirts similar to those used on the chariots and carts. Sightless ponies, all wearing the training hood, are being worked, each with neck collar and wrists secured behind the back. Some half dozen treadmills are humming, three appear to be at top speed.

The girls are most demanding. Young hands steadily increase the speed of the slower treadmills, and the blinded human ponies are intrepid in their endeavors to run sightlessly. Their nipples are clamped to elastic cords connected to the front of the machine, thus any underperformance not only earns a possible snap of the vicious quirt but for certain, painful tugs on the nipple-cords.

Water is offered in abundance. The girls consistently move from machine to machine squeezing the plastic bottles into the mouths of the straining ponies. Much seems to drip down chins and chest, but some ponies, probably the more experienced ones, seem to drink more carefully, somehow sucking in most of the offered liquid.

It is difficult to determine how long each pony is run. The girls do not seem to be in a hurry and watch carefully for particular nipple cords to become taut, whereupon the attached pony receives the unwanted attention of the quirt until his performance rises to the exacting pace of the treadmill.

With the well-exercised bodies, electric machinery and the tropical sun, the temperature of the stable is most

uncomfortable. But for the ponies, I ponder whether the torturous afternoon of blindly running is preferred to idly hanging in the suspension straps.

As a psychologist, I marvel at the ingenious program established by Lady Constance. It is no wonder that the pony boys are so eager to accept the thin whip of a cart driver and run in harness. It is the only activity that pleasantly punctuates their mundane day to day existence. Other than running for Lady Constance, their daily schedule is to hang in suspension, be fed, exercised, watered and when authorized to excrete under strict supervision. They must deeply relish the opportunity to serve and, if speech were permitted, would beg daily to be run in the fresh air and sunshine.

After a few minutes, the machine is slowed to a stop. The pony's nipples are released by one young Bagandan girl, while a second leads another pony to be run. It is a well-coordinated and practiced switch with the machine quickly re-occupied. The girl leads the sweating, tired pony past me by a firm grip on his testicles. The smiling girl nods to me and directs the sizable male, who is a full head taller, to a shower area. There, he knows to kneel while the girl wets him down and begins soaping his hairless naked skin. She teases him, standing with her pudendum very close to his nostrils. The chaste male instantly picks up her scent and a pink tongue juts out in frustration. The girl allows a brief lick then steps back and moves to his side.

Over time, she thoroughly soaps and gently washes his entire body, letting him have one or two more licks and mischievously lathering his penis and scrotum with particular attention. She enjoys viewing the resulting partial tumescence.

Sumani calls out, indicating that my cart is ready. As I turn to leave the girl leads the pony, still wet, to a waiting collection of straps. His day has ended and he will hang

helplessly until feeding time. I wonder how long his erection will stand.

Chapter Sixteen

Working a plugged Big Fella is interesting. The large cone of rubber, custom milled to pressure his prostate gland, stuffs Big Fella's backside to the point where his normally smooth gait is comically stuttered. Yes, running is indeed not possible, for every few steps my intrepid steed pauses and wriggles his buttocks in a most curious fashion, evidently attempting to shift the position of the well placed implement so that it does not overly squeeze his male gland.

I have decided to visit the medical building again which is a relatively short walk. And having had my fill of the whip, observing Big Fella walk himself into an unbearable state of arousal is a most suitable alternative form of amusement.

Our journey includes a brief segment on the main road then a turn to the left. There the building comes into sight and with another turn to the left we arrive at the cul-de-sac.

I dismount. No water is deemed necessary but I cannot help but move to the front and inspect Big Fella. His erect penis is rock hard and soaked with his own pre-ejaculatory fluid. I blindfold him, push him to his knees and turn toward the building. As I walk, I wonder if he can hear me laughing. Very unprofessional, I note to myself, but my licentious reaction will remain concealed by the well enforced rule of complete pony silence.

Inside, Naomi greets me. We exchange pleasantries and I learn that Botana is introducing herself to her new pony. She points to a room down the hall indicating that my observation is welcomed.

I knock and open when Botana's young voice responds. The room is typical of medical facilities. Used for examinations, it is well-lit, with white walls, tiled floor and austere cabinets presumably filled with supplies and apparatus.

Botana's pony-boy hangs helplessly from his mobile frame. Hooded, he seems agitated and I soon learn why. Botana, dressed in a white nurse's uniform, holds in her hand a small device, which can best be described as a stapler. She has been busying herself inserting the ubiquitous rivets, which are de rigueur on the beasts of Constancia Island.

"Welcome, Doctor. My new pony!"

She speaks as an excited teenager who has just received an exotic birthday present..., and I suppose she has.

"This is Randy Boy. Look at his penis!"

Yes, Randy Boy, despite his recent banding, a Prince Albert piercing and the obvious discomfort of the riveting, is standing very nicely for his new owner. He has been aptly named. My research tells me that such a reaction is indicative of deep masochistic tendencies. He'll be very happy on Constancia, I think to myself. There will be no end of opportunities for him to indulge in his latent proclivity. His needs will be adequately fulfilled.

Randy Boy dons two sizable rivets, which Botana has pushed through the thick layers of epidermis over each hip. She returns her attention to the device, opens it and inserts small circular pieces of metal. I watch carefully with much curiosity as she closes it, grasps Randy Boy's scrotum with her left hand, and after toying with it to push the left testicle upwards, squeezes the stapler-like device over a small pinch of skin.

Randy Boy yells and spasms in his sling. Perspiration forms on his brow..., but when I peer toward his genitals, his penis seems to be even firmer.

Botana moves her left hand to the right side and repeats her action. She is both amazingly callous and insouciant in performing what for Randy Boy is both a painful and permanent alteration. I suppose the rivets could be drilled out at some later point in time, assuming Randy Boy would ever again confront normal life. But it would be even more

painful than this original penetration. After all, Botana is quick with her modifications. Removal would involve slow torment.

I spy a lone, unused rivet resting on a cabinet and pick it up for inspection. It is ‘T’ shaped. The pointed bottom is sharp yet hollow. The device in Botana’s hand evidently pushes the sharp end through the skin where it meets a cleverly designed plate that serves to spread and flatten the point into a circular surface. The result is a single, hollow shaft of metal, penetrating the skin and held in place by circular disks top and bottom.

Botana notices my interest.

“That’s for his nose. I leave it for last, since it’s the most painful.”

She lets me toy with it.

“This clever thing was invented by Dr. Reinhold’s mother. A very resourceful woman.”

Yes, of course. More evidence of the influence of the late Dr. Emily Reinhold. Long after her demise, her devious hand is felt by every pony and beast on the island.

The inside of Randy Boy’s thighs are riveted next. Obviously the flesh is not very sensitive there and his reaction is subdued.

Botana puts down the riveting device and retrieves two rings from her pocket. Milled to perfectly slip over Randy Boy’s testicles, they are not round, but instead are shaped in the identical circumference of his organs, as indicated by the magnetic scans of his anatomy. The inside diameter is directionally serrated making it possible, with some gentle pushing, to slip the ring over the gonad.

Botana toys with the scrotum. She tugs a little and whispers into Randy Boy’s ear. She brushes his nipples and coos. It appears imperative that her pony boy be relaxed. She knows from her youthful training that stress normally manifests itself in the male’s Macmaster muscles, which can actually cause the testicles to move and contract.

Finally, her adroit fingers tell her he's ready. With moderate and simultaneous pulling of the scrotum and pushing on the ring it is slipped over the gonad. She pauses, letting her new acquisition relax more, then repeats the action with the second ring.

Sharp, strong pulls test the additions. Randy Boy yelps. The serrations do not allow the rings to slide in the opposite direction. Botana steps back displaying much pride. I suppose there is some degree of symbolism to the procedure, a young Bagandan permanently adorning her pony boy with permanent restrain devices. He will be well trained, I think to myself, and soon be dexterously reacting to the tugs of the reins and snaps of the whip without pause or reflection. He will run in harness, sweat and show homage…, and he will learn to enjoy it!

I surrender the rivet I have been inspecting and Botana once more loads the device. With her left hand she pinches Randy Boy's nose and pushes it up. Quickly but carefully the septum is exposed, entrapped in the riveter and with a cruel squeeze, the final rivet penetrates that most sensitive of areas, between the nostrils. This time Randy Boy goes into a paroxysmal convulsion, but Botana is already retreating. The riveting device is instantaneous. His nose is ready for the leash.

Botana dabs away some blood but there is very little. The rivets are as intrusive as a hypodermic syringe, penetrating the flesh with a small hole then pushing aside the surrounding skin to widen the opening to accommodate cords, clasps, leashes, etc.

We converse for a few minutes, letting Randy Boy rest. When not being poked or prodded the slings and straps appear to provide a very comfortable position in which to sleep. And indeed, trauma seems to have induced some degree of lethargy in Botana's new toy. He hangs restfully.

But Botana is too ecstatic with Lady Constance's gift. Satisfied with her handiwork, she begins attaching elastic

cords to the rings and rivets. She is like a child playing with a doll, attentively attaching, tying and testing the restraints. Finally satisfied, she releases Randy Boy from the frame and slowly lowers him to the floor.

The pony boy kneels with wrists remaining cuffed behind him. He is blinded by his hood, and for the first time, he feels the tension of the newly attached cords on his scrotum. It is a seminal moment and Botana knows to pause and let the gravity of his situation sink into his subconscious. He is naked, restrained and subject to every whim his new trainer can envision. A simple act of theft, stupidly perpetrated against one of Europe's infamous dominant women, has led to the untimely end of his normal life. He will serve with his sweat and muscles at the behest of the pretty native girl for the remainder of his youth.

And I witness the beginning as Botana snaps a leash to his newly attached nose rivet.

"Come, Randy Boy," Botana softly suggests to her new charge. "Crawl for me."

The leash tightens with a slow motion of her arm. To relieve the tension, and what must be sharp pain in his nose, Randy Boy slides one knee forward. His scrotum stretches with the motion. It can easily be concluded that over the ensuing weeks, Botana will force Randy Boy to stretch his own sac with every motion of his legs and she will be amused with each step. Lady Constance will be most pleased with Botana's penchant for control.

Botana carefully and slowly leads Randy Boy out into the hallway. Naomi peers from her desk near the front door and laughs. Another pony boy has arrived and is ready to be broken. I am amazed with the new pony's docile reaction. The psychological profiling and screening appears to be most accurate. Randy Boy will soon be ready for the cart.

Chapter Seventeen

I return to Big Fella. As I approach the cart I see him squirming, wriggling his hips to give his prostate gland a self induced massage.

I remove the blindfold and he obediently stands. When I sit the cart begins to roll, slowly but without need for the whip.

It is mid-afternoon and the walk is scenic and pleasant. Back onto the main road we pass the turn off for Estovia and continue toward the cove. Big Fella steadily pulls and after a time I see, to the right and down the short road, Lady Constance's chariot with her prize team waiting on the dock.

Then as we continue onward, there is nothing. Just beautiful tropical greenery with exotic birds singing and the chirping of what must be thousands of the tree frogs so ubiquitous to the local islands. The sun all but disappears with the dense vines and trees overhead and with it the searing heat. Big Fella's steps quicken, partly to warm himself and partly to draw the cart back into the sunshine. His efforts bring laughter as the huge butt plug causes his hips to sway exaggeratedly in order to lengthen his stride.

After some twenty minutes a house comes to view on the right. It appears to be of modest size at first glance. Its low, one story silhouette initially confuses the viewer but as we slowly pass by, one realizes that it is sprawling in a positive sense and is actually rather large. Its architect designed the structure so that it blends into the terrain and I imagine Lady Constance spared no expense to have it appear as visually unobtrusive as possible.

Since the parking area is empty, I conclude that no one is present and decide to keep moving. Fresh tracks indicate that a pony cart has recently visited and I realize that it is the home of Dr. Reinhold who is most likely tending to her duties.

The road begins to slowly rise. Big Fella easily keeps up the pace and the vegetation begins to thin. The terrain turns from lush to rocky as we approach a high point. The sun returns and feels good. In another hundred yards, we reach a promontory, and a breathtaking panorama unfolds. The road ends in a small circular clearing overlooking the ocean, some hundred feet below.

It is beautiful. I step from the cart and find that the vista includes endless miles of the bright, blue Caribbean and, looking to my left and back, most of Constancia Island. Estovia is too well hidden, but many miles away, at the far end of a verdant carpet, the Victorian meeting house of the villagers arises from the dense undergrowth. The windmill also juts above the horizon, turning forcefully in the breeze.

I begin to understand Lady Constance's suggestion that I visit the area. The beauty and seclusion are overwhelming, and her offer of employment combined with the building of a personal residence are recalled.

While enjoying the view, I reflect on my actions over the past two days. Indulging, for the first time ever, in D/s endeavors, which I had previously only observed in my many years of researching, documenting, and narrating the unusual life style.

I look back to Big Fella. He stands idly awaiting my next command. I reach for the water bottle and hydrate him accordingly. As he sucks down the liquid, I peer down and see the various small welts caused by my whip hand. The small whip, when applied to areas such as the hand or arm would cause a level of pain akin to a mosquito bite. But when aggressively applied to the nipples, penis and scrotum the results are most effective. 'It focuses the mind' I recall one noted dominant woman explaining, 'with distractions such as tiredness and thirst quickly cast aside with each simple, stinging snap of a penis whip.'

Yes. How true, I think. But it is not the discovery of the truthfulness of the remarks concerning the whip that

rattles my subconscious. It is my unmitigated level of enjoyment with its use.

Big Fella begins shuffling his feet and fidgeting. In a not uncommon revelation, it occurs to me that he needs to urinate. Throughout the day various natives had performed the function of releasing his Prince Albert piercing from the abdominal ring. And now there is no one to be seen and Big Fella's bladder is full.

Another revelation. I can either touch the male penis and mercifully offer relief. Or I can cruelly ignore his needs and enjoy the spectacle as he struggles with his biological urges.

I choose the latter, and again lapse into self-analysis. The water bottle is put aside. I sit on a nearby rock and simultaneously enjoy the view and Big Fella's dance of discomfort. I begin to better understand the advice of the Bagandan woman in the village that ponies run better with a full bladder. But my thoughts turn to bigger issues.

My paper needs work in order to meet the strict standards of the American Society for Behavior Modification. I know that in the quiet of my room, where I would normally be able to efficiently assemble and edit reams of notes, lurks Ming. 'Her' backside beckons the cane just as Big Fella's phallus invites the thin whip. My employer, the university, will expect meaningful results from my sabbatical. Many professors have made the mistake of treating the time away from lecturing as a vacation, only to find a demotion or a pink slip awaiting their return.

The offer of Lady Constance lingers more strongly in my mind.

Time passes quickly when so deep in thought. I return to the cart realizing that the light will soon be fading. An eager Big Fella turns and begins walking as quickly as his plug allows. The cart rolls easily down the slope and back into the deep lushness.

When we reach the Reinhold house, the Doctor is just arriving in a pony cart. She wears her white medical uniform and is returning home after a day's work. She waves and signals me to stop. I tug on the scrotal cords though Big Fella is already following her intentions.

"Come in and see the house, Doctor."

Normally there would be time but my pony, in effect hobbled by the butt plug, will not return me to Estovia before dark. I explain my situation and Dr. Reinhold just laughs.

"I'll remove it before he leaves. Water him down and step inside."

I push the narrow straw of the bottle into his mouth. He fidgets and twists his head. With his bladder full, he resists more water. The perceptive Dr. Reinhold will not let the slightest degree of recalcitrance go unnoticed.

"Well, we can easily deal with that."

The mendacious Doctor produces a thin strip of rubber. It's some six inches long, not more than a quarter inch in diameter, and the surface is covered with bumps, ridges and furrows. One end is flanged and as she waves it about I notice that, although somewhat flexible, it is relatively stiff, requiring some degree of effort to bend it.

"A penal agitator. Another interesting device developed by my mother. I think you'll find Big Fella will display more obeisance after a time."

The Doctor grasps Big Fella's stiff manhood, releases it from the Prince Albert piercing then unmercifully pulls it straight down. Big Fella yelps pitifully. He seems to know what's coming. The dexterous, medically trained fingers of Dr. Reinhold insert the tip of the narrow tube of rubber into my pony boy's urethra then slowly but steadily slides it into his penis until just the flanged rubber end shows.

The mammoth organ is reattached to the abdominal ring and tears begin to flow. My giant noble beast begins to weep like a child. The pain must be unbearable.

“He’ll better remember his place after bearing the agitator for awhile. Now I suspect you can water him. If not, a slight twist of the agitator will facilitate the process.”

I secure the blindfold and I find the water is indeed now readily accepted. Poor Big Fella. My loyal steed will wait, bladder full, backside stuffed and most painfully, his urethra stretched and irritated by the specially designed rubber strip. I am sure there will be no long-term damage. Preventing and eliminating such was probably the goal of many years of research and experimentation in designing the size and shape of the device. But I doubt if understanding the relative safety of the agitator would be of any comfort to Big Fella. He only knows the painful effect of its presence.

I follow Dr. Reinhold into the house. It is a nicely furnished home. As with most homes in the tropics, the furniture and various fixtures are sturdy. More functional than decorative, everything is obviously chosen with the potential of harsh tropical storms in mind. Otherwise the home is most comfortable.

But Dr. Reinhold has no interest in taking me on a tour. We immediately proceed to the kitchen where large cold drinks are poured.

“I think you’ll find my laboratory of interest. I’ve continued much of my mother’s research concerning hormones.”

She leads me through a doorway into a large room in the back of the house. It is indeed a laboratory, well lit with sophisticated testing equipment, beakers, tubing, jars of strangely colored liquids and in a far corner..., Imelda!

We step closer with Dr. Reinhold explaining the utility of the various pieces of equipment as we proceed through the room. But my attention is riveted on the naked, hairless girl hanging in straps with tubes penetrating numerous openings.

“Yes, you remember Imelda. She’s spends much time being nourished. I believe I can get her to lactate a quart per day soon.”

The girl hangs hooded and prostrate. Broad cloth straps originating from strong hooks above encircle her, one under hips and another under her torso just under her breasts. Her arms her pulled behind her and upwards toward the ceiling where fur lined wrist cuffs seem to comfortably hold her hands immobile. Her legs are bent at the knees and similar fur lined cuffs hold her ankles well up and spread. A cord is attached to an eye-hook on the back of the hood which serves to hold her head up. Under her chest is a small table. On it is a basin filled with liquid where her unseen mammoth breasts are immersed.

The tubes run from canisters hanging above. One penetrates her mouth and apparently feeds to her stomach. Another penetrates her rectum. A third disappears between her thighs, presumably catheterizing her. More tubes are attached to each end of the basin.

She hangs ominously. Her many tiny bells are completely silent indicating that she is either asleep or that Dr. Reinhold has commanded she remain motionless.

Impolitely, I am not listening to the Doctor explain all the laboratory devices. Instead, I am mesmerized by the helpless form of the rounded, pink and Rubenesque flesh hanging from the ceiling.

We finally arrive at the seemingly lifeless, naked girl.

“Well disciplined, wouldn’t you agree? I demand absolute stillness. Posture training is one of my passions and the bells are quite useful. When placing Imelda in a stern pose I can detect the slightest infraction from just about any room in the house.”

A smiling Dr. Reinhold momentarily excuses herself and retrieves a towel and a bowl from a small refrigerator.

“Let’s see how she’s doing.”

Dr. Reinhold tenderly pinches the top of Imelda's right breast with her left hand, lifts it from the basin and cradles it in the towel in her right hand. It is enormous and obviously engorged with fluid. The long nipple, though constricted by a ring at the base, is amazingly swollen and the size of my pinky finger.

She dries the breast then carefully releases it to hang. Although firm and plump, it drapes well away from her chest and is an incredible mass of soft feminine flesh.

She repeats her actions with the left breast then gingerly slides the basin toward the back of the table.

"As you can see, Doctor, the tubes provide Imelda with quite the dose of hormones along with being fed a perfect formulation to enhance lactation. Not only induced intragastrically but intrarectally as well. And I control her bladder. Good hydration is paramount. The mammaries need quite a supply of fluid and nourishment to maximize production. In the basin circulates specially treated water. Through experimentation I know the ideal temperature for Imelda's glands. The water also contains a compound, which serves to sooth her nipples. They become sore with all the lactation."

Imelda's nipples hang like cow's udders. She makes no acknowledgment of our presence but I notice her skin is slowly becoming flushed with the humiliation of her exposure and Dr. Reinhold's embarrassing narrative.

"Would you like to give us some milk, Imelda? Your breasts are quite full and your nipples seem to beg for attention. Good girls get a nice long milking."

With the tube emanating from the girl's mouth, she cannot reply. A smiling Dr. Reinhold answers for her in a soothing maternal voice.

"Yes. Let's show the Doctor what a good girl you are. Hanging so nicely…, waiting to be milked."

Dr. Reinhold reaches for the bowl. In it are ice cubes, which she uses to carefully rub against Imelda's nipples.

Which the shock of the cold against the warmed breasts, Imelda's bells unisonantly ring out. The elongated nipples instantly shrink in diameter but not in length.

Dr. Reinhold tosses the ice into a sink and smiles.

"Warm breasts and cool nipples enhance the flow. The initial shock also sends a psychosomatic message, 'get ready to lactate'. It's a conditioning technique somewhat similar to Pavlov's dogs..., see what happens."

I peer down and incredibly see that Imelda's nipples are beginning to drip. Dr. Reinhold catches the drippings in the bowl.

"What a good girl you are today, Imelda. Showing off so nicely for our guest."

Dr. Reinhold's speaks as if addressing a child or a puppy, with a soft seemingly mocking voice. For some reason, I doubt that Imelda is intentionally being so cooperative.

Dr. Reinhold smoothes her hands over the girl's shoulders and smiles at me, deliberately delaying any contact with the waiting dripping nipples.

"She's nicely trained, isn't she Doctor? Pining for her daily milking. You know the need and desire builds over time. There's a dull ache in the mammaries, which requires attention and beginning the flow becomes somewhat equivalent to having an orgasm. A desire to be milked grows and becomes a curious substitute for sexual gratification."

Another pause, as Dr. Reinhold softly laughs and watches the steady dripping.

"Well, let's see what you have for me today."

She moves to Imelda's side and turns valves on the catheter tubing.

"That allows her bladder to drain. The feeling of relief will increase the flow rate of lactation. We've done much research over the years, my mother and me. We learned to extract what we wanted and when by manipulating the

hormones, breast temperature and forced inducement of fluids."

Dr. Reinhold returns to Imelda's front, positions herself facing the hanging girl and grasps a nipple in each hand. An amazing eruption of white fluid splatters to the bottom of the bowl. If Imelda's milking is in fact a substitute for sexual gratification, I am witnessing an amazing orgasm.

Another slight squeeze and another burst. A humming noise can be detected emanating from Imelda's throat. She cannot speak but she can purr like a kitten and given the freedom, I picture her humbly curling up to Dr. Reinhold and graciously licking her hand in gratitude.

Dr. Reinhold continues milking her kitten and the initial strong bursts slow to a mere torrent, with the bowl steadily filling. The sound of the bells diminishes as Imelda settles into her straps and lets the conflicting feelings of gratification and humiliation overwhelm her.

"You know, Doctor, this can be performed by machine. But that isn't much fun for either of us. And having an observer helps. Imelda is learning to become quite the performer. Soon she'll be able to begin lactation with the mere snap of my fingers. It takes time but it can be done."

It is mind boggling to understand what inspires the dominant female. I will have much to record tonight, I think to myself, should Imelda ever stop producing and I thus be permitted to leave.

Stroke after stroke, Imelda is relieved of her essence. Finally, as Dr. Reinhold's fingers tighten and the strokes become longer and firmer, the flow lessons despite her more earnest efforts.

Now the purring stops and the bells ring, this time in reaction to discomfort. Dr. Reinhold smiles knowingly.

"My little cow is all milked out. Very nice. You almost filled the bowl."

Indeed she has. Dr. Reinhold carefully removes it.

“My mother learned to induce forced lactation in certain males. There’s a certain rare genetic predisposition necessary for noticeable results, but it can be done. I look for it among the candidates from the clinic, but so far no luck. Lady Constance is enthralled with the concept, though I have cautioned her that the flow rate will be comparatively modest, unless of course the inducement is done in conjunction with a rather permanent alteration…,”

With Doctor Reinhold’s ominous pause, I use the interruption as an excuse to beg my leave. She smiles politely.

“Yes. It is best you return in daylight. Let me help you with Big Fella.”

I waste no time returning to my steed. Dr. Reinhold gives a command and with the aid of a firm tug of her fingers Big Fella expels, with some degree of reluctance, his plug. She places it in a plastic bag.

“I’ll remove the agitator. But I suggest you keep it for future use. They’re considered standard equipment for bellicose pony boys here on Constancia. We turn them out by the dozens at the Medical building.”

Dr. Reinhold grasps the huge penis in her left hand and snares the flanged end of the agitator with the fingers of her right. With a quick twist and pull, she removes the small but mendacious implement. Big Fella almost faints with the pain. The simple strip is also placed in the bag, which Dr. Reinhold tosses into my cart.

“He’s too sore to urinate now but will badly need to do so when he returns. Tell Botana he’s had a penal agitator inserted. She may choose to just catheterize him rather than make him suffer.”

I cannot believe my ears hearing a statement of moderation concerning the treatment of a male pony. But as I step into the cart, my experience tells me Big Fella will have a long and painful night attempting to empty himself.

Needlessly stated, the trip back to Estovia is very fast. As we pass the turn off for the cove, the automatic lighting system begins to work. With Big Fella in a funk concerning his need to empty himself, there is no need to encourage speed. He seems to realize that he needs the tender touch of Botana or Salina to gently help him relieve his bladder without further urethral irritation.

The turn from the main road to Estovia's approach is negotiated at full speed and we sprint up the hill to the usual stopping point. Botana awaits. When I hand her the plastic bag and she sees the agitator she begins to giggle.

"Oh, Big Fella. You're going to have a long night."

Chapter Eighteen

In what seems to be a nightly ritual, porter number one knocks on my bedroom door and enters with more Champagne. This time a bowl of extremely ripe melon chunks accompanies the beverage and I am informed that I will be dining with only Lady Constance. Cocktails to be served at 7:00 p.m.

My watch tells me I have two hours to shower, write, and relax. But strangely, as I pour my first glass, I find my thoughts turning to Ming when the notion of relaxing crosses my cerebrum.

Yes. I suppose I should exhibit some degree of mercy and let ‘her’ out of the closet.

When I open the door, she looks up at me from her kneeling position and meekly smiles. Somehow she knows. Yes, this life long, trained, subservient masochist can read thoughts. ‘She’ has probably seen it happen time after time, observing first hand as the most steady, sane and vanilla of personalities first summarily points to the foot stool and then ominously selects the most painful instrument of correction from the inviting wall of decadence.

And yet she smiles. Knowing full well that once I have tasted the pleasure of seeing her soft pink flesh redden and swell with each stroke, that once hearing her delightfully muffled cries of torment, that once seeing her tears form and drip to the carpet, and that once smoothing my hand over the hot, excoriated skin of a well caned buttocks..., that I will return for more.

It rankles me. As a professional psychologist having my actions anticipated and being the object of ‘her’ prognostications and acquired wisdom is an affront. And with my anger, her prophecy is thus fulfilled. I indeed point to the footstool. I indeed attach neck collar, cuffs and spreader bar. And I indeed select the longest cane I can swing with relative accuracy.

And then I pause. Clothing is not required, I tell myself. And as Lady Constance so explicitly stated, the oral skills of her charges are renowned among her guests, no matter the gender or proclivity of preference.

I strip..., and my relaxation begins.

Chapter Nineteen

I find myself slightly late for dinner. My hands shake as I approach the parlor and I'm not sure why. Perhaps from the fear of my own actions. Perhaps from the overwhelming enjoyment of them. Whatever the cause, Ming will heal and I console myself with the reassurance that there are many miles and many rules of silence and discretion separating my untoward activities on Constancia and my New York career and reputation.

Lady Constance enters the room with me and with porter number two standing in wait we quickly engage in cocktails and conversation. She seems to be aware of my day's exploits but is uncharacteristically coy.

"I think you're beginning to like it here, Doctor," was her only comment.

We talk more about the psychological aspects of dominance and submission. She is quite knowledgeable, as one would expect, and we return to a potential project, which seems to intrigue her. Once again she mentions, this time with more enthusiasm and emphasis, the concept of instilling in submissive males an insatiable desire to provide oral service by substituting such for the normal need for sexual gratification. In so many words, mentally switching the pleasure receptors of the penis with those of the tongue.

Maybe it's the alcohol, but I nod and laugh with the concept. And somewhat inexplicably, I not only acknowledge the possibility of successfully establishing such a program, but also indicate a level of interest in participating.

Lady Constance quietly smiles at that point and changes the subject.

"I have special entertainment for dinner, Doctor. The supply boat brought over a certain young male. Rather renowned and expensive I might add."

She just as quickly drops the subject and reminiscences about some of her early exploits on Constancia. Growing up among naked subjugated males certainly aids in developing the dominant psyche, I think to myself. But I still cannot conclude with certainty whether the traits of strict domination are genetic or environmentally acquired.

When Motamba announces dinner, the point becomes moot. I am hungry and somewhat tired. As entertaining as the day has been, it has also been long.

Lady Constance begins moving toward the dining room while describing her first solo pony ride.

“I could barely reach the nipples with the whip, but more importantly I soon learned to enjoy their strong yet tender tongues.”

She laughs with her summation of her efforts as we step into the dining room.

I too begin to smile with the vision of young hands wielding a thin whip, which harmlessly abrades the upper arms of a massive pony boy instead of striking its intended sensitive target. But as I begin to ask for details concerning her first experience with the renowned oral caress of a Constancia Island pony, the scene in the middle of the large dining room stops me in my tracks.

There, in the middle of the dining area, perched on a pedestal, is a beautiful young male. He is stripped naked and his only covering is a thick neck collar, which is chained directly above to a pulley hanging from one of the strong eye-hooks in the ceiling. The allowed length of chain forces him to his toes. A taut rope, partially bearing the weight of the captive, runs from the pulley above to the side of the pedestal where it is secured.

Numerous bright spotlights hanging from the ceiling illuminate his blemishless, white skin. He has been massaged with oil and since there are no other lights in the darkened dining room, the naked male form is highlighted and seems to glow. It is the refraction of the spotlights from

his glistening alabaster flesh that lights the remainder of the room.

I glance to Lady Constance who upon noticing my reaction had subsequently stopped two steps in front of me. She turns back to me and laughs.

“Do you recognize him?”

Yes, I do and I nod accordingly.

Discretion prohibits publishing his name in this treatise, but helplessly standing in the Caribbean home of the most dominant woman in the world is the naked form of one of Hollywood’s most famous young actors. He has shoulder length blond hair, blue eyes, and a perfectly sculpted body. With his first movie, the entertainment press hung the moniker ‘Adonis’ on him and the female teen world idolized him and crammed the theaters ever since.

We resume our journey toward the far side of the dining room where a simple table is set for two.

“I thought he’d provide some entertainment for us, Doctor. Famous actors aren’t cheap, but then there’s isn’t much I cannot afford.”

Yes indeed there isn’t, I think to myself.

Adonis fidgets as we pass by the pedestal. Lady Constance issues a pleasant but firm command.

“I want you erect. Make sure it’s firm and points to the ceiling for me during dinner. As you’ve been made aware, ejaculation is not permitted.”

His right hand immediately moves to his penis and begins toying. He is uncircumcised and sizable, but obviously not the largest I have seen in Lady Constance’s company. However, it is very nicely shaped and evenly proportioned with his testicles, which it occurs to me, have been cleanly shaven.

Having recently spent so much time with depilated males, Adonis’s hairless groin first went unnoticed. But as I scan his body I realize there is no hair anywhere.

“Part of the agreement. Jasmine shaved him this afternoon before he was scanned,” comments Lady Constance. “He’ll have some explaining to do on his next Hollywood date.”

She laughs with the thought of the film industry’s latest heart throb fumbling to explain to some young beauty that a rather large and powerful black nurse stripped and restrained him and then forcibly voided his entire body of hair.

We seat ourselves facing the pedestal. Ling is already kneeling in place. Lady Constance gracefully lifts her skirt and places it over ‘her’ head. The lithe, naked form moves forward and the top of ‘her’ head forms a bump between the wonderfully tanned thighs of the world’s richest woman.

Meanwhile, the hand of Adonis strokes vigorously, then having adequately performed its duty hangs to his side.

“Hands on head. Spread your feet. Remain absolutely motionless.”

Amazingly, he seems to jump at Lady Constance’s command and his hands instantly move to the top of his golden locks, submissively fold and remain so placed. With his neck held high, balancing on his toes seems to be mandatory, thus Lady Constance’s command to remain in place appears to be superfluous, as it is evidently the only comfortable position for him.

It is then that I see Jasmine standing in a dark corner on the opposite side. She is dressed, if that is the proper term, in black leather and holds a lengthy cane in her right hand. Next to her is a video camera mounted on a tripod. Its lens is pointed toward the pedestal and Jasmine casually moves to peer through the viewfinder then adjusts the focus.

“For my files,” my hostess explains of the taping. “I purchased some rather nasty photos of our acclaimed visitor. Seems that before his recent fame he used to engage in rather decadent sexual acts with people of the

wrong age. On one occasion, he was photographed in *flagrante delicto* and some greedy person used the negatives as blackmail. I graciously rescued his career by acquiring all the evidence. Cost me much time and money, but I'm happy with the results. He's agreed to entertain me from time to time as compensation."

