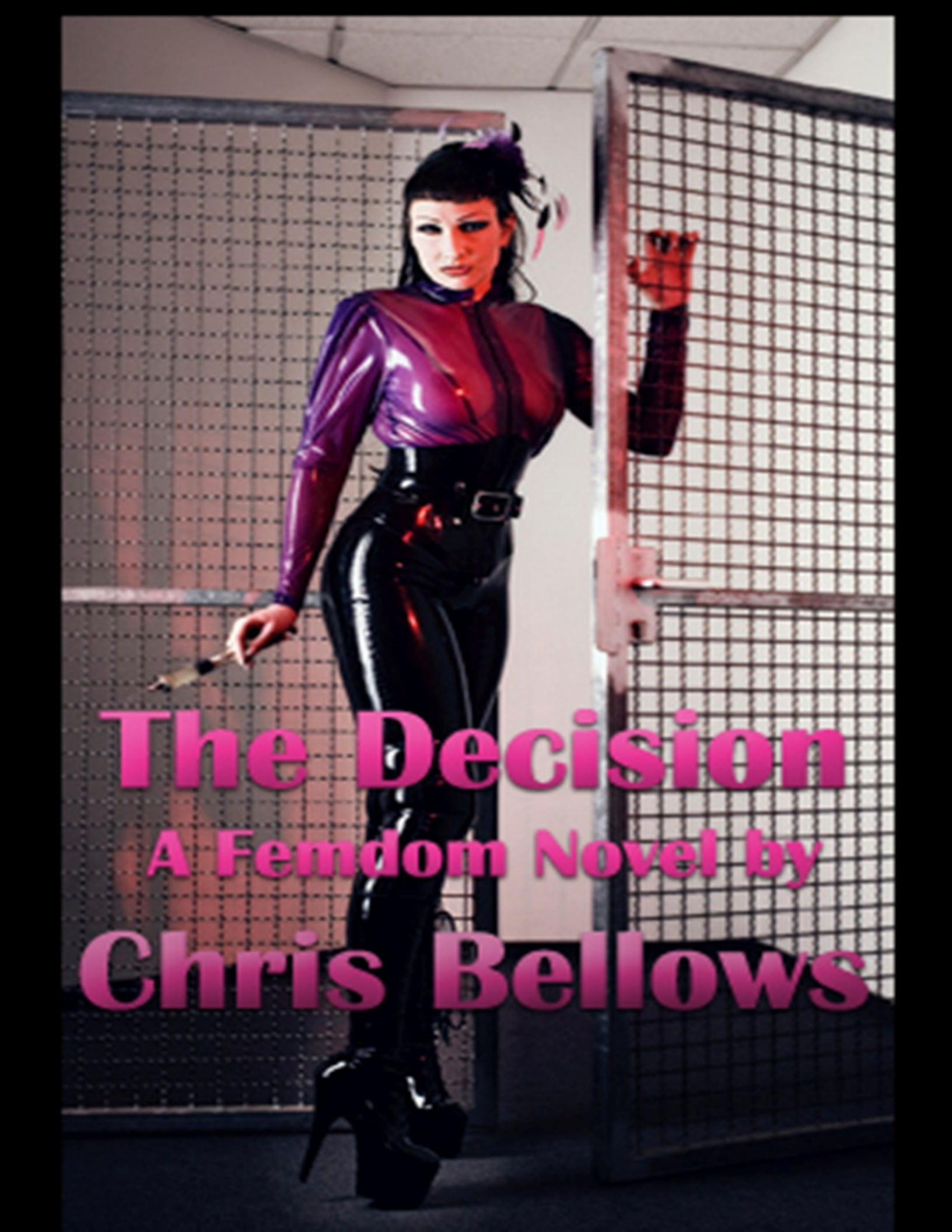


A woman with dark hair and a purple flower accessory stands in front of a wire mesh door. She is wearing a shiny, form-fitting purple long-sleeved top and black high-waisted pants with a large buckle. She is also wearing black high-heeled shoes. Her right hand is on the door handle, and her left hand is holding a small object. The background is a plain wall.

The Decision

A Femdom Novel by

Chris Bellows

Table of Contents

<u>Title Page</u>
<u>Chapter One</u>
<u>Chapter Two</u>
<u>Chapter Three</u>
<u>Chapter Four</u>
<u>Chapter Five</u>
<u>Chapter Six</u>
<u>Chapter Seven</u>
<u>Chapter Eight</u>
<u>Chapter Nine</u>
<u>Chapter Ten</u>
<u>Chapter Eleven</u>
<u>Chapter Twelve</u>
<u>Chapter Thirteen</u>
<u>Chapter Fourteen</u>
<u>Chapter Fifteen</u>
<u>Chapter Sixteen</u>
<u>Chapter Seventeen</u>
<u>Chapter Eighteen</u>
<u>Chapter Nineteen</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty One</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Two</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Three</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Four</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Five</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Six</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Seven</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Eight</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty Nine</u>
<u>Chapter Thirty</u>
<u>Chapter Thirty One</u>
<u>Chapter Thirty Two</u>

The Decision

by Chris Bellows

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For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Publications

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

USA

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www.romankasperski.de

Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

Chapter One

“Six foot four, 245 pounds. Age 24. Quite the specimen.”

The doctor of some 45 years speaks with authority. There is knowledge...there is intellect...there is also the wisdom of many years in medicine.

“Blood pressure superb. Lab work came back without a blemish. Yes, you’re quite the find.”

The chart and clipboard are laid aside. A firm but soothing hand grasps the wrist of the apprehensive patient.

“Pulse is just a tad high, but that’s understandable...considering...” the doctor’s words are left to hang with a knowing smile.

The heart beat races because the patient sits upright with head and shoulders tilted back. He is completely naked on an examination chair normally used by gynecologists. Feet and calves are thoroughly strapped to widely extended stirrups...arms secured to his sides by comfortable but firm institutional nylon straps. The extreme separation of the thighs, forced apart by the unrelenting hand of a determined nurse working the adjustment wheel to turn fine gearing, is stressful for the male gender.

But what is more stressful is the atmosphere. The chair rests in the middle of a large room. Many people seem to be sauntering in and out, most too busy to notice the handsome ‘specimen’ undergoing the doctor’s palpation. But, on occasion, one of the young, inexperienced nurses stroll in, glances toward the naked and bound form, smiles, and represses a giggle.

“And how are these doing?” the doctor inquires with pleasant bedside manner, nodding toward the well exposed pubes area.

There comes the snap of rubber as gloves are donned, right hand and left.

The latex covered hands reach down to a stainless steel basin resting on a small adjustable table propped between the patient’s thighs. Its height has been raised so that languishing in soothing warm saline is the sizable scrotal sac of the virile ‘specimen’. The pouch is notably pink; the skin smooth and

soft. The presentation of intimate male anatomy before a myriad of females indeed gives rise to a racing heartbeat.

The thumb and forefinger of the left hand knowingly pinches the penis. In an amusing diversion, the doctor feels it twitch and throb, bringing a smile. Still, it is lifted straight up to better reveal the mass of flesh with the meaty plums encapsulated within. The egg sized testes seem to half float in the warm solution as the gloved right hand gently pinches a tuft of skin at the top and lifts the sac from the liquid. It shines in the room light and drips as expert eyes examine.

“Yes, very nice. A thorough shaving followed by a warm bath in a special formulation of astringent and depilatory chemicals. It must feel very comforting.”

The handsome young specimen nods warily. He also feels his manhood twitch. It is beginning to firm and, though the warm solution indeed lends comfort, tumescence will certainly heighten the ignominy of half sitting, half lying totally naked before all. The pulse increases. There comes outright embarrassing throbbing where, during intimacy, the male normally welcomes attention.

The fingers of the right hand explore, pinching, kneading, even caressing in an oddly sensual manner. There is a sense that the testicles are no longer those of the handsome owner but, instead, have been lent for examination, offered in greetings to a visiting guest.

“Firm. You’re good sized. This will be a tough decision. Glad I am not the one to make it.”

The right hand lifts further allowing the fingers of the left to shift and enshroud both penis and scrotum. The organs are pulled upward. The perineum is revealed.

“Here....and here,” the doctor lectures as the index finger of the right hand grazes small creases of skin at the very bottom of the genitals where the scrotal sac meets the perineum.

“Just the tiniest of incisions with a laser scalpel. You won’t be sitting upright. I’ll have you on all fours with your knees forced well apart....head down...bottom up. Rather embarrassing but the access is best. The nurses

will make you comfortable. Though I'll need you well secured, the table will be padded. You will simply rest tummy down while I work. We videotape all procedures, and you'll be able to watch my efforts in real time on a high definition television screen. Some find it interesting. Some disgruntling. But all find it most degrading."

The doctor releases her grip, steps back and smiles as the penis slowly rises. A thought has been planted, a kernel of sexual subservience that causes the male organ to grow. And the doctor is sanguine in observing the specimen react just as his psychological profile has predicted. Subjugation arouses.

"How long?" a tremulous voice manages to squeak.

"For the incisions? Just moments. Then a minute to probe a bit within the scrotum and draw out your little jewels. Since I keep the openings tiny to minimize scarring and infection, it requires a little effort to slip the testicles through the incisions. But over the years, I have come to measure well. They always come out...of that I can assure you."

The apprehensive patient is horrified with the insouciance, the somewhat irritating savoir faire of the handsome doctor. Her words will long be remembered....'they always come out'...speaking of his precious gonads as if such were fruit to be harvested...a small animal to be trapped and skinned...a mighty oak to be lumbered?

"And then?"

"Your owner has to decide. That's when I suggest you become most humble and contrite. But then again, she may not want that. She may want a subjugant who is more of a fighter...a gladiator. One who resists...willing to verbally thrust and parry to keep his most prized possessions. You'll just have to do your best if you wish to remain intact."

"But how long?"

"In making the decision? Oh, you'd be surprised. Just as your scrotum is immersed in special solution now, I'll have a similar basin waiting with a very antiseptic liquid. Believe it or not, all the ducts, nerves and vessels stretch beautifully...they unravel like slack electrical extension cords. Just think...these little organs will be completely exposed but still functioning.

And you'll be able to move a little but, obviously, not far...don't want to leave these behind..."

The doctor laughs with the thought of the disastrous implications of the hapless male ignoring his circumstances and neutering himself by moving off sans gonads.

Meanwhile, her patient cringes.

"But how long?" he beseeches again.

"Could be days. We keep everything quite sterile. As I said the incisions will be small, and I can keep them open indefinitely. The laser scalpel nicely cauterizes as it cuts. There will be limited bleeding. I am told by other patients that you will feel coolness where never before felt. The wafting of air in places and on parts never before exposed. You will feel incredibly vulnerable...completely helpless...which is our intention, of course."

The doctor steps forward noticing that the anxiety has brought full erection. Young nurses seem to walk past more slowly in admiring the male salute to the governing female.

"Yes...you're going to feel wonderfully controlled. You'll need assistance in evacuating your bowels while awaiting the decision. And you'll be catheterized...our special form of catheterization, by the way. But, otherwise, we will remove all straps, and you'll be able to move about as best you can....as long as you keep these immersed. A nurse will help you if your muscles cramp up. We've taken some on a little walk from time to time. It's awkward but not impossible.

"Think of these as becoming a rather peculiar leash."

The doctor laughs uproariously in referencing balls about to be foraged by the laser scalpel; her interlude of humor augmented by the sight of the fully standing penis.

"So glum? Take heart. It could be that the decision is to let you remain intact. In which case, I simply slip the testes back in place and suture. Otherwise...with just a snip, snip, snip, you may be freed of your leash...permanently. Either way, you'll feel quite relieved."

The doctor chuckles and turns to leave as a stern nurse approaches.

“Catheterize him. Lot’s of liquids. Drain him at your leisure.”

Chapter Two

“You’re a big boy.”

The stern nurse, in her mid forties, speaks as if to a child needing solace. Her air of authority, her calm demeanor despite standing between the outstretched thighs of a young, erect male, suggests many years of experience. It is evident that she has seen much.

And when she begins to lecture her cohort, another nurse, very young and pretty, the helpless patient begins to realize that he is not the first naked and aroused male whom she has attended.

“I’m Nurse Ingrid. This is Nurse Karen. I understand you’re going to be prepared for the decision tomorrow.”

Aphoristic words, considering the patient’s naked and bound status. Such are intended to draw attention and establish authority as Nurse Ingrid picks up the clipboard and reads.

“Notice the full erection, Karen? Always a sign that the psychologists have accurately prognosticated the desired behavior and predilections.

“Let’s see...name is Nicholas Strothers. Born February 1982...makes him 24. He put himself up to pay off credit card debt...seen that before...excellent health...penis measured at nine inches...says here he’s quite servile...”

Young Nurse Karen, blonde and blue eyed, smiles holding a cloth covered tray. As Nurse Ingrid reads in a voice of institutional monotone, it becomes apparent to patient Nicholas that his ignominious circumstances amuse the young nurse. He bristles in having his life so summarized, all intimacy exposed.

“Well, what these lads never realize, never come to face, is the reason they put themselves in such financial calamity to begin with.”

Nurse Ingrid extends her right hand out to the side, swings and viciously smacks the purple penis tip of the fully erect Nicholas Strothers. The move is quick, brisk and cruel. There comes a cry of agony as the expertly placed

swat immediately begins detumescence. Nicholas Strothers' nine inches shrinks rapidly with Nurse Karen stifling a giggle.

"Can't cath you like that, big boy..."

Nurse Ingrid turns and lifts the cloth from the tray to prepare the paraphernalia beneath.

"Yes, the self destructive tendencies are the common characteristics. There's always something to cause the downfall, seemingly 'forcing' the subservient male to reach out for help...when actually such is self induced. A deep need finally uncovered....ultimately addressed by 'volunteering' for servitude."

Nurse Ingrid holds up a tube of flexible rubber. One end is slightly bulbous. The other divides into two.

"You didn't have to sign all those credit card bills, now did you, Nicholas? Perhaps I should begin calling you Nicole..."

Nurse Ingrid laughs for the first time, finding humor in the patient's predicament.

"Let's settle on Nickie..."

"But you did sign. And then the 'only' solution was to put yourself up at auction...take the cash...pay everything back...and seek a few years of asylum with a wealthy woman of Dominance...as if that will cure all...the answer to all your problems...subordinating your demented self destructive will to a woman of both means and authority. We see it so often, Karen. Like a broken record which keeps repeating."

The left hand grasps the deflated penis tip. The right aligns the end of the tube with the urethral opening. There is lubricant but not nearly enough for complete comfort. Still, to the sound of a gasping 'Nickie', Nurse Ingrid slowly but steadily pushes to thread the catheterization tube into the once firm penis.

"Watch how I judge the penetration," Nurse Ingrid instructs as her left hand slips to the edge of the basin and caresses behind and beneath the scrotum.

The penis seems to swallow the small bulbous tip with 'Nickie' cringing in anguish. It slides inward, not quickly, but certainly not slowly as Nurse

Ingrid firmly pushes.

“The urethra is very close to the surface of the skin here,” Nurse Ingrid continues indicating the perineum. “Yes, I can feel the tip of the tube as I push...”

Nickie noticeably spasms bringing another smile to Nurse Ingrid’s dour face.

“Got it! The prostate gland always likes to announce itself...a nice ‘Hello’ for its owner,” Nurse Ingrid jokes.

“Here at the clinic, that’s how we cath the subordinate male. Now watch the fun, Karen.”

The left hand moves to hold in place the inserted tube. The right retrieves a syringe from the tray.

“Saline. I just inject it here, pushing open this valve where the tube bifurcates. Then when I press the plunger, that little bulb at the business end of the catheter expands within the urethra. Normally, it is expanded in the bladder to hold the cath in place. At the clinic, we have found it more amusing to pressure the prostate gland.”

Nurse Ingrid presses. There comes an immediate howl as the tiny bulb tensions that unique male gland. Nicholas Strothers’ feels the effect of a controlling feminine hand deep within his male anatomy. It is painful. It is degrading. But it is also strangely stimulating.

“He’ll stiffen...and it will hurt...and that will return him to flaccidity...and then he’ll stiffen again only to bring more pain....and the loss of the erection. Takes days to become accustomed to our little way of cathing the male...”

Nurse Ingrid clips closed the evacuating end of the tube, obviating bladder relief.

“And of course, we’ll control when the patient is permitted relief.”

Nurse Ingrid steps back, and Nurse Karen knows to also retreat.

“Wonder what the decision will be for this one. It’s never possible to guess. With every acquisition, there is a different role to be fulfilled...different

thoughts about the efficacy of orchiectomy.”

There comes silence as the nurses observe their catheterized charge. For Nicholas Strothers, the moments are awkward as the smug Nurse Ingrid stares in a combination of disdain and satisfaction...an odd pride in seeing the naked male face his comeuppance. With Nurse Karen, there is a look of joy, learning that the respect for virile gender acquired in her youth was misplaced.

“Keep him well watered, Karen. He’s yours for the evening, and you can begin shaving him. All body hair must go, as you are aware. I’ll be back when I think he needs draining.”

Chapter Three

“One more glass now, Mr. Strothers. When you have anxiety, it’s best to drink.”

The petite hand extends, holding another full ration of water. There is a glass straw to be utilized as the patient remains sitting with arms secured to his sides, feet in stirrups and legs widely parted. The pretty blonde nurse stands proximate such that the folds of her white cotton uniform brush against the insides of the thighs. The young and handsome Mr. Strothers has been amazed with the determination of the spunky blue eyed girl. His reluctance to finish a second glass earned painful pinching and twisting of his nipples, treatment considered rather brazen and most unprofessional. But he has been rapidly learning that conduct at the clinic is well outside the norms of medical department.

And so as the third sizable glass is offered, he knows to purse his lips and suck, despite the incredible pressure building in his bladder.

Meanwhile, just as Nurse Ingrid had suggested, the catheter tube, not fully inserted but, instead, expanded to press against the prostate gland, indeed causes tumescence. Yet, before full erection is achieved, the slowly building anguish mercifully brings deflation. There is a constant cycle and Nurse Karen joyously announces each change.

“Oh, now you’re going to get hard for me.”

And so, before the pretty girl, Mr. Nicholas Strothers sits completely naked and bound, about the only thing able to move is his penis...and it does so involuntarily.

A cute free hand reaches for the right nipple as the level of liquid fails to satisfactorily diminish. Strothers redoubles his efforts, knowing that the relentless fingers will bring increasing agony until he drinks and drains the glass. Though he feels his lower belly extending, he obediently sucks.

“Why do you boys do it?”

The calm, innocent voice belies the wickedness being extended. Young Nurse Karen is like a child who callously pulls the wings from insects in guileless exploration. She smiles while she torments.

“The money,” Nicholas Strothers succinctly replies between slurps. “There were so many bills. And the credit card limits were busted. Now in exchange for five years of service, I owe nothing.”

“Nothing other than your balls,” the nurse crassly reminds.

A sullen Nicholas Strothers has no retort. Sadly, he did not fully read the agreement that was returned to him after submitting full body nude photos. He signed and mailed...knowing that there would be an auction and knowing that he was indentured for five years....not knowing of possible physical alteration...

The glass drains and Nurse Karen retracts her arm. She looks down at the catheterized penis.

“Here it comes again,” she notes with a giggle.

The humiliation of knowing that the girl watches in amusement augments the unconscious attempt to become erect. Something within finds her observation to arouse.

“Well, depending on the decision, you may not have that problem much longer,” she teases.

In reminding the patient of the forthcoming procedure, there again is spurred the question which cannot be repressed.

“How long will it take? I’d just like to get it over,” a resigned and psychologically vanquished ‘specimen’ again inquires.

“Sometimes days. Some women like to extend the decision...consult with friends and family. Watch the reaction of the patient. As the doctor probably told you, we’re very careful here. Everything’s quite antiseptic. No reason to rush.”

“And afterwards?”

Nurse Karen laughs.

“Why ask the question now. Shouldn’t you have asked that before the auction? You sold yourself...and now you wonder what will happen? Five years of service, you must know that.”

Nurse Karen puts the empty glass aside. Fingers begin to poke and prod at the lower abdomen. The slightest touch enhances the sense of fullness. The naked patient grimaces.

“I have to go real bad,” he beseeches.

“We’ll decide. That’s something you’re going to have to become accustomed to...the control...or rather the lack of it.

“And it’s ‘Miss Karen’. Try again and be polite.”

“I have to go real bad, Miss Karen,” ‘Nickie’ obsequiously responds.

“No,” Nurse Karen playfully replies, smug with her patient’s servile response.

The hand lowers and gently pinches the top of the scrotal sac, remaining immersed in the basin. She draws out the dripping mass and inspects.

“Full and ripe,” she notes. “Ready for the next owner,” she adds in marveling at the essence of male power...yet also marveling in how easily subdued by the female.

“Too bad these may go just because you couldn’t stop spending. The hairless scrotum has such a nice feel. At least that will remain in place. You may have a nice loose pouch of flesh here, depending on the decision. I am told it remains quite sensitive. That’s what the others have said.”

Nicholas Strothers quivers in being so pointedly reminded of his pending loss.

“What...what about the rest?”

“Are you speaking to me?”

“What about the rest, Miss Karen?” Nickie quickly corrects.

“You mean your penis? What happens there?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, I have not worked here very long. I’ve tended to some patients returning for a check up...I do the measuring,” Nurse Karen adds with a smug look of pride.

“The measuring?”

“Oh, yes. We measure. I bring the patient to full erection then compare to our charts to measure the shrinkage. It’s slow and steady, but they all shrink over time. Something about the change in the hormone balance. Yes, Nickie, your penis will shrink. You’ll have to ask the doctor or Nurse Ingrid for more information.

“What’s the difference if it gets smaller? You won’t be using it for anything,” Nurse Karen sardonically responds to the mournful look of surprise.

As full realization sets in, Nicholas Strothers enters despondency. The internet advertisement seemed like the quickest way to raise cash. Just send in biographical information and photos. When a reply came back requesting full body nude shots, he gleefully stripped and posed, using the delayed shutter on his digital camera in what he believed was a mischievous but harmless response to playful kinkiness. Then came a barrage of questions...very personal questions. He was being analyzed, and he knew it. Yet his need was great. Money for answering a questionnaire. So simple.

Then came the email detailing the auction, and the papers to be downloaded, signed and mailed. Then came the email with the winning offer. Then came that quick...too quick...calculation that the amount solved every one of his financial problems...all balances to be paid off...upon his immediate acceptance of the terms and conditions. Financial freedom earned in exchange for five years of toil...or whatever was required.

He was owned!

A certified letter arrived within three days, demanding he fulfill his obligation by carefully following detailed procedures. When he went on line and reviewed his numerous credit card balances, noting that all had been erased, he knew the demand was in earnest. The letterhead was from a law firm and strongly suggested immediate compliance with the agreement.

Nicholas Strothers, emancipated from all debt, packed his bags. Nicholas Strothers boarded a chartered plane bound for a destination unknown. Nicholas Strothers voluntarily entered a term of servitude.

Despite asking many times, no one would tell him the destination...not the pilots...not the flight attendant...not the staff greeting him at the clinic. At the arriving air strip, it was bright, sunny, and tropically warm. In flying over large expanses of water, he knew he was no longer in the United States. Otherwise, he knew nothing.

Chapter Four

“Yes, plumped to fullness. It keeps them nice and erect, Karen. ‘Piss proud’ in the male vernacular.”

The experienced nurse smooths her hands over the entire naked form, noting the distended belly. Nurse Karen has spent much time gliding a straight razor over every inch of accessible flesh, denuding her patient of most hair when not offering more water. Her labors are more than adequate, and the fingers move to poke and prod at the abdomen, adding undesired pressure to the overextended belly. It is exactly what Nicholas Strothers does not need...more feminine examination...more apprehension...more expectation of pending relief. And sure enough, he begins to stiffen; his penis performing for his tending nurse just like a trained animal.

“Yes, here it comes. Make it nice and firm for me and maybe I will release the clamp. All that nasty fluid gone.”

With the nurse’s embarrassing comments, the cathed penis does indeed firm. The right index finger diddles the overly sensitive frenum, an apparent well practiced maneuver, and an observing Nurse Karen begins to giggle annoyingly.

“They’re all the same, Karen. Eager to show off. Display their virility for one last time.”

Pain begins to override the ephemeral ecstasy. The patient begins to squirm with the bulbous tube abrading the prostate gland. Finally, Nicholas Strothers, struggling with the new environment, new rules of engagement, begins to plead.

“Please Nurse Ingrid...Miss Ingrid...I need to go real bad.”

“Yes, of course you do.”

The woman with many years tending to the humbled and subordinate male smiles wickedly.

“But that does not mean you will. Keep in mind that it is I who is in charge. I who will decide. Still, if you enjoy begging, I may consider ever so slightly releasing the little clamp, which will mean so much to you. Perhaps

a little more pleading will persuade me. Describe for me how it feels to be so much under control...such basic functions completely under a woman's tutelage...how in a perverse mind such as yours feminine governance so much thrills. How deeply you enjoy your naked subservience...despite not yet having met your new owner."

There is silence. The nurse's prescient words strike a chord. Why is it that Nicholas Strothers finds himself aroused? Yet, there is overwhelming need. Nurse Karen has supervised the filling of the bladder. Nicholas Strothers has incorrectly assumed that the emptying thereof would commence with the merciful fingers of one who understands best the incredible need.

He is wrong. Relief must not be assumed...it must be earned.

"Please, Miss Ingrid, may I please empty myself?"

"No, Nickie. Try it this way...‘may I please perform for you...may I please urinate for you and Miss Karen’."

With a quavering voice, the words come forth, of course. The need is great...any will to resist completely depleted.

A gloved left hand reaches to the clamp at the end of the tube. A similarly gloved right hand slips under the well spread thighs. Nicholas Strothers is incredulous as he feels fingers playing about his anus. There seems to be no end to the ignominy.

"The floor here is drained and can be easily cleansed. Why not just go on the tiling? I'll release the clamp just a little, and you can finally empty yourself...your groveling at last requited."

The hapless patient feels fingers probe and then slide into his rectum. Such embarrassment! As the left hand releases the clamp, which offers such great relief, one finger then two penetrate where no woman has before explored. Then there is felt the thumb rubbing the perineum just as the clamp is released...but ever so slightly.

"Go ahead. You said you needed to go. Since you're not fully catheterized you're going to need to work a bit. Press with your belly. Be a good boy for me...pst...pst."

The sibilant sounds are those offered a toddler in potty training, the degradation quite intentional.

Yet Nicholas Strothers finds that Nurse Ingrid is correct. Even with clamp open, he must labor to begin a flow. In desperation, he presses to contract his stomach muscles and the long build up begins its journey. It is a modest stream but the sense of relief is great. Finally, after many forced glasses of water, after much of Nurse Karen's annoying coaxing, he can rid himself of the constant pressure and need.

But there also comes even more embarrassment as the sound of urine meekly dribbling on the floor fills the room. And Nurse Karen heightens the shame with an enthusiastic 'good boy', again as if potty training a child. Then the flow slows to a trickle as Nicholas Strothers feels Nurse Ingrid work her fingers. Her claw grip clasps together her thumb on the perineum and the fingers penetrating his rear passage. In finally squeezing off the flow completely, her wicked effort puts the bladder in an uproar. Nicholas Strothers presses mightily yet all flow stops. Nothing happens. Nothing can. Nurse Ingrid laughs in exercising her control.

"Well, I released the clamp. What happened?"

"Your fingers, Miss Ingrid. You're stopping me from going."

"Well I said I would open the clamp, and I did. Now you need something else. Such a demanding boy. You seem to require much attention."

Nurse Ingrid laughs evilly. Nurse Karen stands observing with an equally wicked grin.

"Now, try pressing harder...and if that does not work, you can begin begging again and maybe I will lessen the pressure of my fingers. We have much time, and your entreaties amuse. You do like to amuse women, don't you, Nickie? You do like to perform? Isn't that really why you're here?"

And so the evening progressed. In the end it took Nicholas Strothers almost as long to empty his bladder as it did to fill it....Nurse Ingrid's deft fingers cutting off the flow at her whim, the naked patient begging to continue emptying himself.

