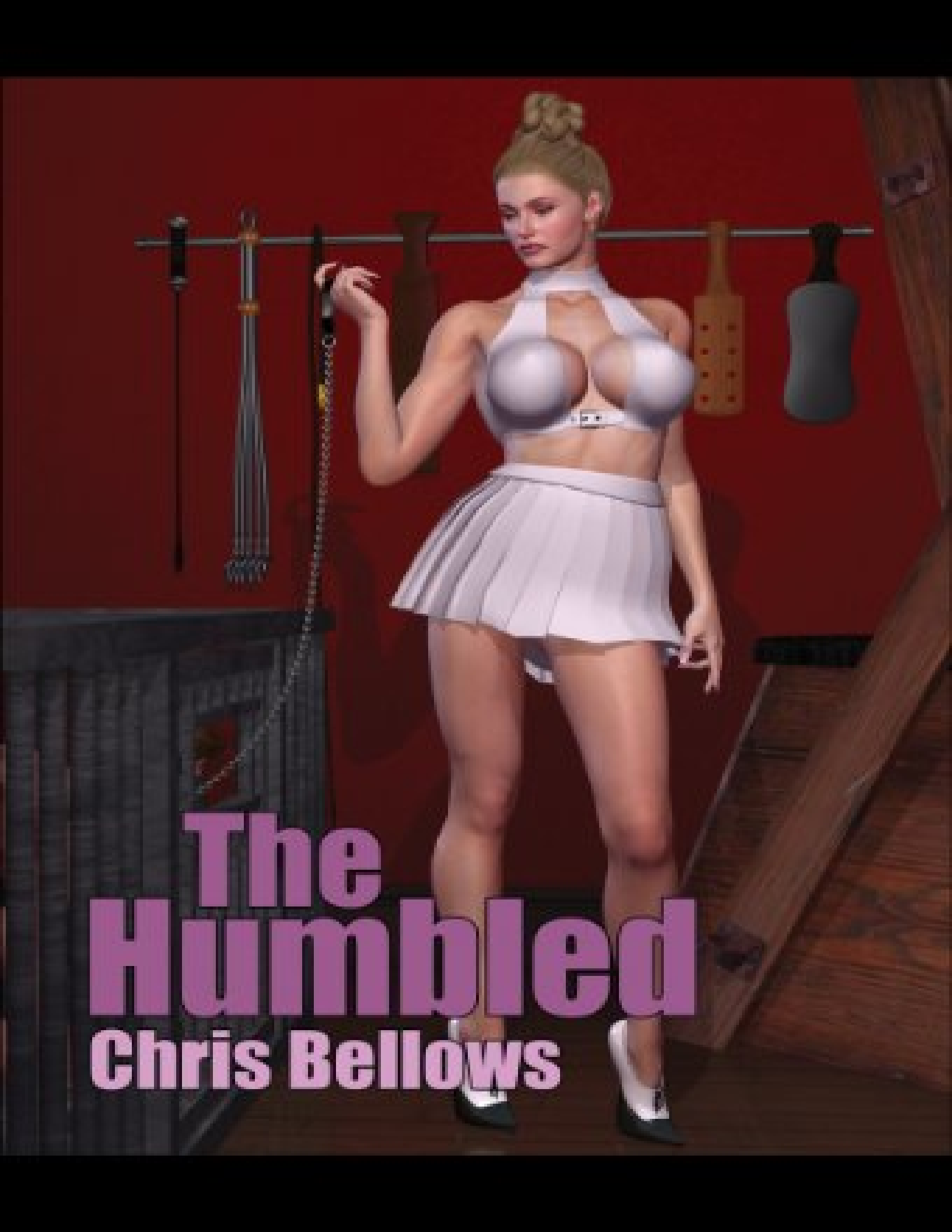




The Humbled

Chris Bellows

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by Chris Bellows

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Indian Ocean near the Gulf of Aden

“I have what you want. The hands thing really isn’t necessary.”

Evenly intoned words of reason as the woman nods towards a duffle bag, keeping her arms well over her head. The AK-47 dips as the miscreant of the seas turns his head to briefly glance in the indicated direction. Near the stern of the ketch lies a package of interest. Greenbacks peek through the partially opened zipper.

“Do I need to count it?” he grins, the inflection of his question suggesting a playful familiarity.

The woman puts her hands down.

“Enough of this game. You need to celebrate and I have a full day’s sail back to the Seychelles. While you take the cash and enjoy, avoiding your pirate brethren will be a task for me.”

“I’ve arranged for passage. ‘Tall woman of color in a blue and white ketch’. Once I relay the message that you’ve paid, you’ll have no trouble. Yes, we are notorious but our word of ‘no harm’ is our stock in trade.”

The woman nods, noting that the pirate’s young companion stares at her breasts. With lowered hands the massive glands press firmly and seem to strain the tight white halter top. The boy gawks. Then his eyes lower to view muscular but well shaped thighs, the brief cotton shorts unveiling puissant femininity.

“Does he speak English, Rafael?”

“Some. He’s just not accustomed to women. Many weeks at sea.”

“He’s handsome. Better than his picture. Tell him to lower the gun.”

There follows a command barked in the Somali tongue and the confused lad lowers his weapon. Then Rafael gestures for him to approach.

“It’s not loaded. But he has not needed to know that,” Rafael comments as the lad steps toward him in response, his confusion growing as the woman captive becomes authoritative.

There follows a quick, well aimed swing of Rafael’s AK-47. The stock glances off the side of the lad’s skull. The woman instantly steps forth as the recipient’s knees buckle, her reaction assuring no further harm as powerful arms effortlessly guide the lithe form to the deck.

“Not much to him. I’ll need to inspect and photograph... as agreed.”

Rafael laughs, seeming more relaxed as the subterfuge ends.

“Our forced camaraderie makes for intimacy... a male bonding thing. We’ve too often bathed in proximity. He meets your criteria, I assure you.”

Mocha hands work to loosen the simple tie at the waist of the pantaloons. Rafael notes the degree of proficiency and smiles. The large, powerful woman has stripped men naked many times before.

Within seconds a long flaccid penis greets the bright sun of the Indian Ocean.

“Uncircled... a nice bonus,” the woman casually notes as a knowing hand gently pinches the tip and unfurls the impressive length. A ruler appears from nowhere, standing at the ready ostensibly for the day’s catch. The woman pulls firmly to assure that the male organ is unraveled to be fully stretched for measurement.

“Click a couple of shots while I hold him at full length.”

As one hand pulls, the other wields the ruler to demarcate just as one would ascertain the size of a captured fish. A digital camera

clicks to record the finding. The woman knows that despite the organ's flaccidity, her attention assures that the semi conscious lad unwillingly reveals what she needs to offer as evidence. Ironically, even when stiff and fully engorged, the male appendage will not grow past the length fostered by the tension of her experienced grip.

"Ten inches. You've done well for us, Rafael," she compliments as she releases it in order to stand.

Rafael chuckles and picks up the duffle bag as the woman bends again. An exposed thigh endures the quick prick of a hypodermic needle. The dazed form spasmodically flinches.

"Remember Rafael, it may not be as lucrative as hijacking a commercial vessel, but it's quicker and much less dangerous," the woman notes with a laugh. "What will you tell his family?"

"He fell over board," comes the succinct reply. "A tragic drowning."

Rafael lugubriously shrugs then steps over the gunnel to return to his motor launch. Stowing his prize of cash, he again utilizes the Somali tongue to radio the completion of his mission. Meanwhile the lad senses the warming forced relaxation of the injection of atropine and settles back, his chemically enfeebled muscles ensuring that he helplessly watches as the woman deprives him of all clothing. Yes, she has stripped many.

"You've been deceived, my boy. Sold into slavery. The tables have turned."

The motor launch roars to life. The drugged captive can only look up in awe as the smiling woman rights herself to proudly tower over him. There comes a look of Schadenfreude as she turns her head to watch Rafael's high speed launch accelerate.

"But Rafael's deception is comparatively modest."

The woman reaches to retrieve a black electrical box. She tugs to de-telescope a small antenna then points it toward the departing skiff. A thumb presses and, despite the dose of atropine, the lad lurches to the sound of a thundering explosion.

“My deceit, in turn, is rather drastic... wouldn’t you say? The bag contained more dynamite than dollars.”

A hand lowers and taps the lad’s nose as one would offer affection to a puppy.

“Yes... you fell overboard... and poor Rafael has had a problem with a fuel leak. Tsk. Tsk. Bad day for the Somali pirates.”