Lady Constance giggles with her understated description of Adonis's endeavors.

"With additional photos and a colorful collection of video tapes, I can make sure he remains a good boy."

Lady Constance's skirt begins to rustle and the underlying bump moves. Meanwhile, porter number two serves soup and we begin a quiet meal with 'Adonis' standing erect and motionless within fifteen feet of our table. An occasional sigh from my hostess indicates that either Ling or the view of the handsome, naked young male is having the expected desirable arousing effect. The outline of her pointed nipples pushes through the thin cotton dress. On occasion, her hand pauses halfway between her mouth and the soup bowl. She is evidently experiencing numerous small orgasms, as any observer of the incredibly licentious scene would expect. What is not expected is how well she functions while being so thoroughly orally serviced and viewing the naked body of the handsome Lothario.

While waiting for the main course she leans toward me and speaks softly.

"I'm negotiating to buy the movie studio where he is under contract. He may be spending more time here than he thinks."

She leans back and laughs, and I cannot help but join her. The newly famous and nouveau riche Adonis will soon receive a lifetime of comeuppance at the hands of old world money. Lady Constance will offer him the choice of returning to his former world of obscurity and relative poverty or being permitted to continue to bask in fame by

becoming her obedient plaything, responding to her beck and call between the filming of every movie.

“I wonder how he’d look at a Hollywood party..., naked, and secured to the end of my leash. I always try to make an impression when visiting the west coast...,”

Her thought is lost when porter number one arrives with our main course. Meanwhile, the right hand of our Adonis returns to his erect penis, gently strokes it to maintain its turgid state, and meekly returns to his head.

“Good boy,” Lady Constance calls out, then adds in a voice loud enough for him to hear, “I think he enjoys showing off for us, don’t you think Doctor? Yes, we have a very pretty exhibitionist, naked and secured. And his penis is so erect for us...”

Adonis seems to flush somewhat with the condescending remark, but his tumescence strengthens and Lady Constance laughs.

Our dinner is superb and we eat in silence. Jasmine stays in the shadows paying particular attention to the camera. We finish and the plates are cleared.

“Why not masturbate for us now? Show us how nicely you can shoot your male essence. You’d like that wouldn’t you? You certainly seemed to enjoy masturbating for those young girls in those pictures I acquired.”

Adonis doesn’t need to be asked again. He evidently has been quite aroused by his own naked display. Thus, his hand immediately falls to his appendage and begins to stroke in earnest. But Lady Constance’s suggestion seems to be a signal, for Jasmine steps away from the camera and approaches our naked entertainment from behind. In one hand she carries wrist cuffs. The cane remains in the other.

I can now better see what she is wearing. A thin leather vest with openings that leave her firm breasts completely exposed. A strong leather belt with an attachment, similar to Salina’s at the power plant, hints that Jasmine is also accomplished in utilizing dildos. Otherwise there is

nothing. Her powerful legs and buttocks are uncovered. She smiles ominously and I shudder for Adonis who unwittingly is seeking to pleasure himself while doom approaches.

Jasmine stops at his side and our beautiful masturbator is too occupied with his own pleasure to notice. She puts down the cuffs and unties the cord holding up his neck chain. She watches with amusement as Adonis's climax approaches then abruptly yanks on the cord, forcing Adonis to the very tips of his toes. She simultaneously cracks the cane across the beautiful, shining white buttocks.

Yes, it seems the oil massaged into his skin was not for his enjoyment. Nor was in applied entirely to highlight his nakedness for the camera, but instead its purpose was to enhance the dramatic crack of the evil and amazingly painful cane.

Adonis screams and his hand stops with the shock. He must have been very close to climaxing, for after a moment of recovery, incredibly he attempts to resume, whereupon Jasmine uses the cane to slap away his hand.

"When I say so, you'll finish. But first, Lady Constance wants to see you dance. Hands behind you."

There is no choice but to comply and Jasmine secures his wrists in the cuffs and pulls his hands upwards where she connects them to the neck collar.

For the next thirty minutes, our entertaining young male does indeed dance. With Jasmine's left hand controlling the cord and chain holding his neck collar, and her right briskly swinging the long cane through the air, Hollywood's newest star comically dances with each stroke and each tug of the cord. He becomes a puppet, controlled by the puissant black nurse, responding with alacrity to her every command while she smilingly applies the instrument of pain.

There are moments when both feet briefly leave the pedestal, which serves to strengthen the lad's erection.

Colorful welts form on the snow white shining skin and shrieks of agony seem to spur Jasmine to find untouched areas, including the bottom of the feet which are occasionally exposed with his gyrations.

Finally Jasmine pauses.

“Waggle for us.”

Adonis, having remained erect during the entire ritual, obediently makes his penis bob up and down. Lady Constance laughs.

“Bring him off, Jasmine. It’s time for dessert.”

Jasmine puts down the cane, ties off the neck cord and stands to the lad’s side. He is now held higher than before, and almost freely hanging by his neck. The tension on his spine further stiffens his erection. Jasmine strides back to the dark corner near the camera. She retrieves something, fidgets about the leather patch over her pubes, then returns. The spotlights bring into focus a well-lubricated rubber phallus. It is large and with suspicious bumps, and I wonder if included with the afternoon shaving and body scan was the fabrication of a custom made dildo.

Jasmine positions herself behind Adonis, carefully knocks on the door of his rear portal with the tip of the hideous rubber shaft, then uses her powerful right leg to slowly push the pedestal forward.

Adonis comically attempts to keep his toes on the wooden base, knowing that nothing else supports his weight except the neck collar. The huge dildo is not an acceptable replacement. But as the pedestal continues to move and his toes reach the edge, he realizes he will soon be impaled.

Jasmine grabs the neck cord in anticipation, then gives the pedestal a final kick. With a surprisingly loud cry, bringing Motamba from the kitchen, our Hollywood idol becomes a puppet, dangling from the neck collar and impaled on Jasmine’s phallus.

Jasmine pauses and laughs, as does Lady Constance. After a moment, she grasps for his amazingly stiff and purple erection in her right hand, begins pumping with her hips, and in a display of amazing strength, pulls on the cord with her left.

She toys. Stroking the engorged shaft. Gyrating her hips and with it the dildo. Cruelly pulling on the cord.

Judging from the exaggerated look of pleasure on Jasmine's face, it is apparent that the phallus extends and deeply penetrates her sex as well. For without regard to Adonis, she pumps away and seems to gratuitously stroke his penis as an afterthought.

Lady Constance is enthralled watching Hollywood's latest male sex symbol have his backside so thoroughly opened at her behest and for her amusement. Ling's head is bobbing in earnest under the cotton dress and I find myself aroused, despite just having been attentively serviced by Ming's tongue.

After several minutes with Adonis grunting loudly with each lengthy penetration, Jasmine interestingly looks down at Lady Constance. The dominant Queen of Constancia nods and the large black hand twists and gives the shaft of Adonis a long firm stroke. He erupts, shooting his creamy wad of semen across the pedestal in front of him to the floor. He has finally been permitted to climax but only after the consent and acknowledgment of the dominant female.

Cruel, I think at first reaction. But he appears to be most satisfied and I remind myself that he is one of the few subservient males that have ever achieved such gratification on Constancia Island.

Jasmine backs away and lowers the cord so that Adonis's feet touch the floor. Dessert and coffee are served. Lady Constance and I talk while Adonis is left to stand limply in his neck collar. He is a picture of masochism, I realize. A beautiful naked male caned and sodomized to ejaculation

merely for the amusement of his most dominant benefactor. And he was so responsive…

Evil thoughts return. My evenings with Ming. My day's journey with Big Fella. Observing Imelda's huge breasts being milked like cow's udders.

Then of course Lady Constance's offer of employment stirs…, a house; my own genderless Asian servant; and she *did* mention a pony. Yes. I smile and look up from my coffee and inquire about the potential acquisition of the movie studio. She reads my mind.

"My agents have made a low offer. If acquiring the rights to this one's naked flesh is a condition precedent to employing your skills, Doctor, my offer will be increased in the morning. Consider the transaction done."

Over coffee the terms are sketched. My house is to be built on the promontory of the eastern end. Ming is to serve me and the basement storage area of the medical building is to be converted for my use in the transacting psychological experiments. Most importantly Adonis will visit for at least two months of the year and serve as my pony.

Me, transported about the island by the handsome movie star. It is a thrilling vision.

I leave the dinner table to draft a telegram to be sent to the university requesting a change to part time status. Half way across the room I hear Lady Constance command.

"Jasmine, take him to the medical building to recover. I want our pretty boy's scrotum branded with the Doctor's initials. That should serve to retard his love life. Tomorrow he'll spend the day yoked on the village square. Many of the girls have seen his movies and I'm sure they'd prefer viewing and toying with his well bound, naked body to obtaining his autograph."

The POWER…

Behavioral Modification
Lessons from Constancia Island

Chapter One
Mrs. Dalton

The exaggerated reaction of the doorman should have been the first clue.

“Good evening, Mrs. Dalton. You’re back!”

My experience as an attorney has taught me that rather tautological greetings are hasty substitutes for what cannot be said. I just nod and smile and continue to the elevator. I have indeed returned early but have had an exhausting three days in Chicago…rushing through five scheduled days of depositions just so I *could* get home early.

But as the elevator doors glide shut, I see my aphoristic friend pick up the house phone, though I did not hear it ring. He’s making a hurried call. Another clue.

So when I open my apartment door, call out to my husband and the smell of cigarettes greets my nose, this third clue is not surprising, but does dispirit me. Husband Ted and I do not smoke.

I immediately head for the bedroom…obviously the most common setting for matrimonial misconduct. The door is ajar. The only light is dim, emanating from a small lamp on a dresser, usually used more as a night light than for illumination. The smell of tobacco becomes stronger. A cigarette smolders in the sole apartment ashtray, normally propped on the living room coffee table for occasional guests.

And there lies Ted. Naked…hog-tied…hooded by a pillowcase…extremely erect.

I can hear faint strains of music and see that a wire runs from under the makeshift hood to the stereo. The bulges in the pillowcase indicate that beneath he’s wearing headphones. So he cannot see me, and he cannot hear me.

The scene would shock most wives, I suppose. But Ted has spent many weekends trussed like a turkey or wearing frilly effeminate clothing at my behest. I Dominate…he submits…that’s the way it is at the Dalton household. But

what is not the way is for him to indulge in such escapades without me.

It’s impossible to place oneself in such bondage, yet there is no one else present. A quick trip to the kitchen shows that the service door leading to the back stairway, normally dead bolted, is unlatched and open. The glistening fingers of a well-lubricated latex glove are draped over the brim of the garbage can, evidencing the presence of the co-conspirator and what was an unveiled hasty departure. I close and latch the door then return to the bedroom.

Turning on more lights I find that, as with the glove, Ted’s buttocks also glisten. My priapic but submissive husband has been getting fisted and with his display of tumescence, I must assume he has been denied climatic relief. With my unexpected arrival, a rather kinky form of coitus interruptus has occurred.

Then I see Ted’s wallet on the dresser. It is spread open and a cursory examination shows that it is empty. The cash can go as far as I am concerned. Serves him right. But the missing credit cards present potential long-term problems…including my own credit rating.

There’s no point in phoning the doorman to curtail the exit of the thieving co-conspirator. Though I am sure his warning call was well intended, ostensibly akin to a cheer from the guys in the bleachers in support of marital bliss, it gave the perpetrator an insurmountable head start. Instead, one simple phone call to a security service serves to quickly cancel the half dozen cards. I smile smugly in having enlisted the service 18 months ago after losing my purse. When the representative asks if I want replacement cards sent, I smile more broadly and decline.

“My husband won’t be needing credit cards in the near future. I’m cutting him off.”

The silence on the other end suggests that the security company representative, his Runyonesque reference to the ‘perp’ hinting at an earlier career in crime detection, has

not often interacted with a woman of Dominance. I suppose in his experience it is more often the husband abridging the credit status of the wife.

With the scene under control, I return my attention to my deafened, sightless, naked and erect husband. He has no idea that his tormentress has departed and no idea that I have returned early from my business trip.

Well, he wanted sensory deprivation…and he shall have it, I think to myself, stepping to the living room bar and casually pouring a glass of wine. And that's where the final piece of the uncomplicated puzzle falls into place. A weekly entertainment guide, offered free in various local bars and restaurants, lies open to the classified advertising section. Various salacious ads fill three columns. Circled in heavy black ink I spy…'Role play by Mistress Samantha'. A list of her offered scenarios follows, along with a phone number.

So Ted gets lonely and horny and calls a pro, I conclude as I sip my wine.

Well, such behavior is not to be tolerated. But how do you punish a man who enjoys being punished?

It is Wednesday evening. I am not expected to return to the office until Monday so I have ample time to answer my own question. And dear reader, this is not the first transgression. There is a pattern showing a thirst for discipline…one, which I have labored to quell, but have obviously not quenched.

While finishing my wine, I make myself comfortable, removing my staid gray wool skirt and jacket. Undergarments are next and the floor to ceiling mirror on the back of the closet door reveals the reflection of a woman who, though in her mid thirties and with a flourishing legal career, has steadfastly visited the gym three times per week. At my height of nearly six feet, it is difficult to appear chic and svelte. But sans clothing, I have an intriguing combination of muscling and feminine curves

that some men find alluring...particularly submissives like Ted.

Ted's unconventional infidelity cannot be due to any physical oversight on my part. And though I must travel from time to time, he certainly is the beneficiary of my attention on weekends. Hanging on the door next to the reflecting mirror are his collar and leash, leading to a closet full of other toys for Ted...including his favorite ball and the accompanying crop I use to enliven our little game.

'We won't be playing fetch for a while Ted,' I am tempted to suggest. But I remain silent...still contemplating the situation.

So what to do? First satisfy my own needs. In the Dalton household such reign supreme.

A dresser drawer yields a soft leather parachute, handmade and carefully measured to neatly encircle Ted's scrotum. His testicles are quickly encapsulated. I release his ankle cuffs from his wrist cuffs then connect the parachute to his ankles. In shortening the strap as much as possible, Ted will slowly torment himself, the muscles of his cramping legs relentlessly tugging on his precious gonads.

He must be totally confused...wondering how 'Mistress Samantha' has come to replicate the slow and painful position in which his dear wife places him for so many hours on weekends.

I check the stereo. The second compact disk on a stack of ten is playing. He will continue to be deafened while I relax and devise a plan...though gazing at Ted's helpless body and stimulated manhood raises my own level of concupiscence.

Next I take a bath. I need to relieve stress. That's why I rushed home, engaging in the irony of the workaholic, pressuring myself to work harder and faster in order to maximize recreation time.

Turning down the lights and soaking in soothing heat with a second glass of Chardonnay, my mind opens. I

ponder the awkward events of my arrival and recall a lecture from years earlier, before I acquired Ted, delivered by a noted psychologist at a meeting of the American Society for Behavior Modification.

"'Submission' is a narcotic. Narcotics have good effects. Narcotics have bad effects. The Dominant woman must recognize the difference and endeavor to bask in the good and deter the bad."

I initially found the observation unworthy of deliberation. Now it gives rise to much reflection. On this evening Ted was rendered completely helpless by a woman unknown. Had I not arrived unexpectedly, I cannot help but wonder what else his Mistress for hire may have purloined...or worse...what could have been done to Ted. He could have endangered himself in suffering under the influence of the 'bad effect of the narcotic'.

Well, Ted, henceforth the intoxicating influence of your submission will only give rise to the good.

I finish my wine. The bath water cools and I don't bother warming it. Despite the alcohol and heat my own lust rises. There is a naked and subordinate male lying on my bed and, though abbreviated, the week has been trying.

I dry myself and proceed to the bedroom. The dresser drawer has more toys than just Ted's parachute. I find my harness. Again custom made, comfortably designed to circle my waist without pinching, the soft, fur lined leather fits better than the finest silk panties...and is more arousing. A very carefully selected feminine insertion is attached to the sturdy flap covering my mons. As I pull the straps back between my thighs, it slips nicely between my labia. I must smile. It took many weeks and three or four revisions before I successfully engineered the proper shape...not only internally filling my vagina and pressuring my 'G' spot, but also crafting a little spindle to tantalize my clitoris. Sometimes I think it would be gratifying just to walk about the apartment...dismissing Ted and his

needs…and soak up the pleasure afforded by the cleverly molded piece of rubber. But alas, I have responsibilities…one of which is to ensure, as the learned psychologist suggested, that the bad effect of the narcotic of submission is deterred.

The straps thread over my buttocks and I buckle them to the back of the harness. Nice…firm…snug. My penetrating vaginal insertion is held perfectly in place.

I proceed to the kitchen while feeling a girl's best friend knead my vaginal walls. With the wine and the deviant sensation of power I feel in seeing Ted lying so vulnerable to my whims, my nipples crinkle. When I bend before the freezer to load a bowl with crushed ice, the spindle diddles my clitoris and I feel wetness.

I cannot help but wonder if Ted thinks his 'Mistress Samantha' is still present and that she is bestowing him with much uncompensated time. I smile with the thought that a submissive male could so compliment himself…actually thinking that a professional dominatrix would choose to idle away hours with him instead of more lucratively spending such with the next john.

Well…such is the male ego…despite the submissive psyche.

With the supply of ice procured, I add water to make a freezing slush then return and remove Ted's parachute. It's now time for my fun. I did not fly back early just to imbibe wine and sit in a tub. It's my turn and there is nothing more relaxing for a woman of Dominance than to have at her complete disposal a thoroughly submissive male. And with Ted's opprobrious behavior…my motivation greatly outweighs any possible level of compassion.

It was he who chose to give up the contents of his wallet for a few moments of erotic thrill…and with a woman of questionable integrity. Now comes the real price.

Over the years I have stretched Ted's scrotum well beyond the norm. Term it a Dominant woman's prerogative.

I'll shape his anatomy as I choose.

So I separate his ankle cuffs and clip one to an eye hook on the bottom left of the bed and the other to the bottom right…nicely parting his thighs and exposing that well lubricated anus. Then I slip the bowl of frigid slush under his lower belly and plunk his plums into the freezing mixture. I feel giddy as he helplessly shudders with the shock. The intense coldness causes the low hanging bag of flesh to begin to shrink and turn blue, heightening my feeling of power.

'Did you ask Mistress Samantha for that?' I am tempted to ask.

But alas, vocalizing such a teasing rejoinder would give myself away. Thus I remain silent and watch him squirm…his proud penis shriveling. I ignore the moans under the pillowcase. Ice is uncomfortable but not harmful.

Then I recall that the American Society for Behavior Modification has a help-line; a phone number where a Dominant woman can derive assistance.

Realizing that I have Ted at my complete mercy for four more days…and during that time he may never fully know who is tormenting him…I decide it may be wise to seek input. As I search for the number I cannot help but think of the analogy given at the lecture. Therefore I know exactly how to introduce the counselor to my situation…'I have a friend who is under the influence of a very idiosyncratic narcotic…what should I do?'

I make the call and have a pleasant and enlightening conversation. It is a long-term problem which requires a long-term solution, the counselor suggests. But what to do?

"Are you still an associate member of the society Mrs. Dalton?"

I am and so indicate…the annual dues being a surprisingly paltry sum.

"Can you hold for a moment? Let me check on something for you."

She returns after several minutes while I watch Ted's genitals absorb the numbing coldness.

"We have an opening at 'Constancia Island'. Are you familiar with the facility?"

I recall the psychologist referring to it years ago at the lecture I attended. The counselor jogs my memory…yes, the island near Aruba long owned by the incredibly wealthy Esterhoven family, now operated under the guidance of the strict Lady Constance.

She quotes me numbers. The daily fee would be less than staying at an expensive resort…though unlike a vacation facility Ted would be forced to work.

"There is a onetime upfront fee to arrange for his transportation. You understand that complete discretion is expensive."

As an attorney I am well aware of that, but even the upfront fee is palatable. So I agree. I provide credit information…one of my cards, of course. Ted no longer has any.

"Timing is important, Mrs. Dalton. And we've found it best to operate late in the evening. There is a daily flight from Kennedy departing at 5:00 a.m. I can have a removal team there at 1:00 a.m."

A late night removal team…how wonderfully clandestine. Like something out of a Robert Ludlum action novel.

I look at my watch. It's just after 10:00 p.m. I have just a few hours left with Ted and with the counselor's description of Constancia Island and the activities there, my mischievous free hand has been toying with the flap covering my mons. The wetness has turned to a river.

Chapter Two

Mrs. Dalton

I slip my hand into the freezing slush and cruelly pinch Ted's scrotal flesh between the sharp nails of thumb and forefinger. There is no discernible reaction. He is appropriately numbed. With my level of disgust over his conduct I certainly would not want him to experience pleasure.

The bottom draw of the dresser displays a collection of formidable dildos. Ted purchased the modest and smooth ones...hardly used. The larger more exotic ones I procured through catalogues and furtive trips to some of the more sordid shops of Greenwich Village.

Since I won't be seeing Ted for a while I want him to have a memorable last evening. I select the largest...one with ridges, bumps, and furrows, which serve to properly pressure that curious male gland...the prostate. I don't recall using this one before, I think to myself.

Then I realize I should take precaution against the unknown. I plan to have a child at some point. And since I do not permit prosaic copulation, I have been collecting Ted's sperm for a while, masturbating him into a little collection bag and freezing it for later insemination. One more sperm sample can't hurt. The described therapeutic activities on Constancia Island can be severe. The counselor suggested that the removal team will arrive with releases to be signed. As an attorney, I fully understand the underlying meaning.

So I remove the bowl of ice and retrieve one last collection bag. I secure it over the tip of Ted's penis with a bag tie. He can't feel much and even though it may abrade the sensitive prepuce of his manhood it will not interfere with my efforts.

My hands shake in anticipation as I attach the huge hideously shaped dildo to my harness...at the flap covering

my mons. Just jostling it with my fingers causes the insertion within me to pleasantly friction my vagina.

This is why I truncated the Chicago depositions and rushed through two airports. The well-lubricated rear opening of my submissive husband beckons me. My subterfuge will soon end. Ted knows my touch, particularly when I give his backside a thorough reaming…and tonight I will be unyielding. Fortunately for him, the difficulty he will have walking in the morning will be moot. On Constancia Island there will not be many places for him to go.

I push Ted further toward the bottom of the bed. His knees touch the carpet. I lift his arms…cuffed together behind his back at the wrists. This forces him to arch his back and present his shining well greased puckered rectum, ensuring easy and thorough penetration. When I press with the tip of the firm rubber cylinder, my male whore pushes open his sphincter to accept the nasty dildo. So nicely trained, I think to myself. So submissive. So eager to please. Yet such a slut. You’re going to be quite the attraction on Constancia Island, Ted.

My sodomization begins. It is slow. Methodical. Painful to the sensitive skin around his rectum. Absolutely benumbing to the desensitized genitals. In and out my muscled thighs work. I feel my powerful buttocks clench as the dildo so nicely causes to tremble the well placed insertion within me. I squeeze off a mild vaginal orgasm. My clitoris hardens and presses against the spindle absorbing the motion as I thrust…withdraw…thrust…withdraw.

Yes…Ted…I am back.

After dozens of gratifying thrusts, I withdraw completely. I look down. I have entrapped his penis, forced to flaccidity by the numbing ice, against the bed covers pointing downward. Thus the clear plastic collection bag lies in plain sight between his thighs. I am heartened to see that amongst an impressive accumulation of clear prostatic

fluid there is the beginning of a flow of whiteness. Sperm. Ted is being milked of his essence. By a woman. A Dominant woman. One, who is choosing to take…whether or not Ted chooses to offer.

And he cannot feel a thing. No ecstatic relief for my satirical subordinate. He has had his last climax. Orgasms are for me…the Dominant woman who owns his body and will soon own his soul.

I press the faux penis to his rectum and resume. When sodomizing Ted, I have never determined the limit to the number of clitoral and vaginal orgasms. The constraining factor has always been the strength in my thighs and legs…which unfortunately for Ted is considerable.

My watch reads 11:15. Such a delightful way to while away the time before Ted's fateful trip. In, out, in, out…Ted grunts. He probably does not realize it…the headphones muffling his own voice.

Sometimes he squeezes which serves to add a luscious level of resistance and cause my insertion to brusquely friction my vaginal walls. He can be so thoughtful.

But alas all things must end.

I lift his arms high and bend to push my head and neck under them. I can feel his leather wrist cuffs on my back. My breasts press against his shoulder blades. This position serves to better pinion him and leave my hands free. For the coup de grace I reach around his torso and grasp each of his nipples. If he had any doubts as to who was forcefully sodomizing him before, all now leave. This is how I finish every strap-on session, working his nipples between my fingernails as I plunge as deeply as possible. He begins to shriek in pain…but he also nicely squeezes his cheeks, adding a wonderful degree of resistance, which my muscled thighs so easily overcome. But not before tossing off orgasm after orgasm.

Ted, you have been marvelously fucked and have not felt anything except pain. How delightfully Dominant.

Exhausted, I step back. I feel good. The dildo exits his anus with the sound of an amusing plop. The collection bag is full of his ooze. I seal it and toss it into the freezer with the others. As stated, it can't hurt to have one more sample.

I bask in the glow of complete gratification and a degree of revenge...with one final glass of Chardonnay. Ted reenters his world of deprived senses. His little rectum must be on fire yet I know with the unfelt hormonal release he also experiences a glow...though comparatively diminished to mine.

The counselor suggested visiting him on Constancia Island but only after proper regimentation. I will have to find a local boy toy during his sojourn.

Two can play this game, Ted.

The house phone rings. The turncoat doorman announces the arrival of the Society's team.

"I hope Mr. Dalton is alright," he utters sheepishly.

I don a robe. Minutes later when I open my apartment door, I understand why he expressed concern. Two women enter. One is pushing a stretcher draped with a white sheet. It is not often that I look eyeball to eyeball with other females. The white uniformed girls are huge and though young carry themselves with an impressive air of confidence.

"We're from the Society, Mrs. Dalton. We move about under the guise of emergency medical workers as you can see."

I just smile and nod.

"Your husband?"

I point to the bedroom where Ted remains in sensory deprivation. I follow the girl of some 22 or 23 years and am comforted when she expresses no shock or outrage.

"Well this should be simple enough. We'll need to do some paper work, take some measurements and get your signature on a few forms. Do you wish to say good bye to

him? If not we can take him just like that…as long as you're willing to part with the headphones."

I decline to bid adieu. Any departing message I have for Ted will be expressed on my behalf by the staff at Constancia Island.

I watch the procedures with much curiosity. Girl number one releases Ted's ankle cuffs and with a combination of strength and adroitness pushes him about with soft but firm hands so that he sits upright on the edge of the bed. Unwelcome motion is discouraged with quick and vicious pinches to his nipples and testicles. It doesn't take too many painful encounters to convince the deafened and blindfolded Ted to remain still unless directed to move…that he is in the hands of very skillful Dominant women.

Meanwhile girl number two stands with clipboard in hand. She talks aloud as she writes.

"Uncircumcised, nicely hung, evidences a degree of scrotal stretching…is that right, Mrs. Dalton?"

I nod.

"Mid thirties. Moderate degree of body hair. All brown."

Then girl number one moves about with a tape measure calling out various measurements at the wrists, arms, chest, thighs, ankles. Girl number two records all.

"He'll be scanned in upon arrival. But it's best to have preliminary measurements in case more rudimentary restraints are needed before his physical."

Girl one number measures Ted's flaccid penis. An action which brings tumescence of course. But that seems to conform with the technician's intentions, for she most dexterously strokes the growing organ and in an amazingly short interval has Ted standing.

"Eight and one half inches fully erect."

She then pulls Ted off the bed like a puppet and while he stands measures his scrotum and testicles while the erection points upwards out of her way. After calling out

the dimensions she callously swats the penis tip and with a punctuated groan Ted's manhood deflates as if air has been released from a balloon.

Number one slips on a glove and parts his buttocks.

"Very open at the rectum," she calls out. "I assume like most males he responds to anal stimulation, Mrs. Dalton?"

I smile.

"He begs for it," I declamatorily announce.

The three of us laugh.

"Cindy will need to use your bathroom while I ask some questions. I believe the stereo cord will reach. Do you care to watch?"

I wouldn't miss a thing.

While I am interviewed, Cindy, girl number two, has Ted kneeling on all fours in the bathtub. A medical bag divulges paraphernalia needed for an enema, a interesting and humiliating activity from which I have refrained in Dominating Ted.

But after watching Cindy so deftly insert an inflatable nozzle, fill the rubber bag with warm soapy water, and then begin to slowly fill Ted's bowels, it may be included in our play time in the future.

"We have some notes concerning your husband's problem, Mrs. Dalton. There is not much behavior that cannot be modified at Constancia Island. But we need to understand your goals. We can mold him any way you desire. Mentally...physically...spiritually. We have the staff, the knowhow and a wonderful facility. There is no limit to how long he can stay. We have certain lifelong patients...their Dominant partners choosing to occasionally visit and ensure their continued indoctrination into servitude. Others depart very much enlightened, eager to please their owners."

I pause for thought.

"I want devotion and complete capitulation to my whims. I am a litigator, a member of a professional group, which is

sometimes compared to a pack of pit bulls in terms of cordiality. I slay opposing attorneys during the day. When I arrive home I want to be pampered. I've had Ted dressed as a maid on occasion and it works very nicely for me…being served hand and foot. What doesn't work is for me to arrive home and see *this* with some low class dominatrix for hire."

For emphasis, I point to my naked and bound husband kneeling before three clothed women while his bowels slowly fill.

Girl number one takes notes with a smug smile.

"Easily done. You'll be getting progress reports from the Island…from the head psychologist, Dr. Stella Corrothers and the physician Dr. Helga Reinhold. There is not much they have not handled."

The Corrothers name rings a bell. It was she who had years before delivered the lecture. I wondered what had happened to her.

Girl number two releases the enema and a torrent fills the tub. She then refills the bag this time with cold water. Girl number one notices my reaction.

"It not only rinses, the discomfort establishes control. He'll be groveling in a moment."

She is correct. My superficially macho husband feels the intense effect of the chilling water deep within his bowels. He doesn't understand all that is happening. He does understand pain.

Being deemed cleansed Ted is led back into the bedroom and laid on the bed. An inflatable butt plug is inserted. Then girl number one, seeming to be in charge, rolls him onto his back. A slim metal tube is produced and she coats it with lubricant.

"Depending on the flights and boat connection, he may be in transit for close to twelve hours. We don't want him needing to relieve himself."

Thus the enema and now…a catheter. But not a comfortable Teflon tube. No, Ted gets a smooth but stiff

length of stainless steel inserted into his urethra. The girl works slowly but firmly and judging from Ted's exaggerated movements the sensation is not pleasant. He whimpers.

"It prevents erection. He'll be standing only for his handler while under the care of the American Society for Behavior Modification. Unsupervised tumescence is not permitted."

Of course not…why would I think otherwise?

The hollow steel tube is connected to a collection bag by way of a rubber tube. Ted won't be needing to urinate for a while.

Then the question of just how my young handlers of recalcitrant males will pirate away my husband is finally answered.

The stretcher is wheeled into the bedroom. Under the sheet draped over the flat top surface is a box...really a coffin. The girls pull it out, lie it on the floor and open it.

"Say good bye, Ted," girl number two humorously suggests to my deafened subordinate. Number one firmly grasps his testicles and guides him up and off the bed. Girl two prepares a hypodermic syringe.

"Thorazine," she announces in anticipating my question. "Just a touch of a neuroleptic drug for the ride. He'll be nice and quiet and then resume his friskiness in the Caribbean."

Ted obediently follows the pulls and pushes. He flinches when girl two injects his buttocks. I am amazed at how quickly his legs become rubber. His wrist cuffs are separated and he is neatly laid to rest, so to speak.

Girl number one unplugs the wire from my stereo then plugs it into a portable CD player, which she places into the coffin like box.

"Just boring static...but with the Thorazine it doesn't matter."

She laughs and clips the wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs to eye-hooks on the inside. Then comes the final touch, completely transforming Ted into a piece of human cargo. Girl number one gruffly intubates him. A connecting canister at the floor of the coffin assures he will have a supply of oxygen.

“He’ll be in the unpressurized cargo hold of the plane. The box is well insulated but at thirty thousand feet the air is rarified.”

The lid is clamped on and I am impressed when the two girls effortlessly lift the box with my husband inside and return it to the bottom of the stretcher. In adjusting the covering sheet, no one will suspect what lies underneath.

“We will tell the doorman that your husband recovered from his chest pains and further assistance was not necessary. You’ll have to cover his absence from there.”

Easily done.

‘So long, Ted,’ I murmur to myself.

Forms are placed before me. I sign and keep a copy for later reading. A very bad practice for a gifted jurist with an ivy league degree, but I am tired and after all…it’s only Ted. The physically imposing girls whisk away the seemingly empty stretcher as if rolling a weightless shopping cart.

I return to the bedroom experiencing second thoughts. Perhaps I have been too harsh.

Then I find under the bed, apparently pushed aside by the felonious ‘Mistress Samantha’ in her hurried escape, a small bag, within are an assortment of drugs. Amyl nitrate and other so called stimulants, possibly illegal but questionable all the same. Small items, but if discovered have the potential to alter one’s livelihood…particularly that of a licensed attorney.

So long indeed, Ted.

Chapter Three

The Girls of the ASBM

It’s an easy way to make some money while attaining an advanced nursing degree…and be entertained.