And Nicholas Strothers learned indeed that much of his new role was to perform and amuse.

Chapter Five

Nicholas Strothers awakens to the feel of movement about those anatomical parts that have commanded so much attention. His eyes open to see that the doctor has returned. After many, many hours, the basin on the small table propped between his thighs is removed. His balls appear sleek, dripping with the remnants of the soothing solution.

Nurse Ingrid pulls away the small table. The doctor steps even closer. Gloved hands once again palpate where a man normally enjoys a woman's touch. The room air cools the wet scrotal flesh making the doctor's gloved hands feel intensely warm.

"Not a hair remaining. Karen shaved well. I dare say the follicles are suppressed enough to inhibit immediate regrowth of hair."

The doctor notices that her patient has stirred from slumber.

"Well today's your day, big boy. I'm sure your muscles are cramping, and you'd like to move."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good," the doctor replies in jovial spirits as she retrieves a hypodermic needle.

"Just a little something to ensure you remain a good boy. Nurse Ingrid tells me you were quite humble last night...very respectful. That's a good start."

The side of the left buttock is callously jabbed. Nicholas Strothers lurches in his bonds as an unknown quantity of colorless liquid is injected.

"Our little secret as to the exact formulation. Let's just say it helps make good boys be better and makes those boys thinking of being bad a lot less fractious."

The chemical takes effect immediately. A muscle relaxant mixed with a tinge of a neuroleptic soon has Nicholas Strothers feeling incredibly loopy. A smile forms that cannot be suppressed. He feels goofy, and his bound nakedness becomes embarrassingly obvious despite having been strapped to the examination chair for nearly 48 hours. The doctor steps back, looks at

the comical face, and smiles. She steps forward and further forces open the right eye and then left to note the distant look.

“Yes, you’re going to be quite docile for us. And if the decision is made to harvest these plums, you’re docility will become conveniently permanent and most amusing for your new owner.”

The gloved right hand moves to the left nipple and pinches most cruelly and twists. The maneuver is sudden, unexpected, and incredibly painful. The hyper relaxed Nicholas Strothers cries out, the agony seemingly magnified.

“Interesting potion, is it not, Mr. Strothers? The muscles are most relaxed, but the nerve receptors seem to be working on overtime...the formulation enhances all pain. Do keep that in mind and try doubly hard to be obedient.”

Nurse Karen wheels in a gurney. Propped on top is an odd frame covered in vinyl with thick padding beneath.

“Ok, Nurse Karen will release you. You’ll have some difficulty controlling those long, immobile limbs and muscles, but just listen and obey. We’ll need you on top of the gurney, kneeling, tummy down. You can see that curved section to cradle your neck and head at the far end. At this end, where it rises, we’ll want your hips resting there. So you’ll be kneeling, head down, buttocks up. Move your knees when instructed, so when we strap you onto the frame, your testicles will be well exposed. That’s important for making the decision. Your owner will want to look over her new property.

“And I suggest, just as you learned to humble yourself before Nurse Ingrid, you find even more humility while the decision is being made.”

Nurse Karen releases the various restraints as the doctor instructs. The strange narcotic has Nicholas Strothers listening carefully. There is curious attentiveness despite the physical state of relaxation. The mental alertness juxtaposes oddly with the physical languor.

The pretty young nurse directs, and the patient finds his limbs moving almost in spite of himself. It feels as if another is in control. When the soothing feminine voice commands ‘arm here...feet here...’ Nicholas Strothers instantly responds. Within minutes, the naked form kneels atop

the gurney. The curious frame most comfortably accepts the tummy and torso...hips very high...neck resting low in a semi circular pedestal. Nurse Karen works with alacrity to strap the forearms to the sides of the gurney as well as the feet and calves. A length of foam rubber is placed over the back of the neck, and a broad strapped is tightened to secure the head. Lastly, an adjustable bar is placed between the knees. Nurse Karen works a crank to lengthen the bar and assure the knees are parted as far as possible.

When finished, an embarrassed Nicholas Strothers feels his depilated scrotum helplessly swinging between well parted thighs. The sense of complete exposure is heightened when he once again feels the gloved hands of the doctor begin to palpate his precious organs.

“Perfect, Karen. The plums are just where I need them in order to work. High enough so I can see...low enough to be accessible to my hands.”

Nurse Karen moves to the rear to stand next to the doctor and also admire the view. With a light playful slap, Nicholas Strothers emits a surprised grunt as he feels his testicles sway about in response. He hears the nurse giggle again. He can picture the wicked smile of the doctor and wonders which feminine hand so brazenly took the liberty.

The adjustable table which served to hold in place the basin is shortened and propped over the bar forcing apart the knees. The basin returns and Nicholas Strothers once again feels his scrotum immersed in warm liquid.

“To the exhibition room,” the doctor instructs.

A smiling nurse Karen moves to the head end of the gurney and grasps the front rail.

“Come now, Nickie,” she mockingly proclaims. “I’m going to shave where I did not have access, and then it will be time to display yourself for your new owner.”

The pretty, blonde and blue eyed girl pulls. The wheels turn. The gurney moves with little required effort.

Nicholas Strothers is taken to meet his fate by the simple efforts of a mere teenaged girl. For the first time, there sets in a rage, a very curious urge to resist. But his arms and legs are strapped to the gurney. And he realizes that, even without the bindings, the doctor’s strange potion precludes the

coordinated capability of brain governing body. The mind's command to resist is met with an indifferent reply. There is a languid apathy, a failure to react, despite the dire consequences of Nurse Karen's journey.

Chapter Six

The exhibition room is austere. Metal cabinets line plain walls. The floor is tiled. There are two large stuffed chairs. The only remarkable attribute is the lighting.

Bright spotlights mounted on the ceiling serve to illuminate most conspicuously the patient below. When Nurse Karen wheels the gurney into the middle of the room, positioning the head to point toward a cabinet lined wall and the feet toward the chairs, Nicholas Strothers can feel the warmth of the beams as his entire nakedness is basked in lights.

“I need to go,” he most humbly suggests.

“You mean...‘I need to urinate, Miss Karen’,” the pretty girl rebukes.

“Yes, ma’am. I need to urinate, Miss Karen.”

“Later. First I need to finish shaving you. Then you’ll have a nice high colonic. A bath and a massage. You’ll be made very presentable. There is an important decision to be made.”

Once again, Nicholas Strothers is reminded of his potential fate. Why did he not carefully read the papers? There were many warnings, all suggesting the documents be thoroughly read before signing. He failed to heed, his mind instead reeling with thoughts of the financial windfall. He signed with noted zeal.

Now he is bound, naked, and captive in some strange land. What is proposed is illegal in the United States. But in this clinic? In whichever...whatever...country he finds himself. What is his recourse?

The doctor, the nurses, the entire staff of the facility...all speak and act as if it’s an assembly line for the alteration of the male! He has fallen into a process...a system...and there is no relent. He is helpless...vulnerable...completely subject to the whim of women of resolve. He cannot even empty his bladder...

Shaving lotion is slathered about. The straight razor smoothly removes that body hair not before accessible. Nurse Karen kneads and caresses various sentient areas as she plies her handiwork...the nipples...the cathed penis tip.

There are constant reminders, right down to the tormentingly slow filling of the bladder, of Nicholas Strothers' subjugation, his vulnerability, and the unfettered dominion of the women at the clinic.

Finished with the removal of all hair, there is another glass of water to imbibe, despite the lack of need, and as proclaimed...an enema.

"You're going to feel quite filled. But do not worry, we won't have you burst. We know exactly what the body can tolerate...though that's quite beyond the mental ability to accept."

There comes again the sound of snapping rubber as gloves are donned. Then fingers work about the anus, gratefully applying lubricant. Nurse Karen works with deliberation. There is no need to rush. As is the policy, torment is a dish best served slowly.

"You will feel some penetration then some pressure as I inflate the enema nozzle. I'm going to make it nice and tight for you. I'll want you holding all I'm going to give. I like to dispense my colonics high and heavy. A nice, deep thorough cleansing. Defecating while the decision is being made will be awkward, so you will only move your bowels with permission and under strict supervision."

As described, the helpless Nicholas Strothers feels the nozzle glide about within his gluteal crevice. The young nurse probes; her effort serving to heighten the ignominy more than demonstrating any lack of skill. She is actually quite adept at administering the humiliating procedure. She just extends the mental anguish until she finally decides to plunge the inflatable rubber well past the reluctant purse string muscle. It is a tight fit...and will become tighter.

"Let me know when it becomes uncomfortable for you," the innocent voice advises in squeezing the puffolator to expand the nozzle.

With a hiss of air, the nozzle widens. With another hiss...more expansion. A hiss. A hiss. Nicholas Strothers squirms.

"It's tight. Too tight, Miss Karen," a subjugated patient gasps.

"Oh, that's good. Nice and tight."

Hiss, hiss, a playful giggle, another gasp. Finally, the nurse announces her task is complete.

“No leakage,” she pridefully announces in patting the newly shorn buttocks.

Minutes are spent preparing an enormous rubber bag of hot soapy water. A stanchion is positioned next to the side of the gurney where the heavy bag is hung. A tube connects to the inflatable nozzle. Nurse Karen works with annoying leisure, cooing encouraging words of comfort as she methodically arranges for the slow irrigation.

If there is anything that the rapidly becoming servile Nicholas Strothers is learning, it is that, at the clinic, time is of no consequence. The pace of all procedures and interaction is at the whim of the governing female. Patients are objects, the naked and bound male form nothing more than clay to be molded, metal to be shaped, a sculpture to be leisurely carved.

Thus Nicholas Strothers must kneel and watch in frustration as Nurse Karen double checks her preparation. She smooths her hands over his exposed flesh and gently tweaks the left nipple. She laughs in observing the reaction, a slight lurch followed by the formation of goose bumps.

“I think you’ll be needing much more water,” Nurse Karen breezily announces.

Nicholas Strothers is left to squirm, rectum stretched and filled, as Nurse Karen moves to a cabinet for more apparatus. Another tube. Another bag. Another stanchion.

“A gag reflex tube. I think it will be better to slowly siphon water into your stomach rather than have to constantly encourage you to drink.”

Once again Nurse Karen dons the pleasant smiling look of an innocent child cruelly pulling the wings from harmless insects. Her left hand pinches closed her patient’s nostrils. When the mouth opens for air, the tip of a large flexible rubber tube is thrust between the lips. Commands are coolly but firmly enunciated.

“Just relax and let Nurse Karen take care of things. We’re going to insert this gag reflex tube right down your throat into your stomach and assure that you’re well hydrated during your little ordeal. You can never have too much water...”

The effeminate right hand becomes incredibly firm and determined as the mouth and throat react with resistance. Yet the tube slowly disappears. When there comes an attempt to bite the tube and inhibit its insertion, Nurse Karen is ready...her left hand twisting the nose until the eyes tear, the teeth relent and the tube resumes its progress. When the back of the throat is reached, the tube proves to be aptly termed. Nicholas Strothers gags.

The young but knowing nurse knows to thrust more firmly, ignoring the taxing discomfort and pushing the wide but soft tube completely through the esophagus to the stomach.

“There! All done. You’re intubated.”

Again there is deliberation as the water filled bag is hung from the stanchion. A clear tube is connected to the rubber gag reflex tube. A valve is checked.

“You’re going to feel cooling water enter your stomach and nice hot soapy water enter your bowels. You may cramp a bit. So take a big breath for me...”

Nurse Karen moves to the side where she can hold the valve from the enema bag in her left hand while maintaining her grasp on the water tube in her right.

“Ok. Here we go. I’m going to fill you up. We’re quite accustomed to this level of care at the clinic. Try to take as much as you can for me and remember that good boys get to expel all the nasty build up.”

Nurse Karen tries her best to disguise the thrill of exercising her power over the hapless male. She simultaneously opens both valves and begins a long, long process. As both the stomach and bladder of Nicholas Strothers fill so will fill his colon. And it will do so completely under her control!

She will decide when to offer the relief for which the speechless Nicholas Strothers will soon be frantically begging with muffled words of entreaty.

“Feel the hot and the cold?” she taunts as Nicholas Strothers squirms against his bonds.

Chapter Seven

Nicholas Strothers hears the door to the exhibition room open behind him. The sound stirs him from a strange reverie. Not sleep, but not full consciousness, the odd stress of accepting Nurse Karen's deluge of liquids, orally and anally induced, has brought delirium. The effect of the narcotic lingers.

Just as with the room where he sat in nakedness to be examined before the entire staff, the floor of the exhibition room is also drained and tiled. Thus, when it finally came time for much needed release, Nurse Ingrid granted relief only after he beseeched for the simple flick of the clamp. His words were indiscernible, the gag tube remaining in place, but Nurse Ingrid still exacted a humiliating degree of groveling before ever so slowly allowing the pent up excretions to dribble to the floor.

With enema nozzle in place, she could not again play her games in manually closing off the urethra. But still, there came a price...a humble devotedness...more realization of the level of control exerted at the clinic by women of purpose.

Then it came time to expel the massive enema. Once again the tiled floor served as a repository as Nurse Karen supervised the release.

"Just let all that nasty stuff flow to the floor. We'll hose it all away later."

A dosing followed and four feminine hands, Nurse Ingrid's and Nurse Karen's, soothed his entire body with sweet smelling soap. Every inch of flesh was kneaded and caressed. The sensuous massage had his penis firming to near erection before the cruelly penetrated prostate gland brought renewed agony. Nurse Karen giggled with his lurching reaction, her soapy finger tip diddling away at the frenum to encourage continued stiffness as Nicholas Strothers sought flaccidity.

A rinsing enema followed. Then a rinse of the entire body. All the attention made Nicholas Strothers feel like a prized animal being prepared for showing at the county fair. The exhibition room was aptly termed as the bright spot lights drew attention to his shorn flesh as if he was a noted stage actor.

The enema nozzle was removed. He was dried and oiled to make his denuded skin glow under the lights. He remained cathed with the reflex tube remaining in his throat and water slowly siphoning to his stomach. And mercifully, he was blindfolded and left to mentally wander...his thoughts returning to the signed yet unread document that sealed his fate.

The sound of a closing door breaks his reverie...heels tap the tiled flooring. He has company.

“My goodness, such a humbling manner in which to greet a lady.”

The feminine voice is deep, sultry...the few words, so calmly offered in jest, serving to instantly form an image. It is not much of a guess for Nicholas Strothers to immediately conclude it is his purchaser, the woman whose sizable auction bid brought financial solvency...and five years of capitulation.

He pictures indeed what greets the eyes of anyone opening the exhibition room door....naked, hairless buttocks held high by the padded frame with a pair of sizable testicles dangling between forcibly parted thighs.

He also pictures the owner of the voice, and his mental image is remarkably accurate.

Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft is a beautiful woman of 43 years of age. Shoulder length raven hair, blue eyes, a striking figure maintained by personal trainers and hours of exertion on expensive exercise equipment; she has a regal air about her. Born into great wealth, she also married young and into even more substantial wealth. Now a widow, she occupies her time ostensibly with matters of charity, society balls, polo matches and horse breeding. But her real diversion is with the subjugation of the male.

Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft is Dominant...most Dominant...and whereas wealth can be empowering, Ms. Von Kraft has, over a lifetime, assured that her power is absolute.

“You came cheaply, Mr. Strothers. I’ve paid more and gotten much less.”

A blindfolded Nicholas Strothers, helplessly bound, kneeling on the padded frame, smells perfume mixed with other scents of feminine decor. He feels soft hands first cup then enshroud his hanging scrotum. It is a firm grasp...not painful, but telling. There is a tug to bring the hairless pink mass

of flesh directly under the spotlights. His organs are both being inspected and sent a message...a message of authority...of feminine governance.

“Very nice. Large and ripe. I’ve always favored the better hung males. They neuter so dramatically, the loss seeming to have so much more impact. The resulting catharsis can be most entertaining.”

The hands retreat leaving the scrotal sac to sway back and forth as fingers rub the skin of the buttocks. Ms. Von Kraft steps to the left side, maintaining contact, smoothing her hand along the hairless flesh as she slowly strolls to the front of the gurney.

“My name is Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft. Ms. Von Kraft to you. I’m the woman who bought you...at least for the next five years. Has anyone told you where you are?”

The bound ‘patient’ shakes his head as best as the neck restraint permits.

“A small island in the Caribbean. Delightful climate. Beautiful tropical greenery. Warm ocean waters. It’s idyllic here...particularly for me...I own it.”

There is soft laughter.

“There is no other authority here...just me. Me and the people required for my rather eccentric hobbies and the games I like to play.”

The firm yet soft hand grasps the left ear and toys most sensuously. Goose bumps form with the delightful touch and gentle kneading of the odd erogenous area.

“And I do allow others to avail themselves of the clinic from time to time. There aren’t too many places in the world where you can have a man altered at the whim of a woman. Here, testicles fall like ripe apples. The staff is very good...as I am sure you are aware.”

Ms. Von Kraft continues to circle the gurney, moving to the right side. There her examining hand reaches beneath to rub the abdomen, feeling the bloating of a filled bladder. There comes another soft laugh.

“Is that Nurse Ingrid having her way with you? Lots of water...little relief?”

This time a nod is attempted.

“Tsk, tsk. Well, the girls do like to have a man grovel. And it helps with the transition, depending on the decision. Puts the male mind in the proper frame.”

Nicholas Strothers feels the fingers diddle his penis tip. It stirs and begins to firm. Then he feels the catheterizing tube move. He knows by way if Nurse Ingrid’s infrequent release of the clasp that Ms. Von Kraft grips the simple metal device that offers such welcomed relief.

“Feeling a little full? Would you like to empty yourself for me?”

The free hand firmly presses the lower belly, heightening the overwhelming urge. Nicholas Strothers nods his head vigorously to indicate his need. There follows more soft laughter as the clasp is opened and the huge buildup flows to the floor.

“You can thank me later,” Ms. Von Kraft suggests. “But meanwhile another lesson learned. On this island, I am the Queen. And I am sure you’ve read of the power of historical monarchies.”

Though not emptied, the clasp is closed, furthering the lesson. Every aspect of Nicholas Strothers’ existence is reliant on the governing female. Shutting off the flow imbues trauma. The bound patient squirms in discomfort, bringing more laughter.

“In just awhile, my daughter will be here, and we’ll begin. She turned eighteen the other day, and I promised her a gift. Something every budding woman of power should have...her own male. As your new owner, the decision that I’ve made many times over the years will be hers to make. You’re her first...and I’m confident not the last. She was destined to acquire the family trait. You see, her late father also had a propensity for dominance.”

Heels again tap the tiled flooring. The door opens and closes. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft has left. Nicholas Strothers shudders in trepidation with thoughts of her return.

Chapter Eight

“Oh, Mother, he is divine. Can I see his face?”

The gushing words are those of daughter Angelica Von Kraft. Eighteen years of age, she inherited her mother's eyes of deep blue and, amazingly, the golden hair of her late father's Aryan lineage. Fully developed physically, Angelica still exhibits the exuberance of adolescence in matters concerning the opposite gender. Raised in wealth, privilege, and moral turpitude, the family propensity for dominance turned to disdain and torment for the male after her father Baron Von Kraft died. Young Angelica has, for many years, looked forward to the day she would attain the family right of passage into womanhood...to be empowered to make the decision.

A smiling mother, pleased that her gift is well received, steps to the head of the gurney and slips away the broad, thick band of cloth that has covered the eyes of Nicholas Strothers for many hours.

The ‘patient’ blinks, his vision slowly adjusting. Meanwhile, Angelica steps forth to apprise. Her heart leaps in assaying the most handsome new acquisition.

“Oh, Mother, he's gorgeous!”

Young hands reach to cradle the head and smooth hair tousled by the band of cloth. For a girl of eighteen, her approach is bold, coddling the face of the patient like a newly adopted puppy.

“How big is he?” Angelica inquires almost as a demand.

“He's six foot four, 245 pounds.”

“Yes, but how big?”

Mother Genevieve laughs with the temerity. Her daughter's deportment is brusque, but such is only displayed before the captive playthings, which Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft has been collecting over the years. Young Angelica comports herself as a perfect debutante at society functions.

“Why not judge for yourself?”

Nicholas Strothers' peripheral vision is strained as Angelica steps to the side. He notes a voluptuous form of exquisite shapeliness, Mother Genevieve ingraining a regimen of diet and steady exercise at an early age. At first, his machismo is emboldened by the presence of the beautiful girl; her company he would normally seek as a peer...a girl he would strive to date. But as he feels young hands grasp his penis, his humbled pose...lying prostate, naked, head down, buttocks up, balls dangling about in the room air...gives rise to embarrassment. All male pride quickly dissipates as fingers brazenly tease the sensitive penis tip. For a girl just approaching adulthood, the touch is surprisingly deft. The male organ of Nicholas Strothers involuntarily springs to life and begins to firm. It is not Angelica's first handling of the vaunted male appendage.

"Nicely cut. A high and tight circumcision. What's his name?"

Angelica inquires as her fingers unrelentingly work to bring her charge to full erection. Embarrassment turns to outright humiliation as Nicholas Strothers blushes and begins to confront the level of unexpected skill...a mere girl forcing him to display at full tumescence.

"Nicholas...soon to be Nickie...depending on your decision. I picked him out myself. Thought you'd like the clean look of his well cut penis."

"Oh, Mother, he is nicely sized. Can't we keep him whole?"

Nicholas Strothers begins to lurch with the anguish of the catheter pressuring the prostate. There is also mental anguish in once again hearing of his pending loss...Ms. Von Kraft's words rattle his brain...'here, testicles fall like ripe apples'.

"We'll talk it over. There's plenty of time. I think in the end you'll make the appropriate decision."

Mercifully, the arousing handiwork stops; the young Angelica apparently satisfied in ascertaining penal size. Instead, she moves to stand directly to the rear. There the cradling of the testicles is replicated. Like mother...like daughter...Nicholas Strothers' balls are palpated just as a few hours before. The examination is mechanical and exact; a procedure obviously taught many years before and practiced ad infinitum. Could it be his balls are being judged for inclusion in some bizarre trophy case?

“I’m tending to let him keep ‘em, Mother. He’ll be much stronger.”

Such calloused discourse. Nicholas Strothers finds his most precious organs to be the object of a conversation akin to discussing a prospective hairstyle. The sang froid shocks.

“We’ll see. There’s no rush. And keep in mind, I didn’t have a stallion at your age. And I didn’t feel deprived of anything.”

“But you do now, Mother...you have two...and they’re the biggest!”

“Wealth has its privileges, Angelica. You’ll be empowered in time. Meanwhile, geldings have advantages.”

Nicholas stirs in shock. He tests his bonds in attempting escape. Angelica misinterprets his struggles.

“Nice full bladder. It must be quite uncomfortable and humbling for him.”

Merciful hands work about the small clamp that can offer so much relief. It is evident that, just as Angelica Von Kraft knows how to handle a man’s balls, she has before afforded the much sought bladder relief.

“Want to empty yourself for me like a good boy?”

Her words serve to further humiliate, yet Nicholas Strothers knows to nod without delay, humbling himself again in seeking what should come naturally.

“Yes, Mother, this one’s going to be fun...and he’s mine!”

The clamp is opened. The sense of ease overwhelms as excretions surge to the floor drain. Angelica keeps her left hand cradling the scrotum and the other holding the penis as, for the first time, the bladder empties without impediment...no mischievous feminine hand interferes. Nicholas Strothers is most grateful.

The exhibition room door opens again. Greetings are exchanged as Nicholas Strothers hears the voices of the doctor and his attending nurses. The room buzzes with activity.

“Just pull up the chairs ladies. It’s show time,” the doctor humorously declares.

Meanwhile, Nurse Karen opens the doors to a cabinet to the front of the prostrate patient. Within is a large, high definition television screen. The voice of Nurse Ingrid is heard as the screen lights up. Within moments, displayed in full color and in amazing detail are the genitals of Nicholas Strothers. With pink, hairless scrotum glowing from the coating of mineral oil that covers his entire form, the patient stares in apprehension. His organs are outlandishly vulnerable. And when the gloved hand of the doctor playfully flicks the well exposed plums, the testicles sway about...indeed like ripe apples about to fall from a tree.

As Nurse Karen works to extract the gag reflex tube, Nicholas sees on the screen that the basin returns to again rest between his thighs. Nurse Ingrid fills it with liquid as the sound of a hum fills the air. It is a laser scalpel being tested.

“Show time,” the doctor declares again.

Nicholas Strothers whimpers. Five women laugh.

Chapter Nine

Nicholas Strothers cannot help looking at the giant screen directly before his eyes...mainly because a smiling Nurse Karen stands to his side; her tender, caring hands pointedly holding open his eyes while cradling his head.

“The doctor does such nice work. You wouldn’t want to miss anything.”

The zoom lens of the camera shows his balls to be enormous with Nurse Ingrid standing by, both assuring the camera angle captures all and assisting the doctor with any needs. Mother and daughter are talking. They sit in the large chairs behind, afforded an equally prominent view of the male package. Their tittering voices can be heard as the doctor shifts about the scrotal sac and the testicles within to assure an appropriate angle.

“Just a little burning sensation now, Mr. Strothers. Some say it’s like getting jabbed with a hot needle. Painful but not harmful.”

The gloved left hand pushes the mass of flesh forward and to the left. The screen shows a shiny cylinder of metal approach the perineum just at the bottom right of the scrotal sac. There comes a flash of light, the burning jab as described, a lurch within the restraints, a yelp, and the slight smell of burning flesh as the doctor opens the skin. As explained, the steady hand works to make a very modest slit, about an inch. The laser cauterizes as it cuts minimizing any bleeding. In working open the skin at the crease, there will be little noticeable scarring.

The scrotal sac shifts to the right. The cylinder approaches again. There follows the flash, the burn, the lurch, the yelp, and the smell as an identical opening is incised into the left side of the perineum. The doctor works quickly and aloofly, ignoring all plaintive sounds and spastic movement.

The cylinder disappears from view, and it dawns on the helpless male that it is the beginning of the end of his virility. Tears form to be gently dabbed away by an attentive Nurse Karen.

“There, there, Nickie. There’s been no decision yet. Miss Angie has not made up her mind.”

Combined with the humiliation of being strapped down naked and having five women work and or watch to remove his testicles is the ignominy of realizing how quick and easy is the procedure. It is only due to the unorthodox process of pausing...to wait for a 'decision'...that there is any impediment in the doctor's steady and unrelenting hands. Otherwise, it would appear that Nicholas Strothers could be deballed in mere minutes.

There comes discomfort as the doctor's fingers squeeze the scrotum, working to isolate the right testicle within the sac, pushing it toward the newly incised opening. Then Nicholas Strothers fights to close his eyes. He feels extreme coolness as his right gonad is exposed for the first time ever to the room air.

"You may feel some odd sensations and just a little zing as I drop your little nut into the antiseptic solution," the doctor announces with perceptible glee. "And don't worry about all the little cords. They stretch and will not tear or break...the nerve, the vessels, and the vas deferens."

Nicholas Strothers cringes, more in shock than pain. Nurse Karen continues to force open his eyes, making him watch as his right testicle is plunked into the waiting basin. It is a strange pinkish gray and gratefully disappears within the basin, the solution affording the described curious sensation.

"Try not to move too much, Mr. Strothers...Nickie," the doctor mockingly adds as the left nut is similarly gathered and pressed through the new opening on the left.

"You wouldn't want to leave anything behind," she adds as the left gonad joins right in the special solution.

The psychological shock overwhelms. Nicholas Strothers cannot determine if there is physical pain or just mental anguish. A woman has just separated his precious reproductive organs from their lifetime nest.

"All done for now."

The aphoristic statement seems to be the signal for the nurses to release all straps and step away, as does the doctor. The camera is left in place, and Nicholas Strothers cannot help looking at the screen. The scene is horrific...his depleted sac and the cords leading to the solution filled basin. The camera angle does not show his immersed balls. He can hear mother

and daughter tittering. His helpless vulnerability amuses. He once again must beseech...

“How long?”

“Until Miss Angie decides,” the doctor succinctly informs.

“By the way, though your hands are free, I would not suggest making any sudden or extreme movements...otherwise, the result may be to make the decision on your own. And don’t think you can extract the catheter. It requires a special syringe to drain the expanded bulb in your urethra.”