A bare foot lifts, moves to the groin and deftly flips up the long strip of uncircumcised male flesh, better revealing the virile scrotal sac to the smirking feminine gaze. As Rafael’s burning launch slowly sinks, the woman finds casual joy in using her bare toes to toy with the exposed and helpless symbol of male ‘superiority’. She finds elation when the organ begins to firm, despite the lad’s wounded head and her injection.

“But don’t feel sorry for Rafael. I suspect you will soon envy his fate.”

The woman turns and from a stowage box fetches a mass of clanking metal.

“Now, let’s get you properly dressed, shall we?”

Dilated eyes gape at a ponderous collection of chains and cuffs. Despite the intense heat of the tropics... despite the calming atropine... the perception of being forcibly adorned with chilling metal brings a shudder. Yet he stiffens more.

La Romana, Republica Dominicana

“He’s a feisty bastard... mouth like a toilet. For a kid in his teens, he’s got the vocabulary of an old sailor. Sure you can handle him?”

Get him outta here with no problems?”

The confident smile answers. The words aren't really heard. The sports reporter is distracted, dazzled by the combination of the woman's size and beauty.

“The government here has been most cooperative, Harry. It seems dead relatives can depart the country more easily than live ones... with the right emolument.”

“Yeah. The dollar talks here... real loud.”

“What time is the game? I will need to be alone with him. Say thirty minutes.”

“The game isn't until tonight. Jay Handley isn't even pitching. He's in the locker room using the hot tub.”

“And he meets our standards?”

The sports writer cackles with his response.

“Interviewed him enough times coming out of the showers. He's hung.”

The woman smiles. Though the reply is crass, his summation interposes images that place her in the right frame of mind for the task at hand.

“What's in that bag? Looks heavy.”

Heavier than Harry can guess. The woman's inordinate strength makes the nearly fifty pound load appear only partially burdensome.

“Your cash, of course.”

The duo enter the locker room of the baseball stadium. Modest yet sizeable, the Dominican league is quite popular on the Caribbean's second largest island. Thus games draw crowds not only from the

local population but typically from the city of the visiting team as well. Therefore steady attendance is assured, the teams are financially sound and quality players can be procured for winter play.

Down a hallway, the sports writer pushes open a door, ignoring the sign in English and Spanish suggesting that only 'Authorized Personnel' enter. The cacophonous words of some Blue Grass song echo about the cinder block walls. Jay Handley sings in the hot tub... and not well.

The sports writer leads to the tiled shower room where a stainless steel vessel holds hundreds of gallons of steamy, swirling water... and one promising young baseball pitcher.

"Jay, I got you some stuff!" the reporter yells over the din of machine and insonorous lyrics.

Gratefully, the words end.

"Harry! Knew you'd come through."

A hand flips the control lever. The bath ends. A head shaved to stubble turns. There comes a look of surprise.

"A broad in the Azucareros locker room! And well stacked! Hot shit! This is just like the fucking big leagues!"

The profane words are uttered by a boy. The youthful features suggest precociousness... irritating precociousness. The devilish smile and snort of laughter in response to his own reference inspire the need to slap the irksome face and apply punishing soap to tongue and lips.

Still the woman of color politely smiles. The scatology will make her mission easier. For now she will remain demure.

"You sure the juice can't be detected, Harry? The major league testing is getting tighter than a virgin's pussy!"

“Brand new formulation,” the woman of color replies, ignoring ‘Johnny Badmouth’s’ analogy. “It will be years before this compound is reverse engineered and their computer chromatographs are programmed to discern it from simple cold medicine.”

Handley indecorously arises from the tub... no words of pardon for his indecent exhibition. The lady is pleased to see a buffed athletic form... though the male organ is miserably shriveled with the long, relaxing soak.

Harry retrieves a towel as the young pitcher gloats, noting the feminine examination he is undergoing. The woman does not politely deflect her gaze and he misconstrues her thorough inspection as penis envy. He must consider himself quite the cocksman, the woman concludes. She will enjoy his comeuppance.

“See something you like, sweet cheeks? Chocolate was my first ice cream. You like vanilla?”

“Oh, yes. I’m always curious about white dick,” the woman mimicking to verbally parry using the same brutish cadence.

The sports writer offers the towel.

“Don’t bother on my account, Harry. No sense covering what I’m going to need to access.”

“‘Access’ my ass!”

“Exactly, Mr. Handley. Injecting the large muscle of the buttocks offers the best intervention... particularly for the first dose.”

“So you’ve got it with you?”

“Right here in this bag.”

“I’m pitching day after tomorrow. Scouts from the states will be here. Think it’ll make a difference?”

“Can’t hurt, Mr. Handley.”

“I need that extra two or three miles on the fast ball... know what I mean. At my age I could be at 100 miles per hour by the time I’m 21. Lot’s of dough.”

“You’ll be a star. High paid. And the locker room will be full of well stacked broads.”

The woman plays along, feeding the ego.

“Let’s go for it! Harry paid you?”

“For a week’s dosage. But there will be more to come.”

Harry has taken money from Jay Handley to procure performance enhancing human growth hormones. He has also been paid to make Jay Handley accessible to the woman of color. The burned out, talentless writer is having a lucrative day.

“Money’s no object. Three major league teams are bidding for me like I’m a fucking prized bull stud.”

The woman smiles with the auction analogy. There will be other bidders... in time.

“Lie on the massage table for me. I’ll make sure I hit a spot which won’t cramp a muscle.”

A naked Jay Handley moves as suggested. With him lying prostrate, the woman teasingly smooths her hand over his buttocks. Firm. Well shaped. Working him will be a treat.

“I know you want to fucking kiss it, sweet cheeks. I’m a star performer.”

The woman opens her bag, smiling with the continuing opprobrious behavior.

“Oh, I think you’ll perform for me, Mr. Handley. And do so quite obediently.”

The words confuse, bringing initial silence as a hypodermic needle quickly plunges into the right buttock.

“But it won’t be throwing a baseball. I like my men performing more... obeisantly.”

“Obesee... is that English?”

Jay Handley is shocked to feel the needle plunge again, this time into his left cheek.

“What the fuck...”

The woman moves to the front of the table.

“You’re a cheat. And a boor. But have some redeeming attributes. Roll over so I can see them. You seem to like exhibiting yourself to a woman. Move now while you can.”

The stentorian voice becomes surprisingly authoritative compared to the polite diffidence of moments ago. Handley begins to roll but oddly freezes. The woman smiles and those powerful hands assist, effortlessly prodding to bring him supine.

“Curare, Mr. Handley. Not human growth hormone.”

Wordless shock as more injections puncture the right bicep then the left.

“A powerful but fast acting alkaloid which temporarily blocks the acetylcholine receptors. That’s what controls the muscles and that’s why you had trouble rolling over for me.”

The large brown hand reaches to tenderly pat the youthful puckish face.

“Have to be careful of the lungs. Don’t want you to stop breathing. Move your hands for me like a good boy.”

“I... I... I... can’t.”

“Yes, fast acting indeed.”

A digital camera and ruler are retrieved from the large bag.

“Photos, Harry. Required for your final payment.”

Once again, a hand pinches the penis tip and firmly tugs to stretch the flaccid organ upwards to full length. She smiles in countering the shriveling effects of the long bath. This time with the ruler standing like a flagpole, the boorish young pitcher helplessly watches as his manhood is evaluated and measured and the sycophant reporter snaps to assure his payday.

“Just over nine inches. Not bad for a white boy.”

It is the woman’s turn to gloat

“You’ll miss baseball I am sure, Mr. Handley. But baseball won’t miss you,” the woman playfully patting his balls.

The shock dispels. The immobile form erupts in a string of obscenities. The woman smiles, moves to her bag and replenishes the syringe.

“With obedience, you’ll also learn the virtue of silence, Mr. Handley.”

Arms paralyzed, the needle is easily plunged into the pitcher’s throat, just a tiny dose to likewise incapacitate the vocal cords. There follows a quick cell phone call.

“Bring in the box.”

The woman smiles confidently and turns to reporter Harry.

“His coffin and some trustworthy thugs are waiting in a rented hearse in the parking lot. My deceased ‘cousin’ will be on a boat and long out of the Dominican by game time.

“And now for your final compensation, Harry.”

A muscled arm reaches forth and gruffly entwines a hand in Harry’s hair. The free hand drives the hypodermic needle into the throat and plunges to inject a massive dose of curare. The look of Schadenfreude returns as the alkaloid instantly disables the vocal cords then within seconds streams to the lungs.

Harry’s mouth opens in shock. Yet there is no sound and more disconcerting... no draw of air.

“Oh my, Harry. Seems you’re having a heart attack. Another attribute of curare I neglected to mention. It dissipates without a trace. By the time your lungs are able to return to functioning... ‘poor’ Harry will be long gone. The autopsy will reveal the death of just another aging man with a bad ticker. Bye, bye Harry.”

