

The Glass Oubliette

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by Chris Bellows

Prologue

“Relax and just tell a story, Miss Holloway. In my profession we like to hear stories.”

The voice is smooth, calming, paternal. Despite my circumstances, the man’s demeanor indeed brings relaxation.

I begin my narrative...

Part One - The Awakening

“You broke up with your boy friend. So many girls have. Yet they have not responded to my ad.”

I listen intently to the soothing voice. First impressions are amazing prognosticators of attitude and relationships. I am not through the first half of my latte and know that had this meeting been a first date when Conrad was younger, I’d be recklessly crawling into his bed before the promised expensive dinner. Still, though at an age approaching fifty, the menace of the years has been more than kind to him. Conrad is polished, athletically slim, distinguished with an occasional word hinting of his German accent, hair graying at the temples. At my age he is a father figure... and what naughty girl has not fantasized over some incestuous encounter with a paternal incubus.

“I found it appealing,” I reply most evasively, fighting the urge to be more candid.

“There will be no opportunity to change your mind, Marissa. I must so emphasize. The ad specifies generous compensation and a girl of your intellect can readily surmise why. You will join me at my castle and castles were built to ward off invading gothic tribes. Remote and inaccessible in the French Alps, the location is difficult to reach even in an era of modern equipment. In winter, it is impossible to come or go on foot. We use treaded vehicles... snow cats... and dare to do so only in good weather. The snow is incessant with the mountains shifting the prevailing winds upwards where warm moist air instantly cools to bring a steady accumulation of freezing white.

“Do you ski, Marissa?” the question seemingly spurred by an impromptu thought.

“No.”

My response brings a sly smile, evidencing his spontaneity was somewhat of a ruse.

“Such a shame. The skiing is superb... for the expert. Other than the snow cats, it’s the only form of transportation. So, you see, once in the castle, second thoughts will bring futility.”

Yes, there is a definite Teutonic inflection in enunciating ‘futility’. In pausing, Conrad strangely seems to relish using the word... or the fact that I cannot ski.

I sip in thought, reflecting on the advertisement in the Village Voice. Known for avant garde classifieds, it is a publication where many disgruntled working girls fantasize in seeking heartening words of solace... ‘handsome and rich bachelor desires ordinary working girl to shower with gifts, travel, money and affection’.

Conrad’s ad did not say that of course. It was blunt... but in a way oddly subtle.

‘Man of means seeks girl with dreams for exotic travel. You provide youth and acquiescence... I provide cash and guidance. Expect a powerful exchange.’

Yes, subtle indeed. In our brief confabulation, Conrad has not hinted at any D/s activity... yet. But the words, cleverly camouflaged... acquiescence for submission... guidance for dominance... the hint of power exchange, suggest my German host has some curious agenda... exotic indeed.

Conrad Von Reinhardt is handsome, single and wealthy. He does not need to post classified ads to attract women... vanilla women. But in contemplating the few simple words, suppose a known socialite such as him does have certain proclivities... just how would such be furtively engaged?

And me? Well, many months of dating, post college graduation, have resulted in frustration. Men are so... well so one dimensional. Just because a girl in her twenties is Ivy League educated and aspires to a lofty career doesn’t mean her only interest in sex is to assume the missionary position, close her eyes and hope for a quick and numbing coupling.

Girls have proclivities too... though mine are... guess I should describe such as undefined... or undeveloped... perhaps unbridled?

Conrad interrupts my reverie.

“You will quit your job?”

I nod.

“I have not been employed long enough to have significant vacation time accrued. And a long leave of absence will mean the magazine will have to hire someone for my position. Effectively I’d be fired. So your offer is real? The money portion? I will need it.”

“It is a simple arrangement, Marissa. We meet at the airport. I will have the funds wired to your account before we embark. When we land in France, you contact your bank to assure the funds have been received. Then we proceed to the castle.”

“It seems like a lot of money for just a few months of... of what, Conrad?”

“‘Mr. Von Reinhardt’, please Marissa. I am many years your senior. Mr. Von would be an acceptable diminutive.”

“Sorry... Mr. Von. But what is it you expect of me?”

“Acquiescence... as specified. In offering such, there need to be no further questions. And once our arrangement is agreed upon, there will be no further answers.”

The inflection of his voice becomes firm. I suppose any other girl would feel concern. Me... well with this proclivity which I cannot fully delineate in my own mind, much less descriptively narrate, the stern words bring a brisance of... well I guess of arousal.

The benumbing missionary position be damned.

I sip my latte in silence. Mr. Von seems sanguine that my questions are truncated by his authoritative tone. He actually smiles, smugly knowing that he has me.

“The snows begin in October, Marissa. I will book the jet for the end of next week.”

“What should I bring?”

“Nothing.”

His abbreviated response, rather suggestive for a girl of my ilk, brings more of that odd arousal.

“Would you mind providing some simple measurements, Marissa? I’ll need to have something made for you.”

Stepping from the cab, I see the debonair Conrad Von Reinhardt smiling through the window of the terminal building. As the driver retracts my bag from the trunk I wave then become distracted by Teterboro Airport’s myriad of impressive private jets. The air is filled with the fumes of burning kerosene and the dull roar of idling turbine engines. Mr. Von returns my gesture while flipping open his cell phone. His fluid motion suggests that the compact electronic device is a ubiquitous tool, the rapier of an accomplished swordsman. He jousts in tapping the keypad.

A uniformed woman takes my bag before I can snare it, nodding toward the door and Mr. Von. I step forth to enter, hearing the lightly accented voice give instructions.

“You have my fax with the account number. I am authorizing that the transfer be executed. That’s correct... \$200,000 to the account of Marissa Holloway, Chase Bank. Federal funds as requested.”

Calm, cool, collected, with the precise directive I am gaining a modest fortune for just a couple months of work... if work is the appropriate term. I join in the smiles as the swordsman's hand completes its parry and flips closed the phone.

"You can check your account using your ATM card when we land," a wise Mr. Von assures. "If no funds have been transferred, you're free to return."

Yes, the modern world of banking, vast sums moving around the globe in an instant.

"Can I know where we're going?"

"The first leg is a flight to Grenoble. Thereafter a ride into the Alps. That's all you need to know. There is no town or village, as you are well aware."

I am both enthused and apprehensive. Mr. Von is evasive as always... discreet in disclosing his specific goals. But I assuage my concerns by convincing myself that no one would go through the expense of flying me some 4,000 miles only to renege on the promised funding.

My mind momentarily becomes befuddled, the printed words of the Village Voice repeating... 'handsome and rich bachelor desires ordinary working girl to shower with gifts, travel, money and affection'. Then a moment of reality bursts through the fog in realizing such is the illusory ad of the frustrated young maiden. Mr. Von's ad was more suggestive... acquiescence... guidance... a powerful exchange.

"Ready? The pilot has filed his flight plan and we can taxi as soon as the door closes."

I smile and nod, recalling my last flying excursion... spending more time on the tarmac of La Guardia Airport than I did in the air.

"I had a bag."

"All taken care of," Mr. Von confidently assures in guiding me by the elbow. "What you will need most is your ATM card. Have it ready to verify the transfer. After that, satisfied that my obligation is completed, your obligations begin."

Out the opposite door of the small but luxurious lounge area of the terminal, Mr. Von's words fade as the idling engines of the waiting Falcon jet drown all speech.

"But exactly what are those obligations, Mr. Von? Surely you can tell me now," I shout.

A free right hand goes to his right ear, gesturing that he cannot hear my request. A left hand gently prods to push forth as the stairs of the sleek intercontinental craft come under my feet. We ascend. A pleasant attendant, she who took my bag, greets us and immediately works to close the cabin door as Mr. Von directs me to step toward a large stuffed chair.

“Not as spacious as a Boeing... but not nearly as crowded.”

The understatement amuses. The interior of the Falcon jet is sizable but the opulence impresses more. I stand in awe as the engines spool to a higher pitch and the vibrations of movement suggest there is no idleness in Mr. Von’s itinerary. We taxi.

“Sit,” comes a firm suggestion as the guiding hand more than directs.

I am pushed until I fall back into the chair. The attendant instantly appears to encircle my waist with the seat belt as Mr. Von likewise straps himself into an opposing stuffed chair.

“Federal regulations,” comes a terse explanation, the attendant’s hand pulling tightly on the adjustable belt.

Three things occur which serve as precursors for my... well I suppose my sabbatical of fulfilling ‘obligations’. First, the hand proves to be inordinately strong and for the first time I notice the woman is quite tall and obviously muscular. Second, when I reactively reach to try to loosen the buckle, I find that it locks! And third, and most disconcerting, I look out the cabin window to see a uniformed ground crewman tossing my bag into a garbage bin!

“Nice and secure, my pet.”

I am distracted as the woman’s ham sized hand reaches out and pinches my cheek. Such temerity! She is not a typical flight attendant.

“Just relax, Marissa, and let Hilda take care of you. She’ll make you more comfortable,” Mr. Von’s reassuring voice is paternal, comforting a child in the doctor’s office.

I suspend attempts to loosen the belt as the Teutonic voice continues. It is obvious that the locking feature of the belt is intentional as this ‘Hilda’ chuckles and steps away. Meanwhile I note that the taxiing jet pauses, the pilot runs up the engines, and it becomes apparent there will be immediate take off.

“Some things I want you to wear for me, Marissa. I trust we measured well.”

Our meeting at Starbucks comes to mind as Hilda returns. She hands Mr. Von a box then quickly moves to her own seat near the galley. The engines roar. The jet rolls then accelerates and to the sound of air whooshing over the wings the wheels lift to end the vibrations of the tarmac. We are airborne, heading for France and, for the first time, oddly enough, my anxiety begins to overwhelm.

Is it the locking seat belt, my discarded luggage, the huge imposing Hilda or the items Mr. Von retracts from the box?

“You may consider these to be jewelry, Marissa. Finely crafted and milled, all are comprised of an alloy of nickel, high carbon steel and silver. An enticing combination of attractive shininess and strength. The

silver gives the trinkets quite a gleam, wouldn't you agree?"

The box contains loops of the described metal. Not evenly circular, it is apparent such are designed to perfectly fit where Mr. Von took the measurements some ten days ago.

"Your neckwear."

Mr. Von holds up a broad circle, hinged and open. If it indeed is to worn about my neck its shape and thickness is confounding. It appears to be a brace worn for neck injuries... only of metal! There is an ominous eyehook in the back. And it does indeed gleam. But its attractiveness does not diminish the fact that the head of the bearer would be held quite immobile.

"Once snapped closed it cannot be opened. Only removed by a special cutting tool... as with all your jewelry."

Mr. Von holds up smaller less elaborate open loops, all with similar eyehooks. I know from the curious episode at Starbucks, where I was measured, that such are designed to enshroud my ankles and wrists. More elliptical in shape, I quickly conclude that as intended the more narrow but equally strong metal work will also need a special cutting tool to be removed.

"And for the wrists and ankles. You're going to look very pretty, Marissa. Elegant yet simple, consider the items as a gift... Hilda, if you please."

The jet's steep climb levels somewhat, permitting Hilda to exit her seat. I cannot move from mine and remain facing my dashing host as once again the outsized feminine hands approach. She retrieves the open neck collar... neck brace.

"Just hold still for a moment, sweetheart," the words unctuously offered.

"Acquiescence, Marissa," Mr. Von reminds.

My longish hair is pushed away as I permit the woman to encircle my neck. The metal is somewhat cold but instantly warms as I hear the firm click of finality when strong fingers squeeze to press it closed. I note that the front of the specially shaped implement has a protruding lip which somewhat supports my chin... forcing my face up and restricting downward movement of my head.

"Designed after a medical neck brace," Mr. Von confirms the utility of the shape.

I am chagrined to find that I can barely nod in agreement.

"Why, Mr. Von?"

I inquire as Hilda quickly encircles and closes right wrist band then left.

"\$200,000 is not a lot of money, Marissa. But enough to tempt deceit and thus suggest precaution on my

part. You should feel reassured. The need for the expensive trinkets means that I have indeed wired your funds.”

For some reason the term ‘reassurance’ does not describe my feelings as Hilda stoops. As expected left ankle and right also bear the restraints.

“Comfortable?” Mr. Von inquires as the enormous Hilda surprisingly glides to the galley with grace.

“Heavy,” I am dismayed to reply in lifting one arm then the other. “And I can barely move my head.”

“Good. It serves as a reminder. We’ll be restricting other movement. You’ll become accustomed to it.”

Hilda returns from the galley with two strips of metal. I am disgruntled to note how quickly and easily ‘D’ clamps on the ends of each bar can be attached to the eyehooks on my wrist and ankle bracelets. Within seconds one three foot bar connects together my hands and the other my feet, well separated and making movement quite awkward, should the seat belt be released.

Mr. Von notes my panic and concern.

“Precaution, Marissa. You’ll not need to move. All will be provided for you.”

His words are spoken as I hear another click. Hilda has clipped a chain or cord to the eyehook on the back of my neck brace. I am also secured to the seat by my neck ornament. Precaution indeed!

“It’s quite a long flight, Marissa. We should use the time for certain preliminary formalities. Just sit quietly and let Hilda work.”

My eyes widen in disbelief as Hilda approaches again bearing shears and a razor.

“Oh, such tears are unfounded, Marissa. It will all grow back. And I like the look. It’s... well it’s deliciously dehumanizing.”

Mr. Von stands, moves to the galley then returns. He holds before me a mirror, serving to illustrate the source of my distress. Hilda first cut then shaved away every hair of my head down to the follicles. Somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean my cranium was completely defoliated. In being well restrained the mammoth woman worked away without resistance, without compunction and with noted deliberation and satisfaction... clump after clump was sheared and tossed aside. The cabin air now wafts over newly sensitized skin where I have before felt so little.

“You’re almost ready for some photos. But Hilda has just a little more work.”

With those insouciant comments, the horrid Hilda approaches again. This time bearing a knife.

“You’ll not need those garments. And you can certainly afford new garb when your obligations are completed in the Spring.”

I close my eyes in disbelief as the knife slashes through the sleeves of my blouse, snips my bra strap between the cups then continues to expertly cut away at every stitch I wear. I am to be stripped!

“Did I neglect to mention you’re to serve naked?” the irritatingly smooth voice of my benefactor inquires.

“You have wonderful breasts, Marissa. Young, firm, smooth and so nicely rounded.”

I blush as the camera clicks. But that is all I can do. I am belted in my seat, ankles and feet secured as is my neck collar. Sans clothing, the cool air has crinkled my nipples. My breasts, as Mr. Von so effusively describes, seem to sit up and pose for the camera. An expensive digital device records my humiliation. I wordlessly sit, both ashamed yet woefully impressed with Hilda’s dexterity with a knife. My attire was shredded in mere moments and summarily slipped away and discarded... about as casually as my luggage.

To add to the degradation, those strong fingers occasionally tweak and knead my pink areolas... Mr. Von having this thing about the ‘proper presentation’. Hilda seems to take Sapphic delight in accommodating her employer’s demand. Thus every few moments a teasing finger ensures they stand ‘at attention’.

“You’re nicely trimmed below,” Mr. Von’s eyes roving to my pubes. “Hilda will take care of the rest at the castle. I like the bald look there as well...”

The fasten seat belt sign alights. I suppose I should feel relief that this flight from hell is terminating... but I am without hair and I am without clothing... not to mention without mobility.

“Find the ATM card, Hilda. Then put away her purse for safekeeping.”

Mr. Von’s attention turns back to me.

“Fortunately I have a convenient arrangement with a certain immigration officer here and your passport won’t be needed. Hilda’s hands are renowned for more than just wielding a knife. Seems she can offer quite the manual release for those who prefer... shall we say feminine controlled sexual climax...”

Hilda smugly followed my awkward steps down the stairs of the aircraft. She held a leash attached to my neck collar. How many spied my nakedness hobbling from the plane to a waiting van?

The vast wealth of Conrad Von Reinhardt becomes more apparent as we exit his enormous private hanger at Grenoble Airport. Thankfully the enclosure provided warmth, but a crew of workers gawked

before laboring to close the huge doors behind us.

Into the darkness of an early evening I sit in the back seat. Hilda once again has used the eyehook on the neck collar to quickly and facilely secure me to a chain dangling from the ceiling, obviously welded to the vehicle's steel frame and suggesting that no time be wasted trying to challenge the binding. My wrists and ankles remain attached to bars. Hilda sits next to me, continuing to tweak and toy with my nipples, ostensibly keeping the nubs crinkled at the behest of Mr. Von. But a girl can detect wicked satisfaction... the fingers caress too tenderly.

Naked, bound, in a foreign country with no clothing and no papers. Alas, I have Mr. Von's \$200,000. But he has me.

From the front seat, my benefactor speaks as an unknown driver guides the vehicle from the airport grounds.

"We can do one of two things, Marissa. Hilda can escort you bound and naked to an ATM machine and you can check your balance. Or you can provide the code and we will check the balance and show you the receipt. Thereafter the card will be destroyed to provide you assurance that there will be no defalcations. You'll not need access to funds for a while..."

Besides being hobbled by the three foot bar connecting my ankle bands, for a naked girl the cool air of mid October precludes even the quickest romp outside the heated van.

"5842," I meekly blurt without further thought.

Money is now no matter for concern.

The unknown driver weaves the streets of Grenoble. I failed to note whether the windows were tinted and cower while stopping at each traffic light. Mr. Von turns back and smiles, noting my bashfulness.

"Check her," comes a succinct command.

The right hand of Hilda lowers. Fingers first explore my mons then slip past my labia. Hilda's large digits feel like an entire hand yet slip into my portal with embarrassing ease. I moan in feeling them briefly wriggle and am strangely disappointed when they withdraw. Hilda then holds up her fingers. In the dull illumination of street lights and passing cars the index and middle finger glisten with notable traces of my essence.

"You're quite wet, Marissa. You're shy in your nakedness, seem agitated by your bonds but it excites. I have chosen well," Mr. Von declares in furthering my humiliation.

"That is something for you to think about."

Any reply, however awkward, is truncated when the van pulls into a bank parking lot and Mr. Von briefly engages the driver.

“Here is the card. 5842. Check the balance and obtain a receipt.”

The door opens and in peering out the window I note the driver is a woman. She leaves the door open and again I do my best to cower. I suppose with my neck collar holding me upright my efforts are comical. But I can raise my encumbered wrists to where the bar somewhat cloaks my breasts.

Mr. Von, head turned to observe, chuckles.

“There will shortly come a time when the movement we now permit will be most appreciated. You have lovely breasts yet you demure in showing them. Tsk, tsk.”

That German accent, the continental suaveness, is both charming and irritating. For Conrad Von Reinhardt I would gladly display myself... but for Hilda and the entire city of Grenoble I indeed demure, given the choice.

The driver returns. Though darkness cloaks her features, her gait suggests youth, stepping into the van with the alacrity of a cat. Handing Mr. Von the small slip of paper, the door shuts, gears engage, the van rolls as my benefactor reads.

“Balance... \$200,413.13. It seems my transfer was most timely, Miss Holloway. Not much of a nest egg.”

Savings has never been a strong point. The inability to do so has led to answering eccentric ads and this baffling encounter.

“If you would like, I will prepare a fax for your signature, instructing the bank to move all or a portion of your compensation to a certificate of deposit. You can earn more money while fulfilling your obligations.”

I silently nod, heartened to have the money, disconcerted by my circumstances.

The van turns onto a major road. The velocity increases. City lights become sparse. Signs of civilization fade as through the windshield a partial moon brings a glow to distant snow capped mountains.

“If you find concern with any of the procedures here, you should know that I completed medical school in Hamburg. Shortly thereafter came the death of a dear aunt, quite wealthy, and with it an enormous inheritance and the subsequent dissipation of any desire to treat hemorrhoids and flat feet.”

The Teutonic inflection adds verbal zest to the understated humor and brings comfort. My continued nakedness and vulnerability does bring concern.

A room in the otherwise ancient castle has been converted to what can only be described as a modern medical office... perhaps an operating room. I lie back in a gynecological chair, the hobbling bar removed and my ankle bands now clipped to stirrups. Hilda’s uniform has changed to one of starched

white cotton and it is apparent that my trimmed mons is to become more ‘presentable’ for Mr. Conrad Von Reinhardt.

“As a result, I never interned and therefore never became licensed. But you should know that there has been sufficient medical knowledge acquired to assuage concerns of permanent harm.”

Mr. Von speaks as Hilda lathers my pubes. As noted there will be little effort required to bring baldness there equivalent to my glabrous cranium. Thus I ponder the extensive bindings which hold me in the elaborate chair. My wrist bands are well tethered as is my neck collar. But thick padded straps encircle my biceps, torso, thighs and calves. Mr. Von’s explanation, intended to comfort, brings the concern he seeks to ameliorate. Mere shaving does not require such dire restraint.

Hilda’s enormous hands whisk away the short strands which I allow to propagate. She smiles wickedly, definitely a daughter of Lesbos reveling in her proximity to my warm and moist pinkness. Within moments she pats away with a warm wet towel closely inspecting for obstinate stubble. The razor hand returns to scythe unseen roughness as Mr. Von peers over her shoulder.

“You’re well hooded, Marissa. I prefer that a girl display her charms more fully.”

The bluntness of the comment brings a chill. It is one thing to lie perfectly devoid of all clothing and hair, it is another to have one’s most intimate anatomy become the topic of conversation.

I squirm. Hilda’s smile becomes even more devilish. Then those meaty fingers press against my lower abdomen and push up and towards my hips, lifting my hood and splaying my inner labia to reveal all a girl seeks to veil.

“And beneath, such a cute clitoris, begging for attention and to be placed on exhibition,” Mr. Von observes with a demonic chuckle. “We will accommodate.”

Hilda steps away. Mr. Von moves to stand between my well parted feet and legs. He holds up a syringe.

“Just a little prick as I inject the novocaine...”

Recovering from Mr. Von’s brief but harrowing procedure, there come occasions to tour the vast assemblage of fourteenth century stone masonry. A fascinating amalgamation of the ancient and the modern, the structure is perched high atop a steep mountain, symbolizing the power of its medieval residents with impenetrably thick outer walls of five to six feet. Trebuchets were the feared siege weapons of the era of its construction. And with the castle high above the nearest level terrain, catapulting massive stones to the required altitude would be fruitless... not to mention that errant efforts would roll back and menace the assaulting forces.

The modern accouterments impress as much as the ancient. The plumbing is contemporary as are the kitchen facilities. The number of bedrooms cannot be counted and are all cozy though such hospitality is

not for me. Discreet solar panels provide electricity during moderate weather. A not so discreet windmill and a vast chamber filled with batteries assure a supply of electricity during inclement times. The stone flooring is heated, hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in some how installing electrical elements which make the otherwise cold flooring radiate warmth rather than rob the body of heat. Thus as I am walked about barefooted, there is felt a strange sense of comfort despite the fact that Hilda follows closely behind holding a leash attached to my neck collar. My nakedness basks in warmth and I feel like a newborn in a nursery. Hilda consistently dons her white uniform and with my wrists constantly tethered she tends to the most intimate of needs, toilet included.

Yes, whatever procedure the surgical hand of Mr. Von performed, I have not yet inspected it. A small modest bandage-like swatch is my only covering, for which I am grateful. Only removed by Hilda, its presence necessitates her marauding hand while relieving myself, splaying my labia and heightening the humiliation of my condition. I can feel something there. As stated, Mr. Von snipped away the clitoral hood. But though the restricting neck collar will not let me peer downward, a girl can feel there is something there... weightier than the superfluous flesh removed.

Yet there are more pressing concerns...

"I cannot sleep upright, Hilda. Is it too much to ask to lie down?"

"Mr. Von will decide when... if ever," comes her succinct reply.

Hilda does not waste words, nor does she squander mercy. I am never to be free of my bonds and never to move about unleashed. The bar immobilizing my wrists has been swapped for a much longer bar which I bear over my shoulders. It forces my arms straight out at shoulder height and connects to the loop at the back of my confining neck collar. At night, I am secured utilizing a chain attached to my neck collar and restrained sitting upright. The ankle bar is connected to further assure my immobility and that is how I am expected to sleep and spend my day until Hilda decides to exercise me.

Though most of the castle's doorways are broad, there are some where I must twist at the waist to pass through, my arms fully extended.

'It nicely projects your breasts, Marissa. Wouldn't you agree Hilda?'

My smirking nurse nodded of course as I helplessly stood while the long strip of polished metal was first placed over my shoulders. In seeking Hilda's concurrence, Mr. Von toyed with my mammary glands as I tearfully stood, mentally trying to accept this new form of restraint.

'There are so many people here, Mr. Von. Must I walk about like this?'

'Yes, of course. Remember... acquiescence, Marissa. And there is more to come.'

The referenced people being a small army of servants, all scurrying about to clean, cook and otherwise keep organized the huge facility. But more curiously was the bevy of girls who pranced about. Naked, pretty and always giggling such were youthful, slim but with noticeably protruding buttocks. Bands of

metal resembling mine encircling the biceps just above the elbows were the only covering. Though permitted cranial hair of extreme shortness, the pubes of each seemed to shine in evidencing permanent depilation. With a slip of the tongue I heard Hilda refer to one as a 'sodomy pet'.

Within days of my arrival, Mr. Von had Hilda lead me to the front door which opens to a yard enclosed by high stone walls.

'Should there be any thoughts of unauthorized freedom...'

With that, Mr. Von pulled open the door. In the few days since my arrival, the late autumn snows of the Alps had begun, over a foot of powdery white accumulating to pile against the entrance.

'Within a month, this door dare not be opened as the snows will drift to many feet, Marissa. Only persons on skis and the snow cats can come and go... and such traverse the mountainous terrain precariously. Thus we have the equivalent of an indoor city here. Those who bring you concern about the display of your bound nakedness also bring food, care and clean clothes... for me.'

Mr. Von smiled with the inference to my limited needs.

"You've healed nicely, Marissa. And I think you'll find my little gift to be quite alluring."

A paternal Mr. Von speaks as I once again find myself securely strapped to the gynecological chair.

"See for yourself."

With the constricting neck collar and its annoying protrusion forcing high my chin, I have not been able to see what Mr. Von has spent inordinate moments inspecting... my shorn pussy.

A mirror is positioned and Hilda smiles as my look of curiosity transforms to horror. The highly skilled Conrad Von Reinhardt has not only removed my concealing clitoral hood, he has also labored to surround my bud with a precisely measured circle of metal. A ring of nickel, high carbon steel and silver which matches my neck collar, wrist and ankle bands has been surgically implanted... sutured such that it is one with my healing epidermis!

"No!" I moan.

"Oh, Marissa. Keep looking. The suturing took well. There will be no scarring. The shining metal brings attention to that which I enjoy having a girl display. Without the bandage the slight weight will bring exquisite womanly pangs of pleasure with each step I permit, particularly when I complete your adornments."

I am speechless. I cannot move. There is no reaction when Hilda puts aside the mirror and holds a mask over my nose and mouth. Within moments I am drowsy and succumb to the exhaustion of many nights

having slept sitting upright and to whatever enfeebling gas is forcibly introduced to my lungs.

There is more acquiescence to come.

“Careful. Catch yourself with each step.”

It is apparent that I am not the first girl Hilda has walked at the end of a leash. Her instructions are assertively proclaimed but kindly intended. She knows that as a result of my latest stint in Mr. Von’s chair, my cerebral cortex is overwhelmed.

Yes, while unconscious Mr. Von’s skilled hands worked to add to the level of his authority and Hilda’s governance. Another ring of nickel, high carbon steel and silver has been surgically implanted this time into the cartilage of my nose. Placed quite deeply, Hilda now uses it to leash me and the slightest tug brings unendurable pain and instant compliance to her whims.

Conflicting such torment is that which now adorns my genitalia. Not only does my ringed clitoris send the prognosticated pangs of pleasure, Mr. Von has inserted ben wa balls into my vagina. Presumably held in place by strands of filament sutured to my vaginal walls, such will not fully descend despite my efforts to eject. Instead, with each step, the globes, which I judge to be one to two inches in diameter, jiggle to caress and knead my sex with each dainty step. The lower globe, depending on my motion and position, occasionally slips out past my inner labia to momentarily peek in the room light... so Hilda describes. And the woman revels in having me bend forward at the waist. Such action, with feet forcibly spread, causes the lower ball to pop into view and abrade tender pink flesh where my young fingers once brought masturbatory joy.

The result... being walked by Hilda is akin to be slowly masturbated... but without any orgasm achieved.

And so Hilda’s advice is well offered. Step after step, waves of faint pleasure roll through my cerebrum. Yet there is no ultimate climax and the resulting moisture slowly drools down my thighs. With hands constantly encumbered, chastity brings a never before experienced need to pleasure myself. But it is denied... as constantly as the tantalizing ring and ben wa balls bring need.

Sleeping is a separate ordeal. As stated I am not permitted to lie down and my nose ring becomes the sole restraint forcing me to sit upright, fortunately on a carpet. Thus each night Hilda positions me sitting, my ankle bands connected to the hobbling bar which holds my thighs well spread. My wrist bands and neck collar remain attached to the longer shoulder bar and Hilda hooks a thin cord to my nose ring. One could probably snap the cord with a brisk pull of the hands but with the nose ring penetrating a myriad of nerve endings the slightest tension brings zaps of agony. Knowing that I can be restrained with such simplicity brings frustration, greatly adding to the mental torment.