Just once or twice per month we get a call from the American Society for Behavior Modification (ASBM). We’re given a time…that’s all…and we know to meet at a west side garage where the Society’s secretive truck is hidden deep in the basement. With the bright red striping, large letters spelling out ‘AMBULANCE’ and numerous flashing lights, the garage’s owner thinks it is used for movie shoots…scenes in which a vehicle is needed to respond to a medical emergency. And when Cindy and I appear in our white uniforms the cover works every time.

Upon arrival we find on the front seat is an envelope from the Society. On one simple sheet of paper is what we need to know for the evening’s work. The name and address of the ‘patient’ and other pertinent details. From there all else falls into place…deliver the boxed patient to Kennedy Airport by 3:30 a.m. and retrieve a returned empty ‘coffin’ to be stored in the ambulance until the next pick up.

For that, Cindy and I receive $500 each…in cash. Not bad for college students of modest means. I only wish there were more opportunities.

And then there is the annual summer trip to Constancia Island. A free week in a dreamland for Dominant women. There are morning training sessions for us but during afternoons we are free to frolic in the tropical sun. Not a bad ‘perk’ for a job demanding 3 hours of time twice per month.

So we stop at this Dalton apartment and encounter a scenario that makes our job even easier than normal. The guy is already bound! Most times to get the ‘patient’ into cuffs we have to use a little ‘persuasion’…which, after a few years of working in a mental institution during our

undergraduate days, is easily applied. Of course we can always use the Thorazine, but Cindy and I agree that's like cheating. It's more challenging to physically place the subordinate male in cuffs, cleanse his backside and catheterize him while he is fully alert. It's a very satisfying 'take down' scene, stripping him of both clothing and dignity before two clothed women…or more if his benefactress cares to observe, like Mrs. Dalton did.

Months ago, we had one pick up where the wife invited two of her neighbors. Seems the guy thought of himself as quite the cocksman and had been enticing certain nubile daughters into his apartment. Well the mothers of the building united, I think all chipped in to cover the ASBM fees, and we soon had Mr. Cocksman stripped down and feeling the effects of some of Cindy's very deep enemas.

Those are the extractions where I wish I could observe the entire process at the Island. He initially resisted quite adamantly. But by the time Cindy got done he was groveling as with the all the others. Then it's the Thorazine and into the box for a nice trip to another life…one of obedience and servitude. The girls on Constancia would find much amusement with that one, I remember thinking.

So we missed out on some fun with Mr. Dalton. No pleading. No crying. Though sometimes a smooth extraction is welcomed…it *is* a little boring.

But to enliven our task there is always Eddie…the little wimp at the freight terminal. At Kennedy, it is he who takes the box…termed 'cargo' at the loading dock and ensures it is properly stowed. Officially working for the air freight company, ASBM owns him and Cindy and I enjoy watching him cower in our presence. We know he spent some indoctrination time at Constancia Island. He occasionally makes remarks, which could be judged as disparaging to the Society…then catches himself and apologizes…very humbly.

At some point, we're planning to disclose his true thoughts to the Society at a time when Cindy and I are leaving for our week on the Island. It would be fun working him there without need for interruption. After all, it would not be difficult to secure him into a box and toss him on that 5:00 a.m. plane to Aruba. We know how to handle 'cargo'.

Currently we appease our urges by 'inviting' him into the back of our ambulance. After the 'cargo' is tucked away in the plane and paper work is completed, Cindy and I are given to stripping Eddie down and having some fun. After all, the vehicle is fully equipped. Nothing like strapping a naked male to a stretcher, pulling his feet up around his ears and slowly masturbating him into a partial catheter tube while probing his anus with a sizable insertion of our choosing. Though at that hour there are few onlookers, Eddie panics when later we push him out the back sans clothing. Then one by one we slowly toss him his garments and watch him fidget in getting dressed. The control element is arousing.

Chapter Four

Ted Dalton

Even while deprived of the use of sight and hearing one maintains some sense of time, for awhile. So, when I felt Mistress Samantha's gloved fingers abruptly withdraw from my anus followed by nothing for the longest period, I realized something was amiss. Professional dominatrixes work by the hour. The successful ones do not noticeably watch the clock but do tend to wrap things up, no pun, within the prescribed allotted time. None are going to sit about and watch 'Gone With the Wind' while a sub is enjoying a lengthy scene...unless of course they extract their hourly fee for the entire visit.

Then my scrotal parachute was attached and I became somewhat concerned. Evidently Mistress Samantha was going through the dresser drawer and had found a favorite toy. Clever how she attached it to my ankle cuffs. I could either stretch my balls or futilely struggle to hold my feet and ankles back near my buttocks. Maintaining either position meant slow suffering.

Then came the ice! It was not what I had scripted. Perhaps Mistress Samantha enjoyed innovating.

Then my numbing testicles just floated in the coldness and I slowly lost feeling where a man enjoys feeling the most.

When the stout tip of a dildo knocked, I knew it could only be one thing. My wife...my defacto owner...had arrived home! She was supposed to be in Chicago for another two days.

I could only lie and take the punishment...the extreme and seemingly endless sodomy that I experienced on most Sunday mornings. But with my genitals iced to complete numbness I could feel nothing but the pain of the penetration. Normally she slowly masturbated me, providing not only orgasmic relief, but this wonderful fulfilling sensation that the woman of my dreams was using

me for her pleasure. That the sensations caused by my efforts to resist the long and undulating cylinder of rubber pleasured the woman I worshipped. This in turn pleased me and on cue I would do my best to ejaculate for her. She enjoyed giving the command. I enjoyed obeying.

Then there were different hands. Firm with feminine softness like Mrs. Dalton's...and knowledgeable...fingers that were not only familiar with the male anatomy but comfortable working it. They poked, pinched and prodded...squeezing my testicles until I would do anything to curtail the dull ache. These hands worked with purpose and knew men and how to control.

What was happening?

The enema was beyond anything Mrs. Dalton had done before.

"Curiously controlling but sloppy," she once exclaimed in shrugging off that manner of play.

And then the application of the cold water broke my limited fortitude. My bowels filled without relent as a soft warm hand checked the pressure on my lower abdomen.

There was more than one woman. As I felt the deep intrusive pain of the catheter, one hand holding my penis and another pushing the tube, a second pair grasped my testicles and used the pillowcase to steady my head.

And it was all done so agilely, like a well drilled athletic team. The injection turned the muscles in my legs to jelly. When a tube entered my mouth, I seemed to welcome it.

I was then truly in sensory deprivation. The music stopped abruptly and turned to a fuzzy static. My wrists and ankles were secured and whatever had been injected robbed me of any desire to move anyway. No sight. I could not talk. With slight movements my shoulders and knees brushed against something. I was confined. I managed to lift my head and my forehead touched a firm surface...confirming I was in an enclosure.

What was happening?

But then whatever was injected took its course. I became torpid, not wishing to do anything other than explain to Mrs. Dalton. Perhaps kneel and beg her forgiveness. And I could not do so.

I had no opportunity.

I began to dream…perhaps hallucinate…and of course once again Mrs. Dalton became my Valkyrie…as with almost every dream. The woman of my fantasy rides a horse…a large white stallion. The beast is huge, powerful…galloping with a frenetic energy, which only the firm hands of my idol can restrain. He wants to run tempestuously yet the masterful grip of my beautiful but forceful specter uses bit and bridle to ensure that his friskiness is well constrained.

She wears black, so wickedly contrasting the purity of the snow white horse. Black leather gloves, ending at her forearms hold reins and a riding crop. Muscled biceps and shoulders are bare. A thin strapless black leather bustier snugly covers mammoth breasts, which voluptuously ripple with the canter. A brief leather skirt leaves brawny almost masculine thighs exposed. Black leather boots end at the knees. Gusts of summer wind and the cadenced motion of the horse cause the skirt to flutter. The resulting glimpses of pink feminine flesh draw the eyes and tantalize the imagination.

I stand naked and restrained. A stiff leather collar is clipped to a lanyard hanging from an overhead board cantilevered from a tall sturdy post. The thin but strong strand is short, forcing me to struggle to stand on my toes. My wrists are cuffed behind my back. In the late morning sun I perspire. Sweat drips into my eyes frustratingly interfering with my rapturous gaze of the puissant equestrienne.

She adroitly guides the horse around a large fenced pasture where I am tethered in the middle. I am aroused and the tension on the neck collar causes me to slowly

stiffen. Watching her thoroughly command such a potent beast with her skirt flipping at times to completely reveal her well-trimmed pubes is stimulating.

When my penis stands at full salute she approaches, noticing its stiffness.

“You need to be exercised,” she smoothly comments with a knowing smile of supreme confidence.

The overhead beam is at the height of her shoulders. She releases the lanyard and with an effortless flick of her wrist applies a quick but surprisingly painful snap of her crop to my buttocks.

“Run for me,” she calmly suggests.

But I know it is a command and it is quickly followed by a second and more vicious stroke. Her voice is tranquil…but her crop hand speaks loudly.

I run. My erection bobs. She laughs and guides the horse to follow. She nimbly leans in the saddle to crop again. I run faster. My buttocks hurt but I strangely feel good. I am free and entertaining this amazing Dominant woman.

“Can you hold your erection and perform for me?” she so insouciantly inquires.

I am too winded to respond. But I know she will have her answer as I indeed run for her, perform for her, entertain her with my labored efforts to avoid the searing snaps of her crop.

The fantasy has no end…I just run and run and run, to the sound of her laughter and the sting of her crop.

Despite the drug and my deprived senses, I can feel motion. The container, or whatever holds me, is being moved. Then there are vibrations and an occasional jarring. As the static noise endlessly fills my ears and the dream fades I know to put aside all curiosity concerning my situation. It is not within my purview to ask questions. So I let my mind wander and thoughts of our initial meeting come to mind.

Mrs. Dalton was on long flight to Los Angeles. I was the flight attendant serving her in first class. As usual, our scheduled time of departure, some 20 minutes after that of a competing airline, left the cabin less than half full. She sat in the rear of first class. An elderly woman, almost totally deaf, sat in the first row. There were no others to serve.

She kept sending me into the galley for things. In a very subtle way she was divinely domineering. And there was something about the way she sat…as if on a throne.

We talked. The flight was long. She asked for bottled water and insisted that I join her in imbibing. I did, finding that I could not help obeying even the simplest of requests.

She just sipped strongly suggesting that I drink. It was only water and I wanted to please.

“You’ll ask before using the facilities, Ted? Like a good boy.”

She set a trap into which I suppose I eagerly stepped. Her command was so subtle, so placidly enunciated yet so firmly conveyed.

“Yes, Miss Dalton,” I recall replying so humbly.

Yes, my wife’s maiden name is Dalton. In the marriage ceremony I took her surname. She insisted on becoming Mrs. Dalton and having my name changed to Ted Dalton.

Well with all the water I had to go. I asked and found it curious that she immediately agreed. I misunderstood her little game. But then as I pulled at the lavatory door her large hand reached over my shoulder to hold it open. I turned my head to look over my shoulder. I had to raise my chin. She was *so* tall…*so* physically domineering. And her eyes were *so* soothing yet forceful.

Gratefully the elderly deaf woman was asleep for I was not sure where I was being taken...mentally. Miss Dalton was in control.

“No need for shyness, Ted,” she announced in her firm tone.

I remember looking at her with a beseeching look…thinking that her little game would soon end and she'd shut the door…she didn't.

"Well?" she inquired with such expectancy. "We're not both going to fit in there…and I like to examine before I buy."

I just hoped the pilots didn't leave the flight deck. They use the first class facilities. Miss Dalton anticipated my concern.

"I'll close it if any one approaches, Ted."

Guess I ran out of excuses. I unzipped. She objected.

"Not much to see. Unbuckle and drop those trousers and undershorts…yes that's a good boy."

Well she had her inspection and I suppose liked what she saw. I was embarrassed…a level of humiliation beyond anything I had ever experienced…but I found there was also a twinge of enjoyment. I think she recognized it before I did.

I began my business. She reached down and kneaded and caressed my buttocks…her fingers inspected as if purchasing a melon or other fruits and vegetables. It was difficult to concentrate and I surprised myself that I was able to perform…until she bent a little at the waist and reached between and under my cheeks. A finger pushed against my perineum apparently pressuring my urethra. The flow was cut off. For some reason I did not protest. It was as if I was powerless to resist. I just looked up into her placid but unyielding face and remained standing over the john. I remember thinking how physically imposing she was…the looks of a fashion model on the body of an Olympic athlete. My bladder ached. I needed to urinate.

"Some men like to be controlled, Ted…by a woman. Ever give that a thought? You seem to enjoy serving. You've made a career out of it."

She smiled with her observation and released her finger. I finished.

“You’re uncircumcised. Nice meaty foreskin. Ever think about changing that?”

I just shook my head and blushed.

“Skin it back for me please.”

Again spoken as more of a command than a request. My fingers worked to pull back and uncover the moist and hidden penis tip. She smiled at the sight of what most women find hideous.

“I’ll bet you give that a good work out, hmm? Perhaps on Friday nights…thinking about all the good looking girls you’ve served in first class.”

I strangely found myself nodding in agreement. Miss Dalton’s presence was overpowering and she was quick to establish a psychological Dominance that I had not encountered before in a female.

Then she just stepped away, returning to her seat where she read legal papers for most of the remaining flight.

As we prepared for landing, she handed me a business card with her home phone written on the back.

“Next time you’re planning on playing with that, give me a call first. I’ll have some things I’ll want you to do for me.”

Well, after the examination in the lavatory her firm feminine voice caused an odd tingle…as if part of me was resisting while another part was memorizing the phone numbers.

After landing she paused at the exit while waiting for the door to be opened. She just looked at me.

“I work irregular hours…” was all the words I could muster.

Miss Dalton pinched my cheek as if I was a small boy.

“The business number is a direct line. And I’m sure my secretary may also find you amusing…”

She stepped into the jetway leaving the thought hanging with no further words deemed needed. My eyes followed her efficient and purposeful stroll to the main terminal. She did not look back. She knew I would call, and her

presumption in knowing that I would indeed be using the phone numbers caused more conflicting thoughts of both stimulation and resistance.

Yes, I called. It was the following week during a layover. I was staying in a depressing motel in Memphis. My schedule was changed from the coast flights, which I enjoyed, to depressing commuter type flights. The hustle and bustle depressed me. I was stroking 'Little Ted' in an attempt to cheer myself but could not get Miss Dalton's words out of my head. It was just before noon and I had to check out and be at the airport for a 3:00 p.m. departure.

So I called the direct line. A very young female voice answered. I gave my name as 'Ted the flight attendant' and was put on hold. Then the line clicked and I heard feminine laughter just before the sultry, firm voice of Miss Dalton came over the wire. She and her young secretary Matilda had exchanged some amusing comments.

"Hello, Ted. I trust you're calling for instructions."

I overheard the high pitched youthful laughter of the secretary as I indicated that I was.

"Completely naked, Ted. And I want you to insert your right index and forefinger into your anus. Be a good boy."

I explained that I was right handed and would need that hand to achieve gratification. I heard her laugh and comment to her secretary, relaying my concerns. I heard the young voice laugh more. I flushed in reaction. The two women were hundreds of miles away and were able to humiliate me.

"Stroke yourself with your left, Ted. That's why you have two hands."

To the sound of giggling I complied. It felt strange. I don't think I ever used my left and certainly never before had fingers in my rear passage. I had always considered it off limits with regard to sexual release. I was to receive quite the education in that area of play.

I tucked the phone under my chin freeing my hands. Miss Dalton lowered the pitch of her voice as I stroked. She made me describe my erection and the sensations of impaling my own backside. Her voice became distanced and I could tell that on her end of the line she was sharing the receiver with her secretary. But I became too aroused to care.

“We can hear the sloshing sound of moist skin, Ted. You enjoy very quick strokes for a boy your age.”

They both laughed confirming my supposition on the sharing of the phone.

“Tell us before you ejaculate, Ted. Be a good boy. You’ll need to ask permission.”

I was mesmerized by her commanding words and within minutes was beseeching her for acquiescence. To a mirthful command of ‘Come for me’, I climaxed to the sound of much girlish giggling and my grunts of ecstasy. It felt strange. It was most embarrassing but it felt *so* good. I exploded like a randy teenager.

My box, or whatever contains me, jolts distracting me from my reminiscence. I am being moved. Whereas it was slightly cold it is slowly becoming warm. Then things settle down and I again feel the vibrations of an engine.

Chapter Five

Jasmine

I wave to the driver and he knows exactly where to turn the truck and back up to the door of the storage building.

Another arrival in Aruba. Two supply trucks have already come and gone and with this final delivery, and Motamba will arrive with the boat to return me and the supplies to Constancia Island.

Our little enclave on Aruba is well disguised and guarded. None of the locals realize it is the point of embarkation for Constancia Island, the exclusive island, really a sovereign country owned by Lady Constance Esterhoven. Constancia Island is twenty miles away, just over the horizon. Purchased in the 1920's by Lady C's great grandfather it has been developed into a most unique vacation facility for its supreme ruler...the world's most Dominant woman. It is also a training facility for recalcitrant males. Measuring some two miles by seven miles, women reign on Constancia and males serve.

The driver lowers the truck tailgate. Lying on top is the coffin-like transport box, which is used to deliver all males to Constancia. When it descends to the crushed coral surface I pick up one end and the driver assists in carrying the box into the plain cinder block temporary storage building. It is amusing to see him struggle under the weight. I find the task effortless. At six foot and one hundred and eighty pounds of muscle, my strength exceeds that of most males. He is impressed when I single-handedly pick up an empty box and return it to the truck. The transport boxes are identical and circulate throughout the world, stored in various locations to await the next male to be whisked away to Constancia.

I inspect the tag tied to the handle at the end of the arriving box.

'Ted Dalton, New York'.

That is the name I am expecting and I nod to the driver. He genuflects and kisses my hand. His servile deportment is an attempt to avoid a visit to the island for a ‘refresher’ course in manners.

The driver leaves. I shut the door from within and open the box. It is almost 11:00 a.m. and our new trainee has been encapsulated since late last night. As an experienced and skilled nurse I perform a preliminary exam on all the arrivals to ensure their condition. Very rarely has there been a problem. The box is well designed.

The sight of well-bound naked males always excites and under the dim lights of the storage room I once again feel that sexual twinge of Dominance. A helpless and vulnerable Ted Dalton lies naked, cuffed, blindfolded and intubated as with all the arrivals. I check his pulse and listen to his heart and breathing. The endless static can be heard, the CD player specially designed to repeat and repeat and repeat with no need for manual operation. My hands smooth over male flesh, squeezing and caressing. Nice plump testicles and a foreskin begging for the quick nick of a scalpel.

The papers tossed into the box have Mr. Dalton’s particulars. The girls in New York gave him a good injection of Thorazine at 2:30 a.m. 100 milligrams! Those girls don’t bother with moderation. Mr. Dalton must have gone down like a sack of potatoes. Well just a little booster shot and our little puppy will arrive at Constancia in just the right mood…confused, humbled and eager to listen to all feminine commands. There are no male commands.

So just another 25 milligrams and he’ll be ready for Dr. Reinhold’s thorough examination.

Thorazine is a ‘neuroleptic’ drug developed in the fifties. Given to mental patients it has been compared to having a lobotomy, robbing the recipient of much desire and physically acting as a sedative. Mr. Dalton will find himself being very obedient and respectful and mentally quite malleable. We’ll lessen the dosage so he will be able to

work…but a well-filled syringe will always be nearby should resistance recur. In time, Mrs. Dalton will be very pleased with her newly trained husband. Drs. Reinhold and Corrothers are experts on behavior modification.

I hear the engines of the speedy supply boat. Motamba and the porters will soon dock and begin loading. Timing is of the essence. We strive to spend as little time as possible in Aruba, thus avoiding unwanted attention.

Normally the ‘bad boys’ who arrive for permanent training and servitude are herded onto the boat under the cover of darkness. A nice long single tail whip ensures their compliance and haste. But the arrivals from the ASBM are treated more like patients…actually like someone else’s property, and our procedures are a little more subtle. Thus, Mr. Dalton will remain in the box and never be fully aware of the circumstances behind his arrival and where he has been taken. After weeks of indoctrination he’ll be released to his benefactress. We wouldn’t want him knowing the exact location of our little piece of Female Dominant heaven.

I hear the boat’s engines idle then roar as Motamba cuts off the ignition. I roll open the overhead door. Two naked porters jump off the boat onto the dock, secure the lines, and approach running like children in a school yard. The forced chastity has that effect…the abundant hormones providing them with a curious level of energy and desire. On Constancia Island we convert those attributes to a yearning to be of service.

Motamba keeps the young males quite frisky and eager to serve, punishing the slow and rewarding the nimble. Thus they approach as if in a foot race and boxes of supplies are shouldered and quickly taken to the boat with a hasty trot.

In returning for a second trip, Motamba’s whip cracks at the buttocks of the slower boy, who lurches and then finds a heightened level of velocity.

It is a typical bright and cloudless morning in the Caribbean and the sun's rays glint from the assortment of jewelry worn by the two porters. Most noticeable are the metal bands, which encircle their penises at the frenulum. The small but ingenious devices keep the young males quite flaccid, the interior diameter having numerous spikes and sharp ridges, which make full erection painfully impossible. Depending on the tightness, males are permitted varying degrees of tumescence on Constancia Island. The porters are keep impotent...wearing the tightest and most heavily spiked bands. Others, such as the pair of prized pony boys used exclusively by Lady Constance, may achieve nearly full erection before the scientifically designed bands constrict and irritate the sensitive penis tip. Lady Constance likes to run her pony boys with their well controlled manhoods standing...their virility completely subordinated to the Dominant female rider.

Other ornamentations which evidence the porters' subjugation are the nipple piercings which are indigenous to males of the Island, and the elaborate way in which Lady Constance has adorned and permanently bound the testicles and scrotum. At one time headed for lives of drugs and petty crime, the two diminutive lads were acquired in Europe from the infamous Bavarian clinic for miscreant boys. Their organs being deemed only of modest size, Lady Constance took them after no permanent home of Female Dominance could be found for them. But their well-tanned and conditioned naked bodies suggest they have been happily rehabilitated despite their new life of forced and complete chastity.

Watching the porters run about is always amusing for the Dominant woman, thus I find my eyes following their quick footsteps, particularly when they return from the boat and the various cords and piercings so nicely display their testicles. Each porter's skin is riveted at the hips and

the knees providing a convenient hole where elastic cords can be secured. From each hip rivet a cord runs to a precisely sized ring slipped over each testicle, serving to pull up and outward and separate the two organs within the sac. Another pair of cords run from the knee rivets to rivets in the bottom of the scrotal sac, serving to pull the hairless bag downward. The overall effect is to have the restrained organs constantly stretched and fully displayed while the porters walk and run about performing their duties. Psychologically it is a wonderful reminder for the puppy-like pair, physically feeling at all times the effects of their bondage and servitude.

Three more trips and the supply building begins to empty. I make two trips myself to speed things along. Finally, it is time for Mr. Dalton. My finely subjugated boys both work at one end of his box and I pick up the other. In height, neither one reaches my shoulders, and I must smile as the weight proves to be quite the effort for them. But, what they lack in strength they make up for with other skills and training.

With doors closed and the facility secured, I step to the dock and onto the boat. The porters work the lines. Motamba starts the motors and she skillfully guides the 35 foot cabin cruiser back into the channel. I descend into the cabin and remove my white nurse’s uniform. It’s a 45 minute trip to Constancia and there is no point in being uncomfortable. I strip completely and don the simple latex apron, which loosely hangs from my waist and drapes over my pubes. It is my only garment. I enjoy the feel of the tropical sun and the wind constantly cooling my dark brown skin as I absorb the radiant heat. And the porters become aroused gazing at the naked female form. Their penis bands will be tested, though with their years on Constancia they have been mentally castrated, most times putting aside all thoughts of achieving erection.

So, there is no need for feminine modesty on Constancia Island. All males are appropriately restrained and most forcibly banded and kept chaste...therefore the Dominant women have little need for covering to avoid unwanted attention leading to clumsy attempts at seduction.

My return to the deck is well timed. With the speed of the craft Aruba is already in the distance and no one will see me frolicking with the naked porters. They'll service me with their stretched tongues during the entire trip. The vibration of the boat adds a wonderful dimension to their accomplished cunnilingus.

When Motamba is done flogging him, I'll have the slower of the two kneel and work between my cheeks...an added incentive for more alacrity.

The life of the Dominant Female on Constancia Island is sexually Epicurean.

Chapter Six

Dr. Helga Reinhold

Well, another arrival by way of the ASBM. This ‘Ted Dalton’ is typical of their referrals. A submissive male who needs to learn submission. Easily accomplished. At Constancia Island, we mold males into very eager subordinates…physically and mentally.

Naomi, head nurse at the Island’s medical facility, has placed Mr. Dalton on a gurney and removed his body hair. A strong chemical suffices to do this in the short term. If permanency is desired, we’ll later depilate by way of electrolysis, laser or more chemicals. That is for Mrs. Dalton to decide.

Mr. Dalton’s initial reaction to the large dose of Thorazine is typical. He is most docile and easily controlled. Thus his cuffs have been removed and he just lies in a stupor. The pillowcase remains in place and the CD player continues to deafen him but it is time for his magnetic imaging scan. We need his precise measurements, internally and externally. Depending on how Mrs. Dalton intends to manifest her dominance, our computer controlled equipment can make anal plugs, penis bands, neck collars, yokes, etc. that fit perfectly, all providing long term comfort but with a snugness that serves to constantly remind the wearer of the influence of his Mistress.

So I slide out the intubation tube and inflatable anal plug and remove the pillowcase. Below I find that a cheap sleeping mask also covers his eyes. It is also removed along with the headphones. Mr. Dalton can hear and see for the first time in some 18 hours, according to the paperwork.

He blinks in the bright lights and tries to speak. Slurred and practically unintelligible I anticipate the question.

“I am Dr. Helga Reinhold, Mr. Dalton. You’re in a medical facility on a Caribbean island. Your wife had you sent here. You’ve been a bad boy and will be staying with

us for a while. When you leave here, you'll be a very good boy."

He responds with more slurred speech. I ignore whatever he is asking.

"I'm going to want you to be very still. We need to scan you. If you move I will make it painful for you."

I emphasize my point by squeezing his right testicle with a gloved hand. Most women don't fully understand the level of pain that can be applied there without true damage. Unfortunately for Mr. Dalton, I do. So I squeeze most firmly. Even in his stupor the pain 'bleeds' through and he reacts with a yelp. My message is received.

I slide out the hollow stainless steel tube, which has served to catheterize him during his trip. A standard flexible Teflon coated tube would have sufficed. But the stiff steel sends a delicious message to the subordinate male...that a dominant woman will insert whatever she pleases, wherever she pleases and whenever she pleases.

"This will sting, Mr. Dalton."

Next comes my favorite. I'll want him completely erect for the scan. If Mrs. Dalton decides to have him banded, the precise measurements of his turgid manhood will be paramount. So a syringe of nitric oxide will do the trick, opening the blood vessels and forcing the erectile chambers to engorge. In many ways, we understand the male erection better than men, and I have fun creating 'diamond cutters', in the male vernacular. It's a phenomenon we've researched very thoroughly on Constancia Island through the extensive medical explorations of my mother, Dr. Emily Reinhold. Though the injected nitric oxide dissipates quickly, it begins a cascade of reactions. The flooded erectile chambers block the vessels, which would normally drain the penis of blood. The male anatomical solution to the constriction is to release more internally developed nitric oxide which, instead of permitting release, further engorges the erectile chambers

and causes more tumescence. With the effect of the Thorazine inhibiting certain natural defensive reactions, Mr. Dalton will have a greater than normal difficulty controlling his erection. It will remain curiously hard for hours…as noted, hard enough to cut diamonds.

Mr. Dalton feels little ‘bee stings’ as I callously inject his penis and watch it rise. I go way beyond the recommended dosage. For the first time ever, he will regret having an erection. The cascade caused by the nitric oxide will not permit flaccidity and it will feel as though the sensitive tip will explode. With the Thorazine it is a most effective way to get him to stand for me.

He begins to cringe with a degree of stiffness he has never before experienced. I apply one more milliliter then step back. It’s a most amusing contrast seeing the incredibly stiff penis stand atop a supine languishing, hairless and otherwise limp body. The Thorazine will deny him the energy to stroke it. And within a minute or two he won’t want to…the inflamed tip throbbing with the sensitivity of a badly stubbed big toe.

Even after years and years of working the male organ I still feel a sexual twinge in having it completely under my power.

I call for Naomi. She displays the provocative smile of the Dominant woman in gazing at Mr. Dalton’s forced erectness. But she has seen many and quickly returns her thoughts to business. She assists me in wheeling Mr. Dalton into the imaging room. I remind him to remain motionless with another squeeze, this time to his left gonad. He does. He tries to be such a good boy.

While the imaging machine works, I look to the duty rooster to see who will be Mr. Dalton’s handler. The name ‘Luana’ heads the rotation. I smile. The little minx has finally become of age and Mr. Dalton will be her first charge as a full time handler. Though quite young she will be most imposing.

On Constancia Island all males are subordinate. Since there are no cars or other motorized vehicles, one either walks or uses the services of the ubiquitous pony boys. And for food, the Island's farm produces all the fruits and vegetables required for the local population, grown through the toils of naked well-worked males. I cannot describe how satisfying it is to eat an overly ripe pineapple, which has been harvested and delivered by way of the sweat and anguish of a naked male beast pulling an ox cart. So Mr. Dalton will find himself well worked and constantly tormented. The permanent male 'residents' are owned by Lady Constance and used as servants and beasts of burden. The males visiting for training and indoctrination may likewise be used depending on the type of humiliation and subjugation required for their transformation. Thus, there are many activities in which Mr. Dalton can be immersed.

And it's all possible due to Lady Constance's prescient great-grandmother who years ago, when the Island was first developed for habitation, took the time to travel to Africa and recruit the services of the Bagandan people. The descendants have lived on the Island ever since and for decades have assisted in training, controlling and tormenting the male.

In African lore, the Bagandas were noted for stretching various parts of their anatomy. On females it was most common to stretch the inner labia since large, exposed lips were considered symbolic of a very highly sexed woman. On inferior males it was common to stretch the scrotal sac. A very long, low hanging scrotal sac was deemed humiliating, and recalcitrant tribe members were thus altered.

This tradition of stretching expanded over the centuries and the tribe developed exotic lotions and methods for slowly and systematically stretching the skin of nubile daughters so they could attract the best husbands and of young males to emasculate for behavior modification

purposes. The sophisticated knowledge acquired by the Baganda, which remains as a tribal secret to this day, lies in stretching the flesh in such a manner so that no scar tissue forms, which would tend to desensitize and deform the stretched area. Thus, if the labia are stretched too far too fast, the female loses sensitivity and a degree of sexual desire. In the male, an abbreviated stretching process causes scarring, which would detract from the desired sensual view of smooth, pink flesh.

Another unusual facet of the Bagandan culture was their relationship with neighboring villages. Whereas the history of Africa is replete with countless wars and battles among bordering African cultures, the Bagandas were for the most part peaceful. There was little motivation to expand their territory, but when attacked, they were noted for their most brutal retaliations.

But what particularly demotivated opposing warriors was the treatment of prisoners by the Baganda. The possibility of being captured by the Baganda made potential attackers very reluctant to engage in hostility, and eventually no opposing leader could muster the needed warriors to stage an attack. For it was well known that all prisoners were turned over to the Bagandan women, who, it was suggested by numerous accounts, practiced their stretching skills with zeal and without mercy. Also over the years, the younger women were trained by their elders to have a complete disdain for non-Bagandan males, which became ingrained into their psyche. Nineteenth century explorers who when encountering the tribal village deep in the African jungle, observed captured natives being treated as beasts of burden by the Bagandan women, pulling carts and plows, with various anatomical parts modified not only for amusement, but to facilitate restraint.

So the late Baroness Esterhoven learned of the tribe and hired them...en mass. And I have been amazed with their talents and the zeal with which they use such.

Luana is fourth generation. A diminutive girl in her late teens, she has been trained since childhood to handle naked subordinate males...first having them work the fields, helping her mother guide the plows pulled by sweating, well whipped human beasts, and later working in the stables...watering, washing and tacking the various pony boys. With one of Lady Constance's rules being that feminine assistance is required for all bladder relief, there is probably not a penis on the Island that Luana has not handled. I smile with the thought of such a young girl being so well trained and acclimated to manipulating naked males and handling with impunity the most intimate parts of their anatomy.

As my watchful eye tracks the gauges and computer screen monitoring Mr. Dalton's scanning I think...yes, Mr. Dalton will find his stay to be most challenging. He will leave here quite modified...mentally and physically.

"Contact Luana, Naomi. Tell her that her charge will be ready in an hour. I suspect she'll enjoy greeting him while he's still erect."

Naomi giggles girlishly. Our thoughts are in parallel. The thirty-ish Mr. Dalton will be quite embarrassed in being presented to his teenaged handler in such a forcibly aroused state.

Chapter Seven

Mrs. Dalton

I arise Thursday morning with no intention of going to the office. The hours of plunging the huge phallus into Ted's backside has tired me. The orgasms were countless.

I finally drag myself out of bed and while making coffee retrieve the newspaper. Propped against the apartment door is a package, evidently forwarded by the doorman. A simple return address rubber stamped on the upper left corner indicates it is from the ASBM, the acronym for the American Society for Behavior Modification. There are no other markings except my name.