Harry goes limp from lack of oxygen and the woman guides his form to a chair. Then she turns and softly laughs at the look of terror on Jay Handley’s face.

“Time to get you properly dressed.”

The oversized bag opens and yes, the mass of clanking metal returns. Jay Handley, once promising professional athlete, will helplessly watch while a woman deftly immerses his naked form into the comfort of steel bondage... comfort for the woman in charge.

The broad, smooth and shiny cuff that encircles the scrotum sends the appropriate initial message, the woman always thinks to herself. Thus she begins by enshrouding the testicles. The circle clicks closed to delicious tightness. Then she unravels the connecting right chain then left to encumber the ankles by way of cuffs attached to the balls. Always measured to secure an inch or two shorter than the

legs, Jay Handley will not fully stand for quite some time... and certainly not walk upright much less run.

"My goodness, Mr. Handley, the curare doesn't seem to inhibit tumescence. You enjoy the controlling touch of a woman."

She bends and condescendingly whispers.

"That means it's getting hard."

A Mansion, Newport, Rhode Island

"Where did you learn of my services, Mr. Hollingsworth?"

"Reggie... just call me Reggie. Sure you wouldn't enjoy a good Scotch. Thirty year old single malt, mind you."

Reggie sips and feigns disappointment with the negative reply.

Silk robe, ascot, European cigarettes, distinguished graying at the temples, Reginald Bartholomew Hollingsworth exhales to introduce another cloud of harsh tobacco smoke into the polluted air of his den. He epitomizes old wealth and the woman of color strains to cloak her contempt.

"Lawyer friend. One of the first women Harvard Law School graduates. Met her as an undergrad when she attended Radcliff. Scholarship student mind you. Not one of us you understand. But a bright girl... and a rather good lay, if you can pardon the brusque observation."

The woman of color nods, biting her lip, reminding herself that Reggie will pay well for her services.

"Molly Anderson. Yes, we've 'socialized' together.

"You're arranging a rather harsh demise for your brother, Reggie. He won't be seen again... not by you... not by the general public."

Reggie suppresses outright laughter but cannot completely stifle a wicked grin.

“Yes, of course, harsh. Well you must understand he’s not really my brother. Mummy died young. Daddy, even at a late age, remained rather randy, if you get my gist. Ended up in a tryst with a Las Vegas dancer of all things. They had a child... allegedly... out of wedlock. Daddy was still sensitive about his society ties and did the right thing. Married the girl. But not before enduring threats and signing a rather iron clad prenuptial agreement. Unfortunately, he got out negotiated. Or perhaps I should say, I got out negotiated. At his death, I got use of the house, while breathing, and an annual stipend from a trust fund. Young Roscoe gets the corpus of the trust and the house upon my demise.”

It is the woman’s turn to stifle a grin. Reggie’s wealth is all veneer. Younger half brother Roscoe ironically owns all... or will own all.

“Of course, if something happens to Roscoe, title to the house, without strings mind you, reverts to me. The trust dissolves. All the funds become mine.”

Reggie’s smirk becomes blatant as the woman nods understanding.

“Thus his planned disappearance. Wouldn’t a convenient accident be faster?”

“I’ll be candid. Legally I am related to Roscoe. But a medical examiner’s report may have the unfortunate result of revealing that we’re not. You see I took the time to have Roscoe’s DNA checked. Simple matter of purloining his toothbrush. Seems on top of a one sided prenuptial agreement, Daddy was completely bamboozled. Roscoe is truly a bastard. Real father... biological father... unknown. Probably a one night admirer of Roscoe’s mother. She danced divinely I am told. Nearly naked. And it also seems that a dancer’s paycheck is only a smidgen of her true... shall we say compensation.

“So we’re not even close to being a related. Yet, legally he now owns all. Daddy formally adopted him, of all the foolish maneuvers. If he goes first and it’s discovered we’re not related by blood, the legal community will have a field day. Without divulging numbers, there’s quite a chunk to fight over. I could be left out in the cold. Some unknown figure could enter the picture... like Roscoe’s real father. He may even have siblings for all I know. Real half brothers and sisters!”

Reggie stubs out his cigarette. The woman gratefully inhales.

“All this could have been contested while Daddy was alive. At least that is what Molly has advised. But now it’s too late. I am doomed to share the wealth... in a rather one sided manner.”

“Therefore Roscoe must disappear.”

Reggie nods.

“He’ll be legally dead after seven years... under Rhode Island law. No medical report. No revealing DNA. For that heartening result, I can wait. The trust stipend is not penurious... just annoying to think it ultimately all goes to the little bastard.”

“Little?”

“I am cognizant of your demands. Just an expression. Molly explained your requirements. I assure can you that Roscoe is well equipped. I understand the deal.”

“Roscoe’s mother?”

“Died five years ago. Couldn’t handle the temptations of wealth. Drugs and alcohol.”

The woman pauses in thought. This could be a ‘no brainer’. Yet protocol demands that there be no trail.

“Is Roscoe here?”

“Oh, yes. Playing his computer games.”

“Anyone else?”

“No. I took the precaution of firing the maid. The butler quite serendipitously quit last week. After Roscoe’s gone I’ll clean out his things and hire new staff. Eventually I’ll report that he went sailing and didn’t return. Few will know of his true fate.”

“Well thought out. Well, Reggie, I brought my bag. You have something for me?”

Reginald Bartholomew Hollingsworth arises from his deep leather chair and moves to a wall safe. The woman surreptitiously moves to the half empty glass of fine Scotch. As tumblers rotate and a small but thick steel door opens, capsules dissolve in Reggie’s fine single malt. When he turns back, a thick envelope is offered.

“I can call the little bastard in. He’s rather obnoxious mind you. The lawyer’s have made him well aware of his economic potency. Nothing worse than a teen with millions.”

“He’ll no longer need nor enjoy.”

“Precisely,” Reggie exhorts with annoying stuffy inflection. “Wealth should be held by the privileged. We can handle it.”

A phone serves as an internal intercom. Roscoe is summoned, but only after an abrupt exchange of words.

“Getting more troublesome daily,” Reggie snorts. “I do hope he’ll not be overly comfortable.”

The woman smiles.

“He’ll be kept in rather tight confinement until he learns to properly serve.”

Reggie guffaws as the door to the den opens without a knock.

“Roscoe, come in, I’m thinking of hiring some help.”

A tow headed youth, not a single feature similar to Reggie’s, lumbers into the room. Roscoe is truly the ‘red headed step child’. No one would ever suspect a relationship and the exasperation of confronting the lad’s wealth, arranged through subterfuge and deceit, has led to desperation.

“Meet your new nanny. You’re to have a governess.”

Roscoe scoffs. Though Reggie’s words are obviously meant to annoy, Roscoe over reacts.

“Some oversized black bitch! Which street corner did you find her working?”

Ironical words, considering Roscoe’s questionable pedigree.

The woman wriggles her finger. Size and presence matter, despite the level of obnoxiousness. For Roscoe steps forth as the woman extends her hand, ostensibly in greeting.

What follows happens with the blink of an eye. Roscoe’s words of protest are instantly cut off as his head becomes enwrapped in powerful arms and pressure is applied to the carotid artery. A classic sleeper hold soon has Roscoe’s underdeveloped form turning limp and the woman slowly lowers him to the floor. Reggie is amused and saunters to his Scotch.

“Didn’t think it would be that easy,” he exclaims with a laugh.

It isn’t, thinks the woman, glad to see the equally obnoxious Reggie will return to imbibing his Scotch.

Roscoe is groggy but not unconscious, which adds to Reggie’s glee. He’ll be aware of his submission but unable to resist. How delightfully ironic!

Once again the woman strips. Roscoe is depantsed. The large heavy bag offers the digital camera and the ruler.

“Would you mind, Reggie.”

Another long uncircumcised appendage greets the camera lens and ruler. Reggie clicks away.

“Nine and one half inches, Reggie. You don’t disappoint.”

Roscoe begins to stir as oxygen brings renewed strength. The woman’s hand extends to cover his mouth and pinch closed his nose. The partial asphyxiation renews his drowsiness.

“Just relax a little bit longer, sweetheart. Let your new nanny take care of you.”

Reggie laughs as Roscoe is stripped completely naked and the bag gives up the collection of steel chain and shackles.

“You’ll take him like that?”

“Men resist so little when stripped naked. Psychologically it is best for them.”

The intense shackling begins with the scrotum cuff. It clicks shut with warming conviction. Then follows the right ankle chain and cuff then the left. The limited slack is double checked to assure Roscoe cannot fully stand. Then follows the curious neck collar. Smooth polished steel, a connecting thick bar extends over the shoulders, right and left.