And then there is the thoughtful color of the carpet... white. Any excretions are quickly detected...

bathroom visits are only when Hilda decides and under her close supervision... those meaty fingers splaying my labia to finally permit bladder relief.

Accidents and other incidents of misbehavior are punished with 'pony rides'. The only piece of furniture in the room designated as my bedroom is a plank mounted on stanchions with one edge planed to moderate sharpness and pointing upwards. To 'ride', Hilda merely disconnects my hobbling bar, has me straddle the plank then adjusts its height, pressing the pointed edge into my quim and forcing me up onto my toes. The hobbling bar returns and I will stand on toes, desperately fighting gravity to save the tenderest of feminine flesh from sure harm and suffering. My nose ring is secured to an overhead cord to assure proper posture and it is in that position that I 'ride' for seemingly longer and longer intervals with each infraction.

"Your buttocks are most enticing when I have you ride the pony, Marissa," Hilda often advises, those huge hands smoothing over globes of which I am modestly proud. "And you will need strong legs and endurance. It is good for you."

But endurance for what purpose? I am not to leave the castle. Cannot leave the castle. Occasional glimpses through a window suggest that the snows are indeed incessant and I can only imagine the many layers piled in the courtyard and the drifts blocking the mammoth wooden door.

Viewing the growing expanse of freezing white brings strange comfort. Though forced into nakedness, the glowing warmth of the stone flooring radiating from my feet with waves of heat bringing an occasional glow to my untouched healing pussy produces a sense of sanctuary. I am protected and oddly as coveted as a new born child. Yes, I am bathed with all functions supervised. All is dependent on Hilda and Mr. Von. I do not move... do not even empty myself without their concurrence. And such brings consolation. I am cocooned... and metamorphisizing.

But into what?

The pony rides become more and more consistent... and longer. Such are exhausting for Hilda has taken to attaching my nose ring above and forward of where I am positioned. I must stand on my toes, of course, with much time taken to assure the sharp edged board is at the perfect height, just barely abrading my oversensitive labia and indeed assuring I labor vigorously. But with the nose ring so connected I must also bend somewhat at the waist... a posture upon which Hilda insists.

"Feel what it does for your buttocks, Marissa?"

With that, one powerful hand smooths over the expanse of each cheek in Sapphic lust. Her touch accentuates the firmness. And I have not only come to expect such tantalizingly ephemeral pleasure but graciously offer myself. Held in thorough chastity, resistance brings more futility. Toy, palpate, examine by all means!

Her hand does in fact serve to highlight the tension of the muscles and the resulting development. For

not only do my calves and thighs exert to save my genitalia from harm but with the small of my back awkwardly curved my gluteus maximus muscles are equally stressed. And as Hilda fondly notes, growing with each session.

Since there is no measurement of time at the castle, I have no way of judging the period allotted to my rides. But gratefully, after my entire form is coated with perspiration, with over exerted muscles quaking in exhaustion, Hilda has taken to thereafter offer massage. Leashed as always, I am led to a bathroom which adjoins my simple 'bedroom', if such is the appropriate term.

I am chagrined to admit to myself that I am acclimated to having this daughter of Lesbos, she who covets feminine flesh, caress, knead and manipulate every inch of my bound nakedness. After hours of stress I am also chagrined to admit her touch is welcome.

It feels good. And in being kept chaste, hands never free for the simplest function much less to relieve lustful tension, her touch becomes a brisance of relief.

But even when permitting relaxation, Hilda keeps me secured, the massage table equipped with assorted straps to be attached to nose ring, ankle bands and the long ubiquitous bar which burdens my shoulders and holds my wrist bands. As I lie prostrate her powerful hands work the strained muscles... calves, thighs, buttocks. A teasing finger will abrade the pink lips I struggled so hard to protect. Gone is any homophobia. After many weeks of being hand fed, bathed, her fingers facilitating bathroom release, my body is hers with which to play. It becomes an offering to the woman who controls all.

"You are quite fragrant, Marissa. My touch excites."

During the many weeks of my sojourn I have not been douched. Intentional... unintentional... the results are the same. As Hilda's knowing hands bring comfort, the moisture of my neglected love pouch brings forth an odoriferous womanly scent. It embarrasses, yet I am helpless to avert this bashful announcement of not only my derelict hygiene, but my forced chastity as well.

So I just moan in agreement. I have no words which would serve to camouflage my condition. My reaction to her touch would, at another time, in another place, be one of repulsion.

"And it is probably time for another step."

As Hilda speaks her hands continue the deep tissue massage, forcing circulation to muscles worked to exhaustion. I feel both a glow and a need to touch myself where naughty girls normally toy in private.

Yes, given the opportunity I would gleefully masturbate before the imposing and authoritative Hilda. I would put on quite the exhibition.

"Time to turn over."

Nose ring, ankle bands, and my shoulder bar are unhooked. Hilda's strong hands assist as I awkwardly roll to lie supine. She glares at my breasts and smiles, reattaching the straps then taking the time to tweak

my nipples.

“Nice and hard for me. We always want them standing,” she gently admonishes as my nipples obediently crinkle in reaction to her knowing touch.

Hands return. She works about my pubes, avoiding any direct stimulation to that which has so long been neglected. I moan more in the soothing but frustratingly incomplete manipulation of my flesh. Then a finger touches the recently embedded ring which circles and highlights my clitoris... the weight of which I feel with every step.

“A girl of your ilk needs something like this, Marissa. It announces to the world your make up, explains your psyche, proclaims your proclivity.”

Hilda waxes. It is rare, but obviously she is becoming comfortable with me. Some people talk to dogs. And I am a pet that has been trained to perfect obedience... a pile of flesh to be used for entertainment... I amuse.

“Why?” comes my simple retort, knowing that silence is preferred and mostly mandated.

Hilda laughs.

“Why do you need it or why do you have this proclivity?”

In thought, I return to silence.

“There are those meant to serve, Marissa. And those meant to serve need to learn how it is best for them to offer themselves. We understand that here.”

Hilda steps to a cabinet. The huge bathroom is not as clinical as that where Mr. Von restrains me in his chair, but it is curiously equipped for the care of naked and bound females. Items of feminine hygiene... a special toilet facility where I squat while Hilda’s supervising hands permit urination... an open tiled area with an overhead shower where I stand with nose ring hooked high above while being bathed... mirrors where I can watch in ignominy as my head is daily shaved... all abet my strangely attentive care.

The equipment all strongly suggests that I am not the first girl to provide ‘acquiescence’. During the long nights while bound sitting upright and waiting for slumber to overcome, I have often contemplated how often Mr. Von has run the odd but enticing Village Voice ad... enticing for girls of my ‘ilk’... for acquiescence... guidance... power exchange.

“You’ll come to like this, Marissa. Randy girls so much enjoy the tantalization.”

Hilda returns with a clear plastic tube. Some two inches in diameter, one end is open, the other closed with a narrow hose attached and running to a rubber bulb.

“Just a little for now... but more each day. You’ll come to appreciate your Hilda.”

With that I feel her hands work about my mons. The metal ring about my clitoris jostles. She is attaching the tube.

“You probably did not notice that your new ring is threaded. I am attaching a suction device. The girls refer to this as riding the tube... as opposed to riding the pony.”

With that I hear the gentle hiss of air and feel the most amazing combination of distant pleasure and frustrating joy.

“Just a little gel to assure there is a good seal, a couple of squeezes of the puffolator for suction and I place a girl in heaven. Good girls get this every day, Marissa.”

I want more... no, less... no more... no remove it! My mind is overwhelmed.

My untouched clitoris endures sensations I have not felt during the most delightful cunnilingus. It is exquisite yet too teasing. I strain against my bounds. I want to hold the air bulb which Hilda controls. It should be my hand bringing such long overdue attention. But alas it is the whim of Hilda to suck, release, then suck again. There is desperation... there is frustration... there is joy... and none are emotions of my making... such are brought by the hand of Hilda as she releases the air valve and then slowly squeezes to suck again.

“Please, no more,” I gasp.

But then I recant, pleading for another squeeze of the bulb. It is torture... but it is ecstasy.

Hilda laughs wickedly.

“Such naughtiness, Marissa. Such fickleness. I can smell your reaction. And you’re wetting the table.”

Yes, my moisture flows like a river.

Slow release... a tantalizing squeeze to return suction... another... another... then slow release. I strain against the straps.

“Yes, we’ll take you on a ride every day, Marissa You’ll come to enjoy showing off for me... and others. And that little pearl will grow nicely. The suction draws increased circulation. We’ll soon have your not so little bud standing up to beg for ride after ride.”

Riding the pony, riding the tube, day after day of physical stress and emotional distress, if enduring unrequited clitoral stimulation can be so described. On occasion Hilda holds a mirror after removing the tube I have come to both love and hate.

“You see what we can do for you with just a little daily attention.”

I am aghast in finding that Mr. Von's skilled hands have not only unveiled my once hidden feminine bud, but the daily application of the suction tube has brought me an organ resembling a small penis.

"Freud would suggest happiness in observing the growth of such a vestigial male appendage."

It is hideous... yet the psychological response is curious. It is attached to me! It brings wondrous pleasure... it is growing at the behest of others... yet I cannot touch it.

"Why?" I again break my pensiveness, risking Hilda's wrath.

"Because you are to be exhibited. Mr. Von likes to put girls on display. And he wants all to see your charms."

Hilda discards the mirror and unhooks the various straps. Though exhausted, I know it is time to arise. I am to be showered. I can smell myself, the perspiration of a long pony ride, the odoriferous feminine essence streaming forth in response to hiss after hiss of the clitoral stimulation tube.

I pause, knowing to wait until a sizable index finger is thrust through my nose ring. It curls and pulls and I follow the mercifully moderate tugs to a cord dangling under the shower head. There, overworked leg muscles strain as Hilda adjusts the cord to place me on my toes. Then comes a torrent of gratefully soothing warm water.

"Is this all there will be, Hilda?"

The meaty hands apply soap as I recall my flinching reaction when this daughter of Lesbos first bathed me weeks ago.

"No, sweetcheeks. We'll bring the physical alterations first. Next you'll be psychologically acclimated. You're almost ready. Your buttocks have developed superbly. You can ride the pony for hours. When your clitoris stands like the cock of a stallion, which it soon will, then there will be more. The suction, the hormones, both make it a fait accompli."

Hormones! What am I being fed!

"A girl like you will enjoy it, Marissa. You will demure. You will protest. But we understand the psyche of the subservient better than she does herself. You will put on a good exhibition."

Hilda returns to silence. I sense her thoughts are that she has said enough. I also become taciturn in thought as a large fluffy towel pats me dry and my leash returns.

"Perhaps a little walk before bedtime, Marissa. It will help you sleep."

Hilda knows that my wickedly implanted ben wa balls jiggle with every step. Thus vaginal stimulation will calm my untouched, forcibly chaste quim as I follow my leash about the castle hallways.

The controlling walks do strangely bring calmness. Knowing that it is Hilda's hand, that which provides all, guiding me about by my nose ring brings a psychological warmth which augments the radiating heat of the stone flooring. And I am becoming accustomed to sleeping sitting upright.

"Hook her there please, Hilda. On her toes as always," nodding towards a low platform.

It is the commanding voice of Mr. Von. For the first time I have been led into his study. Burning logs crackle in a huge fireplace. The master of the castle sits behind an oversized mahogany desk wearing a red silk robe. The scene is a picture of homey coziness except I am intrigued to glimpse at a pair of naked feet and feminine ankles. Someone kneels on a thick carpet beneath the polished wood. My constricting neck collar inhibits confirming the evidence of such sordidness, particularly since Hilda is given to holding high my leash whenever I am walked.

Above the platform hangs a simple slim cord to which Hilda facilely attaches my nose ring after removing the leash. As she adjusts to remove the slack, I rise onto my toes, knowing that my straining thighs and buttocks bring lustful admiration. My nipples are tweaked to assure 'proper presentation'.

"Be good," she admonishes in pinching a large tuft of my right cheek.

I lurch, her grip steadfast as always. But I am curiously delighted in knowing that her fingers have grasped firm layers of epidermis topping muscles honed to perfection. As predicted, I have become oddly proud to be put on display.

"You're quite fragrant, Marissa. You've come to enjoy your walks," Mr. Von observes as Hilda departs.

Yes, the gentle movement of the implanted balls have brought forth feminine secretions, the scent of my undouched love pouch announcing my presence to all.

I blush. Though embarrassed to be exhibited to a male, naked, nose ring hooked, arms extended with wrist bands secured to my shoulder bar, ankle bands attached to the hobbling bar, there is no possible resistance. And though little motion is possible my needs overpower decorum. With my quim burning with desire I roll my hips despite the taut nose cord perching me up on my toes. I feel the tempting shift of my ben wa balls. They knead and caress to bring wondrous waves of lustful joy.

I cannot help myself!

Mr. Von notes the subtle movement and smiles.

"Interesting what simple elements of life can become most meaningful. What would those naughty fingers be doing given a moment of freedom? Tsk tsk."

The words bring thoughts of imaginary liberty to wrists long shackled. I envision a free hand plunging to roll about ben wa balls never before touched. Fingers diddle a clitoris sensitized and engorged by

hormones and the relentless suction tube of the commanding Hilda. Such a dream!

Mr. Von is most correct. Given the opportunity I would most brazenly humiliate myself, masturbating before the entire world.

Still, despite knowing there can be no ultimate climax, I naughtily roll my hips, my peripheral vision straining downward to see Mr. Von. My sultry motion seems to please him... and I am eager to please. He smiles knowingly and pushes back his chair. I hear the sound of a slurp... wet flesh decoupling from wet flesh. Hands work beneath the desk. When Mr. Von stands, the sizable tent in the front of his robe evidences that he is a well endowed man... and quite aroused.

"I am not sure if you have had occasion to meet my house pets. Tuesday is quite proficient at fellatio. And today is her day."

I quickly surmise that the feet and ankles belong to one of the many naked girls prancing about... so termed sodomy pets... those with arm bands, limited breasts but with impressively athletic backsides. When a lithe and naked form pops into view from the chair well, my conclusion is confirmed. I have seen her, or one of her naked cohorts, during one of my walks, girlishly tittering as my well bound nakedness follows Hilda's leash wielding hand.

"Onto the desk, Tuesday."

The girl nimbly climbs to the surface, sits, spreads then straightens her legs and points her toes. She assumes the athletic pose of a high school cheerleader, her thighs split so that buttocks, thighs and calves flatly rest on the surface and her bald quim is sinfully displayed to the occupant of the chair. A smiling Mr. Von reaches forth to pat the limited hair of her head then fingers slide downward to gently pinch a nipple.

"Stay."

The command is that of master to dog and I note Tuesday silently pushes back her arms. When Mr. Von moves to the front of the desk, a metal implement is retrieved from the pocket of his robe. Tuesday's elbows, already pressed together behind her back, are quickly clipped together utilizing the arm bands.

"We all have our paraphilias, Marissa... various sexual peccadilloes. In some cultures, some countries, such deviations are repressed. Society stigmatizes the aberrant... seeks to enforce the perceived norm... pressing all conduct, all thoughts and opinions of sexual morality into the blase."

The dashing lord of the castle approaches. He inhales deeply, taking in a lungful of my embarrassing feminine fragrance. Yet I cannot help myself. My hips rhythmically rock, continuing the enrapturing sensations, producing a stream of vaginal wetness which flows down my inner thighs.

"Yours is quite apparent, Marissa. A subservient need for exhibition, to acquiesce... as suggested by my ad. Our initial meeting at Starbucks quickly sufficed to tell your story. Large breasts, immodestly presented. A short skirt drawn to mid thigh while seated. Appropriate attire for the heat of summer at the

beach, Marissa. But not for October in New York.”

I *was* rather scantily clad, attempting to attract a fly with honey, as my grandmother often suggested. Yes, deep within, perhaps the words of Mr. Von’s ad triggered a subconscious need.

A hand lowers. A single finger grazes my thigh and I lurch with the transient touch. The digit wets itself on my viscous excretions. It rises and waves before me, the glistening moisture highlighting the words of Mr. Von’s lecture.

“You’re aroused. And I must assume that it is not necessarily Tuesday’s display of feminine nakedness which stimulates, though I understand Hilda’s touch has come to enthrall.”

Yes, I have come to greet Hilda’s tendance with gratitude, as noted. But Tuesday’s pert and tight buttocks, well displayed on the desktop, are not the catalyst for my licentiousness. And I am chagrined to learn that Mr. Von knows this better than I do myself.

“My guidance is a narcotic for you, Marissa. The exchange of power inflames your libido. Authority excites. It is self evident, possibly not to you, but certainly to me.”

The finger dries itself, brushing against my tummy to leave a moist trail and further awaken the olfactory nerves. It seems the entire study wafts with scented proof of my wicked and self induced arousal.

“You’re ready for the next step. Though eager to perform, physically, we’ll need to impute some psychological modifications. Your ordeal is just beginning, Marissa. With the Spring thaw, you will not be a different woman... just better able to confront your own paraphilia. I have certainly bested my own.”

My eyes widen to the size of saucers as Mr. Von’s left hand exits the pocket of his robe. It holds what in my condition may be the most devilish of torture implements... a feather!

“Now, let’s have that little bud of yours sit up and beg like an obedient little puppy, shall we. It seems to be in need of attention.”

Yes, I am deemed ready for the next step.

With my breasts most tactile, the long period of chastity enabling my nipples to instantly comply with the rule of ‘proper presentation’, with my legs and buttocks honed to both visual perfection and lengthy endurance, with my clitoris sucked to a size resembling a small penis, Mr. Von considers me physically modified for... well I suppose for *his* paraphilia... though I dare not openly use the term nor have I a clue as to what that precisely may be.

I do know he feathered me without compunction, taking great delight in my squeals resulting from unfulfilled ecstasy. My juices streamed to my toes before he tired. And I noted the bulge in his robe returned to resemble a tent.

During the whole interval, Tuesday remained propped on the desk in her split position, elbows attached behind her back. In facing away from me I noted that she also had quite the well developed posterior and I wondered how much time she had spent riding the pony before being appointed to serve during her eponymous weekday.

“Objects,” Mr. Von at one point casually hinted in reveling in his enjoyment. “I so much favor using the female form as an object.”

With that he returned the feather to his pocket, mercilessly leaving me at the peak of unsatiated desire, and approached his desk and Tuesday’s nakedness. I was both shocked and frustrated to watch as he parted his robe, grasped Tuesday’s shoulders, pushed her torso forward and rammed his turgid manhood well into that small but muscular backside.

Tuesday barely reacted and my frustration with the neck collar grew, as always impeding my vision. I had to watch peripherally as Mr. Von anally sodomized his ‘pet’.

“I enjoy a good tight rectum, Marissa. That is why each girl offers herself only once per week. More often and the purse string muscle stretches and comes to accommodate too easily. Plus they may come to enjoy it... and that would not do.”

He took Tuesday, slowly, powerfully and deeply. Other than an initial whimper, she made not a sound.

“There is a real oubliette deep in the bowels of the castle. Carved into the granite of the mountain, one quickly understands the derivation of the descriptive term applied... it’s French, meaning to forget. It’s really just a hole to tuck away some miscreant and forget him. It inspired the creation of this more elaborate model.”

Mr. Von lectures as I stand in the study, naked and bound with Hilda controlling my leash as always. A tapestry has been pulled aside to reveal a curiously modern glass wall. We peer through into a room of limited size, though its ceiling seems inordinately high. The opposite wall of the room is mirrored... as are the sides.

“It’s all one way mirror glass, Marissa. Once placed inside, you would only see your reflection... on all four walls. There are no doors, as with all oubliettes. The only entrance and exit is from above.”

Hilda’s leash hand draws and I humbly step closer in response. I look through the one way glass to see that high above there is an open trap door in a ceiling extending to some fifteen feet.

“Once lowered in, there is no escape,” Mr. Von emphasizes the obvious.

I shudder. The mirrored chamber is claustrophobically small. Limited room for movement... not that I freely move about now.

“Some sensory deprivation, extreme isolation... and more. You will control nothing, hear nothing, see nothing other than your reflection, taste nothing. You will smell your own essence, but even that will become undetectable over time. But you will feel. Your penetrating balls will remain in place. And what you feel will come to overpower your thoughts.”

Mr. Von smiles wickedly.

“But take heart in knowing that you will be observed. Your bound nakedness will be quite the display... for me... for my guests. Behind the other mirrors are three observation rooms, equipped for... well let’s just say carnal amusement. I do have visitors from time to time... intrepid libertines who brave the cold, the snow and the ice to view one of my exhibits.”

I shudder again and Mr. Von laughs.

“My shows are considered akin to an exhibition at the Louvre. Only more notorious... my nudes are living... and properly bound and restrained.”

I reactively pull against my leash and cry out with the jab of self induced pain in my nose.

“Acquiescence, Marissa. You have obligations to fulfill to earn your generous stipend.”

Part Two - The Transition

“You will not be harmed... physically,” Hilda most sardonically suggests.

I am again strapped into Mr. Von’s gynecological chair. Helpless, vulnerable, naked as always, the next step begins.

I note that my feet are secured further parted than normal and on this occasion I am positioned lying well back. In having my thighs so degradingly spread, I think of Mr. Von’s short lecture on Tuesday’s sphincter and his lustful enjoyment of its tightness.

“First your rectum,” Mr. Von forewarns, his words ironically aligning with my thoughts.

His gloved hands hold a thick latex tube with a small hose leading to a rubber bulb. My experience with the devilish clitoral vacuum device suggests air can be pumped to expand or contract the diameter. When I feel lubricant and then the cool tip press against my rear portal there is no further guesswork needed to ascertain its function. My sphincter swallows, the bulb hisses, the tube expands. As it slowly grows, I realize it is not to be expelled.

“The rectal tube will serve to both evacuate your bowels and provide nourishment, Marissa. Uncomfortable, yes. But necessary too.”

Next, an equally imposing tube is retrieved and callously introduced to my mouth. It too can be inflated. Pushed to the back of my throat, I gag. Both Mr. Von and Hilda laugh. The knowing gloved hand pulls back and presses again. I gag again. On the third try it slithers to my stomach. I choke.

“Relax. Intubation is standard for many medical procedures. You’ll have no shortage of liquids, Marissa. You’ll constantly have siphoned into your stomach a most salubrious formula.”

I have no reply as there comes another hiss. As the tube expands with air my mouth fills. I am silenced.

And finally, and most thought provoking, I am catheterized. Hilda’s familiar fingers splay my labia. Mr. Von works around the lower ben wa ball and finds my urethral opening. Even my bladder will not be mine to control.

“There. Nothing more for you to worry about. Food induced, your toilet provided under Hilda’s guidance, the need for clothing obviated. Think Marissa. You’re to be secluded in a small room hidden in a remote castle which few know exists and even fewer ever visit. We’re going to lower you into the oubliette and there you will stay until I decide it is time for emancipation... but even that may be temporary. If I sense you are enjoying yourself, the oubliette may be indeed aptly named. I may just forget to release you.”

As Mr. Von laughs evilly, a smiling Hilda unfastens the many straps. When I sit up I note that the catheter tube is clamped. However I am to empty myself such will not be my province.

“Come, Marissa. A girl with your proclivity is already quite stimulated. The scent of your undouched sex is giving you away.”

Yes, though frightened and most apprehensive, I am embarrassed to also sense a degree of arousal. I curse myself with the realization that my psyche is so well known to my benefactors and not before apparent to me.

The hobbling bar returns. Hilda clips it to my ankle bands with casual aplomb. Then I follow the leash, accustomed to Hilda’s controlling hand. Into the hallway, a ‘sodomy pet’ gawks at the myriad of tubes and smiles knowingly. I am led past maids who pause in their dusting and cleaning to stare. I am taken to a stairway not before used. Step, step, step... I feel the lengths of rubber... anal tube... catheter... sway about and abrade my thighs. I also feel my ben wa balls jostle, adding more sensations to a cerebral cortex overloaded with bizarre sensations. We climb and enter a room with numerous devices and more tubing. My fright increases as I spy a sturdy winch dangling from a beam. Below is the open trap door which I know leads to my new abode.

“I will not tell you when you are to be raised, Marissa. Time will become insignificant and it will not be meaningful for you to know,” Hilda advises.

I am positioned under the winch. A hook attached to a steel cable is secured to the eyehook on the back of my neck collar. The various hoses in the room are attached to my gastric tube, rectal tube and catheter. Lastly, a pleasantly smiling Hilda kneels and works about my pubes.

“Just a little something special from Mr. Von.”

Fingers work about the circle of metal surrounding my clitoris. My bud no longer feels the room air. Something has been attached utilizing the threading of the surgically embedded ring.

“You can’t see it, but it’s nothing more than a little jar filled with special sensitizing gel. While you languor in the oubliette, it will increase the sensitivity of your clitoris dramatically. Mr. Von likes the idea of you thinking about that... hour after hour... day after day.”

What that, the powerful Hilda pushes me from behind. I am forced to step forward and I momentarily hang out over the open trap door. My feet attempt to kick about, restrained by the hobbling bar. My arms futilely try to reach into the air, but remain secured to the long shoulder bar.

“Do not panic, the neck collar is specially designed to support your weight.”

Words easily offered, difficult to heed.

Still, I strangely feel little discomfort as the winch squeaks and I am slowly lowered into the room of mirrors... a glass oubliette. As I descend I note that my image, multiplied many times in reflecting from the four mirrored walls, resembles a puppet on a string. My feet kick about until my toes touch the electrically heated stone floor. There comes the glowing warmth which juxtaposes most curiously with my predicament. Then the winch stops and I realize that this is how I will endure the mental modification desired. Suspended up on my toes, my legs and buttocks, with the many weeks spent in physical development, to be put to the test.

I strain to look upwards. The many tubes emanating from my body rise to exit through the opening above. When Hilda folds closed the two doors, slits form an egress for the tubes and the cable serving to hold me like the puppet I am to become. A dim light keeps the small chamber illuminated. When I realize that persons on the other side of the one way glass, both known and unknown, will observe me quite closely, there comes a curious twinge in my loins. I become disgusted with my state of arousal as my hips begin to rock and the many weeks of learning to jostle my ben wa balls bring awkward joy.

I slowly masturbate myself. In realizing that others observe, I am ashamed... I am humiliated... but I do it... despite there being no climax to attain. Such is not possible. Still there is nothing else for me to do. I am here to entertain... to amuse... to be displayed.

And sure enough... I smell the musty fragrance of feminine lust. It fills the room.

How long before I feel the tension on the suspension cable ease? I do not know. Many hours for sure, but possibly an entire day. As suggested time quickly becomes insignificant. Still I am grateful that my legs are afforded a respite as someone, I suppose Hilda, cranks the winch until my well bound form lowers such that I can kneel. The light dims more and it becomes apparent that I am to rest, sleep as best I can in kneeling upright.

Having spent weeks learning to slumber while sitting, it is not difficult to acclimate to the change and I eventually pass out, though a state of true somnolence could be the case.

In my reverie the ride from the airport repeats like an old video tape. Secured in the back of the van the engine seems to constantly whine in straining to climb higher and higher into the Alps. Fewer houses, fewer businesses, fewer everything as the snow capped peaks loom larger in the windshield.

Hilda reaches to tweak my nipples, continuing to bring forth the so termed 'proper presentation' and foster the moisture of which Mr. Von is embarrassingly aware.

Finally the van turns onto a rough surface, compacted gravel, and slows as both the acute angle of ascent and the condition of the road limits velocity. Mr. Von turns to speak.

"You will find it of interest to know that this secluded road actually crosses the French border and leads into Italy, Marissa. Though left unmarked, at some point along the way we cross the legal border before reaching the castle where the road ends. It's another facet of the remoteness. The Italian authorities have technical jurisdiction over the castle and its grounds, but the only access is by traversing through France. Thus there are never visits from the carabinieri. No government to intercede with my authority. For the French gendarmes not only have no jurisdiction, the imposing trip to the castle is considered a nuisance.

"So you can frolic in your nakedness and be sanguine in knowing there is no one who will object to your bindings, no one to interfere as you fulfill your obligations."

I look out into nothingness and shudder with both the words and the dark seclusion. Endless thick stands of pine trees, covered with traces of mid October snow, preempt any view. Then the driver suddenly brakes the van and I look forward to see a frighteningly vicious dog illuminated by the headlights. The animal's eyes eerily glow in reflection then the head turns and it bounds into the woods.

"One of our many wolves. As the weather turns, the cold makes them more brazen in hunting for food. Rather aggressive, the lupines, Marissa. When in packs they can be quite daunting and are known to attack humans. We don't step outside the castle grounds after dark."

I shudder again.