A smiling Nurse Karen tenderly pats the head of the traumatized Nicholas Strothers. The medical team gathers devices and instruments and leaves. Mother and daughter remain. The camera stays focused with the empty sac prominently displayed.

There is catharsis indeed as the speechless patient just stares at the large, high definition screen. Has he been altered? His organs are still connected. The doctor has suggested she can slip the testes back into the sac and suture, restoring normality. What will it require? What can he do to assure that?

The door closes leaving the trio of mother, daughter, and patient to themselves. There comes a matronly lecture.

“The essence of feminine power, Angie. The orchiectomy can be completed in moments. If you’d like, you can snip the little cords yourself. The doctor will clamp; you snip; she ties off the ends and tucks the various tubes back into the openings and sutures the sac closed. Presto...your own neutered toy...a being who will develop the odd affection and devotion of the castrate for his castratrix...plus, you’ll have your first trophies as a woman of dominance.”

Mother Von Kraft laughs.

“Or you can wield your power over the intact male. There will be the annoying need for constant restraint. The meting of much discipline. Unending training in modifying the behavior of the hormone laden male.

“The choice is yours.”

Angelica Von Kraft arises from the well stuffed comfortable chair. A shocked Nicholas Strothers watches the screen as a young feminine hand reaches to his empty scrotum. She carefully avoids the exposed cords to pinch and knead the dangling folds of flesh that once held the prized testicles. Incredibly, her touch can be felt. The small incisions have not affected the extreme sensitivity. And most demeaningly....her touch feels good.

“Can you feel that, Nickie? Sense your owner’s touch where you once so much pined for attention?”

“Yes, Miss Angie.”

“Well, what do you think, Nickie? You’re just a few snips away from a lifetime of docile obeisance...asexual service and pleasure to be rendered but never again received.”

Chapter Ten

Despite the trauma, there is an odd sense of relief in being able to move. Nicholas Strothers cannot determine exactly how long he was strapped to either the gynecological chair or the gurney. But his mobility, however limited, is welcomed. He can now scratch an itch, shift his weight about, and even reach to his catheterized pecker.

Still, he is most wary. The camera remains in place, and the television screen displays for all to see his plundered scrotal sac and the stainless steel basin beneath where, immersed in special saline solution, floats possessions most prized by the male. He knows to be cautious, lest he disturb the delicate cords, the separation of which signifies neutering...the complete and permanent removal of the testicles.

The ignominy in knowing that such have been simply and callously popped like a pimple from their comfortable and fleshy nest...by a woman...and before a gathering of women...wears on the mind, as intended. So he continues to kneel, in a position of extreme exposure, as mother and daughter discuss his ultimate fate. There is annoyance...but there is hope...yet, there is trepidation. A decision is going to be made...one that will forever affect his life.

Angelica Von Kraft steps to the front of the gurney and cradles the head and face of her new toy. Her touch is tender. A thumb brushes away a tear from the face of the distraught male.

“So sad, Nickie. Yet Mother says your tests show such a propensity for subjugation and servitude.”

The beautiful eighteen year old feigns a lugubrious look then smiles. She caresses the ears and pats the top of the head as one would coddle a child.

“Mother is recommending I have you snipped. Covet my first set of balls. I’d rather have a strong and vibrant toy. What are your thoughts?”

“Please, Miss Angie, let me keep them.”

The voice quavers. It is pitiful, broadening the smile of Angelica Von Kraft and bringing a cackle of wickedness from the regal Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft. The handsome woman arises from her chair.

“A rather self serving reply,” Mother Von Kraft suggests sardonically. “I hope you can offer more than that.”

The television screen shows a finely manicured hand approach the pillaged scrotal sac. Thumb and forefinger gently pinch and knead. Then the free hand reaches to diddle the penis tip. Despite the overwhelming circumstances, the trauma of the brief surgery, Nicholas Strothers feels his penis twitch in reaction to the sensuous touch. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft knows the male anatomy and so demonstrates...mechanically working to bring the naked kneeling male to full blossom.

“Nice and hard for us, Nickie. Remember, it could be one of your last.”

Again the voice cackles. With the youthful beauty of Angelica continuing to caress his head and face, Nicholas Strothers, kept forcibly chaste during his ordeal, finds himself reacting quite obediently. His penis firms as Mother Von Kraft moves her fingers from the empty scrotum to the perineum. There, while continuing to play with the penis tip, she caresses in order to soothe the prostate gland that remains pressured by the expanded catheter. Then the fingers move to gently manipulate the catheter...in, out, in, out...ever so slightly jostling the tube of rubber to further stir the prostate gland...then the knowing digits return to the overly sensitive tip to smooth round and round the frenum. Her touch is exquisite, temporarily alleviating the constant aggravation and allowing full and complete erection.

“Oh, yes. He very much enjoys showing off for us, this one. The tests never lie. A nice big hard on for us, Nickie. Look at you engorge despite the catheterization. The intense humiliation has such a stimulating effect. He truly enjoys the controlling female hand, Angie. The level of control should be maximized for this one.”

Angelica Von Kraft steps to the side, stoops, and smiles, peering at the results of her mother’s handiwork...a stiff penis that surpasses in size that which she earlier coaxed.

“Oh, Mother, you do now how to handle them, don’t you. He’s enormous.”

Nicholas Strothers blushes. His heart pounds. There is a surge of emotions...there is hate...there is deep embarrassment...there is frustration...but there is also strange delight...something he cannot

understand but which Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft seems to understand all too well.

“And he’s offering it to you, Angie. You should try to understand the deep need. Read his file.”

Sensing complete tumescence, Mother Von Kraft withdraws leaving Nicholas Strothers in limbo. Strangely, he would like to climax for the beautiful pair, to demonstrate his virility. Yet, in being cathed, he knows that will not happen. If his neutering is completed, that will never happen.

“He’d look good on collar and lead, Angie. You always enjoyed playing with Toby. Nickie can also spend his entire five years on all fours and eating from a bowl.”

Mother Von Kraft abruptly abandons her endeavors and moves to stand beside her daughter. Nicholas Strothers is both dismayed and relieved.

“You can teach him to fetch...just like Toby.”

Both women laugh.

“I want him to work for me, Mother. Look at those muscles. For him, there will be five years pulling my cart.”

“A gelding can do that, Angie.”

“Geldings get fat and lazy...and they shrink.”

Mother and daughter look at each other. There is no animosity, just a peculiarly rational discussion concerning how best Nicholas Strothers can serve...intact or neutered. Mother Von Kraft changes the subject matter.

“Do you know why we do it this way, Nickie?”

The head shakes within Angie’s cradling hands.

“Years ago, when my late husband suggested I engage in this little diversion, I would propose to my prospective pet the opportunity to offer input as to the decision...serve intact or as a eunuch. None seemed to fully consider the consequences. There was little discourse. None believed it would happen. Thought it was a mere bluff. So, I had them castrated. As you have learned, it’s a delightfully simple procedure. Snip. Snip. Snip. The little gonads truly fell like ripe apples.

“It finally occurred to me that, unless they took me seriously...it was not part of a game...there would never be any appropriate exchange of thoughts concerning the decision. Well, as you can see, the matter is taken much more seriously when done this way. Nothing like having a man grovel while his precious nuts are dangling in the wind...

“So that is why it’s done this way. We open that little pink pouch and then pause to make the decision. I let them beg and plead, explain to me why I should let their virility remain. In so doing, I can best determine how they will serve...how best they will entertain me...where they will fit into my menagerie.

“I trust you will give much consideration to your fate, Nickie. Angie wants a stallion. I prefer the meek and malleable. So a decision will have to be made. And in your present situation, I believe you’re fully aware that we’re in earnest.”

Earnest indeed, Nicholas Strothers reflects. How could any owned male think otherwise.

“What is it I can do to save myself?” a trembling voice pleads.

“Save yourself? You mean keep your balls? Well, you can beseech and grovel. Though be careful, too much may demonstrate to Angie that you’re better off being snipped...that you’re not the rugged ‘stallion’ she envisions pulling her cart. In which case the doctor returns and completes her work.”

“But how long? When will the decision be made?”

“Whenever we’d like. Whenever Angie makes up her mind. Meanwhile, you will remain half castrated, balls floating in a basin, at her caprice.”

Chapter Eleven

Just as Nicholas Strothers reaches for his pubes area, the exhibition room door opens. The eyes of young Nurse Karen quickly note that unclean fingers approach the sterile solution and the recently incised scrotum.

“Careful playing around there, Nickie. You wouldn’t want to cause infection,” she admonishes.

In her hands is a tray. The smell of food pervades the room. The patient is glad. There has been little sustenance since his arrival.

“Hands on head while I tend to you please. Be a good boy,” Nurse Karen commands.

In being most vulnerable, Nicholas Strothers finds himself complying as the tray is set on a small table.

“Some food, a little bladder relief, and I will want you to move your bowels for me.”

Welcomed words. There is hunger...the bladder swells with the catheter remaining in place...but the earlier thorough enema obviates the need for the latter activity.

“Open wide.”

There begins the frustratingly slow process of a spoon feeding. Every morsel comes by way of Nurse Karen’s hand, and the girl laughs as a famished Nicholas Strothers partakes with zeal.

“How do you feel? Vulnerable? Well controlled? Have you tried to move? Remember not to make any sudden motion and leave something important behind.”

The nurse laughs, feeding as she talks, her words highlighting ‘Nickie’s’ precarious position.

“Will she really do it?.. the final snips?” Nicholas Strothers beseechingly inquires.

“Well, I have not been here long enough to say I have attended any final session, whether it has been castration or replacing the testes. But I have

seen enough of Ms. Von Kraft's collection to know that there have been many neutered pets over the years. It's like a little zoo."

The spoon again approaches. Nicholas Strothers opens, just like a good boy, and accepts more mashed potato. There is embarrassment in being so fed...but there is also much sought nourishment.

"A zoo?"

"Oh, yes. You have not yet fully understood Ms. Von Kraft's hobby? When she uses the term 'pet', the reference is as literal as it is figurative. Why not ask her daughter next time she stops in to discuss the decision? It seems you're going to be another pony boy. Just part of a sizable stable. But there are many other roles. My favorite is her canary."

The feeding stops and Nurse Karen slips on latex gloves, opens a jar and then puts aside the tray. She leans and picks up a steel bowl.

"Just a little suppository to help things along. With your scrotum open and your little nuts exposed, we have to be very careful in how we do this."

Nurse Karen steps to the rear of the gurney, and Nicholas Strothers looks to the television screen. The bowl is placed on the gurney between his feet. The fingers of the left hand splay the buttocks to better expose the gluteal cleft. Then the right hand approaches with the glycerin suppository.

"Just relax now and let Nurse Karen take care of you," the nurse coos as if tending to a child.

The embarrassment deepens as Nicholas Strothers both watches and feels the slippery suppository glide into his anus. More embarrassingly, two gloved digits follow assuring that the penetrating slippery cylinder is thrust well into the colon. The digits then wriggle about bringing both a sigh of pleasure and a grimace of shame in having a young female explore with impunity in such an intimate place.

"Nice and deep," the knowing nurse suggests in forcing the suppository well into the anus.

Her fingers remain impaled. The free hand moves to the catheter. For the first time, it is the young nurse offering bladder relief. The clasp is released and the open end of the tube is cautiously directed to the right side of the

gurney. As the buildup of excretions splatters to the floor, Nurse Karen continues to hold the penis tip with one hand and manipulate within the anus with the other. Her touch feels strangely good.

“Thank me properly now, Nickie,” the nurse firmly suggests.

“Thank you, Miss Karen,” a sheepish Nicholas Strothers offers.

Such a change in circumstances...now forced to express gratitude in being permitted to respond to nature’s call.

In allowing complete drainage, there comes a peculiar sense of comfort. Nicholas Strothers finds himself grateful indeed for such a modest kindness. He contemplates how simple his existence has become...lying in nakedness with tending women assuring all basic needs are fulfilled. But there is a price...extreme humiliation...complete capitulation of the normally vigorous male psyche.

“Now, as the urge comes to move your bowels, we’re going to need to be very careful. I’m going to hold this bowl and keep the excrement away from your incisions and certainly away from your little jewels floating in the basin. Listen and obey now...otherwise, there may be infection. You don’t want to preclude the decision that way...”

The catheter tube is closed off. The sense of comfort quickly diminishes as Nicholas Strothers contemplates his position. A young woman, just past the age of being a girl, will carefully supervise a most private function.

The penetrating fingers wriggle about with earnestness. The patient blushes but also feels the muscles of his lower abdomen begin to contract. Nurse Karen feels the same reaction. She knows the suppository has effect.

“Come on now, empty yourself for your nurse...”

The free hand picks up the bowl. The rim presses against the back of the thighs. Nicholas Strothers can feel his sphincter dilate as Nurse Karen slips out her penetrating fingers.

“That’s a good boy. Give Nurse Karen everything you have...”

Again, Nicholas Strothers capitulates a most intimate and sacrosanct task to his supervising nurse.

“You’re blushing! So shy with your nurse. You should know by now there are no secrets...no intimate chores which we cannot...will not supervise...”

Indeed! Nicholas Strothers cringes to the sound of a subdued plunk. The degrading task completed; a soft, warm, and wet cloth washes the pink rose bud sphincter, the high definition camera showing feminine hands thoroughly cleansing the gluteal cleft in completing the ordeal.

In a final indignity, Nurse Karen retrieves an egg shaped nugget of shiny stainless steel from the tray. She returns to the gluteal cleft and deftly slips the heavy mass into the cleansed anus. Nicholas Strothers grunts with the tightness. When finished, he can feel a slim cord running from the egg, out his rectum, and down his right thigh. Nurse Karen takes a moment to connect the cord to wires emanating from a junction box in the floor.

“There. You’re going to enjoy your little friend,” the blue eyed pretty nurse announces in gently patting the buttocks.

“Yes, such an obedient boy...”

Chapter Twelve

The windowless exhibition room veils the time of day. Nicholas Strothers learns to approximate time by way of visits from his nurses and various conversational references to daily events such as meals and sunny afternoons. He sleeps, or more likely passes out, knowing to wake himself with any urge to roll over or engage in some other unconscious form of movement that would impair his exposed cords and end his maleness.

Time is spent mentally battling depression interspersed with periods of euphoria in which he pictures himself remaining very much intact and serving as Miss Angelica's pony boy...whatever that entails.

The boredom is punctuated with sponge baths, feedings, and the most humiliating process of having to be assisted and supervised in emptying bladder and bowels.

Visits from Miss Angelica hearten his anima. Visits from Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft oppress. There remains the ongoing discussion over how the new 'pet' can best serve Miss Angelica....intact or neutered. Frightfully, Nicholas Strothers finds that the wealthy woman of Dominance can be most convincing.

The exhibition room door opens. Is it the third day after the doctor's brief procedure that Ms. Genevieve enters the exhibition room with a 'companion'? There is no way to determine with certainty.

"Brought a little friend," the casual but authoritative feminine voice announces.

Nicholas Strothers hears the tintinnabulation of a bell and the latching of a closing door. He carefully turns his head as best he can without moving his torso and jostling his exposed balls. His peripheral vision detects another form accompanying the regal but simply dressed Ms. Genevieve.

"Come, Jezebel. Don't be shy."

Clicks on the tile floor. A tiny bell rings with each footfall.

To the front of the gurney strolls the beautiful woman of such bold governance. She is dressed as an equestrienne, appearing to be prepared for

a jaunt on horseback. In her hand is a leash. She tugs, and to the sound of 'click, click' on the tile floor, there comes into view the 'little friend'. It is a feline...except it is not a cat but a human form wearing a skin tight suit of fur. The covering is patterned in stripes of black and tan and conceals every inch of flesh...hands, feet, and head included...except for the ears and face. There, lines that replicate whiskers adorn the upper lip and cheeks. The top of the fur covered head comes to Ms. Genevieve's shoulder, putting the height not much over five feet. The ears, protruding through openings in the head piece, have been transformed through some form of surgery. They come to a point and are directed skyward. Around the neck is a collar of leather where Ms. Genevieve's leash is attached. There, the source of the ringing sound, a tiny silver bell, dangles from the collar.

"Jezebel, this is Nickie. You'll soon be seeing him around the stable."

From Nickie's awkward position, head down, buttocks up, he peers as best he can into an oddly effeminate face, blushing with bashfulness. The form is slender, the appellation feminine...but is the collared and leashed 'pet' a girl? It *is* a diminutive creature...

"Thought I'd give you a perspective concerning my hobby, Nickie...a life long avocation which occupies much leisure time."

"Down, Jezebel."

The human tabby instantly falls to hands and knees on the tiled flooring. Ms. Genevieve smiles as a quick pink tongue thrusts forth to begin licking her boots.

"Quite affectionate as you can see. Always quietly seeking to curry favor."

The free hand lowers and gently pats the top of the fur covered head then tugs on a pointed ear, seemingly to highlight the odd alteration.

"Jezebel's been with me for years. One of my first acquisitions."

Nicholas Strothers notes that the clicking sound emanates from curious footwear...a peculiar pair of high heels that suggests the wearer is female. The addition to standing height suggests that the feline form is in fact well under five feet in stature.

"Actually, Jezebel was acquired more for my late husband than for me."

From a pocket in her jodhpurs, Ms. Genevieve produces a key. She stoops and locates a small padlock at the back of the collar. With a twist of the wrist, it springs open.

“Strip!” she commands as she tugs on a zipper.

The padlock serves to hold in place the cat suit. In starting the process, a very reluctant Jezebel twists and squirms, the fur covered hands awkwardly working to complete the unzippering and peel away the one piece suit. The head covering stays in place, apparently attached to the collar that also remains.

As Nicholas Strothers observes, it becomes evident that the diminutive form is not comfortable sans cat suit. There is discernible trembling and the exposed flesh, more and more showing as the strange garment is peeled away, turns more and more of a blushing pink.

“Part of the reason I keep him covered is so I can put him through the degradation of stripping for me. Despite all the years, he remains quite shy, just like a tabby,” Ms. Genevieve notes with glee.

The utilization of the pronouns ‘him’ and ‘he’ does not escape the curious attention of Nicholas Strothers. The true gender is finally revealed...and it shocks...and becomes more shocking as there is bared a girlish body.

Without the curvature of breasts, ‘Jezebel’ appears to be a prepubescent girl!

With the cat suit removed, Jezebel obediently kneels on all fours. His only covering is the fur head piece and shoes with outlandish high heels.

Nicholas notes that matching padlocks lock the awkward footwear in place.

“An affectation of the Baron. When Jezebel stands and bends in his heels, his tight little rectum is presented at the perfect level for a man of my late husband’s height. You see, Nickie, the acquisition of Jezebel began as a compromise when the Baron announced he preferred to make love in the manner of the Greeks.

“Well, it was certainly not going to be my posterior sacrificed to such crass male yearnings. And, if he truly desired to engage in such a diversion, I decided I would surprise him with more replication of the Greek proclivity than he expected.

“He would have a nice, tight little anal slut...but it would not be female. It’s a known fact that the male aperture is more narrow...more apt to please the sodomite.”

Ms. Genevieve tugs on the leash.

“Stand. Show Nickie how much you enjoy exhibiting yourself. How sultry you are in complete nakedness and heels.”

The girlish form stands. It blushes. The face scrunches in expressing reluctance. Yet there is some level of delight to be detected...a curious dichotomy of humiliation and suppressed enjoyment.

“Walk a bit. Demonstrate how alluring you can be for the aficionado of Greek lust.”

Nicholas Strothers finds himself enticed as the hermaphroditic form moves perched on heels. It strolls about, circling its owner in a practiced display, knowing to exhibit every square inch of the lithe, pink, and hairless body. It saucily steps to assure that the effeminate buttocks roll about alluringly...the high heeled shoes seemingly designed to modify the posture to assure that there is a notable protrusion of that which the lover of Greek would most enjoy splitting. But for the lacking mammary glands it is a most effeminate body. The flesh is smooth and without a follicle, the buttocks rounded to form perfect globes. And there comes a noted gulp as ‘Nickie’s’ eyes move to the pubes. There, the tip of an emaciated upturned penis is pressed against the lower abdomen. It is flaccid yet points straight up with a sizable golden ring encircling the tiny shaft.

What holds it in place?

Below, Nicholas Strothers’ eyes detect nothing further that would evidence normal maleness. There is a puff of pink flesh yet the testicles are gone!

The ‘decision’ for Jezebel was to neuter.

“Cute, don’t you think? Open the scrotum at the right time and the physical development of the male is curtailed. The penis ring was added to assure proper deportment...that Jezebel would be politely waiting, stripped naked and well lubricated for my husband’s pleasure. It was used to attach him to a special bench in our bedroom whenever the Baron had the urge.”

The free hand of Ms. Genevieve reaches down. The index finger slips through the loose ring as Jezebel stops moving, and his hands immediately move to the back of his head in a display of complete capitulation. Nicholas Strothers is shocked to see that what keeps the ring in place is the fact that the tip of the penis has been sutured to the lower belly just below the navel. The ring cannot fall off because the tiny penis is permanently held upright; the slim shaft forming a loop that holds it in place!

“Sometimes, when I have a party, I’ll leash Jezebel by his ring instead of his collar. It imbues intense humiliation for him, being lead about by his penis.”

Ms. Genevieve pulls to turn Jezebel such that his buttocks face the prostrate Nicholas Strothers.

“Bend and spread,” she commands in removing her finger.

Yes, within mere feet are displayed finely shaped globes of flesh, which no sodomite could overlook. Even the homophobic Nicholas Strothers feels deep pangs of a lust, which are unfamiliar.

“Care to offer a kiss, Nickie? You’ll find that, without your balls, your affections will become...shall we say...more catholic.”

Chapter Thirteen

“Yes, Mom loves showing off Jezebel.”

The young and beautiful Angelica visits. Nicholas Strothers looks up on the television screen to see pretty young hands reach for the empty folds of his scrotal sac. He feels tender pressure as she grasps the loose hanging flesh as one would hold the udders of a cow, carefully working around his exposed cords. She playfully tugs and giggles, entertaining herself and reminding Nickie of the precariousness of his station.

“Jezebel’s the first, as she probably explained. And a true pet. Now that Dad’s gone, he spends his days lounging about the house...just like a house cat....except when Mom requires attention.”

There is a strange pleasurable sensation as the girl knowingly kneads the soft sensitive skin that formerly cradled his testicles. Nicholas Strothers is forced to wonder how many castrated men the girl has teased and examined. Her touch is frighteningly pleasing.

“How much longer, Miss Angie?” Nickie inquires between sighs of odd delight.

“So impetuous. Yes, I imagine you’re tired of lying like that while your fickle new owner makes up her mind. You’re probably cramping. I’ll have Ingrid and Karen take you for a walk. It can be done...carefully.”

Nicholas Strothers is surprised to feel his catheterized penis begin to swell. Miss Angie has a most knowing touch. When the tip of a finger begins to rub his frenum, he understands the intent of her manipulation. She enjoys viewing the priapic male.

Angelica Von Kraft wants her pet to be hard. And during the battle to save his testicles, if Miss Angie wants him stiff...then stiff he will be. Thus Nicholas Strothers endeavors to relax and let himself engorge.

“It would be a shame if this were to slowly shrink...stop firming for me. It’s nicely sized.”

“Leave me intact, Miss Angie, and it will stiffen for you every day.”

“But Mother says you’ll be much more obedient, much easier to train, when you’re snipped.”

Angelica withdraws her hands. There is the sound of movement and the sound of sliding furniture as she proceeds to Nickie’s front, pushing ahead one of the chairs.

“Did you kiss him? Did you kiss Jezebel?”

Angelica arranges the chair facing her pet. She sits and leans forward bringing her face within inches of the prostrate naked male. Nicholas Strothers peers directly into the lively blue eyes. In her enjoyment of subtly tormenting her charge, she also appears to be a child guilelessly pulling the wings from a harmless insect.

“Yes, Miss Angie.”

“Where?”

“Ms. Genevieve wanted me to kiss his buttocks.”

“And you did?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Because you wanted to?”

“Because Miss Genevieve commanded.”

“Something you would not normally do....kiss another man...or former man,” she adds with a snorting laugh.

“You can correctly assume that. I like girls.”

“Yet, you obeyed. Have you thought about why? Jezebel is quite cute...a nicely shaped girlish posterior.”

Angelica laughs in aptly describing globes shaped for the sodomite.

“You’ve said you like girls...and yet you kissed him...and in a very embarrassing place. You probably enjoyed it, deep down. Mom spent and continues to spend much time supervising Jezebel’s exercise. To shape buttocks like that requires a disciplined regimen.”

Nicholas Strothers senses depression in being reminded of the most humiliating encounter. A young hand reaches and soothes, caressing his cheeks then moving to knead the left ear. Angelica is fully aware of the mental burden, the psychological duress in lying naked, tended to by domineering women, not knowing his ultimate fate...all of which is intentionally induced.

“Should the level of control be maximized for you, Nickie? Will you serve better without the abundant flow of hormones offered by those manly jewels? Mom’s right about the geldings...so easily governed...so docile...so eager to please. You saw how Jezebel responded to her commands...”

Nicholas Strothers finds himself mindlessly nodding. In observing Jezebel please his owner, the subtle joy displayed by the human feline was palpable. The meeting ended with Ms. Genevieve sitting out of view in one of the large chairs, apparently needing ‘attention’. Numerous moans of pleasure and the sound of wet lips servicing sensitive, stimulated feminine flesh, suggested that Jezebel was trained to lick more than his owner’s boots. Nickie’s naked, prostrate, and partially altered form served as a visual catalyst for multiple orgasms. It was evident that Ms. Genevieve found stimulation in viewing his humbled form...his empty sac.

“So you agree she has a point.”

“Please let me try to serve intact,” Nicholas Strothers implores. “I will work hard for you. I will be obedient.”

“You say that now...say anything to avoid those quick little snips. But you’re going to work hard for me intact or neutered...of that I can assure you. It’s just a matter of how much effort is required. How much you’ll need to be cropped and caned before the tug on the reins, a pull on your neck collar, translates to instant compliance. How long it will take to instill total control...not only a willingness to obey...but a deeply ingrained desire to do so.”

Tears form as Nicholas Strothers contemplates the stern words so earnestly offered. Angelica smiles demurely and brushes away the moisture.

“So sad...yet there are advantages to being altered, Nickie,” Angie’s tone changes to feminine softness. “You’ll have focus. Your own pleasure will

be subordinate. You'll no longer spend hours of the day contemplating how best to 'get your rocks off'. You'll no longer think with your penis."

Angelica, Miss Angie, holds her hand before Nickie's lips. For some reason, he kisses the soft skin then extends his tongue and licks. His truckling action brings a knowing smile.

"There develops a strange affection with neutered males...a curious devotion to the woman who plunders his virility. The balls go and something grows in their place...not physically...but in the psyche...new found admiration...a desire to please...an eagerness to bring satisfaction rather than receive...a shift of the normally self centered male paradigm. I am sure you noticed it with Jezebel...and you will notice the same with the others in Mom's collection. Perhaps I will want that with you. Perhaps I too will demand that level of adoration, Nickie...perhaps I also will revel in having a pet that lives and breathes for my pleasure in place of his own."

Nicholas Strothers just licks...and does so with renewed obeisance. As Ms. Genevieve suggested, groveling with too much fervor may make the decision to snip a fait accompli...a 'what the hell, he already lacks the virility of a normal male' type of thought process.

There comes a wordless pause. Owner and pet both visualize the forthcoming relationship...she in having the six foot four, well muscled pony boy well strapped to a cart; he in running about naked, feeling the loose folds of flesh flop about where once mighty gonads hung with the pride of a lion. It is an interesting dichotomy.

"Well, tomorrow's another day. There is no rush. You're not going anywhere."

The thought of Nicholas Strothers attempting to move even the slightest brings laughter. With his organs immersed, he is restrained as effectively as with the most ineluctable bondage.

Angelica Von Kraft arises. In stepping to Nickie's left side, she reaches down and once again diddles the penis tip. Incredibly, Nicholas Strothers realizes he has remained erect, despite the catheter and the mental turmoil, for the entire encounter.