“Lift you arms for me, Roscoe. Over your head. Be a good boy for your ‘nanny’. Point your elbows.”

The woman slips each arm behind the bar as she encircles the biceps with thick fur lined nylon cuffs. With two clicks the cuffs are connected utilizing a double ‘D’ clamp.

“Bend at the elbows. You’ll be more comfortable with your hands down, fingers pointed to your waist.”

With bicep cuffs attached, Roscoe cannot separate his arms to avoid the constricting shoulder bar. The configuration renders both his arms and hands useless, held upwards and behind his head.

“What’s this about?” Roscoe blurts, full consciousness returning.

“You’re going to take a little trip with your ‘black bitch’ nanny,” the woman smoothly responds.

The woman stands leaving Roscoe helplessly lying on the carpet. With ankles cuffed to his balls he cannot stand. Meanwhile, Reggie sips his tainted Scotch. For the moment he enjoys the rapture of revenge.

“I say, you’re rather quick about it. I was hoping for something more... shall we say slow and excruciating.”

“His torment is just beginning, I assure you.”

With that, more steel is retrieved from the bag. The woman stoops and a long needle is thrust through Roscoe’s septum. He howls. Reggie laughs.

“Yes, more like I had in mind.”

“You’ll be comforted to know I’m going to leash him.”

“Goodness. I didn’t think he would be subjected to such charming care. Are you sure there’s no way I can visit him from time to time?”

The words are somewhat slurred and the woman recognizes that her drug is working. She quickly slips a steel ring into the bloody opening between Roscoe’s nostrils and snaps it closed.

“No Reggie. I’m afraid you won’t be visiting anyone. You and I are going for a little walk down to the boathouse. You’ve prompted your

own destiny.”

Reggie’s shock is quickly countered by the capsules of ruphenol. He teeters just as a chain leash is clipped to the nose ring. Roscoe’s breathing strengthens. Revitalized muscles begin to stir... too late.

“Don’t go anywhere,” the woman sarcastically commands in casually securing the free end of the leash to a radiator pipe.

“I’ll be back after your brother has had his swim. Then you’re going to crawl for me.”

The woman steps to the drugged form. Now almost entirely incapacitated, Reggie meekly staggers, needing to be propped up by the woman’s powerful frame.

“You’ll be pleased to know that Molly Anderson may not be one of you... but she is one of us. She’ll be the only person to know of Roscoe’s fate... and yours.”

The duo move toward the den door, Reggie’s weight no impediment for the woman of strength.

“The water’s nice and cold, Reggie. It will be quick and painless. The ruphenol will inhibit most movement. Just remember to take one final deep breath after I plunge your head under. And you’ll go knowing your sibling is well cared for. Look at his reaction.”

The woman pauses and gestures. Roscoe’s manhood has engorged. As Roscoe struggles, his attempts to straighten serve to jostle his entrapped scrotum. Thus his once flaccid eleven inches stiffens in curious response to being bound by a woman’s hand.

“You’ve most likely provided exactly what he needs and secretly covets, Reggie... firm feminine guidance.”

An apartment, Juarez, Mexico

“I will cut your tits off and laugh as I feed them to my dogs!”

For the woman of color, listening to the bellicose invective brings a smile and the slight tug of her hand. Her action transforms the vocal attack of words to squeamish shrieks as the leash chain tightens and the nose ring imparts bone jarring pain to the many nerve endings in the septum.

“Be a good boy for me, Roberto. Silence is best since you no longer have the upper hand,” she admonishes as tears stream to mix with the blood of the recent piercing.

The woman mercifully loosens her grip, turns and cuts open a final clear plastic bag of white powder. Exceeding Roberto’s physical anguish is the mental torment of watching as hundreds of thousands of dollars of cocaine are flushed down the toilet.

“Surely you realized the hazards of competing with Pedro Anguila... and trying to do so with his own product is rather shameless. Stolen drugs. Very brazen, Roberto.”

Another kilo splashes into the bowl and is flushed.

“Stealing from drug dealers, Roberto... tsk... tsk. Must be a better way for a boy like you to earn his keep. And I believe I will find one for you.”

Roberto recovers from the instant of trauma... slightly more reasoned.

“I have cash. Whatever Pedro has offered I will top it.”

The woman laughs.

“You think I handle bad boys like you just for money?”

The cocaine disposed, the woman gently gathers the slack of the chain leash.

“Come let’s take a little walk. You’ll begin to better understand why I do this.”

Roberto, stripped naked, dons the curious collection of steel shackles and cuffs that have come to symbolize the woman's avocation. His balls bear the tight scrotal cuff. Two chains lead to ankle cuffs right and left, the limited lengths forcing him to kneel. His neck is encircled with the signature steel collar and connecting bar. His arms are secured, upwards with elbows pointed toward the ceiling, biceps attached together and forcibly held behind his head by the length of metal protruding left and right over his shoulders. This immobilizes his arms, makes his hands useless and forces Roberto to keep his head bowed.

The woman offers the slightest tension on the chain connected to Roberto's hastily pierced nose. The inserted ring functions well, bringing another yelp.

"Come, come, my pet. It's time to become accustomed to a woman's controlling hand. Your adversary Pedro has mandated that you live a life of servitude."

With the words, the guiding hand pulls in a simple demonstration of feminine empowerment. The tension slowly mounts and a futilely resisting Roberto finally shuffles forth one knee to relieve the pain. He is chagrined to have to obey.

"To the balcony. I want you to show yourself while a woman enjoys her governance."

The woman slides open the wide glass door leading to the sun deck of the seventh floor luxury apartment.

"No! Not like this!" comes a feeble protest.

She snickers. "Oh, Roberto, a hardened gangster like you... so shy."

His mind occupied, Roberto does not notice the small black device in the woman's free hand.

“Mr. Anguila wants proof that the deed is done. He’s in the black car at the corner. Sorry you won’t be able to wave good bye to him.”

Into the Mexican sunlight the woman forces the vicious drug dealer to shuffle left knee then right, exposing him to all. He mentally formulates another threat, visualizing the feeding of other female anatomical parts to his canines. Yet, he has quickly learned obedience and remains silent. The woman is implacable... that he has also quickly learned.

The woman ensures that Roberto is positioned to fully display his bound nakedness then cruelly pulls straight upward on the leash, forcing an agonizing wrenching of his head. The free hand palming the black box reaches down and gruffly pokes Roberto’s manhood through the iron bars of the balcony railing. He is huge... and hardening... the tight scrotal cuff and jostling chains bringing strange sensations and an unexpected reaction... or perhaps it is the woman’s strict supervision that brings stiffness.

At the street corner below, the horn of the waiting black car honks in acknowledgment, the lights flash. The woman laughs picturing the gleeful occupants enjoying the sight... sweet vengeance... a most ignominious end for a vexatious antagonist. She smiles and waves. Then she de-telescopes the small antenna from the black box in her hand.

“Say good bye, Roberto. The revelry of Mr. Anguila’s revenge will be short.”

The flash of light arrives first. Then a shock wave and deafening explosion. The car instantly disintegrates and erupts in flames.

“We leave no trails, Roberto. Not even your most ardent enemies will tell of your destiny.”

Realization dawns on a mind fogged by a multitude of traumatic events. Stripped naked, limbs encumbered, illicit wealth destroyed, led about and displayed collared and leashed, Roberto quivers with

the wicked simplicity of the mayhem he has just witnessed. The woman is his superior! She rules!

The woman flips up the hem of her short skirt. For the first time a well tamed Roberto notes the alluring combination of muscle and smooth mocha flesh. A hand delves then reappears, the fingers glistening with the fragrant moisture of feminine arousal. She reaches to smear Roberto's blood encrusted upper lip. The hand is tender and caring, curiously composed after callously pressing a button to bring death. Roberto inhales the muskiness. Oddly, it serves to calm.

"Beginning to understand? Now let's practice a little more with the leash shall we? We have another hour before flight time. And I'll need some photos of that nice big penis of yours..."

Former military test base, Nevada Desert

After a final approach into Las Vegas Airport, the Citation jet receives the final instructions from the control tower.

"Delta Sierra 125 you're cleared for runway 28, taxi to Charlie."

With the runway lights illuminating the cockpit, the woman of color begins flipping numerous switches, turning off all external lights. At 500 feet she turns hard to the right to a heading of due north, and further descends to 300 feet.

The phrase 'taxi to Charlie' is the air traffic controller's code to continue under the cover of darkness to the jet's real destination, a vast former military base with a long runway thought by most to be abandoned.