The road narrows and the topography becomes severe. The ground falls away on my side of the van. There appears to be a wall of granite blocking any view on the opposite side. I envision a small army of fourteenth century laborers cleaving away solid rock, stone after stone, to carve an ascending right of way along an otherwise incredibly sloped mountainside. The passage is almost the same width as the van, leaving no room for error. Any driving mishap to my side would cause the vehicle to plummet down the mountain. Otherwise the wall of carved stone on the opposite side prohibits attaining any margin to the right. Gaining access to the castle is a precarious venture.

Yet defending the castle in ancient times would simply involve blockading the road. An invading force of thousands could be repelled by mere dozens. Remote, fortress like, cold, secluded, surrounded by wolves.

We slowly climb for hundreds of yards winding higher up the mountainside. My trepidation ends as the road reaches a small plateau. There the expected huge structure of medieval stone comes into view. With the vicious wolf's timely greeting, the high barriers foster a sense of sanctuary. The van stops and with an electronic signal from the driver two huge solid wooden gates part and swing inward. The driver applies the gas as we enter a vast court yard surrounded by high walls... keeping the wolves out and me in... freedom for safety... the exchange seems a fair concession.

"Welcome to your new home, Marissa."

The driver guides the vehicle past a pair of snow cats which will soon become the sole mode of transportation over the ensuing months. Entering an enclosed garage, it is apparent the van will be stowed for the winter.

The driver steps out and slides open the rear passenger door where I sit. Hilda unhooks the short chain securing my neck collar to the van's roof.

"Come," the girl commands as Hilda exits her side.

I awkwardly step out into the lighted garage area, my ankles hobbled by the connecting bar. Gratefully the air is still, the enclosure providing protection from howling mountain winds. But the sudden coolness instantly causes my nipples to crinkle and stand just as Hilda has so often encouraged.

The driver steps forth, plainly in sight for the first time. She is young, pretty, much shorter than Hilda, but equally athletic. When a pair of hands reach out to palm my breasts, the girl's gender preference becomes apparent.

"Large and well rounded, boss. You have an amazing eye," evidently complimenting Mr. Von.

Both thumbs and forefingers knead my nipples, not in a painful manner. Instead her touch is disturbingly lascivious.

My head not mobile, I strain, finally shifting my eyes to see Mr. Von smile in acknowledgment.

"But it's the innate propensity that matters most, Abby... another ad, another treat for the long Alpine winter."

The hands lower to my bald pubes. One set of fingers presses at my lower abdomen and lifts my flesh to splay my labia and open my portal. The other set explores, deftly slipping into my sheath to find moisture. I am helpless to prevent the brash penetration. Abby smiles while she momentarily teases then withdraws, holding up her wet fingers as one would gleefully react in finding a lost coin.

"Her predicament arouses. You have amazing intuition as well."

I awaken to renewed tension on the steel cable. I feel the vibrations of the winch, my collar transmitting the power of Hilda's cranking hand to welcomed change as I rise from my knees. The light brightens and I assume I am to renew the display of my newly sculpted muscling straining to balance on toes. But instead my feet leave the warm stone and the cleverly designed neck collar bears my entire weight as the vibrations of the winch continue.

I note that my stomach and bowels are comfortable, neither empty nor full. Whatever siphons through my gastric and rectal tubes does so quite subtly. But my bladder feels distended. I need to urinate yet the catheter rules over the process of normal excretion.

Though I am essentially hung, it is oddly acceptable, the snug collar evenly distributing the burden to my jaw and cranium. But in being suspended in the air, gravity seems to accentuate my bladders demand to empty itself. It distracts and the need grows as my form slowly approaches the trap door.

The tension on my collar makes the slightest movement impossible and my eyes struggle to roll upwards. The anticipation of exiting my tomb excites, yet I can do nothing other than patiently await as the cable raises me closer and closer.

"Here she comes," the controlling voice of Hilda suggesting proximity.

As my head, collar and shoulder bar pass through the wide double doors, I look up to spy the smiling form of Abby... van driver, lesbian, she who covets my breasts. She wears a robe... and in peering upwards from below it is apparent there is nothing beneath.

"Just a little primping to make you more presentable, show girl."

The voice is from behind, the words spoken as the winch stops. I am left precariously dangling over the oubliette, my waist at the opening, my legs and feet remaining in the room below. As I feel my head receive a slathering of warm moisture, it becomes apparent that I am to be shaved.

But my bladder needs become acute. The catheter is not functioning. In being intubated, I cannot speak... but I can squirm... and squeal... the resulting sound a panicked murmur.

"Oh goodness, she's trying to say something," Abby mockingly declares. "Whatever could it be?"

My head endures the initial smooth scrape of Hilda's straight edged razor as Abby stoops. Her motion throws open the folds of her robe, momentarily revealing a taut feminine form. Abdominal muscles ripple and serve to visually introduce breasts of athletic firmness. Not small, but not large and sensuously soft like mine, her trim form evidences a body honed through regimented exercise.

"Could it be she wants her tits massaged?"

Once again the hands unwantingly explore, first palming, then kneading with thumbs and forefingers. Meanwhile Hilda deftly shaves what little stubble has dared to rise in defiance of her daily depilation.

In my advanced state of chastity, the ben wa balls bringing constant concupiscence, Abby's fingers feel good, distracting me from the slow torture of my full bladder. But the sensation of bloatedness soon resumes and I once again squirm and squeal.

"Guess it's not the tits," Abby comically offers.

I must go!

"Let's see, gastric tube is flowing. Rectal tube is draining. Oh my, Hilda, the catheter tube is closed!"

Abby feigns surprise and I receive another lesson in control and subservience. With nutritious liquids constantly flowing inward, on occasion I feel even the rectal tube introducing some substance, there is great need to rid myself of the resulting fluids.

"Cunny next sweetheart," Hilda announces in ignoring Abby's theatrics.

The cranking resumes, the winch raising my form to facilitate access to another area where Mr. Von mandates baldness. Abby's presence is explained as the inquiring hands which so enjoy palpating my breasts lower to better cleave my parted thighs. My hobbling bar is not to be removed as Hilda normally does in shaving my pubes.

"Yes, her tummy is definitely distended," Abby notes, continuing her annoying game.

Abby's fingers press with deliberation as Hilda alacritously smooths the razor, avoiding the catheter tube and deftly circling about the small jar serving to veil my clitoris. The pressure increases my dire need. I squirm more, rapidly blinking my eyes in unspoken communication.

I am ignored as Hilda finishes her task and leisurely swaths a warm moist towel over my shorn head and 'cunny', as she so crassly described my mons.

"So you have needs, Marissa. Something as simple as opening a valve... yet you cannot do it," Hilda leans to whisper, the soft words calmly offered in highlighting that my panic, my dire situation, is not of foremost concern.

"Perhaps if you properly display yourself to Abby, she will accommodate."

I know that my nipples are to stand in compliance with 'proper presentation', but I am to also learn that there is more. A smiling Abby unscrews the small jar attached to the ring about my clitoris.

"Make it stand for us, like a good girl."

With my bud immersed in sensitizing gel for many, many hours, the coolness of the room air is immediately felt as my clitoris is uncovered. It feels strange... but exquisite. I again squirm and squeal, but this time in ecstasy.

“Oh yes, such an obedient girl and so eager to please,” Abby’s mocking voice highlighting my reaction.

I know indeed that with my modification, hood removed, daily suction applied, unknown hormones induced, my clitoris stands like a small penis.

As Mr. Von suggested, I am here to amuse... and Abby is greatly entertained.

“Very good, Marissa,” she coos, as a hand smooths along the catheter tube to find the valve.

“And good girls get a reward.”

The sensation cannot be described as the opened valve permits me to drain myself. The distension slowly ebbs. I do believe my clitoris further engorges in celebration.

Relief!

The message, however sardonically delivered, is received... perform and be rewarded. And the reward is simple... but so desperately needed. A valve will be opened! My bladder allowed to empty!

Lowered back into my glass oubliette, I am again positioned on toes. Now I know to rock my hips in earnest, my ben wa balls bringing wave upon wave of pleasure to be left unsatiated. I feel my moisture flow, and I see in my reflection that my clitoris proudly stands, my nipples crinkle, and my muscled buttocks jut forth in being ‘properly presented’. With the room fully lit, however dimly, I sense that Mr. Von sits in his study, engaging in his own paraphilia, perhaps with a lithe strumpet named Thursday or Friday, obediently kneeling to fellate that mammoth male organ. With the brief interlude for shaving, my olfactory nerves reset. I can once again detect my fragrance... strong... musty... my own scent strangely heightening my arousal.

It is disgruntling that I know not behind which wall my benefactor lounges. The four mirrored surfaces are identical. And so I slowly work to turn myself, perched on toes, ensuring that for various intervals I pose to face each of the observation rooms, Mr. Von’s study sure to be included.

It is bizarre. But I work with intensity in order to please. It is all I have. There are no other obligations... responsibilities. I amuse. I entertain... thus I acquiesce.

But for how long?

A pattern develops and I begin to understand the psychological side of this ‘next step’. When the light dims and I am lowered to my knees there is no need to display my ‘charms’, as Mr. Von pejoratively terms my feminine pink parts. Thus I know to rest... though swooning from exhaustion may be the more apt description.

When I am raised to my toes and the light glows, I am to properly present my breasts, buttocks and

clitoris, gyrating my hips such that the wicked inserted balls bring a continuous froth of musty essence... the exquisite self induced sensations crinkling my nipples and making my little penis stand. Fail to comply, my bladder fills to a most uncomfortable fullness.

I am being programmed, more machine than human. This step is indeed acquiescence... on demand, the unfettered exhibition of that which I hold to be most intimate and most precious... once reluctantly offered... now freely given.

On occasion I am raised for shaving. How often I can not judge. The welcomed journey upwards seems less frequent than daily, though certainly not weekly. Abby is always in attendance. And whereas Hilda has become a matronly figure, those imposing hands kneading, caressing, cleaning, palpating, exploring everywhere, Abby is the sassy big sister, mocking and ridiculing, both envying and deriding my femininity.

A month? More? I envision the Alpine snows piling high in the courtyard as I stand or kneel snug and warm, naked, well bound, placed in humiliating exhibition. I am never cold, never hungry, hear nothing, taste nothing, see only my bound reflection, smell only the evidence of my arousal.

Incredibly, with the paucity of sensory input, and the instant feedback from mirrors most proximate, I learn to control that which is to be properly presented. Encouraging fingers no longer need to augment the initiation of arousal. In being programmed I can make my nipples harden and my clitoris engorge and stand the moment the light is brought to full illumination. By the time the controlling cable and hook rise to perch me on my toes and begin another interval of exhibition, my juices flow and I am ‘properly presented’.

I imagine Mr. Von to be well pleased... and that is paramount.

My head is at the level of Hilda’s waist, as always my lower body remaining in the oubliette while she shaves my head. The routine has become uneventful with Abby observing, always commenting on my scent. I do believe she finds stimulation.

“If we remove the gastric tube, will you remain silent?” Abby inquires.

My heart leaps in hearing the words.

“As you have probably gathered by now, the sodomy pets are denied speech, and their status is higher than yours. So with the first unauthorized word there will be a price to pay.”

I nod as vigorously as best I can, and murmur, my neck collar continuing to constrict. With my mind turning to putty from lack of input, tasting something would be wonderful. And with the gastric tube removed, ingesting real food would become a necessity.

So as Hilda’s razor scythes away minor stubble, Abby turns off the valve to curtail the continuous flow

of whatever has kept me nourished for... well I guess for many weeks.

There comes a welcomed hiss of escaping air. The tube filling my mouth contracts. I again choke as the length of latex is withdrawn. There is discomfort but there is also exhilaration. I so much want to offer thanks. Humble words formulate but I dare not offer such. I cannot imagine the price for breaking silence.

With the sound of a plop the gastric tube is gone. I draw in a deep breath through my mouth then find myself licking Abby's hand, the expression of gratitude supplanting words denied. She laughs.

"The first thing you taste in many weeks is me, Marissa. How delightfully ironic."

I am fed like a dog!

I remain bound, rectal tube in place and catheterized. Thus in order to eat, the trap door opens, a rope and bucket is lowered, and slack on my restraining cable is offered so that I can kneel, press my head into the rudimentary food container and consume. Ingesting the slop is easy, keeping remnants from my nose and face a challenge. Plus there is the task of maximizing input, my tongue straining to gather globs pressed at the very bottom. However foul the taste, it is taste nevertheless, and I tend to first wolf away then lick the sides in frustration.

Feeding time is easily terminated when the feeding pail is pulled away. Thereafter the restraining cable tightens to return me to kneeling upright, the light dims and I calm myself for slumber.

I often wonder if Mr. Von's paraphilia includes observing me during the degrading feeding periods... and if so, his preferred viewpoint. In bending well over, I can feel the lower ben wa ball slip past my labia, offering quite the salacious view of a girl forced to near constant concupiscence. When the cable tightens and I right myself, my neglected quim experiences quite the thrill as the ball pops back into my vagina. I find myself rocking in frustration in trying to again expel the wicked sphere, but alas, it is too well placed, lowering only when a controlling hand permits me to bend at the waist.

The feedings add to the humiliation, but such also break the monotony. Thus the expressions of gratitude are genuine and I find that my mindset is to offer thanks... as I am sure is intended. But for the consumption of slop, I either stand... 'properly presented'... or kneel. The monotony dulls my thoughts and my reflection becomes my only companion... other than Hilda's and Abby's brief tendance.

Quirky games pass the time and occupy my mind. It becomes more and more facile for me to make my nipples crinkle, to bring swelling to my clitoris to make it stand. I practice contracting my buttocks to best display rounded globes which are known to amuse. I imagine assuming the proper presentation with a snap of the fingers, obediently conforming my charms to attract Mr. Von's exacting eye.

The seclusion, with only my reflection for company, transforms my mind.

The cable tightens... but the light brightens not.

It lifts. Forced from slumber, I struggle from my knees. It is early, seeming that only moments ago I was offered slack, the cherished opportunity for a respite from standing on toes and properly presenting.

But in complete isolation, partial sensory deprivation, time cannot be tracked. Still, in expecting to be returned to my toes, the winch draws me higher, my body suspended in air to continue up towards the oubliette's sole portal. My eyes divert from gazing at the multiple reflections of my helpless naked form. I strain to look upwards, noting that the trap door is open but the room above, where my tubing originates, from where liquid nourishment siphons and my excretions are pumped, is in darkness.

In shifting positions my needs become apparent. My bladder cries out and the rectal tube has not recently emptied me. The fullness makes me squirm and such motion jostles my ben wa balls to bring the ironic mental conflict which daily I confront... ephemeral pleasure... unrelenting discomfort.

Though no longer intubated, I dare not speak. But strangely, I have no inclination to speak. My voice is something of the past. I just accept the constant need to rid myself of that pumped within.

The opening formed by the double doors is rectangular. With my shoulder bar extending well out to my sides, arms always held at near full extension, the oubliette's only exit is specially designed to accommodate a girl in bondage. Thus my head and the long bar pass through and I hear the winch creaking as the crank turns and the cable rescues me from my tomb of mirrors. Someone behind me labors in darkness.

"A little surprise visit, pretty naked girl."

It is the voice of Abby, whispering in the darkness. When my shoulders rise to the level of the floor, the winch stops. I hear the familiar sound of the click which locks the gears to hold me in place.

"We'll just add a little to your comfort."

With that I feel hands work my shoulder bar. It turns, my shoulders and upper torso with it. The shoulder bar is twisted to be perpendicular to the length of the opening, the ends rest on the flooring. I again hear the click and the winch reverses ever so slightly. The cable slackens, the tension on my neck collar dissipates. The shoulder bar is positioned to hold my body high above the deep oubliette, relieving my neck of the burden of my weight. It feels good.

Bare feet step to my front to appear in the darkness. Abby wears her robe. When she sits, I note that once again there is little beneath. Then one calve is draped over my right shoulder, the other over my left, her feet dangling into the pit below. Her mons is proximate. When hands part the folds of her robe, there wafts her scent. She indeed wears nothing beneath and a well trimmed mons is pressed before my face.

"You enjoyed a sample of my taste. Tonight you will feast."

An index finger hooks through my nose ring. Her hips shift and shuffle forth. The induced pain of her tugging finger brings instant compliance. I know where she wants my tongue and lips and I know what she demands.

As I helplessly hang above my chamber of degradation, I will gratify this daughter of Sapphos. Her hand draws and I feel the moist warmth of her mons, the more pleasant scent of appropriate hygiene denied to me. I know to lick, my lips greeting her labia. There comes a sigh as I orally indulge.

Is it the boredom, the isolation, gratitude in being rescued, however transitorily from my lonely tomb?

Abby proves to be insatiable as my tongue continuously flutters and swirls, my lips suck. She spends and insists I catch every drop... and I do.

“Your reward.”

Her right hand reaches out. In the dimness I see her flip one valve then another. I feel the slow relief of my catheter beginning to drain and the rectal tube finally reverse the flow of what has been siphoning inward. I never thought something as natural as ridding excretions could feel so good.

“Feast some more?”

My tongue extends again. Though never having before serviced a woman, it is strange to feel no reluctance, no reservation, no remorse. Instead, I rock my hips to heighten the sensation within my loins, my balls vigorously kneading my vaginal walls. Fingers lower and toy with my nipples. The tantalizing touch inspires. I feast indeed, so grateful to be afforded the privilege. Kept on the brink of orgasm... the brisance of sexual climax never to be achieved... my psyche has been transformed. I only wish to please. Ultimate pleasure is for others.

“Yes, you’re almost ready to come out of the oubliette, Marissa. Such divine servitude. Such acquiescence. It has been many weeks but the results are welcomed. You offer yourself... you display yourself... your own form excites you... and you so much enjoy yourself in properly presenting... buttocks well posed, nipples at attention, breasts firm, clitoris standing in unsatiated lust.”

Abby’s thighs squeeze powerfully in another of many orgasms.

“Mr. Von will be pleased.”

Her kind words bring delight.

“The Contessa is visiting. Put on a good show.”

Abby offers words of encouragement as Hilda shaves. Then I am further raised so my ‘cunny’ can also be denuded as Abby’s face glows in merriment, her fingers nimbly manipulating my lower belly and

pubes to best offer my flesh to the razor.

I hang, demurely as always, listening to my Sapphic tenders converse. It is evident that the Contessa is held in esteem.

“Amazing she got over the mountain. But her team pulls well. Superbly conditioned specimens. You will have to help me with them, Hilda. Held in slings, the duo tower over me. And not an ounce of excess fat. Just a well maintained layer of subcutaneous fat to provide insulation from the cold.”

In finishing the task of returning my head and mons to glabrousness, a warm and wet towel soothes skin only slightly chafed. Then my heart leaps when the towel is rinsed, its heat restored, and I am completely sponged. Though demeaning, suspended naked like a side of beef being prepared for butchering, such a simple offering, anointing my form with just a modicum of warm cleansing comfort, brings incredibly strange delectation. As Hilda completes, Abby steps away and returns with a jar.

“Hold still, Marissa. Some body oil. Your nakedness will gleam for all.”

Starting with my bald head, soft but firm hands begin to slather my entire body, Abby delighting in the palpation of every inch of my defenseless flesh. My breasts receive much attention, the sizable glands jiggling as hands work as if milking a cow. In working around the catheter tube, even my labia are coated. I am chagrined to take delight in her touch, all homophobia long eroded. Only shaving cream and Hilda’s sharp blade have touched there over the months. I lurch and shudder and she smiles in noting my reaction of need.

“That will get your balls swirling,” she rightly observes.

Yes, I again curse myself as my hips gyrate in reaction. When the very tip of her finger ever so gently touches my exposed bud, I lurch with the frisson of unexpected pleasure. In finishing her ministrations she laughs and quickly withdraws as I hear the click which will release the winch and return me to my tomb of silent reflections.

“Present yourself, as trained,” comes a last reminder.

I will indeed. The slight touch bringing forth a cascade of desire, my hips rhythmically beginning to rock.

I do so much need to be masturbated!

Returned to the oubliette, the motion of the descending cable stops to place me perfectly perched on the tips of my toes. With the delightful sponge bath, Abby’s teasing fingers bringing me to the precipice of the orgasm I shall always be denied, I indeed present myself. In the mirror my entire nakedness glows under a light brought for the first time to full brightness, the body oil bringing a sheen which will attract the eyes of all. I see my nipples are hardened to pebbles with the resulting constriction of sentient pink

flesh causing my breasts to defy gravity. Though large, my mammary glands swell and rise, physically seeming to beg for attention. And mentally, I join in the unstated pleas.

I have not touched my breasts in many weeks. Someone should caress and knead there... please!

Since the four mirrors bring multiple reflections, I can angle myself to view my buttocks, the muscles contracting in laboring to alleviate tension on my neck collar. Such also glow and will enthuse the voyeur of naked and bound females... the many weeks of sculpting bringing an impressively alluring shapeliness. And so I strive to arch my back, highlighting that the globes toil for the viewing pleasure of my benefactor and his guest.

My eyes move to the mirror to my front. With my hips gently rocking, emulating the motion of copulation, the ben wa balls serve their function. The resulting subtle waves of delight stir my clitoris, brought to full exposure by Mr. Von's swift scalpel. The nubbin stands indeed. It is a neglected penis... comically undersized for a male... appearing grotesquely erect and swollen on the female form.

It is curious how I can observe in the mirror and ensure that it properly presents itself for those who find the purplish protrusion to amuse. Yes, there is odd empowerment. My thoughts, the slight motion of my hips, combine to imbue me with this ability to bring my feminine bud to erection. And I not only have this proficiency, I have the desire!

Knowing that behind one of the mirrors is Mr. Von, proudly showing me off to his guest, presumably the Contessa, brings forth this perplexing depravedness. I want to perform... I want to reveal all... in so doing I want to please.

And so perched on toes, I slowly pirouette, my hobbling bar greatly restricting the movement of my feet, but I am sure serving to enhance the exhibition, titillating the aficionado of well bound feminine nakedness.

Hips in motion, within moments I feel moisture and my fragrance strengthens to become detectable to a nose long habituated to my own smell. I am wet and malodorous.

When I feel rivulets of feminine essence begin to roll down my inner thighs, there comes a glow of peculiar pride. Yes, Mr. Von will be pleased.

I am a puppet indeed.

The trysts with Abby continue and it is apparent such are furtive. Isolated darkness, whispers, the cable always seeming to tighten within brief intervals of having been put to my knees for my welcomed respite, all suggest secretiveness. And Abby never speaks of the unending cunnilingus before Hilda. During subsequent ablutions when I am shaved and gratefully sponge bathed, the multiple orgasms brought forth by my tongue and lips are not mentioned... not by her. And of course I remain silent as mandated.

Still, there is taste. There is the exhilaration of sensing joy, though bestowed on another, and though in satisfaction of another's lust. There is the humbleness of offering to another with nothing in return. Acquiescence... guidance... the exchange of power... there is no basis for complaint when contemplating the veracity of Mr. Von's canny ad in the Village Voice.

My sordid display for the Contessa, keeping myself on the brink of orgasm as I ensured the complete exposure of my nakedness and thorough degradation of my soul, seemed to have signaled another step in my progression... though I know not in progression of what.

"Would you like to have your tubes removed, Marissa? The catheter and the rectal tube?"

I nod as best I can and rapidly blink my eyes, hoping that both gestures will be accepted as an affirmative reply.

"You will remain in the oubliette. Food and water provided by bucket. But there will also be a bucket provided for your wastes. Use it exclusively. Any childish accidents will be punished."

Abby then explained in quite graphic terms how, under the forthcoming regimen, when the cable was slackened, I would relieve myself... the ben wa balls inhibiting normal urination... Hilda's fingers no longer available to assist as before I was catheterized.

The described scenario seemed bizarre. But there was emphasized that sloppiness, quite probable with the balls in place, would not be tolerated.

I indicated my concurrence and, just as with the gastric tube, wanted to leap for joy when I heard the hiss of air and felt the rectal tube contract for the first time in... well I don't know how long.

The catheter was also slipped away, burning my urethra, but there came this intense sense of freedom. Relative freedom of course, since immediately thereafter I was lowered back into the oubliette to resume my display.

Comforting sponge baths, oiled skin become the precursors for visitors. Though I am sure Mr. Von views me each and every day, using my naked and bound form as a catalyst in sodomizing one of his 'pets', special attention is paid when some how a visitor or visitors trek the deep snow and dangerous narrow road to reach the castle. I imagine such engaging in the libertine viewing, joining in the debauchery, and reveling in the castle's overall depravity.

On one occasion, the cable draws me upwards before my bucket is offered. Thus with full bladder I must meekly hang while Hilda shaves and Abby frustratingly pokes a belly filled with fluid. When Hilda begins to cleanse then oil, I know there is to be an exhibition.

But I need to go!

Within moments I am lowered, belly aching with need. Fortunately the cable slackens to permit me to kneel. Then the waste bucket arrives and I realize that part of this show will be a display of my awkward and humiliating efforts to empty myself.

Yes, with the ben wa balls, particularly the lower one, impeding normal urination, I must position myself more as would a canine than a human. Though I am shamed to hear giggling above, Abby and Hilda leaving the trap door open while I humble myself, there is great need. Thus with the cable temporarily slackened I kneel and straddle the low bucket, my thighs gripping the edges. Then I lower my forehead to the warmth of the stone floor. When I arch my back, there comes the delicious feeling as the lower ben wa ball pops out of my inner labia, exiting my vagina and clearing the path for my excretions. In straining to look at the mirror before me, there reflects the mirror behind with a most revealing image of my parted buttocks, splayed labia and the clitoris which hormones and hours of suction have transformed to a small male appendage.

The giggles from above heighten. The humiliation is intense. Yet this is how I must perform. I can only imagine the reaction of Mr. Von's guest to this lascivious exhibition. Are the pert buttocks of a sodomy pet also offered with the show?

I concentrate. I feel the familiar twinge in my loins, arousal in knowing that I am pleasing with my sordid display. And finally my bladder opens and a torrent splashes to the bottom of the specially designed receptacle.

There comes outright laughter. There is horripilation as I humble myself before persons unknown. But then in finishing, I straighten my lower back and feel the familiar pangs of pleasure as the ben wa ball slips back into my sheath. It feels so good. When I arch my back again to expel the ball, the motion of the smooth sphere creating masturbatory joy, I hear admonishing comments from above.

"No, no Marissa. Time to present yourself."

With that, the bucket is drawn upwards and the cable tightens, slowly drawing me first to kneel upright, and then to stand on toes.

It no longer amazes that within moments I can bring the demanded hardness to my nipples, clench my buttocks to offer the desired roundness and cause my clitoris to swell and stand in obedience.

Instead I concentrate to assure proper viewing, delicately tapping my toes on the warm stone flooring to slowly pirouette and assure that those in each of the four viewing rooms will be offered an unfettered opportunity to ogle my entire bound nakedness.

I am strangely comforted when my eyes strain to peer downward and spy in the mirror the little stub I can bring to firmness. Yes, where once was my fleshy hood, there is now a nubbin of pink and purple flesh standing prominently at the center of Mr. Von's decorative ring.

With my oiled skin glowing in light brightened for these interludes of libertine debauchery, I am properly presented and become flushed... with pride?... with humiliation?... I know not which.

After all, I am trained to exhibit and please.

“Remember... silence. You are to speak only when directed. And I assure you that will be rare.”

The firm voice of Hilda so enjoins as her well muscled arm pulls the cable connected to my neck collar and swings my dangling form from above the opening of the oubliette. Abby shuts the double doors and clips a leash to my nose ring. The cable slackens, the hook is removed and my feet touch the flooring to fully support my weight for the first time in what I judge to be months.

Abby tugs and I know to follow with alacrity. It requires no reminder that the deeply implanted ring can bring instant agony to the recalcitrant. Thus my feet prance awkwardly, the hobbling bar continuing to impede normal gait.

Down the stairs, we exit the curiously equipped room which has been the source of what little comfort I have been offered over the months. I shall not miss it, but find it peculiar that should I be returned, I would not confront the sojourn with trepidation. I am strangely acceptant of my station.

Yes, I am trained indeed, accepting my role as that of circus animal. Caged... pampered... displayed.

Abby guides me to Mr. Von's study. Knocking and then entering, she wordlessly leads me to the platform where months I ago I stood to reveal all and entertain.

I catch a glimpse of my robed benefactor sitting at his desk, reading papers as Abby unclips the leash, hooks my nose ring to the slim cord, and gathers in the slack to return me to my familiar stance.

“Present yourself.” she whispers to remind.

Then she strolls out as by rote I feel my nipples crinkle, my back arch to thrust forth my buttocks and my clitoris tingle as it engorges and stands.

The controlling cord, the strict neck collar continue to encumber normal viewing. Thus I struggle to peer downward to ascertain, as before, if the feet and ankles of a sodomy pet suggest performance in one of her two forms of servitude. But Abby has tightened my controlling cord most thoroughly and I curtail my futile effort.

I have not seen the handsome and distinguished Mr. Von since being introduced to my glass oubliette. The man who governs all has become estranged... but in reverent way. A god to be worshiped, a benevolent father who bestows kindness from afar, there comes this urge to speak, to beg for the opportunity to serve under his desk.