Angelica Von Kraft *is* a beautiful girl, he tells himself in justifying his display of tumescence. But is that the only factor that has kept him engorged?

Chapter Fourteen

Time is spent in either absolute boredom or in enduring the degrading encounters of nurses and the mother/daughter duo who so oddly covet the male organs. Sleep overcomes on occasion, with sudden jolts of wakefulness, as Nicholas Strothers panics in feeling himself begin to turnover...a normally innocuous change of position, which, under current circumstance, would serve to render him ball-less.

There remains stuffed well into his backside the sizable egg of metal, which Nurse Karen so firmly inserted. In the midst of boredom, while entering a cautious state of somnolence, the simple apparatus finally announces its presence. It begins to vibrate...a very gentle reverberation that serves to draw Nickie's attention. He awakens, returning to full consciousness as he feels his penis stir most pleasantly with the comforting sensations stimulating his prostate.

Then the high definition screen before him, constantly displaying his altered sac, blinks. The static image of his buttocks, empty sac, and testicle filled basin flicks off. Into view comes the face of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft.

"Good evening. I know the little anal vibrator has gathered your attention. Now I will command more of it. This is the first prerecorded video that will serve to better indoctrinate you to your new life here on the island. I think you will find it interesting and stimulating. And when the decision is made, you will be much more aptly ingrained to fulfill your role."

"Enjoy."

Ms. Von Kraft is correct as usual. Nickie's attention is seized. The captivating woman of dominance speaks while standing on a chariot like vehicle. She wears a loose white cotton blouse and beige jodhpurs. Black leather boots rise to her knees and, at her feet, lying and lounging on his side while licking her boots, is Jezebel. But what captures the most attention is the long slender length of leather in her right hand. It is a whip!

The camera pans out and moves from a position of recording from the rear of the chariot to show a side view. Onto the screen comes the full vehicle...a

chariot indeed. But there are no horses. As one would expect from a woman who so thrills in subduing the male, the chariot is drawn by two harnessed human equines!

Nicholas Strothers, six foot four, is impressed with the size of the well harnessed beasts. Despite the height advantage of standing in the chariot, the head of each human pony rises above that of their tending equestrienne. But for a thick waist belt and various tethering, the pair are without covering, of course. Massive and well muscled, the duo are exposed to the bright sun; and, as the camera continues to move from the side to a front angle, Nicholas Strothers notes that both forms are coated, presumably with sun oil. The gleam makes the brawn even more impressive. But as the camera lens zooms in, there comes into focus the most impressive attribute of all. Both harnessed pony boys sport huge erections. The tips of thick uncircumcised penises stand well above the navel. Below, tethered in thin strips of leather, are the testicles, evidencing that the pair are the stallions that Miss Angie referenced.

The scrotal sac of each is split vertically with a strap of leather separating left testicle from right. The restraint seems to highlight the huge spheres, drawing the eye of the observer to well bound maleness. The camera reveals that the thin lines lead back to the chariot. There it is quite reasonable to assume that the firm hand of the most intriguing woman of dominance can furnish brisk tugs to the genitals...perhaps just a reminder of who is on control...perhaps to merely alter speed...perhaps just to amuse she who owns the symbols of male virility.

The faces of the young pony boys, partially covered by bridle and bit, reveal both excitement and resolve. Both know they are about to be whipped. The eyes are lively and show energy...but a focused energy. The term 'champing at the bit' comes to mind as the feet shuffle about in a strange subservient anticipation. With arms secured behind their backs, only the legs and head can move...but taut lines on bit and bridle restrain. Thus it is only the feet that can express the desire to propel.

Into the frame comes a mammoth woman of color. She wears a colorful silk halter which does little to cover massive breasts and which leaves her stomach bare. Below the waist, in a concession to the tropical heat, she is

almost naked. At equally colorful thong-like garment covers the pubes but leaves a well rounded, well muscled, buttocks uncovered.

“A little encouragement for my stallions,” the woman announces in the pleasant vocal cadence of accented English.

The camera lens zooms inward. In the right hand, shaped like plugs, are freshly cut fingers of ginger root. The right pony finds his huge erection gripped in the powerful left hand of the island woman. The right hand slips to the buttocks.

“Open yourself for me. You want to run well for your Mistress.”

There follows gentle strokes to the penis shaft; the woman knowing how to relax the tense male as the right hand works to open an apparently reluctant anus. Then the right hand retreats; the section of ginger root gone, evidently well stuffed into the rear portal.

The left pony receives the same treatment, and the camera lens zooms back to show again the apprehensive faces of the two massive beasts of burden. There returns to the audio the narrating voice of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft.

“My trainer loves to fig her boys. Those plugs of ginger root will deliver twenty minutes of stimulation, harmlessly burning the rectum and providing great encouragement. The resulting performance will impress.”

Nicholas Strothers gawks as the mocha buttocks roll about when the woman steps away. Then the camera moves again to the side. Ms. Von Kraft is shown to have a very firm grip on the reins. The feet of her pony boys begin to dance. The champing becomes more evident. The desire to move turning to an intense need.

“Steady,” the equestrienne’s voice admonishes on the tape.

Then the narrating returns.

“Discipline is instilled at every opportunity on the island. The pony boys know that running will quell the intense burning sensation of the ginger. Yet, they will not move until their owner gives the command.

“Obedience...complete and utter obedience at every turn...this will be your new life.”

Chapter Fifteen

Nicholas Strothers lifts his left arm and stretches it well out to his side. Then the same with the right. He shifts his weight to his right knee and gingerly lifts his left leg from the padded top of the gurney. He dares not upset the stainless steel basin where his gonads reside. He cannot imagine the horror of knocking it over and watching his plums plummet to the gurney top...or worse, to the floor. Still, cramped muscles need relief. He has helplessly knelt on the special frame for days.

The exhibition room door opens. A pleasant feminine voice admonishes...

“Careful, Nickie. You don’t want to preempt the decision.”

It is Nurse Karen, and it is time for bathing, feeding and, of course, the ultimate in humiliating feminine governance...the supervision of evacuating his bowels.

A tray of food is temporarily put aside, and the session begins with a thorough examination. Despite having his testicles excised days before, the sensation of having a woman offered facile access to such sacred male organs remains awkward. Nicholas Strothers feels air wafting where before he felt nothing. When Nurse Karen jostles the basin, she laughs as her patient comically lurches with concern. She smooths her hands everywhere and, finally satisfied, moves to the front where the food tray awaits.

“Hands on head,” she commands as a dollop of gruel is presented.

“How many, Nurse Karen?”

The spoon is offered. Lips part and partake.

“How many what?”

“How many has she done?.. Ms. Genevieve,” the question broadens as the sustenance is swallowed.

“You mean how many has she had snipped? I don’t really know. There are so many. All so nicely tame and eager to serve...all fulfilling their roles. It’s quite a collection.”

Another dollop. Another spoonful. Nickie hungrily eats.

“And there are some remaining intact?”

“Oh, yes. Ms. Von Kraft has her stallions. And there is required a degree of brawn for some roles here on the island. Electricity needs to be generated. Water pumped. And a good firm erection can be entertaining from time to time.”

“How is the decision made? What determines who gets to keep their balls and who does not?”

Nurse Karen smiles and chuckles. She understands the desperation. The exasperating futility of lying half castrated waiting for the doctor’s next visit...wondering what such will bring...or rather what such will take.

“Feminine caprice. Whimsy. I do not know what makes the difference.”

Another dollop. Another spoonful consumed.

“But if I did know...would I tell you? Perhaps I’d have you beg me, and then I’d tell you exactly how to avoid castration. I’d have you kiss my feet. Then I would offer the secret...that which would save Nickie’s little eggs.”

The nurse laughs with the thought of wielding such power.

The catheter tube is opened, and Nicholas Strothers revels in the simple but so meaningful joy of having the slowly building pressure relieved.

“See how nicely dependent you’re becoming. Any reason you did not open the valve yourself? Your hands are free.”

The thought intrigues. Nicholas has been wary of coming any where near the basin where his balls are immersed in the special sterile solution. There is risk of infection. Still, he could have carefully flicked the clasp and ended the constant urge to urinate. But he did not....why not?

“You’re becoming nicely obeisant. We see it daily. Every neutered pet a model of discipline. Some won’t move a finger without a proper command.”

Latex gloves are donned. The suppository jar is opened. Nicholas Strothers mentally cringes in knowing the most humiliating daily process will begin. The metal egg is slowly pulled into the room light.

“Just relax while Nurse Karen supervises your bowel movement...”

The procedure repeats; her fingers remaining well impaled, wriggling about as a free left hand soothes the buttocks and thighs.

“Have a good talk with Angelica? Any inkling on her decision?” the nurse interjects small talk while waiting with metal collection vessel for the first hint of movement.

“Yes, ma’am. She was very nice. I would very much like to serve intact. I promised to be very obedient.”

“That’s a given, Nickie. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft rules on this island and tends to spoil her daughter. All are obedient. It’s just what roles are to be fulfilled and how best that can be done.”

“What about her collection? Can there really be that many?”

“Oh, yes, Nickie. It’s curious how many remain after their five years of servitude. Castration deeply affects the psyche, bringing peculiar loyalty to those who would normally be capricious in their relationships with women. So many continue to serve, desperate to earn that simple pat on the buttocks or the few words of ‘good boy’ in toiling for the woman who forever changed their lives.”

Nurse Karen feels the beginnings of what she seeks. Her fingers withdraw and the collection vessel is readied.

“And when you think about it, where are they all to go in the outside world? What would they do with the years of training in utter servitude? Physically altered, mentally stripped of all will. Not too many roles to be fulfilled by an effeminate male tattooed with whiskers...one more comfortable in a cat suit than clothing...”

Nurse Karen, of course, refers to Jezebel. Nicholas Strothers is shocked to learn that the faux strands adorning his face are permanent. There comes a shudder in once again realizing the earnestness with which the regal Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft deals with her charges.

Why did he not thoroughly read the papers?

With the sound of a dull plunk, the ordeal of performing the most intimate task ends for another day. Nurse Karen cleanses, replaces the metal egg, and

then proceeds with a sponge bath of his entire nakedness.

“And the canary...you mentioned you had a favorite.”

“Oh, yes. I am told he began as the most belligerent of all those acquired. So Ms. Von Kraft made an example of him. Since then the questionnaire has been modified to assure there is more latent subservience in those selected for bid and purchase.”

“How is one transformed to serve as a canary?” Nicholas Strothers must inquire, almost too terrorized to listen to the answer.

Nurse Karen giggles. It reveals her relative youth, finding mirth in another's unfortunate circumstances.

Before formulating a reply, the exhibition room door opens. Nurse Karen greets her more experienced cohort, the dour Nurse Ingrid.

“Mr. Strothers is curious about Ms. Von Kraft's canary.”

The patient is surprised to hear Nurse Ingrid join in the droll laughter.

Chapter Sixteen

“Angelica suggests you need to be walked,” Nurse Ingrid commands more than inquires.

Nicholas Strothers watches on the screen as experienced hands check the level of the sterile solution in the stainless steel basin. Fingers toy with his empty scrotal sac, seeming to be a rite of passage for all visiting women. He hears a low chuckle of confidence, the woman finding amusement in viewing and examining a male made so vulnerable by the marauding hands of a woman of purpose.

“You’ll need to be most careful...and obedient. It requires supervision and many hands.”

Nicholas Strothers nods. As Nurse Karen has already pointed out, he is more and more acceptant of feminine governance...more acclimated with each passing hour to the authority of domineering women.

Besides, it is his balls that are at stake. It is his reproductive organs that will suffer for any ill considered deportment.

“Ok, Nickie. Hands to the back of your head. Keep them there. Lift your head and shoulders and shift the weight of your torso off the frame to kneel upright.”

Nicholas Strothers complies, of course, slowly rising from the padded frame, which has served to hold his buttocks skyward and his head and face down for the many days since his partial gelding. Nurse Karen assists, placing her left hand between his shoulder blades and the right on his chest to assure the naked patient does not lurch forwards or backwards. Meanwhile, Nurse Ingrid stands to the side holding the penis catheter and the basin, assuring that the testicles and cords remain immersed as the position shifts.

“Oh that’s a good boy. Rise up on your knees and stay. Acclimate the muscles. Nurse Karen will take away the spreader bar and stanchion for the basin and then slide over a foot stool. In a moment, we’ll have you stepping off the gurney onto the floor. Don’t worry. I’ll hold the basin.”

The pause is well considered. The days of languishing about, barely moving a muscle, have brought a degree of atrophy and circulatory stagnation. Nicholas Strothers' head swims a bit. He struggles to avoid keeling to one side.

"So the canary fascinates," Nurse Ingrid returns to the subject matter at hand before beginning the task of moving.

"And of course it would. With your latent propensity for servitude and subjugation how could such an aspect of Ms. Von Kraft's collection not be of interest."

There comes a throaty laugh as the commanding woman, she who holds the vessel that serves to enshrine the balls of Nicholas Strothers, finds amusement in envisioning the referenced creature.

"Picture a failed acquisition, Nickie. Picture bidding and expending a substantial sum of money and finding that the questionnaire poorly predicted the behavior of the merchandise acquired. Picture belligerence...resistance...utter disrespect...a male with an outsized organ that was used to annoy and intimidate. Then ask yourself how a most dominant woman, one who is de facto queen of her own island...her own country really...would react.

"She would need to set an example...prove to her other charges that such attitude and conduct cannot...will not...be tolerated."

The story is interrupted as focus returns to supervising the walk. Nurse Karen fidgets about his backside. There is the matter of the vibrating metal egg that needs extraction. Nicholas Strothers feels tension on the attached slim electrical cord as Nurse Karen pulls. He knows to assist, emulating his daily supervised bowel movement in pressing with his abdominal muscles. Nurse Karen seems pleased with his efforts, another instance of his continuing decline into the depths of obeisance and servitude. Within moments, the large but smooth object plops from the purse string muscle of his rectum.

"Ok, Nickie, Nurse Karen is going to slide the frame forward out of the way, and then you're going to very carefully shuffle your knees to the edge and then turn towards me."

Nicholas Strothers is amazed with his own level of compliance. His size and strength are formidable, yet he meekly reacts to every feminine directive. A very stern woman is holding the vessel containing his balls! Organs he is so earnestly endeavoring to keep.

“That’s a good boy. Now we have a little affectation when we walk a man here at the clinic. I’m sure you don’t mind pausing a little while for Nurse Karen to assure you’re properly presented.”

The hand holding the catheter draws back so that the limp penis extends straight out from the lower belly. A smiling Nurse Karen approaches.

“Just relax now, Nickie, We want you nice and hard for your walk,” the young voice coos.

Soothing fingers begin to caress the penis tip. Despite the duress, Nicholas Strothers feels the all too familiar twinge as his organ responds to the knowing touch. Nurse Karen wants him to stiffen.

“So...the canary...

“Ms. Von Kraft’s solution to her problem acquisition was to consider the signed agreement...five years of servitude followed by ultimate release...to be null and void since it was apparent there was never any intent on the part of her acquisition to comply.

“Consider it well, Nickie. On this little secluded island, Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft has plenipotentiary powers. She is not a person with whom to trifle. So, the belligerent was transformed into the most exotic and innocuous part of her menagerie. A giant bird. No feathers, of course, but most gaily colored. An array of yellows and greens...except for the penis. That Ms. Von Kraft wanted all to admire. She deemed it to forever be an example of feminine sovereignty over obnoxious male virility.

“Yes, though our sizable canary was left intact, Ms. Von Kraft assures that he is kept permanently chaste. She had the penis tattooed a rather noteworthy purple. Thus the enormous erections are colorful and greatly amuse...yet will never be of any use to its bearer. A rather ironic fate for he who formerly found such ill placed pride in its dimensions.”

The story of feminine power, the manipulating fingers, serve to overwhelm. Nicholas Strothers once again finds himself performing for the supervising

female. Despite the catheter, he hardens.

“Yes, such a good boy. We’ve very much improved the questionnaire since the need to tattoo our canary. Not much resistance to be found in the recent acquisitions. Just troubled young males furtively desiring to serve. Makes our job easier...if not a little boring.

“Right thigh up. Bring your foot towards me....very slowly.”

The walk continues. A stiff Nicholas Strothers, blushing with embarrassment, shifts his weight to his left side and draws his foot from under. He looks into the eyes of the smirking Nurse Ingrid as his toes lower to approach the waiting step stool.

“In time you may hear our canary sing, Nickie. He’s kept caged in Ms. Von Kraft’s office. There he chirps for her every morning. No chirping...no food. So our gaily colored bird sings with abandon. Ms. Von Kraft had his vocal cords sutured. The sounds are quite amusing. You can almost detect a message...one of pleas and apologies...belatedly offered.”

Chapter Seventeen

Keeping hands on head as directed, Nicholas Strothers feels his heart pound, his circulation acclimating to standing upright for the first time in days. Nurse Ingrid remains most proximate, one hand holding the solution filled basin containing his precious jewels, the other grasping the catheter tube as if it was a leash, assuring that his phallus does not stray into the basin.

“The door, Karen. Then you take the catheter tube and lead.”

Glad to be able to move, apprehensive of being walked about naked and led by governing females, Nicholas Strothers resigns himself to being obedient. And he is correct to assume acquiescence. In his vulnerable condition, the slightest mishap would lead to untimely alteration...that which he desperately seeks to avoid.

So, when a smiling Nurse Karen takes the catheter tube, gives a gentle tug and playfully issues a command of ‘come’, Nicholas Strothers finds his feet shuffling with instant and humbled steps. Nurse Ingrid walks to the right side; her right hand cautiously crossing his thigh to hold the solution filled bowl, which separates the still virile patient from life as a castrate.

Into the hallway for the first time, Nicholas Strothers becomes cognizant of the size of the clinic. There are many doorways, presumably leading to other patients. Smiling nurses pass by in starched white uniforms; their faces glowing in knowing that another hapless male is undergoing the decision...one that may or may not end his maleness....but which will indeed deplete male pride.

Thoughts cascade as the naked and vulnerable Nickie carefully follows his directing nurse. The investment, the money for salaries, supplies, food, shelter...Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft has not spared in the pursuit of her hobby. There comes a shiver in contemplating the resolve of the woman who paid his debts...bought his body...and now seeks to make a gift of his soul.

Nurse Karen leads but looks back on occasion and smiles. Nicholas Strothers is chagrined to gaze downward and see that his penis remains

erect, the jostling hand, the process of subjugation, keeping his organ most stiff. But he cannot bear to look for long. Beneath, basking in the sterile solution, is that for which he must joust...must endeavor to shield from a most detrimental decision.

“Good boy, Nickie. Just keep the feet moving. When you’re ready for the stables, there will be abundant exercise for you. Meanwhile, we’ll work to keep you toned...prevent the muscles from atrophying and cramping.”

Tears form in more fully understanding his circumstances. In accepting money and signing some documents, he has submitted his body to what essentially is a thorough and massive process for transforming the male beast to an object of amusement. More frightening is his state of mind. Will that follow?

“There are so many rooms,” the patient casually remarks, trying to avoid thinking of his own ignominy.

“That’s because there are so many in need of care. Surely you read the papers, Nickie. The five years is a commitment of both mind and body. And the bodies are well used...and well cared for. So when a supervising woman becomes a little exuberant...whipping a little too firmly, demanding a little too much output, perhaps something as simple as too quick a tug on the reins...the clinic is here for healing and recuperation.

“And, of course, there are monthly check ups. Ms. Von Kraft spares no expense on her collection. All who leave here...if and when they choose to leave...are in better physical condition than when they arrived...and with enlightened attitudes concerning the governing female,” Nurse Ingrid adds with a grin.

Nicholas Strothers pictures the canary, caged in the office of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft. What does he do besides sing for his owner and gratefully eat after his beseeching chirps have been deemed suitable? Ms. Genevieve so much covets the well subdued male organs. One can only imagine her joy in viewing the stiff penis of her avian pet...its purple length so indicative of her feminine power.

Nurse Karen’s governing hand no longer needs to lift. Nicholas Strothers finds himself incredibly engorged; the catheterized length standing well above Nurse Ingrid’s hand and the filled basin. The prostate gland has

become acclimated to the invading bulbous tip of the catheter tube, and the pressure has come to stimulate more than agitate. Thus, with the barrage of thoughts...male submission...feminine power...complete capitulation of body and soul...Nicholas Strothers finds himself aroused. And he curses his reaction...one that cannot be cloaked or denied...one, which seems to be anticipated by the bevy of governing women.

“You’re becoming accustomed to our touch, Nickie,” Nurse Ingrid observes.

Her free left hand rises to wipe away a tear and caress the right ear. Her gesture is surprisingly thoughtful and tender...and unexpected.

“It could be that when it is time for the decision, you will experience indifference. You may just place yourself into the hands of your owner...subordinate your will...and your future...to her. It could be that you’ll only want to please...give of yourself...and that is how best to do it. Complete acquiescence. Just let the decision come...and serve as best you can thereafter. And I assure you, under Ms. Von Kraft’s regimen...you will serve well...intact or neutered.”

The group continues to shuffle as Nurse Ingrid lets the thoughts coalesce with his humbled and naked presentation.

“After all, there are many of us here who will assure your continued subjugation. So many have arrived and served. All have been placed in roles to please...and you *will* please, Nickie.”

Approaching in the hallway comes a young nurse wearing the clinic’s typical starched white uniform. In her hand is a leash. By her side lopes the naked form of a collared canine, yet it moves most ungainly. It is, in fact, a human feverishly lumbering on all fours in order to keep up with his master.

“Come, Toby,” the sweet young voice encourages in snapping the leash.

Before the entourage crosses paths with owner and human dog, a controlling hand tugs and the duo enters one of the many doorways. Nickie’s eyes move to the posterior of the naked form. Between the straining thighs there is no longer evidence of gender. Toby has been fixed.

“A visit to the vet,” Nurse Ingrid announces with cruel wit.

In passing by the open door, Nurse Karen and Nurse Ingrid pause. It is evident they want Nicholas Strothers to glimpse at the interaction of controlling female and human pet.

And indeed, there comes new found intrigue as Nickie observes heightened subservience. The pretty nurse tosses a biscuit in the air. As it arches towards the floor, Toby, the human dog, lunges forth to capture it in his mouth.

“Good Boy!” an exuberant nurse exclaims in closing the door.

Chapter Eighteen

It felt good being able to move. Yet it was most humiliating, having a woman of authority literally carrying his precious gonads.

Nicholas Strothers has been returned to the exhibition room and, once again, rests tummy down on the frame. He resumes awaiting the decision, lying completely naked with his most valuable male possessions exposed and revealed in detail on the large television screen. Such appear more than ready to be harvested with just a mere nod from his eighteen year old owner.

After many days of languishing on the gurney, the walk, not long but certainly time consuming and elaborate in its execution, has tired. Slumber overtakes, and he dozes. Dreams flash and, of course, with Nurse Ingrid's lurid tale of the canary, his subconscious brings vivid images of curiously transformed human flesh, permanently colored to resemble exotic creatures of flight.

Within moments, he feels the pleasant vibration of his egg. It awakens, as intended, and also serves to bring forth pleasant stimulation. Then the television flickers and the close up image of his backside and balls disappear from view.

Once again, there is heard the voice of his antagonist; she who would snip in a heartbeat, as onto the screen comes another prerecorded scene.

"Hello again. Time for more indoctrination," the calm, sultry voice narrates as the camera pans a large room.

"While your destiny is being considered, there are activities here on the island which need to be fully understood by the servile male."

The camera brings to the screen an indoor scene seemingly of a gothic ambiance. It sweeps about an enormous room with an extraordinarily high ceiling. Pipes run about to form an incomprehensible labyrinth of plumbing. It is dank. There are the whirring sounds of machinery interspersed with the cracking of leather and cries of anguish.

"This is the island's desalinization plant. Water for agriculture, bathing, and lavatory use is pumped from the ocean and filtered," the voice of Ms.

Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft explains.

“Since electricity is sparse and all fuel shipped by sea, I’ve directed that the plant be powered by human sweat...that of the subordinate male.”

The camera moves as the voice describes for the viewer what unfolds on the screen. There can be seen rows of naked males, all appearing to be in a prostrate position, torso lying on a horizontal surface, but with feet secured to devices that resemble bicycle sprockets. Legs and feet move. It is evident that water is being pumped.

“Simple, the toil here at the plant. My beasts just lie and labor with legs and feet. Driving the machinery is about the same as riding a bicycle though certainly not as interesting as an excursion through the countryside.”

The camera moves to focus on one exhausted, naked beast. Skin wet with sweat evidences many hours of effort. Numerous stripes evidence the nature of the encouragement offered to ensure such sweat pours forth freely in maximum output.

“A tedious existence. Yet demanding. These lads are worked in four hour shifts. Four hours on, four hours off. I am told that not being afforded a full eight hour respite adds to both the mental and physical drudgery...which is as intended.”

The narrator titters with her own observation. Then the camera zooms in on buttocks with prominent rows of red welts.

“It was a slow morning start for this one,” an accented island voice can be heard in replying to an unasked question.

“My beasts rarely move from their pumping station. It is in this position that they eat, drink, and rest. Visits to the clinic for medical examination come monthly.”

The bicycle sprocket slowly turns as legs strain. The camera reveals that the beast does not sit as on a bicycle but, instead, lies with chest and stomach on a low platform. It is apparent that the position maximizes access to that which the supervising female needs for discipline. When a lovely manicured hand comes onto the screen, the odd configuration is further understood.

“As you can see, I’ve left these intact.”

The effeminate hand slips between the moving thighs then returns to view. Nestled in the palm, fully displayed to the camera lens, is the enormous pink scrotum and balls of the human beast of burden. The sac is incredibly long.

“Held in thorough chastity, the abundant hormones are put to good use in providing the muscle power for output. The meek and docile castrate is generally preferred here on the island. But this particular task requires strength...well bridled strength. We easily handle the recalcitrant male here. Many whips and canes...and lots of feminine resolve.”

The hand summarily releases the egg sized organs, and the weighty mass plummets out of sight beneath the thighs.

Meanwhile, despite being so ignominiously displayed, the beast keeps the sprocket turning, not daring to slow. The camera lens zooms back to show that the beast is well bound with arms tethered behind his back and a formidable strap around the waist to hold him in place on the pump.

Beast and machine are one.

“I very much enjoy watching men labor...particularly under duress and strict feminine supervision. Sometimes I’ll bring Jezebel here and just wile away an afternoon... receiving attentive oral service from the pretty castrate while watching as well bound men are whipped into a sweat. For a woman of my ilk, the sense of power can be overwhelmingly gratifying.”

The camera again moves, continuing down the row of prostrate naked forms. Nicholas Strothers does not count, but there are dozens. All laboring with fervor, some bearing the same cruel marks on muscled buttocks.

There comes another pause as the camera focuses on an island woman of color. She stands at the head end of one prostrate form, dressed very similarly to the trainer of Ms. Genevieve’s stallions in brief bodice and thong. The dark face looks up and smiles graciously for the camera. In one arm is cradled a huge wooden bowl. Her opposing hand holds a wooden spoon. It is feeding time for one of the burdened beasts. Gruel is being presented most brusquely. As the spoon is offered, the bottom of the screen shows remnants slipping from the beast’s mouth to the concrete floor.

“Lots of protein and fiber for my lads. But not much taste. Rather repetitious in being the only sustenance provided. But it is an efficient formulation. Basically, here at the pump house, we turn porridge into sweat, feces, and filtered water,” the narrating voice whimsically suggests.

The comment elicits more thoughts of naked, servile males as mere machinery...the raw material of salt water turned to desired finished goods through the power of gruel and whips.

The feeding woman stoops to gather onto the spoon that which has dribbled to the floor. It is then reintroduced, filth and grit included, to be consumed. When deemed finished, the woman turns to show her uncovered buttocks to both the camera and her charge’s face. In stepping closer, a long male tongue thrusts forth to pay homage, thanking his tender for the modest daily meal with long, sensuous licks. The camera zooms in to focus on the humbling tribute. The deed appears to be a genuine expression of gratitude and affection for the woman who mandates both slow, steady torment and enough daily care to assure that the next four hours of effort will be properly expended.