Slowing to a sluggish four miles per minute, the plane will noiselessly cruise between two mountainous ridges below the detection of radar, then within ten minutes touch down most furtively some 30 miles north of Las Vegas. The air traffic controller well paid... better

described as well paid off... will log in the landing at Las Vegas Airport... the arrival of just another private jet.

“Enjoy the flight, Roberto? Almost there,” the woman calls over her shoulder.

Behind, in the cabin, a bound and leashed Roberto kneels, his shackle configuration remaining. His balls connected to his ankles, arms secured back and above his head, the woman has added a gag... she humorously suggested a need to muzzle... as Roberto ‘nipped’ at her.

She wonders if such a nasty attempted assault is a psychologically ingrained response to leashing him like a dog.

The woman changes the frequency on the radio then clicks the microphone three times. One mile ahead, 10,000 feet of asphalt alight. Enough length to land and take off twice.

Landing gear down, flaps deployed, throttles back, the Citation easily nestles and touches down. Aligning both sides of the long strip are many enormous old hangers, each appearing abandoned. But one is quite well occupied and the woman taxis to the most secretive privately run facility in the world. A huge door opens as the runway lights diminish. The Citation rolls into a large dark hanger, the neat and modern interior belying the decrepit rusting metal of its outer sheathing. The door rumbles shut. Bright mercury vapor lights illuminate. The engines spool down.

Five minutes of activity on an otherwise secluded and deserted military base. Outside, calm and darkness return, stillness is restored oddly juxtaposing the interior activity. Stowed within are some half dozen jets, dwarfing the light Citation. Known in the exclusive travel world of the wealthy as ‘heavy iron’, each of the Gulfstreams, Falcons and Challengers made the same approach to Las Vegas International only to veer north into the desert with the coded phrase from the control tower. In time, departure will come, also under the cover of darkness, and with the procedure reversed.

The woman of color moves to the cabin, gives her naked charge a playful pat on his head and effortlessly pulls open the heavy pressure sealed door.

“Good flight, Misty?” a girl greets.

The woman of color nods, turns and unhooks the leash leading to the thieving drug dealer’s nose ring. She steps down to the concrete of the hanger floor.

“Come, don’t be shy,” the tone agreeable but the words firmly offered.

During the brief interval of his capture and kidnapping, Roberto has learned that the woman’s pleasant words are for him dire commands. He instantly moves to preclude a gruff, correcting tug, the practice session at his apartment invoking instant response... she speaks... he obeys.

“Took a look at the pics you forwarded. You’ve scored again. Another eleven inches!”

Misty smiles sheepishly.

“I’ll bag a twelve incher at some point, Karen. Meanwhile this one proved to be quite lucrative. An apartment full of purloined cash and a rival willing to pay me to ‘take him out’,” Misty laughs.

Karen, donning the white uniform of the Level One trainer, smiles. More nurse than disciplinarian she observes with practiced eye as Misty guides a crawling Roberto down the plane’s short steps, his ankle chains greatly inhibiting the motion of his shuffling knees. When he comes to rest, the leash is handed over to the fresh faced, blonde and blue eyed 24 year old... her presence quite the contrast to the swarthy unshaven rascal now under her control.

An effeminate but firm left hand slowly lifts the leash. Roberto’s face follows, his neck straining with the constricting collar.

“He’s stiffening!” the girl exclaims leaning to lower her right hand.

The back of a curled index finger teasingly brushes the overly sensitive underside of the penis tip. Roberto grunts and closes his eyes in shame. Yet his eleven inch organ continues on its journey to full erection.

“I plugged him,” Misty offers. “Not only did he threaten to cut my tits off, seems he needed a little reminder not to bite. He’s alarmingly tight there and I am sure moving about abrades where the male so much desires attention.”

Karen smilingly nods in understanding, knowing full well of the effect that anally introduced objects have on the prostate gland.

“You like having that little prostate caressed, bad boy? Well we know just how to keep boys like you happy.”

The charming Karen smiles brightly and extends her hand, first tweaking a well presented nipple then further rising to gently pat Roberto’s cheek. Her demeanor is that of an innocent girl showing off a newly acquired puppy. She ignores Roberto’s growls, his only manner for expressing disdain.

“The boss has something for you, Misty. And there’s a room reserved.”

“Good. I’ll need a few hours rest and a little attention from a lapper. Leading about Roberto gets me excited, as you can imagine. Later I am off. Got a good a lead in the middle east... a very nasty man... so I’m out of here before dawn.”

Oddly, the women admire each other’s jobs... Misty traveling the world to procure well endowed, ostensibly unruly males... Karen molding the procured.

“Can you help me with a dolly? So much quicker.”

Nearby, a low wooden platform on four wheels awaits. Misty's powerful hands grasp the extended ends of Roberto's shoulder bar. Arm muscles ripple. Roberto's two hundred pounds easily lift while Karen's dainty foot rolls the platform beneath.

"Like having a pull toy."

Well lubricated wheels transform simple tension on Roberto's nose leash to motion. Karen is most callous in energetically tugging to commence movement. Roberto grunts into his gag. But once rolling, most tension subsides and Roberto obediently bears the aggravation and returns to silence. On the perfectly level concrete floor of the hanger, it requires little effort to roll 'pull toy' Roberto to the elevator.

"Do be careful removing the gag, Karen. A biter! He certainly doesn't appear nasty while naked, leashed and bound, but in his former life he robbed and killed to make a living. He threatened to feed my tits to his dogs! Quite the misogynist."

The fresh 'Barbie doll' face smiles as the elevator is reached. Karen's free hand reaches down. Thumb and index finger find an extremely small tuft of overly sensitive nipple flesh. She pinches between her fingernails, her vicious and agonizing action bringing a vehement lurch, which causes Roberto to wrench upward and yank against his ankle and testicle chains. This adds another level of anguish and the helpless Roberto screeches into his gag. Tears roll which a giggling Karen gather as she finally releases the tender pink nub.

"We'll see whose glands are subjected to torment. You squeal like a little girl, Roberto, but have you noticed you're still engorged? We're going to get along just fine, aren't we?"

As massive elevator doors slide open, Roberto humbly looks up and reluctantly nods, aware anew of his vulnerability.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day One

The military spared no dollars in constructing the secretive site. Within the subterranean six foot thick concrete walls many scientists and technicians researched the neutron bomb, thought to be a promising weapon. The timing of their efforts and experiments did not coincide with the official government record of research into the deadly weapon of limited destruction. Research 'officially' ended with the Carter Administration then was secretly renewed under Reagan. In reality, much activity continued into the late eighties when finally 'black hole' budgetary items, those for which few details were offered to Congress, became so rife and so prodigious that the practicalities of limited dollars finally choked the project dead. The few neutron weapons assembled were the first to be scrapped under disarmament treaties of the nineties.

Purchased for relative pennies, the bleak, arid land is worthless for general habitation without access to steady and abundant water. The few locals who read of the sale of the property speculated someone with 'mega bucks' had a plan for diverting water from the far off mountains, a project requiring ten of millions which would instantly bring enhanced value to the thousands upon thousands of acres. Yet despite the conjecture and much gossip, nothing happened. And over the years of perceived inactivity, the former military base is no longer an item of conversation at the general store in Indian Springs, a nearby town (15 miles) fulfilling the role of gasoline station to desert tourists.

Someone bought a pig in a poke... at the least the conventional wisdom so concluded.

Hundreds of feet below the desert surface, Misty and Karen step from the elevator and part ways.

"I'll have your shackles returned to your plane," Karen calls out as she tows a naked and somewhat erect Roberto around a corner.

Roberto is chagrined to note that the extent of his exposure expands. The duo pass other white uniformed women. Karen nods and they all smile knowingly, oddly not phased by the sight of a naked and well restrained male at the end of a leash. Finally a steel door is reached, Karen places her open hand on an electronic pad and a lock clicks open.

“Your new home Roberto... at least for Level One.”

There comes a brisk pull, physically unnecessary with the smooth level floor and well greased wheels. With the zing of pain, Roberto grunts into his gag, acknowledging the message of control as he is ignominiously tugged into his new abode. More cold hard concrete. Amazingly bright lights. Cabinets. Machinery. A curious collection of PVC pipes adorns a far wall.

The room is more laboratory than living quarters.

“Now, we expect our boys to be good. Discipline and obedience. You’ll learn both, but I recommend that you try your best to exhibit such from the start.”

Roberto listens but his attention is drawn to the center of the room where propped on a low steel table, knee height, is what can only be described as a metal coffin. He shudders. Karen laughs in noting the reaction of fear from the vicious killer.

“Just a little claustrophobic, Roberto? Well you’ll get used to it. And just think how happy you’ll be when I decide to release you.”