Instead, with the long silent pause, immersed in new surroundings, my nose becomes aware of the now extreme fragrance of my feminine charms. The scent of my sex, undouched yet aroused daily, fills the

room in response to the stimulation offered by the presence of my lord and master. My neglected hygiene brings conflicting thoughts. It embarrasses... yet there is comfort in knowing that it draws attention. Perhaps my need will be noticed... and my master will be pleased that his presence brings stimulation.

I rock my hips to jiggle my balls and bring forth a lustful flow of essence. I both loath and revel in my action as I feel rivulets form on my vaginal lips.

Notice me! I want to amuse!

Papers shuffle, the sound suggesting the routine performance of the drudgery of life. I imagine bills to be paid... the castle's satellite communication bringing the world's burdens to one of the most remote places on earth.

Finally I see in my peripheral vision that the striking red robed figure stands. I note that once again the front of his sole garment is tented as hands assure his turgid manhood is covered.

"You'll be happy to know that your \$200,000 emolument has earned a tidy sum of interest, Marissa. I took the liberty of reviewing your account over the internet. Months of compounding will enhance the financial reward of fulfilling your obligations."

Yes, as suspected, I have been kept bound and naked for an inconceivably long period. The isolation, only the sight of my humbled form as company, has made time impossible to track.

My heart leaps as my master approaches. I can now view his entire form, the red silk robe reeking of both comfort and opulence. I gyrate my hips, my balls oscillate, the motion brings a quiver of joy which I know will result in increased flow. I peer as best I can. He is a young girl's dream... handsome, mature, erudite, wealthy, well endowed... and for me... enticingly depraved.

"You're masturbating yourself," the Teutonic accent offering refinement to the otherwise sordid deed. "You've come to enjoy your implanted spheres, Marissa. What ever are you going to do when it comes time for removal?"

Mr. Von not only notes my subtle motion but also the rivulets which have gathered to stream down my inner thighs. A finger dabs at the moisture and I quiver with his touch. He examines the viscosity, his nostrils flaring with the malodorous scent. My condition brings a smug look of satisfaction.

The feather appears and I close my eyes in combined apprehension and desire. As before I both crave and dread the tantalizing pleasure... or torture... of Mr. Von's learned touch.

I am not the first puppet he has so frustratingly teased. The feather will oh so gently tantalize. There is vast understanding of the female anatomy.

"It is Spring time, Marissa. The end of a typical Alpine winter with sunny days beginning to melt many feet of accumulated snow. There is warmth but the access road continues to be impassable for normal

travel.”

I lurch and feel the instantaneous formation of goose bumps as the feather hand extends and the very tip ever so slightly touches my standing bud.

“So there is much time remaining before the van can return you to your vanilla world of editing magazines... writing and reading... being a scribe of life rather than living it.”

Mr. Von mocks my career... rapid advancement in the mercurial world of fashion and life style publications. Just how many articles have I proposed then edited expounding the virtues of demanding that a man please in bed? Stressed the importance of female orgasms and a woman’s right to insist in participating in the same pleasure that a man expects.

And now... such irony.

Now here I am, held in forced chastity, no climactic joy possible. I can only offer to be catalyst for such with my benevolent keeper.

“Without your hood, you will find clothing to be rather irritating... even the softest silk will abrade this oversized clitoris,” Mr. Von notes as a long stroke of the feather smooths along my wet labia then rises to the swollen bud to bring an indescribable brisance of faint ecstasy.

“But you will adapt. It is a rule of nature. And I am sure while in the oubliette that you viewed how prominently this nub now stands. Makes a girl curiously attractive... to certain men. Think of your first date after being freed to consume your well earned stipend.”

Mr. Von softly laughs, the offered scenario indeed bringing visions of awkwardness... explaining to a first time lover that all girls are not the same... down there... and I am assuming that the ring can be removed. What will be my fate when my obligations at the castle are fulfilled and I return to the grueling humdrum of publishing? When I am expected to assume the missionary position, close my eyes and hope for a quick and numbing coupling?

“Thursday, assume the position.”

My thoughts are diverted as the command brings stirring under the huge desk. Mr. Von smiles as a head pops into view, the limited cranial hair suggesting that a sodomy pet has knelt in offering oral servitude. The little minx stands and then vaults onto the desk’s surface with the alacrity of a gymnast. I am amazed to see the girl lower her head and forearms then deftly raise her feet, calves and thighs to turn herself upside down. Just as Tuesday assumed a split many, many weeks ago, Thursday also parts her thighs, extends her feet straight into the air and points her toes in skillfully spreading open her mons. But she does so while perched upside down on the desk, her weight borne while propped on head and forearms. Her charms, as Mr. Von so fondly references the female genitalia, are unabashedly displayed.

“As you may imagine, Marissa, Thursday has had extensive training in gymnastics. In her youth she would assume the pose for hundreds of admirers at competitive events. At my castle she does so only for

me and at my command... and while totally naked of course.”

The feather teases as I gawk. Thursday’s pose and hairless pubes leave nothing more to be unveiled. And something glitters from the gash of pink flesh where the male beast craves to take his pleasure.

“As you can see, you are not the only girl to wear my jewelry, Marissa. Thursday has been infibulated, as are all my pets. Some simple piercings in the inner labia, a series of jeweled bars to hold closed her lips, Thursday’s opportunity for vaginal copulation has been terminated... by my controlling hand.”

Yes, I can detect the glimmer of many small shards of steel residing perpendicular to her opening and making her slit appear to be zippered shut. Knowing first hand of Mr. Von’s surgical skill, closing that area of the female anatomy would be woefully simple.

“Just as I bestowed on you, my pets also have vaginal implants. A delightfully designed capsule partially filled with a well formulated heavy liquid. When the contents shift about, Thursday experiences the most delectable oscillations. Keeps her quite eager for anal penetration, her sphincter acquiring the sensitivity which has been deprived her genitalia by long term infibulation. She truly enjoys submitting anally to the penis and doing so as I desire.”

Yes, in addition to the glitter of jewelry there reflects a gleam from a well lubricated gluteal cleft, the anal opening of the so termed sodomy pets readied at all times for instant penetration during their appointed day.

Still, there appears a smile of satisfaction as the girl silently holds her pose. Such discipline, such obedience, such curious desire to please the master of the castle.

But what of me? Am I also not disciplined, obedient and eager to please?

Meanwhile I feel my moisture again stream down my thighs to reach my knees. The feather? The lustful scene? Knowing that my master is visually pleased? Which brings such unwavering arousal?

The feather retracts. Mr. Von smirks as my hips jostle noticeably in being deprived of the mentally frustrating touch. He turns, disappointingly stowing the quill in his robe pocket.

“Down, Thursday. Tummy on the desk. Spread for me. I will have you now.”

My exile in the oubliette over, I am returned to the bedroom where I resume daily pony rides. Full showers become a regular part of my ablutions and the dousing warmth is most welcomed. Hilda also has me ride the tube, her devilish hand controlling the suction and release, suction and release, suction and release seemingly for hours. I often gasp with the incomplete partial ecstasy.

On occasion she gleefully positions a mirror to display a clitoris which appears to continually grow. Strangely, I begin to take pride... knowing that it is for Mr. Von that I am being transformed.

I begin to realize that his words concerning normal clothing are most prescient. How will undergarments ever again be comfortably donned?

At night, the jar filled with sensitizing gel is adhered to my clitoral ring. And as alluded, in continuing the odd process, something is added to my food. Yes, I am now fed in the kitchen, kneeling as would a dog before the entire staff of servants. The daily ritual both humiliates yet brings delight. As in the oubliette, when permitted to kneel and lower my head and shoulders to my feeding bowl, the lower ben wa ball pops past my lips and brings the most delicious sensations.

Though my nose ring is attached to a cord, there is allowed enough slack to gather in my glop, and I use such gracious leniency to shift about and have the ball slip in and out, caressing my neglected quim with the exaggerated motion.

And the hormone additive?

On one occasion, Greta the cook pulled away my bowl even before beginning to fully indulge.

“Forgot the special sauce,” the middle aged termagant commented.

With that, in full view, a rather clinical appearing bottle was retrieved and an eye dropper carefully splashed forth a few ccs of some clear liquid. With a quick swipe of a spoon laden hand the concoction was mixed into my mush and the bowl returned to the floor before me.

“Eat it all up. Mr. Von will be pleased,” the heavily accented voice encouraged as gnarled fingers patted my bald head as one would offer affection to a dog.

Hormones! But I am ravenously.

With Thursday’s unfettered exhibition of Mr. Von’s prowess with infibulation, I take every occasion to visually examine the sodomy pets... obviously where, unnoticed before, there has been installed the controlling and most invasive jewelry.

And in realizing that tucked away in their vaginal passages, the weight of a cleverly designed capsule shifts about to bring pleasure to otherwise denied love sheaths, I begin to understand the many coy smiles as naked feet frolic on the warm stone flooring. Every motion stirs the implants and brings oscillations which I judge to be much enhanced compared to that offered by my ben wa balls.

Am I envious? Their chaste condition so much more dramatically induced and enforced than mine.

Whereas my hands remain forever secured to my shoulder bar, theirs are free... mostly.

Yes, when Mr. Von gave the command of tummy down, thighs spread, Thursday’s elbow bands were clipped together just as Tuesdays had been when she was similarly sodomized atop Mr. Von’s vast desk.

And also similarly, the massive stiffness plunged, despite noted tightness, and Thursday's sphincter yielded with nothing more than a slight whimper.

Thereafter, the robed master of the castle plumed the depths of her anus, thrust after thrust, slowly taking his pleasure in the warm, moist tightness.

"I must compliment Abby on her efforts, Thursday. Your rectum seems to offer more snugness with every submission," a gratified Mr. Von proclaimed.

Thursday then orally cleansed as I gawked at the size and power of the middle aged phallus. I also noted that Thursday's mouth and throat took the entire length, the gag reflex apparently long having been repressed with thorough training.

Yes, there was envy. I could only stand well bound, naked and perched on toes as the little strumpet so ignominiously gave herself to her master... my master. My hips rocked with fervor, but as always there could never be ultimate climax in so teasing myself. My feminine essence continued to flow... once again to my feet.

"It has been a while, bound and naked girl."

The voice is that of Abby. The tone casually aloof as I struggle, resisting as always the painful but inevitable consequence of gravity. I ride the pony and Hilda, in availing herself of an opportunity to ski in the relative warmth of Spring, has left Abby in charge.

Perspiration begins to ooze as the strain slowly depletes my energy. My thighs begin to quiver and in being secured leaning forward, the tension in my buttocks also begins to waver. I will soon succumb, delivering the soft sentient flesh of my mons to the relatively harsh and pointed board.

Such simple torment. Such devilishness.

"Just a little bit longer, pretty girl," Abby encourages as my ride seems interminable.

I note her brief attire. A halter beneath which are athletically firm and modest breasts, a short pleated skirt revealing powerful thighs. Running shoes. She appears dressed for exercise.

"I want you tuckered out."

My breathing becomes labored. I feel my exhausted form begin to lower. I close my eyes knowing that the intense pain brought by the board below will soon bring renewed efforts to rise... but only so that within moments I will succumb again. Cruel, unrelenting, unmerciful... but the results please my master. Perfectly muscled buttocks.

Finally I hear a click and open my eyes to see that Abby has graciously unfastened my nose cord. I right

myself to take the strain from my gluteus maximus muscles as Abby stoops to temporarily detach my hobbling bar.

“Step away.”

I need no further command. A right leg, drained of all energy, somehow rises and swings about to dismount. My nose ring is leashed. The hobbling bar is reattached.

“You have not visited my office, Marissa. Come.”

With the castle’s vastness, I am sure there is indeed much I have not seen. Always hobbled, always leashed, I am not permitted the freedom of the sodomy pets. My bedroom, the oubliette, the kitchen, Mr. Von’s study, all have become a strange and limited conclave of naked subservience within the large maze of medieval stone.

I struggle to follow Abby’s enthusiastic tugs. But with the agony of her pulls, I find the vigor... shuffling more than stepping.

“As with all castles there is a dungeon. Wonderfully gothic, and perfect for keeping girls who would otherwise create mischief.”

Abby speaks as she walks me. In being led about, various members of the castle staff suspend their duties to look and amuse themselves in viewing my naked bondage. I can feel my nipples harden in response, my body trained to properly present. My clitoris stiffens and I feel the weight of its surrounding ring tension my pubes with each step, augmenting the process of engorgement.

I began to moisten. My condition both embarrasses and excites. Can a girl ever become fully accustomed to being so exhibited?

A sturdy door yields to Abby’s impressive strength. She steps through to a stairway and I follow, my hobbling bar always making steps a challenge.

Down. Step...step... step... the dank atmosphere gothic indeed. The stairway seems endless.

“The sodomy pets serve one day per week, as I am sure you’ve come to realize. Most other times they are here, under my care. I keep them trim and eager to serve.”

With that we finally enter a large chamber. Unfinished stonework serves as the walls, indicating that the room was carved out of the mountain rock many centuries ago. Lights hang from cables, illuminating the floor but leaving the high ceiling in darkness. Incongruous to the ancient atmosphere is an array of modern exercise equipment. Yet in keeping with the chamber’s purpose there is a row of small jail cells... cages really. Above each of the low openings is a sign designating the left cage as ‘Sunday’ with the row ending to the right with the designation ‘Saturday’.

With the exception of one, in each cage is a hooded and well bound sodomy pet, all humbly stooped

over and kneeling, their elbow bands forcing their arms behind where each pair are secured to the bars above. Padded restraints encircling the ankles, thighs and waist serve to further restrain and immobilize in being secured to the bars below and to the sides.

Otherwise the girls are naked, as always, and uncharacteristically quiet... the ubiquitous smile covered, the peripatetic motion denied.

“A rather demure group, when they can’t move about and oscillate their vaginal capsules,” Abby offers with a sardonic snort.

“Here they quietly await exercise and their day of service to Mr. Von. And as you can imagine, when it becomes their turn, they serve with zeal.”

The darkness, the drudgery of hour after hour of bondage, being constantly caged, all must make the weekly interval of freedom seem like a sunny day at the beach. My time in the glass oubliette contrasts as preferable.

As noted, Monday’s cage is empty, evidencing the day of the week and suggesting whose tight backside will be feeling the onslaught of her master’s mammoth phallus.

Abby leads me to Sunday, reaches in and whisks away the loose hood... easily removed by she with unfettered hands.

“Blinded, gagged and deafened. It’s a constant reminder, for each girl’s mouth and throat is filled with a replica of Mr. Von’s... well Mr. Von’s manhood. An extensive penis gag keeps the gag reflex accustomed to penetration and gives a girl something to think about during the long isolation.”

The girl blinks in the dim light and attempts to smile, seemingly grateful to have even a moment of sensory input. As Abby cruelly returns the hood I note plugs of foam filling her ear canals.

“I feed, bathe, exercise and prepare daily. Girls don’t develop backsides like these just kneeling in cages. When not bound and serving Mr. Von, I run them on the treadmill.”

For the first time I realize that my relative envy of the sodomy pets is misplaced. I have only witnessed their moments of liberation and the resulting exuberance. Here in this dungeon their service is burdensome... mentally... physically.

“As you can see, tight bondage inhibits their favorite pass time, bringing motion to Mr. Von’s clever vaginal implants. The regimen keeps a girl most randy, eager to be exercised and eager to please, don’t you think?”

With my ben wa balls having shifted about with each step of our journey, I do indeed agree. Six days of sensory deprivation and severe restraint... only one day of relatively delectable joy. The role of a sodomy pet is not to be coveted.

“But they have their moments. Mr. Von will have an occasional soiree and the girls will be kept quite busy with fellatio and cunnilingus. Quite orally adept, as I am sure you can imagine.”

Abby’s leash hand directs me to a huge chair, appearing more as a throne in the gothic chamber of stone. The seat is curiously shaped and I quickly ascertain its function. When Abby pulls downward, my knees instantly bend in compliance. I am positioned such that my neck fits into an odd indentation in the seat.

Abby unclips my leash and sits, her right calve slipping over my left shoulder, left calve over my right. Fingers grasp her skirt. In drawing up the short hem I note that once again undergarments have been forsaken. With the proximity of my face, her motive becomes apparent.

“I want your tongue,” comes the succinct expression of her intent, powerful hands drawing my hairless head to her mons.

Multiple orgasms having also brought exhaustion to us both, hers in sexual satiation, mine in physical depletion, the athletic form languors in the huge throne. I continue to kneel, my shoulder bar conveniently entrapped against the front edge, held in place by her resting thighs and calves.

The well conditioned girl proved to be insatiable, having climaxed frequently and strongly. In helplessly kneeling before her, bound, naked, my malodorous love sheath betraying my needs, I imagine a girl of Abby’s ilk to be quite stimulated by the governance bestowed. With her charges constantly gagged, it would appear that opportunities in the dungeon for oral satiation are limited. Yet viewing the naked and bound forms must constantly offer arousal.

My tongue and lips were much appreciated.

The quiet padding of feet stirs Abby from her partial somnolence. There is movement behind me and the legs finally rise to free me from the chair.

“Come. Mr. Von has finished with Monday.”

The leash returns. Shaky legs strain in rising. As I am led to a hook dangling from a cord attached somewhere high above in the dark stone of the ceiling, I spy the nymph Monday, returning to her dungeon home, naked of course, her elbow bands secured behind her back.

I am hooked and my leash is removed.

“Proper presentation, Marissa,” she reminds as I arch my back, feel my nipples crinkle and my clitoris harden.

Abby leaves me on toes as Monday becomes the object of her attention.

“Back with us for a nice rest.”

As she speaks, Abby moves to a cabinet. There she retrieves a black rubber phallus. It is enormous, attached to a wide base with a small hose attached. It is indeed a replica of the master's organ.

Monday wordlessly falls to her knees and cocks her head back.

"Open wide."

As expected, the dildo enters Monday's mouth, her day of relative freedom over. As Abby's firm hand presses the bulbous tip to the back of her throat, Monday whimpers. It is sound I have heard before in witnessing the deep penetration of the sodomy pet's rectum. I note on her right buttock the large letters 'FF'. In the dull light I also note traces of semen oozing down the inside of her thighs. Mr. Von has taken her anally, as he does each and every Monday.

"I see you have pleased Mr. Von," Abby also noting the inked lettering, an apparent code.

The firm hand which so enthusiastically controls my leash squeezes a bulb connected to the hose. The sound of air indicates the base of the dildo, forcibly induced into Monday's mouth, can be expanded to assure the deep gagging phallus cannot be expelled. The hose is detached to leave the inflated gag in Monday's mouth.

"That means you can ride the bull. Come pretty girl."

Once again my strict neck collar inhibits my downward gaze. But I can see that Monday exuberantly prances to the referenced device. No girl desires to ride the pony, as do I for many hours per day. Thus as Monday strives to recline prostrate on a well padded bench, it becomes evident that the function of the so termed 'bull' is completely different than that which imbues slow torment.

Abby follows Monday and I note she begins to adhere the thick padded straps and cuffs worn by the half dozen caged pets. The naked form is restrained tummy down then her ankles are lifted and her legs bent back where the cuffs are attached to the coupling of her elbow bands. Hog tied, secured to the padded bull, Abby gently pats the prime buttocks over which she supervises and sculpts with daily exercise.

"Enjoy," she smilingly encourages.

A switch below is flipped. Monday's bull ride begins as the padded bench slowly tips forward, pauses then slowly reverses to tip downwards at Abby's knees. It is apparent that with the simply motion, the heavy liquid in Monday's implanted capsule shifts to knead and caress the vaginal walls. Despite the many restraints, Monday begins to buck, obviously attempting in futility to have the bull again tip forward. It eventually does, but not quick enough for the concupiscent strumpet who so much needs satiation.

"The motion is programmed to eventually increase, randomly shifting about side to side as well. But the speed is well beyond hers to control. She will just ride and accept the titillation, her vaginal insert slowly masturbating her. Yes, the capsule is well designed and will eventually bring her to orgasm. Notice how she attempts to clench her thighs..."

Abby tweaks my right nipple as she speaks, explaining with relish the slow and delicious torment which, unlike that afforded me, will lead to climax.

“It’s her reward for offering good anal copulation. Keeps a girl eager to please... don’t you think?”

Though words are not permitted, muffled shrieks of ecstasy, impossible to suppress, echo through the rock chamber as the bull ride reaches its zenith, systematically rocking side to side, front to back. Then as the rider becomes accustomed and mentally acclimates herself, the pattern abruptly alters, the change bringing unexpected shifts and motions to the wicked implanted capsule weighted for pure pleasure.

The result... Monday is spent. Having climaxed innumerable times... her essence somehow escaping from her zippered labia, presumably by way of the pee hole graciously left by Mr. Von’s infibulating fingers... Abby stops the machine, laughing at the languishing pile of melted and satiated feminine flesh.

“It matters not the stamina I build on the treadmill and other equipment, Marissa. The girls just can’t take the bull rides...”

Monday’s various cuffs are released. The girl summons a modicum of energy and I note that she voluntarily crawls to her cage, worn totally, weary legs extolling her need for rest, her one day of service earning a week of isolation, sensory deprivation and I suppose when vigor is renewed, resumed exercise.

Abby works to carefully strap her into the low collection of bars... complete immobility seeming to be the mandated level of bondage. Elbows drawn high and clipped to the overhead bars, Monday knows to kneel bent over at the waist while Abby secures the ankles, calves, thighs and waist. There will be no further movement to shift about her vaginal capsule. It is apparent such occurs only when put under the penis of her lord and master... and when a bull ride is deemed well earned.

I detect a demure smile as Monday’s ears are plugged and the loose hood is pushed over a short crop of hair and a youthfully cute face. The girl is in a trance...emotionally, mentally, physically spent.

Abby reaches through the bars and gently pinches right nipple and left. I hear a joyous moan, the change in hormone levels bringing even more sensitivity to a woman’s love buttons.

“One last chore before I take you back for your shower, Marissa.”

With that, Abby moves to a cabinet and locates a sizable jar. She then strolls to the rear of the line of cages where the naked posteriors of seven sodomy pets are presented, the muscled globes parted most invitingly. Fingers dip, the jar containing some grayish gelatinous compound. I watch as the gluteal cleft of each sodomy girl is well coated, a pair of fingers obviously inserting themselves well into each anal passage and rubbing the glop within and without the sentient pink flesh.

“Alum,” Abby succinctly explains. “A very powerful astringent which serves to shrink all seven rectums... applied each and every day. As you’re well away, Mr. Von prefers snug openings. A girl is

used anally only once per week... and between times it is my job to ensure she is returned to tightness... despite Mr. Von's rampaging stiffness."

The gel is applied with the meticulousness of a mother tending a new born infant. There is no resistance, I suppose the sodomy pets long accepting their fate... that despite the inordinate size of their master's sword, the scabbard of their anal passages will on each and every occasion offer the utmost tension, yielding yes, but only with the desired physical reluctance, the elevated friction satisfying the male appendage but greatly augmenting the discomfort of the female opening.

"I can barely press my fingers into Tuesday's little opening. She is most tight and ready to offer herself. But do not fret for her. Tomorrow morning I will have her well cleansed and lubricated for Mr. Von."

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday... not a flinch or gesture of complaint from one humbled and well bound form as the daily application of alum transforms the purse string muscle to a tight portal of lust.

"Purpose," Abby waxes. "Each girl has a purpose for being... in being exercised... in being harshly bound, blindfolded and deafened... in offering proper snugness where the governing male best takes his pleasure. For one day per week... a girl is totally focused. For all, it's the purpose of pleasing.

"You like to please, Marissa. Do you feel you now have purpose?"

I sit upright. In being relieved of exhibitions in the glass oubliette, I no longer have to muster sleep while kneeling. Still, in being tethered by my nose ring, precaution must be taken that I shift very little during somnolence. Slight movement, tugs at my nose ring, causes the many nerves to instantly broadcast pain to a mind which though exhausted, struggles with the cerebral input of my obligations... my 'acquiescence'... accepting such untoward 'guidance'... the 'powerful exchange'.

Thus I daydream more than sleep.

Mr. Von's announcement that the Spring sun brings warmth to melting snows should bring warmth to me as well. The opening of the precarious road, leading down the mountainside to civilization, will bring opportunity. My sojourn will terminate. \$200,000 plus months of compounding interest await at Chase Bank. Cash... a fresh start... a better understanding of myself and my needs... these are the thoughts which ebb and flow through a mind which cruel bondage never allows to wander off in normal dreams. Gentle tugs on my nose ring serve to wake me whenever complete slumber brings relaxation and the pain of muscular indiscretion... leaning right, left, front or back and stressing the simple cord which binds me in place.

Tomorrow Hilda will shower me. Right wrist cuff will be temporarily detached from my shoulder bar and firm hands will mechanically massage an arm which has served no purpose for months. The circulation will warm, the muscles will celebrate and I will be reminded of the simple joy of maneuverability... eating with my hands... picking things up... and wickedly masturbating... though precise recollections of such thoughts have faded.

Left wrist cuff will follow and I will buck my hips, stirring my ben wa balls in celebration of such a wonderfully condescending deed. Then I will be returned to bondage and led to the kitchen where the cruel staff will mock as I kneel before my feeding bowl and partake in sustenance laced with hormones.

‘Eat well, your little penis grows with every bowl,’ a sardonic Greta will lean to whisper in my ear. And it does. Or at least it appears so. For Hilda has me ride the tube daily, the air of the suction bulb hissing away. A mirror evidences the consequences. And most disconcerting, the result is that more and more I have learned to control its engorgement. An odd concentration, thoughts of actions denied by my restrained hands, will bring the nubbin to firmness. Strangely, it is in this manner that I can convince myself that the joyous protrusion of flesh is still mine. Otherwise it is not to be touched or used for my pleasure... only the viewing pleasure of Mr. Von... and his tantalizing hand.

The feather!

Reflections of sodomy pet Monday riding the bull occupy more and more of my thoughts as a mind forced to endure constant slow suffering seeks escape in visualizing more joyful episodes.

Despite her dildo gag, the ecstasy of her implanted capsule, the heavy liquid sloshing about to knead her closed vaginal passage, brought lustful exaltations. As suggested, I imagine that her sphincter has come to develop new found sensitivity, all normal sexual gratification being denied her quim. Thus Mr. Von’s gruff plundering of her anal passage serves as welcomed foreplay... Monday and the other pets knowing that the ultimate reward for submission awaits... a seemingly endless ride on the bull.

For the sodomy pets, sexual delirium will come... one must merely offer herself in oral and anal submission... then hope to be strapped down in immobility and permitted to offer further submission... to a machine... one which is divinely relentless.

“Remember, silence. And present yourself as trained.”

With Hilda so advising I know that I will soon be ‘properly presenting’ myself to Mr. Von. I expect to stand on the platform in his study and concentrate on nipples, buttocks and clitoris as one of the pets spends an afternoon slowly dousing his otherwise smoldering lust with wet lips and greased backside. The scene has so often repeated.

But upon entering the study, on this visit I note there is change.

Mr. Von again sits at his desk, red robe offering access to she kneeling in the chair well. But there also sits a woman in a large comfortable chair facing the always dashing master of the castle. A long flowing skirt, well pleated, not only covers her thighs and calves but most of the naked and lithe form kneeling between her parted knees.

There protrudes a pair of pert and well muscled globes suggesting that a sodomy pet labors under the curious garment. I know not which girl but in my mind the short, trim, well exercised vixens have become interchangeable. Still someone serves other than on her eponymous day, for there is a second

girl, once again feet and ankles protruding from under Mr. Von's desk.

Oral servitude, fellatio and cunnilingus, has been offering diversion from what otherwise appears to be polite conversation.

There has evidently been a discussion which Hilda's entry has interrupted. The woman smiles in seeing my laborious steps, hobbling bar remaining, watching me intently as I am led to stand before her. I am surprised in expecting to instead be displayed on the platform.

"Even prettier up close, Conrad. You do have a good eye. And the breasts... large, perfectly symmetrical and seemingly carved from stone."

I blush. Despite the months of being exhibited, something about the woman's tone heightens the awareness of my nakedness... my bindings... my transformed clitoris which I know stands in tribute to Mr. Von. When Hilda slowly raises the leash, I perch myself on toes, arch the small of my back to enhance the muscled curvature of my buttocks and feel my clitoris further engorge. I curse myself for such an obsequious response, but with the months of training the humble pose comes by rote.

Meanwhile I do my own examination... as best I can.

The woman speaks with an accent, presumably Italian. Raven hair. A touch of gray suggests the vanity offered by coloring is not of importance. Her voluminous skirt does not cloak girth, for what I can spy of her legs suggests shapeliness for a woman approaching some forty years. A tight blouse, contrasting the blooming skirt, covers sizable mammary glands. When she sips from a wine glass, refined but powerful hands suggest the woman is active... an opulent ring notwithstanding. Handsome, dark eyes gleam in gazing at my bound nakedness. She enjoys!

She is not unaccustomed to the licentious scene presented to her. In fact she is instead disturbingly comfortable.

"Quite fragrant, Conrad. You do so appreciate the feminine scent. And I do believe she's going to ooze for me."