Satisfied with the groveling tongue work, the camera retreats as the smiling woman stows the bowl of food and retrieves a long, thin cane.

“We have found it best that each stint of pumping begin with a crisp reminder of the role to be fulfilled,” the narrating voice explains.

Nicholas Strothers blinks in consternation as the woman steps to the side and swings the cane. There follows the sharp splat of bamboo on flesh, a bellow of agony, and the instant movement of legs and feet. Another stroke to the buttocks, another cry. Another stroke and the pumping effort accelerates. Finally, after four applications of pure pain, the beast is deemed to be performing adequately.

The camera shows the woman returning to the large bowl, presumably to move to the next machine, feed, and then chastise another languorous beast.

“Pay heed. Remaining intact may not be the most comfortable way to spend your five years of servitude,” the narrating voice lectures.

The vibrating egg stills. The screen goes blank for a second then returns to the image that upsets but to which Nicholas Strothers is becoming

accustomed...his partial orchiectomy. In viewing his exposed privates, it is then that he realizes he is tumefied; the vibrating egg bringing continuous physical stimulation to his otherwise neglected genitals. During the entire viewing, Nicholas Strothers became erect and remained so.

But was the egg the only source of arousal?

Chapter Nineteen

The opening of the exhibition room door awakens. In stirring, Nicholas Strothers can feel feminine fingers toying with his fleshy empty pouch. A young female voice breaks the silence.

“What do you think of Mom’s videos?” Angelica Von Kraft inquires.

“Very authoritative,” a cautious Nickie replies.

“Were you aroused? Did the scenes of thorough feminine control stimulate?”

“It could not be helped. It’s the vibrating thing.”

Angelica laughs softly.

“Yes, of course,” she suggests in a condescending tone, obviously not fully accepting the explanation.

“But do understand...though the screen does not show your camera view while the videos are displayed, it does not mean you’re no longer being recorded.”

The comment brings thought...Nicholas Strothers’ reaction to the lurid videos of female dominance has been observed through the camera. His tumescence has been more than evident.

“We know more about you than you think, Nickie. The questionnaire you filled out profiles our acquisitions quite accurately. Mom’s been at this for many years.

“What did you think of the island women? Really a godsend for mom. Dozens of strong women with complete disdain for the suffering male. They were brought here for only that purpose...controlling mom’s collection. Come from a female dominant African culture. I am told it took very little encouragement for them to assume their roles.”

Nicholas Strothers feels the tantalizing fingers withdraw and begin to work his penis. He wishes for bladder relief, but it will not come. As always, Angelica Von Kraft, she who will decide his fate, wants him stiff. He closes his eyes with the shame of knowing he must obediently firm for her. He

wills an erection and hopes it pleases as he feels her finger mechanically circle the sensitive underside of his frenum.

“Yes, such a good boy. A nice big hard on for me.”

The finger withdraws and, with the sliding of furniture, the beautiful Angelica Von Kraft comes into view. She arranges the chair most proximate and sits.

“Rather be harnessed or be one of the beasts in the pump house?” Angelica inquires, seeming to be very familiar with the subject matter of both videos.

Nicholas Strothers peers at the ravishing form sitting before him. For the first time, she dresses to reveal rapidly developing feminine charms. Skin tight bodice outlining perfectly rounded breasts; skirt covering not more than an inch or two of thigh. If not for the vast wealth due to be inherited, Angelica Von Kraft could truly enrich herself with stardom on stage or screen.

Nicholas Strothers, naked and effectively bound by his pillaged ball sac, looks up into the blue eyes of his owner...owner of his body...charmer of his soul...possessor of his balls? He senses pangs of passion. But for his humbled circumstances, in a more conventional setting, Nicholas Strothers would be seeking to otherwise endear himself to such alluring feminine pulchritude.

Angelica Von Kraft notices the gaze of passion. She leans, grasps an ear in each hand and gently massages, bringing her face to his. Her touch, her warmth, her manipulation feels good.

“The more you look at me that way, the more I want to have you harnessed to my cart,” she softly whispers. “Adoring males crop with such obvious dismay...amusingly shocked to learn that the hand of the woman they worship can dispense such firm discipline.”

The ears are released, and Angelica sits back. She crosses her legs causing her skirt to ride well up her legs and reveal the entire mass of her smooth sculpted thighs.

“There are more videos. When I am ready to make the decision, you’ll be mentally prepared to serve me...meanwhile, answer the question...”

“Enjoy being harnessed or prefer the pump house labor?”

“Being harnessed, Miss Angie...but by you, of course.”

“Think you’ll ever be empowered to select your rider? Once in the stables, you’ll work in bit and bridle for whomever wields an instrument of correction.”

Angelica laughs with the presumed temerity...an island pony selecting who tugs on his reins...

“Mom likes her stallions. But does not want me to have one. Says they can be unruly...difficult to train.”

“I will obey. Please. Just let me stay intact. I can better please you.”

“Really...” Angelica flippantly retorts.

She uncrosses her legs, slips off her sandal, and raises her foot.

“So you think a plump set of balls makes a difference in pleasing me?”

The top of a shapely foot is pushed before the face of Nicholas Strothers. For some reason, he knows to extend his tongue and lick...and he does so with fervor.

Is it genuine affection? Or in currying favor, a guileful attempt to save his virility?

The laps continue, bringing a knowing smile to the face of the sexually precocious teen. There is a wordless exchange of thoughts, an exchange of power...Angelica Von Kraft reveling in the simple gesture of male servitude...Nicholas Strothers in believing that he is offering pleasure...something he must desperately learn to impart.

“Castrates serve orally in many ways here, Nickie. With the removal of the testes, you’ll become very playful and jolly...just like a fixed puppy. You should see the neutered pony boys interact. They don’t need constant restraint, and you’d be amused to see the castrates please each other. You should understand that there will come a curious need to *offer* pleasure rather than receive. Left intact, you’ll experience neither...five years of strict and thorough chastity. Left intact you’ll probably forget what it feels like to

experience an orgasm. At least in being altered, you will be afforded the opportunity to experience mine.”

Angelica Von Kraft’s remarks bring images of the enormous erections sported by Ms. Genevieve’s stallions. Yes, the scene of fully clothed controlling females and well bound naked males could bring arousal of sorts, but the display of male priapism certainly evidenced months if not years of complete chastity.

Then his thoughts move to the collection of castrates...‘interacting’? A rather nebulous term. Also to mind comes the visit of Ms. Genevieve and her feminized cat, Jezebel...terminating with a seemingly endless session of oral satiation.

An amused Angelica switches feet, providing ample opportunity for the tongue of Nicholas Strothers to pay homage. He licks anew.

“And you must realize...if left intact, Mom will also be harnessing you. She likes breaking pony boys. ‘Time is abundant and leather is cheap,’ she’s always been wont to say.”

Angelica shifts in her chair, further parting her legs. It is then that Nicholas Strothers realizes his shapely owner sits sans undergarments. There flashes into view the plumped flesh of a well trimmed mons. Meaty outer labia cannot fully cloak the allure of moist pink lips which puberty has caused to blossom like a budding rose. There comes a pang of desire...but also a message...that an ostensibly drastic decision could yield opportunity that will otherwise be long denied.

Angelica leans to the side and peers at the catheterized penis of Nicholas Strothers. It is ragingly stiff.

“I see you’re enjoying the view.”

Chapter Twenty

Left alone to contemplate, Nicholas Strothers begins to realize that the psychological burden of his partial orchiectomy is as ponderous as the physical.

To serve intact may mean facing the daily nothingness of pumping water. Though Angelica claims to want him harnessed and laboring under her crop, are there assurances she will not later change her mind? What if he fails to please as a stallion? It is apparent that Ms. Genevieve enjoys running her ponies in a most priapic state. And Miss Angie seems to prefer the same. Thus, what would be the consequences of failing to properly display subjugated male virility? He could be doomed to the odd pumping apparatus...eating gruel, kissing the buttocks of his benefactress and then laboring for hours under the threat of a firm caning...day after day after day.

His mind wanders...there is the horrid tale of the canary. But then Jezebel the cat and Toby the dog come to mind...both 'fixed' in veterinarian parlance...both seemingly cheerful.

Perhaps a life of limited desire can be fulfilling...limited to pleasing she who owns. There would be focus and purpose...and in again recalling the lewd glimpse of Miss Angie's finely trimmed pudendum, Nicholas Strothers imagines what that purpose would be...assiduous oral service where a woman most enjoys.

His thoughts again bring somnolence. But, once again, the egg begins to pleasantly vibrate. As expected, the screen flickers and another video streams. The smooth yet commanding voice of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft again narrates.

"You've seen the roles for those where the decision was made to remain intact. It's time to observe those that serve me castrated."

The camera reveals a stable scene, but as expected on the peculiar island of Ms. Von Kraft, there are no equines, only human forms...completely naked but for various tethers.

The lens focuses on an island woman in colorful bodice and thong as she walks with the camera following. Again her buttocks are revealed, and

Nicholas Strothers cannot help gaping as the firm globes ripple and roll with each step. Walking ahead are two males, totally naked and without restraints. They walk with a degree of anticipation in each step, like children about to engage in play. Upon reaching an open area within a vast building of wooden walls and concrete flooring, the male duo stop, turn, and most obsequiously place their hands on the back of their head.

On the wall behind them hang numerous leather implements, but Nicholas Strothers' eyes focus on the nakedness displayed for the camera. The two male forms are almost exactly the same height and weight. As Nicholas Strothers inspects, the narrating voice of Ms. Von Kraft talks over the island woman who is giving instructions to the males.

"This is the tacking area of the stable. These geldings are going to be run, and you will notice their joy in being permitted relative freedom and the opportunity to serve."

Nicholas Strothers listens, of course, but when Ms. Von Kraft uses the term 'gelding', his gaze must move to the discerning area of the body. Indeed, the male 'package' has been abbreviated. For both, a tiny penis dangles over...well...over nothing.

"It's a beautiful day for a run," the staccatoed island voice suggests as the controlling woman steps to the wall. Hands of deep mocha retrieve various lengths of leather, and the tacking process begins.

Around the waist is strapped a thick leather belt. The hands move from head to behind the back without need for command and there the wrists are secured. A bridle for each is next, encircling head and face. Then comes a bit, which to the uninitiated appears uncomfortable, but which easily slides without resistance into the mouth of each gelding.

"You'll notice there is no reluctance, no desire to resist. These geldings are well broken and ready to labor in harness for me or any guest. The depleted hormone levels, testosterone almost non-existent, makes them as docile as lambs," the voice narrates as one last length of leather is retrieved.

Nicholas Strothers notes not only the curious forked shape, but also the sizable plug attached. He detects smiles as the altered duo both part their feet and bend at the waist.

“Our special crupper strap keeps the castrated male rather content in providing constant manipulation to that male gland which can no longer normally function.”

The hands of rich brown work to insert the plug where expected, firmly pushing past the rectum to abrade the prostate gland. The smile of the first gelding broadens as the restraining strap is attached to the back of the waist belt and then pulled forward between the thighs. There the function of the peculiar shape is revealed. It splits so that there are two ends to be attached to the front of the waist belt. At the split, knowing fingers work the empty scrotal sac, pulling it downward into plain view for the first time. It is a pink, hairless fleshy mass and, as the gelding's feet stir with delight, the woman's touch evidently pleases. There is also detected a twitching of the small penis. The anal plug and the simple handling of the scrotum both bring arousal to that which can no longer normally function.

Gelding number two is similarly strapped. Then the woman cinches to assure proper tautness...each tightening tug bringing more and more joy.

“As you can see, the geldings find enjoyment in being placed in harness.”

In a final preparatory gesture, the experienced left hand begins to deftly tweak the nipples of gelding number one while the right hand rubs and strokes the tiny penis. Nicholas Strothers notes for the first time that the nipples are puffy, more like those of a pubescent girl than an adult male. But when a comically small erection begins to rise, his attention is diverted. The woman's touch arouses that which can never achieve normal climax!

“You will also note that the erogenous zones of the castrated male are transformed. The hormone imbalance brings new found sensitivity to the nipples. And in performing the orchiectomy, I have the doctor assure that as much feeling as possible remains within the scrotal sac.”

On cue, the caressing fingers move to unfurl the empty sac, drawing it down and rolling the folds between thumb and forefinger. The island woman smiles as she works, whispering unheard words, encouraging a reaction. The penis begins to firm and, within moments, stands at a shockingly limited three inches. Finally satisfied with the level of ephemeral pleasure, the woman again approaches the wall. There she

removes a weighty bell and returns to gelding number one. She stoops and clamps the melodious metal to the flesh she has worked to loosen.

Gelding two is likewise worked and made to display scrotal pouch and tiny erection. A second bell, tingling with lower pitch to produce symphonious tintinnabulation, is also clamped to that which Ms. Genevieve chose to pillage. The gelding winces but remains stiff.

The woman of color steps back for a final inspection. She then claps her hands, and the harnessed duo move in lock step, prancing off with bells chiming in unison. It is evident that moving about with anal plug in place brings some degree of pleasure to that which can never again achieve ultimate ecstasy.

“Outdoors, in the corral area, a cart and unrelenting rider awaits their labor. They’ll be run hard and enjoy every moment. And upon return, if their rider concurs, one of those naked and well trained pony boys may be provided with a suitable reward.”

The tape ends...the scene of puppy like happiness brings renewed consternation to he who faces...‘the decision’.

Chapter Twenty One

“Still can’t summon the resolve to open the catheter valve yourself.”

It is the stern voice of Nurse Ingrid. Her irritating reminder that hands are free to roam brings Nicholas Strothers from semi consciousness. He feels fingers pressing on his swollen belly. Then there follows a tremor on the catheter tube which he knows signifies that the simple yet controlling clamp is being opened.

Within moments, there comes the sound of splatter immediately followed by the easing of the slow build up of pressure as many hours of accumulating excretion gratefully flows to the floor.

“Thank you, Miss Ingrid,” a humble male voice knows to offer.

The expression of gratitude is genuine, the many days of constant feminine governance eroding all male bravado. But why can he not muster the determination to provide himself relief rather than suffering discomfort in awaiting the hand of a supervising female?

The snapping of rubber indicates that gloved hands will examine...everywhere. There is nothing that can be hidden or denied the inspecting eyes, hands, and fingers. The daily palpation is thorough, most humiliating and, worst of all...a process to which one can never become accustomed.

The basin is inspected including presumably his balls and the all important cords that keep him an intact and functioning male. The empty ball sac is kneaded. Then the anal egg is tugged away with a plop. Two fingers slip into the rectum while the nipples are caressed. Nicholas Strothers blushes with embarrassment.

“Will it hurt?” he decides to inquire, diverting his mind from the intense ignominy.

“The final castration? Of course it will. Would you want it any other way? In making the ultimate sacrifice...that of the vanquished male to the conquering female...would you not prefer to have those little nerves connecting the gonads utter one final cry...to announce for all that the end comes.”

Nurse Ingrid laughs sardonically.

“We *can* make it painless. But it is best to foster one final surge of synaptic vibrance...one last message...male organs to male brain...‘it is the end of masculinity...prepare for a life of pining for frilly silk undergarments and fragrant bubble baths’.”

Nurse Ingrid laughs uproariously, finding great humor in describing the imaginary altered preferences of the forcibly feminized male.

“Yes, Nickie. I am sure you’ll yelp just like all the others. Some just squeak quite pitifully...an appropriate last sound as a male. But it will be quick. Once the nerve is snipped, all feeling in the testicle will be lost. Then, without a hint of discomfort follows the snipping of the vessels and the vas deferens....but, keep in mind, there are two little plums to be removed...another snip will bring a second yelp.”

Nicholas Strothers feels the familiar twinge in his loins. But there is no physical stimulation...no fingers touching his penis...no egg vibrating in his anus. Still, he knows his penis stiffens and Nurse Ingrid has yet to inspect there. What is happening?

“Your prostate is nicely swollen. The many days of chastity has that effect on naughty males who normally masturbate with frequency. But not to worry, here at the clinic, we know how to take care of that little gland.”

The fingers withdraw and the egg is brusquely thrust back in place, past the purse string muscle to resume residing proximate to the prostate. Attention moves to the penis, and Nurse Ingrid finally notices what her patient has already ascertained.

“Goodness, such a randy one, Nickie. A nice hard on for me, and I have not applied an iota of stimulation. Just talking about your fate seems to arouse. Rather telling, would you not say?”

The experienced nurse toys with the penis tip, satisfying herself that her naked and vulnerable patient is indeed most erect.

“But you’re thinking rather negatively, Nickie. The decision has not yet been made. Could be that the doctor is ordered to replace your jewels and suture. There are not many stallions here on the island. You may become one of the few.”

The exhibition room door opens as Nurse Ingrid checks breathing and the heart rate.

“Am I at a bad time?”

The familiar voice is that of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft.

“Just finishing, Ms. Von Kraft. Physically, everything is normal. Quite the healthy lad. Mentally, he is entering the descent. He’ll soon be ready to face the decision.”

“Yes, reality can be quite the burden.”

Nicholas Strothers hears the rattling of metal chain and the shuffling feet. Fingers begin to play with his empty sac, the standard greeting. Then he feels warm wetness on the sole of his left foot.

“Oh, Toby, such a naughty boy.”

Nurse Ingrid departs. Ms. Genevieve moves to face her latest acquisition. Nicholas Strothers looks up into the most handsome face...the darkness of raven hair bringing so much contrast to fiery eyes of blue that have kindled genetically those of her daughter. She is again dressed for equestrienne pursuits and again holds a leash.

“Quite the affectionate pup, is he not, Nickie?”

Out of sight and to the rear, the leashed creature continues to apply broad strokes of a warm wet tongue to the left foot. Ms. Genevieve smiles as the immobile patient feels the unexpected caress move to the calve. The licks continue.

“Quite the phenomenon, don’t you think, Nickie? Toby’s no longer a pup, but the urge to offer affection is well ingrained. The male paradigm of seeking lust has been drastically altered...gone along with his balls. Now Toby just enjoys being of service. He so much likes to please.”

Ms. Genevieve ties the leash to the left front post of the gurney. She then moves to one of the many cabinets and retrieves a swath of dark fabric.

“Think you’ll be more comfortable hooded?”

Darkness envelops as the well designed hood is slipped over the head of Nicholas Strothers.

“Nice and slow, Toby. There’s no rush. Lick everywhere. Just be careful of the basin.”

The direction of Ms. Genevieve’s voice shifts to the rear. She casually sits in her comfortable chair while Nicholas Strothers endures the ultimate in homoerotic diversions ...a male, or one time male, slowly and most sensuously licks every inch of flesh. And most degrading...his self induced erection will not subside.

“Toby relishes the nipples, Nickie. He can lick and suck there for hours...”

Chapter Twenty Two

‘What is happening to me?’ the mind of Nicholas Strothers struggles to answer its own query.

The prolonged session of tender oral caresses finally ended...for Nicholas Strothers. Afterwards, he once again was forced to lie in hooded darkness as Toby’s leash was tugged away, and the human canine’s accomplished tongue and lips serviced she who would clip his nuts. The orgasms, judging from frequent cries of passion, were countless. And the strong erection coaxed by Toby’s oral efforts remained as Nicholas Strothers had to listen to crisp commands and encouraging slaps to face and rump in guiding the pup to properly spur climax after climax.

Nurse Karen later arrived to remove the hood and feed, chiding the hapless male on his receptiveness to male stimulation.

“Ms. Genevieve indicates that you very much enjoyed Toby’s tongue bath,” the young nurse teased as heaping spoonfuls were offered.

Most degrading was indeed the attention plied to his nipples...Ms. Genevieve providing precise instructions as to how to position his torso so that Toby could suck with abandon.

“You may experience trepidation in sensing Toby’s sensuous oral caresses now, but after you’re clipped, you will find his advances to be delightful,” Ms. Genevieve assured.

Nurse Karen left after supervising a bowel movement. Nicholas Strothers now lies relishing the relative quiet in the period that typically follows what he terms ‘dinner’, but which may, in fact, be misnomered by dubious chronology.

So he asks himself questions he cannot answer and encourages his own slumber; the world of dreams providing needed solace from the mental and pending physical trauma.

But then the egg vibrates...and Nicholas Strothers knows to open his eyes and look at the screen.

A video rolls. The camera is outdoors. The lens pans the horizon showing the day to be bright and cloudless. The scene in the frame stops, and the lens begins to zoom down a dirt path. On cue, with the timing of a Hollywood production, a pair of pony boys approaches pulling a cart to the crest of a hill. They are running; their feet kicking up a trail of dust, each footfall in precise unison. A female figure sits on a small seat. Young, blonde, she swings a crop, nipping the buttocks of right pony and left. With her encouragement, the cart accelerates on the slight downslope toward the camera. As the naked, harnessed duo near, their sweat drenched bodies glisten in the sun. The scrotal bells chime away. Crisp smacks of the riding crop become louder and louder as the cart come into range of the microphone.

The rider is Miss Angelica Von Kraft. Her hair flows in the wind of the cart's movement, and she smiles in both cropping and tugging on reins which foster instant compliance. With the egg vibrating and the scene of the beautiful teen controlling the naked neutered male, Nicholas Strothers feels his penis twitch and begin to harden.

"Angie so much enjoys her afternoon jaunts," the narrating voice of Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft explains as the thud of pounding feet can also be distinguished.

The cart rolls towards the camera; and, then, with a deft tug on the reins, it turns to provide a side view. The lens zooms and the divine Miss Angelica smiles broadly, stows her crop, and turns to dismount. She wears a skin tight halter, leaving arms and shoulders bare. The hem of an extremely short pleated skirt ends at the very top of her thighs. When she turns to step, a gust of wind momentarily lifts the garment and exposes all. Miss Angie rides sans undergarments.

An island woman comes into view and grasps the reins at the bridle.

"Did you have a good afternoon, Miss Angie?" the pleasantly accented voice inquires.

Angelica nods with ebullience.

"Swimming naked always invigorates. And, with all the exertion, the boys love licking away the salt of the ocean water."

The pony boys know to fold their legs and kneel in unison. The bits are slipped from their mouths. A dark hand squeezes a plastic water bottle to provide much needed refreshment.

The camera moves closer and shows that the faux equines are the pair that were earlier videotaped in the tacking area. It is the end of the ride for which they were being prepared.

“Any special treatment?” the tending island woman asks.

Angelica Von Kraft pauses in thought. A smile of caprice unfolds while she muses.

“Number two. His tongue seemed as frisky as the penis of a stallion,” finally comes the reply.

“We’ll take him nice and deep for you,” the island woman suggests. “And for your next excursion, number one will know to work harder.”

The waist belts, secured to horizontal poles emanating from the cart, are released. Wrists remain tethered behind the back; bridles enshroud the face and head of each. The firm commanding hand of the island woman directs the face of number one to the pubes of number two.

“Down. Bring him up for us like a good pony boy.”

Number two knows to kneel upright while number one bends deeply at the waist. A tongue extends and, without a hint of reluctance, begins to orally service the pony boy cohort. Both scrotal bells ring out with the body movements.

“As you can see, homophobia among my castrated pets is void. All are here to please. And will please when and where directed,” the narrating voice lectures as the number two pony smiles with delight.

Meanwhile, the island woman steps from the scene while fellatio continues. Miss Angie watches with a knowing look, the display apparently just another time worn episode of pony interaction.

“Usually this reward comes later, while the pony is washed and prepared for a night’s rest. But for this little indoctrination tape, we’ll film it outdoors where the intense tropical sunlight provides better visual detail,” Ms. Genevieve can be heard to explain.

The island woman returns. In her hand is a sizable cylinder of black rubber. She presents it to number two, and he knows to lick and lubricate liberally. The island woman laughs in noting the zest with which the tongue assures lubricity.

“Nice and deep for you today, number two.”

While the tongue licks, the crupper strap is unbuckled. A tug forces the anal plug to vacate its snug abode. The ‘Y’ shaped length of leather is tossed aside.

The dildo is withdrawn. The eyes of Nicholas Strothers gape in noting that, after viewing many scenes of the colorfully dressed women, the brief thong which serves to cloak so little is actually a harness! Its function is not to cover but to facilitate sodomy!

Deft hands slip the length of rubber beneath the thong. There comes a sigh as one curved and bumpy end disappears and the well licked business end is thrust through a previously unnoticed hole in the front.

“That is enough for now, number one.”

A dark feminine hand pulls back the bridle of the fellator. The camera zooms on the object of the attentive oral caresses. The tiny penis of number two somewhat stands but is notably soft; the years of hormone deficiency taking its toll.

There is joint laughter as Miss Angie and the island women find amusement in the display of penile pusillanimity.

“What *will* you be doing with that when you leave the island?” the staccatoed island voice chortles in pushing down the head of the kneeling pony boy.

“Now open and spread for your daddy,” comes the soft, gleeful command.

Helpless to resist, Nicholas Strothers notes a distance look of joy on the face of he who confronts sodomy. First, fellated by a male then sodomized by a woman of governance, the knees part and the small of the back arches to assume a well practiced position. The island woman kneels and, within seconds, begins penetration. As her smile of confidence broadens, it becomes evident that her end of the dildo is well placed.

“The prostate demands much attention, probably more so than if left intact,” the narrating voice of Ms. Genevieve explains as number two bows to humbly accept what the homophobic male would find abhorrent.

“Yes, this can be your reward too, if you properly perform in harness,” the indoctrination aspect of the video becoming more apparent.

There follows vocal silence as it is intended that the viewer just watch the incredibly powerful scene unfold. For number two takes the entire length and, with his scrotal bell chiming away, works with fervor to enhance the pleasure of his sodomizing superior.

“See how much he enjoys imparting pleasure...”

Miss Angie steps forth, back toward the camera. She grasps the bridle and pulls upwards, directing the face of the penetrated pony boy to the front of her skirt. There she lifts the hem and a tongue extends. Nicholas Strothers notes the pony’s intense concentration...reacting to please both domineering women with proper tension on the penetrating dildo and ardent cunnilingus.

The camera fades, the video ends leaving Nicholas Strothers in a funk of envy....and lust. Strangely, he finds number two’s reward to be enticing. He can feel his stiff manhood throb.

Chapter Twenty Three

Nicholas Strothers sleeps so soundly that he does not hear the exhibition room door open. Instead, he awakens to the feel of examining fingers tugging away at his plundered sac.

“Pleasant dreams?” a cooing voice queries.

Fingers move to his catheterized penis and discover a massive erection.

“Yes, I think pleasant indeed,” Miss Angelica Von Kraft giggles.

Though any culmination of a wet dream is precluded by the latex tube that has impaled his urethra for many days, while sleeping, the subconscious mind of Nicholas Strothers endeavored in vain to bring forth ejaculatory relief. With an imagination singed by the heat of lust, the scene of pony boy number two’s oral foray between the luscious thighs of the young woman he has come to adore would not fade.

A finger tip diddles the underside of the firm manhood, adding to its stiffness. Nicholas Strothers feels it waggle in response to the tantalizing touch, as would a dog begging for a treat.

“Curious that despite your condition, the trauma of having yours balls separated from their comfy nest, the hormones continue to flow. Without the catheter, I bet you’d be stroking yourself right now. You’d put aside all manners and politeness and bring yourself to climax lying right in front of me.”

“I suppose so,” a humbled Nickie replies.

“You see. That’s another reason to have you fixed. Mom would add ‘focus’ to her list. Why castrate? Obedience. Aptitude for training. Focus...on me...on my pleasure not yours...that would be her reply.”

The finger withdraws. Nicholas Strothers is grateful...somewhat. It felt good, but the manipulation could not result in the ultimate pleasure of explosive release of pent up sperm. It only served to tease.

The chair again slides to the front. Nicholas Strothers once again notes that the attire of Angelica Von Kraft is brief. The hem of the short pleated skirt, on this visit a pale blue, ends where a girl normally seeks modesty. As a

result, she moves about with wondrous pink flesh flashing, giving Nicholas Strothers an enticing hint as to what his view will be when she sits.

But instead, Angelica stands behind the high backed chair, the outline of her rounded breasts peeks over the top, covered by ultra thin spandex.