Karen laughs again as she ties off the leash and moves to a cabinet. There she prepares a solution, mixing a pint of cloudy white liquid and pouring the concoction into a plastic squeeze bottle.

“Level One can take a month, perhaps two. All our boys react differently. But time has no meaning here. In the end you’ll be ready for Level Two and I’ll have a new boy to break.”

Karen steps to the forcibly kneeling Roberto, gruffly entwines her left hand in his hair and firmly pulls back his head, his face humbly bowed due to the neck collar and shoulder bar. He looks up into the angelic face... so pretty... yet so authoritative.

“Drink. Yum, yum.”

Misty’s cruel ball gag has a sizable breathing hole in the center. With Karen’s mocking words of encouragement she deeply inserts the long straw and squeezes. The cloudy white substance streams to the back of Roberto’s throat. He chokes. Karen casually laughs. Roberto’s first lesson, she thinks to herself... a boy will imbibe whenever and whatever. In this case a combination of emetic, laxative and narcotic.

“Drink up. Take it all for mommy.”

Roberto does. He has no choice other than to drown. The pint is soon drained. The narcotic brings an instant stupor.

“Now let’s get you properly tucked away.”

First the ball gag must be removed. Reaction to the emetic varies depending on the timing and nature of her charge’s last meal. Thus she unbuckles, knowing that any inclination for violence is suppressed by the drug and biting is no longer of concern. As the sizable rubber ball slips out, Karen smiles in noting the attached rubber strip, inserted for no other reason than to chafe the back of the throat and enhance the torment.

“Now don’t you move without permission.”

Karen’s words are superfluous. Roberto’s body has turned to rubber. The arm bands are unclipped, the neck collar removed. Taking the nose leash, Karen keeps a firm grip while bending to release the scrotal cuff and ankle bindings. She piles up Misty’s collection of restraints, as noted to be returned to the Citation jet for the next procurement.

Last she endeavors to slip out the anal plug, smiling in noting its size. Misty labored greatly. Karen pictures her strong hands impaling the hapless, well bound captive. Threatening her breasts cost Roberto much dignity and quite the distress to his virgin sphincter.

“Such a good boy. Now try to stand for me. I’ll help.”

Countless times Karen has led one of her lambs into the waiting coffin. The fear is palpable, yet physically the once powerful... the vicious... the misanthropic... the malcontent... all meekly stumble about... oddly relieved when the pretty hands guide into the waiting steel enclosure where the drug induced stupor can be better welcomed.

Yes, Roberto wants to lie and watch, letting the world spin while he observes in euphoria.

Satisfied he will not... can not... move under his own volition, Karen strolls to the wall of PVC pipe. Over the years she has come to judge quite accurately. Four inches in diameter is standard. For someone of Roberto’s size, lengths of 25 to 30 inches should suffice. Two pipes, two thumb clamps and Roberto will be well tucked away without need for more narcotic.

Roberto laughs demonically when Karen picks up his rubberized right arm and slips it into the length of white PVC. She aligns a solitary hole at the end and works to thrust through his thumb. There the knuckle is clamped outside the radius of the pipe, making it impossible to draw back. Though the end of the pipe is open, the length covers his hand and fingers, making such useless.

Roberto laughs again as his left arm is similarly encased.

“You seem to enjoy bondage, Roberto. That’s very good.”

Karen knows that Roberto is partially hallucinating, mentally relating her bindings to some strangely pleasant fantasy. Still, she must work to likewise encumber the legs. The emetic will soon manifest.

Ten inches in diameter, the leg constraints are slipped up past mid thigh. The length is again appropriately judged and runs to the ankles, immobilizing the knees just as the arm pipes immobilize the elbows. Holes there accommodate metal bolts, slipped through the diameter, left pipe and right, to assure the binding cannot be slipped off over the ankles and feet.

Simple and cheap, once placed within, the bearer cannot remove the pipes. There is some use of the limbs, but certainly not for brash escape or the physical resistance of kicks or fisticuffs.

“You’re going to feel a little sick, Roberto. Part of our induction process. Whatever is inside you will be purged. Stomach and intestines. Then we’ll offer what we want you to eat. You’ll never know what... or when. But it’s part of the process of inducing the concept of complete control... you having none... me having all.”

As she speaks, ‘D’ clamps are clipped to the four pipes as added assurance. Short chains connect to eye hooks within the steel coffin, allowing for mere inches of movement. Lastly the nose chain is attached to an eye hook over his head, allowing some head movement but sending another message of governance.

“Night, night.”

With that, Karen works to close the tight fitting lid of the coffin. As she snaps closed the first of many clasps, she hears the gut wrenching sounds of vomituration. She smiles, knowing that Roberto’s bowels will soon erupt as well.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Two

Roberto cannot see. With perspiration irritating his eyes he has learned the futility of keeping them open. There is only darkness and the frustration of blinking away sweat. He has learned to keep them clenched closed.

He can hear, but there is no sound other than his voice... and the noise of his childlike whimpers... which serve to bring self disgust and disconsolation. Verbal pleas, uttered in exasperation between geysers of vomit, proved fruitless. He now stifles any intentional utterances, but for the initial hours of his confinement did find himself begging.

He tastes the bile of his stomach juices. But worst is the smell. As his tormentress so insouciantly suggested, the induction of the cloudy liquid brought forth a purge. The wrenching of his gut caused his bowels to open, his sphincter powerless to forestall the eruption of his intestines. He lies in a smelly slimy mess. Desiccated food, excrement turned to a gelatinous sludge, when he felt the urge to empty his bladder there was no point to holding back. A puddle of urine now sloshes about the bottom of his enclosure... buttocks, shoulders and the back of his head are soaked. As perspiration continually drips to join the tide of effluent, he wonders if he will eventually drown in his own bodily wastes.

Recovering from the drug, he felt hung-over for many hours, if his judge of time is accurate. With the euphoria dissipating there came an inclination to fight his bonds. The battle was brief, pulling his pipe burdened arms and legs against short chains attached to the sides of his coffin. It finally dawned that use of limbs was inessential within the well secured box... though scratching an itch would be gratifying. He tested the nose leash, of course, and received a reminder of its effectiveness, slight motion translating to tension and amazing pain.

Finally comes noise. An hallucination? Roberto lies perfectly still and listens. The sound of metal rattling. Has he heard it before? The drug

has fogged his mind but it is similar to the last sensory input outside of that created by his own voice and body movement.

A crack of light! Roberto foolishly opens his eyes to confirm then finds he must instantly resume clenching. The hours of darkness have brought sensitivity.

“Hello my pretty boy.”

The words of his indefatigable captor are oddly welcomed. The hinged lid swings completely open and a waft of fresh air causes Roberto to inhale deeply. He is grateful but expresses not.

“Stinky, stinky. You’ve certainly made a mess, Roberto.”

Roberto pries open a left eye to look up into the smiling face. Such prettiness. Fresh faced, smooth complexion, perfectly symmetrical features with the blue eyes and blonde hair of a beauty contestant. He feels shamed to lie beneath, seemingly floating in his own filth.

The straw of the squeeze bottle is offered. His inclination is to ignore, contemptuously refuse the kind offering.

“Just water, Roberto. Can’t have you dehydrating. Drink it all down for Miss Karen like a good boy. We have ways of forcing liquids. You won’t like it...”

The threat is pleasantly posed. But when helplessly bound, naked and vulnerable, one must assume it is offered in earnest. Roberto drinks.

Karen watches with a satisfied smile as her charge imbibes.

“Now, I suspect you desire two things, Roberto. You’d like to be cleansed. You’re really disgusting. And you would like some food.”

Roberto carefully nods, cognizant of the taut nose leash.

“Yes, I thought so. I want you to give some thought as to how that will happen. You’re well restrained and kept in a box in a room of thick concrete walls, hundreds of feet underground, in a place no one knows exists. Who will do that for you, Roberto? How will you ever get cleaned up and fed?”

“Some bitch?” his voice creaks.

Karen laughs.

“Such nasty talk.”

Karen withdraws the empty water bottle.

“Do give it some thought. This ‘bitch’ is the only one who can help you. You’ll eventually beg for some attention. And if you comply with some simple requests you will have it. Sleep well!”

Karen’s dainty hands move to close the lid.

“No! Please. No more!”

“Thought, Roberto. You’ll have plenty of time to think of the words I want to hear.”

Darkness returns. Roberto inadvertently moans as he hears the many clasps being snapped closed. He pulls against his bonds in frustration, returned to his world of nothingness... except for the sweat, urine, gastric sludge and excrement.

Does he hear laughter?

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Three

“It’s all psychological, my pretty captive boy.”

Karen peers down at Roberto’s supine and well restrained form. Having opened the coffin lid, she dangles over his face the plastic water bottle, filled with coolness, teasingly offering refreshment to he who has not eaten for two days and received only the one offering of life sustaining liquid.