Strangely, her words cause me to flush with embarrassment. As my hips rock to bring motion to my ben wa balls, I find she is correct. I am disconcerted to feel the familiar rivulets, as she prognosticated, gather at my vaginal lips. Exposure to strangers excites.

"You've balled her Conrad. How diabolical. The harlot is trying to masturbate herself right before my eyes."

Her words serve to heighten the combined humiliation and arousal. My hips rock more. I feel the balls caress.

"You say her name is Marissa? I expect you feather her. Knowing the male libido, that engorged clitoris offers quite the temptation."

She smiles and nods to Hilda, standing to my side and holding my leash.

“I want her kneeling to this side. She’ll be able to see both Conrad and me.”

Brought to my knees, my nose ring assures instant compliance with the woman’s wishes. Hilda draws the leash towards her chair and I must bend forward at the waist. In being so positioned I feel the lower ben wa ball deliciously pop out, abrading my neglected labia and adding to the stimulation. I sway my hips right to left sensing the devilish sphere caress my lips. The Contessa watches with a knowing smile as Hilda hands her my leash and moves to a chest of drawers. My heart leaps as the voice of my lord and master assuages a degree of apprehension.

“The Contessa is one of us, Marissa. Her team brought her over the mountain for a visit. The road continues to be impassable and there remains enough snow for sledding.”

Any confusion concerning the reference to ‘one of us’ is quickly absolved as the wine glass is placed aside. The leash draws my head further down, forcing me to bend more at the waist. The bejeweled hand smooths over my bald head while the leash hand applies steady tension and torment on my nose ring. The woman is controlling, communicating her superiority by imparting pain while offering the kindness of a caressing hand. Her message is that she is empowered to do as she pleases... and will.

I grimace, as noted the ring is deeply set. Still she pulls and caresses, establishing her governance, forcing me to maintain the awkward position. With wrists remaining attached to my shoulder bar, I cannot kneel on all fours. My lower back strains in leaning as the well gripped leash and nose ring demand.

“Now, you are to serve me. I like being served by naked and well trussed girls. And Hilda is going to bestow a device which will assist in your endeavor.”

With that I feel cool wet fingers greet my parted buttocks. There is slipperiness. Then one finger, two fingers, penetrate my sphincter. Am I to offer the service of a sodomy pet? The digits twirl about as my anus is well lubricated. My heart leaps in both joy and concern in thinking I will be permitted to offer myself for my master’s pleasure. But before the Contessa? Please no!

“Hold still,” Hilda enjoins as her fingers withdraw.

I next feel penetration. Something is being offered to my rear portal. It swallows then contracts around a cylinder of some devious shape. Next I feel the coolness of metal resting on my buttocks and lower back.

“Very good.”

The wine glass is lifted and disappears over my head. With the sound of a clink and the faint feel of increased penetration in my sphincter, it is apparent that the metal object propped on my buttocks and lower back supports the Contessa’s libation.

“A rather amusing contraption, Marissa. A surface of smooth polished silver attached to an anal plug. You’re now a serving tray. And you are not to move. Your little balls will need to be kept motionless. Spillage will be punished.”

How wicked! What little joy I can bestow on myself is to be curtailed. The slightest motion will indeed spill the Contessa's fine wine.

The bejeweled hand moves to tap the large bulge in the front of the Contessa's skirt. It requires little cognitive ability to understand that it is the head of a sodomy pet, resting in repose from imparting oral pleasure. With the gesture, the bulge begins to rhythmically bob, resuming that which I have so often offered during furtive rendezvous with Abby.

"Her scent is getting even stronger. You must have her douched at some point, Conrad. It's quite embarrassing for a girl to betray her arousal in such a crass manor."

The bejeweled hand returns, this time reaching below my neck collar and finding a nipple which due to 'proper presentation' has turned to stone. It is so rare that I am touched there, Mr. Von's feather only serving to torment my engorged clitoris. Her knowing touch causes me to stir, but I compose myself before a full lurch spills the wine.

"Calm yourself, Marissa. You're just an object. A piece of furniture. Just present yourself and keep the room filled with your scent. It's charming to smell how much you enjoy being put on display."

Kneeling at the feet of the regal Contessa, watching in silence as the woman languishes, her calves parting further, her firm grip on my leash remains. I can only watch as the head bobs in earnest, the many folds of her skirt rising and falling. It becomes apparent that, first the oral assault of the Contessa's quim is assiduous and that, second the woman accepts fervent cunnilingus as calmly as one partakes in afternoon tea.

Meanwhile, I can also observe as the master of the castle receives equivalent pleasure. The occasional sound of a slurp suggests withdrawal from a well trained mouth and throat. Whichever sodomy pet kneels I know not. But I am sure the massive stiffness is ramming home to the very depths of the oral cavity... as deeply as the master plunges into the anal.

Despite being denied the ability to shift my balls, my wetness continues. My constant denial, the libertine display of lust, the power of being transformed to a mere object, serving as a tray, brings strange arousal.

Acquiescence... guidance... an exchange of power.

"In my home country, a girl like you we would given to the dogs for mating."

Greta lectures in her thick accent. Baltic? Russian? It matters not, but her observations inspire thought.

"You enjoy being leashed, amusing with your nakedness? Then you would amuse. For you... the wolf hounds. And the entire village would watch as you are mounted in the town square."

Her comments seem apropos as I kneel in the kitchen, leashed, awaiting my bowl. Greta ceremoniously applies the eye dropper and the clear liquid squirts forth. The dosage appears larger than before. She

mixes the mush, places the bowl on the floor. A heavy unstylish shoe pushes it under my nose for consumption.

“Yes, you would be used to calm the dogs. Best kept intact for protection, when their needs bring too much aggression you would kneel just as you do now. And you would kneel for the entire pack.”

I lower my head to eat. I am ravenous, the only meal of the day. Greta also lowers to whisper.

“Dog after dog, you would enjoy the penetration, a girl like you. You would be shamed, but you would like the feeling of shame as well. You would only know the penis of dogs... and come to crave it.”

She cackles, her heavy shoes clattering the flooring as she steps away. The kitchen is abuzz with activity. Whereas normally the help gathers to watch me humiliate myself, most are busy with chores.

Mr. Von is having a dinner. A snow cat has brought guests.

Despite the apprehension, I finish my mush with Greta’s provocative remarks bringing conflicting thoughts. There was a time when visualizing such a barbaric scene, placed kneeling naked and bound in a village square, would bring great consternation. But in imagining the attainment of much sought penetration the thought brings temptation... would I indeed yield to a hound? If Mr. Von insisted?

“Time for your show pretty girl. Come.”

It is the voice of Hilda as she unhooks my leash from the wall. I quickly rise knowing to keep slack and avoid pain. Across the kitchen, a bevy of help awaits as I shuffle my feet toward a wheeled service cart. Atop is a large polished platter... refulgent... lavish. The gleaming silver would offer itself in catering the finest banquets but for the eye hooks surrounding the edges. After so many months of bondage, I immediately ascertain the purpose of the solid metal loops. Whatever is presented atop the platter can be secured there.

“You get to shun your spreader bars, pretty girl. Come... up.”

A step stool awaits as the leash directs me to indeed step up then kneel. It requires only seconds to unfasten my wrist bands. My arms celebrate momentary freedom as Hilda’s powerful grip draws my hands behind my back and reattaches the wrist bands together. The leash is removed and my nose ring is attached to a loop at the front edge of the platter. Next the hobbling bar is removed and my ankle bands are clipped to loops at the rear corners. Thus I kneel, head down, calves widely parted. In this position I feel the thrill of my lower ben wa ball sliding past my labia. Hilda’s fingers tenderly smooth along my torso, then reach beneath to diddle right nipple then left.

“Proper presentation now Marissa. The pose is a little different, but Mr. Von will insist.”

I feel my nipples obediently crinkle. My clitoris begins to swell. Mentally the training, month after month in the glass oubliette, has imbued a most lascivious obeisance.

My reaction broadens as peripherally I note an entire staff of kitchen workers approach. Both male and

female, hands begin to work about as I helplessly kneel in place on the curious expanse of gleaming silver.

I am painted. My nakedness becomes a canvass as various colors are applied. Things are attached to my ears. An apple is forced into my mouth, pressed well back and into my teeth to serve as a gag, however unneeded. My rectum is lubricated. I feel the return of the anal plug with attached tray. Surrounding my kneeling form, the edge of the platter is piled with decorative fruit and canapes.

I am part of a cocktail setting. Hors d'oeuvres. Naked, bound, embarrassingly aroused. There come comments about my redolent love sheath, the humiliation bringing both wetness and resurgence to the strong feminine scent which has come to announce my presence to all.

Then comes the most disconcerting adornment. Hilda stands before me with a speculum. Comprised of clear plastic, deviously designed, a wicked smile forms as fingers slowly twist to splay the prongs in demonstration.

“You’re going to put on quite the display, Marissa. The clear plastic will not impede one’s view of your charms. You’re to be opened. Well spread, clitoris displayed like a stiff little penis, nipples celebrating your exhibition...”

The twisting reverses. The prongs combine. Hilda steps to my rear and I feel the smooth well designed device slip past my labia to enter my long neglected portal. It feels both good and appalling. The kitchen staff gathers behind me as Hilda’s fingers work. All observe as the prongs separate again, parting to forcibly open my vagina. The physical sensation... the mental revulsion... the emotional enrapturement... all combine to bring indescribable pangs of joy to a long unused love canal.

I don’t want it to feel good! I don’t want to be both humiliated *and* aroused!

But I am.

A male servant pushes the wheeled cart. Out of the kitchen we trundle into a huge ballroom. Paintings, tapestries, sculptured artifacts serve to moderate an otherwise debauchorous scene... a naked, bound, well exposed woman posing on a cart... presented as a delicacy for consumption.

But only the eyes will feast.

My body paint cloaks what I am sure would be a most deep hue of pink bordering on crimson. For in addition to the lowly servant, the room has occupants. Persons unknown saunter about, examining what I suppose to be a priceless collection of antiquities. I am chagrined to be wheeled to the very center. A floor to ceiling mirror reveals my kneeling form. The cart is positioned so I can view myself. I have been painted to resemble a piglet, pointed ears included, my apple gagged mouth serving to complete the wry humor of the depiction.

“Champagne, gentlemen?”

The servant reaches beneath the cart. A jeroboam of the bubbly essence appears. The cork pops with ceremonial zeal. Glasses are filled and the tray, propped atop my buttocks and secured by way of an anal plug, begins to be loaded. Glass after glass is placed on the flat surface. I recall Hilda's final remark in departing the kitchen.

'Remain motionless. Do not spill a drop.'

It is more difficult than ever to resist the temptation of motion. The speculum has not only completely freed the lower ben wa ball, for the first time I can feel the upper ball caress my vaginal walls. The slight movement of the cart brought delicious vibrations. More than ever, I need to gyrate my hips and impart the only pleasure, however ephemeral, allowed to me. But I can only imagine the rebuke for spewing about exquisite Champagne glasses.

Meanwhile the lower ball is free to tantalize, dangling between well parted lips and abrading the most sensitive of female anatomy... the wet sentient inner labia, frothy and incarnadine with pent up lust.

The two gentlemen approach. Nattily dressed in tuxedos, there is no appall with the depraved display of my nakedness. Instead their conversation continues as each reaches for a Champagne glass. A few more words and the subject matter expires. I become the object of silent attention as both examine.

"I must say Conrad does know how to entertain. Not exactly a stuffy soiree in Monte Carlo."

The second gentlemen murmurs acknowledgment.

"One must wonder where he finds them. With every gathering there is some pile of exquisite flesh, stimulated by subservience, eager for exhibition. And look, she's been balled as well."

In the mirror I can see the dapper gentlemen standing to the rear of the cart, sipping Champagne and discussing my well exposed genitalia as one would analyze a piece of artwork. The reference to my ben wa balls gives credence to the gentle caresses I feel within my crevice. The speculum has brought to the room light Mr. Von's wicked spheres. Such can not only be felt but also seen.

"Breasts to match that perfectly molded rump," observes number one, leaning to peer beneath my shoulders, my nipples hanging just above the surface of the platter.

"And such fragrance. It does serve to stimulate the appetite."

There comes laughter as a hand reaches for a canape.

"And makes one hungry as well."

Both laugh with the subtle wit.

"Ned... Carlos... so nice to see you again."

It is the Italian accented voice of the Contessa, dressed regally in a long flowing gown, appearing as a

queen about to mount her throne. I watch in the mirror as she promenades across the ballroom floor.

“I see you’re admiring Conrad’s latest experiment. This little trollop has responded well to the conditioning. Though well educated, she reacts just like the others. It’s in the psyche... and not to be denied. Programmed like a computer.”

The ring hand retrieves a glass of Champagne. In the mirror I see the free hand reach forth. I can barely control myself as a finger diddles the exposed lower ben wa ball, pressing it upwards into the folds of my sheath. With the speculum holding open my labia the ball thereafter slowly descends to send ecstatic twinges of delight. I moan into my apple and concentrate on supporting the many glasses of bubbly.

“Nice and wet this evening, Marissa. What does keep a girl like you so randy.”

There is a pause while the Contessa sips.

“Did you note the clitoris? Conrad gave her hood a little trim and then hormones and suction have sufficed to bring wondrous presentation.”

Having stepped aside, the two gentlemen return to reevaluate. I feel my appendage swell with the renewed attention.

“Yes, quite amusing. But whatever does a girl do with such a thing,” gentleman number two inquires.

“Just as you see now,” the Contessa exuberantly responds. “Just as a girl of her ilk wants to do. Place herself on exhibition. You can smell her joy. She’s as randy as a cat in heat... or should I say a little piggy.”

I note a well manicured male hand snatches a point of toast from the platter of sustenance surrounding my kneeling form. My heart leaps, my eyes close in concentrating on stillness as I feel the roughness of the crust abrade my moist, well exposed labia, soaking up my feminine essence.

“Quite succulent. One must sample all the offerings.”

The trio laugh as the moistened bread is devoured. This little piggy is for more than just exhibition.

“Tsk, Tsk. After all the months of training, you’ve soiled yourself... and ruined the leftovers on the platter. You really are a little piggy.”

I am well rebuked. Still kneeling, restrained by my nose ring and ankle bands, wrists secured behind my back, the party went on leaving me attached to the platter and cart in the ballroom. Though I was initially the center of attention, once the guests became accustomed to my bound nakedness, my sordid and malodorous display, I was for the most part ignored. And even more so when the entire band of sodomy pets entered the ballroom.

Abby and Hilda joined the group as dinner guests. Two women also appeared, presumably the wives of the bon vivants who continued to take delight in toast points tinged with the taste of my feminine essence.

And there arrived Mr. Von. Handsome, gregarious, very much in charge, I knew to present myself 'properly', so much desiring to please him. And though I could not gyrate or in any way stimulate myself utilizing my ben wa balls, I am sure my clitoris stiffened and remained protruding as trained.

So the ballroom filled, seven naked sodomy pets prancing about, juxtaposing quite licentiously as the two unknown couples, Abby, Hilda, the Contessa and Mr. Von were all formally dressed in evening attire. Then there was the many servants... and finally me.... joining the pets in naked subservience. A decoration symbolizing... sexual power?... depravity?... the paraphilia of the obsequious?... just what was my role?

Eventually the group broke up for destinations unknown within the castle. I am certain the sodomy pets were put to use, their oral skills seeming to be renowned amongst the guests, the Contessa's sampling of their skills having been well witnessed by me.

Fellatio... cunnilingus... Champagne induced debauchery. It required little imagination, for even the wives... mates... enjoyed observing as time after time the Contessa toyed with my exposed ben wa ball... pushing it up into my vagina and laughing as I noticeably trembled with the frisson of resulting delight while it slowly slid back down to first abrade and then exit my labia.

'And she enjoys this?' one woman incredulously inquired.

'We all have our needs', I recall the Contessa's terse reply.

So in being left alone, the party moved onward and I just knelt in the platter, struggling all night to retain what nature kept insisting that I excrete. I finally relinquished... perhaps out of spite... perhaps in trying to call attention to myself... but there was real need.

So it is well into the next morning when Hilda removes my speculum, unhooks me, reconnects my shoulder and hobbling bars, attaches my leash and draws me from the puddle of my own waste. She leads me to my special bathroom where she washes. The body paint is rinsed away, the cute pointy piggy ears disappear.

"In bringing in our guests, the snow cat cleared away the last of the blocking snows yesterday, Marissa. The roadway down the mountain is now open and that usually means Mr. Von will move onward, cabin fever mandating a change despite the joy found in sodomizing his pets."

I am toweled dry and led to the pony. As Hilda suggested, my sojourn is near to an end, but relieving myself on the platter will not go unpunished. She makes me ride for what seems like hours, my own endurance enhancing the torture. Weaker legs and buttocks would mandate shorter rides.

Part Three - The Reality

My narrative ends. I pause. With the lengthening silence I look into the face of my interlocutor. It is ironic that I both pay all the money *and* do all the talking.

He finally speaks.

“That’s it. Nothing more in returning to New York?”

“Mr. Von left the castle, presumably while Hilda supervised my last pony ride. No goodbyes... cabin fever indeed bringing a strong urge to move along. With those millions and a private jet, the world becomes one large party destination.”

Notes are scribbled. In ending my story cognizance of my circumstances returns to also end my sense of relaxation.

“Doctor, why like this? And why the unusual protocol?”

A confident chuckle precedes the unctuous reply.

“How else would a girl like you want to be treated, Miss Holloway? You’re here to confront your situation... not to be mollycoddled.”

“But stripped naked? Made to wait interminably in your outer office... without a stitch? Suppose another patient entered?”

“You are the last patient of the day. And suppose another person did enter, Miss Holloway? How would that make you feel?”

I squirm, attempting to cloak the twinge of arousal brought by his stimulating words. The thought of me sitting completely exposed as a stranger enters the waiting room brings renewed moisture, the flow having tempered somewhat during my narration.

Yes, lying naked before the fully clothed, professionally attired doctor renews the memories of the transformation... physical, mental, emotional... brought by the long visit to Mr. Von’s castle.

“I... I..”

“I have my answer,” the paternal voice intercedes.

I am embarrassed that he notes my stimulation, ignoring my stammering attempt to find words.

“Keep your hands on your head please. You’ve been a good girl in relating your thoughts and experiences and good girls earn a reward.”

The doctor turns away. The sound of snapping rubber evidences the donning of latex gloves.

“How long, overall, was your visitation with Mr. Von?” he inquires as a device is retrieved from his desk.

“The jet returned me to Teterboro in early June. Nearly eight months”

“Then you are more than accustomed to being shaved about your pubes. We’ll keep it that way. Nurse Hopkins will assist.”

His feet propel the swivel stool so that he sits most proximate to the couch... medical examination table? In all my years in doctor’s offices, though not that many visits, I have not before encountered such a device. A low, thickly padded, very comfortable couch, but covered with the hygienic white sheets of an operating table.

“Think of this as taking a pleasant ride, Miss Holloway. Imagine as a little girl visiting the zoo or some other favorite destination. You need to relax and let the doctor help you...”

With that, a nimble finger presses a button. I feel vibrating in my anus, finally explaining the insertion which the nurse mandated I accept. Then as a gloved left hand reaches to toy with my labia, there comes the sound of more vibration as a hideous but oddly attractive device in the right hand is activated. My mons is coated with slick viscous gel. The tip of the vibrating device circumnavigates, bringing heightened circulation to the folds of first my outer labia... then as if peeling an onion works within to bring joy to the inner folds as well.

“Just relax, close your eyes and go on that ride...”

I am to be masturbated. My counseling includes both the mental and the physical.

In strolling home I feel refreshed. I orgasmed with force, energetically squeezing the doctors penetrating fingers with kegel muscles I never realized were so well developed. With the anal insertion vibrating, the doctor worked two fingers within my vagina and quickly found the urethral sponge, the tips hooking upwards and forwards. There he massaged vigorously and without relent, my feminine essence flowing abundantly... explaining the white sheet covering his couch.

Yes, I went on his ride, and when deemed to come to an end, my oversized bud became the object of an assault by the vibrator in the doctor’s right hand. Direct clitoral stimulation to my hormone enhanced love button. Ecstasy!

I did not visit the zoo... I visited heaven. I never realized before that I possessed the capability to ejaculate... a notable spray of liquid erupting to saturate the white covering beneath.

Quite cathartic.

Still, I humbly slunk from his office, having to wait bent at the waist, knees parted, until the smirking nurse finally retrieved her well placed anal vibrator and returned my clothing.

I don't like her... but along with the doctor's expert hands and understanding demeanor, must learn to accept her dour looks of condemnation.

As I stroll to my apartment, thoughts of my sojourn in the French Alps continue. I realize there are seemingly insignificant segments of the story I excluded for reasons known only to my subconscious. Whatever the case, with scheduled weekly appointments I am sure the doctor will extract all he needs to know before my recuperation is deemed complete.

Gynecologist... psychologist... psychiatrist... whatever the training and educational background, I am confident of recovery. But for the doctor's knowing fingers and lively well placed devices... I would be frigid.

The termagant in white taps the top of her head with both hands, gesturing that as always it is there I am to place my hands at all times. Governance... subtle... but governance all the same.

Standing completely naked I comply... also knowing to part my feet. With another weekly appointment, the routine is expected.

"The pose best presents your mammary glands. Girls need to be checked... every visit."

The stern woman doth check too much. My breasts are indeed palpated ad infinitum with every visit. When I complain to the doctor he chuckles with a murmur of confidence.

"All part of the standard procedure, Miss Holloway. It is necessary. I assure you."

Still I detect too much enjoyment as my sizable glands are squeezed, ostensibly searching for growths, but instead I know for the amusement of Nurse Hopkins. Fingers press, caress, knead and work away as I stand in the waiting room, concerned that I am in fact the last patient of the day. Will someone enter?

"Why can I not be examined in a private room?" I inquire.

"We know girls like you. Deep down, you prefer it this way. The strange thrill of public exhibition. You protest... but you return... and you will do so every week "

How smug. Finished with the breast examination, the right hand lowers. Fingers graze my pubes.

"Some stubble. I'll shave you."

"I'd rather do it myself."

The stern look quickly disappears to vent a wicked laugh.

"No you won't. You don't find my fingers as delectable as the doctor's? Yes, I am well away of the nature of your therapy. I will shave you... each and every week. You also need to be measured. And then

you are to be anally penetrated with the vibrator. No more quibbling.”

Yes. Stern, dour, no nonsense.

Nurse Hopkins reaches to the reception desk to push open the flaps of a small box.

“I’ll need a sample,” she announces in retrieving a small vessel.

“Here?” I incredulously inquire as the fingers of her left hand reach down to splay my labia.

“Wherever I say. Besides, it will help your concentration and I believe spur some thoughts for your therapy.”

The plastic beaker is positioned under my urethral opening as the relentless woman just stands and smiles in wait.

The deed does in fact spur memories... bladder relief so often closely supervised at the castle. Demeaning, degrading, it is so awkward to stand in an otherwise public room, access available to anyone walking the halls, perhaps entering the office unannounced, lost in seeking some other occupant of the office building, instead encountering a most quirky scene.

But this is New York, home of the quaint and the eccentric.

With the months of recent experiences, I perform for the commanding nurse, filling the small beaker and then cutting off the flow.

“Very good, very neat. I’ll walk you to the bathroom where you can finish. Come.”

She leads. I follow... most gingerly in needing to complete my task.

“Keep your hands on your head while walking about the office,” she reminds as I dart into the directed room and squat.

There I finish, door open, Nurse Hopkins supervising, arms akimbo.

Like a child I am finally led from the bathroom, still nothing offered to cover my naked form. Down a long hallway, I am apprehensive about being seen. Finally, we enter a small room with a gynecological chair. There I know to sit, feet in the stirrups.

“Make that bud nice and stiff for me now. Let’s make it easy.”

Nurse Hopkins annoyingly advises as she prepares soap and a razor. The learning of ‘proper presentation’, month after month, unknown hours in the glass oubliette, has not been forgotten. Nurse Hopkins’ breast examination already has my nipples standing at attention. Her firm words, exacting demeanor, begin the engorgement. My clitoris further hardens.

She soaps my pubes.

“This clitoral ring is clever. Your man was quite adept in suturing it with limited invasion to the epidermis.”

I am heartened to know that should I have it removed, little scarring will result to evidence my curious interlude of... of what? My mind remains addled concerning the bizarre months spent in the Alps. The circular alloy of nickel, steel and silver remains not so much as a memento but so that I can protect my oversized nubbin from undergarments... Hilda offering me the small jar-like implement which threads to the ring.

‘You can take this. We’ll keep the suction tube for the next girl,’ she sardonically explained.

Though I do not fill it with sensitizing gel, the jar offers covering. And when I know I have to walk considerable distances, I thread it on to minimize abrasion.

Nurse Hopkins shaves. I am embarrassed but probably all too accustomed to having a woman labor there.

“Stiff as a little penis. Time for the calipers.”

Part of my treatment is to have monitored the hormone induced growth of the vestigial nub. After many weeks of normal diet, Greta’s additives suspended, I am heartened to know it has stopped growing.

I blush as my love button becomes the center of Nurse Hopkins’ attention. The size of the pink stiffness is carefully apprized. Nurse Hopkins records the results.

“How is it?” I inquire, my position in the chair denying my own ascertainment.

“The doctor will advise,” comes the annoying reply.

Gloved fingers lubricate my rectum. Next comes the vibrating anal insertion which experienced fingers firmly slip well into my anus. A moist towel cleanses of soap and excess lubricant.

“You’re prepared. Back to the waiting room. You’ll be called when the doctor is ready to see you.”

“Can’t I wait in here?”

“No. Back to the waiting room as directed. Sit on this towel. Keep your hands on your head for me.”

Nurse Hopkins smiles wickedly and hands me the ubiquitous length of terry cloth which seems to stock every doctor’s office. It is not long enough to provide covering. But it will offer the furniture protection from seepage from my well lubricated gluteal cleft.

Though returned to nakedness, walking freely compares favorably to my time in the castle. Thus my feet seem to prance down the hall of the doctor’s office, reminding me of the sodomy pets when their one day of liberation spurred festive footwork. A wire dangles from the vibrator stuffed into my anus, the cord

grazing my inner thighs to remind of the invading device. In resuming my seat in wait, the waiting room's mirror brings to mind the endless hours of the glass oubliette... my own naked and bound reflection being my only company... my acquiescence giving rise to both arousal and 'proper presentation'. Thus I reminisce...

Mr. Von has left. I remain. When will my sojourn of naked obedience end?

Since there is no one for whom to pose, both Hilda and Abby have deemed it easiest to return me to the glass oubliette. Buckets are lowered to offer food and opportunity to rid myself of excretions, by rote I pirouette whenever the light brightens, displaying with humbled pride my firmed buttocks, upstanding breasts and erect, penis-like, lengthened clitoris. Time again becomes even less measurable. How long?

But more befuddling, for whom?

I am a machine which, though comprised of pink flesh, comes to life with the flip of a switch.

Finally the winch pulls me fully from the mirror lined chamber and once again Hilda's strong hands guide me from the opening.

"The jet is returning to Grenoble. You'll be leaving."

To wherever Mr. Von flew, it has been the return of required transportation delaying my release back to civilization. And while awaiting the plane, why not hold me in bondage, however unnecessarily?

Leashed and led to the medical room, Mr. Von's absence is sadly noted as I sit in the chair for Hilda. It is her skilled hands which guide instruments well into my vagina to snip the small sutures holding in place the cords to my ben wa balls. With a gasp, the two spheres glide past my labia and are fully seen for the first time. Two inches in diameter the devilish globes have brought months of hellish pleasure... a girl's best friend... a girl's most wicked enemy.

A surgical cutting tool is most efficient in causing the expensive neck collar, wrist and ankle bands to snap open. Quick, well placed cuts at the hinges demonstrate that I am not the first girl Hilda has freed of the otherwise ineluctable bonds.

The nose ring is severed without ceremony... though gliding the cut ends out of the opening and past my nostrils is painful.

"Just to keep you comfortable," Abby offers in replacing my wrist and ankle bindings with temporary fur lined strips of leather.

And with that, hands secured behind my back I am led to the kitchen for a final feeding. There Greta seems indifferent to my departure, filling a bowl with mush, placing it on the stone floor and as always pushing it before me with her foot.

“You can take your last meal like the bitch dog of your dirty dreams,” she cackles in her unknown accent.

Latvian? Estonian? Hunger diverts my mental query as I fall to my knees for the last time. There has long been diminished any pride in first genuflecting then further bowing before the harridan of the kitchen. I even part my knees, the hobbling bar gone but my conditioning not. In dipping my head to partake in the bowl’s offering, I miss the thrill of the ben wa ball sliding past the entrance to my sex.

“Woof,” Greta mocks. “You leave, yes. But you’ll be servicing dogs somewhere. You take pride in having no pride.”

Interesting words.

Nurse Hopkins appears to divert my mind to the present.

“The doctor will see you now... hands on head.”

“Why not stand for a while. You seem comfortable with the pose.”

The doctor sits at his desk finishing paperwork. White smock, various tools of his professional dangling from his neck and stuffed into pockets.