The newspaper can wait. I sit at the kitchen table and open the plainly wrapped package. It has been hand delivered and is intriguing in its relative anonymity.

I sip my coffee and inspect.

Inside is a catalogue accompanied by a cover letter and a three page form to be completed. Normally one would find such paperwork to be burdensome. But as I randomly open the catalogue, I know the collection of photos, diagrams, and the form itself will have my attention for most of the morning.

The ASBM wishes to learn in the most exquisitely imaginable detail how I would like Ted modified. The catalogue contains a description of every conceivable manner of piercing, most with photos. There is a section covering the subject of hair removal…permanent? and if so what areas? Done chemically, by electrolysis or both…with a narrative on the merits of both.

It is suggested that certain appendages can be altered to better suit the needs of the Dominant female. It seems the Island's medical staff, headed by this Dr. Reinhold, has pioneered many different procedures to make the male anatomy more suitable for a woman's needs.

There is a section concerning restraints. Because Ted's measurements have been scanned into a computer, the

ASBM can arrange to have any number of wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs, neck collars, waist belts made that will fit precisely. Photos include such items made of leather, nylon, steel, etc. A full body harness is offered for suspension. The photos of naked males helplessly dangling from simple cords and ropes are arousing.

I wonder if a hook could be set into my bedroom ceiling?

There are hundreds of custom crafted 'toys' which the ingenious computer controlled machines of Constancia Island can produce. One set of items offers a curious level of control...rubber gags. Ball gags really, except in place of a ball is a lump of rubber molded to precisely cover the teeth and fill the mouth of the wearer. A circular passageway through the middle allows for the flow of air, but otherwise the wearer's mouth is deliciously filled and immobilized. The set is comprised of three...introductory...modest...severe. The difference amongst the three being how far open the jaw is held. I feel a twinge gazing at the photo of a subordinate male wearing the severe model. Tears roll down his cheeks as the gag obviously forces open his mouth to the point of painfully straining the jaw muscles. Beneath the photo is the caption...'*You won't even hear him hum*'.

The tattooing I find interesting but not conducive to my needs. There are dozens of photos of naked submissive males permanently colored to resemble every imaginable animal...dogs, cats, birds. I will need Ted to accompany me to various functions, however. A husband, no matter how subservient, would not make the right impression at the annual Bar association dinner if tattooed to resemble a kitten.

Though the thought *does* bring a smile.

A clever warning in bold type introduces the next section. 'Prostatic stimulation is imperative for the chaste male'. The following diagrams and pictures of anal insertions show endless shapes and sizes. All come with an

ASBM guaranty that the well-hidden male gland will be properly manipulated by the recipient.

Then comes a section, which shocks. Physical alteration. Constancia is a sovereign country. There are no rules concerning medical practices there. With a stroke of my pen Ted will be returned to me more female than male…or perhaps without that useless strip of male flesh he so pleadingly suggests needs more of my attention. And all performed with the level of anesthesia mandated by the Dominant female partner. However horrid, it is tantalizingly permanent and gives rise to thoughts of such *power*…

Following is a discussion of the potential psychological transformations. This Dr. Corrothers is rather accomplished in her field and I never fully understood the long-term effects of neuroleptic drugs such as Thorazine. Depending on the level and longevity of the dosages, I can have Ted transmogrified into a walking vegetable with no other desire or urge than to please me…and of course how that is defined is for me to elucidate on the enclosed three page form. A sissy maid perhaps? Preferring high heels and stockings to mundane shoes and trousers. Perhaps an accomplished cunnilinguist, whose only sexual release comes in orally bringing about mine. A more masculine man servant, providing nightly massages with no regard to his own gratification.

The discussion on utilizing the subordinate male as a beast of burden offers a fascinatingly graphic image of the potential power exchange. Pictures taken on Constancia Island provide a montage of Dominant bliss, with well exercised, well whipped, naked and harnessed pony boys sweating in the tropical heat. It’s interesting to note the paucity of clothing that the females wear on the island, the forcibly chaste males offering no threat of sexual provocation.

Memories of my aunt’s farm in upstate New York flash into my mind. Since I inherited it, I only visited once…and

that was before Ted.

Hmm. I do enjoy the physical elements of Dominance as much as the psychological….

My head swims with the possibilities. Why did I not do this before?

So with a second cup of coffee I retrieve a pen and let my imagination wander. How do I wish to manifest my Dominance?

It will be a challenging morning.

Chapter Eight

Ted Dalton

Following the doctor's instructions is easy. Whatever drug has been injected robs me of all desire to move. But the syringe used on my penis is another story. 'Little Ted' feels as if he will explode! I have never had such a sensation of fullness and been so aware of my organ. It feels as if I am all penis!

And to lie helplessly while the two women peer at me with such looks of sang froid should be disconcerting. I am reminded of a steer at the slaughterhouse. Yet, I am oddly comfortable...the drug!

The humming of the machine, looming over me as if it will devour, finally stops and this middle aged dour woman, the doctor, turns to the black nurse.

"Put him in suspension for the nipple piercings, Naomi. I doubt if he will make trouble but there is no point in taking chances."

The doctor leaves and this 'Naomi', dressed in the white uniform of a nurse, begins to assemble various straps and restraints. Over my two years of marriage I have certainly come to recognize bondage paraphernalia...Mrs. Dalton making the acquisition of such one of the main goals of her Friday evening shopping sprees. But this stuff is much more clinical...none of the black leather, which so is symbolic of BDSM interplay. Instead she assembles various lengths of thick beige nylon with velcro stitched onto numerous useful places for speed and ease when restraining a 'patient'.

Naomi begins by encircling my neck with a high and stiff collar. Mrs. Dalton termed such items posture collars because the wearer is so forced to display appropriate posture. It positions my chin well off my chest and is notched at the chin, making it impossible to turn my head. As stated, simple velcro straps ensure it remains in place.

Next are wrist cuffs. Lined with thick cloth and foam, they are quite comfortable. Velcro again permits ease of use and it becomes evident, as broad straps are placed around my thighs, that Naomi has done this often. She is courteous in lifting and moving the requisite limbs but also quite firm. There is no way of slipping my wrists out from the cuffs after Naomi has pulled and folded over the securing straps. Ankle cuffs complete the ensemble. I am snugly strapped.

“Up we go, Mr. Dalton. You’ll feel a little clumsy at first. The Thorazine has that effect. But over time you will become accustomed to it…physically.”

I am amazed when she grasps my scrotum and uses it to guide me. She is polite, professional and most experienced in donning the restraints yet grabs my organs with such aggressiveness! Any thought of resistance quickly fades. I may be able to pull away from her, but with a heavy price.

I stand on wobbly feet.

“You’re nicely erect. I know you can’t see it, but Dr. Reinhold has you standing like a randy teenager. Can you feel it?” she inquires with a girlish giggle.

The neck collar has indeed precluded me from looking downward. Yet I can feel the incredible shaft swing about as I stand. The engorged head is heavy. It is as if someone has attached weights to my penis! In my lower peripheral vision I can see the purple tip jutting forth.

So I nod and Naomi smiles.

“It’s cute. Can you waggle it for me…like a good boy?”

Normally I would find such a request from an unknown nurse to be offensive. I would protest, perhaps be verbally abusive…but instead I waggle…like a good boy. She smiles.

“We see so many here…and all so proud.”

It’s the drug! I comply with her most obnoxious request so readily.

Naomi draws my wrists behind my back and attaches them together. Another velcro strap? I have no way of

knowing but did not hear buckles and cannot feel metal.

Then she continues using my scrotum as a leash to walk me to the far side of the room.

“We handle many males here Mr. Dalton. Most are younger and stronger than you. And they all comply with our wishes. Some sooner and easier than others…but they all become obedient. So make it easy on yourself. I’m going to suspend you. It will look severe and scary but we’ve found it is best. We’ll need complete control. That’s what it’s all about here. Control. We demand it, you will learn to most humbly offer it.”

As she speaks she leads me to an odd contraption. It is an assemblage of metal pipes…on wheels. On a sturdy rectangular base a vertical pipe rises to a height of some six feet. At the top a horizontal pipe stretches to the right and left forming a large ‘T’. Various hooks have been welded to the metal. Straps dangle from hooks to the extreme right and left of the ends of the horizontal pipe.

“Okay, Mr. Dalton. Step into the square, turn and face me like a good boy. This will be quick and you’ll soon be most comfortable.”

Again, something is telling me to obey. I am being led about naked and restrained by this authoritative black nurse and unwittingly doing my best to please her!

My feet step into the square of piping mounted on wheels. I turn. The dangling straps are deftly hooked to the broad swaths of cloth encircling my thighs. The back of my neck collar is hooked to the vertical pipe. She adjusts, smiles then leans and lifts my right foot, bending my leg back to clip the ankle cuff to the vertical pipe behind me. My left foot quickly follows. I am suspended in air two or three feet off the ground in a kneeling position. Most of my weight is supported by the thigh straps…some on my ankles…a little on my neck collar. With my hips forced forward, my erection feels as if it will touch the far wall. Nurse Naomi steps back with a look of smugness. She is

most accomplished in suspending the naked male. The whole procedure took seconds and she required no assistance other than to have me stand in the proper place.

“Comfortable?” she inquires with an irritatingly smooth voice. She gently pats my free-swinging testicles.

I want to verbally lash out, yet I nod as best I can. It’s odd that I curse the drug yet am so compliant. And I *am* comfortable. The restraints are well designed. She spends a moment adjusting. The straps tighten and my thighs separate even further. I am *so* exposed and my penis *so* much seems to enjoy showing itself.

“When you’re flaccid and need to urinate. Let me know.”

Nurse Naomi presses a lever with her foot. This releases the wheels. She moves behind me and pushes. My male pride, whatever is left, sinks. Naked and thoroughly restrained I am going to be pushed about by a woman…with my erection sticking out like a sword. Where is she taking me?

Out into a hallway Naomi pushes to the sound of squeaking wheels below. I feel like a child in a shopping cart. Naomi offers soft words of encouragement concerning my forthcoming ‘ordeal’. I am not sure to what it is she is referring but the drug, this Thorazine, seems to deny me any sense of curiosity or level of care. Mentally I do not wish to resist, yet deep within there is a male pride that suggests I protest…yell…curse. Yet, I do nothing.

We pass other nurses…both young with white uniforms notably contrasting their dark complexions. They stifle giggles in seeing my nakedness and incredibly stiff erection. I feel some degree of embarrassment though it is much tempered by the drug. Naomi seems to command their respect. She is obviously of rank at this facility.

I am wheeled down a ramp into a windowless basement. It is dark. Dreary. Ominous. I should be concerned. It is a dungeon yet there are no cell bars or torture apparatus,

just large boxes. In reading certain labeling I see the word ‘emergency’ stenciled on several cartons.

“This part of the basement is for shelter during severe storms and hurricanes,” explains Nurse Naomi, anticipating my curiosity, however much diminished.

We approach a large set of double doors. Nurse Naomi gracefully turns and swings about my ‘shopping cart’. She pulls me backwards through the hinged doors using her backside to push them open. Shockingly bright lights momentarily illuminate the dark chamber we have passed through then the doors swing closed as I am pulled into the well illuminated room.

Dr. Emily Reinhold awaits my naked well-restrained form. She is masked, enwrapped in white surgical garb and wearing latex gloves. When I spy a tray of sharp instruments, I shudder. The level of my concern is such that it overrides the effect of this Thorazine drug. Perhaps I should suggest another injection.

“I’m afraid Lady Constance does not permit anesthesia for minor procedures, Mr. Dalton. She believes that the male’s introduction to our facility should be memorable and therefore most cathartic.”

Chapter Nine

Luana

My first male! I receive word and rush to the Island's medical building. It's my turn to become a handler of submissive Caucasian males. I have assisted my mother for years in the vegetable fields and fruit orchards, learning the male anatomy and all the techniques to ensure obedience. Now I will be in charge and Lady Constance has given me responsibility for the Island's newest product…salt…from the sea. We will harvest it for export and sale. Though there is little need for more cash in Lady Constance's coffers, it is a deliciously Dominant vision to have our naked charges working under the hot sun to produce pennies worth of the world's most abundant commodity.

Sumani, the stable mistress, has loaned me a pony boy and cart and I find my whip hand flicking away despite the good pace of my human steed. I am excited and my enthusiasm is exhibited by way of crisp strokes to nipples and penis. He's well trained and immediately converts his anguish to renewed vigor in pulling. The formidable medical building comes into view. I reach for the strands of leather tethering the scrotum and pull. My pony knows to stop near the entrance. I tie the reins to the cartwheel and dash into the building. A nurse points to the basement operating room. Dr. Reinhold is preparing this 'Ted Dalton' and I want to watch.

As my bare feet scamper down the ramp I hear an exquisite cry. I push open the double doors to see that Dr. Reinhold has just thrust a long needle through the right nipple of my charge. He hangs so helplessly in suspension and despite the pain can barely move.

Naomi stands nearby to assist and she signals me to watch from afar. I suppose there is concern of infection and a desire to keep the area antiseptically clean.

A second needle is casually pushed through the left nipple. Mr. Dalton yelps again and perspires noticeably. It *is* painful. Even at my age of 18 I have witnessed many. All males on Constancia wear nipple badges. That's mandatory. And unlike the superficial piercings required for jewelry, such as nipple rings, the openings for the badges are deep, set well beneath the areolas under many layers of epidermis. I have never seen a nipple badge accidentally removed and would not enjoy seeing the damage to the flesh if torn away.

Dr. Reinhold twists both needles to ensure a good opening. Then she slides out the right needle and quickly inserts a thin but heat tempered metal bar. Naomi hands her a newly crafted badge. It is star shaped with a precise hole, which will serve to display the pink nipple, plumping it and making it deliciously exposed. The scan of Mr. Dalton's body provided the exact dimensions for the computer controlled milling machine. The badge is custom made and perfect.

Dr. Reinhold picks up a small welding device. There is a spark and then another as the badge is sealed to the metal bar penetrating well beneath the nipple. Mr. Dalton will soon be feeling sensations he has never before experienced.

The left nipple is likewise adorned. Dr. Reinhold has done so many. It only takes a couple of minutes though the level of pain is enormous.

Mr. Dalton is fortunate in that the badges will be removed when he leaves. For many of the males on Constancia Island, the ingeniously humbling ornaments are permanent…worn for life.

A nurse enters, hands Naomi a plastic bag then retreats. Within are the testicle rings. The milling machine has just produced a pair of circular stainless bands each with a convenient eyelet. With considerable prodding from Dr. Reinhold, each will be slipped over a gonad and serve to

nicely separate Mr. Dalton's reproductive organs within the scrotal sac. Use of the eyelets is only limited by the Dominant female's imagination. But psychologically it greatly enhances the feeling of submission, the male constantly feeling the pressure, however tolerable, of the ingeniously crafted controlling circles of steel.

On pony boys, the ringed and tethered scrotum is used as an extra element of restraint should reins and whip fail. There is nothing more effective than a strong tug on the scrotum to convince a pony who it is that's in control.

So Naomi's gloved hands remove the rings from the plastic bag and offer one to Dr. Reinhold. She begins to jiggle the testicles within the sac and quickly isolates the left egg. The male reproductive organs are not perfectly round…more oblong in shape. Therefore Dr. Reinhold endeavors to align the egg so that the ring can be slipped, more like shoved actually, over the narrowest circumference. She pushes and twists. Mr. Dalton grimaces. It will feel tight but the scanning never fails. The testicle rings will fit firmly, providing ultimate control and minimal interference to circulation and function. The inside diameter is serrated, finely milled by the computer, controlled machine, making it nearly impossible for the ring to slide in the opposite direction. For removal it will have to be cut.

The right egg is then ringed and Dr. Reinhold steps back. Naomi nods to me and I approach. My first subordinate male! He hangs so delightfully helpless and erect. He's like a nicely wrapped birthday gift.

The rings serve to separate the testicles within the sac, as noted. Thus Mr. Dalton's genitals are shaped like a large letter 'W' with the rings isolating and forcing his gonads slightly out to the sides instead of together idly hanging downward. His erection is subsiding somewhat. I know that Dr. Reinhold injected nitric oxide and thereafter his own body, in reacting to the terror, to the pain and being

handled by women, served to keep the cascade of internally developed chemicals pouring into the vessels of his penis.

I approximate his size at eight plus inches…not bad by Island standards but not nearly enough to serve in Lady Constance's stables. Pony boy's have the biggest organs. Our benefactress insists that the Island's human steeds display proud erections when pulling in harness. Her team is the largest, of course. And even the pony boy who delivered me to the medical building, a mere work pony, is well over nine inches.

So I approach and introduce myself. Mr. Dalton is confused, hanging naked and well secured before a gaggle of women. And as with all of us Bagandan women who work outdoors on Constancia Island, my attire is very brief. My only garment is a loose square of cloth that drapes over my pudendum from a simple string tied about my waist. At five foot and one hundred pounds I am small but think of myself as diminutively curvaceous. My mammary glands are firm and the daily regimen of working the male beasts in the fields has provided me with a trim athletic look. I am told my buttocks are perfectly rounded. So despite the Thorazine, Mr. Dalton gapes at me. His eyes lower to my breasts. A typical male, he'll soon learn obedience and will be putting aside all lustful thoughts when I work him in the salt flats.

Naomi retrieves chastity mittens from a supply cabinet. She knows the correct size and selects a pair embedded with hundreds of gnarled lengths of prickly nylon filament. When worn and locked in place Mr. Dalton will not be playing with himself. The thorny material will abrade sensitive pink skin. Mr. Dalton will have use of his hands but not for masturbation.

Connecting straps secured by two tiny padlocks hold the mittens in place. Naomi hands me the key as the nurse returns with another plastic bag. Inside, just out of the milling machine is the final touch…a specially designed

nose restraint. Unlike the pony boys, I'll want particularly close control of Mr. Dalton. When I guide him about the salt flats, I will be riding on his bare back.

I cannot wait. My nipples crinkle with the anticipation.

Chapter Ten

Ted Dalton

First the intense pain of long and sharp needles. This Dr. Reinhold thrust the wicked shards through the very meat of my nipples without a blink of an eye, as if they were pincushions. Then came the heat of the welding device and the weight of these metal disks. The rings around my testicles can be felt. Not painful but snug just the same. The mittens are a curious touch. I can feel the surface scratch my buttocks.

But then this little minx approaches and gazes at me with a pride of ownership. And she has the nicest breasts. Firm and young, their perkiness embodies youth. The girl calls herself Luana...'Miss Luana' to me she carefully explains.

Her dark skin is evenly hued hinting at many hours of basking in the sun. There are no lines to indicate the wearing of attire. The teen must romp about daily sans clothing. She's pretty. Her eyes are merry yet mischievous. She speaks without any accent and enunciates precisely, apparently aware that I have been injected with a drug and wishing to assure herself that she is understood.

"You're going to work very hard for me," she boastfully declares. And oddly I have no mental energy to protest or vocalize resistance.

She brazenly grasps my penis. It feels partially flaccid with much remaining firmness. She skins back my prepuce with a surprisingly knowledgeable touch. Still, her warm hand is welcomed. Despite her youth I feel strangely comfortable in her presence. The Thorazine produces the oddest reactions.

The other nurse enters as my penis resumes stiffening under the touch of this Miss Luana. The uniformed girl smiles at the sight of a feminine hand caressing my manhood. She hands Nurse Naomi another plastic bag. With her last visit came the testicle rings. Now what?

This time the girl does not leave. The foursome of women smile wickedly and but for the Thorazine I believe I would shudder in fear. Nurse Naomi extracts an ominous six inch strip of rounded steel from the plastic bag. It is slightly more narrow than a pencil and each end has a loop the opening of which is large enough to accommodate a cord. In the middle it tapers to a mere strand, the gauge approximating that of the bar thrust through my nipples. There are a pair of shorter parallel shafts of steel, about two inches high, attached perpendicular to the strip and adjacent to the tapered area. The two short shafts end with smooth tiny steel balls welded to the top of each.

“Your nose bridle, Mr. Dalton. Young Luana insisted on it,” Nurse Naomi authoritatively announces.

I have no idea what it is…but I will soon find out.

I am disheartened to see Dr. Reinhold hold up another needle. The smile. So diabolical.

“This will hurt.”

Now a shudder does come. The needles through my nipples almost caused convulsions. I struggle in my bonds. It is futile. I just hang so vulnerably. Nurse Naomi reaches up, takes a fistful of hair and holds tightly. The doctor uses the bridge of my nose to steady her left hand. In the right is the needle. In a swift and well-practiced move the duo hold my head completely immobile while the needle is callously pushed through my septum. I scream. All hands are released. The needle remains. I hear laughter. The diabolical doctor has deftly worked the sharp length of steel through the very cartilage between my nostrils…not the soft flesh.

“Makes one feel rather subjugated, does it not, Mr. Dalton? As you’ve probably guessed the piercing is not through the skin as with an opening intended for some trivial piece of jewelry. No, it’s rather more severe than that.”

The gloved hand twists the four inch shaft. I wince.

“I thrust it rather firmly through the cartilage. Very unlikely to be torn away.”

Naomi pulls at the ends of the ‘nose bridle’. It parts in the middle where it tapers to a strand.

“Think you realize now where this will go,” Naomi suggests.

Yes, I do. And I cringe with the thought.

After a few moments wait, Nurse Naomi’s left hand again grips my hair. Dr. Reinhold takes one piece of the nose bridle and holds it while retracting the needle.

“Over time you will become accustomed to wearing this. But I don’t think anyone ever is able to resist the control it imbues. You will find yourself responding to the slightest of Luana’s tugs, Mr. Dalton. That’s how we like it here on Constancia Island. Very obedient boys eager to please.”

While Dr. Reinhold lectures, Naomi works her half of the bridle. The two inch vertical shaft is inserted right up my left nostril. It pressures the uppermost region of my nose yet she keeps pushing. I try to wriggle my head and turn my neck. I cannot. Finally I feel a little pop. My eyes instantly water. Tears roll down my cheeks. The little steel ball on the end has been shoved into my sinus cavity. The pain is indescribable and my eyes water uncontrollably.

“One more,” Nurse Naomi declares with an irritating giggle.

I cannot bear the pain…but I will. I have no choice. The adjoining half of the bridle is pushed into my right nostril. Her fingers work. She is relentless. A second pop comes. My eyes are still watering from the first. It feels as though my head will explode. I suck air…deeply… through my mouth. My nose is rendered useless for all functions except for that of a handle.

Nurse Naomi works the tapered portion of the shaft through the new opening in my septum. Dr. Reinhold holds up the welding device. With a bright spark and a flash of searing heat, the two parts are reconnected…permanently.

“The nose bridle is shaped based on the scan of your head, Mr. Dalton. As you’ve probably noticed it fits exactly, except as you felt, the little steel balls inserted into your sinus cavity are deliberately made just a little oversized. I assure you the insertions are there to stay.”

In my peripheral vision I can see the looped ends jutting out to the left and right just below my cheekbones. I have grown a metal handle bar mustache. The bridle moves with the slightest motion of my head. The six inch piece of steel and I are one and the same. It indeed is perfectly formed.

Miss Luana looks most proud.

“When can he begin work?” she inquires of the doctor.

“He needs to heal and we also have to regulate his Thorazine level. So we’ll keep him in suspension for a couple of days. But you can walk him a bit. He’ll need to acclimate himself to the injections and his new trinkets.”

Miss Luana reaches up. Her slim brown hand takes the end of my nose bridle between thumb and forefinger. She jostles it. Jolts of pain shoot through my nose and face. I try to move my head to alleviate the agony. I cannot though I try to closely move in response to the motion of her fingers. She acknowledges my efforts with a smile.

“I think he will be most obedient.

“Will my saddle attachment be ready?”

“The milling machine is fabricating it now, Luana,” the nameless nurse replies. “There will be ample time for trial and adjustment.”

Chapter Eleven

Luana

For the following two days I arrive at the medical building early to visit my new subordinate male beast. As I have been taught since a little girl, the care and feeding of the submissive male requires punctiliousness. So each morning I arrive at the exact same time and Mr. Dalton awakes to the feel of my probing fingers pushing back on his foreskin and holding a beaker so he can relieve himself. Still hanging in suspension he has learned quickly that he will only urinate when he feels the soft hand of a Dominant female holding his organ. Our first try took several minutes, but he's learning. All part of the program of discipline and obedience…controlling the most intimate of functions is essential.

While he is still blindfolded I spoon feed him. He feels like a child and he should…that's intentional. Dr. Corrothers designed the program for rapid immersion into the world of Dominance. Ted's little remaining pride is plunging nicely.

After feeding I attach cords to his nose bridle then release his ankles and, after allowing a few moments to establish his balance, his thigh straps. I allow him to stand and acclimate himself. Dr. Reinhold has kept him in suspension for the period of healing which is normal. It is amazing to see how quickly the submissive male can learn to sleep in such a position.

On the first day I led him about the medical building blindfolded. The feeling of helplessness cannot be adequately described, yet he became nicely erect for me. That's good. In *his* mind being walked about bound and naked at the end of a leash is an arousing activity. The laughter of various observing nurses seems to cause him to blush…which is also good. That indicates that the Thorazine is not so strong as to override certain essential

emotions. Yet the dosage is adequate to keep him mentally docile.

The nose bridle provides for an unsurpassed level of control as expected. The slightest motion of my hand causes an instantaneous reaction...one that can only be described as immediate compliance.

On the second day, after bladder relief and feeding, I walked him without the blindfold. He followed the leash and, despite the agony of an occasion firm pull, he seemed mesmerized by the sight of my naked buttocks...which brought his penis to full blossom. With his hands remaining cuffed behind his back, watching was all he could do and of course the masturbation mittens were still worn. I was tempted to free his wrists just to observe the frustration when he found that touching any intimate areas would be very irritating.

On the third day I saddle him. It’s not the standard means of conveyance at Constancia Island. Though many of the young girls ride on the backs of the males while such are plowing or pulling on ox cart, normally the adult women prefer a pony cart or chariot such as that used by Lady Constance.

However, I have the advantage of being small and my one hundred pounds can easily be carried. If not, I’ll just initiate a program of exercise until it can. Besides, it is essential in working the salt flats. The wet effluent is impassable for cart and chariot wheels. And the dry salt can be as difficult for pulling a wheeled vehicle as on the fine sand of the beach.

So while Mr. Dalton stands with his neck collar and thighs straps still attached to the wheeled suspension frame, I buckle around his waist a broad fur lined leather belt with a little seat for me just above his buttocks. The drug keeps him quite receptive to the feminine touch and he docilely stands while my fingers work and test for proper fit.

Then comes the attachment. Cleverly designed and once again computer milled for perfection, the curved cylinder of smooth steel hooks onto the bottom of the saddle. I lubricate the bulbous tip and introduce it to Mr. Dalton's rectum. 'Hello prostate gland,' I think to myself.

He has been chaste for three days and I have 'rutted' him with my naked form. As I gently slide in the custom designed anal probe his penis springs to life. Rising with an amusing steadiness and blossoming to a full stand, it so epitomizes a woman's Dominance and so exemplifies the weakness of the male. We understand the process of tumescence so much better than the average male.

I cannot help but laugh. The bulbous tip of the attachment has been crafted only for Mr. Dalton's anatomy. As Dr. Reinhold phrases it…'we achieve a bull's eye on the prostate gland every time'. With the aid of magnetic imaging the shape of the insertion cannot be off the mark.

He squirms a bit while I slip a cord through the loops on the nose bridle. Then I release from the frame his thigh bands and the back of his neck collar. When I remove the blindfold he sheepishly tries to look downward, the high neck collar remaining in place. He knows he is fully erect but cannot fully see his penis.

"You're standing very nicely for me, Ted…I like that."

I gently brush my hand over his penis to demonstrate. He stirs with the thrill of my touch. He is beginning to understand that it is mine to control…not his.

I pull on my leash. He dutifully steps from the frame and follows. As I turn to walk I know that my randy male enjoys looking at my naked backside, wondering if he will ever get closer to my charms. 'In time, Ted,' I murmur out of hearing range. 'The process is arduous but you'll soon have the proximity you desire.'

On occasion I pause and tenderly toy with his nipples. The badges have added a wondrous level of sensitivity there, bringing new feeling to a pair of often overlooked

male erogenous zones. And they’re very nicely plumped and prominent just like those of a girl entering puberty.

On the third day I also switch the cords after two laps around the building. The eyelets on the testicle rings are put to use. Though tension there does not send as forceful a message as tugging on the nose bridle, pulling a male around by his balls is an acceptable form of communication…Dominant female to submissive male. And the nurses find it amusing.

By day four Dr. Reinhold deems him ready. Henceforth he’ll be counseled after morning ablutions then spend afternoons with me in the salt flats. His evenings…well if there is to be recreation, Mrs. Dalton will decide upon that.

Chapter Twelve

Ted Dalton

Well, it's nice to be out of suspension…I think.

Miss Luana announces my 'progress' as I empty my bladder for her. Assuming that she has walked me daily, this is the fourth day since being pierced. Being hooded and suspended there is no other way to track time. Unless of course it's by way of the syringe callously stuck into my buttocks. An unseen nurse has continued the Thorazine and perhaps it is my imagination but the injections seem to come more often and quicker. One could conclude I am getting a smaller dosage more frequently but I have no way of knowing. It *is* getting easier for me to move about and I find myself peculiarly eager when I hear Miss Luana's voice. I know she will release me from the boring hell of confinement and for that alone I am grateful and eager to please her.

Then there is the strange reaction of my penis. It has basically remained untouched since I was taken from New York, except for measurement, inspection and excretions. And I suppose that despite the drug and my ignominious treatment my hormone level is building, for when Miss Luana leads me about I slowly become erect…like I want to show off for her…offer her a glimpse of my male pride. And yesterday when she placed the belt around my waist and then attached that penetrating probe, my erection popped up like a jack-in-the-box. Yet, for a girl in her teens she seems rather unimpressed by it. She's just content to lead me about with the cord…establishing her authority and control. And with the Thorazine I seem so willing to accept it.

"I'm going to walk you a bit and then ride you. Do not panic. We're very good at this on Constancia Island. Pony boys are never injured if they react properly to the commands."

Today a shorter cord is connected to the nose bridle. Each end is tied through the loops, left and right, and when Miss Luana releases it, it dangles just below my nipples.

She attaches the broad leather belt...her 'saddle' she terms it. Then I feel her fingers work to guide the attachment into my rectum. My penis, already stiffening in her commanding presence, again springs to life. The bulbous tip of the attachment seems to perfectly pressure my prostate gland.

"Yes, give me a nice stand today. I'm taking you to the clinic to meet Dr. Corrothers. She likes men with proud erections."

I feel an unexplained warmth in knowing that I have pleased her, and that this Dr. Corrothers will find interest in my engorged manhood.

For the first time, short elastic cords are tied to the eyelet on each testicle ring. Then Miss Luana steps back, surveys her handiwork and approaches. She grasps the testicle cords.

"Come," she gently announces with a slight tug. Her command is superfluous. She has my balls leashed.

Into the hallway I have traversed for the past three mornings, but this time she leads me toward a door. On a coat rack, a seemingly incongruous piece of furniture in the tropics, hang a half dozen short riding crops. She quickly grabs one with a decorative letter 'L' engraved on the handle. Then she pulls firmly and for the first time I step out into the air and sunshine of this most sui generis island.

The lush greenery is expected. The air is pleasantly warm, explaining Miss Luana's continuous state of undress. The sun beams and I can hear distance sounds of the ocean. Yet my attention is completely distracted by the collection of wheeled vehicles parked in a dirt covered cul-de-sac in front of the entrance. There are carts and wheeled devices resembling chariots. But what captures

the eye is the sight of naked males humbling kneeling blindfolded between the shafts of each.

I pause in awe and feel strong tension on my testicles. Then for the first time I understand the function of the meticulously crafted badges surrounding my nipples. With the quickest and most casual of flicks of her wrist, Miss Luana snaps the crop across my left nipple. The pink nub is perfectly positioned for her excoriating stroke, puffed and protruding due to Dr. Reinhold's brief 'surgery'. The pain rapidly shoots to my cortex. Intense. Burning. So modest a stroke. So effective in gaining my attention.

"Come," my rider admonishes me. And despite my curiosity I obey...to the letter. I do not wish to feel another stroke and obligingly move my feet to follow her guiding hand.

My eyes find solace in watching her fine form as we continue down the path. It feels good to move. The soil is quite receptive to naked feet. Soft yet firm and very consistent. Obviously arranged for the island's ponies, for to the left and right of our path is coral...hard...sharp...ready to scrap and cut human skin with the slightest contact.

"If you so much enjoy our pony boys, I'll take you to the stable some morning."

Miss Luana's voice is ominous. For some reason I don't think I would enjoy visiting the stable.

"Pony boys are worked hard here on the Island. So when not being run they're blindfolded and permitted to rest."

I suppose she assumed I was curious about the blindfolds, not the fact that huge naked men were harnessed like animals.

The short path leads into another. To the left the converging path runs downhill. With the sound of waves and a view of white sand framed by trees and shrubbery arching over the way, I assume it leads to the ocean. She pulls to the right. Uphill. I follow. I have no choice.

“You’ll also be worked hard here. It’s part of the process…mental and physical capitulation. We will completely break your spirit…then restore it…altered. That’s what we do here.”

I remain silent. I have no motivation to speak. It’s the drug. I seem to know it but do not fully understand its effect. Miss Luana does. She doesn’t seem to expect a reply nor does she insist on one.