“So maybe I *will* have you snipped. You certainly enjoyed watching the geldings and how good performance is rewarded. Castrated, you can be treated to the same.”

Miss Angie references, of course, the penile tumescence that Nicholas Strothers experienced in watching the videotape. The camera continues to monitor while the tapes roll. That is apparent.

“And you seem to like looking at nudity. Like naked girls.”

With that, Angelica Von Kraft reaches to the bottom edge of her halter and folds upwards, revealing full firm ripe breasts, molded to perfection. Her action is momentary, just a flash, as she folds back the stretchable material and again covers herself.

A disappointed Nicholas Strothers sighs.

“If you liked that, just think about all the views afforded those who have been fixed. A woman needs no modesty with males deprived of virility. Toby and I sleep together in the nude. Mom has been known to shower with Jezebel.”

The flash of feminine charms, the thought of Toby curling up in bed like a warm puppy, tantalizes as much as the diddling finger.

Angelica turns and moves towards the cabinets behind her. Nicholas Strothers gawks. The brevity of her skirt reveals the bottom curves of two sculpted globes. When she opens a cabinet door and bends, her pink slit flashes. Unfortunately for the randy Nicholas Strothers, the display is once again momentary. Angelica Von Kraft retrieves a cloth and returns. Yet the hem continues to provide glimpses of inner labia that, in puberty, have sprouted past a protective and well shaven mons.

“Guess my cunnilingus skirt is just a little short today,” she notes with feigned concern.

She stands close, almost thrusting her pudendum into the face of the prostrate naked patient. She giggles when a tongue reactively extends.

“Think that’s enough show for you.”

Sadly, a thick black cloth is secured around the head of her birthday gift, covering the eyes and ending the display of her charms.

“Leave it on,” she admonishes in acknowledging that Nicholas Strothers has use of his hands.

She sits. Nicholas Strothers hears the rustle of clothing and feels another garment draped over his head. There follows another.

“Now I can be more comfortable.”

The garments are the only attire of Miss Angelica Von Kraft. She sits before her charge completely naked and reveling in the curious power exchange. Before her lies a most priapic and equally naked male... yet she controls...*he* is helpless and most vulnerable. *She* has the power to alter...and certainly the resolve to do so.

“So tell me about last night’s video. You obviously enjoyed it. Any particular aspects?”

Angelica inquires as Nicholas Strothers feels a soft hand stroke his left cheek. It is a soothing, almost matronly gesture...from a girl some five or more years his junior.

The situation agitates...as intended. Yet, there is the continuing endeavor to remain an intact male. And before him sits his owner, she who will make...‘the decision’. He needs to both please and appease.

To beg? To grovel? As Ms. Genevieve suggested, too much might preclude the decision. In displaying limited virility, simple snipping may be deemed an after thought...physically castrating he who has been mentally neutered.

“The reward, Miss Angie. The way you let the pony boy...well, the way he licked you.”

“You liked that? Well that’s why I wear the cunnilingus skirt. Mom’s little creation. Offers a degree of covering, yet accessibility. With so many

available and well trained tongues on the island, there is no point for a girl to abstain. And with castrates, all feminine modesty can be cast aside. ”

Angelica Von Kraft laughs coquettishly, seemingly somewhat embarrassed in revealing that ‘girls will be girls’.

“And what about Botana? The trainer. She’s rather adroit with the dildo, wouldn’t you say? Do you think the pony boy enjoyed the penetration? I know Botana did. Her end of the dildo inserts nicely where a woman enjoys insertion. Me? I just like to be tongued. But under my auspices. As mom probably suggested, it’s in the genes. Sex and power. And being brought to climax by a castrated male is the pinnacle of power.”

“But I can do that. I can try,” Nicholas Strothers beseeches.

“But you wish to remain intact. That’s what you have said.”

As Nicholas Strothers contemplates his verbal entrapment, a finger slowly rubs under his nose. It is odoriferous, the scent all too familiar, and all too stimulating to the naked male kept forcibly chaste. Angelica Von Kraft has gathered a sampling of that which the pony boy feasted upon, that which was offered as his reward. Yet Nicholas Strothers can only relish the fragrance. The ‘starving’ male can smell the baking goods but cannot partake.

“You saw Mom’s stallions. Even taller than you. Certainly stronger at this point. They’re run many miles each day. Lots of time on the treadmill when Mom’s busy or unavailable for a jaunt. Those erections you viewed stand at nearly eleven inches. And the mental discipline...running about while remaining stiff...takes much training. They are walked and stroked...walked and stroked...the trainer insisting on standing penises. Day after day it is repeated until being erect and performing naked for a woman is ingrained.

“And for the intact male, the chastity never ends, Nickie. That’s a certainty.”

There comes another moist finger. This time the lips are smeared with feminine essence. It is apparent that Angelica Von Kraft is aroused. As Nicholas Strothers licks away the tempting wetness, he senses odd but enticing trepidation...the girl finds arousal in closely observing his naked

vulnerability...discussing his castration. There is no question she would have him snipped.

“I’ll want the same for you, Nickie...if I leave you intact. I’ll want you displaying yourself on command...fully erect and ready to perform for me. You’ll be trained to find arousal in a woman’s cropping hand. And I assure you, you’ll have none of this.”

‘This being a more generous sampling. A sopping finger...much wetness gathered from deep within the feminine portal...is presented to his lips.

Nicholas Strothers takes the digit into his mouth and sucks.

“Just a little taste of that which is reserved for those who have been fixed.”

Chapter Twenty Four

“There are others left intact besides the pump room beasts and my stallions.”

The narrating voice awakens as the egg begins to vibrate. Nicholas Strothers knows to open his eyes and look at the screen.

“We grow all the required fruit and vegetables here on the island. I could have much of it imported. Expense is no object. But being provided with food harvested by males laboring in strict bondage can be very satisfying for a woman of my ilk.”

The camera pans a most bucolic scene. Beneath a cloudless sky of crystal blue is lush greenery. The organized rows of growth suggest the intrusion of mankind and, though the various varieties cannot be discerned, the viewing eye suspects the cultivation of potatoes, carrots, peas, corn, wheat, and beans. In the distance are trees suggesting that citrus fruits are grown. The acreage is vast. The orchard extends up a slope and disappears over the horizon.

“Here is where the oxen work to please. The younger island folks nurture and pick the harvests gaining experience in handling the subservient male. But every pound of produce is transported by male sweat. Mechanization is kept to a minimum here. Whatever a well whipped male can do, he does. I never substitute convenience or the saving of labor when a governing woman can sufficiently direct a subjugated male to humbly work and procure what is desired.”

The camera continues to pan until the lens focuses on a section of field being worked. Some half dozen women of color, all wearing colorful bodices, slowly move along a row of greenery, nimbly stooping to check each crop for ripened produce. In leaning to do so, the brevity of their attire below the waist becomes evident. Each wears the thong that leaves the buttocks exposed. Nicholas Strothers now knows that the intention of the curious garment is more functional than decorative...serving as a dildo harness...having recently observed the pony boy enduring deep sodomy.

“Today it’s peas. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds. What is not eaten fresh is mashed into the gruel which nourishes my pets.”

Nicholas Strothers notes that the crew of women are all young, Ms. Genevieve suggesting, indeed, that working the fields is more or less the starting point for fostering an aptitude for governance. When the camera pans just a little further to the left, into view comes an ox cart. Perched atop large heavy wooden wheels is a sizable basket like enclosure. The island women toss handfuls of picked pods into the cart as it slowly creaks down the row of plantings. The limited pace, the notable squeaking, suggest that the cart is heavy. Yet, as handful after handful fill the basket, its weight grows.

“Long days in the fields here on the island,” the narrating voice continues. “My oxen must bear the tedium of grueling work.”

With that the camera pans just a little further left and into the screen comes the beast drawing the cart. It is a human beast as expected and is completely naked, also as expected. But unexpected are the unique tetherings. Resting on the shoulders of the large human ox is a set of wooden stocks. Medieval in appearance, two four foot long, thick planks entrap the neck and wrists. Through a hole in the middle protrudes the head. Through smaller holes at each end are the hands.

“The stocks are almost a permanent fixture. That rusty lock will be broken when the five years of servitude ends. But meanwhile, no one knows of a key that will fit...and no one is really looking.”

The cool narrating voice laughs, finding glee in the permanency, most likely envisioning a worn ox attempting to lie in rest while bearing the heavy and awkward bonds. Nicholas Strothers shudders with that notion. Five years is an inconceivable period to be denied use of one’s hands.

But the ponderous stock is not the only unique restraint. In moving further to the left, leading the ox, the camera shows an island girl of distinct youthfulness. But it is not her age that has Nicholas Strothers gawking. She is completely naked and seemingly reveling in the sunshine and her dominion. For in her hand is a simple cord...and the simple cord leads to the scrotum of the well bound ox.

“In turning the proper age, every island girl begins my informal training program. Motanda will spend a few weeks encouraging the ox with gentle pulls on the ball leash...and, of course, keeping the beast well rutted.”

Rutted indeed, Nicholas Strothers finds himself thinking. The youthful form is marvelous...well shaped buttocks, breasts which, though probably still developing, are firm and appear to defy gravity, a perfectly symmetrical face with a smile which most would deem youthfully innocent, belying the fact that she leads a man by his balls.

Responding to a signal from one of the field hands, Motanda, facing her ox, steps backwards and pulls on the cord. Her tug is slight but the response instantaneous. The ball sac jostles and lifts towards the commanding girl. The human ox rapidly leans, digs with his feet, and steps forward, working feverishly to return slack to the cord. With the wooden stock attached to the cart by way of two horizontal poles, the strained action causes the cart to again creak forward. Judging from the effort required to move it a mere four to five feet, Nicholas Strothers knows that the load is in the hundreds of pounds if not over one thousand.

“A long day in the Caribbean sun. Not the first...certainly not the last. And my oxen all strain in thorough bondage and complete chastity. You may note that in addition to the simple ball leash, the stock leaves the entire male form vulnerable to the whip or correcting instrument of choice.

“But the ball leash normally suffices to encourage discipline and focus.”

With those comments, the camera lowers and zooms in on the hairless pink scrotum where the ‘ball leash’ is attached. Nicholas Strothers is shocked to see that the cord splits near the end, and the split ends connect to two modest shards of metal. Not bringing shock in itself, but both shards penetrate a testicle! The needle like, four inch lengths of steel have been painfully thrust through one side of the scrotal sac, through the very diameter of each teste and then protrude out the opposing side. The split leash connects to each shard, making the simplest motion on the leash translate to controlling gestures where the male feels the most.

It is no wonder that the ox so instantly and humbly follows the gentle tugs of the youthful naked girl. The slightest tension, a simple tremor, must bring incredible agony.

And yet there is detected evidence of engorgement in the hefty penis resting above the impaled ball sac. It does not dangle limply. Despite the constant wicked pulls on the leash, the thoroughly chaste beast finds a degree of stimulation in gazing at the fine feminine form...and perhaps there is odd arousal in being led about by a girl many years his junior...craving nubile flesh which the well bound beast will always view in lust but never touch.

“So, for some, when the decision is to be kept intact, it is for the convenience of control...leashing the testicles and to assure there are hormones to provide maximum strength for use in the field. As you can see, the ox cart is heavy, and the burden only grows as crops are picked. I deem this a suitable use of the male hormone...pure physical drudgery.”

The narration ends as the cart is deemed filled. The beautiful Motanda steps back and tugs firmly. The human ox both winces yet again digs in and pulls without hesitation. The girl smiles with the humble compliance, forcing the naked male beast to so feverishly labor with the simplest of motions of her hand. She turns and begins a steady walk. As the leash tensions, there comes a plaintive grunt with the ball sac rising in the air. It is incredibly long, evidencing months, if not years, of constant stretching. The feet scramble in earnest, futilely seeking to accelerate the cart and diminish the tension and the pain. Motanda playfully jostles the leash and, to the sound of another grunt, looks back and smiles in viewing the scrambling foot work. As the camera shifts to follow the duo, the angle shows a long dirt road leading up a hill with nothing else to be viewed.

Whatever the destination is for the crop filled ox cart, it is well out of sight. The human ox will indeed be expending much hormone spawned energy before the cart is emptied.

The creaking cart proceeds slowly with occasional tugs and subsequent grunts. At the top of the hill, another ox cart appears. It approaches the island women and will evidently be filled while Motanda's cart is emptied. As the camera fades, the narrating voice of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft can be heard laughing. The scene of such thoroughly subjugated male virility amuses.

Chapter Twenty Five

This time, it is Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft who sits before the naked and prostrate Nicholas Strothers. She has arranged the large comfortable chair to rest close by with the affectionate but shy Jezebel lying to her right. She had him strip, of course, reveling in his discomfort in so doing. Now she has the lithe form assuming a most awkward pose, but one to which he appears accustomed. From a kneeling position, Ms. Genevieve clipped together Jezebel's footwear. Then she had Jezebel cross his arms behind his back and slowly lean back, bending more and more at the knees until the back of his head rested on the tile floor. And there he lies, both arms and legs folded and entrapped beneath him in a pose of both extreme immobility and embarrassing exposure. His emaciated, ringed penis shows most prominently with the remnants of his scrotum providing a horrifying display of feminine power...particularly horrifying for he who awaits the decision.

"You've remained open longer than most, Nickie," the soothing sultry voice informs.

The right hand lowers to the pubes area of her human feline. The hand that Nicholas Strothers knows to deftly stimulate and arouse enshrouds the entire male package...or once male package...and begins to vigorously massage. For the supreme governess of this island of subjugated males, her manipulation is akin to the oft offered tummy rub of household pets. Indeed, Jezebel smiles in sanguineness. Only missing is a fireplace before which to curl up.

"Daughter Angelica just cannot seem to make up her mind. In being her first, she's being cautious in determining your fate."

The kneading hand moves to focus on the fleshy empty sac, leaving the penis with tip sutured to the abdomen free to slowly engorge. Nicholas Strothers cannot help thinking whether his own manly organ, if neutered, will eventually shrink to such a diminutive state. The scene gives rise to apprehensive thought, as intended.

"What will happen after five years?" Nicholas Strothers inquires.

“It’s a long way off. And there is no predetermined course for terminating the many arrangements. Some choose to stay. Others I have flown to some far off city, deluged with Thorazine, and then left as an indigent vagrant in a park or bus station. Typically, they have a fascinating story to tell which few will listen to and will be unprovable to those who do.

“Can you tell me within one hundred miles where you are, Nickie?”

“No, ma’am.”

“So do you think you could ever convince a person...any person, not just the authorities...to search for some exotic island where an eccentric woman plies such an unusual hobby?”

“I would imagine not, ma’am.”

“So there you have it. Distraught males telling intriguing but wild stories of unsurpassed feminine governance. As long as I am prudent concerning where and how many are released, their stories just die. Tales of the dipsomaniac. The rantings of the mentally unbalanced.”

“What will happen to me?”

“Neutered or left intact?”

There comes a pause. For days, Nicholas Strothers has tried to avoid contemplating the conclusion of his maleness...a feat made difficult by the fact that the laser wielding hand of the good doctor has already placed him more than half way toward that end.

Ms. Genevieve remains silent, smiling smugly and leaving Nicholas Strothers to mentally struggle with her question.

“Why don’t I prognosticate both scenarios...” she suggests in interceding in the silence.

“Intact, daughter Angelica will run you day after day. You’ll learn obedience, be molded to physical perfection by the island trainers, and learn to display a nice firm erection for the amusement of your owner. To assure that, there will be strict chastity. You’ll become an equestrienne’s dream in terms of physical presentment. A nice firm penis to salute the governing female.

“But the endless days of bondage and control take a mental toll. Within months, you’ll become most dependent on your trainers and owner. You’ll find that the grueling exercise, when combined with lengthy periods hooded and kept in strict bondage, dulls the ability to think. You will learn to simply react...to verbal commands...to tugs on the reins...to snaps of the crop. After five years, for many, the option to leave or stay is not fully understood. Being fed, bathed, and exercised daily without need for cognitive function causes such ability to atrophy. So it’s possible that you may summon the reasoning ability to elect to stay here. Otherwise, it’s a nice strong injection of neuroleptic drug and off to some remote city. Probably one in which you don’t speak the language, not that your verbal skills will be discernible.”

Nicholas Strothers ponders his fate. The power of money...the power of resolve...the engrossing need to control...all overwhelm. He is ensnared in a system that has, for years, been developed, flawlessly, to incarcerate the hapless male... and without incident.

“And neutered? Well, you’ll be run for a few months, possibly a year. As the hormone levels deplete, there will be distinct changes...physically in the size of your penis and its ability to stiffen...and drawing a pony cart will become more and more difficult. Building layers of fat will defy the trainer’s efforts to keep you trimmed. Mental changes will occur in your aptitude and desire to please rather than be pleased...as discussed.

“Angelica will very much enjoy your company. You’ll learn new oral skills...and be happy in procuring such. You’ll have many new friends in playing with the other geldings. You’ll have relative freedom compared to the strict bondage of those left intact.

“But as Angelica matures and your physique erodes, she’s going to more and more want a stallion. And it is then that I will more heartily concur. In the interim, picture yourself as a pony given to a girl who wants a horse,” Ms. Genevieve suggests with a snorting laugh.

“That’s when you may just be put out to pasture. Harnessed to serve an occasional visitor. Perhaps I will have you whipped from time to time for my amusement. And, as you’ve noted on the indoctrination tapes, my island women enjoy being entertained by the geldings.”

Ms. Genevieve again pauses, letting the videotaped scene of pony boy number two being thoroughly sodomized flash into memory. She notes that Nicholas Strothers shudders. There comes a smile with the notion that the fusillade of psychological propaganda is having effect.

“And at the end of the five years?” a squeaky male voice inquires.

Ms. Genevieve again smiles, but in a matronly way, as advising a child in a matter self evident.

“I suspect you will have quite the affinity for island life by then. Try to answer the question yourself. After departing this island, what would a neutered male do in a society that so irreverently respects testosterone and brawn...neither of which you will have. Here, you’ll develop new found skills...unfortunately, none of which will be suitable to mundane life outside the island. Where will you fit in...and doing what?”

Ms. Genevieve laughs in mentally assembling a list.

“Here you’ll learn to humbly accept bit and bridle and be harnessed...where else would such a skill set be needed? Your physical ability to perform will dissipate. How will such weakness conform with life off the island? Here your tongue will become as dexterous as your fingers and hands, learning to please a woman of power. You’ll be most docile. Reacting...never acting....listening...rarely speaking. Will the outside world appreciate such meekness? You’ll pine for penetration...deep anal penetration...think how and where you’ll procure that if released from the island.”

There comes silence as Nicholas Strothers gazes at the right hand manipulating Jezebel’s empty pouch. It kneads and caresses. She pulls on occasion, drawing the pink hairless skin away from the pubes area and then rolling the soft and sensitive skin between thumb and forefinger. The action is mechanical, as if petting a cat, and brings smiles of delight to Jezebel’s face. Yet the smiles are somewhat forlorn...for the action also serves to remind the unfortunate neutered form that the hand that so caringly soothes belongs to she who had him fixed.

Nicholas Strothers notes that the ringed and osculated penis swells, but it cannot be deemed an erection. It is reasonable to assume that such capability has long left the faux feline.

Ms. Genevieve breaks the silence.

“I suspect tomorrow will be your day, Nickie. Angelica seems close to making the decision. Meanwhile, there is one last indoctrination tape.”

The woman of such supreme governance smiles, as would a mother suggesting to a child that it is time for a bitter dose of medicine.

“Up, Jezebel. I need that marvelous tongue.”

The massaging hand moves to the front of the neck collar and pulls, assisting the effete castrate in rising from his awkward position. The restraint on the curious high heels is removed and the chair is returned to the rear of the room. There, once again, Nicholas Strothers is serenaded by the amorous sounds of oral servitude.

Chapter Twenty Six

As Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft suggested, the anal egg once again brings subtle pleasure as it begins to vibrate. The screen flickers and the smooth narrating voice speaks as the camera focuses.

“Discipline is taught here on the island and most learn quite well. Our questionnaire is designed to reveal latent traits amongst the candidates who place themselves at auction. Only those with proclivities for subservience are highlighted and selected for bid. But occasionally, there is a statistical outlier. One who quibbles in responding to the questions...or outright lies in attempting financial gain.

“With those we must deal harshly.”

The voice of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft narrates with unctuous sang froid in suggesting extreme treatment. After viewing the many tapes of well bound stallions, cruelly worked pump house beasts, human oxen led about by their impaled balls, the viewer must cringe with the use of the relative term ‘harsh’. What could be more harsh?

Meanwhile, the camera moves down a wide hallway in what must be an opulent abode. Sculpture and oil paintings line both walls. The woodwork is of dark walnut and frames silk wall covering.

“My home. You’ll note that the artwork is all original...and all priceless.”

Into view comes a maid cleaning and dusting. She wears the traditional short black, frilly skirt with white apron. Long hair is wrapped in a bun, perched atop the head and topped with a pretty white cap.

“Good morning, Monique,” the voice greets in interrupting industrious hands.

The maid turns and curtsies.

“Good morning, Ms. Genevieve.”

“Monique came here and served in the stables for five years. After which she elected to stay. It was not difficult for her to conclude that the care, diet, and psychological needs required of the castrate are not readily available outside of the island.”

Nicholas Strothers is again shocked. The most effeminate appearing girl is...was...a male!

“Show yourself for the camera, Monique. Don’t be shy.”

Monique begins to blush with the pleasant but firm command. As her hands lower to the hem of the short skirt, Ms. Genevieve continues to explain the girl’s circumstances.

“As you can see, the long term effect of testosterone deficiency is to wither the physique. My pretty and petite Monique could no longer pull a cart. So we found more suitable duties.”

The front of the skirt is lifted as Monique’s face turns scarlet with embarrassment. There are no undergarments. The camera lowers to focus on the revealed pubes area. A feminine hand comes into view and reaches to that which Monique so reluctantly exposes.

“Very pretty, Monique.”

Onto the screen comes a close up of the tiniest penis shown to date. The tip of an index finger diddles, and it comically twitches. Then the hand lowers and thumb and forefinger gently pinch the limited, empty ball sac. There can be heard a shy giggle as the manipulation is evidently found to be pleasing.

“We have Monique on a steady dosage of estrogen. Massive injections every day. Care she would not be afforded anywhere else. I suspect in a few months this will be the size of a clitoris. Wouldn’t that be nice, Monique? You’ll have that which you are so fond of licking.”

The question is answered by more forthright giggling...the notion apparently quite acceptable.

“Carry on.”

The camera continues down the hallway as Monique rights her skirt and returns to her duties.

“She’s hoping to develop breasts. And she will. Nothing but the best medical care here,” the voice narrates as an aside. “I won’t disappoint her.”

The camera approaches a door. A hand comes into view and reaches for the knob.

“My office,” is the simple explanation as the door swings open.

The camera moves forward through the doorway. It is then that the subject matter of ‘dealing harshly’ comes into view.

Hanging next to a massive wooden desk is a large steel cage. And inside languishes...the canary.

Nicholas Strothers’ eyes bulge in assimilating the wicked scene presented on the screen.

The cage hangs from a steel chain of sizable links. The bars are thick and of impressively gleaming stainless steel. The inner space is narrow, just under three feet across, but taller, though not high enough to permit the average sized human to stand. The many vertical bars form a circle and bend at the top to come to a single point where the chain connects and leads to a sturdy beam in the ceiling. The circular base of the cage is comprised of similarly thick bars, leaving the occupant of the enclosure accessible from top to bottom. Some three feet below, on the floor, is a large paper lined basin where the excretions of the occupant collect for easy removal.

“My pet canary,” a proud voice announces. “The girls may have spoken of him.”

Inside the formidable aviary there sits the referenced captive. The form is human but the coloring bizarre. All hair, eyebrows and cranial included, has been removed. In its place is a covering of bright green with yellow and red stripes...the pattern simulating the feathering of a tropical bird.

“Probably the most extensive...and expensive...tattooing ever performed on the human body.”

The camera slowly circles as the voice narrates.

“You will note there is not an inch of flesh which escaped the artist’s needle.”

The forsaken human canary sits. His feet and calves extend and dangle outside the bars. His hands also protrude beyond the enclosure and are held there by shackled wrists. A slim chain from right wrist to left prevents the

form from drawing his hands within, leaving such useless. Hanging between the bottom bars, most prominently displayed, is a sizable pair of testicles residing in a ball sac of inconceivable length. The normally pink flesh has been tattooed a hideous red, drawing even more attention to that which attracts with unusual length.

“I so much enjoy having him stretched.”

The camera concludes circling and comes to the front. As Nicholas Strothers notes that the cage has no doors, there comes into focus one of the largest penises he has ever viewed. Though flaccid, it is over twelve inches. And as expected, it is indeed tattooed a most ghastly purple.

“This one outright fabricated his responses to the questionnaire. Came here without any proclivity for subservience...or intent to serve...apparently just trying to abscond with some money as a result of the auction. I suppose he expected that when found to be particularly belligerent, he would be released...exiled from the island.”

A feminine hand comes into the picture frame, reaches out and cradles the low hanging pair of balls.

“Instead, he will not only remain captive on the island...he will remain captive in his cage. He is welded within. Escape is only by blowtorch. He will never leave!”

The notion of permanency brings forth wicked laughter from the narrator and a shudder from Nicholas Strothers. He has been held in humble nakedness and peculiar bondage long enough to understand the utter resoluteness of this woman of dominance.

If she says never...she means never.

On the tape there comes the sound of an opening door. The narrating voice greets Nurse Karen.

“Oh, good. We can listen to my canary sing.”

The hand withdraws and into the frame strolls Nurse Karen...young, pretty, blonde, wearing her starched white uniform.

“Hello, pretty birdie,” the girlish voice mockingly greets.

The hand that so often soothes Nicholas Strothers with exquisite muscle massage reaches into the cage and grasps the massive flaccid length of purple.

“Are you going to sing for me, pretty birdie?”

The fingers tantalize. The phallus twitches. An index finger diddles the sensitive underside of the tip then withdraws. The many, many months of forced chastity become evident as the green and yellow face of the avian pet looks down and watches as the purple phallus grows. The look is one of detachment, peering at the gaily colored length as if the organ belonged to another.

“Oh, how very nice,” Nurse Karen coos.

Nicholas Strothers recalls that one of Nurse Karen’s duties in the clinic is to bring the castrates to full stand and record the chronic rate of penile shrinkage. Thus the girl has perfected the art of teasing. In aptly coaxing tumescence from testosterone depleted castrates, having the well endowed and permanently chaste canary display a full stand is effortless for the pretty minx.

“If you sing for me, there will be more,” Nurse Karen cheerfully announces.

The oddly colored form abruptly pulls inward with hands restrained outside the bars. It is a futile attempt to reach within the cage and stroke for himself. The effort brings a girlish giggle as the deft finger reaches in and again momentarily tantalizes. The arms again pull at the chain securing the wrists. The frustration is palpable. Finally, the green and yellow head cocks back, and just as a rooster greets the rising sun, the mouth opens and a strange succession of high pitched chirps fills the room. The narrating voice of Ms. Genevieve can be heard joining Nurse Karen in laughter.

“Good, birdie,” Nurse Karen encourages as her finger offers the promised reward.

Nicholas Strothers gulps as the erection grows and hardens more. Perhaps it is the coloring, but the permanently caged canary appears bigger than Ms. Genevieve’s stallions. The disappointment in finding him incapable of serving must have been crushing. But as with every male on Ms. Genevieve’s island, all have a role to fulfill.

The canary merely entertains with a penis deemed no more useful than the plumage of a peacock.

“As you have ascertained, I had the vocal cords altered. My canary can only sing by cocking his head back. And even then the sounds are indiscernible. But one can imagine the message he attempts...”

As Ms. Genevieve narrates, Nurse Karen moves about. She sets up a stanchion and hangs a clear polyethylene bag of saline solution, on occasion poking her hand between the bars to reward the beseeching chirps with more teasing caresses.

“Can you waggle for me, birdie?” Nurse Karen taunts.

He can indeed. The purple length begins to flop about, the action earning another brief and tantalizing caress. The young nurse smiles in reveling over her control, the gaily colored canary thoroughly debasing himself for mere brushes of a feminine fingertip.