“There is a mirror there.”

Having divulged so much of my strange sojourn at the castle, the reference to the mirror is not coincidental. I humbly turn slightly so I can better see my refection. The small of my back arches and my buttocks firm. I resist rising to my toes but as I feel my nipples crinkle the imparted conditioning of the castle overrules and I so pose. Missing are my shoulder and hobbling bars, the constricting neck collar, but my anatomy reacts as Mr. Von would desire.

The doctor ignores, or at least pretends to ignore, my ‘presentation’.

Instead, he reads, analyzing reports. Then he summarizes.

“Your clitoris has stopped growing. Last week’s urine test shows a slight decrease in the level of induced male hormones. We’ll have the results of this week’s test in a couple of days. I suspect within a few months you’ll be normal... at least physically.”

He rises, approaching my humbled form as I obediently pose completely naked, hands on head, my charms well exhibited.

He smiles.

“It’s the mental and emotional which will need attention... and guidance... have you attempted to masturbate?”

I shake my head, noting his use of the term ‘guidance’. Touching myself brings a sense of depression which my fingers cannot overcome with even the most fervent play.

“Dated?”

I shake my head.

“Any desire to have carnal relations?”

I shake again.

“Yes, you need counseling, Miss Holloway. And that’s quite the enticing pose, but it’s time for the couch... spread your thighs widely for me... you know about your hands.”

Again my feet seem to tap lightly in moving to assume the requested position. For some reason I remain on my toes. The curious couch, covered in sheets for reasons which became quite evident with my last visit, seems to swallow my form as I lie back, spread and return my hands to my head.

“Now, tell me if there is anything more about the castle. Any events you forgot or skipped over during last week’s visit...”

There was one noteworthy trip to the dungeon, Abby once again deeming herself in need of my tongue and lips. I intrigue the doctor with details...

“You can examine the Contessa’s team. A girl like you will find interest,” Abby enthusiastically offers as her hand jostles my leash.

Led once again into the bowels of the castle, as we approach on this trip I note that the vast chamber glows, illuminating the normally darkened hallway serving as the dungeon’s entrance and egress. When we enter the dark rock walls are ablaze in light, as if exposed to the sun. Large and extremely bright lamps, one front, one back, alight a pair of well trussed females.

Abby is correct, the scene captures my interest, and I gawk as the leash hand pulls me closer and closer.

“They pull her sled. Amazing specimens, wouldn’t you agree?”

The two forms hang upright, standing side by side and appearing almost identical. Obviously of African descent, the expanse of exposed flesh is coal black with muscling I have never before seen on a woman. Each thigh, enormous in circumference, is encircled with a broad cloth just below the pubes. In pulling outwards to the sides, the configuration forces apart the knees and it is evident that the sturdy lengths bear the weight as nothing touches the stone flooring beneath. Slim cords run from ceiling hooks and are attached to grommets embedded in the top of each ear, I suppose lending balance and precluding the misfortune of toppling in leaning forward or back. The securing cloths are soft but evidently strong and lead upwards where such are also attached to chains hung from the rock ceiling, supporting most of the

suspended weight. In being held above the floor, both women, identical in height, tower above me. I imagine their height to be over six foot.

With thighs forcibly spread, I spy a subtle protuberance emanating from each vaginal opening. The love sheath of each is stuffed, presumably with a dildo.

The arms are pulled behind, I assume the wrists tethered together. The blackened skin gleams, obviously having been oiled, and the bright lighting enhances the visual perception of the rippled and well chiseled muscling. The breasts are modest and shaped more as glands seen on male athletes than the voluptuous. Overall, there is a projection of power... well secured, completely controlled... but physical vigor all the same. Yet the sense of power enures more to she who binds more than the bound. The naked specimens are living sculptures... and the sculptoress is to be admired as much as the result of her labors.

“The Contessa likes to keep their coloring quite dark. They’re coated with cocoanut oil and as you can see exposed to sun lamps for more than hour per day. Exposure to the constant ultra violet light blackens the skin. Quite the contrast when pulling in the snows of the Alps. You can spy the Contessa and her team from miles away.”

The leash hand guides me about. We circle the hanging forms. Buttocks, protruding with incomparably large gluteus maximus muscles, further project the sense of raw power... weightlifter... sprinter... one cannot imagine the interminable drudgery required to develop such potency on the female form. One envisions the explosion of brawn as the firm, compact flesh unfurls in toil... step after step. I spy another protuberance about the rectum, an anal plug or dildo also invading that cavity.

Abby notes my look of curiosity.

“Yes, when not being run, the Contessa keeps them plugged. You’ll note there are dildo gags as well. So the pony girls are well stuffed... orally, anally, vaginally. Keeps them eager to be exercised...”

This is the team that brought the Contessa over the mountain, traversing what must be immeasurable layers of Alpine snow.

“Only legs like these can propel a laden sled while wearing snowshoes. And there is nothing like the bite of cold air to make a naked girl crave the warming sting of the crop. A good coating of thick unguent provides the only protection from the elements. These are the equivalent of thoroughbred horses... fed, groomed and trained to be run.”

Abby’s leash hand draws me closer, leaning to whisper in my ear.

“And Marissa... they so much enjoy it. A girl with the right proclivity can be quite happy in harness... no cares... no worries... just trample through the snow and perform. And enjoy the exchange of power... work hard... feel the coolness of evaporating sweat... please and be whipped in reward.”

I feel my clitoris stiffen. Abby’s index finger diddles right nipple then left.

“Time for me to sit and for you to kneel. I think you’re eager to please.”

I am.

“Curious you excluded that part of the story in your last visit,” my paternal counselor comments, as I conclude my soliloquy.

“I spoke at length. Yet I suppose many elements of my long stay were not communicated.”

The doctor hums an agreement. There was much revealed yet he knows there is more.

“What did you do when you arrived back in New York, Miss Holloway?”

“After dressing, I went home and douched.”

“Was that the first thing?”

I demur. He knows the answer.

“The first thing in arriving back at your apartment?” he patiently prompts again.

“I masturbated. I had been held in chastity for many months. But it was worse than just chastity.”

“How so?”

“Well, as described, all the teasing, witnessing all the sexual antics. Being constantly bound, exposed, forced to serve orally...”

“This spurred the need to masturbate?”

“Yes. I had great need.”

“And?” he annoyingly prompts again.

“And what?”

“Did you climax?”

“No.”

“So after all the months of chastity and the let’s see... ‘teasing, witnessing all the sexual antics. Being constantly bound, exposed, forced to serve orally,’” he quotes from the pad on his lap, “you had needs but could not ultimately satiate such.”

I sigh. The doctor is most perspicacious and precise, my own words recorded and artfully used to draw more words.

“Nothing happened. I found it depressing.”

“Would you masturbate for me?”

In any other setting, lying naked before any other person, the question would be deemed most lewd. Yet here I lie, completely exposed, obediently presented, hands on head, thighs spread to reveal the remnants of Mr. Von’s skillful transformation.

“I... I... can try,” I stammer a reply. “But I do not think anything will ultimately happen.”

“You climaxed last week. Rather impressively. Is that the first time you ejaculated?”

The doctor kindly diverts focus from my present dilemma to bring forth pleasant thoughts. Knowing fingers, clever vibrators brought forth an eruption... physically, emotionally. Yet I cannot replicate the results in the quiet of my apartment, no matter the fervor.

I am frigid... partially frigid, if such condition exists. But then I lie, telling the doctor that last week’s orgasm was the first climax since stepping onto Mr. Von’s jet back in October.

My mind whirls in the same panic that brought me to the doctor. I am too young to never again achieve normal sex!

“I’d prefer your attention, doctor.”

“So you come here for counseling and to be masturbated, Miss Holloway. Rather telling.”

He turns and reaches to his desk. I hear a click and feel my anal insertion begin to vibrate. It’s deliciously soothing... and deliciously embarrassing. Then once again feet propel the low stool to my side. Hands approach, gloved fingers smooth the viscous gel over my bald mons.

“No more douching, Miss Holloway. When needed, such will be performed here. Nurse Hopkins will supervise.

“Now let’s once again take you on that pleasant ride... to the zoo...”

The index and middle fingers first gyrate about my pubes then slip past my labia. The man knows the female anatomy. Within moments that curious plateau within my vagina feels the gentle pressure as the digits bend and the tips rub and gyrate again, pulling upwards and forwards.

I close my eyes in once again entering heaven. I do not think of the zoo.

“We’re going to have you squirt... like a geyser. Then, with your next visit you will tell me what you think about while I manipulate. This *is* therapy after all. Your thoughts are to be fully divulged and shared.”

I prove to be prescient in bringing in my purse the little jar which can so cleverly be screwed about the ring encircling my enlarged clitoris. After erupting once again for the doctor, the hormonal release sensitizes my bud to the point of untouchableness. Thus before dressing, I cover my semi erect organ with the small glass container, protecting from even the gentle abrasion of silk undergarments.

“You would not find that necessary with me,” Nurse Hopkins proclaims.

She has quietly reentered the waiting room where I am forced to undress and subsequently dress with each visit... enduring the apprehension of a stray visitor pushing open the office door.

“It’s still so sensitive,” I explain. “I sometimes cannot endure clothing.”

“That’s why under my governance, you would not need it.”

A suggestive observation, I finish dressing as the stern nurse moves to the reception desk and completes a reminder card.

“Next Friday, 4:00 p.m. No douching, doctor’s orders.”

I blush in being mentally returned to the castle’s odd hygienic protocol. There were times after menstruation that the strict rule became disconcertingly cumbersome, my feminine scent quite intense with no permitted amelioration.

Surely I will be douched under the doctor’s care.

I accept the reminder card and depart, in closing the door I hear Nurse Hopkins cackle wryly, my condition, my therapy apparently serving to amuse.

The hallway of the prestigious midtown office building returns me to reality, having been taken on a trip to ecstasy... riding the doctor’s couch... and his gloved fingers. Such an unlikely place, such an unusual manner, in which to experience the joy of sex.

Still it is cathartic and my mind wanders in relaxation, a mood rarely achieved with the curious frigidity imposed by my stint at the castle. Down the elevator, through the lobby, out onto the streets, the weight of my metal ring and the attached jar bobs about with every step, serving to remind me of Mr. Von’s bizarre alteration. Yes, bizarre.

But if a wealthy man, empowered by the acquiescence of a girl of my ilk, has both the desire and the ability... is it truly bizarre that he so embolden himself to infuse transformation... so unusual that he endeavor to fulfill his own proclivities? Why should he deny himself the privilege?

It is the hour that brings the end of the working day. New Yorkers scurry about, those residing in nearby apartments more leisurely walk their dogs. With Central Park a block away, eager pets strain against leashes in communicating need. A large husky tugs with enthusiasm challenging the resolve of his owner. The owner barks commands, her voice firm and indicating that she is obviously a knowledgeable trainer of canines. As the energetic beast passes by, I note a healthy set of testicles flop about, the husky’s curled

up tail revealing its intact status. The incident reminds of my departing trip from the castle, when I too was leashed and a firm woman barked commands...

As my tongue hungrily gathers in the last morsel of gruel, I feel hands work about my neck. Freed of the constricting metal neck collar, the few moments of consuming Greta's slop, however distasteful, has been a joy. Particularly since I know it is the last slop to be endured.

"Just temporary, Marissa, Girls like you are always bound within the castle grounds. Mr. Von's rule."

I am again collared. My leash returns. Abby tugs. I know to rise. My hands remain restrained behind my back. I am heartened to be led to the reception area and out the huge double doors which when last opened before my eyes served as bulwark to a pile of accumulated snow. I am pleased to see that late Spring has brought enough warmth to melt the mass of white. Though the air is cool with the altitude of the Alps, the bright sun warms, bringing comfort to my nakedness. I am to be freed!

Stepping into the van, my temporary collar is hooked to the chain which hangs in greeting from the frame. Its presence brings curiosity... how is it ever explained to the vanilla world... that which lies outside the libertine existence of Mr. Conrad Von Reinhardt?

In retrospect it probably never needs to be. Its use more than evident to she attached and certainly to she attaching, no one else ever sits beneath its short but controlling length but me and I would assume the sodomy pets.

Hilda slides into the seat next to me. Abby, as before, drives.

"Solo flight for you, Marissa. Mr. Von is off for pleasures and sights more seasonally exotic than France. When you land at Teterboro the crew will return your pocketbook and personal belongings. Keep in mind there is no record of you leaving the country and no record of you entering France. So though we'll keep you well bound and comfortable, there is no point in attempting anything brash. Just accept your stipend and move on with your life. We arranged to have a new ATM card mailed to your apartment. Funds for a new life will be available..."

Hilda speaks as the van backs out of its winter shelter. Abby presses a remote control and the huge wooden gates, at one time withstanding the barbarians of the fourteenth century, ironically swing open in response to the touch of a button.

We move at hardly more than the pace of a walk, Abby carefully guiding the van along the narrow and precarious way carved into the mountainside. It continues for hundreds of yards. Yet before reaching a more navigable portion of the thoroughfare, Abby brakes heavily. Once again a wolf, most likely *the* wolf, blocks our way and is doing so where it is impossible to drive around.

"He is bold and frisky this time of year," Abby notes. "He needs the taming pleasure of your hand, Hilda," she humorously adds.

“He’s seeking a mate,” Hilda explains. “And such need brings unusual courage.”

Abby waits, permitting me to visually examine the vicious yet brave creature in full daylight. With his winter buildup of fur remaining, the creature appears huge, powerful, well fed but agile. In turning to one side, a mammoth set of testicles dangles with virility. His hormones rage, emboldening him to challenge the van in its perceived invasion of his territory. His eyes glare. He waits to pounce on anyone attempting to imperil herself in exiting the van, the drop shear, this time to Hilda’s side. On my side a wall of chiseled granite would impede the swift motion of any occupant departing the vehicle to escape.

So we wait. And I admire. It is a beast... but it is sublime in its ferocity and raw power.

“He has appetite. And one which perhaps we can somewhat whet,” Hilda observes.

The large hand which has for months provided care reaches over me. I am horrified when the handle is tugged and the door slides open. As noted there greets the eye a wall of granite, not more than a crawl space between the body of the van and that chiseled away to remove the slope of the mountain.

“Courage, Marissa. As women we have the advantage of knowing exactly what he desires.”

The beautiful beast seems perplexed. I am petrified. And I am more petrified when Hilda gives her command.

“Turn and spread, Marissa. Don’t think he has not already picked up a smattering of your scent. A little more will entice him to move.”

“Please, no!” I beseech breaking the rule of silence.

“Please, yes, Marissa. Look at him. He is well fed. He will not bite. It is your feminine scent that stirs appetite... but not for sustenance. It is the appetite of the virile male.”

I am well bound... and helpless. And indeed my undouched sex still remains most malodorous. Do I have a choice? The wolf already approaches, his teeth no longer showing. Instead his tongue protrudes... hideously long... wet... pink.

Even the wolf has difficulty sliding between the side of the van and the wall. I hear his claws scratch the gravel. I wish Abby would gun the engine, maiming the wolf but freeing us. But she could have done that before when the beast was directly in front. Hilda and Abby also have an affinity for the beauty of the feral.

So I turn. And I spread. And I close my eyes hoping that I have not endured the many months only to sacrifice my sex to an animal... my shaven mons appearing as a succulent slice of raw meat.

What were Greta’s parting words... I will be servicing dogs?

“Do not make any sudden moves, Marissa. Your over ripe cunny has captured his attention.”

Hilda speaks calmly, realizing that it is unlikely that the wild animal will bound into the interior and endanger my superiors.

No, instead the beast positions itself at my feet, my toes dangling off the side of the seat. I feel a snort of breath. Somehow my eyes open and I am face to face with a killer. The front paws rise. It balances on hind legs, front steadied against the seat. I look down to see his sizable phallus is unsheathed, the pink and slippery tip jutting forth, stiffening in preparation for penetration. There is much salivation. And as much as the wolf smells, I am sure the odor of my neglected hygiene surpasses and stirs his olfactory nerves. In parting my thighs, my scent seemingly wafts throughout the Alps.

“Steady, Marissa. The pheromones of that stinky nest of yours seems to keep him calm. Spread nice and wide. Present yourself as trained.”

I am shamed to find the words have the effect which has been long ingrained. My back arches, my nipples crinkle. Fear seems to augment what months in the glass oubliette have instilled.

Yes, my clitoris stiffens, seeming to stand and present itself as a tasty appetizer to the hungry wolf. I tremble. Apprehension? Strange joy? What brings such a reaction?

I again close my eyes and feel the breath come closer. Can fear increase the flow of juices normally spurred by arousal? I moisten most unexplainably.

And then it happens. That hideous pink tongue projects, it thrusts forth, it invaginates about my oversized nub, the inviting stiffness seeming to focus the wolf’s attention. The tongue swirls. It licks, savoring my taste.

And I instantly shudder and climax.

Other than Mr. Von’s feather, nothing has touched me there in months. The feeling is ecstatic. Abject terror. New found joy. Yet it is incomplete. I want more. Can there be penetration where for many months nothing other than the teasing ben wa balls has been felt?

The tongue continues to lick. I cry out and shudder again.

‘Deeper!’ I gasp.

Hilda laughs. Abby joins. I experience not only the first orgasm in months, but one of the most frustrating ever. I want to reach out and pull the tongue inward! But instead the wolf retreats, my taste seeming to satiate a need. The paws retract to return to all fours. He moves onward to the rear, continuing up the road in his quest.

For now, the beast has been tamed! Have I serviced a dog?

Reaching my apartment building, I stow my thoughts while sorting through the mail, my pending job

search occupying my thoughts.

When I enter my apartment I remove my clothes. For whatever reason, I am more comfortable stripped naked. And unlike my comportment before the castle visit, I have no compunction about leaving the blinds open. The entire island of Manhattan can peer through my ninth floor living room window. The thought brings a flash of excitement.

Besides, in strolling about sans covering, I can remove the curious little jar which shields my over sensitive clitoris from the abrasion of clothing.

My message machine continues to offer itself to the beseeching voices of handsome young males seeking... well seeking what young males always seek. Some acquaintances, some former lovers, there is solace in knowing that my beauty has not been forgotten over the months of my... my acquiescence. But I return no calls. Though the doctor can manipulate me to orgasm, the thought of carnal relations does not inspire. And there is the matter of the ring and my altered genitalia. I cannot imagine explaining it... and I cannot imagine having intercourse. Certainly not the missionary position. My clitoris cannot be touched much less pressed against the hairy pubes of a lover.

And so it becomes time for the curious exercise I perform.

Standing before my floor to ceiling living room mirror, I pose... properly presenting myself. Within an instant my nipples crinkle while I perch on toes and arch my back. My clitoris stiffens without an iota of physical stimulation. Tonight, though I will bring myself to a wetness which normally demands cleansing, I will not thereafter douche. That is now a task for Nurse Hopkins.

I wonder if should share these moments with the doctor?

“I dislike Nurse Hopkins, doctor.”

“Many do. But her role here is not to be liked. She has a job to perform and she does so very well.”

I stand in preparation, awaiting the suggestion that I lie on the couch. Yes, I properly present myself, the pose before the fully clothed therapist bringing a needed catharsis... I guess.

Once again papers are reviewed as I stand stripped naked and humbly wait.

“No discernible shrinkage, Miss Holloway. If there remains great sensitivity I suggest we continue to leave the ring in place so you can cover your clitoris and wear clothing.”

As Nurse Hopkins noted, minor surgery will remove the ring and leave little scarring. But I cannot always present myself naked. The ring has become most functional in facilitating dress.

“In reviewing my notes there is a missing portion of the chronology. Probably not significant, but how did you return to the United States? I have presumed you flew without mishap... and without clothing...”

I nod, waiting for the command to lie and spread. It does not come.

“You may stand and speak... keeping your hands on your head. According to my notes you are comfortable in so posing.”

I am more than comfortable.

And so I continue to properly present and complete the story... skipping the encounter with the wolf...

With the advantage of owning a private hanger, Abby guides the van into the vast structure and directly adjacent to the plane.

“Wait here,” Hilda suggests with noted irony, my neck collar remaining secured to the ceiling of the van.

In entering months before, it was explained that a French immigration official approved entry without inspecting a thing and without leaving the office of the hanger, Hilda having utilized certain talent as an inducement for the quick approval of paperwork.

I suspect that the inducement will once again be offered and I will not be questioned and certainly not need to display my nakedness in satisfaction of cumbersome immigration regulations. After all, many sodomy pets prance about the castle, Mr. Von procuring naked and obsequious girls as a rancher does cattle. All presumably gained entry to France in the same manner.

Within minutes Hilda returns. I note that her inducement required little expenditure of time and I learn there is a snag.

“You’re to be inspected. Come.”

I am aghast as Hilda unhooks my neck collar and Abby produces my leash. There are workers in the hanger, just as when I arrived months before. But on that occasion I was quickly led to the van and driven off, offering only a glimpse of my nakedness.

“All are employees of Mr. Von, Marissa. Just as at the castle.”

But I was equally uncomfortable there in being paraded about before the myriad of servants!

Still, what choice do I have? Abby tugs, I follow. Though the nose ring no longer ensures instant compliance, there are the months of conditioning. Plus freedom is so close, the Falcon jet waiting at the ready for the long but liberating flight home. I want nothing to divert my escape to freedom.

“Monsieur Dubois has needs, Marissa. In taking care of such, Mr. Von’s girls gain entry without entanglement with the law. But sometimes those needs deviate.”

I quickly assume ‘Monsieur Dubois’ is the immigration officer, Abby speaking as I prance across the

concrete floor of the hanger. All heads turn, the half dozen workers suspending their efforts in order to better view my bound and naked form being led about like a dog on a leash. For some reason I find myself capering on my toes with exaggerated steps serving to make my breasts bounce. I am both uncomfortable but oddly prideful in attracting attention... yet in such a sordid manner.

We follow Hilda into the office. Monsieur Dubois sits behind a desk, I assume a temporary convenience in organizing any paperwork awaiting his rubber stamp.

“Marissa Holloway, Monsieur. Attired as required... and presented for your *inspection*.”

The term ‘inspection’ is given a burlesque like enunciation, Hilda humorously adding a sexually suggestive inflection.

Monsieur Dubois proves to be a meek little man. Balding, approaching fifty, one could quickly guess at the occupation of the career bureaucrat.

“Proper presentation for the inspector, Marissa,” Hilda commands.

Of course. Rising to my toes, I lean forward, arch my back and thrust forth breasts while feeling my nipples harden even more. My buttocks clench to display the perfect roundness of globes honed to perfection. And of course my bud begins to engorge. I am embarrassed, but as always the embarrassment facilitates the sense of stimulation.

Hilda moves to stand over the right shoulder as the inspector docilely smiles. He gawks, calmly, without comment, but he gawks. Mrs. Dubois has apparently not been kind of late.

“She is a naturel... her senteur...”

Not only my nakedness amuses, but my scent attracts as well. His half English, half French comment serves to augment my arousal.

“Yes, never douched... and she has been trained to please the eye, Monsieur Dubois. Enjoy!”

Hilda leans as Abby maintains a firm grip on my leash. The scene obviously stimulates as a distracted Monsieur Dubois just sits while I hear Hilda unzip his trousers. I thus become the catalyst for the controlling hand job which serves to facilitate all paperwork... and Mr. Von’s world of debauchery.

On how many occasions has Hilda masturbated the priapic inspector? I suspect each and every time the castle requires staffing. Perhaps as well, two African pony girls have been shepherded into the country to serve the Contessa, easily ushered past immigration as a firm hand satiates the inspector.

Whatever the case, it is apparent that Hilda’s knowing grip has before facilitated Mr. Von’s desires. The motion of her arm speeds and slows, taunting the docile male. The scene wordlessly plays out. Abby occasionally has me shake my breasts, evidencing both size and firmness as a smiling Hilda coos words of encouragement.

Then Abby lowers her free hand. I feel two fingers glide into my sopping love sheath. Wriggling about, coating the digits with my malodorous essence, she withdraws and steps away to quickly present the offering to Monsieur Dubois.

“I am sure this will help,” Abby declares in reaching forth to smear the moustache of Hilda’s mousey toy.

My strong fragrance seems to overwhelm. Within moments Monsieur Dubois noticeably squirms, closes his eyes and moans.

“Good boy. You’ve come as strongly as ever,” Hilda finally announces as if potty training a child.

In proclaiming ejaculation, the exhibition ends. My return passage to America is thus approved... not that I ever officially left the country.

The doctor nods, seeming to be somewhat intrigued in learning of the French official’s proclivity. As I know all too well, Hilda was quite the authoritative woman. And I am sure the doctor wonders, as I still do, why was the inspector not demanding more than just a firm stroke of Hilda’s hand?

“Lie on the couch, Miss Holloway. You’re aroused by your own words.”

Yes, I am. For in once again recalling the trip, the wolf comes to mind, that long and terrifying tongue ending months of strict chastity, but also bringing a different unsatiated desire.

The gloves snap. I hear the click. I feel the anal insertion vibrate. The low stool is wheeled to my side. The gel is smeared about my freshly shaved mons. I detect my scent and it brings me to blush, a reaction I cannot avert.

“Nurse Hopkins did not douche me,” I meekly explain.

“Nor will she. I want vaginal cleansing withheld. We’re beginning to understand your needs Miss Holloway. We will change your appointments to twice per month and you can apprise me of your progress in dating. I will want the details of any rendezvous or other romantic entanglements.”

As the doctor speaks the mechanics begin. Knowing the process, knowing that the fingers will relentlessly knead and gently tug, the dual vibrators offering no respite, my genitalia slowly surrender. The pungent wetness further embarrasses. I begin to soak the cloth beneath. I am well on my way to my therapeutic orgasm.

But then for the first time the office door opens.

“You rang for me doctor?”

“Yes, Nurse Hopkins. I believe you may wish to observe.”

No! Not before her. The white uniformed shrew whose only form of amusement, only show of social grace, has been to smile wickedly while I suffer the indignities of her examining hands, of fingers which search my breasts ad infinitum for imaginary lumps, which splay my labia in garnering a urine sample.

The doctor continues without looking up or interrupting the sublime manipulation. Months of conditioning at the castle, of acquiescence, preclude verbal protest. Instead I lie and soak up the doctor's tendance, closing my eyes as I spy a smirking Nurse Hopkins standing most proximate.

"The clitoris engorges most noticeably, doctor. So close to being a small penis."

"And unfortunately, yet perhaps fortunately for this one, it makes normal copulation rather awkward, if at all possible."

I feel my circulation rush, my most intimate anatomy being clinically discussed. Yet I quietly accept the attention.

"See how I must bring climax," the doctor notes.

The hand held vibrator teasingly circles the perimeter of my bud then ever so gently is brought to direct contact as the penetrating fingers curl upward to press on my urethral sponge. The action I know better stimulates the entire clitoral stem, most of the organ well embedded beneath the flesh of the pubes.

"So well exposed. So inflamed," Nurse Hopkins comments.

"And now to be so satiated," the doctor adds.

He knows to finally press firmly. In my state of arousal, my untouchable clitoris can finally accept both the pressure and the enhanced vibration.

But my cortex cannot. I explode, a squirt of feminine juices most humiliatingly spewing forth at the doctor's behest. My thighs clench. My kegel muscles contract. I squirt again. Then the doctor knowingly coaxes a third.

"And there you have it, Nurse Hopkins. Another orgasm. Rather strong, but as expected," the doctor matter of factly remarks, suggesting his ministration is all in a day's work.

I lie as a puddle of melted steamy hot flesh. Nurse Hopkins leans. The thumb and forefinger of each hand gathers in a healthy roll of nipple flesh. Though over sensitive in just having climaxed, for the first time her touch feels good.

I enjoy it.

"You will have to wait a little longer. The doctor is with a patient."

I am shocked! Nurse Hopkins has put me through the preliminaries of the now semi monthly visits without noting another's presence. Breast examination, urine sample, shaving, rectal lubrication, anal vibrator inserted... the whole time someone could have exited the doctor's inner sanctum and encountered the otherwise bizarre 'therapy'.

So I sit, hands on head, as the nurse works at the reception desk, imagining the gender of the other patient. But will it make a difference? Whether I am exposed before a male or a female?

The gaping eyes of a male... the wrathful scorn of a female... whichever... the humiliation will be intense.

"Cannot I not wait elsewhere?" my voice disappointingly seems to beseech.

"No. But perhaps you'd be more comfortable if you stood and *properly presented*."

The term, the command, so often heard at the castle, brings burning to my ears. Particularly the manner in which the nurse enunciates the words. Mocking... yet provocative. She would not be ruffled if I indeed stood, rose to my toes, arched my back and brought stiffness to my clitoris.

I return to silence.

"Your hair's becoming long enough to style," the nurse notes. "Are you going to keep it?"

It has required months, but the fuzzy shortness displayed during my first appointment has slowly propagated to a more feminine look.

"I can shave you there as well, if you'd like. Just like your Hilda."

Again there comes a stunning revelation... Nurse Hopkins knows the details of the castle!

She notes my benumbed reaction and comments.