Our climb ends after a few hundred yards. The path again ends by converging into another. Miss Luana pulls me to the side and stops. This wider path runs to the right and the left through thick greenery. The numerous foot prints and wheel tracks suggest it is well used.

She releases my wrists. Other than for brief periods permitted for stretching, they have been secured behind my back for days. I feel a rush of gratefulness.

“Let’s see how you do. Steady now. If you become skittish and move you could injure yourself. Bend at your knees.”

I lower myself and my athletic little handler lifts her foot, uses the top of my bent left knee and thigh as a step and then swings herself up and over me onto the saddle strapped about my waist. Her motion is swift, effortless and practiced. I have been mounted…like a beast. And though there is noticeable weight, she is straddled and well balanced over my hips, buttocks and thighs…the largest muscles in the human body. I find the burden somewhat acceptable.

“Hold still.”

She leans forward. I am thrilled to feel the warmth of her breasts on my shoulders. My penis stirs and she must notice for she lowers her hands and works to regrip the testicle cords.

“One moment…” she purrs in my ear so closely that I feel her breath.

I had not before seen the slim bands of metal encircling her ankles. The utility of the plain strips becomes evident when she attaches the testicle cords…one to her right ankle…one to her left ankle. Then she reaches, takes the cord, which has been dangling from my nose bridle, and pulls it up and over my head.

“Do you feel well bound and controlled, Mr. Dalton?”

With her question she simultaneously parts her feet to tension the testicle cords and also pulls on the nose bridle forcing a jolt of pain to shoot through my head…never mind that she’s stretching my scrotum. With all the agony, I do not answer. Again, she does not seem to expect a reply.

“Yes, I think you do. And if you get a little feisty, there is also the crop.”

She demonstrates with a mere tap of the leather strip… this time to my right nipple. My senses are overwhelmed with a flood of nerve endings being chastised…nipples, nose and testicles. Yet…I feel my penis harden. Her weight on the saddle forces the metal attachment further into my backside. While she casually rides the devilishly curved dildo will thoroughly ream my rectum.

The utility of the mittens becomes apparent. I so much wish to stroke myself…

Chapter Thirteen

Luana

It is always a treat to mount a male for his first time. Forcing him to bear my weight, tensioning his reproductive organs with my feet, knowing that jostling the saddle deliciously pressures his prostate gland…all adds up to the ultimate in control for the Dominant female.

I pull on the left side of the nose reins, keeping the short crop in my right hand. Mr. Dalton instantly turns his head. I always like to see the panicked eyes roll in a combination of fear and disbelief. I lean and whisper in his ear.

“We’ll just walk for now. In time you’ll be trotting for me and be proud to do so.”

With my thighs wrapped around his waist, my calves and ankles touching the front of his thighs and my breasts pressed against his back, I can feel his warmth and all his muscles working for me.

“You’ll find better balance in holding your arms further out in front of you,” I suggest, the suspended male sometimes slow to realize that I have granted freedom to his long restrained hands.

With the suggested movement of his arms, he leans forward to position himself better. Eventually he will learn to carry me well bent at the waist like a sprinter leaving the starting blocks. All in time. This morning I will just enjoy the feeling of his body working under me…acclimating him to the numerous commands and the variety of ways I can control him and assuring, in his mind, that obedience is good.

I flick his left nipple with the crop.

“Giddup.”

He grimaces in pain but steps forward. Though somewhat shakily, it is the intent and not the overall performance that is important. He wants to please me…that’s paramount.

It’s another cloudless day in the Caribbean. The sun is not yet strong but within an hour its rays will be much more direct and radiant. Still it is delightfully warm and I cannot help reflecting on how enthralling life is on Constancia Island. The supply of miscreant males needing discipline is endless. It seems a woman’s work is indeed never done.

My steed’s motion is comforting. He strains a bit but I’ll have him well exercised in a few weeks, and nicely tanned. The clinic, a new building on the road up to the home of Lady Constance, is only one half mile away. Mr. Dalton can handle it.

We proceed for a few hundred yards and I decide to demonstrate that obedience has its rewards. I lean forward pressing my nipples into Mr. Dalton’s shoulder blades. With my crop hand I reach down and very gently fondle his erection with the smooth flat leather tip. His step falters, evidencing that the unexpected pleasure is received.

“Good boy,” I whisper in his ear, deliberately letting him feel the warmth of my breath while he also feels my hardened nipples on his back.

We arrive at the turnoff for the clinic. I pull on the left side of the nose bridle and with my left foot to assure he understands. I want to make all verbal commands superfluous. A good pony boy reacts to the slightest tugs on the bridle and does not anticipate or guess. He just obeys.

Mr. Dalton turns and we begin the slow climb. Estovia, Lady’s Constance’s ancestral home is perched well up the hill. The clinic is below that so my steed has less than a quarter mile left in his initial ordeal and he’s holding up well judging from the firmness of his erection.

In the distance I see the chariot of Lady Constance making the turn and approaching. I direct Mr. Dalton to the side. Our Queen enjoys speed and she is cropping her pair of pony boys without mercy in accelerating down the hill.

Her duo of pony boys are the largest on the Island.., in both height and length. And even as the white chariot approaches I can see the pair of massive erections preceding the entourage, despite the shiny metal penis bands. Lady Constance finds the tumefied male organ to be most symbolic of her authority. Her matched pair don't move unless standing. I know from working in the stables that Sumani diddled them to full engorgement before Lady Constance left the house. And of course once she begins to wield crop and reins, the two steeds will remain erect for her for hours.

My benefactress sees me saddled on Mr. Dalton and pulls on the scrotal cords to stop her team. I likewise pull on the reins. My Lady wishes to speak.

"Good morning, Luana. A new acquisition. From the Society?"

"Yes, ma'am," I reply with a smile of pride.

"Glad to see you've got your own male to handle. I am fascinated by the salt project. Please keep me informed."

I nod.

I often wonder if my deep admiration for this woman of Dominance shows. Her athletically trim figure and beauty make her appear ageless. With her black hair drawn back in a pony tail for riding, her only attire is the briefest of bikini bottoms and even that small garment is known to be cast aside while on the beach or encouraging oral service from her ponies.

She peers at Mr. Dalton. Her eyes are adept at assessing male flesh and quickly scan his entire anatomy. Then she reaches down with her crop and brushes it against his erection.

"Adequate. Takes to the saddle well. What's his regimen?"

"His mistress is seeking a completely servile house boy...with improved oral skills...and other modifications."

I am deliberately vague and Lady Constance understands. Mr. Dalton is not to know that Mrs. Dalton faxed in her completed questionnaire, with an assortment of mental and physical alterations for her ‘spouse’…soon to be transformed into a most obsequious servant.

She knowingly changes the subject.

“Any more thoughts about college, Luana? I understand you’re reveling in your new position, but you know I insist on well-trained people. A degree in abnormal psychology perhaps? Dr. Corrothers could use assistance. We have an ample number of nurses. But how about physical therapy? You enjoy working the male anatomy. With more knowledgeable input perhaps we can improve our methods for adding brawn to the herd.”

Lady Constance is both generous and relentless in making sure all of her Bagandan constituents receive an opportunity for a life outside of Constancia Island. She pays all tuition, room and board with the promise for continued employment if a young woman wishes to afterwards return to the Island.

Meanwhile, the private schooling system on the Island is unsurpassed in bestowing Bagandan children with the best in basic education. Lady Constance has engaged a broad selection of teachers wishing to take early retirement by living on Constancia Island and tutoring part time. The sun…the beach…the pony boys…for what more could they ask.

College is offered as an introduction to the outside world. But in a tribute to the world of Female Dominance, just about all the girls return to utilize their degrees. As I feel Mr. Dalton’s warmth and his muscles strain beneath me…who would ever want to permanently leave?

“You know I donate heavily to the best universities, Luana. There are no barriers.”

My beautiful benefactress smiles in planting another seed for thought. Then she crisply snaps her crop abrading

nipples right and left. Her team leans in harness and both left feet step forward simultaneously. They have been trained endlessly to perform in perfect unison. The white chariot speeds off. I likewise snap the crop. With an anguished grunt my saddled charge resumes his labors.

The clinic and Dr. Corrothers await.

Chapter Fourteen

Ted Dalton

So that is what Lady Constance looks like! She is amazingly beautiful, Dominant and aloof. And she displays her naked feminine form with such unabashed pride!

I felt so humiliated standing before her, ridden by a young black girl like some animal.

And to be erect for the entire conversation!

I am happy to feel Miss Luana's crop and the tug on my reins. Being in Lady Constance's presence is so humbling.

My legs are tiring when the low profile of a newly constructed building comes into view. I am glad it proves to be our destination. My legs are exhausted. I struggle with the few remaining steps.

Miss Luana's feet tug on my testicle rings and I feel a pull on the nose bridle. I have quickly learned that means stop...and gratefully I comply.

A huge black woman in a white uniform steps from the entrance. It seems we are expected. The cord to the nose bridle is shifted over my head and to the front. The nurse takes it and most firmly holds it up over my head forcing me to look up, a position which the diminutive Miss Luana cannot reach. It seems the nurse's role is to hold me steady while my testicle cords are released from my rider's ankles.

When I hear the command of 'Down' I know to bend. Just as my young Dominant rider used my knee to mount, she also uses it to dismount. While held most firmly by the nurse my wrists are again secured behind my back. The elastic cords are removed from the testicle rings.

"Your new home, Mr. Dalton," my handler announces with mocking enthusiasm. She unbuckles the waist belt. My special anal probe retracts when young dark hands carefully remove my saddle.

"My name is Jasmine, Mr. Dalton. And you'll have your very own room here," suggests the nurse, joining in the sarcasm.

Both women laugh as the nurse uses the nose cord to guide me into the building. Despite the Thorazine I become scared when Miss Luana announces her departure. I have become accustomed to her firm controlling hands. I have come to know what to expect and how to please her.

Obviously I gingerly follow this Nurse Jasmine. She has the legs of a body builder and uses the nose leash without a hint of compassion, as if she doesn't know her strength or the level of sensitivity caused by the deeply penetrating nose bridle. It feels as if it is clawing my brain. The slightest movement of her hand translates to instant pain…and she doesn't care!

Naked, wrists bound, testicles ringed, nose bridled, the insouciant nurse pulls me past fully clothed, uniformed woman…the starched white of their attire in striking contrast to their black complexions. The similarity of their features hint at a common African descent. All smile…but with an irritating diabolism. I can do little but follow the nose bridle with my penis bobbing before me.

We descend a set of stairs and I am led into a windowless room. There is a cabinet in the near left corner. In the near right is a single chair. It is padded for comfort and the right arm expands to a flat surface, evidently to serve as a writing area for the occupant. Otherwise the room is empty. The flooring seems to absorb the pressure of my feet. It is comprised of a soft rubber material. Covering the structural surface of the walls are oddly shaped cloth covered objects. The room is designed to be sound proofed.

As Nurse Jasmine leads me to the center, I notice the walls and ceiling are also covered with hooks and eyelets. All are deeply set into the concrete with an eerie firmness and permanency, as if the hooks were in place and the structure built around them.

The puissant nurse instructs me to stand in the center of the room. My toes touch a metal grating on the floor. It is a drain.

“Stay,” she commands as if addressing a dog.

She strolls to the cabinet and selects a variety of paraphernalia. She returns. She holds a neck collar similar to the one shorn an hour before at the medical building, lengths of neatly rolled cord, two circular bands of steel, a blindfold.

She has me sit on the floor. “Legs straight out in front,” her monotonous voice beginning in reciting a list of instructions. I am reminded of the safety rules I recite by rote during flight.

She removes the cord on my nose bridle and proceeds to bind me with the same mechanical professionalism exhibited by Nurse Naomi. She is firm and exacting, tightening each cord to the maximum. I wonder if every woman on Constancia Island is proficient in restraining the male.

The Thorazine tells me to sit and comply. I do and when finished pay a price of discomfort for my cooperation.

The final image I have before the blindfold is slipped over my eyes is that of a smiling Nurse Jasmine. She has secured me with such enthusiasm, enjoying each and every grunt, groan and grimace, that in my mind her pleasant face turns to the mask of the devil.

“You’ll become accustomed to it,” she suggests. I suppose she feels she is being gracious in her prognostication. In darkness her fingers caress my plumped nipples. I feel her hand on my semi erect penis. She toys with my foreskin. I feel myself stiffen. She laughs softly and withdraws her fingers. I feel strangely disappointed when I hear the door close. I enjoyed her touch.

I begin to understand the functionality of the rubber floor. It is designed for extremely long-term bondage, the softness forestalling problems of cramping and circulation. The agony of my restraints grows so slowly it is difficult to determine whether in fact it is increasing.

My nose bridle has been tied to hooks in the ceiling holding my face skyward and completely immobile. My mittens, attached together behind my back, have also been clipped to a cord, stretching my arms toward the wall behind me and further than I could possibly push them on my own.

Nurse Jasmine encircled my ankles with the metal bands. “Your final trinkets from the milling machine,” she declared. Somehow the visually seamless metallic circles opened and when closed around my ankles fit perfectly, as with every other item of restraint. She used the modest ankle bands, a heavier gauge but similar to those worn by Miss Luana, to separate and tie my legs. I sit spread-eagled. Nurse Jasmine was very particular in forcing me to sit in an exaggerated ‘split’. For she wanted access to my scrotum and with particular zeal attached cords to my testicle rings. She coated my sac with a strange smelling cream and then proceeded to pull the right testicle ring to the right wall and the left testicle ring to the left wall.

She pulled and adjusted until I yelped in pain, testing the tautness with her fingers and seeming to know exactly the tolerable level of tension she could apply to create long-term pain with minimal damage to my organs.

When finished, I just sat facing the door...completely immobile. I could not move a finger, the neck collar more symbolic than functional. Even without it I could not move my head.

So I sit without sight. With the soundproofing the beating of my heart becomes apparent. And I wonder...is the elaborate soundproofing intended to keep noise out...or stifle the moans of the cruelly bound occupant within?

I think I have an erection but cannot be certain. I begin to marvel at the expertise used in binding me...just tight enough for the pain to slowly build...but not so tight that I will faint or black out from extreme agony.

The time passes and the practicality of the rubber floor becomes even more apparent. If I must relieve myself I will helplessly sit in my own excretions, like a child wetting the bed. At a later time the rubber is easily cleansed and will not absorb moisture.

I hear the door open. Rubber soled shoes pad almost noiselessly on the rubber covered floor. There is the froufrou caused by a crisp uniform. There is a pause. I feel momentary pressure on my left testicle cord. Someone brushed against it to approach my rear. I feel the wet coolness of an alcohol swab under my left hip at the top of my buttock...then a stab of pain. Another Thorazine injection. Fingers toy with my foreskin. Feminine fingers. I hear soft girlish laughter. I have indeed been erect. The unknown injectionist departs.

Time stands still. In the dark silence there is only the building pain.

Chapter Fifteen

Dr. Corrothers

The file of Ted Dalton sits on my desk. It contains some notes from the ASBM removal team, Dr. Reinhold, observations from Naomi, but mainly the faxed questionnaire completed by Mrs. Dalton. I also have her application in joining the American Society for Behavior Modification some five years ago.

I begin with her. A physically imposing yet handsome woman with a high pressure career as a litigator. Undergraduate of Bucknell. Law degree from Yale. Seems she enjoys tearing up her male counterparts in the courtroom. Yes. Very Dominant.

Then this Ted Dalton. A typical latent submissive. Excels in a position of service and seems to be a rather randy individual…caught in flagrante delicto with a professional dominatrix…tsk, tsk.

'Naughty boy, Ted,' I think to myself. But it's certainly the type of behavior we can alter and mold to the good.

Now for the questionnaire.

The goals of Mrs. Dalton are commonplace. Dedication, loyalty, complete subservience. But the physical alterations are on the extreme side. Slightly past what I would consider moderate. However, Nurse Jasmine and Dr. Reinhold are experienced and all will be done…over time. Modifying males is akin to making good wine.

I buzz the powerful nurse on the intercom.

"This new patient, Ted Dalton, Jasmine. I assume you've begun working his scrotum but his alteration also calls for extensive tongue modification. I'm going to see him in a few minutes to begin psych preparation. Afterwards it may be the best time to begin your oral efforts."

She concurs. I will need to talk to Mr. Dalton. A tongue clamp makes that difficult.

I continue reading, organize my thoughts then leave the comfort of my spacious office.

In arriving at Mr. Dalton's room I pause to read notes written by the duty nurse. A clipboard hanging on the door provides the time he was placed in bondage, the time and dosage of Thorazine injections, general observations. A well-concealed peephole above the clipboard permits constant monitoring. Though Mr. Dalton may feel isolated in his austere and soundless room, he is in fact routinely observed every 15 minutes. There are also the concealed microphones and video camera. Extreme bondage needs careful monitoring and that's the only level of restraint we know of on Constancia Island.

I enter. There is no need to knock. I see a typical ASBM referral…a 32 year old male in good physical condition, his erect penis announcing for all to see his enjoyment in being stripped naked and cruelly bound by the Dominant female. I have seen so many over my years as a clinical psychologist. And a wry smile comes to my lips when I think I used to 'treat' such a condition as if it was a disease.

And now I relish the condition, working so hard with Dr. Reinhold to ensure that rather than 'cure' the submissive tendencies, we enhance and modify such to make sure the Dominant female partner is sublimely pleased. There is not much we cannot accomplish with the time and resources at our disposal.

Mr. Dalton's body has been depilated giving him the look of a boy. It's more antiseptic that way, particularly when being whipped and flogged. Hair is dirty and the numerous abrasions from flagellation heal better without its presence. Dr. Reinhold has done her usual good job with the nipple badges. The pink areolas, fluffed by the deeply penetrating bar beneath and gathered to a point by the circular badges, seem to beg for attention.

He does not move or acknowledge my presence. The dark silence combined with the drug has that effect…sometimes the patient slips into another world. It's my job to find all about that world and make it reality.

The clipboard indicates he's been in extreme bondage for nearly two hours. He unwittingly maintains his erection due to his high hormone level having been kept chaste since his extraction from New York more than four days ago, the endorphins flowing in reaction to the pain, and in general his psyche…the humiliation of being trussed up naked by a woman.

"Good morning, Mr. Dalton. I am Dr. Corrothers. I see you are enjoying yourself."

The toe of my leather boot jostles his erect penis to emphasize my point. I also roll his left nipple in my right thumb and forefinger. His penis bobs in reaction. He tries to nod and the nose bridle painfully truncates the motion of his head. I smile with his grimace.

"Nurse Jasmine is known to be strict with her bonds. Some men enjoy good tight bondage. Do you Mr. Dalton? You're painfully restrained, your testicles are being stretched, you're stripped naked for all the women here to observe, yet your penis is most stiff. Why is that?"

I move to the only piece of furniture in the room, other than the supply cabinet. I sit in the comfortable chair with pad and retract my pen. These sessions are fascinating and I have written many articles for the Journal of the ASBM based on counseling previous patients. The fact is, most men do not understand their need to submit. Don't have a clue. And I delight in the fact that it sometimes requires many sessions, over many days, to ferret the truth. The whole time they are kept in tight bondage, of course, though Jasmine most creatively changes the positions to keep the patient mentally challenged.

"You may speak."

The Thorazine so nicely subjugates the mind. Mentally I have a little lamb, which I must guide about. Despite my prodding questions and provocative statements, he would not say a word without encouragement…or perhaps in his mind permission.

He says nothing. Is he being obstinate? Or is the Thorazine level a little too high?

Well, this is why the only jewelry I wear can so easily be removed. I stand and approach. Fastened to the lapels of my silk blouse are numerous alligator clips. Small with the nastiest of teeth, I slide one off, diddle Mr. Dalton's left nipple and select the most tender area…the very tip. The teeth are sharp and bite with such agony.

I release the jaws and he yelps. In moving he creates more pain by way of his nose bridle. I remove another and unmercifully clip his right nipple. He yelps again but learns to remain motionless.

I pause. Then with the simplest flick of my fingertip diddle the left clip. I know the sensation to be indescribably painful and his howls so indicate.

"Now…let's talk, shall we, Mr. Dalton? I have many clips and your foreskin is lusciously vulnerable."

Chapter Sixteen

Ted Dalton

Once this Dr. Corrothers convinced me it was in my best interests to speak, my mind opened like a floodgate. I said things, told stories and related fantasies of which I had never before spoken. She was firm, direct in not allowing me to skip any details or camouflage any aspect of my closeted life before I met Mrs. Dalton…nor the secretive dalliances with professionals thereafter…seeking some unattainable 'high' of complete submission…or low as some would suggest.

With the nose bridle so tightly secured above me, talking was physically difficult. I had to hold my head steady and flap my jaw, for want of a better term, to project the words.

She paused quite often. I assumed she was taking notes and after much time Nurse Jasmine entered and my assumption was confirmed.

"Let me finish jotting down this thought, Jasmine, then he's yours."

Words pleasantly communicated, but placing me in a panic. My earlier brief moments with Nurse Jasmine proved to be most demanding. This was to be no different.

The nipple clamps were summarily removed and the pain from the return of circulation to my most sensitive areas of pink cannot be described. And yet I had to remain motionless, lest I double the anguish by pulling against testicle and nose restraints.

Then she swatted down my erection, or what little remained, and placed a bowl under my flaccid penis. When I felt her fingers holding my manhood I knew I was to fill the bowl. I did.

Food was next. Tasteless mush. Spoonful after spoonful. Nurse Jasmine encouraged more and more and just as I finished swallowing a spoonful more was shoveled into my mouth. I was reminded of the joke concerning the good

news and the bad news about dinner. The bad news…horse manure was all that was to be served…the good news…there was plenty of it.

I guess Dr. Corrothers left. While eating, another nurse must have entered, for while the spoon scooped some excess mush from my chin and reintroduced it to my lips as one would feed an infant, I again felt the cool wetness of an alcohol swab and the jolt of pain from a Thorazine booster.

When lunch ended I was chagrined to find myself placed into a another level of bondage.

Nurse Jasmine clamped my tongue. She was most cruel in doing so, tightening to the extreme and then securing the end to another cord to forcibly keep it pulled out of my mouth.

“You’re going to feel liquid, Mr. Dalton. I have hung an IV bag filled with water above you. It will very slowly drip into your mouth and of course you’ll swallow. It will not only keep you hydrated but also serve to exercise your tongue and promote stretching. We like nice strong tongues on our males.”

With those words she left. And sure enough a sizable drop of water splashed into the back of my mouth and with my tongue forcibly extended I had to work hard to swallow. It was frustrating but if I did not work the muscles I would have the sensation of drowning. How devious. Without my tormentress lifting a finger I was being exercised and my tongue slowly stretched.

It did take my mind off the other horrid restraints. Was my erection returning?

I remained blindfolded. The silence returned. I could not determine whether the boredom and monotony was worse than the slowly building pain with my bonds causing every muscle to ache…or the aggravating drops of water I was so laboriously forced to swallow in defiance of the cord and clamp holding out my tongue.

It felt like several hours. My bladder slowly filled and I tried to urinate. I could not. Was it the training.., not having a feminine hand assisting me...or perhaps I was erect. I did feel a throb there.

Finally, there came the sound of the door. Someone cruelly slapped my penis. I felt the brim of a bowl and the light grasp of fingers I had come to expect during urination.

“Luana is here. She’ll be taking you to the salt flats for some indoctrination.”

It was Nurse Jasmine speaking as I dutifully filled the bowl. Then I felt the various cords being jostled and one by one the restraints were loosened and removed. Had I been able to see. I would have kissed her feet in gratitude.

My eyes blinked as I was led to the entrance, this time by cords attached to my testicle rings. When I stepped out into the daylight I was surprised to see how much the position of the sun had changed. It was late afternoon and I had spent most of the day bound in the soundproofed room. It would not be the first time and nowhere near the last. I was strangely grateful to see Miss Luana and remained perfectly still for her while she saddled me. When finished I bent to offer my knee without being commanded. She giggled with a knowing pride and mounted me. It felt good to be free and to be of service.

She pulled on the reins to direct me back to the nearby path and cropped my right nipple. I immediately responded, stepped onto the soft surface and felt a tug on my nose bridle to direct me to the left back down the hill. I felt her ankles work my testicles and understood she wanted speed. I began to jog and felt her free hand gently caress my left nipple as a simple reward. Rider and pony-boy were wordlessly communicating as she had suggested. With my exaggerated motion the anal insert manipulated my prostate gland and I once again stiffened.

We turned to the right and I jogged for five or ten minutes. Miss Luana pressed the fingers of her left hand against my neck. She was monitoring my pulse and I reflected on how knowledgeable she was at handling and controlling the male beast. I realized she knew my limits better than I did and I was oddly proud realizing she would take me there…the very brink of physical exhaustion…and perhaps beyond with well placed and timed applications of the crop.

I begin to perspire. Wetness dripped from every pore and she playfully reached back and cropped my buttocks, the flat leather tip making a frightful cracking sound the decibel level of which greatly exceeded any discomfort. Still it so nicely symbolized her authority…her control…smacking my haunches with impunity to ensure my attention and spur my efforts.

We passed the turn for the medical building and kept going. There were other turnoffs, which were ignored. Finally Miss Luana pulled to the left and I instantly reacted. This new path led downward and in the corner of my eye to my right I could see a windmill…sleek and shining…it was modern and was turning in the consistent tropical wind.

Both ends of the nose bridle rein were tugged. I slowed.

“The electric power generator,” commented my rider. “Further down the hill is the desalinization plant. We’re very self sufficient here.”

She slowed me to a walk. Though the breeze was quite warm it evaporated my sweat and cooled me. I was tired but proud to have performed for her.

The Thorazine!

Chapter Seventeen

Miss Luana

I direct my steed past the desalinization plant to the slat flats. I slow him to a walk to rest him while I speak and take him on a tour of his new work place.

“The process is simple, Mr. Dalton. Electric motors pump seawater through a network of membranes housed in that building. The water molecule is smaller than the salt molecule. Water passes through. Salt does not. It is not efficient to completely filter all the salt from the water. Therefore a highly salty effluent flows down here to what we have termed the slat flats. Originally we just released it all back into the ocean. Then Lady Constance visited some neighboring islands where the British actually farmed salt hundreds of years ago...filling shallow man made lagoons with seawater and letting the tropical sun evaporate the water. The result was a very valuable commodity in those times. Salt. It was used as a preservative more than as a seasoning and before refrigeration was in high demand. Now, with the craving for ‘all natural’ foods, sea salt is once again in demand. And you, Mr. Dalton, will produce it...with proper encouragement.”

My steed looks out over the three separate ponds. Two are covered in water, still receiving effluent from the plant. The third is a grayish white, filled with mushy brine, which has been drying for days before Mr. Dalton’s arrival. His task...speed the drying process then under my direction and whip hand skim the upper most layers of dried salt for packaging and sale. There are tons to be collected but many hours of many days in which to work. I feel a twinge of arousal knowing I will be working him relentlessly in the hot sun. Abrasions from a whip can be doubly irritating in the salt flats. Mr. Dalton will soon be learning that.

Standing at the ready is a device resembling a small plow, thought it is not to drawn by horses...instead it is to be pushed. The single curved blade is designed to cut

through the briny mush, turn over the caked effluent, and thus expose more of the wetness to the sun to speed the drying process. I tug on the right rein and crop a nipple to direct Mr. Dalton to the device.

“Hold the handles and push…it’s that simple.”

He complies of course and after leaning into the plow and establishing some momentum, we begin turning up the brine.

Each lagoon is some hundred yards long and almost as wide. I estimate the first row took Mr. Dalton a full five minutes. In the soft wetness, the feet sink in and it requires several snaps of the crop to ensure he extricates himself. If we are going to completely plow one lagoon per afternoon I will need more speed. I feel wetness with the vision of my whip hand working so hard to ensure the task is done.

We reach the end of the row and I crop and pull the testicle rings with my ankles to teach Mr. Dalton how to turn around the plow. I align him properly and we turn up another row for practice, returning to where we started.

I reach down and gently caress a nipple…still hot from my crop.

“Very good, Mr. Dalton. That’s enough practice for today. We’ll be back tomorrow for a full afternoon.”

I direct him back to the path. Since it is uphill to the main path I let him walk. The sun is declining rapidly and I want to run him in the dark…an important training procedure for any pony boy. So we just amble along while he catches his breath and his muscles become restored.

When we reach the main path I direct him to the side and reach down to his penis. It is partially erect…a very good sign.

I pull back the foreskin just a tad.

“You’ll need to relieve yourself. Do it here please.”

Pleasantly phrased but firmly spoken, I want to further train him and make him realize that I control all his functions. I lean and make some soft sibilant sounds in his

ear and after a pause hear his excretions splatter on the hard coral to the side of the path.

When finished I give the modest sized phallus a good shake as I learned from my mother so many years ago when directing the human oxen about the fields.

Then I turn him toward the clinic and wickedly crop away...forcing him to a full run in the gloaming.

Constancia's lighting system engages the numerous motion sensors detecting our presence and clicking on lights located on both sides of the path. As the sun sets it appears we were traversing a small airport runway. After we pass by the system extinguishes the lights behind us. Expensive and ingenious, Lady Constance enjoys running her pony boys at all hours and spent many dollars assuring that the paths could be navigated without the need for intrusive constant illumination. The lights only come on when person, cart, or chariot is detected.

For the novice pony boy such as Mr. Dalton, the visual effect of running full speed into a narrow area, lit for only some 25 feet ahead, can be daunting. It appears as if he will run into an abyss of blackness. Thus I crop firmly and tightly hold the reins, providing him with reassurance...that I am in command...and that he will perform as directed despite his reservations. He will learn to fear nothing when I am in control.

Though skittish, he learns to work under me and we are nicely propelled through the limited lighted area into the darkness ahead. I know the paths. There is no danger...but Mr. Dalton will learn that by way of my hands on the crop and reins and my feet on the testicle rings. Over time the feel of my controlling hands will be most comforting for him.

He perspires and I treasure the sensation of working a male into a lather. My naked thighs are wrapped about his waist. When he runs I lean forward to establish better balance and thus my breasts press against the naked skin

of his back. I can feel his muscles contract and then slacken with each step. When I crop his nipples, I feel the spasms caused by the pain shooting to his cortex. The slightest pull on the nose bridle results in an immediate reaction of his head and the change in direction I mandate. There is a visceral sublimeness in feeling the motion under me.

Despite the generosity of Lady Constance, how can I give this up and leave Constancia Island to attend college? We reach the clinic and after releasing the testicle cords, Mr. Dalton knows to bend so I can dismount. He’s been good. For a novice I have worked him hard and he has responded splendidly.

I take the left portion of the nose bridle in my right hand and pull downwards. He obediently stoops lower. I turn, holding the bridle behind me. As a treat, I let him lick my buttocks. He has certainly found them intriguing and the hot tongue of a well-worked subservient pony boy has a marvelously Dominant appeal to my psyche.

Chapter Eighteen

Jasmine

Mr. Dalton will be getting a phone call tonight. Therefore I water him well. It's quite easy with his bridle making it impossible to breathe through his nose. Everything I introduce to his mouth he eagerly swallows so he can gulp air. I just have to train him not to spit anything out, which is quickly done. He is completely naked and bound and has learned that compliance to my whims avoids much pain.

I have him lie on a small stool in the center of the room. We change the position of severe bondage regularly. It keeps our patients off guard, provides entertainment for our young nurses and makes it interesting for me...seeing how I can truss the male in a manner that inaugurates the slowest buildup of agony.

So Mr. Dalton's stomach rests on the stool some eight inches off the floor. We wouldn't want him pressing his erection against the smooth soft rubber flooring. That might provide pleasure...something that is only to be given by the Dominant female, never taken by the subordinate male.

Cords are attached to his nose bridle forcing him to crane his neck and face upwards. The testicle rings are secured, pulling his precious little eggs toward his knees while separating them within the sac. His masturbation mittens are clipped together behind his back and another cord nicely pulls them up toward the ceiling.

He is thoroughly bound and completely immobile which is always the intent. Muscle movement imparts the notion of freedom, which is only mine to give.

I apply the special cream to his scrotum. The Bagandan recipe, refined over hundreds of years, promotes the stretching of skin and precludes unsightly stretch marks. There is no limit to how far flesh can be stretched over

time. The challenge is to avoid scarring, which the cream magically does.

I clamp his tongue, attach a cord to hold it well outside his lips and again hang an IV bag full of water. I set the drip valve and gently pinch his cheek. He has been worked hard and is tired and probably hungry, a condition which I cannot alleviate. The reasons will become apparent.

I observe the first drop splash to the center of his outstretched tongue. His system naturally reacts by attempting to swallow which strengthens all the muscles and promotes the lengthening process which is exactly what I want.

I cover his eyes with a leather mask. In the back there is a sturdy eyelet, which I use to secure his ankles…pulling back his feet until his back arches then tying the ankle bands to the leather mask. I tighten to achieve just the proper level of discomfort, seeking a modest level of pain, which will grow through the night.

“You’re tied up like a nice gift, Mr. Dalton. Dr. Corrothers will want to know how it feels to be so tightly bound by a woman…made helpless and unable to move an inch. I’m sure you will tell her about it in the morning.”

It’s part of the process. He will be very eager to talk with his next counseling session. And he certainly will have time to gather his thoughts.

The final torment involves placing hollow tubes behind the creases of his bent knees. These I use to forcibly spread his thighs by looping cords through the center of the tubes and then tying them to eyelets on opposing walls. The separation completely exposes his genitals, adding a layer of humiliation and a nice view for our young nurses who will be monitoring him throughout the night.