“Time for your infusion,” the pretty smiling nurse finally proclaims.

Nicholas Strothers watches in awe as the dangling scrotal sac is palmed in the left hand and an intravenous needle is callously jabbed into the top. A connecting tube leads to the bag of saline.

“Slow, wonderfully tormenting. This is how I have his scrotum stretched. Saline is infused once or twice per week, turning that useless bag into an enormous balloon.”

A young but experienced hand turns a valve to begin the flow. Meanwhile, the chirps turn to squawks of apparent protest. Such are in vane.

Silence ensues as the camera focuses on the slowly filling scrotum. Nurse Karen carefully monitors the flow, occasionally palming the slowly burgeoning sac to judge its capacity. Though tattooed red, the infusion brightens the hue to a noteworthy crimson.

In concluding the tape, the camera zooms out to show a most dejected human bird. With huge purple erection and scarlet scrotum filled to the bursting point, he appears to be all genitals.

The scene fades. Nicholas Strothers is returned to silence and deep reflection.

The message of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft is received...on her island, this most wealthy woman of dominance is omnipotent.

Chapter Twenty Seven

As Nicholas Strothers mentally prepares for rest, trying to calm his thoughts after viewing such a provocative encounter between the budding young nurse and the thoroughly subjugated human canary, the exhibition room door opens.

The timing is unusual, with most indoctrination tapes followed by quiet periods of reflection...time which he has convinced himself is deliberately afforded in order for the malleable mind to absorb the firm, explicit, and most autocratic interaction between women of governance and males selected to serve.

He feels fingers toy where the feminine hand finds such odd attraction. His empty sac is kneaded and tugged. A brief caress of his penis tells himself that, once again, his manhood has found reason to stiffen in viewing the actions of the pretty nurse and the reaction of the hapless, naked male.

“I see you enjoyed the tape.”

Fingers stroke his erection...the manipulation quite similar to that afforded the purple phallus of the canary.

“Someday you may also sing for me.”

It is, of course, the youthful voice of Nurse Karen. Though she mocks, she also releases the catheter valve to begin a small torrent of excretion.

“Thank you, Miss Karen,” Nicholas Strothers knows to offer in appreciation of the simple relief.

“Tomorrow’s your big day, Nickie. Hope you sleep well.”

Nicholas Strothers knows there are more psychological games to be played, the pleasant suggestion more likely to spur wakefulness than somnolence. Still, there may be information to be had.

“What will happen to me? How will Miss Angie want me?”

“No one knows. The procedure is so simple that Angie will just tell the doctor at the last moment. Based on the decision, her few words will direct

the doctor to either snip away or tuck your little eggs back into their nest and suture.”

“Is there nothing else I can do? This is how I will lose my virility? Just lying here while a mere girl makes up her mind?”

Nurse Karen giggles. In a mental lapse fostered by frustration, Nicholas Strothers has forgotten that Nurse Karen is the same proximate age as Angelica Von Kraft.

“Well, she may be a mere *girl*, but you’re the one lying here naked and helpless.”

Nurse Karen moves to the side.

“Left leg.”

With the smooth but firm command, Nicholas Strothers knows to carefully lift his left knee from the gurney. The young hands grasp the leg and slowly guide it in straightening. Then there begins massage and kneading of the calve and thigh, offering long sought relief for muscles held immobile. It feels good.

“You express reluctance in assuming your new role. But you must by now realize you were born to serve. You know that your reactions to the indoctrination tapes have been carefully observed. And what curious reactions indeed ...”

A massaging right hand deftly moves up the thigh and fingers again diddle the tip of an engorged penis. The nurse laughs in sending her subtle message and the massage continues. Nicholas Strothers knowingly replaces his left knee then shifts his weight from his right knee back to his left. Nurse Karen moves to the opposite side of the gurney.

“We understand the psyche of the submissive male here, Nickie....even if you don’t. Watching the geldings please each other seemed to be of great interest to you...at least the camera suggested so.”

The right leg is straightened with calve and thigh massaged. It returns to the gurney. Then the hands smooth along the belly and up the chest where playful fingers tweak the nipples.

“Was Toby’s attention here found to be so repulsive? You knew watching his tender licks pleased Ms. Genevieve...and that, in turn, seemed to please you.”

Nurse Karen moves to the front of the gurney letting her words be absorbed. She tenderly strokes the cheeks of her charge.

“Such apprehension. Have you not realized by now what role is best for you? Not understood that almost every indoctrination tape has spurred arousal. That every scene of feminine governance and male subservience has brought stimulation?

“Left intact, you’d like to waggle your stiff penis for me just like the canary, wouldn’t you, Nickie? You’d very much enjoy displaying yourself naked and erect. As a stallion, you’ll have that opportunity. Though worked hard, you’ll be back at the clinic for your monthly examination and, in your thorough chastity, will be as randy as a Billy goat. Those hormone laden stallions you viewed will stiffen to the snap of a woman’s fingers. Isn’t that a stimulating thought? It takes time and training...but you’ll have both. And though the frustration will build...deep down, you will savor every moment of your subjugation. And when you come into the clinic, I will snap my fingers for you...”

Nurse Karen smiles and snaps.

“You’ll squirm...you’ll blush...but like a very obedient boy...you’ll harden...

“Or the decision may be for you and your little eggs to separate. And such a delightful transition you’ll have. There is no need for feminine modesty with those who have been snipped. And I suspect you like Miss Angelica’s taste. Keep in mind that, as a gelding, you will have a feast. There will be much tongue training...and again, you will enjoy every moment.”

The thumb brushes away a tear. The distraught Nicholas Strothers knows the words to be true...and that frustrates even more.

“What brings such dejection, Nickie? That a woman may soon cause the manly Nicholas to become Nicole? Or that the transition is so incomprehensibly simple...that the vaunted male can be so easily subdued...the mind made so susceptible to offering abject compliance...can be so facilely molded to offer complete submission.”

The hands withdraw. Silence brings reflection. After many moments, a hypodermic needle is withdrawn from the pocket of the white nurse's uniform.

"Something to help you sleep. It could be your last night as an intact male. Tomorrow night you may be dreaming of frilly silk underwear, styled hair, and expensive perfume. But tonight, you can dream as a man."

Nurse Karen steps to the side of the gurney. Nicholas Strothers lurches as his left buttock is callously jabbed and the contents of the syringe are slowly drained.

"Sweet dreams," she invokes as her soft hand gently rubs.

Footsteps followed by the sound of a closing door suggest she is gone. Nicholas Strothers hears no more. The psychotropic drug instantly brings unconsciousness. Though the body rests, the subconscious becomes hyperactive. Sweet dreams indeed. With the stress of the many days in a state of partial castration, Nurse Karen's drug, intended to induce dreams, brings illusions most vivid. Before his eyes, there appear to be more indoctrination tapes...but these videos are the fabrication of Nicholas Strothers' apprehensive mind. And in place of geldings, stallions, pump house beasts, oxen, human felines and canines, this 'tape' features Nicholas Strothers.

Chapter Twenty Eight

The mind of Nicholas Strothers reels. In a full color ‘tape’ of his own making, there plays another indoctrination video. The slumbering patient watches his own form from afar, but all is in perfect focus.

In the exhibition room, a small entourage has gathered...Nurse Ingrid, Nurse Karen, Miss Angelica Von Kraft, Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft...and most importantly...the doctor. The bright lights blaze, and Nicholas Strothers sees himself naked and continuing to kneel over the curious frame, which offers such ready access to his most prized possessions. Once again, he is strapped in the kneeling position with wide bands of nylon encircling arms and legs.

The doctor stands to the rear of the gurney, and her gloved hands carefully draw the immersed gonads from their temporary home in the solution filled basin.

“Such nice plums, Angelica. They would be quite the treasure as your first pair.”

A relieved Nicholas Strothers watches as a stainless steel medical device is inserted into the incised opening in the left side of his scrotal sac. It spreads, widening the small opening just enough so that one testicle can be returned to its natural home. The various cords are gently tucked away and the device slides out. The right nut follows. A grateful patient feels the pricks of a suturing needle but ignores the minor pain.

The decision has been made to remain intact.

“Thank you, Miss Angie, thank you. I will be obedient. I will work hard for you,” Nicholas Strothers hears his own voice humbly offer.

The beautiful teen, watching from the large comfortable chair, smiles and arises. She strolls to the front of the gurney where Nicholas Strothers sees the image of his own face.

“Yes, I know.”

It is still a young voice. But the tenor and savoir faire are that of her mother. She has matured.

“Botana awaits. She’s very eager to work you.”

Nicholas Strothers’ own dream disappoints in that the ravishing girl is attired in dowdy riding jacket and jodhpurs. Gone are the revealing and enticing tight bodice and cunnilingus skirt.

The doctor finishes her work as Miss Angie smooths her hands along the head and face of her prostrate toy. Nurse Karen stands nearby. Nurse Ingrid stands to the rear assisting the doctor. All are somber, seemingly disappointed that the decision was not made to complete the pillaging of the male genitals.

Nurse Karen deflates the balloon catheter and tugs, returning the organs of Nicholas Strothers to normality. In an odd and uncontrollable celebration, his penis firms as Miss Angie stoops to watch with a smug look of satisfaction.

The dream state shows his naked form blush with embarrassment as his erection grows to fullness.

“Yes, you like showing off before women. An appropriate start for your new role,” Miss Angie notes.

Remaining well secured to the gurney, Nicholas Strothers still cannot move but is relieved that his plundered testicles are no longer the method of restraint. Nurse Karen grasps the front bar and pushes. The wheels turn and the gurney rolls towards the door.

“Today, you get a free ride to the stables. But thereafter, it will be *you* offering rides.”

The dream brings rapid changes. The gurney seems to float through the hallways of the clinic, out into the bright Caribbean sun, down paths lined with lush greenery. A building is approached and images of well bound naked males secured to various rolling stock suggest that the exhilarated Nicholas Strothers is being wheeled to the stables. A large island woman stands waiting, arms akimbo, bearing leatherware and a riding crop. She wears the simple colorful bodice and brief thong that Nicholas Strothers has come to learn is most functional.

As the gurney nears, the face of Botana comes into focus. She smiles. It is a smile of confidence, one expected of a spider welcoming an unassuming

fly.

“Good morning, pony boy,” the staccatoed voice greets. “I have something for you.”

The arms unfold. The right, impressively sculpted with muscling, holds up a collection of leather straps.

“Your bridle, pretty pony boy.”

Again the dream enters a fast forward state. Nicholas Strothers watches himself as he is finally released from the gurney. But he is helpless to move. Trainer Botana commands immobility and, though finally physically free to move about, he stands perfectly still as the collection of straps enshroud his head, forming a frame of leather around his face. A bit is thrust into his mouth. Then tight...tighter...and tighter...knowing hands buckle the various straps.

“Such a good pony boy. You’ll be good for Botana. You’ll show off for me. Make your trainer happy.”

The hands are drawn behind the back and tethered together. After many, many days kneeling helplessly on the gurney, Nicholas Strothers takes his first step. To move feels wonderful. But it is at the direction of Botana. It is evident that Nicholas Strothers will never again take another step without the governance of a woman. He is to be guided, commanded, directed, but he is never again to choose.

“Come, pretty pony boy. You need to learn to please.”

Nurse Karen just seems to disappear as reins are clipped to bit and bridle, and Nicholas Strothers follows firm tugs. He grunts with the unusual pain of the bit, which brings a laugh from his trainer.

“You will learn very fast to react, pretty pony boy. In your new life, you will focus on avoiding pain...that and pleasing is all that is left to you.”

Botana leads his naked form to a high post. A line hangs from above. She deftly attaches the reins and removes all the slack, forcing the pony boy to look skyward.

“Now you will become hard for me.”

In this vivid dream, Nicholas Strothers watches himself begin to stiffen. Botana steps back and observes with a smile; her arms again crossing with the riding crop in hand.

“Yes, such a good pony boy. So eager to show off. You will become a stallion for Miss Angelica. Eager to work for her...eager to display your erect penis. I will train you.”

The trainer steps forward, extending her arm. The flat tip of the riding crop lowers and gently brushes the upstanding penis shaft. She smooths the soft leather up and down. It feels good, and Nicholas Strothers watches himself become harder, obediently reacting to his trainer.

“Yes, you will learn first to stiffen on command and then to pull the cart. Stallions enjoy showing themselves for their owners, and you will be a good stallion.”

There the dream ends. The unconscious mind of Nicholas Strothers realizes that life narrows to simple functions...responding to tugs on a set of reins and learning to become erect on command.

Chapter Twenty Nine

The somnolent mind of Nicholas Strothers is blank. He stares into nothingness. It reminds of sitting in a movie theater when the first reel of a feature film has run out and a neglectful projectionist has delayed rolling the second reel.

He further contemplates life as a stallion...learning to stiffen on command...following about a stern woman whose firm, knowing hand so diligently controls. In his dream, there was odd comfort in feeling the controlling tugs of Botana's guiding hand. With introspection, there almost comes a sanguine sense of solace...sorrow in giving up liberty...but strange mirth in also leaving behind the aggravating vicissitudes of life as a free man.

Just follow the reins...labor in harness...react to the snaps of the crop...and, of course, remain erect...be ready to display captivated virility at all times. All is so simple.

Not an overly objectionable existence.

Then the theater lights up again as another reel begins to wind.

Nicholas Strothers again views his own form. As always, he is naked. And he has been returned to the clinic. He once again sits half lying, half sitting in the gynecologist's chair. His thighs are spread to the point of discomfort. The doctor stands between, her gloved hands once again cradling his testicles.

"A very nice pair," she casually comments. "Lucky to have avoided the Von Kraft collection."

Nurse Ingrid, standing nearby, snickers with the doctor's observation. She holds a tray of medical instruments.

"But...they have other uses," the doctor adds as an aside.

Nurse Karen appears. She strikes a match and then brings to flame a small alcohol lamp resting on the tray. The doctor turns and picks up a long needle. She holds it for all to see.

“Another ox for the farm. There are many roles to be fulfilled here on the island, Mr. Strothers. I don’t envy you being prepared for this one.”

The gloved hand moves to hold the needle in the curling blue flame of the alcohol lamp. The stainless steel shard heats, its hue changing with the rising temperature.

“With all the advances in science, there remains no simpler way to both sterilize and assure that a penetrating instrument cauterizes. Painful for the recipient, but that can also have a therapeutic effect.”

Nicholas Strothers sees himself fighting against the tight straps restraining both arms and legs. He sees the needle glow; his eyes widening in horror. He has observed the island’s oxen. He does not care to join in their labors.

“Too bad you were just a little slow achieving erection. The stallion’s life is not bad here on the island...”

The decision has been made to add to the herd of oxen.

The doctor turns. Her left hand palms the weighty scrotum. Her thumb works to separate the testicles. The right is isolated within the fleshy bag and pressed to the side. Her actions are without pause, without reservation, without compunction. It is evident that this is a procedure many times performed.

She who castrates would certainly have no circumspection about impaling the male eggs.

“Scream if you’d like, Mr. Strothers. We certainly understand the reaction. Nothing we have not seen or heard before.”

The vivid dream turns to ghastly nightmare as the gloved right hand approaches with the searing hot needle. He watches his own spasmodic wrenching...hears the unearthly scream...as the long needle is callously thrust through the thin flesh of his scrotal sac and the very center of his gonad.

There is steady pressure applied until the point exists the opposing side.

Nurse Karen smiles. The mask covered mouths of Nurse Ingrid and the doctor conceal their reactions of Schadenfreude.

The hands retreat and focus naturally goes to the impaled testicle. Expertly placed, the ends of the shard protrude, one upturned toward the right hip, the other turned down towards the left knee. The bulk of the long needle impales the testicle at its diameter.

Nurse Karen steps forth with a damp cloth and sponges away the perspiration of mild shock. Nicholas Strothers watches himself tremble.

“Thank you, Miss Karen,” he humbly offers to the tender hands swabbing his entire nakedness.

“Aren’t you glad you only have two of those tender plums,” she gigglingly observes as the doctor finds a second matching needle and immerses it in blue flame.

The merry eyes of the doctor seem to light up with the flame of the alcohol as she watches the second needle begin to glow.

“The oxen are well cared for, Mr. Strothers. A little discomfort about the scrotum from time to time. But if you work hard and are diligent, that can be minimized. The island women are very good in working the male beast. Labor hard...be obedient...and, in five years, these little controlling lengths of steel will be removed, and you’ll move onwards...your obligation fulfilled.”

Nicholas Strothers sees himself shake more as the cruel hands again approach. This time the left nut is isolated within the scrotum. The needle is quickly but carefully aligned and it is slowly thrust through sensitive male flesh. There is no delay...no hesitation...no second thoughts in applying the utmost in agony. And, of course, there comes another howl...this one throaty and raspy...the vocal cords agitated by the first attempt.

“There, there. All done now.”

Clippers are retrieved from the tray. The sharp needle tips are snipped away. The ends are slightly curled to inhibit overly abrading the surrounding skin of the thighs and pubes.

When the doctor steps away, Nurse Karen approaches with a slim cord. She loops it about the ends of the penetrating shards, right and left, and then gently pulls the free end. Nicholas Strothers is appalled to see his testicles and scrotum humbly rise in following the tugs. The action replicates that

shown in the indoctrination tape. The nurses both laugh as Nurse Karen jostles the line and watches the mass of male flesh jiggle in reaction.

Despite the intense trauma, Nicholas Strothers sees his penis stiffen in salute to the guiding feminine hand. By the time Nurse Ingrid finishes releasing the many straps, his erection stands straight to the ceiling.

“Come, Nicholas. The fields await.”

The feet touch the floor. A strong tug gathers all attention.

“Hands on head...like a good boy.”

With impaled balls handled like morsels of skewered meat, Nicholas Strothers sees himself instantly comply.

“Motanda will be most pleased.”

Again the dream state moves to fast forward. After gingerly responding to pulls and tugs on his new leash, Nicholas Strothers views his image kneeling under the thatched roof of a wall-less structure. The sun illuminates fields of green under the blue sky of the Caribbean. In panning beneath the grassy ceiling, a rack comes into view holding dozens of large planks. The three holes formed by each pair of four foot lengths indicate that the heavy and hinged pieces are the stocks, which serve to constrain the oxen of Ms. Genevieve’s island plantation. A smiling island woman measures the neck and wrists. A pair of planks is selected. Nicholas Strothers sees himself humbly kneel while he is anointed with ineluctable wooden bonds.

Neck and wrists are encapsulated within openings worn to alarming smoothness through years of forced labor. The weight physically overwhelms. When a rusty iron lock clicks shut, the mental burden of five years of abject servitude brings anxiety as well.

Then the naked form of Motanda appears. Again exhibiting nubile, smooth, cocoa colored flesh without blemish, she approaches with the slim, special cord used to so nimbly maximize the oxen’s efforts. She smiles with confidence. Handling Caucasian males almost twice her size seems ingrained. A mocha hand smoothes over the cheeks of her newest charge, suggesting authority. Then she kneels, and Nicholas Strothers watches as young yet experienced hands loop the ends of the ‘Y’ shaped cord about his

newly acquired shafts of steel. Fingers work with noted celerity then tug, tightening knots never known to slip.

She stands, her modest height bringing her firm ripe breasts to just above the eye level of her kneeling ox. She steps most proximate, extending her right leg to press her smooth, fleshy thigh against the pubes of her naked charge. Her warmth excites; the smooth softness stimulates. Nicholas Strothers watches as his penis stirs. Motanda smiles in being imbued with the power to toy with captured virility...it firms for her. She playfully rubs until there is complete erection.

“You will toil hard for me,” she proclaims in the pleasant accented voice of the island women.

Then she raises her arm, scrotal cord firmly in hand. She smiles, steps back, and lifts more...more...more. The discomfort slowly turns to agony as Nicholas Strothers watches his impaled testicles rise in the air; the steel shards assuring that the slim cord controls.

“Come my ox, there is work for you.”

She turns and begins to walk. Nicholas Strothers struggles to his feet; the pain of the taut cord diverting his lustful focus on enrapturing buttocks. The wooden planks become heavier...with hands immobile, his nakedness seemingly to bring heightened vulnerability.

He will toil indeed.

Chapter Thirty

There is blankness again. The drug induced dreams are incredibly clear and are, in fact, segmented as if viewing a series of movies. In darkness, Nicholas Strothers awaits the next feature...disappointed that his stint as a stallion was so brief...frustrated that the interaction with the alluring yet autocratic Motanda was so limited.

He wanted her...but in a strangely subordinate way...to please...to humbly kiss those shapely mounds...

But then the lights return to interrupt his thoughts. Another film begins to roll.

The form of Nicholas Strothers is presented on all fours...naked, of course. There is a leather collar. There are metal loops where a leash can be attached. Below the upturned face is a bowl. It is filled with dog food.

“Eat your dinner,” a feminine voice is heard to rebuke.

A forlorn head lowers. As the lips of the humbled image open to masticate foul smelling mash, the view shifts...the movie camera of Nicholas Strothers’ dream circling to film the side of his naked form and then on to the rear. An unspoken command has the knees widely parted. The lens zooms in to show a flaccid penis dangling between well spread thighs ...and nothing else.

The observing subconscious of Nicholas Strothers joins in the feeling of dejection.

The decision has been made to neuter.

“That’s a good boy,” the more mature voice of Angelica Von Kraft encourages, noting from afar that there is obedience, relieved that nourishment is being devoured.

The bowl begins to empty. Into view comes the beautiful gams of the canine’s owner...pretty shoes, shapely calves and thighs, the hem of a pink skirt ending at mid thigh. A hand lowers to clip a leash onto one of the metal loops on the collar.

“You need to be walked.”

The hand moves from the collar to glide down the spine, rub the buttocks, and then slip between the gluteal cleft. There it searches to find the empty scrotal sac. The fingers close around the loose tuft of skin and pull. There comes a snicker as the fleshy pouch is drawn down and into view.

“All gone, Nickie. Did you really think you would be allowed to keep them once I decided to get married?”

The snicker turns to a sardonic laugh joined by the whine of a dispirited dog.

“Come.”

The leash tightens. An obeisant human canine allows his head to be tugged from a meal not finished. Knees and elbows pump to follow as the beguiling owner steps to the door.

“Franklin will be home, and you know what he’ll want. It’s best that your bowels be empty.”

As the enticing legs move, the human canine looks up to catch glimpses of that found to be so attractive over the many years. Still without undergarments, the older, wiser, and even more domineering Angelica Von Kraft flashes her shaven mons. She, in turn, catches the focus of his roaming eyes.

“And, yes. A good doggie can have dessert...if you perform for me.”

Out the door into the open air, the scenery is not that of the Caribbean. This dream of Nicholas Strothers has the older and married Angelica Von Kraft away from the eccentric island where Mother Von Kraft rules with such absolute authority. Instead, Nickie, the dog, is walked in the fenced backyard of a suburban neighborhood home.

The leash is tugged often establishing, with firmness, the control of the female hand. The naked form responds without resistance, the effect of neutering most apparent in the absence of all will.

The intent becomes evident as Nickie is walked in circles...exercise is assumed to bring movement to bowels in need of release.

Finally, in a wordless exchange, the guiding hand snaps the leash, and Nickie knows to crawl toward a log.

“Up,” comes the command, and Nickie obediently raises left knee and then right to perch himself kneeling some two feet or more off the ground. He spreads his knees even further and carefully places his hands between his knees to balance himself; his buttocks protruding well to the rear over the edge of the log.

It is a most ignominious position from which there can be no rapid motion without falling.

“Stay,” comes another command.

The beautiful Angelica Von Kraft sits opposite in a lawn chair, continuing to hold the slack leash. She knows to hike her skirt to her hips to present an unimpeded view of her entire sex. The naked, neutered form gawks, carefully lowering his head for best viewing.

“Do your thing now. Be a good boy for me, and you can have more.”

An obedient Nicholas Strothers presses with his abdominal muscles while peering with strange glee at the wondrous expanse of feminine pink flesh. Even with the depleted hormone level, his adoration of such fine feminine charms continues but has been altered. No longer does he envision ravishing with his raging phallus. Instead, he pines to serve...to worship...to celebrate the fragrant, complex folds of warmth by savoring with his tongue and lips.

He envies husband Franklin, yet he is often permitted to feast on the warm wetness of his owner's love pouch...particularly after a session of steamy copulation between husband and wife.

“You weren't a bad pony boy, Nickie. It's just that there is no place to keep you stabled in suburban Chicago. And Franklin wasn't going to have you lying around the house intact. Besides, as you've gotten to know his tastes, you must realize your tight little sphincter has saved many potential family squabbles.

“Daddy had a penchant for the Greeks and Mom acquiesced...as do I. I suppose having an affinity for such men is a genetic trait.”

There comes a pause as an obedient Nickie performs as expected; the awkward position so much adding to the humiliation. Are there neighbors

of which to be wary? Miss Angelica always teases in suggesting such, but none have been seen.

Still, the inglorious requirement of doing business outdoors brings the odd stimulation that excites even the castrated pouch. And Miss Angelica knows that so well...that in addition to the extreme subjugation, humiliation continues to arouse long after he and his manly organs have parted. So she leaves him perched high atop the log well after nature's call has been answered.

“Stay...keep your knees well apart.”

Nickie shuffles about to ensure compliance; his hands working with fervor to remain balanced.

While perched, Nickie the dog is permitted to gaze without impediment...his visual adoration...his tender licks...are all he has left. And Ms. Angelica Von Kraft also looks but with the adoration of ownership...the pride of possession. Nickie has been well trained...more than adequately satiating her craving for oral gratification...but also trained to kneel head down, buttocks up and degradingly submit to husband Franklin's proclivity as well.

“Service me well, and I'll assure that you're well lubricated for Franklin,” the sly Angelica suggests in finally snapping the leash as the signal to dismount.

Chapter Thirty One

The slumbering Nicholas Strothers senses glee with his narcotic induced dream. An eidetic imagination has provided relief from his anxiety. Though portrayed as neutered, the close up view of Miss Angelica's fine genitalia provided solace...reason to put aside the remorse of losing that which the male finds so precious.

He only regrets the imaginary film running to an end before he could conjure the exquisite taste...feel the slippery smoothness...of her quim.

Perhaps, he is led to believe, there can be adequate reward in enduring the separation that Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft has proposed and over which Miss Angelica Von Kraft muses.

Then begins another presentation. In this setting, he is back on the island. The trainer, Botana, is tending to his naked form. He stands in the stable without tethers, hands humbly placed on the back of his head as the imposing island woman lectures.

"You're not to be run today, Nickie. For you, a relaxing afternoon in pasture. Miss Angie wants you better colored. Some time in the sun will suffice."

The strong brown hands swathe his entire nakedness with protective sun oil, working from the neck and shoulders down. Though her touch is far from gentle, there is comfort. The woman knows the male anatomy, offering a daily massage to pony boys run to exhaustion. And so, as the oil is worked in, there also comes brief relief of well worked muscles. The action also provides Botana with assessment. She can quickly ascertain whether she has overworked her latest charge.

The hands coat the back and stomach; Nickie knows to remain motionless in humbly permitting the experienced trainer to palpate. Then, after gathering another glob of whitish oil, the hands reach the pubes area. There, the penis is vigorously rubbed, and Nicholas Strothers feels the responsive twitch expected of the chaste male. But then the fingers lower, close about the scrotum, and gently tug. There is something missing. The emptiness brings a snicker from the usually dour Botana.

Once again, in this segment of psychedelic cerebral wanderings, the decision has been made to neuter.

“Still able to quickly respond to a woman’s touch,” the wickedly smiling Botana notes. “That will change. In time, this will only achieve the firmness of an earthworm. It will become more and more difficult to become erect.”

Nickie, the gelding, parts his feet and welcomes the attention of the firm fingers. Botana briefly accommodates yet teasing more than offering satiating delight.

“Still a bit randy. Still putting your pleasure first. Well you’ll have quite the greeting in the pasture.”

The hands move down to finish thighs and calves. Botana then arises, steps to the wall of the tacking area, and selects a single strap of leather.

“Hands behind your back. Cross your arms.”