"You should know that I type up all of the doctor's notes. And sometimes must listen to the tapes to assure accuracy. I am very much aware of the antics at the castle."

"Tapes?" I incredulously inquire.

"You did not carefully read the papers in agreeing to the doctor's care. All the sessions are recorded," her smile one of smugness.

She stands, approaches and plants herself arms akimbo as I continue sitting naked and perplexed.

"We specialize in the likes of you, Miss Holloway. The doctor is quite talented in dealing with the aberrant. But I'd have you again eating from a bowl. And as for pleasure... for the likes of you the normal is wasted and best denied."

She stares. I blush.

Then a door opens, distracting from our wordless communication. In sitting exposed, humbly posed with hands on head, I can only console myself in knowing that whoever exits the doctor's office is also undergoing therapy.

After all, the doctor specializes in the likes of me.

I look past the imposing form of Nurse Hopkins to see that it is a woman. Middle-aged, she wears a plain white cotton blouse. But the skirt is of black leather, and the sound of heavy tapping draws the eyes to impressively polished knee high boots. Her black hair is neatly drawn back in a bun. In spying my sitting form, squirming somewhat in discomfort, she makes a show of stepping forth to join Nurse Hopkins.

"An enlightening session as always, Joan. The doctor can be quite consoling."

Her look broadens to an engaging but authoritative smile.

"And what a cute little exhibition we have here. What's this about?"

"She is here to be masturbated."

My ears burn as I close my eyes in shame.

"What is it that you think about while I masturbate you, Miss Holloway? To continue to remain pensive is counterproductive. You need to heal. You cannot afford these visits forever."

The search for employment has proven to be an unwanted distraction. The magazine business is soft, my attention span limited. I have blown out any number of interviews. The stipend of Mr. Conrad Von Reinhardt is dissipating. New York living is not cheap... and though the visits to the doctor's office are physically satisfying, Nurse Hopkins notwithstanding, such rapidly deplete the wallet.

I note that the vibrator hums, my gel coated mons is ready to accept the dextrous foreplay. I need to feel the skilled penetration of those fingers!

We are well into the string of sessions, now semi monthly, thus I continue to have great need. There have been no dates, no furtive self masturbation in the confines of my bed. It is only these visits that offer relief.

Yet on this visit the doctor withholds!

Reluctantly, I speak.

"I think about the castle of course. The castle and my acquiescence. That is why I am here."

"Which segment? Your visit was quite involved. Any particular element give rise to fantasy... bondage... exhibition... objectification... observing the girls... the sodomy pets? What pulls the trigger? What

thought induces ultimate climax?”

The doctor is insistent. It is only then that I fully tell the story of the wolf... the fear... the intensity... the hideous tongue which spurred such simple but long overdue waves of ecstasy.

Yes, while the doctor’s fingers have worked... while the clever devices have vibrated away... the image of that virile wolf... having his way... reveling in my scent... kindly subduing his ferocity to gently but ardently lick... that is the vision which has brought the brisance... brought the emotional arousal to join the physical. Contractions, oscillations, orgasm.

For the first time ever I tell the story... that of ‘properly presenting’ myself to a lupine beast and sensing incomparable thrill. The ultimate acquiescence to pure unfettered power. In the domain of the wolf, I capitulated completely to the beast master. Offering my quim indeed like a succulent slice of raw meat.

The doctor calmly listens. I find consolation in reminding myself that the gifted and well educated therapist has seen it all... heard it all... experienced it all.

He completes his manipulation. I come quite strongly, imagining that long tongue curling about my oversized clitoris, fantasizing that the intense imaginary pleasure will turn to instant agony as the strong taste incites the wolf to indeed devour as an appetizer my oversized, stiffened clitoris. The force of my climax leaves the covering sheet as wet as ever. My final confession more cathartic, bringing more than any other session forceful jets of essence which spew forth so orgiastically.

In so strongly clenching, I exhaust myself and note that with my zealous grip the doctor cannot slip away his fingers. Instead he puts aside the clitoral vibrator and turns off that impaling my rectum. Knowing that I cannot keep the kegel muscles contracted forever, he calmly waits.

Finally, my quim yields. The gloved fingers slide away. My volcanic response is impressive.

“I do not believe further sessions will be helpful, Miss Holloway. Have you thought about returning to the castle?”

Part Four - The Fantasy

The many therapy sessions, now ended, were expensive. My funds continue to dissipate, yet I read more Village Voice ads than want ads.

And of course there is no ad to be found reading... ‘handsome and rich bachelor desires ordinary working girl to shower with gifts, travel, money and affection’. Not only is there no repeat of Mr. Von’s provocative proposal, but nothing remotely similar. I am sure with labor day approaching he is again searching for winter amusement... something to inflame his lust and thus ensure that each sodomy pet undergoes her weekly ration of depravity.

But there are so many cities and his resources are so vast. Why would he reactivate his quest in New

York? An ad can be published anywhere. Perhaps this winter he too will have a well muscled African girl who will not only pose in ‘proper presentation’ to satiate his proclivity for objectification, but pull him about the mountain top as well.

He could sled across the Alpine snows and visit the Contessa! Though I picture only the stroking hand of Abby endeavoring to warm pony girl flesh. Mr. Von never directly engaged in discipline.

There are days when I wastefully take a cab to Teterboro Airport, spending over one hundred dollars round trip in some quixotic quest to locate the Conrad Von Reinhardt jet. With the doctor terminating his ‘therapy’ my concupiscence mounts, my hormone levels rage. I seem to present myself for hours in the confines of my own apartment, and my conditioning precludes so much as a finger tip touching below. All reason spontaneously yields to desperation.

So the cab rides are futile diversions and I often wonder in traversing the Lincoln Tunnel, just what would I say should I in fact locate the sleek Falcon craft, Hilda and Mr. Conrad Von Reinhardt?

Utilizing what words would I encourage Mr. Von to extend another invitation, strip me naked and fly me four thousand miles?

‘I would like to grow a full penis for you.’

My own words bring cynical inner laughter.

But most perplexing, should I somehow locate the craft and crew, beseech to renew my acquiescence, how does such a scenario lead to indulging in the fantasy of the wolf... the catharsis of sheer fright, succumbing to unbridled ferocity, combined with the exquisite clitoral stimulation of warmth and wetness?

Emotionally, I am lost.

Then a package arrives. The doorman suggests it was hand delivered.

“By whom?”

“Don’t know, Miss Holloway. I stepped away to hold the elevator door and it was propped on my podium when I returned.”

There is no return address.

“And the landlord left this envelope for you.”

A notice of overdue rent diverts my attention. I have the funds, barely, and make a note to transfer more money from savings to my checking account. Another month without employment. The cab rides must end. But more importantly I need to focus on finding a job.

To my apartment, I open the mysterious package. Sardonic wit visits my abode. It is a dog bowl. Not a

precise replica of that used for feedings at the castle, but then again there are not a lot of styles in canine dinnerware.

But more curiously, the package also contains a bottle of clear liquid, some one half pint, with an eyedropper serving as the closure. There is a note.

Marissa

Recommended dosage - 10 milliliters per day, do try to limit yourself, Marissa. I expect restored growth and will contact you when it is time.

Mr. Von! The calendar suggests that the Alpine snows begin in a few weeks!

Nurse Hopkins' last measurement suggested my clitoris had begun to shrink. Not by much, but with the plummet in induced male hormones, the many months of expansion have reversed.

And now, offered a fresh supply of male hormones, it is evident he desires continued growth.

I begin to toss quality food into my blender and grind such into a ghastly mush, visually replicating Greta's foul concoction. 15 milliliters of hormones, larger than recommended, joins the glop.

Need I use the doggy bowl?

Strangely, alone in my apartment, I kneel in nakedness before the bowl and without use of hands, ingest the congealing mass.

In renewing the consumption of hormones, my physical transformation will rejoin the mental and emotional.

"Another note for you Miss Holloway. A messenger dropped it off and literally ran back to his bike. Barely caught a glimpse of him."

I have been eating hormone laden mush for two weeks. My funds are low. I am desperate. My heart leaps in hoping for instructions for one last cab ride to Teterboro. I tear open the envelope with great expectation.

Marissa,

515 Fifth Avenue. Visit soon. I purchased some jewelry for you. Nothing pretentious, it is functional and I insist that you acquiesce and wear it.

Acquiesce! Mr. Von has returned to save me from delving into fantasies which have come to impoverish! I have little of his stipend remaining and have already begun to pack up my apartment for cheaper digs in New Jersey.

I walk the many blocks to 515 Fifth Avenue. Wearing my protective clitoral jar, the feel of its weight and the surrounding sutured ring brings odd comfort. I bear something for my generous benefactor. In doing so I fantasize over the latest offer. Cash is welcomed, of course. But the thought of being relieved of all burdens, financial and sensual, enthralls just as much as a refurbished bank account.

No more landlord notes!

The jewelry store is pure Conrad Von Reinhardt. Expensive, luxuriant, everything glitters and oozes wealth... considerable wealth. The snooty saleswoman condescends to speak with me, my youth conveying relative poverty to she dealing daily with the rich.

“May I help you?” she deigns, I suppose in expecting me to ask directions to the nearest subway.

“I am Marissa Holloway. I believe you have some jewelry for me.”

The woman is slightly taken aback but professionally cloaks her reaction.

“Oh... yes. I was not expecting someone so...”

She slides an appointment book to her front.

“Geraldine just happens to have an hour free. Can you step this way?”

“I can just take it with me, if that’s easiest.”

“No. Our instructions are for installation. You’ll need to be pierced. And it’s a rather avant garde configuration. Not something we usually do here. You’ll need to sign consent forms.”

Just where does Mr. Von want me pierced!

But then again, does it matter?

I follow the snooty matron to a door at the rear. Entering a cluttered back office, I am introduced to Geraldine, a pleasant black girl. She pushes papers in front of me. Standard release for any body ornamentation in this age of multiple piercings and extreme modification.

“Just your ears, and a ring at the nape of the neck,” Geraldine succinctly offers as I scan the document.

Simple enough. I sign.

But then, when I sit, she carefully cleanses and coats the body of my ear... the entire cartilaginous mass.

“Right here. Most unlikely to tear.”

Her fingers pinch not the lobe, but the top back corner of my left ear, giving a firm tug to demonstrate the relative toughness of the area of intended penetration.

“You won’t feel much initial pain there. But there will be some discomfort as I work the opening larger.”

Geraldine pushes in front of me the trinkets which I expect to be somewhat expensive and ostentatious. I am both disappointed and heartened. Nothing more than a plain ring and some grommets! More decorative than industrial metal, but certainly not costly. Yet I am oddly heartened... it is because the only other time I saw a girl wearing such peculiar baubles was in the castle dungeon... two behemoth pony girls trussed in suspension, their ear bindings serving to offer balance... and as tethers for directing reins when serving in harness for the Contessa!

Mr. Von wants to bind me just as the naked, well muscled, coal black beasts of burden which served to inspire Abby’s need for cunnilingus.

A jet awaits somewhere to return me to naked seclusion in the Alps! Such a provoking thought! In remaining undouched, I can smell my arousal and wonder if my stimulation is evident to this Geraldine.

“There are connecting chains which are not quite in style, Miss Holloway. You may not wish to wear them on Fifth Avenue. More of a Greenwich Village thing...”

Geraldine holds up short lengths of links. One end of each has a small open ring which can apparently be looped through the grommets, pinched closed and soldered for permanency. The opposing end of each has a much larger loop. Obviously each chain is intended to be threaded through the neck ring and then linked up to a grommet in each ear, one left, one right.

Then Geraldine holds up the circle of matching metal. In better viewing, I gawk. It is of some one inch in diameter, but the gauge is formidable, not to be bent or broken, and embedding it will require a considerable piercing. She notes my reaction and consoles, leaning across the small table.

“This will go here,” she proclaims in pinching a sizable tuft of skin just below the neck line. “The skin is thick there... and without much sensitivity. I am instructed to penetrate many layers.”

The initial pain of penetration is not what concerns.

As stated, pierced at the nape, just where a mother tiger grabs a recalcitrant cub... where a bitch carries her puppies... just the place for a connecting leash!

“It’s acceptable... go ahead.”

Yes, I acquiesce.

I examine in the mirror. My ears have holes of some half inch in diameter, at the top, quite visible and where few baubles are ever fashionably donned. Somewhat decorative, the grommet-chain configuration appears more industrial than stylish. Geraldine is correct, not to be noticed in the Village amongst those adorned in leather, heavy metal piercings and tattoos, I am certainly the object of stares in midtown. When clothed the links drape over my shoulders and disappear under the collar of most garments. There

the chains thread through the sturdy neck ring and with the larger looped ends cannot be pulled out. Instead they hang in wait for a leash.... belonging to Mr. Von but to be administered by the likes of Hilda and Abby.

I strangely miss their controlling tugs...

As suspected, Geraldine took the time to solder closed the links attached to my grommets. Thus I cannot remove the peculiar configuration... not without permanent damage... not without refuting my acquiescence.

Taking the time to stop at a pet store, I use a modicum of my remaining funds to purchase a cheap dog leash. At night before properly presenting myself to my mirror, I hook the leash to the ending two large loops of the ear chains. Though I cannot satisfactorily assimilate the controlling tugs, I imagine being directed about, the cartilage of my ears withstanding strong pulls... not as painful as with the nose ring... but enabling guidance from the rear rather than the front. More akin to how one would actually walk a dog.... following rather than leading.

I moisten considerably with the notion of my forthcoming 'guidance'.

I even take the time to leash myself then tie off the free end to a table leg. In kneeling, the self bondage emulates that of a dog having been tethered, my own movements producing tantalizing restrictions when the leash tightens, tensions my ears and thus directs my head.

I become wet with my own restraint.

The regular mail delivers my next directive... as usual no return address...

Marissa,

It is time. Pack your belongings in preparation for storage. Such will appropriately stowed. Report to 56 Spring Street. Apartment 8 H. Tuesday, 7:00 p.m. Be prompt. Leave all behind. Bring nothing. Instructions await you there. Key enclosed.

My heart leaps. I have no money for next month's rent. It is as if someone in monitoring my bank account and throwing a financial life preserver just as my head is going under for the proverbial third time.

Spring Street has undergone much renovation. Crusty warehouses have been converted to trendy lofts. The narrow streets of SoHo nest art galleries, coffee shops, affiliated offices of New York University. In such a neighborhood the ostentatious ear grommets and connecting chains seem more acceptable as I stroll in the gloaming of an early autumn evening. No one seems to notice me.

56 Spring Street proves to be undistinguished. I take the elevator to the eighth floor. Taped to the door of apartment 8 H is a manilla envelope with the letter 'M' crayoned quite conspicuously. I open.

Welcome Marissa.

Enter. Remove all clothing. Don the waiting cuffs, both ankles and wrists. Step up on the stool and attach the hanging lock to your ear chains. Close the lock and wait. Do not dawdle!

I obey, slipping into the apartment to find it is a simple studio, one room with an interior door which I assume leads to a bathroom. A chain hangs from a sturdy ceiling hook, the stool beneath. At the end there is the expected padlock. Below, lying in wait on the floor are fur lined leather restraints. Such can be buckled and I note there are small padlocks attached as well.

But more curiously, and quite inspiring... the walls of the room are covered with floor to ceiling mirrors... as is most of the ceiling.

Otherwise there is nothing!

I have entered the New York glass oubliette of Conrad Von Reinhardt! And in dutifully ingesting some 15 milliliters of hormones per day, I know I will continue to properly present for him.

I do not dawdle. I strip. Right wrist, left wrist, right ankle, left ankle, I know to click closed each of the small padlocks which will serve to make the bonds most secure. Lastly, watching in one of the many mirrors, I endeavor to thread the large hanging padlock through the two large loops of my dangling ear chains. I compress and hear the ominous click of bondage. There is not much slack, but I am adept at perching on my toes.

So here I stand, once again with no diversion other than to gaze at my bound and naked form. By rote I properly present, nipples crinkle, my back arches to protrude my buttocks. I feel my clitoris stiffen. And then, the lights extinguish. With no one present, I suspect there is a timer switch. Thus the instruction... 'Do not dawdle!'

I am left bound by my recent ear restraints... and in complete darkness.

At some point the entrance door momentarily opens and closes. Quickly. In the flash of hallway light I do not see who enters, but someone lurks in the darkness, comfortable in moving about sans lighting. There comes a grasp on my wrist cuffs. My hands are pulled behind my back and I hear a click to denote they are attached.

Then the stool is slowly but cruelly slid from under my feet and the ceiling chain, my sole restraint tightens to produce tremendous tension on my ear chains and grommets. I cannot move my head.

With the sound of two more clicks I find that my feet are forcibly spread. A hobbling bar, of course.

Hands knead my breasts. Soft but firm, combined with the scent of body lotion such reveals that it is a woman who completes my binding.

Hilda? Abby? It matters not.

The rustle of garments suggest that my pile of clothing is to be confiscated. Then another flash of light indicates that the door has opened and again closed, the clandestine visitor gone.

Despite the physical stress, I am oddly sanguine in returning to Mr. Von's strict tutelage. I can take the strain... it pleases him.

How long do I stand in bondage? As I learned many months ago in the castle, it matters not. Time becomes insignificant, to be marked by events, measured in deeds not by clocks. Thus when I hear the whir of a motor and feel slack on my chain, I know it is time to kneel and sleep. No hand cranked winch in my new glass oubliette. My restraint is apparently controlled by a motor and it is reasonable to assume that it is set on a timer also. For I hear and obviously see no one.

Finding a reasonably comfortable position, resting on knees and calves, my mind occupies itself in dreaming of my new role. Obviously there will be bondage, exhibition, and objectification, the paraphilia of Conrad Von Reinhardt well known to me by now. But how will I serve? The ear restraints provide a delicious clue. Will I be run in harness like the giant African girls? Though I am taller than the sodomy pets and have over the months... riding the pony and properly presenting... developed good leg muscling, I doubt if I could muster the strength to single handedly pull a sled through the deep snows of the Alps.

Perhaps Mr. Von has another in training? Yes, I will be paired just as the Contessa procured matching behemoths to serve her. Side by side in harness, identical height, breasts, thighs and buttocks... and... matching buds?

Will my pony girl partner also have her clitoris transformed for the amusement of Master Von?

The thought intrigues. Mr. Von snipped me without compunction. There is no reason to think he would not relieve other girls of their shielding hoods. A man is entitled to examine what he owns, place it on exhibition, have it admired...

My demeanor reverts to the castle. Lord and master Conrad Von Reinhardt has saved me from my dreary life of frigidity and poverty. What orgasms I experienced over the past few months have come at great expense, the therapist demanding over one thousand dollars per visit. But I climaxed, and I achieved what one may consider as a mental purgative... I told the story of the wolf. Divulging such cleansed my mind.

The apartment door opens and closes before I can open my eyes and adjust to the flash of hallway light. Someone enters with a penlight, its pointed beam illuminating nothing. I smell food but say nothing. My comportment, as suggested, returns to that learned at the castle.

Silence.

The source of the smell is placed before me. Then I feel fingers smooth down my buttocks and reach beneath. There comes the sound of a clunk and when the fingers pinch my inner labia pull and spread, I

know that is am being splayed for bladder relief.

I do need to empty myself and humbly comply with the unspoken demand, knowing that henceforth I will only pee at the behest of others.

In finishing, I feel a cool and wet cloth swipe my left buttock then I lurch with the prick of a hypodermic needle. Something is injected.

At another time in life I would panic in having something unknown forcibly introduced subcutaneously. But with Mr. Von, my acquiescence is complete. Whatever the substance, I know it will help me please him.

The penlight guides my unknown visitor to the interior door. My assumption is confirmed that it leads to a bathroom. My excretions are disposed with the flush of a toilet. Then the penlight leads to the exit door. It swiftly opens and shuts, the hallway light revealing the silhouette of a woman.

The overhead light shines and I see before me a bowl of gruel. I eat... as a dog... as so thoroughly trained at the castle... as I have fed myself since receiving a similar bowl in the package.

Missing is the harriidan of the castle's kitchen, Greta. Her cruelty... her ridicule... I wonder when the Falcon jet will return me to her lair.

In finishing the tasteless mush, the motor whirs and my ear chain slowly rises to tighten and force me to my toes. And of course my psyche brings proper presentation, my eyes glued to my reflection in assuring nipples, buttocks and clitoris please. I also slowly pirouette, assuming that behind one or more walls a priapic voyeur, perhaps Mr. Von himself, observes in mounting lust.

In another darkened visit, the penlight returns. My mons is lathered. There come quick swipes of a razor as stubble is easily whisked away, enough illumination to avoid harm. The unknown form retreats to the bathroom. Water runs, rinsing away what little grew and surrendered to the razor.

Over time I begin to count the feeding bowls, assuming that I am fed daily. But in the darkness, when I pass out in exhaustion, I lose track. Six feedings? Seven? Does it matter?

Perhaps I should instead count bowel movements, a receptacle offered for that bodily function as well. But only after a suppository is slipped well into my rectum. Another girl would feel deeply humbled enduring such humiliating supervision. I merely acquiesce.

What does matter is that Mr. Von disappointingly offers no hint of being pleased. And the woman who offers care remains calloused, aloofly holding me open for urination, occasionally massaging a muscle, possibly in satisfaction of her own lust more than my pending cramps. No words exchanged.

The breast massage is particularly tactile.

But overall I am returned to the unending monotony of living displayed totally naked within a room of mirrored glass. Whatever sense of normality was instilled by the therapist quickly recedes.

Are the sodomy pets frolicking about in New York? Will I be seeing the Contessa riding Fifth Avenue in a cart pulled by two naked, well harnessed giantesses?

I become delusional... I think.

“You *do* put on quite the display. I’m at breakeven already.”

The voice! Though standing properly presented in the fully lit pseudo oubliette, I have nodded off in exhaustion. I stir to the sound of an all too familiar female voice. Opening my eyes, but as always not able to move my head which is well restrained by my taut ear chains, I strain to look at my interloper.

It is Nurse Hopkins!

She stands before me, a smug smile of satisfaction, her uniform as crisply starched as ever and glowing in the overhead light.

“You need to be walked. All this bondage makes Marissa a dull girl,” she mocks.

She stoops and with two clicks my hobbling bar is removed.

“Clothing, pretty naked girl. An unfortunate necessity when I walk you. Step in.”

On the floor she places a pile of rumpled cloth. Gaudy crimson, the garment appears to be nothing more than a circle into the middle of which I step, lifting and placing my toes. Nurse Hopkins then grasps a fold of red in each hand and draws the tubular attire upwards, over my calves, over my hips, the top hem just covering my nipples. In the mirror I can see that the bottom hem ends just below the pubes.

“Spandex. Nice and snug to exhibit all your curves. That’s important.”

Nurse Hopkins steps aside, permitting me to better view myself in the mirror. The garment is skin tight, cloaking nothing, my hard and crinkled nipples perfectly silhouetted. I can feel the clinging folds bunch in the back and gather in my gluteal cleft, outlining my rounded buttocks. It leaves little to the imagination.

“You get shoes too. Don’t attempt to run any races.”

My feet are stuffed into what can only be described as wedge shaped blocks of rubber. The shape, low at the toes, high at the heels, essentially makes me feel as if I remain standing on my toes. The color, black, matches my leather cuffs and serves to somewhat camouflage my ankle bindings.

“Gives the gams a nice shape. And the simplicity of spandex... no buttons, clasps or buckles...can be

quite functional.”

Nurse Hopkins reaches out and folds down the top hem to expose my breasts. Next she reaches below and folds up the bottom hem to expose my bald mons.

“We’ll be meeting some people who will need to inspect your charms,” she explains in utilizing the vernacular of Mr. Von to describe that which a woman normally seeks to veil.

From a pocket she retrieves metal trinkets. Shiny metal objects jingle on the end of two chains. On the opposing ends are clamps. The severity of the nasty implements makes me cringe. Nurse Hopkins notices my reaction.

“Yes pretty girl, some necessary discomfort. But you’ll come to understand the practicality...”

Her hands lower and I feel fingers work about my labia. One clamp grips about my right lip, the other the left. I grimace as she tightens the adjustable prongs to firmly pinch my most intimate flesh.

“And you will become accustomed to them... over time...”

Nurse Hopkins rights the lower hem and steps aside. In the mirror I can see the glimmering metal dangling below the tight garment, swinging about and grazing my inner thighs halfway to my knees. An observer will have no doubt as to where the baubles are attached.

Next an attractive matching red belt is buckled about my waist. It is broad and though decorative, more resembles functional bondage paraphernalia than fashion wear.

“For your wrist cuffs. In the Village it’ll make quite the statement.”

With that my wrists, long secured behind my back, are unhooked. The right cuff is reattached to the waist belt at the right hip... left cuff at the left hip.

“Not too brazenly gothic,” Nurse Hopkins quips as she steps back to review.

“You’re subtly bound. You’ll turn some heads but not initiate calls to the local precinct.”

With that she produces a remote control gadget. With a press of a finger the ceiling chain slowly lowers. She unlocks my ear chains. As expected a matching red leather leash is attached to the two loops dangling just below the nape of my neck.

“Come. No more urinating in a bowl for you. Time to be house broken.”

She tugs and for the first time I feel the power of another human being utilize the peculiar neck piercing and ear grommets. My head moves wherever Nurse Hopkins desires and of course my body follows.

“A little isolation, good tight bondage, makes a girl quite malleable don’t you think Marissa? Feel an overwhelming desire to be obedient? Doesn’t take long to reverse the effects of all that futile therapy for

the likes of you. All those sessions with the doctor and here you are back in a glass oubliette.”

She laughs evilly.

“You so much enjoy acquiescing, Marissa. It’s futile to resist. It’s what you really want. Therapy can serve to enlighten and bring acceptance more than prompt the desire to change.”

As Nurse Hopkins leads me out the door, I am shamed to have to agree.

“Where are you leading me?” I finally summon the courage to inquire.

“We’ll find a nice cozy spot where you can squat and pee. It’s the Village after all. Lot’s of nooks and crannies. You’ll have some privacy... this time.”

It is autumn and though not cold, not warm either. Is it is the coolness which brings my nipples to pencil points? Pressing against my spandex covering like spikes of iron.

I suspect it is instead my reaction to being publically displayed. Nurse Hopkins walks one step behind and to my left, her right hand firmly grasping my leash, holding it close such that the quick glance of a stranger will suggest she has her hand on my shoulder.

Yet I know otherwise, for she tensions the leash which in turn pulls at my chains and ears. I cannot turn my head and the sense of being under complete control both shames and exhilarates.

With each step, the baubles clamped to my labia swing about, shown plainly below the lower hem of my short red tubular attire. For any one noticing, there is no doubt as to where the connecting chains originate. Yes the clinking sound draws the ears of those passing nearby. Men smile, women appear scornful.

Yet in the Village, a woman in partial bondage, wrists comfortably attached to a decorative waist belt, does not give rise to a need for intervention. Glimpses, stares, looks of derision, wry giggles from younger women who understand the effect of genital jewelry, yes. But no interference in Nurse Hopkins’ dominion.

Meanwhile, putting aside all the hurly burly, I do have to pee. Still, Nurse Hopkins wants me exercised and so I utilize muscles long held in bondage as the strange shoes mandate an awkward gait. She walks me for several blocks.

Finally, on a quiet side street I feel increased tension on my ears as the leash directs me to stop.

“Over here. Just as good a place as any.”

“But it is a public street!” I boldly object.

“And you are to be publically displayed,” comes Nurse Hopkins’ clever rejoinder.

I am to face the wall of an old brick building. A dumpster to my side offers some privacy. Nurse Hopkins turns up the lower hem of spandex, completely exposing my buttocks and vulva. It is so quick and easy to force me to exhibit myself.

“Spread and lean, Marissa.”

There is momentary slack on the leash while Nurse Hopkins ties it to a nearby pipe. Then I feel her reach beneath and take hold of the jewelry dangling between my thighs. She pulls and demonstrates the practicality, separating the slim chains and thereby parting my inner labia and clearing the way for my urethral opening.

“Please, not here. Someone will see.”

“You will perform wherever I say, Marissa. This is how you prefer to live. It is good for you.”

There is a silent pause. I do need to go. With the many days of confinement and isolation, I have an inkling of the resolve of Nurse Hopkins. My situation is dire. Full bladder. Leashed. Exposed. With wrists secured I cannot right my clothing. I close my eyes. I obediently empty myself on a public street.

But most disconcerting... I know it is far from the last time.

“Will I see Mr. Von?”

Nurse Hopkins laughs uproariously.

“You don’t get it, Marissa. You’re still living in a fantasy. Mr. Von has nothing to do with all this. Your many months of care and comfort, receiving a generous fee for doing nothing, are over and done with. With me you’re to earn your keep. And so far you’ve done so.”

Nurse Hopkins speaks as I remain next to the dumpster. In a terrifying demonstration of her control, she has me standing, leash still secured to the pipe, without righting the lower hem. When I protest she merely reaches forth and folds down my top. In addition to my pubes and buttocks, my breasts are plainly shown to anyone who would pass through the narrow thoroughfare.

Thus I stand, thankful that the way is unused.