Satisfied that he is most frustratingly secured, I must carefully attach and insert the final equipment…electric probes. We’ve pioneered the use of electro stimulation at Constancia Island and have added ingenious refinements.

But it must be done right. So from a panel on the far wall behind Mr. Dalton I retrieve a collection of bundled wires and uncoil them while approaching the prostrate patient. I work methodically but with some alacrity. I have done this before and it's paramount that the right wire lead to the right probe.

After a few minutes 'poor' Mr. Dalton is prepared to be 'wired'. A steel anal insertion, a metal penis catheter, clamps on each nipple and each testicle. All are conducive to electricity and everything inserted has been lubricated. I have been very gentle in sliding each in place. The clamps are most modest. Hardly felt, but they will not fall off either. I attach wires to each assuring that the penis wire leads to the penis, prostate wire to the anal insertion, etc.

"No dinner, Mr. Dalton. You'll understand why later. I recommend in the future you eat as much as you can when food is offered. It is specially designed nutrition though all taste has been deliberately removed. Luana will want you very strong.

"You'll be getting a phone call later."

I step out into the hall deliberately leaving him most curious about his phone call. I slide open a cabinet door in the wall adjacent to the door to Mr. Dalton's room. There sits a television monitor. I turn it on and the image of my well-bound patient comes into view. The video camera works though Mr. Dalton is slightly off center. I return to the room and open an unnoticed panel concealing the camera and adjust accordingly. I quickly return and the monitor indicates I have made the proper adjustment.

One last check on Mr. Dalton, I feel the tension in all the cords, tightening one or two for proper restraint. I smooth my hand over his hairless buttocks and admire the tender slowly stretching flesh of his scrotum. I feel a twinge in my loins. Thankfully I am getting off duty and there is a delightfully young, well-trained male in my quarters with a very eager tongue.

So I leave Mr. Dalton as he helplessly wallows in great frustration, both mental and physical. I cannot help laughing...loud enough so he can hear me. It’s part of the process… breaking the male. It is the only reason I am on Constancia Island.

Chapter Nineteen
Mrs. Dalton

With Ted setting a new paradigm in our marital relationship, I have great fun picking up well hung gigolo's and enticing them to our apartment. Getting a male into bed is easy, as always.., getting *the right* male is a different matter. After all, the manner in which I prefer to have sex is a little provocative, strapping on my harness and splitting the tight male rectum while my special female insertion frictions me to orgasm.

So I have learned to find guys who have latent bi-sexual proclivities and either don't realize it or keep such a deep secret. Thus when I strip them down, lay them on the bed and pull their ankles up around their ears, they are either accustomed to the ignominious position or quickly acclimate to it.

Sometimes, if I am in a generous mood, I'll give my plaything a handjob while reaming away. But most times I just have him later masturbate for me...maybe kneeling in the kitchen stroking away and beseeching me for permission to ejaculate. The messy semen can be readily mopped up there.

Ted has been gone for some five days. The packet of information from the ASBM suggests that contact be quite limited during initial indoctrination. But there is also this process whereby I can call in on the telephone and also, using a special code, log onto the Constancia Island website.

This could be quite the source of entertainment.

I have scheduled a visit from Anthony, some 25 year old stud, I had over the weekend who probably prefers guys but finds that some women pay just as well. He's well hung with an active tongue and knows to become quite submissive in my presence. His virgin backside was rather resistant to my initial efforts, but that just made it more fun

in opening him. When I called he was not reluctant to schedule an appointment.

He's expensive, yes. But husband, Ted, was the first to hire a pro. I can do likewise.

When the doorman announces Anthony's arrival I turn on the computer in the den and log onto the site. A rather colorful yet prosaic page flashes onto the screen…mundane pictures of tropical beaches and greenery... until I type in my special code. Then I am amazed to see the idyllic scene fade and the well bound and naked form of husband Ted come into view.

It is a live web video image from the secluded Caribbean Island. The internet era is incredible. Ted is some fifteen hundred miles away, so thoroughly trussed he can barely move, and I can watch his torment. He is so snugly secured, perched atop that little stool. And that metal thing in his nose must be very aggravating. I feel a tinge of arousal.

Surely it's rather boring for him, but according to the instructions, telephone contact will liven things up a bit.

My well-hung but somewhat effeminate 'escort' knocks. I gruffly fling open the door. At five foot eight, my six feet seems to tower over the satiric Anthony and I enjoy using my height and strength to intimidate. I pull him into the apartment by the lapels on his jacket and toss him onto the couch.

"Strip," I command. "You have work to do while I play on the web. Get yourself up and join me in the den."

He knows I tip well and obeys, piling up his garments while I retrieve the cordless phone and return to the computer.

I dial in the special phone number provided by the ASBM. A very pleasant and firm woman's voice answers. It is a recording.

"Thank you for calling our facility. Please enter the four digit code for the patient to be contacted, followed by the

pound sign.”

The ASBM information suggests that Ted’s number is 4527. Obviously the digits have information encoded within. I cannot believe Constancia Island has so many ‘patients’ as to require a four digit number to distinguish each one. I push the keypad as Anthony crawls into the den…naked. As commanded he has stroked himself. A full and firm nine inches bobs about between his thighs.

‘Nice touch,’ I think to myself. He must really need the dough. And tonight he will earn it. I bought a new dildo which the young girl at the store assured me could barely be tolerated.

‘Yes, Anthony, crawl to mama. She’s going to make you feel very open tonight.’

I part my bathrobe and separate my thighs. Beneath I am without attire and have just trimmed my pudendum to clear a path for Anthony’s lips and tongue. As I listen to the woman’s voice, I just point. Anthony knows what I want. He crawls between my knees.

“Welcome to Mr. Ted Dalton’s stimulation line. If this is your first call, please listen carefully to these instructions. Each charge requires a two digit number followed by the pound sign. The first digit will determine the level of voltage to be discharged. One is the lowest, five is moderate, nine is the most severe. You may press any number between one and nine.

“The second digit determines to which anatomical area the charge will be delivered. One is to the urethra within the penis, two is to the prostate gland, three is to the urethra and prostate simultaneously, four is to the left testicle, five is to the right testicle, six is to both testicles, seven is to the left nipple, eight is to the right nipple, nine delivers a simultaneous charge to all areas.

“The charge will be delivered while pressing the pound sign. For a brief charge press and quickly release the

pound sign. For longer charges press and hold the pound sign.

“We recommend caution in applying a nine nine charge for any extended period.

“You may press zero for assistance at any time.

“Please press zero zero when you are through or just hang up.

“You will now be transferred to Mr. Dalton.”

I feel wetness, and it is not caused by Anthony’s assiduous tongue. The thought of lounging about in my den while tormenting my philandering husband hundreds of miles away as the oral efforts of my sycophantic 25 year old bring me to orgasm, causes an indescribable sexual rush.

“Lick,” I summarily command.

Meanwhile I press ‘36’ and tap the pound key to apply a moderate zing to Ted’s precious gonads. I watch the computer screen and within an instant he delightfully tries to squirm within his masterfully implemented bondage. Anthony’s hot wet tongue pierces my outer labia as I hear Ted’s moans in the earpiece.

It is a powerful exhibition, which includes sound. I am in heaven.

I hope the battery on the cordless phone will not need recharging before the evening ends.

Chapter Twenty

Ted Dalton

I understand why dinner has been withheld. I feel the zing of intermittent electrical shocks. Some are brief and merely annoying. Others are gut wrenching, seeming to fry my most intimate areas. Within moments of the first charge I begin to feel nauseous. Any food in my stomach would be quickly given up to the rubber-coated floor.

There is no one in the room. The only sound is of my labored screams of agony...my clamped tongue inhibiting intelligible pleas for mercy. Perspiration begins to form and ironically the moisture seems to enhance the conductivity of whatever it is attached to my nipples.

The jolts of electricity have the effect of making me squirm and lurch within my tight bondage, doubling the anguish, particularly when I inadvertently tension the cord to my nose bridle.

But worst of all is the randomness. There is no pattern as to the length of each charge nor to what area. And sometimes the jolts stop completely for minutes…as if my tormentor needs a respite from pressing a button or turning a dial…or whatever causes the severe shocks.

It is weird, but my mind occupies itself by trying to determine which area is most sensitive. My penis feels as if is being broiled like a hot dog. But then there will be a charge to the anal insertion and my poor prostate explosively reacts and feels ready to surrender.

Does it last an hour? Two? I don’t know. And ironically I have no way of knowing if it is over. Twice I relaxed only to be suddenly bombarded with a diabolical series of shocks, seeming to form a circle...right nipple, right testicle, penis, prostate, left testicle, left nipple…capped by a jolt to all areas. Someone is having fun.

There is a third long intermission. I stand guard, mentally preparing myself for more. And I guess that is one

sinister aspect of the torment…not really knowing. Always expecting.

Meanwhile the drip bag has continued throughout the entire ordeal. A splash of water hits my tongue and I struggle to swallow…so devious…so well planned. They know the male body here and exactly what can be tolerated.

I believe it is over. My perspiration dries during a long period of nothingness. I hear the door open and I mentally cower. I do not know whether a visitor is good or bad. Am I being summoned back to the salt flats? Could the night be that short? Perhaps I have passed out and not realized it…completely losing any concept of time.

I feel hands…soothing hands. Young and soft they work to remove the clamps from my nipples and testicles. The anal probe is gently removed. My benefactress is most tender in sliding out the probe in my penis. My bladder is full and aches…a minor discomfort compared to the hours of shocks and jolts.

Gratefully, she knows. Fingers grasp my penis and slip back the foreskin.

“Empty yourself for me, Mr. Dalton.”

The voice matches the hands and fingers. Young, soft, feminine. But like all the females at this facility there is a no nonsense firmness…a directness that eliminates all hesitation in reacting to requests and directions. All spoken words are really commands.

The sensitive tip of my manhood brushes against a bowl placed on the floor beneath the stool. The feminine hand continues to hold me as I do my business as instructed. I am so relieved.

Now I know the electric show is over.

“I am the night nurse, Katani…Nurse Katani to you.”

She removes the bowl, which I so dutifully filled. I hear splashing followed by the sound of running water. Somewhere in the room there is access to a drain and

faucet. Evidently wall panels conceal the fact that the room is better equipped than it appears. She returns and I feel her fingers on my scrotum, still stretched and restrained by the testicle rings. She applies more cream and tenderly works the curious substance into my skin, seeming to enjoy the feel of the hairless, warm and most vulnerable flesh.

“You’re stretching nicely, Mr. Dalton. Your sponsor wants these hanging just about to the knees…easily done.”

She laughs with a disturbing aloofness. The notion that a male can so easily be altered amuses.

“We can even go further if desired. This cream makes the skin very supple. It’s extraordinarily useful.”

Finished, I feel her hands smooth over every inch of my nakedness. It feels good. Is she being kind or inspecting… trained to find and treat any abrasions or contusions…like a horse trainer or dog breeder.

She talks while she examines. I guess the night shift is rather boring and though I cannot reply, my prostrate and well bound form supplies some degree of companionship, however unresponsive.

“I watched your little show. Mrs. Dalton is quite a fast learner and very resolute in using the call in feature. For most women it takes two or three calls before attaining the level severity to which she took you.”

Mrs. Dalton! Calling in? How devious. So somehow her presence is felt despite the geographical separation. My mind enters a funk. I am not sure that Nurse Katani’s revelation is comforting. Is it better to know that at the end of the long electrical cord, stretching all the way to New York, it is my Superior on the other end of the attachments to my genitals? The woman who evidently found me cavorting with a professional Dominatrix?

While my brain continues to roil, my nurse begins to massage various areas…assuring that circulation adequately flows to arms and legs long held immobile by Nurse Jasmine’s extreme bondage.

It feels good. Am I tumefying? I cannot tell but Nurse Katani giggles at something as she works.

I wish my mind were more settled enabling me to enjoy some of the few sensuous moments on Constancia Island.

Shoulders and back are next. Then my buttocks. Lastly I feel her fingers on my penis. Yes, it is firm. The stiffness resists her efforts to bend it back for inspection. Still she palms it and cruelly pinches some of the tender foreskin. I have no way to resist. She can poke, prod, pinch, inspect and examine with impunity. I must take the bad with the good. The young nurse is giving herself an anatomy lesson.

All good things must end and she shifts to my front. The dripping stops and I detect movement. Then the flow resumes. She has replaced the bag with a full one.

“Try to sleep. In a few hours I will shower you and induce a bowel movement. That’s how you’ll begin every day here.

“Then Dr. Corrothers will stop in and your tongue will be freed to tell her all she wishes to know.”

How comforting.

Chapter Twenty One

Ted Dalton

I have no idea if I actually slept. With the dripping bag and my face pulled upwards I was forced to deal with the water constantly splashing onto my tongue and rolling to the back of my throat where I had to swallow or I would choke.

I suppose my mind adapted to it and I entered some form of restful state, as one can become accustomed to constant noise.

Anyway, I am drawn out of a dream, perhaps more of a daydream, by the feel of fingers fidgeting about my anus. As promised Nurse Katani is inducing the movement of my bowels by inserting what feels like moderate sized marbles. She finishes then massages my lower abdomen and intermittently presses firmly with her thumbs, I suppose to knead my lower colon. Within minutes I find myself struggling to announce my need to go with words garbled by my clamped tongue.

“So you like my little balls?” she laughing inquires as she works to release the testicle rings.

“There’s a basin under you. Just go as you please.”

I do. The balls obviously are comprised of some kind of laxative and I hear them plop into the waiting basin as Nurse Katani kindly holds my scrotum out of the way. I also empty my bladder for her and she seems pleased, chiming compliments which one would make to a child being potty-trained.

When she steps away to dispose of the excretions I am surprised by the feel of my freed scrotum swaying just off the floor between my spread thighs. Whatever is in the cream, it is working. It feels so far outside my body, as if attached to someone else.

Next comes a shower and as suggested the wall paneling of the empty chamber conceals much. I hear a hose and then feel the very pleasant wetness of warm

water. The soft feminine hands soap me everywhere, and of course the curious young nurse pays particular attention to cleansing the most intimate male areas. She pats me dry with a towel and then spends a few minutes examining my freed testicles. Perhaps it is a professional examination…perhaps she is amusing herself, either way there is nothing I can do.

“It is interesting how the little gonads expand. These rings will never slide off now.”

She tugs to demonstrate to me…and I guess too herself also, and I am convinced. It seems that due to the irritation of being ringed, the testicles swell and thus make the rings a permanent addition, though I suppose they could be cut off.

Meanwhile her soft touch brings me to an erection, which she also finds a need to inspect.

“Your tumescence epitomizes the chaste male,” she comments. “You’ll find yourself more and more eager to serve and receive the whip, Mr. Dalton. We see it every day on the Island, and with males who are much more truculent than yourself.”

I am disappointed when she again restrains my testicle rings and applies more of the cream. It feels tighter than before and I wince. She fondly pinches my cheek and announces her departure.

“I’m going off duty. I have a nice cart and pony-boy waiting to take me home where a rather effeminate young lad will eagerly serve me breakfast. I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

The door closes and I realize I do not even know what she looks like.

With nothing to see or hear the annoyance of the dripping again occupies my thoughts. Then within what I guess is an hour Nurse Jasmine enters. She removes the water bag, frees my tongue and feeds me. Once again my buttocks are assaulted by a hypodermic needle. I know now

to eat and despite the lack of flavor I take in every spoonful of offered mush.

It is interesting that I have no desire to initiate conversation, though my tongue has been restrained and forcefully stretched for hours.

“Eat well, Mr. Dalton. Luana is going to work you hard today…and every day going forward.”

I do not need the encouragement.

Nurse Jasmine inspects me. She is particularly interested in my tongue and her thumb and forefinger pinches it and draws it well beyond my lips. She seems satisfied. Then she releases one limb at a time and massages, restoring circulation. Her fingers pinch and poke everywhere including my privates which Nurse Katani had just examined an hour before, only Nurse Jasmine tugs unmercifully on my scrotum.

“Plenty of room for growth,” she happily announces.

“Dr. Corrothers will visit you soon.”

I hear the door close.

How long am I to be so cruelly kept in bondage? I have not moved in many hours. And yet I am somehow able to tolerate the torment. The nurses seem to know exactly when to visit and massage the various joints and muscles to ensure circulation. But it also restores feeling, ending the numbness only so the tight cords can once again begin another round of agony.

How wicked!

The door opens. As suggested it is Dr. Corrothers.

“Good morning, Mr. Dalton.”

She pinches my cheek as if greeting a young boy. Then her fingers slide down the left side of my face and softly roll my left nipple between thumb and forefinger. It is very deliberate act to remind me of the innumerable clamps she can use to initiate ‘discussion’.

“Would you like to talk to me this morning? Hmm?”

Her fingers withdraw and she steps to my side. I feel something touching my erect penis. It is the toe of her boot, which she has slid under the small stool supporting my stomach.

“You’re very erect this morning Mr. Dalton. Why do you think that has happened? Do you enjoy being tied up and handled by women? Dominant women with such disdain for the male?”

Another round of counseling begins. The sound of Dr. Corrothers’ voice becomes distant. She has moved away, presumably to her chair.

I know I have to answer. But my thoughts are about Miss Luana. We will soon be working the salt flats. I will be free of my bonds and able to perform for her. I envision her sitting in her saddle, calmly cropping my nipples while she runs me into a good sweat…the anal insertion forcing me to stand so proudly for her.

I formulate an answer, but with my thoughts I feel myself stiffen even more.

Chapter Twenty Two
Miss Luana

The drug and days of severe bondage, all instituted under the auspices of the Dominant woman, have a marvelous effect. Jasmine leads a very obedient Mr. Dalton out of the clinic. I stand in wait in a defacto tacking area I have set up under the clinic building's porte-cochere. The saddle and waist belt hang on pegs along with the custom crafted anal insertion and a small selection of correction instruments.

He appears as excited as a puppy. Obviously after the hours and hours of bondage and the humiliation of lying naked to be inspected, and then fed and bathed like a child, makes him eager for the freedom of the outdoors. Over time, he will also develop eagerness for being run and for the feel of the guiding hand of a Dominant woman and her crop.

A simple cord ending with two hooks hangs from an overhead beam. A smiling Nurse Jasmine attaches Mr. Dalton utilizing his nose bridle, bids me a good day then strolls back to her remaining patients.

I likewise bid her a good day while pulling up the cord. My steed is forced to his toes, his mittens clipped together behind his back. He tries his best to look at me, my firm young breasts providing quite the attraction for the randy and chaste male. He begins to stiffen and I have not yet begun.

"I think you're going to run for me very nicely today," I announce in an exuberant voice.

The psychology of working the male beast has been ingrained by way of my mother and her mother before that. Generations of Bagandan women have handled the subordinate male and I know that it is best for both of us if he desires to work for me. It will save his flesh much discomfort and my hands and wrists will not be fatigued at day's end.

Meanwhile, I slather his nakedness with sun oil, the rays of the sun being extremely direct and penetrating in the tropics. Some degree of sunburn can be useful in maintaining discipline, inflamed skin requiring the most modest of corrective taps to achieve satisfactory results. But we wouldn't want to desensitize certain areas of pinkness. Thus I am careful to heavily daub his penis, scrotum and nipples. When finished his erection stands at his navel. He enjoys my touch.

I coo words of encouragement while preparing him for the afternoon's labors. Complimenting him on his nicely hanging sac, I take a testicle between my fingers and 'pop' it. A custom I learned as a little girl, I squeeze the gonad until the pressure and the slipperiness of the sun oil causes the little egg to literally shoot out into the scrotal sac, though much hampered by the testicle ring. It's like pinching the skin, except the stressed organ causes a deep ache, to which Mr. Dalton responds with a meek yelp. Meanwhile he is forced to acknowledge my authority...my control. The precious organs are mine. He merely wears them for me.

When finished, the oil causes my steed to shine radiantly and the proximity of my hands has his manhood standing straight up. He is ready to be saddled and I release his mittens to provide access to his waist.

The belt is buckled around his waist. I lubricate the curved anal insertion, attach it to the bottom of the saddle then gently slide it into Mr. Dalton's rectum. He so nicely accepts it, the smooth cylinder of metal has been so well crafted it instantly pressures the prostate gland. When prostatic fluid beads from his urethra, I know the bulbous tip has found its mark.

I make a note to inform Nurse Jasmine. After nearly a week of chastity, Mr. Dalton needs milking, a procedure at which the Constancia Island nursing staff is very proficient.

I connect cords to the testicle rings and thread another through the loops in the nose bridle. I have one last addition before releasing the bridle. The front middle of the saddle has a small hole threaded for an attachment. Today I am going to treat myself. I slip a female toy into the aperture and turn to tighten in place. It is a hideous little rubber nub but it so nicely diddles my clitoris. So when I release Mr. Dalton and he bends to offer me his knee and thigh, I lift the small patch of cloth covering my pubes before settling into the saddle. Thus my little rubber friend finds my well shaven mons and with a slight shift of my hips, my little bud wonderfully nestles against it.

Unfortunately for Mr. Dalton, I have decided today to use a special quirt. It's a short and nasty strand of thin leather, which unlike the crop, will actually excoriate the outer most layer of epidermis when properly stroked. My steed will soon learn of its effectiveness.

I lean and tie the testicle ring cords to my ankle bands, pull the short bridle cord over his head and flick the quirt against the buttocks. His spasmed reaction results in the most thrilling motion of the clitoral stimulator.

It's going to be a wonderful day!

I bring him to a brisk trot and head for the salt flats. It's just past noon and the heat immediately brings my steed to a good lather. I can feel his wetness on my inner thighs, which press against his naked skin and also on my breasts as I lean forward for balance. Whenever I snap the quirt against buttocks or nipples he shudders delightfully, sending arousing vibrations through the saddle, the nub and to my clitoris. I experience a half dozen small orgasms by the time we pass the desalinization plant.

The special plow awaits. I direct Mr. Dalton to grasp the handles with mitten covered hands. The day's work begins. I snap away as the first of dozens of furrows are carved into the perfectly flat expanse of white powder, turning up layers of gray moist brine beneath to be exposed to the

drying sun. It is a process that will never end. When finished we will scoop up the dried salt for packaging then move to the next lagoon while this one is refilled from the desalinization plant.

I am reminded of Sisyphus, from Greek mythology…constantly toiling to push a large boulder up a hill…only to reach the top and have it roll back to the bottom where he must begin again.

My steed learns of the effectiveness of my quirt. Light breezes kick up small but thick clouds of powdery whiteness. I can feel his reaction to the sting as skin abraded by the quirt becomes irritated by the salt. And it so nicely causes the saddle to jostle…

Three hours into our efforts I look up to see the profile of Lady Constance’s team and chariot seeming to glow in the afternoon sun. She waves and beckons to me. Her chariot cannot traverse the soft surface of the salt flats.

I snap the quirt. Mr. Dalton pushes with renewed efforts toward the Island’s beautiful Queen.

Chapter Twenty Three

Lady Constance

I can watch the naked subordinate male work for hours…a preoccupation I learned from my grandmother when I was a little girl and the Island's electricity was produced by dozens of miscreant and yoked lads turning massive generators.

Currently with the wind providing power, I have been content to watch the Bagandan women work the naked male beasts in the fruit and vegetable fields. And now the salt flats. The work is so divinely monotonous with the irritating salt serving to remind the well whipped male of each and every welt. I am pleased. Luana has nicely developed into a firm handler. That's how the Bagandan women are raised.

The Island's latest subordinate arrival slowly approaches pushing the plow. Luana's quirt lashes to spur him to hurry, not wishing to keep me waiting. I wonder if he realizes that a full week of toil and anguish will probably produce some twenty dollars worth of sea salt. Marketed under the brand name 'LC's Toil' the salt will grace the table of every member of the ASBM. It will be consumed by Dominant women who will smile in satisfaction knowing that every grain has been produced by way of abject cruelty to a well bound and whipped subservient male.

Nicely symbolic.

I step out of the chariot to greet the duo. Mr. Dalton has been whipped on his buttocks, thighs and nipples with a single nasty telltale stripe on his scrotum. He is caked with salt and I know he feels the irritating sting everywhere that Luana has applied the quirt.

Luana dismounts. I reach for my water bottle and step to the perspiring naked beast. He is nicely erect…displaying the ironic reaction of the submissive male…full tumescence despite the pain and humiliation.

My left hand toys with his right nipple as I insert the tube of the plastic squeeze bottle into his mouth. He drinks heavily as he gasps for air…the bridle precluding use of his nose for breathing.

“You’re working him hard, Luana. Be sure to keep him well watered.”

She smiles and nods.

“I was about to walk him up to the plant for a drink.”

We exchange words and pleasantries. Luana explains that tomorrow she will initiate the packaging process by harnessing Mr. Dalton and having him pull the scraper to scoop up the first layer of salt. ‘LC’s Toil’ will begin production.

“I suppose we should teach Mr. Dalton some pony boy protocol,” the devilish Luana suggests.

Yes, I look to the two pony boys harnessed to my chariot. Having the loosest set of penis bands, I insist that they perform for me while fully erect. During the few minutes of our discussion, a degree of limpness has occurred. The encouragement of my crop has kept them firm while pulling in harness. With the short period of neglect the phalli have softened.

Luana tugs on the cord connected to the noise bridle, pulling downward so that Mr. Dalton must bend at the waist. Then she leads him to my team. My matched ponies are tall, both exactly the same height at six foot six. They also have the largest penises on the Island…close to twelve inches and dwarfing Mr. Dalton. Luana explains as she forcefully uses the bridle cord to introduce Mr. Dalton to the Island’s protocol among pony boys. My ponies are subservient to all females but in rank are superior to all other males. Therefore, Mr. Dalton shall pay homage. And he shall do so with his lips and tongue.

It’s always fun observing the homophobic reaction when forcing the male to service the genitals of another. The act is brief, for we never permit climax, but it mentally brings

down the proudest of recalcitrant males...sending the message ‘there is nothing the Dominant female cannot coerce from you’.

Luana reaches down and takes Mr. Dalton’s nicely stretched scrotum in her right hand while holding the bridle to keep his mouth adjacent to the huge penis of the left pony.

“Lick, Mr. Dalton. These are the ranking ponies on the Island.”

Her hand slowly closes around the ringed gonads to begin the process of assuring compliance. Mr. Dalton yelps with the building pressure and finally extends his tongue. We both giggle like schoolgirls while the wet pink tongue returns my steed is to full erection.

“Don’t you wish you were that big and had a nice submissive male licking away,” she chides adding to Mr. Dalton’s humiliation.

Timing the attentive licks. Luana moves to the right pony before any prohibited ejaculation can occur. There he begins to immediately lick, sparing his gonads further torment.

I make a mental note to inform Dr. Corrothers of Mr. Dalton’s oral efforts. She’ll be joining me for dinner this evening and be interested in using the information in his next counseling session, I’m sure.

I can hear her words as she’s seated at the clinic. ‘So I understand you’ve been orally serving our ponies. Do you enjoy that, Mr. Dalton? Does it arouse you?’

During Mr. Dalton’s tenure on Constancia Island, he will learn to lick anything and everything demanded of him, male anatomy and female. And he will do it well and learn to like it.

Having paid proper homage, Luana lifts the bridle and Mr. Dalton rights himself at the waist. He casts a sneaky yet reverent glance my way. It is typical of the chaste male. His eyes wander where they shouldn’t be but I suppose it is

a compliment. My only covering is a freely hanging patch of cloth over my pudendum and with the steady tropical breezes it's been known to flip about and teasingly flash my sex. I enjoy being topless and that's why I spend most of my time on my Island. Males can look but they'll never touch…unless, of course, I need oral attention, which is more frequent than I can admit in normal social circles.

"I understand Mr. Dalton received his first phone call last night," I comment as an aside. "Better not work him to much longer. He probably did not get much sleep."

Luana laughs at my understatement and I join her. Our special electro stimulation process is world renowned. I hate to inform Mr. Dalton but it can also be computer controlled. Mrs. Dalton can call in and have all the stimulation recorded for later replay at a specified time. So, she can attend social functions, work late, go to a movie, etc. and the electric impulses will shock away precisely as she intends.

The complete aloofness and callousness by which the obsequious male can be reminded of his complete vulnerability appeals to many women. And of course, the torment is unsurpassed.

Chapter Twenty Four

Matilda (secretary)

Mrs. Dalton is out of the office. A lengthy trial has begun and though that makes things rather quiet for me, I must remain on call in case newly edited documents need to be rushed to the court house.

Meanwhile the interoffice messenger delivers what is obviously a card. It's my birthday. Someone has remembered.

I open it. Mrs. Dalton has remembered!

It bestows standard wishes on my twenty-seventh. Then in her impressive calligraphy there is a note on the bottom.

'Matilda…Sorry I can not join you in celebrating, but if you log onto http://www.constancia.org at 9:00 p.m. this evening, I have arranged for special entertainment. Use the code number 4527. Enjoy, Mrs. D.'

Well, not as exciting as last year when she took me to an S&M club and we watched a rather 'butch' lady take down rugged looking guys. Though it was somewhat staged, the floggings were real. They were shrieking loudly.

I stay at the office until 6:30 p.m. in case something is needed. I leave and stop by an adult store and purchase a tape. Triple X. It's my birthday. Then I begin my 90 minute train commute home where I cook a boring dinner.

The tape is a bust. Why cannot anyone in Hollywood, or wherever, find actors who can do a serious D/s scene? The naked and bound male bodies are arousing but then someone opens their mouth and the dialog kills the drama.

Another $39.95 down the tubes.

By happenstance I decide to log onto the net and I am reminded of Mrs. D's note. The address brings me to some tropical setting. It can't be a vacation gift…much too expensive. I type in the 4527 code where indicated and the most incredible scene unfolds.

It is Mr. Dalton!

He is naked except for a very high collar and he wears the strangest jewelry. There are circular pieces of metal around his nipples and his hairless scrotum has rings forcing the testicles into the most ludicrous configuration A single strand of rope hangs from somewhere above. It is attached or hooked to a small metal bar that appears to be thrust through his nose! The rope is very taut and it appears he is standing on his toes. His hands cannot be seen. They are behind his back.

Where is he?

The room is austere...white with strangely shaped objects attached to the walls. Otherwise there is nothing.

A popup menu suggests dialing an ‘800’ number. I pick up the phone and hurriedly punch the numbers. I get a recording. It is a firm female voice.

“Welcome to the American Society for Behavior Modification entertainment line. Please press your four digit code followed by the pound sign.”

I press the 4527 and the pound sign. Mrs. Dalton’s voice comes on the line.

“Happy birthday, Matilda. This won’t be as good as a live show. But I assure you it’s real. I remember at last’s years little soiree you enjoyed the canings. Well here’s one just for you. Ten days ago, I sent Ted for a little training at an ASBM facility. We’ll all get together when he returns after his behavior is indeed modified...meanwhile enjoy your special evening.”

Mrs. Dalton’s voice ends with a click. The pleasant but authoritative voice returns once again providing instructions.

“Please press zero to begin. By request of the ASBM member, a video recording of the proceedings will be forwarded to you within ten business days. Thank you for selecting the ASBM for your entertainment desires.”

Of course, I push zero. My curiosity overwhelms any reservation about viewing the naked husband of my boss.

After all she provided the information and I recall years before having him masturbate for us over the phone before Mrs. Dalton eventually condescended to the camouflaged marital contract.

I keep the phone next to my ear and this amazingly well-muscled black woman steps into view. She wears a thin black halter and the briefest of black panties…more like the bottom of a bikini. Her arms and shoulders are bare and the brawn of her forearms and biceps is amazing. She is handsome…not a raving beauty but her even and well-proportioned facial features conform with her physique.

I see her lips move on the computer screen then with the slightest of delays hear her voice on the phone.

“Good evening Matilda and happy birthday. My name is Jasmine and I am the head nurse of the facility here. We are at a very exclusive and secluded Caribbean island where incorrigible young males are sent for a lifetime of servitude and, in recent years, we also endeavor to modify the behavior of certain subjugated males on behalf of members of the ASBM.

“Out of view is Nurse Katani. She will be handling the camera. Tonight we are going to cane Mr. Dalton for you. Initial canings here are moderate but firm and relentlessly applied. He’ll be excused from work duties tomorrow to recover from his ordeal. Otherwise we do not furnish any form of mercy.

“I hope you enjoy the display.”

Those would be the last words of the evening…or at least the last intelligible words.

Someone off camera, I suppose this Nurse Katani, hands a length of rattan to Nurse Jasmine. Then the huge woman turns and steps to the side Mr. Dalton. Despite her size she seems to float across the floor with the grace of a gymnast. Her buttocks are uncovered as I expected with nothing more than the narrowest strip of cloth between her cheeks. I almost laugh as the eyes of Ted Dalton, a typical randy

male, follow the incredibly large but perfectly rounded globes as they ripple and roll with each footstep.

I have to admit Nurse Jasmine's derriere does have a curious degree of attraction. She pauses and uses the tip of the cane to toy with Mr. Dalton's penis. It springs to erection as if someone has flipped a switch. Nurse Jasmine smiles knowingly then steps behind him. She tucks the cane under her arm and works. She raises Mr. Dalton's arms behind his back and secures them to the back of the neck collar. Her access to the naked buttocks is unimpeded. Without further hesitation she steps back and strokes. The naked form shudders and after a discernible pause I hear the most ear shattering howl of reality on the phone.

His legs almost fold under him but must struggle to stay rigid to minimize the tension on the cord securing his nose. His scrotum jiggles, it is oddly fleshy, the abundant pink bag seeming to be more than adequate for two moderate sized gonads. As the camera zooms in to record tears, I hear feminine laughter and I myself am smiling demonically.