“First we purge everything from your body. And you must agree, lying in that smelly stuff, you’ve been well purged. Then everything induced is by way of my hand. And that will have to be earned. It results in a kind of bonding thing. You may not like it, but you’ll first learn dependency, then accept it and finally revel in it. You’ll not have a care in the world, Roberto. Everything will be offered to you, done for you... you just have to obey.”

The words sink deeply into a mind dulled by two days of nothing. Plus there is the craving for water... then there is the dire need for food... the foul sloppiness in which Roberto is forced to lie irritates the skin, bringing forth a maddeningly intense need to itch.

Roberto never thought something as simple as a shower would be so coveted.

“But I can’t deny you water and have you survive. Besides, hydrating you will have your bladder open again... so nicely adding to the slop you lie in. Bet you’re wishing for a diaper about now.”

Karen finally aligns the plastic straw and presses it to Roberto’s mouth. He hungrily draws it between his lips. He sucks. Little moisture is drawn. Karen’s hand does not squeeze, greatly limiting the flow. She laughs as tongue and lips fervently draw on the straw, attaining nothing more than a frustrating trickle.

“Guess I am a bitch. Not much offering unless I squeeze. Something I can do but you can’t. You’re too well bound in your box. Can’t move more than an inch or two... and even then your hands are useless. So let’s exercise our manners, shall we Roberto? When you want something you must ask me... politely... and humbly. Now would you like Miss Karen to provide some water?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“May I please have some water?”

“And who is to offer you water?”

“You... Miss Karen.”

“Very good, Roberto. Say it in one sentence now. Be a good boy for me.”

“May I please have some water, Miss Karen?”

For Roberto, it is back to grade school, enduring the stern lessons of a beautiful young teacher. Yet he earns his reward as Karen gently squeezes to begin a flow. Roberto never thought simple water could taste so good.

“Obedience is rewarded here, Roberto. It pleases. And you’ll be learning that your role here, your only reason for living, is to please.”

Karen speaks, Roberto slurps. Though concentrating on his well earned sustenance, Roberto notes the joy expressed in Karen’s smiling face. The girl, the young woman, truly revels in her dominion. Would she really let him starve?

He thinks what a simple demise would result and this sickens. He’s already lying in a casket. Karen could walk away, the lid never to be opened again and the result of his unceremonious death would be to

simply move the casket to some hole in the desert he flew over with his kidnaper.

Would anyone check first to see if he was really dead?

He shudders, spasmodically wrenching against his bonds. Though not claustrophobic, the endless hours of silent darkness take a toll. Thoughts run their own course... and are understandably negative. He begins to realize how much strange aspiration, though only the second respite, the brief interludes with Miss Karen bring. He slows drinking to buy time, surmising that when finished the lid will close.

Then Miss Karen's words come to mind... cleansing and feeding! He recalls her suggestion...

'Who will do that for you, Roberto? How will you ever get cleaned up and fed?'

He regrets his reply, his belligerent words bringing instant return to darkness... and obviously no relief from the suffering induced by his own waste.

The water bottle is drained.

"Miss Karen, I'd like to be clean... and have some food."

At the very least, the distracting request will forestall the closing of the lid, providing added moments of light and relief from the stench created by his own body.

Karen smiles knowingly. They all break, she thinks to herself. Some require more time than others. But time is an abundant commodity in the isolated desert.

"I can do that for you. But you will need to do something for me first. Would you like to do something for me?"

"Yes."

“The table tilts, Roberto. A rather clever design. I can raise your head, lower your feet. Without releasing you from the box, I can offer a nice warm spray of soothing water and soft soapy chamois. Drain away all that nastiness. I will even release your arms and legs... one at a time... and permit some movement. Massage some cramped muscles. Then for Roberto, some chow. Bland mush, but highly nutritious. It will quell all those rumblings in your tummy. Restore vigor. Think how good all that will feel. I’ll do all that for you, Roberto. You just have to lie and enjoy. Miss Karen takes very good care of her boys.”

Karen pauses. A dainty right hand lowers. The tip of her index finger finds the flaccid male organ, 11 inches of flesh dutifully photographed by Misty as Roberto knelt in shackles days before. She diddles and smiles as the neglected manhood twitches.

“Tomorrow, when I open your lid, I’ll be ready to clean and feed. But I’ll want to see this standing for me. Nicely tall and stiff. You can do something as simple as that for me, can’t you Roberto? I think you like showing off for me and a big hard on will earn you a shower, a little massage and some food. You’ll stay hard for me while I work. Go flaccid and I’ll shut the lid and leave you for another day or so.”

“But I’ll need to... to...”

“To masturbate? No, no Roberto. No touching. We do not permit that here. You’ll just have to learn to concentrate. You have time. As you lie there, think about what my simple request will earn you. Pull on you PC muscles... you know when you want to stop the flow of urine. You’ll learn that also can begin tumescence... if you concentrate for me. Think of yourself lying there completely naked and helpless before a fully clothed little girl... and one with such power. I think that will help. Good boys like performing for girls and I know you want to be good for me.” Roberto mindlessly nods. Relying on the mercy of the pretty girl brings new found humility and induces thought. And strangely, the words of she who controls the lid reverberate deeply in a mind deprived of stimulation.

“See you tomorrow. Be a good boy for Miss Karen. Greet me nice and stiff.”

Is it Roberto’s imagination or is his penis already beginning to firm?

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Four

Roberto's heart leaps in hearing the snaps of his covering. He has practiced over many, many hours pulling on the curious muscles which can contract to curtail of the flow of urine. Will such attempts foster an erection? He can feel his penis move somewhat with his efforts... but is it stiff? He curses the darkness... and his immobility. He is truly trying to earn his bath... and food!

The seam cracks, blackness yields and Roberto knows to clench his eyes even harder. The lid lifts and his circulation brings throbbing. At last, warm cleansing water!

"Oh, Roberto. I am so disappointed for you."

The words bring instant dismay.

"But I've tried, Miss Karen. I cannot tell whether it's stiff or not. I cannot see or feel it."

Karen reaches to the nose leash and unhooks it from the interior wall of the coffin. She slowly lifts and Roberto knows his face must follow. He pries open his eyes.

"See for yourself. It seems a little engorged but that's about it. I wanted you in full stand for me. A nice firm eleven inches greeting me in tribute for my care and all the things I do for you."

A disheartened Roberto peers down and must agree. Not flaccid, but no where near the glorious stand Miss Karen expects and he has imagined.

"I have no energy. Perhaps a little food. Just a swallow and I'll try to be good."

"Perhaps. I got your mush. But no bath for Roberto. That's for obedient boys who please me."

Karen returns the nose leash to its eye hook, restoring Roberto's head to its limited range of motion.

"Tomorrow we'll try again," Miss Karen announces in offering a spoonful of sustenance. "Perhaps I will bring a little friend to add stimulation."

"No please, Miss Karen. I'm embarrassed enough."

"So you're comfortable in your bound nakedness before me but not others. Give that some thought Roberto," Miss Karen snickers.

Roberto partakes ravenously. Miss Karen is quite correct about the mush... tasteless with the bland consistency of unseasoned grits. Still, Roberto can feel his system react with renewed vigor, the nutrition seeming to surge to his unutilized muscles.

As a second spoonful is offered, Karen's free hand moves to the organ of question. A curled index finger caresses the exposed underside of the tip. Roberto lurches with the unexpected sensation of joy and feels his manhood twitch.

"This will perform for me, Roberto. I want you on display and not only will I display you to whomever I choose, you will learn to enjoy it. Knowing that it pleases me will bring you comfort. You just need to concentrate and obey."

With the third spoonful, Roberto can feel himself at full stand and Miss Karen disappointingly withdraws her index finger.

"Now hold it for me."

"Yes, Miss Karen."

The governing woman in white steps away. Yet she lectures.

"Pull on your muscles now Roberto. Look down and watch."

Roberto opens his eyes, lowers his chin as much as permissible and peers at a raging erection. Despite near starvation, the hormone levels have burgeoned. The simple touch of Miss Karen's fingertip has ignited a bonfire of lust.

"Pull for me. I want you to watch and both feel and visually observe the result of your actions."

Warm soothing bath promised yet withheld, Roberto does not hesitate in obeying. Karen smirks as the mammoth male appendage is drawn upwards towards his belly with the contracting pubo coccygeus muscles. With the proud male organ so obediently responding to her demand, she senses the moisture of her own concupiscence. This is what Level One is all about.

"Relax."

On command, the stiff eleven inches angles downward. Its firmness does not diminish and as a result of Roberto's muscular efforts, it appears angrier than before.