With arms overlapped as directed, quick, experienced brown hands facilely tether, several times looping the crossed forearms and then tying a firm knot.

“There you go...enjoy!”

Her enthusiastic words are followed by a crisp smack to buttocks moistened with oil. With a lurch, the island’s newest gelding trots off, exiting the long wooden stable building to enter the fenced pasture adjoining the main house. Overlooking the few enclosed acres is the second floor porch of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft. Leisurely afternoons watching her pony boys frolic are known to entertain.

Nickie spies others moving about the grassy field. In the distance are males equally naked, only one with arms similarly tethered. Instinct suggests that those ostensibly left free to violate the strict rule of chastity must be physically unable to do so.

As Nickie strolls closer, quick glances to where the male displays his virility suggests that his instinct is correct. The geldings are free to roam about the fenced pasture without tethering.

Greetings are exchanged. In this surreal imaginary film, the slumbering Nicholas Strothers strains to hear the words. He can see his fellow geldings

smile, but the smiles are wry, not conveying sincerity. The trio look away to glance at each other. There is silent communication leaving Nickie, the tethered newcomer, to ponder their thoughts. Then the most mature of the three approaches. With arms free, he reaches to Nickie's chest with both hands and takes a nipple, right and left, between thumb and forefinger. He rolls the sensitive pink nubs to gently tweak. When Nicholas Strothers sees himself attempt to step back in revulsion, the grip firms, bringing discomfort. With arms secured, he cannot resist. Words are spoken which, again, he cannot hear but, oddly, he can read the lips.

'You're one of us now,' the smiling gelding suggests.

The camera zooms to the pubes region of the naked assailant. The flaccid penis is the size of a child's pinky finger. The scrotal sac withered to a small puff. As the camera zooms out, further examination of the naked form shows lithe muscling, more feminine than masculine. There is the hint of soft fat accumulating about the stomach and hips. The subconscious of Nicholas Strothers recalls the words...the geldings constantly being exercised to control the slow weight gain in the absence of male hormones. It is evident that the fingers toying with his nipples belong to an old gelding.

Sharp words are barked to the youngest of the trio...a long haired lad in his late teens, who, offered proper cosmetics, could pass for a tall girl. Nicholas Strothers is shocked to see the naked form fall to his knees and approach crawling on all fours. With nipples firmly gripped, his slightest move is met with a painful pinch. His hands are useless. Even in deep sleep, Nicholas Strothers senses himself squirming as the lad begins to tenderly toy with his penis. He is horrified to see his manhood disappear between male lips. Even more horrified in feeling the pleasure of the warm wetness. The tongue swirls...the pleasure sickens.

Meanwhile, the controlling gelding laughs at the strange reaction of both revulsion and joy, holding tightly to ensure Nickie cannot move. The engulfed penis twitches. He can feel it firm in the lad's mouth, and he feels disgust with his response.

The third gelding steps behind him. He feels tender fingers massage his buttocks. Within moments, he realizes that the caressing digits gather sun oil for lubrication. A right hand slips between his thighs, kneads the

perineum, and glides to the recently plundered sac. Surprisingly, the fingers fondle with noted tenderness. Then the fingers of the left hand toy with his anus.

‘No,’ he sees himself protest, still not hearing any words.

Despite the repugnance, the overwhelming sensory input relaxes. The controlling grip on his nipples eases and begins to join the lips, tongue, and hands of the two cohorts in bringing pleasure.

His recently plundered scrotal sac receives rapt attention that only a fellow gelding could administer. The eldest castrate begins to offer soft words. He coaxes...he teases...he challenges, mocking the recently neutered pony boy to ejaculate. The words are sardonic words of welcome.

In the reverie, Nicholas Strothers begins to understand the peculiar greeting. In being recently neutered, his fellow geldings know that some hardness can still be achieved. Thus the mocking, envious looks and the crass attempt to bring erection. But the trio also knows all too well that climactic ecstasy, that for which an adolescent Nicholas Strothers formerly lived, can no longer be achieved. Thus, the trio offers torment...physical joy but mental torment.

The lubricated fingers working about the rectum slowly penetrate. The still sensitive scrotum is caressed. The nipples are kneaded to pencil points. The tongue and lips of the young gelding knowingly dance about the most sensitive frenulum. Nicholas Strothers sees himself close his eyes in experiencing pleasure he was long denied at the clinic. But it is extended by males...or one time males! And it will never bring climax!

Then the camera shifts. Approaching is another human pony with arms tethered. A massive flaccid penis swings, the tip dangling below mid thigh. A low hanging scrotal sac serves to nest testicles the size of apples.

It is a stallion! And as the figure nears, Nicholas Strothers notes that his height brings his head above his own six foot four frame.

The three geldings seem to cower in the stallion's presence. The young lad slips away his mouth to turn and offer a reverent greeting. Nicholas Strothers looks down to see that the oral efforts have brought his penis to a stand...yet, no where near the rock hardness of his teen years.

Then, for the first time in the otherwise silent film, words are heard. The camera shifts to the house and angles up to the second floor porch. There stands Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft. Beside her, on all fours, is Jezebel the cat.

“I see you’re getting along with my pony boys, Nickie. Enjoy yourself. Just remember that my stallions are kept chaste...always. If you have not yet experienced a long and slow caning, I suggest you avoid it by respecting the rule...always. The penalty for conspiring to achieve climax is quite severe.”

With her words, the semi erect Nickie is brought to his knees and made to genuflect before the enormous stallion. A command is uttered; the word not heard but easily interpreted.

‘Lick,’ the senior gelding commands as the stallion smiles and presents one of the largest penises he has ever seen.

Hands entwine to secure the hair of Nickie the gelding. Nickie’s head is pushed forward. More pressure comes to the nipples...this time intended to bring acute pain. With hair serving as a handle, the massive, well shaven genitals are brought to within an inch of Nickie’s face. More words are spoken. The huge penis begins to engorge. The dream of Nicholas Strothers again turns to a nightmare as he watches himself humbly comply. His tongue thrusts forth. Within moments, the chaste stallion, trained to harden to the snap of feminine fingers, completes his display of virility to the foursome of geldings. He comes to full erection; the impressive shaft rising like a flag pole. It symbolizes power...but on the island of Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft, it symbolizes the power of the controlling female!

Despite the sickening disgust, the homophobic Nicholas Strothers watches his helpless form lick and lick, the massive penis tip too large to engulf. The contrast...the standing virile organ, the layers of muscle on limbs and torso...in comparison to the meek emaciated penises of the geldings, their effeminate layers of fat...is striking. Yet all the male machismo is so subordinate to the governing females of the island. The organ obediently stands to the mere snap of fingers...

The presentation ends with the camera moving back and then seeming to float to the porch overlooking the homoerotic encounter. There the regal and well amused Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft lies watching,

basking in the Caribbean sun with skirt hiked to her hips. Jezebel, the human feline, kneels between her feet. A long tongue extends, first licks then the head lowers to devour the meaty labia of the wealthy woman of dominance. In watching the scene below, a most convincing exchange of power amongst subjugated males, there is psychic pleasure. The tongue and lips of a well trained castrate bring physical pleasure.

Then the camera shifts again. Lying in a nearby lounge chair, completely naked, is the form of the adored Angelica. She also watches the entertaining display. The tongue and lips of Toby, the human canine, are of similar service. The domineering daughter likewise finds both psychic and physical pleasure in observing the frolicking ponies.

As the dream ends and the camera fades, Nicholas Strothers feels peculiar envy in the closing scene. Toby is a most fortunate hound.

Chapter Thirty Two

Though Nicholas Strothers found their actions to be abhorrent, the castrated pony boys appeared to truly enjoy pleasing. And introducing the recently neutered to hermaphroditic exploits seemed to be a rite of passage...bringing joy to he who joined their ranks. It is a penchant acquired with the snipping of the testicles, Nicholas Strothers supposes, as has been described. Ms. Genevieve correctly suggested that, with the hormonal imbalance, the affections of the neutered male become more catholic.

With returning blankness, the mind of Nicholas Strothers ruminates. Is the interaction amongst geldings really homoerotic? Once snipped, should sexual preferences continue? Can there be continued sexual preference with an asexual beast? Such would probably fade to oblivion. Why should there be preferences when the ability to procreate has been sheared away?

It is apparent that the island's governess, the de facto ruler, encourages such modified behavior. After all, it serves to entertain.

Nicholas Strothers reminds himself that it is all a series of dreams. Still, the vivid scenes notably conformed with the indoctrination tapes; the only real difference being his naked and subjugated form was the center of each imaginary vignette.

Still, viewing his form kneeling before the stallion and humbly licking one of the island's few remaining free and functioning organs was disgruntling. It is one thing to orally service she who controls...but another to also provide pleasure, however brief, to one of her charges. That is repulsive.

But will he have a choice? Will the indentured Nicholas Strothers ever again be able to choose in what role he will please his owner?

The dream of being collared and led about on a leash flashes. The references to serving as the recipient of husband 'Franklin's' Greek lust bring shudders. The psychotropic drug enables his mind to momentarily picture his naked form kneeling in wait as the fingers of owner Angelica assure that his backside is well lubricated.

"Be sure to squeeze when you feel his pending climax, Nickie. Earn yourself a big doggie biscuit..." the sultry voice mockingly commands.

And she must enjoy watching, Nicholas Strothers concludes. Yes, Angelica Von Kraft would definitely be present while the imaginary Franklin ploughs away. If mother and daughter find amusement in observing their geldings play, then surely daughter Angelica would not miss the opportunity to watch the ultimate in male subjugation...offering pleasure to an intact male in the most humiliating manner conceivable.

Thoughts return to the stallion that the neutered Nickie was made to tease with his tongue. The steed seemed to know Ms. Genevieve was watching from her porch. His penis began to stiffen before the first lick, responding to an unspoken command, an unheard snap of the fingers. How many months did it require to attain such discipline? How long was the face and head of the huge male covered, the sensory deprivation only broken when it was time to serve...or time to stiffen at a woman's behest? How long before he became a mindless automaton...a symbol of feminine power...his priapism thoroughly governed by women?

As the narcotic wears, Nicholas Strothers is better able to analyze. Dreams...nothing but dreams...he convinces himself. He finally returns to full consciousness and finds himself most rested but still lying over the frame, half castrated. He stirs as he hears the exhibition room door open. The voice of Angelica Von Kraft awakens.

"Have a good sleep?"

Fingers work to open the catheter. Nicholas Strothers humbly thanks his owner as a night's build up drains to the floor.

"Thank you. Yes, ma'am."

"Did you dream?"

The question is aphoristic, Angelica Von Kraft knowing full well of Nurse Karen's injection.

"Yes, ma'am. Quite colorful dreams."

Nicholas Strothers notes that he no longer has circumspection in referencing the girl some five years his junior as 'ma'am'. She controls all worthy of control...

"Tell me about them. What did you dream?"

The chair is drawn to Nicholas Strothers' front. The prostrate, naked male is happy to see that she wears the skin tight halter top and cunnilingus skirt. She deliberately shifts about as she sits so that a hint of pinkness is exposed to her randy charge. Nicholas Strothers receives the message...talk and the view will improve.

He begins. A hopeful Nicholas Strothers details the dream where trainer Botana begins the lessons for stallions...learning to harden on command. He proudly relates his ability to please the island woman with a firm stand.

"And that made you happy, Nickie? Responding so obsequiously to Botana's wishes?"

There comes a pause for thought.

"That and remaining intact, Miss Angelica. That you chose not to have me snipped."

There is pause for thought as soft pretty hands lower to pull the hem of the skirt just a tad higher. Nicholas Strothers is pleased with the view.

"Do you think you could stand for me while pulling a cart? It is quite the feat...total concentration...complete dedication to pleasing...unsurpassed mental discipline. A stallion must learn to enjoy the crop...must let the sting of a crisp snap bring further stimulation. That takes training...the mind must be conformed...total submission...bearing pain, knowing that I enjoy dispensing such, must bring joy to the stallion...it must spur his hardness. I stroke with the crop; he hardens. It requires much time to ingrain. The sensory deprivation needed to reprogram the mind may seem endless."

Silence...then an invocation for more discourse.

"Is that the only dream?"

Nicholas Strothers relates being transformed to a human ox.

"Goodness. The video of Motanda's nakedness seems to have made an impression. And mother has suggested she can be quite generous with oxen who perform well. Seems she likes having her buttocks licked. All of her buttocks licked. Can you imagine having such a propensity? And sharing it with human beasts who are otherwise worked hard and kept completely chaste?"

Angelica Von Kraft rolls up the underside of her clinging halter. The bottom curves of her breasts are brought into view. Nicholas Strothers gawks.

“Could you do that, Nickie? Offer oral service in the forbidden place where Motanda prefers to sense the subservient male tongue? I suppose, with enough tension on the testicle leash, a male will do anything.”

“To be left intact I would do anything for you, Miss Angie.”

Angelica Von Kraft laughs with the desperate offering.

“In time, you will do anything whether I choose to let you keep your balls or not. You really have nothing to barter, Nickie. This is not a negotiation. The process is one of evaluation. How you can best be of service...intact and kept forcibly chaste...or neutered and free to please....orally or in any other manner I choose...”

Any other manner? Again the scenes of being leashed and awaiting the anal assault of the imaginary husband ‘Franklin’ come to mind.

“When, Miss Angie? When will I be free to serve you?”

“You mean, when will I make the decision?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I have decided...but it is not a final decision. Instead, I will put you on trial. Your little eggs are to be returned to their nest, and you will begin training with Botana. There will be long periods of sensory deprivation interspersed with heavy exercise and penis training. As stated, stallions must display themselves to a woman’s liking...you will be trained so that the snap of my fingers will bring erection, and you will maintain that erection while I run you about the island. You’ve ejaculated for the last time, Nickie...at least while serving as my stallion.

“But be forewarned, failure to obey, any inability to respond to the snap of my fingers, and you will be returned to the clinic. And the consequences will be permanent. By now, you fully understand our capabilities in subjugating males...and our resolve. You’ll be castrated in a heartbeat...those plums the first in a collection sure to grow.”

Young, soft fingers reach beneath the brief skirt. In pushing aside the covering, the well trimmed mons is momentarily exposed. When the fingers

return to view, they are moist and fragrant.

“And there will be none of this.”

The wet hand extends to coat the nose and upper lip of the prostrate prospective stallion. Nicholas Strothers inhales deeply.

“That’s for when and if you get snipped.

“So really, Nickie, the ultimate decision will be yours. Unable to endure the physical exertion, tire of the endless hours of nothingness while you’re reprogrammed, fail to stiffen on demand, and you’ll be returned to the clinic, castrated, and then offered a feast of that which you now savor.”

As the words resonate, Nicholas Strothers hears the exhibition room door open. Nurses and doctor enter as the helpless male celebrates the delay of the final decision. His mind reels. Is he imagining the reprieve?

Then he feels the expert hands and fingers begin to return that which he came so close to losing. There is coolness and then palliating warmth as each teste is removed from the antiseptic solution and tucked back into the scrotal pouch. Just as in his dream, the suturing needle is found to be mere irritation, each prick of the thin shard bringing comforting thoughts of continued virility.

A smiling Nurse Karen stands to his front; her upturned lips seeming to cloak disappointment.

As the scrotal sac is sealed with a final tug on the suture, there comes the sound of a snip. Gratefully, it is only the strand of surgical thread being severed.

All is well. Nicholas Strothers fights tears of joy as he resigns himself to working hard...to please and display himself for his beautiful young owner. Yet Nurse Karen leans to ominously whisper while tenderly stroking his cheeks and brushing away the moisture of deep emotion and gratitude.

“You’ll be back...”

Intact Epilogue – Nicholas Strothers

Obedience....discipline...attentive servitude. All is so simple.

Island life as a stallion has its rewards. Well cared for, well exercised, free of life's worries, I have two functions...I indeed stiffen to the snap of a woman's fingers...I indeed react with instant servility to the stroke of the crop and tugs on the reins.

All else is beyond my purview. Food...rest...exercise...are well provided but all outside of my realm. I listen...I respond. And such simplicity can be its own reward...yet, there are others.

Even after many months, the euphoria of being permitted to remain intact brings grateful compliance. And despite not being the largest stallion, Botana has come to offer favor, though I am sure the few other virile males receive an occasional kindness as well for their obeisance.

Though hooded and deafened, a pony boy's intuition informs that another lengthy period of sensory deprivation has ended. Perhaps it is the normally indiscernible sounds of movement leaking through to ears made hypersensitive after months and months of forced silence. Perhaps just a trace of light permeates the thick black hood as the door to my narrow stall is opened. Perhaps with the extreme chastity my sensitized skin can feel the warmth of my trainer's presence as she prepares me for a jaunt in harness or hours of exhausting treadmill work. Whichever, I know I am not alone and release is therefore imminent.

I feel fingers slip under my hood. My custom molded ear plugs are removed. I hear the snap of fingers. I no longer need to concentrate to know that my nine inches begin to firm. With the weeks and weeks of chastity, and I suspect a certain drug added to my mush, my manhood engorges. With hands constantly restrained, I have not touched it since arriving on Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft's island. Thus, it no longer seems to be mine...but instead, a curious strip of flesh carried about for the amusement of others.

"Good boy," Botana encourages.

I beam with pride. Though in remaining hooded I cannot see myself, I know I have once again satisfactorily performed.

She lets me sway about in my sling, trussed in a kneeling position with wide cloth straps encircling each thigh to both support my weight and keep my knees well parted. Learning to sleep in such a manner took time, but

exhaustion helps. And all restraints are quite comfortable. The soft cloth straps and fur lined wrist and ankle cuffs are not for punishment, just to enforce chastity. And the high neck collar seems to aid in achieving erection. A taut cord connecting it to an overhead hook keeps me balanced upright but also curiously tensions the spinal cord and nerves that lead to the male anatomy. As a result, sometimes I think I harden in my sleep.

With every morning greeting, there is a pause. I do not know why. I suspect Botana stops to admire the completely naked male physique...totally under her governance, at least while not performing...and molded to perfection by her controlling hand. I picture an accomplished artist standing before an easel of mastery, a critical eye turned affable. For a woman of her ilk...born into a culture of female dominance...there comes a certain sanguineness with each passing day. The virile male is completely tamed; she must contemplate...such that his own vaunted penis is no longer his to govern.

“Fountain time,” the accented voice pleasantly suggests.

To obey such a command initially required the greatest of male concentration and subservience. While stiff, I will empty my bladder for her...a feat I knew not possible until my indoctrination into stable life. Here all excretions are under the control of the trainer...and urinating while erect is found to amuse. Thus...I learned...and I now amuse. I can only imagine the ark of wetness that results.

The concrete stable floor is well drained and hosed daily. Therefore, it is no longer with either qualm or forethought that I become a fountain indeed for the trainer who so devotedly cares for my naked flesh. I press mightily with honed abdominal muscles, and a flow of the night’s collection streams forth. My humble compliance always earns a girlish giggle. And I must wonder if the other stallions are so entertaining.

The spandex hood is rolled up so that I can be spoon fed. Now, for sure, I feel the proximate warmth of she whom provides all. With bent knees held just a foot above the floor, my covered face is at the level of her breasts. On occasion, I will playfully crane my head forward, thrust out my tongue and attempt to lick the smooth mocha skin that her brief halter leaves mostly uncovered. The attempt is futile, though occasionally, I cop a taste. And though forbidden, the humility expressed with such an effort brings laughter...to think that a young, well trussed Caucasian male would risk

punishment just to offer pleasure to that which he will never have, is mirthful.

Still, I know it enthralls. And I know it signals the advanced state of randiness into which I am forever destined.

“Miss Angie will crop you well today. You’ll feel better,” comes Botana’s mild admonishment, knowing what I seek...what my altered libido demands.

Yes, as Miss Angelica expressed so well, knowing that enduring pain brings joy to the governing female hand, in turn, brings joy to me. And so each day I hope to be harnessed and run. It is a privilege...an honor...to labor and sweat for she who granted clemency to my balls.

I know the clinic looms. I know there are women of purpose who would, in a heart beat, open my scrotal sac and neuter...and without an iota of compunction. Thus, to remain a functioning male, I harden to the snap of demanding fingers and run to the stroke of a directing crop.

If not, a smiling Nurse Karen awaits. I will disappoint as long as I can.

Intact Epilogue – Botana

Nine inches is considered less than adequate in the stables of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft. Still, the youthful and relatively inexperienced Angelica finds adoration in he who would otherwise be castrated. And there is a charming obeisance with he who should have been separated from his little nuts.

So I will train, discipline, and comfort as I see fit until the young Miss Angie better understands that, on an island of domineering women, testosterone is best minimized.

The setting sun suggests that an excursion to the beach must end. I step to the receiving area to see an enthusiastic Miss Angie guiding her pony cart over the hill; her crop hand flailing to bring Nickie the pony to a final sprint. The low sun lights up a bronzed body of muscle. The nine inch erection brings a smile to my lips. Abundant hormones, a daily dose of Cialis, the male will completely subordinate to the governing female, all bring the demanded display of tumescence.

The reins direct the well worn pony boy to where I stand in wait. A smiling Angelica dismounts as my left hand grasps the bridle and my right lowers to cradle the testicles. The double grip is physically unnecessary but brings a psychic comfort to the controlled male. Subservience demands constant authority. And holding the male by his precious eggs signals authority. With the geldings, it is the empty scrotal sac that I firmly grip. It sends a doubly humbling message...control...and a reminder of the plunder of his maleness.

“He ran well, Botana. You may consider a reward,” his pretty young rider informs.

My chart agrees. The chaste male needs to have that uniquely male gland massaged from time to time. Thus I keep a record and use the required manipulation as a reward for behavior.

“Come, Nickie,” I gently encourage. “I want you iced.”

The bridle is more conventional for guiding about the human pony, but I like to control utilizing the scrotum. So I turn and walk with my right arm extended behind me, firming my grip on sensitive male anatomy as Nickie instantly follows.

With stallions, we never, never intentionally touch the penis. Therefore the chastity is brought to extreme. Many, in their advanced years, forget what a tender feminine hand feels like; their arms constantly bound, and the supervision unending. It is only the geldings who touch. And that adds such degradation to the stallion’s servitude...pining for a woman’s touch...having to settle for that of the altered male.

I release Nickie from the cart, leaving his arms bound behind as always. He remains bridled and knows not to move while I prepare the icing trough. Then I find my special friend, a double dildo perfectly shaped for my love sheath and with special bumps and ridges to manipulate and knead the prostate.

In seeing my preparations, Nickie’s anticipation of his reward heightens. There comes a look of both concern and expectation. He will at last gain proximity to my smooth warmth, but it will be in such a demeaning manner.

“Kneel. You know the process.”

He does indeed. With the low trough filled with icy slush, the priapic pony will lean forward, immerse his genitals and detumefy...his male pride comically shrinking to that of a boy. The coldness will also numb, as intended. And in feeling nothing, I will sodomize to my heart's content.

"Lick," I command as I extend the cone of firm black rubber.

Properly lubricated, I slip the dildo under my thong and press the male end out the convenient and well designed hole in the front. When the female end slides into my sheath, I cannot help but coo a sigh of delight.

Sodomizing the geldings is enjoyable, but in reaming the backside of a well muscled and toned stallion, there is experienced a heady sense of power. When combined with the delectable frictioning of my vagina, the pleasure cannot be surpassed.

"Spread for me pony boy," I admonish as I kneel behind and introduce the bulbous tip to that tight sphincter which monthly yields to my unrelenting thrusts.

My virile yet subservient pony complies with reluctant glee...knowing that despite the discomfort, despite the humiliation, the invading bumps will massage that neglected male gland.

I push and reach forward to grasp the strands of leather on his bridle. He tends to buck delightfully when I thrust a little firmly. His wild lurches enhance my pleasure and bring wonderful opportunities to exercise control...a challenge to tame the bucking bronco. And with bit in place, the pain of a good pull on the bridle will force calmness, further instill what months on the island have ingrained...that women govern...women control...women take their pleasure at a whim...males serve.

Meanwhile, the well designed dildo will milk the prostate of all that nasty male fluid...perhaps even result in a release of sperm. His numbed organs will not foster any sensation of pleasure, but there will be hormonal release and, after I bathe him, massage a bit, and put him in his sling, he will humbly hang in rest until he's again harnessed or exercised.

Such is the stallion's existence...obedience....discipline...attentive servitude.

Intact Epilogue – Motanda

Jostling the testicle cord of an ox that once served as stallion for Ms. Von Kraft's daughter adds delight to a very pleasant chore. After all, he still stiffens to the snap of a woman's fingers. So bringing him to full erection and then firmly tugging not only applies great stress and resulting pain to those impaled balls, there is also the amusing mental struggle...intense agony interfering with his deeply instilled propensity to harden at my behest.

And so, for me, the long days in the field go rapidly while, for Nickie, it is a long battle of will...to remain stiff despite firm tugs that bring flaccidity.

On the island of Ms. Genevieve Templeton Von Kraft, feminine caprice always brings male discomfort. After many months of exploring mile after mile of island paths utilizing Nickie's brawn and sweat, his mere nine inches just didn't suffice. Angelica Von Kraft became envious of her mother's sizable stallions. So another auction bid brought a lad who was bigger and who, I am told, groveled wonderfully in facing the decision. Once mentally broken, he took to the harness quite well.

Thus poor Nickie was one day run to the clinic and found the staff waiting with alcohol lamp and long sharp needles. Nurse Karen informed that he screamed like a girl.

So, Nicholas Strothers will spend his remaining period of indenture being led about by the balls he so valiantly contended to save...if pleading to an eighteen year old girl can ever be described as valiant.

With the ox cart well burdened with corn, I must encourage maximum output. Thus the cord is most taut as we negotiate an incline. The Caribbean sun feels good, baking my bronzed skin and nicely overheating my perspiring ox. So as the apex of the hill is attained, I mercifully stop walking yet continue pulling until the leaning Nickie's face is most proximate. I bend at the waist and push back my backside. In parting my feet, my burdened ox knows how he will earn his respite.

Yes, the visual delight of gazing at my nakedness must be earned. It did not take too much encouragement or increased tension on the testicle cord for Nickie to first understand my harmless yet demeaning proclivity. I like to have the tongues of subservient, well controlled Caucasians labor where few willingly choose to explore. And so I present my gluteal cleft and the

long wet appendage of a gasping Nickie thrusts forth to please. It is exhilarating; and, as the lips pucker to prepare for deep penetration of my rosebud opening, I lean a little further, cock my head and look back to see that Nickie remains quite erect. He has learned to enjoy the twice daily offering.

Curious what forced chastity will do in altering the libido.

The epilogue to this novel suggests that Nicholas Strothers mercifully (but most degradingly) remains intact. However, you can be empowered to make your own decision concerning the ultimate fate of Nicholas Strothers' male package. A contrary epilogue is available through Pink Flamingo or from me, Chris Bellows. Just decide if, in fact, Nicholas Strothers should be emasculated and let us know. We will forward to you by email a link to a private webpage on the Pink Flamingo site where the neutered appendage epilogue appears.

The epilogue can be copied and saved in a text file on your computer. If you do not have computer access, a printed epilogue will be sent to you on request from Pink Flamingo Publications.

Enjoy,

Chris Bellows

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SUPPLICATION OF THE MALE PIG by Chris Bellows

Heir to one of America's great fortunes, David Farnsworth Smythe lives lavishly and licentiously, squandering vast sums on young women willing to debase themselves for money. When it comes time to inherit his billions, David draws the attention of the clever and dominant Heather MacDougall, a woman with whom no man should trifle. She and her team of female bodyguards and torturers are dedicated to relieving David of every last inherited dollar. An action thriller of intrigue, kidnapping, coercion, theft by deception, torture, and duplicity, as the powerful Ms. MacDougall and her accomplices subdue, humiliate and squash into submission this repugnant male. Scenes of bondage, CBT, sensory deprivation, psychological control, electro stimulation, caning, strap on play, extreme body modification and more!

For those who find the travails of the human equine to both amuse and arouse, Chris Bellows has written and self published a pony boy book. 'Billie and Mary, a Love Story' is available at Lulu.com: Item number 314775. If interested be sure to give yourself access to mature content.

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