I rush to the kitchen for a glass of wine. After all, it's my birthday.

I return in time to see the second stroke land and, though I do not have the phone to my ear, hear the second of many howls. Incredibly, his erection seems to be standing even straighter.

Mr. Dalton is in for a very long evening.

Chapter Twenty Five

Ted Dalton

I have become somewhat accustomed to the humiliation of the past two weeks. Still, it is awkward to be directed by the teenaged Miss Luana. I feel another snap of her whip and for a moment my thoughts are interrupted and my mind returns to the task at hand, pulling in harness this interesting contraption which scoops up the salt. Miss Luana stands on an axle connected to two large balloon tires, which easily roll over the soft whiteness. Behind her is a collection bin for the salt. To the right is a horizontal blade, which she can raise or lower. As I pull, the action of the wheeled vehicle causes the blade to scrape up the top two or three inches of salt. Various gizmos then force the white powder up a chute into the bin. The gizmos are mechanically run by the turning of the tires. So obviously momentum is paramount and as her whip hand has many times suggested, I must keep moving at an even pace to maximize the yield with each pass through the flats.

Today Miss Luana uses a lunge whip. Without my waist belt and saddle my buttocks are completely exposed to the long and frightfully loud length of leather. She is most adept at slightly nipping the skin, which of course imbues the greatest pain with the least damage. On two occasions she has demonstrated her prowess by snapping it between my legs. Though not striking anything, I felt the compression of air on my low hanging scrotum.

The message is received.

Though I am becoming well tanned, the sun still leaves my skin a little sore after each long afternoon. And when the wind blows the irritating salt finds its way into every small welt and abrasion. I am in constant pain…and yet in my chaste state, I stand like a horny teenager, despite the missing anal probe, normally attached to the saddle.

Dr. Corrothers each day asks me about this priapic condition. How I feel being whipped and controlled by a

young native girl...about my bondage and constantly being open and available for inspection...nothing left to modesty...urinating upon command with a feminine hand directing by efforts.

Meanwhile the Thorazine continues and in the quiet solitude of long and sightless nights, I become frustrated with myself thinking about how I so dutifully comply with every whim and command. And then I react with evidence of such arousal...!

Days ago, I survived a caning. It was brutally methodical. No matter my pleas and spasmodic reactions, Nurse Jasmine crisply applied the rattan without relent. And a woman named 'Matilda' seemed to be watching, according to Nurse Jasmine's comments. The only Matilda I know is my wife's secretary...

Another stroke of the whip brings me out of my reverie. I dig in and lean against the harness to keep the contraption behind me rolling over a bump caused by the previous day's plowing. The arrangement of leather straps surrounds my stomach and chest. My arms are gone from sight...bent at the elbow and closely bound behind with my mittens held at the back of my neck. There are clamps on my nipples with long reins attached leading back to Miss Luana. There are also reins connected to my nose bridle and testicle rings of course. Miss Luana would not be denied access to those.

So I am truly a beast of burden. And despite the harness it feels as though I am attached by way of nose, nipples and testicles...the most sensitive of areas. Yet I am oddly pleased to be working so hard for Miss Luana. Soon I will be watered and during such breaks she lets me lick. Apparently my tongue is becoming quite long and strong and she has me use it to orally burnish her cute brown hillocks. At some point I will be permitted to kiss her breasts. She has promised and accordingly I have striven to be on my best behavior.

I am pulling with all my strength and the collection vehicle barely moves. Miss Luana snaps the whip and tugs on the nipple reins. I pull to the left knowing that it is time to empty another load. She snaps more, her hand is quite energetic today. Though the sun is getting low, I know from experience she wants to make one more pass through the flats before nightfall.

Though the vehicle is heavy, once we reach the firm path it rolls much easier. Still it is slightly uphill to the desalinization plant where various workers will unload while I am watered. Thus there are more snaps.

We approach the plant and waiting workers. Whenever I see the young teens, naked and tightly banded…tumescence apparently completely denied for their remaining lives…I consider myself fortunate. *My* penis is still permitted to stand.

At one point, Miss Luana mentioned that these were at one time incorrigible delinquents who were given every opportunity to reform and did not.

“Lady Constance performs such a wonderful service for society. If not for our efforts on Constancia Island those docile and forcibly chaste males would be dealing drugs, robbing houses, and stealing cars somewhere. Here they have a chance to be productive. And they are milked on occasion. We are not completely calloused to the needs of the male anatomy.”

My tongue was busy lapping at her fine flesh when she made that observation. I did not ask about ‘milking’ and probably would have been punished for speaking if I did so.

So I struggle up the incline and three teens, banded and wearing masturbation mittens similar to mine, wait to unload while I rest. I feel tugs on my testicle reins and know to stop. The unloading process begins. Miss Luana nicely waters me and then splashes the cool liquid on my standing penis. The shock brings flaccidity and she leans to hold it. I know she wants me to relieve myself.

It is strange how I feel uncomfortable before the male workers. I have acclimated myself to performing before the female...but knowing these teens are watching is embarrassingly troublesome. There is a longer than usual pause. Finally I summon the need and Miss Luana directs the flow away from my feet. I can hear their giggles. I suppose humiliation is relative. ‘My manhood is free’ I want to rejoin, but I have been better served with silence and remain so.

Miss Luana calms me...pulling down on the nose bridle until my lips meet her fine buttocks. I lick ravenously, and despite the laughter of young males, I savor the warmth and smoothness.

My erection returns and I hope the banded lads feel the agony as their appendages attempt to replicate mine.

I lick until the vehicle is emptied. Then Miss Luana steps away and returns to her position standing over the axle. I feel the tugs on the reins and then hear the crack and feel the resulting pain. Without thought, my legs react. My feet dig in and I lean into the harness to the sound of more laughter. The vehicle rolls.

There is time for one more pass through the flats.

Chapter Twenty Six

Nurse Katani

Every evening, despite the position in which Mr. Dalton is restrained, Nurse Jasmine attaches and inserts the electrical probes. Sometimes he receives a ‘phone call’, as we whimsically refer to it, sometimes not. But Dr. Corrothers insists that the subordinate male be available for electro stimulation by his Superior at all times from 9:00 p.m. to 5:00 a.m.

“The psychology of the procedure is as important as the enduring the physical pain. The male must understand that he is vulnerable and open to the Dominant female at all times. No mental respites. Not even while asleep.”

And he certainly is vulnerable...lying immobile and blindfolded, never knowing when he will feel the debilitating electrical charge inaugurated from hundreds of miles away.

Last night, Nurse Jasmine had Mr. Dalton lying supine on the floor. His arms were comfortably drawn and secured over his head. But she restrained his ankles well apart and up and over his shoulders, forcing him to bend at the waist. This left his scrotum and testicles rings very accessible and mercifully took tension off his neck when we clamped and stretched his tongue. The drip bag was very easy to align. But having him urinate for me in such a position was both challenging and amusing.

Mr. Dalton is bound differently every evening, the randomness keeping him off his guard and, to his psyche, demonstrating our complete control. He never knows how he will be secured...supine or prostrate...arms separated or together...over his head or behind him...knees bent or not, etc...and we never tell him until it’s done. And of course any suggestions or reluctance is ignored.

Tonight he is back on the little stool, lying prostrate with his neck craned and arms tied behind his back, this time cruelly high. I will be sure to massage him often.

Meanwhile Luana reports that after four weeks of complete chastity, Mr. Dalton is constantly secreting prostatic fluid. That happens to the male beast, a condition with which we are very familiar on Constancia Island. By Lady C's mandate, no male receives ejaculatory relief on our scenic isle of Female Dominant bliss. And since the small strip of land is a sovereign country, Lady C's mandates have the effect of law. It is not only physically impossible for the males here to masturbate; it is forbidden and essentially illegal.

But, the male anatomy has its needs.

So, I am afforded the privilege of engaging in a procedure that is not taught at my alma mater, Johns Hopkins University School of Nursing. I will 'milk' Mr. Dalton of his fluid. It is painful, intolerable, can be physically challenging for me, but wonderfully debilitating to the male pride.

So at 5:00 a.m., I remove the electrical probes and clamps. I insert my little balls into his rectum to induce a bowel movement and massage Mr. Dalton's lower abdomen.

Yes, he's embarrassed. I suppose one never quite becomes accustomed to lying nude while a woman supervises such an intimate function...but that's our role here. Subjugation…complete and utter mental capitulation of the male...and we're good at it.

He eventually relaxes and lets my little balls perform their function. I discard the excretions and begin the fun. A nice long and deep enema ensures that he is emptied, the floor drain will facilitate the expulsion of whatever remains.

I like to let the liquid linger within. I am always amazed by how much a male can squirm despite the rigorous bondage and Mr. Dalton proves to be no different. And while he awaits my decision to remove the inflatable plug from his rectum, I very much enjoy the mental torment.

Yes, even at my young age of 23 and relative inexperience in nursing, I was brought up on Constancia Island and have been trained as every Bagandan woman has…to have complete indifference to the male.

“I know it’s uncomfortable Mr. Dalton, but soon you’ll be feeling much better.”

The words musically flow in the high pitched bedside voice I used for tending to children while in nursing school. I won’t bother offering a lollipop when finished, however.

So after much more time than necessary, I release the plug and the contents gush to the floor drain.

I draw up a small stool, the girls in Lady C’s stable humorously refer to it as a milking stool, and sit between Mr. Dalton’s well spread knees. Nurse Jasmine bent back his calves, tying his ankle bands to his neck collar so his feet are secured just over his buttocks. Hollow tubes once again have been positioned behind his bent knees and with very taut cords serve to keep the thighs nicely spread. The testicle rings are secured of course. Mr. Dalton’s scrotum must meet the required length of his Superior.

So the target for my gloved right hand is well displayed.

Lubrication is next. I have a special lotion with an ingredient that will help relax the sphincter. The gloved hand works and Mr. Dalton actually begins to blush. I feel like pointing out that I am aware of his proclivity and the circumstances that initiated his sojourn at Constancia Island.

‘Weren’t you caught having your little prostate massaged by a Dominatrix?’ I want to ask.

Yes, all the staff have access to the files. It’s part of our job. But I remain professional leaving that part of the process to Dr. Corrothers.

One reason I am afforded the delightful responsibility of milking the male is because of my size. At just over five foot, my hands are tiny. But I think Mr. Dalton will find them to be sizable by morning’s end.

“Just relax and let Nurse Katani help you,” I coo in my irritatingly unctuous child’s voice…my gloved hand working the whole time.

Anal penetration has a certain protocol. First it’s important to take one’s time…never rush. Second, always move expansively…that is to open wider and wider. Never retreat allowing contraction. Third, be unceasing, despite the cries, whimpers and beseeching utterances.

Therefore, as two fingers gently but firmly knead and massage Mr. Dalton’s once tight rectum, stretched somewhat by Luana’s saddle insertion, I make sure I have handy all that I need. Nearby is a specimen dish, plenty of special lotion, and what we term a penis control stick…really just a three foot wooden dowel.., about a three quarters of an inch in diameter.

Assuring myself that all is within reach, I strive to insert a third finger and of course the ringed muscle yields. So anally responsive! Tsk. Tsk.

My free hand checks the penis. It’s incredibly stiff and just as Luana reported, Mr. Dalton is leaking like an old faucet. Clear viscous fluid pours from the urethra. Well that will be corrected.

Next comes the penis control stick. While the thumb of my right hand is still free, I place the stick on Mr. Dalton’s thighs just at the crease of the buttocks and capture it with the thumb. Then I ready myself for the cries of anguish and bend back the stiff penis. He lurches and yelps but I ignore his entreaties and wedge the middle of the shaft over the control stick. The force of his very tumescence presses the stick against the back of his thighs. When I remove my hand the dowel stays in place, with the penis cruelly pointing in a most uncomfortable direction…downward.

“It’s difficult I know…we’ll try to work quickly.”

I lie of course. I am giddy with the feeling of power and wish to bask in it all morning. With the penis so positioned, Mr. Dalton cannot possibly ejaculate…no matter what.

That’s another anatomical fact not highlighted in nursing school but certainly utilized to great advantage on Constancia Island.

So now I can work him open with impunity. ‘No unintended climax for Mr. Dalton…that’s illegal,’ I humorously remind myself.

While working in my pinky finger to join the others, I position the specimen dish under the penis with my free hand. I will capture his essence for examination at the Island’s laboratory. We take very good care of our males and no expense is spared to ensure a long and healthy life of abject servitude.

No sooner done then a sizable dollop of prostatic ooze slowly drips to the dish.

‘Oh yes, Mr. Dalton. You are full indeed,’ I think with a smug smile.

I curl under my thumb and push. It could be painful…it does not matter. This is a clinical procedure that must be done. My hand slides inward. I can feel the mushy gland, much larger than the walnut size of one that’s utilized regularly.

Well, we’ll take care of that.

I diddle, rotate, and wriggle ignoring the pitiful cries. Poor Mr. Dalton so much wants me to withdraw…then he beseeches me to massage more firmly and do so while stroking his manhood. So fickle. Meanwhile the dripping turns to a constant oozing and the specimen dish fills. So full…so swollen…yet so reluctant to yield.

Time is not important when milking the male. Results are. Once my hand is inserted there is no rush, despite the level of humiliation and strange arousal of having the most intimate male gland so capriciously kneaded. So I wile away, working my fingers and listening to Mr. Dalton’s pleas turn to low moans. It happens often with the submissive male…first disbelief, then begging, then

reluctant acceptance of the female’s superior and knowing hand.

The ooze turns cloudy indicating that I have struck pay dirt. Sperm. I have overridden the ejaculatory process and massaged the devilish substance from the ampulla. He’s done. Well milked though embarrassed and sore.

“We’re going to do this once per month whether you need it or not,” I suggest with a sardonic smile and a girlish giggle.

I slowly withdraw.

The contents of the specimen dish are removed and sealed in an airtight container to be sent to the lab.

“Bath time.”

Chapter Twenty Seven

Dr. Corrothers

Mr. Dalton has been with us for some six weeks. With the steady injections of Thorazine, being forced to work under the whip hand of Luana, hours and hours of severe bondage, the random and debilitating electro stimulation, mentally he is not much more than putty.

Jasmine has him lying blindfolded on his back, wrists secured over his head, legs straight up towards the ceiling and parted to form a wide 'V'. She tightened everything to the point that he cannot move an inch. And one can recognize her touch, so to speak, by the smaller cords...restraining and stretching the scrotum and his tongue. And the tension on each restraint is impressive. She is very strong and without compunction in tormenting the male.

To ensure his hours and hours of discomfort, Jasmine has a cord running from the ceiling to his nose bridle, which forces him to hold his head just an inch or two from the floor. The soft rubber surface so tantalizingly beckons him to lower his head to the floor to relax his neck muscles...except the pain of the nose bridle with the small posts inserted right up into his sinuses would overwhelm.

So Nurse Katani has throughout the night granted momentary relief every hour or so by doing something as simple as cradling his head for a few seconds to relieve the tension from the nose cord. For that she has been trained to extract a psychological toll, of course. Cajoling our obsequious Mr. Dalton further down a path of complete capitulation...softly speaking very carefully scripted words to which he cannot reply...his tongue remains clamped.

Words such as...'You seem to be suffering so...but you're erect, Mr. Dalton. Why are you so aroused?'

Another suggested phrase...'Would you rather be with Miss Luana, perhaps? Straining in the hot sun and under her whip...proudly showing off your erect penis?'

He cannot answer, but the comments and questions plant seeds for the growth of certain thoughts. We also like to control those on Constancia Island.

So I quietly stand over the naked and supine Mr. Dalton. Nurse Katani has removed the electrical apparatuses, assured that his bladder is empty and his bowels have moved then nicely given him his sponge bath. His penis stands impressively. I have seen this so often on the naturally submissive male…the system is so overpowered by the physical and mental dominance of the women of our facility that reactions which others would deem unusual we see every day.

It is time for the next phase. His tongue is ready, his scrotum is agreeably stretched…the chart indicates we've lengthened it three inches in six weeks…and he's as obedient as a loyal dog.

He has probably heard me enter but has no way of acknowledging my presence. And sometimes even with the gnawing and slowly building pain, the flow of endorphins will allow the severely trussed male to enter a dreamlike state. That's why he's massaged regularly throughout the night. He thinks Nurse Katani is offering kindness, whereas actually her nimble hands are not only restoring circulation but also resetting his tolerance level to the pain…back to zero…permitting the suffering to begin again.

So I nudge his stretched scrotal sac with the toe of my boot. He stirs and winces since the slightest of movements tensions his nose cord.

"Good morning, Mr. Dalton. It's Dr. Corrothers. I have something for you. Something I think you'll enjoy. It's a little cushion."

Despite the weeks of having his tongue clamped, stretched and strengthened for hours upon hours, he tries to speak. The words come out in a guttural gibberish and I laugh out loud. It is an irritating laugh and I am well aware of its effect.

Nurse Jasmine enters. The protocol that I have instituted on Constancia Island mandates that I do not become directly involved in the physical handling of the males. We have ample staff for that. In having others do my bidding it accentuates my authority and for the male places me on a symbolical yet psychologically important pedestal.

“Remove the clamp please, Jasmine. I think he wishes to talk to me.”

She steps over and around the various restraining cords and slips off the clamp. So agonizingly held in place…so easily and quickly removed, I think to myself.

“So perhaps you would like to use my little pillow? You may speak.”

“Yes please, ma’am.”

So polite. So succinct. I hand the cushion to Jasmine. She knows to delay.

“Well we’re going to talk for a while and then I will need your signature. I know it will be difficult with the masturbation mittens but Nurse Jasmine will guide your hand in assisting.

“Would you like to talk to me this morning?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Very good. You’re very considerate.”

I nod to Jasmine and she gently slides the pillow under Mr. Dalton’s head. For the first time in many hours, other than brief visits from Nurse Katani, he can relax his neck muscles. There are probably tears of joy under his blindfold. The feeling of relief can surpass that of an orgasm…and throughout the morning session I will be sure he is reminded who granted it.

“Well you’re standing very nicely for me, Mr. Dalton. Tell me what you think about to produce and maintain such a stiff penis.”

Jasmine departs. I move to my chair and prepare pad and pen. We begin.

The process has been slow but on each visit Mr. Dalton has mentally slid further into an abyss of male servitude combined with a growing admiration for the Dominant female. I know the signs. I understand the symbolic stories. I can interpret has dreams better than he can.

He answers questions and unlike the early sessions there is no hesitation, no matter how humiliating or degrading the situation of which he has dreamed or about which he has fantasized. In my notes I highlight various parts of his narrative. In every story the dreaming or hallucinating Mr. Dalton is being commanded or controlled by a Dominant woman. And what is most important, upon my careful cross-examination and reflection on his part, is that he enjoys the encounters.

With every segment I ask, “And how did that make you feel? Does recalling it now arouse you?”

The recurring dream of Mrs. Dalton riding about on a white horse and whipping a naked Mr. Dalton as he runs about in a field is wonderfully symbolic. And each time he tells the story his subordinate mind embellishes it to make Mrs. Dalton more supreme, himself more abjectly subjugated, and his level of arousal and enjoyment unsurpassed.

After some two hours I broach a most important subject matter.

“You exhibited very poor behavior a few weeks ago back in New York. Fortunately we know how to *modify* behavior here as you are aware. Luana says you’ve become a very obedient worker.

“But Mrs. Dalton has insisted on making sure your behavior is permanently modified. And she has decided on certain physical changes. Rather severe, but I think you know it is best.

“Dr. Reinhold is highly qualified in this field. There will be no complications and you will be able to so much better

live a life of loyal servitude to the Dominant woman of your dreams."

I review the list of procedures. Unlike the piercings which after removal would heal within weeks, or the stretchings which are noteworthy but can easily be camouflaged, Mrs. Dalton has decided on various interesting alterations…all irreversible.

And for that we need Mr. Dalton's permission. And he will give it…in writing.

There will be no day's exercise, no frolicking under Luana's whip, until papers consenting to certain surgical procedures and releasing the ASBM, Lady Constance and all her associates from liability are signed. And with the signature there will be no further counseling. My job is done.

I arise and step under cords securing Mr. Dalton's ankles and over cords attached to his testicle rings. With a simple push of my boot the cushion slides from under Mr. Dalton's head. He does not expect my brusk maneuver and the nose bridle instantly provides a jolt of pain in renewing its torment. He winces and the neck muscles resuming straining to keep the bridle cord slack.

"Nurse Jasmine will be in with a pen. A signature will earn more pillow time."

I depart. With many members returning to Constancia Island for relaxation and to rekindle discipline training, perhaps I will see Mr. Dalton again. If not there is much good work that needs to be done elsewhere.

Chapter Twenty Eight

Ted Dalton

“Can you speak?”

It is Dr. Reinhold asking another question. She persists...and of course I obediently try to answer. But the words pour out in an unintelligible slur and even *I* do not understand what I am saying. I hear her laughing under her breath.

“Over time you will learn to speak very slowly and work to pronounce each word. It will be easier when the swelling dissipates.”

Once again I hang in harness in the Island’s medical building. It is *so* comfortable compared to the unyielding nightly bondage and electrical torture at the clinic. Yet, I experience many periods of terror.

Yesterday, I think it was yesterday, Dr. Reinhold resumed assaulting me with her needles. She gathered up a pinch of flesh over my left hip and thrust one of her longer shards through about an inch of thick epidermis. Once again I was skewered. She twisted, as seems to be the standard procedure, and let the thin length of steel set while she did the same to my right hip.

She stepped back to satisfy herself that her new openings were symmetrical. Then she held up a curious strand of steel, about the same gauge as that of the metal encircling my ankles, approximately that of a wedding ring. It was long...about three feet...and flexible. She bent it so the two ends came together to form a circle and held it up before me.

“Your new waist band,” she gleefully announced.

The needles were removed and she threaded an end of the long band of steel through the punctured flesh on my left hip. The opening allowed the band to penetrate the skin at a point near the very front of my hip bone, slide beneath and then exit to the rear at a point at the top of my left buttock. She pushed more of it through the new aperture

so that it circled around my back. There she inserted it into the opening over my right hip. She positioned the two ends together over my navel and, with a spark and a moment of searing heat, welded them together.

Yes, my waist was banded...permanently...and in threading the circle of steel through the two piercings, it could not be slid off...it could not be slid anywhere!

It was painful and felt most awkward, though Nurse Naomi assured me that like all permanent alterations, I would become accustomed to it.

Today I was given an anesthetic. Other than the mentally sedating effects of the Thorazine, it was the first time I was not required to feel the full brunt of the pain from Dr. Reinhold's procedures. She worked in my mouth. I was conscience and felt things happening but certainly not the intense pain of the various piercings.

So here I hang trying to speak in response to her question. At first, I attribute my ludicrous attempts to enunciate words to the effects of the anesthetic. Then I realize she has done something to my tongue.

She reaches to my mouth.

"Give me a nice 'ahhhh' and show me that tongue, Mr. Dalton."

I comply, as trained. She tugs with a gloved hand. I am amazed to feel the wet warmth of my oral appendage touch the very bottom of my chin. It is amazingly long.

"A simple operation, really. I have incised a couple of small ligaments, which formerly served to hold back the tongue. Thus I have loosened it. You can now extend it much further than before. And I have added some implants. Mrs. Dalton sent us a MRI scan of her genitalia. I've added little bumps where she'll most appreciate it. You will feel like your mouth is full of marbles...only don't bother trying to spit them out. They're permanently inserted under the surface of the tongue."

She laughs softly. Though blindfolded I have come to know the look of Schadenfreude on the diabolical women of Constancia Island. I can imagine the expression of demented satisfaction on her face.

“Sleep, Mr. Dalton. Naomi will be encouraging you to speak from time to time and you will do your best to comply. Otherwise you need your rest. There is much more to come. At times you will feel heat on various parts of your body. We are going to remove all of your body hair…by special laser. Preliminary research suggests the removal will be permanent…though something may grow back…in twenty or thirty years.

“And your foreskin has an appointment with Nurse Jasmine. Though I can do circumcisions as well as any woman, Lady Constance promised Jasmine that all were hers for her collection. For Jasmine they are like scalps.”

I hear footsteps and cackling. Dr. Reinhold departs.

Hours later I feel exactly what Dr. Reinhold described. Someone is methodically passing an instrument over my shin. It hurts but is tolerable. My right arm is released and I approximate it takes some thirty minutes before the entire surface has been exposed to the radiant heat of the laser. Afterwards it is my left arm. Then my right thigh is released from its sling-like bond and actually touches the floor. After re-securing it, the left leg follows. I am grateful to feel the application of a numbing cream when it is time to apply the device to my scrotum.

After two or more hours, the procedure stops.

All limbs are carefully checked for proper bondage and I am left to while away the time, blindfolded and helplessly hanging in full suspension.

Nurse Naomi later awakes me. She holds my penis and I know to empty myself for her. She spoon feeds me the all too familiar mush and I have difficulty swallowing.

“Slowly, Mr. Dalton. Your tongue does not have use of all the ligaments it had in the past. And you’ll find that your

implanted beads make it feel as if you have not swallowed everything. It’s a learning process.”

For some reason my penis becomes erect. I am becoming more and more easily aroused having been so long kept chaste, exhibited naked and then placed under the control of the Dominant female. I can hear Nurse Naomi’s giggled reaction.

“You so much enjoy showing off for me, Mr. Dalton. Just like a peacock. Well…soon you’ll be showing off for every woman all the time.”

Chapter Twenty Nine

Nurse Jasmine

Mr. Dalton hangs so meekly...like a child in a crib. I wonder if he knows his engorged manhood stands for all to see.

Well, it will soon become flaccid and do so at my hand. Complete feminine control over even the proudest of male functions, such a delicious meal...and at Constancia Island, we feast every day.

Though Mr. Dalton generally needs to remain blindfolded for the application of the laser, I want him to see what I will do. It's a ritual in which I have participated since my days interrogating rebels while serving in the Nigerian Army. In my home country, males are not circumcised...it's considered a deformity. Therefore, the first thing we would do was circumcise the prisoner, torment him for a few days, and then under threat of further alteration, the ultimate for the male, suggest that they offer information. And they did. Having them watch as a Dominant female removed their precious foreskins set the non nonsense, no bluff tone of interrogations. Every rebel prisoner knew we would do exactly what we threatened, particularly after being forced to watch in horror as a scalpel trimmed away the sensitive flesh of their penis tip.

We never used anesthesia for obvious reasons, and to this day there are dozens of reformed rebels who, while stroking their shamefully 'deformed' manhoods, envision my smiling face and unrelenting hands as I slowly incised the useless gathering of skin of which they were so proud. The incomparable level of pain more or less chiseled the event into the stone tabloids of their memories. And I always liked that thought.

And I collected the foreskins. Yes, little jars of formaldehyde, now numbering 324, line the shelves of my den. And I cannot help mentally referring to Mr. Dalton as Mr. 325.

I wheel Mr. Dalton down to the operating room. I can circumcise a man anywhere, but there I have a special chair. The broad doors swing open and the bright mercury vapor lamps make my white uniform seem to glow.

I remove Mr. Dalton's blindfold and release him from the wheeled suspension cart. He's as docile as a lamb and, since he is very much aware of my overpowering strength, is most cooperative as I place him in the special chair. When finished, he sits upright, broad nylon straps securing wrists, forearms, chest, waist, thighs and ankles. His legs initially are straight out in front of him. When I turn a crank, they separate...more and more. He winces as I force him into a 'split' position. The seat also parts and his nicely stretched and ringed scrotum falls and hangs well out of the way.

Meanwhile, word has gotten out that I am about to perform my specialty and young inexperienced nurses gather to watch. There is no privacy for the male gender on Constancia Island, and the Bagandan girls seem to have an insatiable appetite for witnessing the suffering of the male. Thus, as I gather instruments, antiseptic ointment and bandages, some half dozen smiling female faces stand opposite Mr. 325. He in turn stiffens, the chaste male so eager to show off and entertain. And that he will do.

There are many different methods and devices that can be used in circumcising the male. Since Mrs. Dalton will be displaying her altered toy quite often, she has requested a nice clean cut, with minimal prepuce remaining. We refer to it has a 'high and tight' circumcision and it not only exhibits the penis head nicely, it has the added advantage of inhibiting furtive masturbation, making the use of lubricant almost mandatory.

Though it will not be a consideration in Mr. Dalton's situation, many Dominant females are more sanguine knowing that their subordinate is not secretly stroking himself during visits to the men's room, or frottaging on

the bus ride home from work. The high and tight cut precludes such behavior due to the need for lubrication and the possibility of its detection if later not properly removed.

I place a high stool between Mr. Dalton's painfully split legs. On a little tray table I have assembled all that I need, including the specimen jar which will serve as the final resting place for Mr. Dalton's precious foreskin. It is already labeled...'Dalton – 325'. I smile with the thought that it's been sitting ready and marked since the day of his arrival. No phallus leaves Constancia Island intact.

The last step is to adjust the video camera and ensure that it is operating and loaded with blank tape. Another memento for my collection...and Mrs. Dalton will later be able to view the procedure on our web site.

I begin. Since I cannot circumcise him while erect, I pick up a scalpel, gently slide the blade under the tightly stretched skin of the prepuce and, with the most casual flick, inflict a one centimeter cut. Mr. Dalton's eyes bug out. He screams in pain and my audience laughs as the standing manhood deflates like a punctured balloon.

'Just a little taste of what's to come,' I think to myself.

Next comes a bell shaped cone to be placed over the penis tip and under the foreskin. Our selection is the largest of any medical facility of which I am aware. All shapes and sizes can be accommodated on Constancia Island. Most facilities only handle infants.

Then comes the Gomko clamp to stretch the prepuce and hold it in place. So far, other than the little flick of the scalpel I have merely invoked discomfort. Now as I tighten, Mr. Dalton winces in pain. I want a nice tight cut. Yet I must be careful not to remove so much as to deform the frenum. There are many permanently bent phalli in Nigeria as a result of my novice attempts while serving in Army intelligence.

I snicker with the image and the thought is tempting...but Mrs. Dalton wants a nicely shaped cleanly

cut organ, which can be displayed.

So with the foreskin held in place over the metal bell, I can slowly begin a circular incision to free the useless flap of flesh. I could go faster but there is no rush and listening to Mr. Dalton's pleas and cries of anguish is most entertaining. And my sang-froid makes such an impression on the male psyche, further dragging Mr. Dalton into the complete mental capitulation we so endeavor to foster.

It is much less traumatic to encircle the metal bell with fine wire, tighten and then let time takes its course, denying the foreskin of circulation and making removal as simple as peeling an orange. But what would be the delight in that?

So after much expected howling, lurching in bondage, and pleading, tweezers capture my prize and Number 325 fills the specimen jar. My audience politely applauds yet they do not know there is an encore. Since Mr. Dalton's member will be bandaged for a few days it is timely to initiate the most significant piercing of his new life. I term it a modified Prince Albert.

A long needle awaits. It is straight but at the end it hooks like a knitting needle. The point is very sharp yet I can slide it into Mr. Dalton's urethra without puncturing anything...until I pull back and press it into the skin.

A standard Prince Albert ring merely pierces the penis about one or two centimeters into the urethra. Mr. Dalton's will be much deeper, ensuring that, despite extreme stress and tension on the ring, it will not tear.

So I gently slide the needle in and at a point about four centimeters deep press downward and pull back, pushing the needlepoint against the moist sensitive flesh and puncturing the underside of the penis. I press the outer surface underneath with the index finger of my free hand to assure a good opening. I feel the sharp point emerge.

With all the pain he has experienced from the circumcision, a jaded Mr. Dalton emits a meek and very

hoarse scream and then faints, entering a self induced coma. Fortunately I am finished. There is no more pain to be meted out therefore Mr. 325 will not miss a thing.

Chapter Thirty

Mr. Dalton

I hung in suspension for three or four days. Since my penis was bandaged and a strange needle remained inserted with its curved point penetrating the skin, I was catheterized. My testicle rings were attached to elastic cords or weights or something as the stretching process continued. A slippery lotion was constantly being applied to my scrotum. I was fed mush and in the extreme boredom fantasized about being whipped and forced to work the salt flats by Luana. And after a strenuous afternoon my tongue was permitted to service her fine backside in reward.

The laser treatments continued…the heat being felt on my torso and back. Then my blindfold was removed and I was instructed to be particularly careful in keeping my eyes closed.

My face was depilated!

Some two months before, I had arrived on Constancia Island in need of a haircut. It remained untrimmed. As a Caucasian girl of some thirty years worked the laser device, she had to brush away the long strands that almost covered my ears and got in the way when she worked to remove my side burns.

“You’re going to be very pretty,” she observed in an irritatingly soothing voice.

It was apparent she had training as a cosmetician for after she turned off the laser, her fingers pushed and smoothed various strands and locks of my hair. With a trained eye she seemed to be envisioning different styles. My pate was long enough to draw back and gather into a modest ponytail.

The laser left me feeling like I had a sunburn. But within two days the sensation disappeared and Nurse Naomi and other young nurses took to brushing their hands over the most intimate areas of my anatomy and commenting on the ‘delightful’ smoothness and complete absence of hair.

It was indeed smooth, and in the lights seemed to gleam like the shiny coat of a well-groomed thoroughbred.