“The internet, Marissa. You have not realized it, but you’re a rising star. Behind some of those mirrors are cameras. You’re watched, twenty four hours. The night vision lens was expensive, but I’ll have my investment back soon. You would not believe the number of viewers lustfully watching your naked form languish in constant bondage... and you so nicely present yourself...”

Nurse Hopkins pauses to laugh as I remain silent in shock.

No Mr. Von! No return to the castle!

But all the clues, all the things evidencing his input... the doggy bowl... the hormones... the mirrored room which so effectively returned my psyche to thoughts of the glass oubliette, brought me to once again desire to properly present.

Nurse Hopkins notes my look of befuddlement.

“Remember, Marissa. I typed up all the doctor’s notes, listened to all your tapes. I know every detail of your story... everything. Like a master puppeteer, I know exactly how to pull your strings. Only under my tutelage there will be no masturbation. And as you’ve probably guessed, those injections are sizable doses of the hormone which will resume the growth of that clitoris. It needs to be better seen.

“Be a good girl for me and there will come the thrills you crave. You’ll be kept naked, well bound, constantly displayed, walked in public, offered many opportunities to orally serve. Not the fantasy of your dreams... but close enough. And you’ll make money for me. The website is becoming known.”

A young male turns the corner, apparently using our street as a short cut. I panic and pull against my leash. Nurse Hopkins smiles and graciously rights my lower hem, covering my pubes but leaving my breasts exposed. We are not to go unnoticed, Nurse Hopkins in her starched white uniform, me half naked, the other half covered in a gaudy red.

I am shocked when Nurse Hopkins calls out to the lad. Attracting rather than avoiding his look.

“Young man, do you know it is breast examination week. We in the medical field are encouraging men to help wives and girl friends with their self examination. Care to learn how?”

I blush, attention brought to my breasts which stand just as Mr. Von would desire. The look on the passerby, not more than twenty years of age, is one of pleasant surprise. With Nurse Hopkins in her uniform, she does offer an aura of medical professionalism, however juxtaposed against my nakedness.

“I’m not married. No girl friend.”

“It’s still important for you to learn,” Nurse Hopkins admonishes as she beckons. As the youth approaches her hands reach forth and begin the all too familiar palpation, searching for non existent lumps.

The lad watches as my nubile glands are fervently caressed and kneaded, professionally but most suggestively as well, much time taken as both thumbs and forefingers roll about my rock hard nipples.

“And for a five dollar donation to our cause, your hands can be trained to perform the same procedure.”

I am chagrined but not surprised when the boy reaches into his pocket.

Returning to Apartment 8 H, Nurse Hopkins for the first time takes me through the empty mirror lined apartment into the bathroom. Why should I be surprised to spot a cleaning facility similar to that at the castle... plumbing leading to a showerhead without walls or curtains? It is here that I am to be summarily scrubbed after my daily walks. Naked of course, my ear chains hooked to an overhead cord. I am stripped of shoes, belt and the strange red covering. My cuffs are also temporarily removed to avoid the wet and assure a thorough scrubbing.

Two cameras evidence what Nurse Hopkins revealed concerning my web presence. One positioned above and angled downward. Another below and angled up. Standing endlessly on toes in the mirror lined room will not be my only performance. Viewers can also observe as I am intimately cleansed as well.

“Well over one hundred subscribers, Marissa. And word is spreading. At twenty dollars per month you’re more than covering the rent here. But there will be more. Special sessions for those with exotic tastes and fat wallets. The web technology allows for private viewing... for extra fees. And I know how eager a girl like you wants to accommodate... so much enjoys her acquiescence.”

The trained hands apply soap and a chamois cloth soothes everywhere. Nurse Hopkins has fun working around my large and oversized clitoris, its growth resuming. She pushes me about to assure my bud is positioned well exposed to the lower camera, ensuring that all viewers receive the most graphic video for their twenty dollars.

In completing the libidinous show, the cuffs are returned. I note that I am not dried, I suppose my wetness adding perverse elements for the deviant viewer. Instead I am released and led back to where the stool awaits and my ear chains are padlocked.

“See you tonight for feeding. Tomorrow morning you will again be walked as you will every morning. On weekends... special plans for you, naked girl.”

With that the stool is slowly removed. In forcing me to my toes, my chains tension. My cooling wetness abets the proper presentation of my nipples. As I slowly dry I know to clench my buttocks and bring my clitoris to stiffness.

Now I slowly pirouette with purpose, assuring that I expose myself to all cameras, wherever such may be. After all, somewhere on the web, Mr. Von may be watching...

“www.watchmarissa.com. My service provider suggests it is becoming one of the hottest porn sites on the internet,” Nurse Hopkins gleefully exclaims.

A daily schedule has developed, as suggested. Nurse Hopkins appears every morning in her uniform and I am released and walked on a leash. I assume with the early hour that she arrives before work, dresses me, walks me, bathes and then resecures me in the makeshift oubliette where I will earn rent money while she moves onward to the doctor’s office.

I imagine becoming living computer ‘wallpaper’ for the lecherous subscribers of the website who click to

lust over my naked form. In being curiously restrained by nothing other than ear bindings, presenting firm breasts, rounded buttocks, a stiffened clitoris, I must rival the seediest shows of Tijuana.

Sitting at their desks at work, I become a pleasant diversion, perhaps a ribald eye catcher in teasing coworkers.

‘What do you think of this?’ some reprobate will inquire with nothing more than a click of the mouse required to bring living pornography into the home or office.

It appalls, but oddly excites.

“You’re getting emails too, Marissa. Many compliments. Come.”

The daily walk begins with a firm tug. Nurse Hopkins enjoys making my head snap about in reaction to a few good initial pulls. I assume it also makes for good camera viewing, a tantalizing display of female governance before the morning interlude where the computer screens will temporarily show an empty room.

Out the apartment, down the hall to the elevator we have yet to encounter any neighbors in a building which I suspect is occupied by late rising graduate students. For that I am grateful as my Nurse Hopkins has changed my labial jewelry such that it make sounds like wind chimes. Every step brings tintinnabulation, pleasant in tone, but most disconcerting. Still, despite the discomfort of the clamps, the motion and the humiliation of knowing that such draws attention stirs my love nest and brings moisture. By the time we exit the building I am wet with the sensation and the thought of the stares I will bring.

The neighborhood indeed has many alleyways and narrow streets, Nurse Hopkins always managing to find a place where my leash can be hooked, my hem raised, and my labial jewelry utilized to facilitate the morning excretions.

On this morning within three blocks I spy an appropriate alley, as does Nurse Hopkins. But a young gentlemen stands seemingly in wait. Well dressed, apparently on his way to Wall Street or some other lucrative occupation, he lights a cigarette and nods to Nurse Hopkins. I am chagrined when she waves back and I feel an energetic tug on my leash to indeed direct me toward the alley.

Nurse Hopkins is flaunting her control. The man cautiously smiles, enjoying the show but not wishing to evidence his lustful appreciation.

“Jason?” Nurse Hopkins confidently inquires in greeting.

The man nods. Young, handsome, well dressed, he does not appear to be a pervert. I cannot picture him stooped over a computer screen, salivating over my nakedness.

“She looks even better in person,” he beams, seeming about to offer candy and flowers. “Twenty, as agreed.”

Money changes hands in a New York minute, a crisp bill disappearing into the pocket of Nurse Hopkins’

uniform.

“This way.”

I am walked into the narrow alley. On a dark night I would fear for my life. In this hour after dawn, before the normal workday begins, there is nothing other than the stench of the drunks who used the passageway last night... just as I am about to use it. Nurse Hopkins knows my bladder is full. I feel apprehensive and excited.

“Please no,” I plead. “Not with him!”

“Oh yes, Marissa. You need to go. And you need to please. Jason’s a subscriber and has become intrigued with you.”

As always, there is a place to tie my leash, on this occasion to an electrical conduit.

“Turn and bend for the gentleman, Marissa. He’s a customer.”

I obey, tears forming as I feel Nurse Hopkins grasp the lower hem, fold it up and fully expose my buttocks. I know to part my feet.

“They’re gorgeous,” Jason exhorts words of childish enthusiasm. “May I touch?”

“For twenty dollars? No. Twenty is only to watch. But for another twenty you can play with her jewelry. Just hold on and pull to the sides, careful not to get your fingers wet.”

Spoken as I hear the crinkle of crisp currency, Jason wasting no time in assuring his entertainment. I shiver as I feel fingers clumsily work beneath my buttocks, knuckles abrade my inner thighs, the chimes ringing as he unravels the two chains and pulls to spread my labia.

I wish I could turn my head to see, my leash holding me quite secure. But I know the young deviant stoops quite proximate, for forty dollars offered a detailed view which the web camera cannot replicate.

“Go ahead, Marissa, perform for the young gentleman. He’s paid good money. Remember there is a rent bill to be paid. Dog food to buy.”

I close my eyes. I recall my exhibition in the castle, being served as an hors d’oeuvres before the room of Mr. Von’s friends. The humiliation is unsurpassed. Yet, the ordeal will only end with compliance. Thus I concentrate, finally opening myself to please, my excretions streaming to join the effluent of the drunks and junkies who used the alley last night.

I blush but I finish, an entire bladderful earning forty dollars.

“I want to see her tits.” Jason blurts as I feel his fingers release and hear the jewelry chime.

“Twenty dollars. For forty you can play all morning. Marissa enjoys having her breasts examined... don’t

you Marissa?”

Her question is answered by silence. I am ashamed to admit to myself that I do.

The walk, the ordeal with Jason, the walk back to the apartment and the subsequent cleansing I estimate requires an hour. I am returned to the mirrored room to stand soaking wet, left alone to drip dry, Nurse Hopkins leaving for work. Thus I spend my day chained by my ears to earn the rent.

The typical day ends when hours later Nurse Hopkins returns. An injection of hormones and thereafter I am lowered for a bowl of mush that I now find, based on comments during the encounter with Jason, is mere dog food. Finishing my single meal, a suppository is inserted into my rectum, causing my bowels to move. I can only imagine the scatological video produced by the glycerine insertion, Nurse Hopkins suggesting that such intervals require special web access. Only wealthy perverts with squalid tastes are afforded camera time for viewing that function.

As the overhead winch returns me to standing, Nurse Hopkins leaves and I properly present until the timed motor lowers me and the lights dim for a night of rest.

Day after day after day.

It becomes apparent that emails constantly bring offers. The morning walks become opportunities for extra revenue... starting with Jason... then there is Bob... Harry... Walter... Richard... the number seems endless. Nurse Hopkins' pecuniary interests become evident as well dressed men with wads of cash freely hand over bills for the prospect of more closely viewing the naked and bound girl who tantalizes over the net. Viewing my anatomy will cost forty dollars... twenty for my breasts... twenty for my buttocks and vulva. Touching... as Nurse Hopkins whimsically terms the gruff groping... is extra... increments of twenties seeming to be the standard. And then there are the likes of Jason who rejoice in assisting with my labial chimes during excretions... paying handsomely for the privilege.

My huge clitoris brings the most attention, Nurse Hopkins gratefully admonishing all that that morsel of femininity is not to be touched.

The emotional, the psychological is burdensome. I never feel clean and in being denied douching, my own scent can dishearten.... though the johns revel in smelling my untouched and constantly aroused love sheath.

Then comes a change. Nurse Hopkins explains it is the weekend. Preset intervals advise the paying viewers of my absence... morning walks... special exhibitions... and now Saturday night out. Thus, though it is late in the day, I am dressed for a walk.

“Club Lesbotine, pretty girl. Women only. I am not of such persuasion, but they also watch. There are women who are as eidetic as men when it comes to enjoying the naked female. You have a very eclectic audience.”

Nurse Hopkins speaks as she has the lower hem of my only garment turned up to expose my buttocks.

“Www.watchmarrisa.com,” she proclaims as I feel writing.

A felt tip pen prints the letters across my right cheek.

Out of the apartment, for the first time I am walked, leash controlling as always, on the busier streets of a Saturday night in the Village. There are stares, and though my labial jewelry is not as easily seen, the chiming draws the eye to where the finger length hollow tubes of metal swing about with each step. Thus the humiliation is actually intensified since glances during daylight are transformed to lengthy looks in trying to determine in the dim light of shop windows and streetlights just what rings between my upper thighs.

When the visual inspection ends and my cuffed wrists are spied, Nurse Hopkins smugly holds up her hand better showing my leash and forcing my head to snap back in humble response. This confirms the viewer’s conclusion. Inquisitive looks turn to knowing smiles. After all... it is Greenwich Village... varying lifestyles well accepted.

After several blocks we turn onto a dark street and I am led to a set of stairs leading up to a ramshackle brownstone. In mid Manhattan the structure would be worth millions. On a nameless street near the Bowery, it is an eyesore. Stepping to the side of the broad staircase leading up, Nurse Hopkins directs me down a narrow service stairway to the building’s basement. In the pitch black I am careful, oddly grateful that behind me a firm hand holds a leash which will avert any stumbling. I am directed under the staircase above where it is even darker. Nurse Hopkins knocks on a door I can barely see. Within moments a cubby hole in the door opens spewing forth bright light emanating from within the building.

“Name?” a husky female voice inquires, the face unseen in the brightness.

“We’re just visiting,” Nurse Hopkins replies.

“Members only,” comes the terse response.

Before the cubby hole closes, Nurse Hopkins’ leash hand moves to my front, well lit by the rays of light. There she folds down the upper hem of my spandex covering, exposing my breasts. There is a noted silence as the voice’s owner examines, not only infatuated with my large, firm and upstanding glands, but also the fact that I am leashed.

“An applicant,” Nurse Hopkins finally offers.

“Welcome to Club Lesboutine,” the voice finally responds as the clicks of many latches offer entry.

“She’ll need to be stripped,” the door’s sentry matter of factly demands as we step within.

The woman is huge and though not well shaped her strength is evident, well cast in her role of blocking admission.

We stand in a foyer, nothing more than a closet sized space between the outer door, now closed, and an inner door which leads to... well I assume to Club Lesbotine.

Nurse Hopkins just smiles and releases my right wrist from my waist belt. She then deftly draws it up and back and attaches it to my left ear chain. The left wrist is similarly released and then attached, the leash removed. In crossing over, right wrist to left ear... left wrist to right ear... the sense of bondage is enhanced. Any limited motion of my right arm translates to tugs on my left ear and vice versus. It is oddly confining and results in a resolve to limit all motion.

As I acclimate, Nurse Hopkins unbuckles my waist belt. Then she grasps the upper hem of my spandex. In one fluid motion she peels downward, the tight garment rolling from my skin like that of a banana.

“Step out,” comes the command I hear each morning after my walk.

In less than minute I am newly bound and stripped naked before this brute of a woman. She scoops up my limited attire and hangs the collection on a hook.

“Very nice,” she compliments reaching forth to brazenly pinch my right nipple. “And I like the jewelry.”

My genital chimes remain, now seeming to ring even louder with the spandex garment removed. As I blush the meaty hand turns the knob on the inner door. It opens to a large room. There comes the sound of laughter, squeals, modest music. Beneath the decrepit brownstone, a well furnished basement hosts a party. We have entered the most notorious club in New York... secretive... precise location unknown to aspirants who know of the club’s reputation... vibrant... reeking of decadence... refuge to women of Sapphos who demonstrate no compunction in their concupiscent pursuits.

Stepping within one quickly ascertains the roles to be fulfilled. There are the naked and the clothed, if limited halters and extremely short, loose pleated skirts can be so described. Young girls scamper about devoid of all covering, mature women of means... noteworthy hair styling, exacting manicures and pedicures, fashionable make up, opulent jewelry... receive their attention.

Many heads bob about under many pleated skirts. I note the naked girls do not touch the luxurious furniture, serving for the most part on the carpet and on hands and knees. The hierarchy is apparent.

Moans of lust can be heard over the music as Nurse Hopkins guides me about. A naked young Asian stops by with a tray and offers Champagne. I am surprised to see it is a male.

“Don’t be alarmed. He’s been fixed.”

It is the confident voice of a woman, donning the ubiquitous halter and short skirt.

“See... no balls.”

As the waiter stands perfectly still, the woman’s hand lowers to cup what should be testicles but instead brings into better view an empty pouch of pink flesh. Above is an emaciated penis, useless for procreation.

“No testosterone here at Club Lesbotine. Only women and castrates. And in case you’re wondering... no we don’t neuter here. He was emasculated in some southeast Asian country to maximize his market value.

“My name is Pamela McCormick.”

Nurse Hopkins introduces herself. I intuitively remain silent.

“Bound and naked. I like that in a girl. And she enjoys it,” Ms. McCormick notes.

As Nurse Hopkins and Ms. McCormick confabulate I begin to realize that she is the well known wealthy socialite so often featured in the likes of the magazines I used to edit. Her presence confirms the rumors as to her sexual tastes. Nearing forty, never married, regularly seen at charitable balls with male eye candy... but never the same gigolo twice... if indeed her escort ever served in such a manner... she is a handsome woman. Yet prefacing any thoughts concerning her attractiveness are reflections of her vast wealth. Sole heir to the McCormick fortune, she does not work. She only plays. And I now know her favorite game.

For as the two converse about me, a lithe and totally naked girl wordlessly falls to her knees behind Ms. McCormick, lifts the pleated skirt and presses her face to the cheeks of our hostess.

Pamela McCormick does not stir nor blink an eye in receiving such vitiated oral service.

“Only some of our minxes are bound here. We use other means to ensure proper comportment. But I like the look... so degrading.”

The chimes bring her gaze lower, as intended. She smiles in spotting my clitoral ring and the protruding clitoris.

“My goodness such embarrassing presentation. She has the largest penis in the place!”

I blush as Nurse Hopkins explains my role in life... porn star on a most explicit webcast.

“For the most part... it’s 24/7. Bound and forced to display herself... though she’s leashed and walked daily,” Nurse Hopkins expounds in shamelessly promoting her venture. “That’s when I arrange certain rendezvous with her fans.”

Pamela McCormick’s interest is evident, smiling with both the vision of my servitude and the physical pleasantness of analingus.

“We have our own starlet here at Club Lesbotine,” she exuberantly proclaims.

Her hand reaches behind her and entwines in the hair of her oral assailant. She steps aside and pulls into the room light the head and face of she who is so assiduously offering her tongue.

“I’m sure you recognize her, TV personality by day, little oral slut by night. She enjoys everyone’s taste.”

I do indeed recognize her. Young and pretty, even limited make up cannot detract from the beauty of one of New York's premiere news broadcasters. Her debauchery shocks.

"Came to the club as a special guest and now returns each and every week. A collection of explicit photos ensures her cooperation, as with all of our naked minxes. But in her case, forcing from her such demeaning service is particularly satisfying for us. You can only imagine what the tabloid press would do with a photo of her pretty face wedged between the deserving buttocks of one of our full members. And she imagines as well... that is why she arrives punctually, strips and licks... each and every Saturday night."

I cannot be sure how many new viewers enrolled in www.watchmarissa.com as a result of that initial visit to Club Lesbotine. But once there was understanding of my penchant and my skill I found myself trussed before a mirror. Not a glass oubliette, but large enough to begin the cascade which the lengthy stay at the castle instilled in my psyche. Nipples, buttocks, clitoris served to greatly amuse. My naked form seemed to enthuse and heighten the antics of members and associates.

Yes, I properly presented, Nurse Hopkins leaving me standing bound while she circulated and conferred with club members and the naked 'associates' who, though coerced into their roles, seemed receptive to servicing the wealthy Dominant women languishing about and sipping Champagne.

Subsequently came weekly visits and I noted Nurse Hopkins and the heiress MacCormick became friends, engaging in long conversations while I posed.

"You don't have her masturbated?" Ms. Pamela pointedly asked on one occasion.

"It distracts. And you'd be fascinated in learning of the nasty fantasy she needs to conjure in order to bring herself to orgasm. Rather shocking."

With that, Nurse Hopkins leaned and whispered. Though I could not turn my head to look, I know the tongue of the beautiful television personality was offering assiduous service beneath the pleated skirt. Ms. Pamela laughed as Nurse Hopkins revealed the deepest secrets of my therapy. With the many minxes frolicking about naked, sexual deviation seemed to be an abundant commodity at Club Lesbotine. Yet my story seemed to intrigue, Ms. Pamela listening with interest as laps of a fervent tongue accompanied the entire tale.

Meanwhile the level of depravity during the morning walks expanded. On one morning Nurse Hopkins slipped on knee pads in addition to the simple spandex attire. Collecting numerous twenty dollar bills while placing me on exhibition, watching with amusement while male hands fondled... everywhere except my clitoris... seemed lucrative. But for Nurse Hopkins neither the money nor the debasement was enough.

'Ed from Brooklyn', Nurse Hopkins referencing his screen name, wanted more... and offered to pay handsomely.

I fellated him.

‘A blow job for breakfast’, Ed humorously remarked as I gagged. He exploded into my throat quite forcefully. I am not sure whether Nurse Hopkins was more pleased with my degradation or the six twenty dollar bills... the last one extracted over and above the agreed fee because she let Ed squeeze my breasts as I struggled to engulf a sizable erection.

Thereafter, I began to understand the utility of the dildo gags, replicas of Mr. Von’s turgid manhood, endured by the sodomy pets of the castle. A man’s carnal pleasure cannot be diverted by the sound of choking, I was lectured. The gag reflex needed to be controlled.

As a result, fellatio training was provided every evening... I am sure adding to the level of titillation for the web viewer.

As the weather cooled, Nurse Hopkins cleverly found alleys blustering with the vented heat of restaurants and diners. Though remaining chilled when the spandex hem was folded away from breasts and mons, my nipples instantly hardened as being forced to endure the torment of cold augmented the sense of submission in which the paying misogynists seemed to enthrall.

Entreaties to cover myself many times earned another twenty dollar bill to deny covering and instead watch me suffer more, extending the trysts as breasts amusingly turned blue and tightened to stone.

Spring time approached. Nurse Hopkins announced the website had grown to well over 500 viewers. She was pocketing ten thousand dollars per month, less rent, and I suspect the additional cash from the daily morning escapades was tax free.

With the continued hormone injections, my clitoris became enormous. The longer walks to Club Lesbotine required the adornment of my little jar to protect the expanding bud from the rubbing of spandex. Removing it for show at the Club became a favorite ritual. One associate was charged with that task in addition to measuring my bud after I was deemed properly presented and fully engorged.

Comparisons were comically made to the phalli of the castrates who served... it being generally agreed that my erect clitoris was bigger than the penises which could barely swell to the size of a thumb.

My feminine hygiene continued to be neglected. In finding arousal with the walks and libidinous trysts in alleys and narrow streets, the johns detected my scent amongst the myriad of unpleasant odors of New York streets. The embarrassment brought further stimulation as many johns candidly commented. In being held in compete chastity, it did not require much psychological or emotional stimulation to bring me to a state of randiness. The sight of Nurse Hopkins approaching with my red leash would begin a flow of moisture.

And then, on a particularly warm Spring morning, there came an eventful walk. Months of bondage, servitude and exhibition, Nurse Hopkins seemed giddy. I assumed it was the weather.

“Banked lots of dollars, Marissa. The doctor pays well so the money from your little side show has gone to retirement... mine of course. Girls like you don’t really retire... according to all the books on sexual

deviation.”

I feel the controlling hand as Nurse Hopkins directs me with the leash. Over the many months it is strangely comforting being under the tutelage of another. Though of reasonable intelligence, Ivy League educated, the boredom, my own destiny not mine to control, the tedium, all has become oddly acceptable, particularly when interspersed with mornings of unpredictable debauchery. How big will the penis be that I suck today?

Weekly evenings at Club Lesbotine bring sound and motion to an audience unseen during the week. To think my exhibitionism fosters such Sapphic entwinement brings curious thought. Just how many of Nurse Hopkins’ subscribers are male versus female? Feminine hands sensuously touch, not the gropes of morning encounters with males. There is the weekly measurement, and associates thrill in using my labial chimes to hold me open for urination, a function most ignominiously performed before the entire club.

Then comes an ominous announcement.

“Sold your belongings, Marissa. The cost of storage was eating into my profits. And besides, you’re not going back. No return to the vanilla world for you. Released from this leash you’d be begging for cabfare to Teterboro Airport, and I know how you’d obtain it... on your knees”

Nurse Hopkins cackles at her own comment. Leashed, exposed, knee pads strongly hinting at my recently learned skill, there is no longer any doubt from passersby as to what happens after Nurse Hopkins guides me into one of the secluded thoroughfares followed by randy men. Yet her comment concerning all my possessions brings distress. Well worn furniture, only moderately expensive clothes, yes. But the disposal basically precludes me from ever escaping my new life.

Not even a stitch to wear for a job interview and no coinage with which to obtain new!

There is no turning away from this fantasy life.

At this morning hour, many people walk pets. It is not surprising to see a well dressed woman standing with a dog. What does shock... it is Pamela MacCormick... and she has on a leash a wolf!

Greetings are exchanged. The meeting is not one of chance.

I am mortified when Nurse Hopkins leads me into a familiar alley and Pamela MacCormick, her leash controlling a ferocious lupine, follows.

“So this is where Marissa performs. Rather seedy,” Ms. MacCormick comments.

“Just one of a dozen places where she experiences the thrill of public nudity. Leashed and exposed, she answers the urge to humiliate herself. For her, the grimmer the better.”

I feel the familiar twinge within my neglected loins in being spoken about. Two powerful women, two leashed pets... if the vicious looking carnivore can be so described.

As always my wrists are secured to my waist belt. In the secluded ally, Nurse Hopkins takes more than usual delight in making my head snap about, holding the leash well away from where it is hooked to the ear chains and tugging vigorously to demonstrate her control. A fire spigot proves to be a handy place to be tethered. Within seconds my leash is tied off and Nurse Hopkins wordlessly folds down my upper hem to expose my breasts. Then there comes horripilation as Ms. Pamela offers slack on her leash and the wolf presses his nose to my legs.

“Your scent intrigues, Marissa. Max does not often encounter such malodorous females.”

Nurse Hopkins and Ms. Pamela both laugh and step back to permit Max to fully appease his olfactory nerves.

“Spread for him, Marissa, be a good girl.”

I am shamed when I obey and part my feet. A strong waft hits Max’s nose like a tidal wave. His ears perk, his tongue protrudes, his penis unsheaths. It is frightening large and turgid. Meanwhile thoughts of the castle return, the final trip down the mountain, appeasing the vicious wolf under Hilda’s command, feeling the snort of his hot breath on my mons.

“No point in being shy,” Nurse Hopkins declares.

She steps forth and turns up my lower hem to expose my vulva to the sniffing dog. I am horrified. My reaction shows as Max raises his head. My chimes ring bringing his attention as intended. He begins to salivate.

“He’s a pure bred Akita, Marissa. Related to the wolf. I breed them. Max is in good temper this morning as I just had him cover one of my bitches yesterday. But he’s young and quite healthy and thus your pheromones have caught his attention.”

More than pheromones, I can feel the moisture in my quim turn to a river. There is a gush of feminine essence. Fear has again brought stimulation. My leash is tight. Max has me trapped with my back against the wall of the ally. Nurse Hopkins and Ms. Pamela stand in amusement. I am terrified when Ms. Pamela just releases her leash. Max is free. I am well bound.

“Your clitoris is swelling, Marissa. Your nipples firm. You’re in fear yet you’re aroused. Is there something you want Max to offer?”

Ms. Pamela inquires in a homey innocent voice. It is evident that Nurse Hopkins has related the story told during my therapy. The manner in which months of climactic denial finally ended. The hideously huge pink, wet and warm tongue of a wolf bringing me to a long denied orgasm.

For so many weeks during therapy I withheld the event from the doctor, finally telling it reluctantly, shamefully. And when ultimately divulging the details, it ended my therapy. Apparently my emotional damage deemed beyond remedy, sexual needs too aberrant to mediate.

And now the world seems to know the story, knows of my proclivity... my paraphilia.

“Present yourself for Max, Marissa. He will accommodate your needs. He enjoys your scent and will savor your taste.”

As the front paws rise to balance on my thighs, Max growls, the dominant male beast warning that I am not to resist. I close my eyes. I arch my back and thrust out my buttocks. My clitoris stiffens. I properly present. I have been trained to acquiesce.

I crave that hot tongue!

Epilogue - The Supplication -

Email the author for this shocking 2,000 word epilogue. Available free in PDF format. Use the **code 385C** with your request. There will be no commercial use of your address or junk mail sent. Despite Lulu's open policy, the depraved ending is not appropriate for public access. The conclusion of the Marissa Holloway story will horripilate.

Chris Bellows appreciates comments, criticisms and feedback. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some fifteen or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into ‘mush’. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of ‘Lady Constance’, he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo (www.pinkflamingo.com) had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of ‘Feminizing the Belligerent Male’, book number twenty - seven.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of ‘conventional’ D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to ‘work outside the box’.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including ‘first person female’. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform

his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably... readers with an interest in sexual power exchange who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Two Chris Bellows forays into the world of the human equine are available from Lulu (www.lulu.com) 'Billie and Mary' and 'Pony Girl Zesty'. Items 314775 and 1195861.