I guess it was the fifth day when Nurse Jasmine removed the bandages and examined my impaled penis with a pride of ownership. Then she slid out the catheter leaving the needle in place. She poked and prodded and gently pushed it inward which served to evacuate the new opening on the underside of my shaft. She then turned the needle to insure the point was totally clear of the puncture, then slowly drew it back out. She could be most gentle when necessary.

My manhood was free! But it looked odd with its mushroom like head so vulnerable and constantly open to view.

Then before I had time to fully contemplate, brazenly trying to decide whether my circumcised state was an improvement, Nurse Jasmine held up an oddly shaped ring.

It was in the shape of a half moon...a half circle connected by a straight section. Judging from its size I quickly realized where it was intended to go.

“Your Prince Albert ring, Mr. Dalton. We’ve modified the shape for practical purposes.”

Yes, she opened it, slipped the curved section into my urethra then pushed it through the new opening and out, leaving the straight part in the urethra.. The curved part aligned perfectly running from the opening on the underside of my penis to the tip where it met the straight part peeking out of my pee hole. I cringed as the electrical welding device was turned on and with the familiar spark and instant of intense pain the straight section and curved section were permanently connected to form a loop...the curved part exiting the underside approximately an inch and a half below the tip and rejoining the straight section at the tip.

Nurse Jasmine toyed with the new adornment and gave it a painful tug.

“We’ve used such a ring to leash some males,” she noted. “It will withstand a lot of tension before tearing. And then if it does tear, you do not want to know the results.”

Of course I began to stiffen and Nurse Jasmine was not at all surprised. She just waited until it stood straight up then slipped a small padlock from her pocket.

“The nurses have a key. You’ll be permitted to urinate on a schedule…our schedule.”

And with that she used the tiny lock to connect the new ring to the band around my waist.

My newly pierced and ringed penis was locked upright! The tip was just beneath my navel.

I spent a couple more days in suspension…released for moments each day for bathing and massage. The cosmetician returned often, coifed my hair in several styles, taking pictures of each.

On one morning she applied make up, trimming my eyebrows to nothing, and taking much time with mascara and other feminine cosmetics. I was strangely embarrassed when in the middle of the process a nurse came by with a key and had me urinate into a basin while the cosmetician stood to the side and watched.

When she finished, more pictures were taken and I remained appearing as a pretty girl until bathed the next morning. The nurses laughed with my most effeminate appearance. I blushed like a schoolgirl.

All the while the stretching of my scrotum continued. Measurements were taken. Dr. Reinhold seemed pleased.

Then came the most fateful day of my life. Having been deemed completely depilated except for cranial hair and eyebrows...having my penis healed of the circumcision and the piercing, having my scrotum obscenely stretched to a point halfway to my knees, perhaps further...having the openings for my waist band successfully healed...Dr. Reinhold declared I was ready for the final procedure.

Though the medical building was kept quite warm, I felt goose bumps when Dr. Reinhold and Nurse Naomi approached in full surgical gear. When so attired, it was ominous. It signaled that some part of my anatomy was to be incised, pierced or altered in some manner.

As always, I was helpless to resist or even protest. I still could not properly speak. Both smiled as I was wheeled to the operating room. There I was released from suspension, Nurse Naomi positioned me on an operating table while Dr. Reinhold worked on preparing instruments. I was frightened. I believe the morning dosage of Thorazine had been increased and I found myself helpless to resist.

Nurse Naomi installed stirrups, sliding them into slots on the side of the operating table. My ankles and calves were lifted and well separated. Dr. Reinhold punctured my right buttock with another injection and the bright room lights slowly faded.

I guess I should have been grateful for the anesthesia.

Chapter Thirty One

Dr. Reinhold

The procedure is more common than generally known. Performed in sex change operations, which occur more frequently than people realize, diverting the flow of the urethra is simple. It is the loss of the use of the pubococcygeus or ‘PC’ muscles that complicates. Those are the muscles that in both the male and the female cut off the flow of urine. But with my mother pioneering in the highly specialized area of surgery, I am well trained. Essentially I deploy muscles controlling the sphincter which over time Mr. Dalton will learn to utilize to regulate his urinary function.

When Mr. Dalton awakes, he will henceforth need to squat to urinate.

With an opening made between his rectum and scrotum, the flow of urine will exit between his thighs. Diverting the muscles is intricate but it is the only way he will control his bladder. We do not want an incontinent Mr. Dalton.

In diverting the urethra I have essentially made the penis functionally useless. Going forward even the ejaculatory process will be curtailed, his sperm feebly dribbling out between his thighs. There will be no more climactic relief for Mr. Dalton. When aroused, the ampullar glands will release but with very little sensation, and with the flow of sperm flowing out my new opening and never reaching the prostate. The prostatic fluid will flow backwards and also exit the new opening. The overall result of any physical manipulation of the penis will be a very limited sensation of pleasure. No matter the level of stimulation, Mr. Dalton will obtain very little gratification through sex…intercourse or masturbation.

So with the tube of male flesh not needed for bodily functions, it becomes an ornament...for Mrs. Dalton. And she wants it stiff…permanently.

I slide a narrow cylinder of rubber into Mr. Dalton's penis. It is firm but somewhat malleable. The surface is not smooth. It is covered with little rubber barbs shaped like those at the end of a fishhook. It slides inward very easily. But if I pull outwards, the barbs catch the very sensitive pink lining of the urethra making it painfully impossible to remove. Another feature is the small bulbous tip, which is measured to exactly reside in the prostate gland when fully inserted. This also inhibits removal and has the devious effect of constantly inflaming the prostate gland.

Uncomfortable, yes, but Mr. Dalton will become accustomed to it over time. And he will also be very proud of his permanent erection though when locked to his waistband it will be totally under the control of Mrs. Dalton.

The curious thing about the modifications Mrs. Dalton has selected is that the erectile chambers of the penis are untouched. Thus with stimulation the penis will still engorge and I envision some very interesting parties and other gatherings where a stripped down Mr. Dalton will be displaying an organ rendered useless for all functions except serving as a barometer for the level of his arousal...or the level of frustration, as he will come to learn.

The process of tumescence, the cascade of internally generated chemical compounds, which serve to restrict the flow of blood from the penis, will still occur. And the thin, artificially stiffened phallus will slowly plump...providing much amusement I am sure.

As I conclude, Nurse Naomi gently locks Mr. Dalton's Prince Albert ring to his waistband. For all I know it may never again be released. Other than for the amusement of the Dominant female, there is no need to ever unlock it.

A catheter tube temporarily drains the bladder while my new opening heals. Mr. Dalton will hang in suspension for a few more days. Then when physically able, he will spend a

few weeks at Estovia, Lady Constance's home. There he will learn service under Motamba, Lady Constance's head housekeeper and major domo. He will become Constancia Island's newest maid.

In being trained as a flight attendant, that process shouldn't be too difficult. It's teaching him to apply his own make up and walk in heels that will probably take time.

As I remove my latex gloves, Nurse Jasmine enters. Though Mr. Dalton is still unconscious, she will use her superior strength and with Nurse Naomi collect him from the operating table and place him back into the mobile suspension apparatus.

Just another morning's work completed, I think to myself in satisfaction. Sometimes altering the male to assure a lifetime of sexual frustration is more enjoyable than obviating all sexual desire through outright castration.

Mr. Dalton will forever pine for the orgasm he can no longer achieve.

Chapter Thirty Two

Mrs. Dalton

My gigolo Anthony orally works to pay homage to the inside of my thigh. I stand over him with a crop assuring that his expensive but rather unskilled tongue continues its endeavors. For what I pay, I want the most fervent of attention.

Having just showered, I have a towel wrapped about my torso. When Anthony's pink and wet appendage encroaches my pubes, barely covered from sight by the hem of the large bath towel, I will blindfold him and sit on his face. He's a good fuck but I am tired from an afternoon of play and therefore my desire for physical activity is limited.

The doorman lies firmly bound in the den. I lured him to the apartment and finally wreaked my revenge for that episode with Ted and the pro Dom. It seems Mr. Doorman has done worse than serve as a lookout for philandering husbands. I caught him taking a bit of mail. Obviously he's got connections with unsavory persons who can derive economic benefit from stolen checks and credit cards. I briefly confronted him and his stunned look confirmed my suspicion. He appeared ready to bolt out the front door of the building when I calmed him by suggesting we have a little 'talk' in my apartment when his shift ended.

He arrived promptly. Since he knows I am an attorney he had every reason to accept my bluff about being an acquaintance of the assistant prosecutor. He was most cooperative in removing his clothing after hearing me explain that mail theft was a Federal offense...five years with no such thing as parole in the Federal system. He let me apply the bonds...rather tightly. And he so politely tried to stifle his plaintive cries as I flailed away at those tender white hillocks. I will have to purchase a more severe instrument of correction for future 'talks'.

The lengthy session of flagellation aroused me and therefore I decided to leave him there when Anthony

arrived for his regularly scheduled late Saturday afternoon visit…

Anthony's tongue finds the lower reaches of my outer labia. I retrieve the blindfold and secure it around his head. I snap my fingers.

"On the bed."

I nip his posterior with the crop and he lurches while crawling in the general vicinity of the bed. I hear my computer in the den.

"*You* have *mail*," it rhythmically intones.

Though the doorman lies in the middle of the den floor, there is plenty of space. The room is actually a capacious second bedroom converted to a home office. So I grab another blindfold and guide my gigolo, 'Mr. Big Dick, Tenuous Tongue', to where I can read my mail.

While he crawls I amuse by slapping those free swinging, egg sized testicles with the crop. Then a thought occurs that will make for a very memorable afternoon for my conniving mail thief visitor. He's probably extremely homophobic like most guys. And Anthony goes both ways…matter of fact every way known…for the right price.

So before applying the blindfold to the struggling, well-bound guest I have my gigolo fellate him while I check the mail. As expected, my naked flagellant is delightfully appalled as my equally naked toy goes down on him, his tongue lapping everywhere in attempting to find his penis.

"I don't think you'll get it as nicely in Danbury penitentiary," I snort with a sardonic laugh.

I let the boys entertain me while the email message appears on the screen. It is from Dr. Corrothers, Constancia Island.

"Just keep him nice and hard, Anthony. If he wants to come he'll have to pay you."

I turn my attention to the computer screen.

To: Virginia Dalton, Esq.

Re: Theodora Dalton

This communication is to inform you that the behavior of your husband has been successfully modified in accordance with your wishes and in conformity with the questionnaire you submitted.

As you are aware, after breaking all physical resistance, he has also been psychologically transformed and now places the pleasures and desires of the female well above his own. It appears that our procedures have been so effective that required future doses of Thorazine may be quite limited or even eliminated entirely.

For the past two months, Theodora has served as a maid in Lady Constance's home. As you probably suspected there was already quite a propensity for service in his psychological make up, thus we merely had to mold it to properly conform with the desires of the Dominant female. And train him in the basics of cosmetics, dress and feminine deportment.

In my opinion he is ready to resume being of service to you.

As recommended and discussed in the American Society for Behavior Modification guidelines, we suggest an annual refresher training period at Constancia Island or another ASBM facility...a bi-annual refresher at the minimum.

Other important procedures during his initial indoctrination to your service will be; interaction with other women, both Dominant and vanilla; exposure to high pressured situations to place stress on his gender identification; introduction, forced if need be, to potentially embarrassing and humiliating encounters with the vanilla world.

Please note that if you intend to have Theodora return to New York by commercial flight, he will need new identification. We can provide basic feminine attire for his journey.

Regards,

Dr. Stella Corrothers

How heartwarming! Theodora, to be known as my companion not my husband, will be returning. I step away and slip the blindfold over the doorman's bugging eyes, then toss away my towel. I now stand naked myself...and very much aroused in thoughts of my new subservient and well trained 'companion'.

I sit at my nearby desk and slide open the top drawer. There lies Theodora's new passport. The photo sent by email from Constancia Island shows my 'companion' with nicely coifed shoulder length hair, moderate make up and ear rings. In his absence I completed the paper work for his new identification as attorney-in-fact for my 'recuperating' husband. The bureaucracies of government have come to accept the gender obfuscation of the transsexual world. Even the flight attendant's union administratively 'shrugged off' my request to have Theodora's status changed.

Theodora will indeed be introduced to potentially embarrassing and humiliating encounters with the vanilla world. He will continue to work dressed as a woman. The thought arouses me even more.

"Come here Anthony. Momma has something for you."

I sit with my thighs parted. A sightless Anthony crawls and I grab his ears to guide him to my sex. As his lips and tongue work, my crop hand can not only reach Mr. Mail Thief's naked buttocks but also his genitals.

What a pleasant way to spend an afternoon.

Chapter Thirty Three

Theodora Dalton

As I apply my make up, I cannot help looking into the mirror and recalling that wonderful day two months before when I was released from the relentless physical bondage.

“This will hurt.”

I cringed with Dr. Reinhold’s words. There had been so many occurrences of great pain during my four months on Constancia Island that the forewarning brought fear.

Dr. Reinhold was finally removing my nose bridle and the rounded studs had nestled so deeply into my sinuses. Nurse Jasmine most firmly held my head utilizing my lengthy hair. A small circular saw, a Dremel tool, ground away at the small steel bar penetrating my septum. The friction caused heat. The heat indeed caused pain. But I bore it all knowing that the grotesque but most effective implement of control would finally be removed.

With the cutting completed, the doctor tugged and I felt a most discernible pop as for the first time since arriving on the island, my left nostril was to freed to inhale oxygen. My eyes watered with the intense pain and the doctor quickly pulled at the right post to complete the removal.

I fruitlessly struggled against the grip of the puissant Nurse Jasmine. But she continued to hold me. The doctor was not through.

“This will serve to keep the opening clear.”

She held up a small bar with beads on each end. Her deft fingers worked to release one bead then insert the bar into the opening which months before was cruelly crafted through the cartilage separating my nostrils.

When finished the invisible bar resided within my nose with comparatively little discomfort. The bridle had been intolerable.

I was prettied up by the young cosmetician and pictures were taken from the neck up. Someone mentioned the photos were to be emailed to Mrs. Dalton.

Then my testicle rings were cut off. Apparently with my scrotum hanging just above my knees, no further stretching was deemed necessary. My masturbation mittens were removed. With Dr. Reinhold's alteration I was invited to touch, stroke, rub, twist my locked penis all I wished.

"You will find that it just adds to your frustration," Dr. Corrothers chided me. "But it may be entertaining to watch if you care to try for one last orgasm."

Her point was punctuated by a wicked laugh.

For the next few weeks I continued to serve as a maid. Learning to walk in heels was difficult but on occasion I was permitted clothing! Frilly silk. Brief and very revealing but it felt wonderful!

The most demeaning change, however, was squatting to relieve myself…and being forced to do so while being supervised.

Yes, Dr. Reinhold's alteration was amazingly successful. And depending on who supervised me, sometimes I was permitted to hold my dangling testicles out of the way…sometimes it was my handler who insisted on cradling my long pink sac. It is something to which no male can ever become accustomed.

My penis remained locked to my waist band and Lady Constance found great amusement in diddling the well exposed under side and watching it engorge…particularly while I served refreshments.

Meanwhile my prostate gland, constantly manipulated by the urethral insertion, caused fluid to leak from my new opening. Thus while I served during the dinner meal, I wore a Kotex between my thighs to absorb the embarrassing secretions.

My spare time, while not serving, was spent in what was effectively a charm school and learning the fine art of cunnilingus. Every male thinks he is accomplished. But until he lies beneath the naked form of a demanding female with his head firmly ensconced between smooth

thighs...and he acquires proper breath control and learns to find and satisfy every feminine erogenous nook and cranny, he cannot possibly be of proper service.

Sumani, the stable mistress, and Motamba, the head housekeeper, proved to be insatiable in receiving the tongue and lips of the subjugated male. And with Dr. Reinhold's operation it felt like I had another penis, this one in my mouth. I was taught to use it as such.

Speaking was still a demanding task. The beads inserted under the surface of my tongue and the incised ligaments made it difficult to formulate words. They were unintelligible. But as Lady Constance readily pointed out, I was to be seen and felt...not heard.

Still, as I sit before the mirror to beautify myself as trained, there is the question of future employment.

I appear to be a woman. My facial hair is gone...possibly forever. I have been trained, indoctrinated really, to think like the most obsequious of maids...and to be of service. I cannot really speak.

Yet, I am happy to be leaving. I believe I can truly make Mrs. Dalton happy. That is all I think about.

Nurse Jasmine and Motamba enter forcing me to end my reflections. The huge nurse has brought the Dremel tool. She smiles has her fingers work about my nipples, pushing and poking the badges to expose the deeply penetrating bar that serves to hold the badge on my chest. The small circular blade cuts. Once again the heat causes pain. I can bear it. It is the last physical vestige of Constancia Island. The right is cut through and removed, then the left. Without a word the nurse leaves.

Then it is time to get dressed. For the first time in months I will truly be clothed...not the revealing frilly garments intended to amuse Lady Constance's guests. But instead real clothing so that I can walk through airports.

"A little gift from Lady Constance," she announces.

She holds up a collection of leather straps. It is a scrotal parachute similar to the one Mrs. Dalton used to torment me.

It is curious that I no longer have any compunction about having my most intimate anatomy handled by the female gender. It is really no longer mine.

Her dark-skinned, knowing hands gather up my well-stretched scrotal sac. She speaks as my gonads are entrapped within the parachute and she pulls it back between my thighs.

“You will need to be very careful when sitting down. You’re not to have any undergarments and therefore something must be done to keep these useless balls of yours out of sight.”

The large single strap, which serves to gather together the eight or ten smaller straps squeezing my testicles, is pulled between my buttocks. She attaches it to the back of my waistband and locks it in place. With all the stretching, I am shocked to feel that my once precious gonads have been forced back between my thighs to a point where I will indeed have to sit on them.

“You’ll find that it’s best to sit on the very edge of your seat and maintain proper posture,” a laughing Motamba suggests.

Yes, she is correct. Otherwise I would crush my testicles!

“Don’t worry about airport security. You’ll be strip searched of course. But the guards have been alerted as to your newly found status in life.

“And the attendant on your flight is a very active member of the ASBM. She has been given a key to your strap. Should you need to visit the ladies room during the trip, she’ll release the parachute so you can go.”

A precaution of which I had not thought. I cannot squat and relieve myself while my scrotum is so secured.

I am led wearing a simple but colorful silk dress to the grand entrance of the Esterhoven hacienda. There Miss Luana awaits and I humbly curtsy and kiss her hand to bid adieu. For the past few weeks my daily training in proper cunnilingus at times included servicing Miss Luana. She was devine…most succulent.

As a treat, Motamba will drive me to the dock in Lady Constance's chariot. The two mammoth steeds stand in wait, Sumani's knowing fingers have brought them to full erection and I am still astounded by their size.

"You'll need to be blindfolded during the boat ride and on Aruba during the drive to the airport. I will try not to mess your hair."

A thick strip of cloth is carefully placed over my eyes. She is most considerate and I slur a thank you.

We leave.

Chapter Thirty Four

Matilda

Such a nice woman for whom to work. Dinner at Mrs. Dalton's apartment! It is Saturday evening and she has thoughtfully suggested an early meal, leaving me much time to hook up with friends and gallivant about Greenwich Village afterwards.

The doorman looks at me with questioning puppy dog eyes. His hand quivers as he picks up the house phone to announce my arrival. I *will* have to inquire about him. He is in fear.

The elevator whisks me to the thirty-first floor. I am anticipating a wonderful view of the East River and Queens.

I knock and the door opens. I am shocked to be greeted by a rather effeminately dressed maid. She mumbles a salutation, which I do not comprehend. I am staring in awe not only at her brief attire but a very familiar face. It is meticulously made up…but it is male…and it is Mr. Dalton!

I cannot find words. The silence is finally broken by the sound of Mrs. Dalton's voice.

"Show Matilda in, Teddie!"

Teddie curtsies and steps aside. When he lowers his head I smile at his frilly maid's cap.

I enter to see my boss in a ravishing long black dinner dress. It accentuates her height. Unlike other tall women, Mrs. Dalton prefers to exhibit her stature and she certainly has this evening.

"Nice of you to come, Matilda. You must see the view since it's your first visit.

"Cocktails on the balcony, Teddie."

The maid glides away from us with the grace of a ballet dancer. Mrs. Dalton guides me in the opposite direction, through the living room and to a sliding glass door. She pulls on a handle and we step out onto a balcony. As expected, the view is breathtaking.

As I take in the sight of the 59th Street Bridge and Queens, the setting sun seems to make everything glow. Mrs. Dalton speaks. Rather quickly and obviously wishing to communicate before Teddie returns.

“The first of many tests for Teddie. He’ll be returning to work soon. So please be demanding. Interacting with others is an important aspect of his modification. Don’t be concerned with his embarrassment. It’s part of the process.”

Our maid steps onto the balcony with a tray of cocktails. Having recovered from the shock of seeing Mrs. Dalton’s husband with makeup and finely coifed, shoulder length hair, my eyes scan below. Mrs. D insisted I not be concerned with embarrassment...and I know to follow her lead.

The hem of the pretty black maid’s skirt is just below the buttocks exposing the full expanse of the thighs. They are hairless and surprisingly voluptuous as are his calves. I am tempted to ask about the hair removal process. It is tough enough for a woman to withstand a waxing. I cannot imagine how a man could regularly undergo the procedure with the hair growing back so quickly.

A white apron highlights the deeply tanned skin and covers the front of the skirt. It bulges and that brings a smile. I know what is beneath.

Glancing further downward I see Mr. Dalton wears the daintiest of high heels with straps encircling his ankles. At least Mrs. D has permitted some degree of precaution. I know of many women who would find it difficult perched atop such footwear. The straps will serve to add support.

“You look very pretty this evening, Teddie,” I finally bluster as smoothly as I can without giggling.

He blushes...like a young girl. Yet I feel no compunction over his humiliation. The scene of the black nurse

thoroughly caning him for my birthday flashes to my mind. I feel aroused.

I take my drink and he again curtsies. Mrs. D takes hers and he does likewise and leaves.

“Amazing change is it not, Matilda? And the cost was minimal. He’ll be back to work next week. You’ll notice that he has difficulty speaking…some necessary modifications to his tongue. But I have already cleared his ‘special need’ with the flight attendant’s union. He can still serve passengers though he will not be making any flight announcements for a while.”

My boss smiles and laughs under her breath.

We both sip at our ‘old fashions’ gazing at the rapidly darkening panorama.

“Well, he’ll no longer be a bad boy,” she suggests in open thought. “A bad girl maybe…but not a bad boy.”

I join her in laughter.

“How far did you go with the modifications?” I feel myself forced to ask.

She explains. She takes her time. I learn more about the ASBM and Constancia Island.

“Deep psychological counseling…physical capitulation to the Dominant female…some necessary physical alterations.”

A second round of drinks arrives.

“When the sun goes down, there comes an immediate chill off the river,” she suggests as maid Teddie steps back into the living room.

We follow him inside and she slides closed the door.

“So he’s impotent?” my curiosity persists in me asking.

Mrs. D laughs.

“Quite the opposite. His penis swells and stands firmer than ever. He just can’t use it for anything. And with the psychological modification, the hormonal buildup is transmogrified to this incredible propensity to be of service.”

I know maid Teddie can hear us talking. The effects of his alteration are apparently a topic for open discussion. Plus there is the embarrassment factor to which Mrs. D alluded.

“He has the most marvelous need to be subjugated. And his oral service is unsurpassed…come here Teddie.”

Our effeminate maid immediately approaches.

“Your tongue.”

It seems to be a familiar command. The wet and pink length of flesh protrudes well beyond his lips. It juts forth as if it is not attached to anything and there are grotesque bumps in places that a single and concupiscent girl like me considers to be obscene. I feel a twinge within my loins just imagining to what good use such an appendage could be put.

I cannot help but laugh.

“And he’s so eager to use it,” Mrs. D suggests as she playfully diddles the wet surface with her finger and then gracefully pushes up on his chin to signal withdrawal.

“Let’s eat.”

Teddie has set a very elaborate table and we feast. His effeminate walk and struggles to remain perched on the highest of heels brings smiles, but his service is superb. When he returns from the kitchen to clean the table of plates, which once embraced slabs of thick prime rib, Mrs. D tenderly caresses the bulge under his apron front.

There is no doubt as to what is beneath. Teddie blushes but shows no resistance. The bulge grows.

We converse. Teddie works. Coffee is served and as our maid pours for Mrs. D he leans and mumbles something in her ear. She smiles and speaks loudly, as if admonishing him for his hushed tone.

“Well, I am sure Matilda can assist. I’m getting a little tired of the routine.”

A key is pushed my way. Mrs. D has had it around her wrist attached to a cute charm bracelet. It is small,

precisely crafted and appears to of a very strong alloy.

“It’s nothing really. He’ll show you what needs to be done.”

There is a look of panic on Teddie’s face but he wordlessly turns and steps to the arched dining room entranceway. There he humbly stands in wait with his arms positioned unnaturally straight at his sides. He is repressing any body motion. Mrs. D nods to me then picks up her coffee to sip, indicating a pause in our conversation.

I arise. Teddie turns, enters the living room and I follow him, continuing to the bathroom.

There I receive a most pleasant but curious shock. Teddie Dalton raises the tiny maid’s skirt with the apron attached. Beneath, as I suspected, there are no undergarments. But what startles is the sight of his phallus. It is somewhat engorged and locked in an upright position with nothing below. He notices my consternation and turns to display his finely tanned and hairless buttocks. Between the globes, at the apex of the curve, rests his scrotum entrapped by numerous thin strands of leather all coming together to form a single strap which is connected to this band of metal around his waist.

He slurs some words and points and I see the object of his communication. It is a tiny padlock that holds the strap up and forces his testicles to rest in such an unnatural configuration.

I cannot help but smile as his gestures become animated. Though I cannot understand a word I unlock the padlock and watch in amazement as the collection of leather, testicles included, swings down to his knees. He reaches down and grabs the strap and pulls it to his front. Then he sits on the john and I understand the whole encounter. Teddie needs the key to use the bathroom. How devilishly dominant.

For some reason I cannot resist taking the strap in my hands. I gently pull upwards and Teddie’s fine genitals

arise. He has an amazing long scrotal sac and I knead his gonads with thumb and forefinger. When he empties his bladder without use of his penis it comes as no surprise.

Yes, as Mrs. D suggested, Mr. Dalton has been altered.

Having a man by his balls causes arousal and I become mischievous.

“So you now squat to pee, Teddie. Just for what do you use that penis? I guess it’s quite the ornament for Mrs. Dalton. You’ve got no use for it.”

Teddie blushes divinely. He wipes himself and I wonder who taught him and how humiliating it must have been the first time he had to squat like this.

Well, Mrs. Dalton wanted to embarrass. And she’s the boss. So when he stands I release the leather strap to let his testicles swing to his knees. I reach out and find the clasps for the brief skirt, unsnap and pull the abbreviated garment away.

“We’re really all girls here, Teddie. You won’t need this.”

I laughingly toss apron and skirt into the nearby laundry hamper. When I turn back Teddie the maid has a much thicker penis locked to his waistband and his tanned skin has turned crimson.

“Come. I want to see you serve dessert.”

I take the strap again. I step to the door and tug. I can feel wetness between my thighs. I have a man by the balls.

Chapter Thirty Five

Mrs. Dalton

Having Matilda work Teddie is one of my better ideas. A dominatrix herself, though inexperienced and rather frustrated in her search for a proper relationship, I know she will not shrink in horror with Teddie's modifications.

So when she returns from the bathroom leading my obsequious maid by his scrotal strap, I am warmed.

"I am happy to see you could be of assistance," I offer in encouragement.

She sits and Teddie serves dessert naked from the waist down. After two trips to the kitchen, however, I take the time to reconnect his parachute to his waistband. Teddie has enough trouble walking in heels without having his overly long sac in the way. Besides, when it is pulled back and locked in place it has the effect of displaying his organs like the plumage of a peacock.

The humiliation keeps him stiff. And Matilda has a difficult time concentrating on dessert...a soufflé that has been baking while Teddie was forced to entertain in the bathroom.

We finish and Teddie serves a rare port. Matilda is a loyal secretary and deserves a touch of the good life. And it is amusing to see that she cannot take her eyes off Teddie as he so humbly stands ready to serve.

Then I remember a little gift forwarded by the staff at Constancia Island after I paid the bill. Judging from Matilda's reaction to the evening's escapade I think she will enjoy the clever affectation.

"Teddie, go get your pedestal."

His face betrays the slightest cringe...a sign of negativism for which he will pay. But he turns and hurries off to the den.

"The wonderful women of Constancia Island sent me a little gift. They have the most interesting equipment."

My maid returns with a finely crafted shiny piece of metal. I release his scrotal parachute and remove it. Matilda gasps when she sees his freed testicles swing about. Obviously she has never seen anything like genitals stretched by the expertise of Lady Constance's Bagandan women…and it *is* a sight to behold.

"The lubricant."

Teddie is ready as expected. I apply viscous lotion to a section of the metal apparatus, which will slide into Teddie's rectum. Milled by Constancia Island's computer controlled machinery, the sizable bulb is perfectly crafted to fit based on Teddie's magnetic imaging scans. The shape is tapered. His sphincter will hold it in place.

"Turn, spread and bend, Teddie. Show Matilda how much you like to show yourself."

He complies, of course. I hook one end of the curious contraption to his waistband. A slim bar of smooth metal fits between his buttocks and the anal plug is perfectly measured to slide into his rear portal. As I do so, the opposite end rises between Teddie's thighs. I must be careful to align a little nub designed to fit into Teddie's new pee hole. When I finish there projects to the front a little tray…a pedestal. It is cupped and crafted to hold Teddie's useless testicles.

He knows to straighten himself and turn to me. I arrange his fleshy pink scrotum so it lies in the tray. It appears as if someone is cradling them in the palms of their hands. The device is held in place by the connection at the waistband and the anal insertion.

Teddie is completely exposed…forced to show off his maleness for the Dominant female. Really they are my organs…rendered useless to him…I just like to look at them and show them to friends…like Matilda.

Teddie's erection swells unbelievably. I have never seen him so hard. And he blushes like a young girl.

I send him for more port. He walks gingerly with the length of metal between his thighs. The little nub abrades the urethra...as intended. His balls bounce in the pedestal with his every step.

Our conversation leads to my little birthday gift. Yes, Matilda's libido is stirred by my exhibition of total control and I know her choice of subject matter is deliberate. She thanks me again. She was enthralled with the stern Nurse Jasmine and her delivery. She would like to visit the Island some day.

And then comes the question I have expected for most of the evening.

"But he receives no sexual gratification at all?" She inquires.

"He is psychologically satiated by serving women. That's how he's been programmed...for want of a better word. But physically there are certain procedures that are required from time to time."

This intrigues Matilda. I hint and reference the den.

"I *have* had to diversify my collection of instruments. It seems a simple crop will no longer suffice."

We watch Teddie clear the table. When he stands near Matilda it appears as if he is offering her his testicles as some kind of exotic dish. She smiles.

I decide to step up Teddie's discomfort and signal him to move to me. I remove his blouse. He is now totally naked but for his heels and his maid's cap. His nipples are crinkled in excitement. I have inserted simple beaded bars into the openings made deep under the areolas at Constancia Island. I am planning expensive jewelry for him...but that can wait.

"I'd like to see your collection."

Yes, of course you would, I think to myself. What aficionado could suppress the request?

I smile. Perhaps I have invited her for that purpose. Has dinner been a subterfuge I have unwittingly perpetrated on

myself? Perhaps…but Matilda is certainly interested and she has not been the least bit shy about Teddie. And I myself am prepared. Beneath my elaborate dinner gown, I wear nothing.

“Bring more port into the den, Teddie. I want to show Matilda my collection of rattan.”

Yes, I have found need to use the den for more than just office work. Working the doorman was enjoyable so I installed some very subtle eye-hooks and purchased an ottoman which to the uninitiated appears to be nothing more than an elaborate foot rest.

As I show Matilda the various whips, crops and canes, the subject returns to Teddie’s gratification.

“If you’d like to put off your evening excursion to Greenwich Village, perhaps Teddie can receive some ‘gratification’ this evening.”

Matilda has been so loyal and I know she has my best interests at heart at all times…so she smiles.

“Your neighbors will not hear the noise?”

“This room adjoins my own bedroom and the pantry. The floor and ceiling are thick. You may flail with impunity.”

The minx removes her ornate dinner jacket to reveal a sleeveless bodice. I could not have recommended a more suitable garment to free the arm for a brisk caning.

“You would not mind if a seek my own satisfaction while you work him, Matilda. You’ve seen the elaborate altering of his tongue.”

We know each other so well after five years of working together…she just smiles with the thought.

“Teddie, get yourself a Kotex and then come back and position yourself on the ottoman.”

He appears most forlorn yet his well secured penis twitches in anticipation.

“He secretes terribly when he’s excited. The caning causes the most interesting release of sperm.”

Yes, Teddie will effectively masturbate himself into the Kotex covering his new opening…feeling nothing but the shockingly crisp pain of the cane. On the first occasion he wet the ottoman. Now I know better and adhere the absorbent pad to cover his new opening.

I hike up my dress and position myself in a very comfortable chair. Teddie's tongue and lips will service me until Matilda's arm tires. With its new length and implanted bumps he can actually service my 'G' spot.

Such a pleasant way to spend an evening.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.

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Other books by Chris Bellows

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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. Most of Chris's work can be found on Pink Flamingo new site www.eroticbooknetwork.com.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a

daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to ‘work outside the box’.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including ‘first person female’. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting sexual power exchange with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris’s work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned ‘box’ of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. Visit his blog, http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

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