"Note the color, Roberto. Bright red turning to purple. Pulling on the PC muscles further constricts the circulatory flow through the penis. That's what causes an erection, the accumulation of blood in the erectile chambers."

Karen approaches the casket and looks down, her fresh smiling face contrasting the sweaty smelly profile below.

"We'll practice. But I will want you hard for me tomorrow... me and our little guest."

A right hands extends and tenderly taps the ringed nose. Roberto smiles. He has pleased Miss Karen and is determined to please again tomorrow. This in turn pleases him. After all, his efforts did earn some food.

"A bath?" he pleads more than inquires.

“An erection?” Miss Karen playfully retorts.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Five

Roberto dreams. Roberto hallucinates. In the confined darkness, he cannot determine the difference. There are times when he cannot ascertain if his eyes are open or closed.

There comes a vision. He kneels in nakedness before the beautiful Miss Karen. Mentally she has become a Goddess and in freeing him of his box, he kneels and licks her ankles in gratitude. He curses the fantasy scene of his own making... for she remains fully clothed, though he so much wishes to view her charms.

Roberto is thoroughly erect, yet with hands free he touches not. Instead he licks upwards to Miss Karen's knees then rights himself at the waist and places his hands on his head. This fully displays his standing eleven inches. He smiles sheepishly but senses an odd burst of pride as Miss Karen, standing arms akimbo, looks down and smiles approvingly.

Roberto stirs against his bonds. His own fantasy brings frustration. His dream should have Miss Karen equally naked. She should once again caress his penis... not with a single finger... but in earnest, and with her full hand... gripping his manhood... stroking firmly. He craves her touch.

With his physical confinement so dire, why can he not bring his imagination to offer psychological joy and triumph? Take command! A least make love to the divine Miss K in his dreams!

Sharp raps bring Roberto from his semi pleasant reverie. More dreaming?

Then he hears the snaps. Miss Karen visits!

Full consciousness returning, Roberto pulls on his PC muscles.

'I must harden. I must please Miss Karen. I must earn the relief of soothing warm water.'

By rote, his eyes clench as the above crack widens to offer light. The darkness ends. A flood of illumination basks Roberto's sweat, urine and excrement covered nakedness.

"Oh Roberto. Such a nice offering. Can you waggle for me like a good boy?"

Roberto's thrilled reaction causes him to involuntarily tug against his bonds. But he also pulls, relaxes then pulls again on his PC muscles, offering his goddess the humiliating performance she expects... that she demands.

Roberto's dream has brought timely nocturnal penile tumescence. Still, the humble response has earned a long sought cleansing.

"Excellent. My little friend will feed you while I prepare your bath."

Roberto's eyes adjust to note that peering down at his well bound nakedness is the face of a child. Jaw length raven hair, bangs covering the forehead, mascara, lipstick and eye shadow offer a comical maturity. A young girl has forayed into her mother's cosmetics. Odd baubles dangle from pierced ears. The girl is short, the edge of the low coffin rising to her breast plate. Underdeveloped mammary glands are fully exposed. Small mounds peaked with relatively large nipples, cruelly circled in metal and pierced. Roberto is aghast that someone so young would be so modified.

There is an innocent smile. Roberto's circumstances... restrained to almost complete immobility, locked in a coffin and lying in days of accumulated body waste... do not frighten. Instead there is untoward fascination with Roberto's wagging manhood.

He feels a twinge of shame in so displaying himself to a girl.

"This is Joey, Roberto. You will obey him as well."

Him?

A spoonful of mush is introduced by a childlike yet manicured hand. Roberto's confusion does not preclude the consumption of life sustaining food. Joey tenderly assures the offering slips between the lips as Roberto hears Miss Karen moving about. He cannot repress a smile as a spray of water erupts. Five days of filth will soon be purged.

With the second spoonful, Joey leans close. Roberto notes the extreme shape of the encircled nipples.

"I like your penis, Mr. Roberto," he... she... it... demurely offers.

Roberto is dumbfounded and masticates without reply. He cannot help staring at the nipples. Elongated! The surrounding circles of metal are functional, used to stretch the tender pink skin of the areolas! He can picture a small breast cage, clamps and weights adorning each gland.

With the third helping, Roberto feels the coffin move. It lowers at his feet. His head rises and the view of Joey's young yet altered chest becomes blocked. A fourth mouthful comes as the coffin continues moving until almost upright. Roberto peers as low as his peripheral vision allows and notes that the many days of urine and other bodily fluids stream over the lowered edge of the coffin... drained way at last!

Good riddance!

"Get your little table, Joey."

No longer able to reach Roberto's mouth the feeding temporarily ends and Miss Karen comes into view. She holds a spray hose.

"Joey has been trained to entertain by dancing... on a table. Quite amusing."

Miss Karen visually examines as she speaks. She notes that Roberto's stiffness has not subsided in the more upright position. Roberto can feel the gravitational pull on the engorged tip. The sensation makes him quite aware of his humiliating condition. Still, it seems to foster more firmness. His subconscious is determined to please.

Meanwhile, Joey pushes a low table to the left of the coffin. He steps up and Roberto can now view his, her, its, full form. He is shocked to see near nakedness!

A narrow 'G' string with tiny triangular patch covers the pubes. There are curious high heeled shoes with securing straps encircling the ankles and calves. Otherwise Joey fully displays a prepubescent, somewhat cherubic form. There comes a pang of guilt in viewing the underage yet attractive flesh. Miss Karen notes Roberto's awe

"Special exercises combined with a high fat diet. A good Joey gets lots of ice cream. Produces a rather alluring layer of well shaped subcutaneous fat, wouldn't you say?"

Yes, alluring, Roberto thinks. Yet, he, she it is so young! Miss Karen senses concern. She steps forward as Joey offers more mush.

"Remember where you are, Roberto. Essentially you've been buried. One life ended... another just begun. Different rules here. Different standards and behavioral norms. Yes, you can find Joey attractive. No one will ever know."

The index finger lowers and again diddles, this time the swollen tip needs no further encouragement and instead waggles again in strangely welcoming her touch.

"Joey likes you. He wants to dance for you. You can let your imagination run loose, enjoy the show and impress me with your stiff eleven inches. You know it pleases me... and your role is to please."

"It's... it's... an abomination!"

“Such curious moralization from a man who robbed, maimed and killed for a living,” Miss Karen smirks.

Despite her youth, the experienced Level One trainer has too often heard protestations of morality from the immoral... and thereafter witnessed the depraved antics.

The mush consumed, Joey slides his table to the front of Roberto's coffin, easy viewing distance while Miss Karen cleanses.

“Now, just relax and enjoy. You've earned your bath.”

The welcomed warm spray begins. Despite the need, Roberto is distracted as Joey mounts the table and begins his dance. Alluring turns to unabashedly lewd as Joey's movements include lurid displays of perfectly smooth and rounded buttocks. When he bends and spreads, his gluteal cleft glistens. His brief 'G' string does not split his buttocks but instead divides below the pubes with the two ends tied about the top of his thighs. This obviously offers ease of entry to a rear aperture lubricated for sodomy. Something glitters at his perineum. Tufts of pink flesh have been pierced there as well. Roberto blinks in disbelief. Yet his penis stiffens... and the warm soothing spray dousing itchy irritated skin brings a sense of comfort despite the depravity.

When Miss Karen begins to apply the soft soapy chamois, all seems right.

Roberto finds himself wagging for her.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Ten

Roberto acclimates... physically... psychologically.

Obedience, strict chastity, the urge to merely move a limb, the need to please and earn food and bathing... all have brought Roberto to understand a clear quid pro quo... display himself erect for Miss Karen... reap the rewards.

A purposeful life but at its simplest. Cede control over one otherwise singular male deed... to stiffen... and in so doing benefit... so that one can be comfortable in stiffening again.

And what of Joey? Is his attentiveness another aspect of reward?

The nearly nude cherub assists with toilet needs. Yes, Roberto has learned anew to defecate. With his leg constraints released from the eye hooks in the casket, he knows to lift his feet... 'ankles behind your ears like cheap whore', Miss Karen initially joked... and move his bowels, encumbered legs high in the air, while Joey holds a basin. Urination is performed into a tube-like receptacle, his efforts at first impeded by his tumescence. Roberto now knows to firmly contract his abdominal muscles, forcing a flow through his stiff eleven inches which pleases a supervising Miss Karen and keeps the interior of his coffin tolerably tidy.

Roberto begins to look forward to his morning interludes... at least he assumes such are in the morning. He not only pleases Miss Karen in training himself to become erect, but oddly begins to revel in Joey's obvious envy of his penis.

Yet... is it his penis? He has not touched it in days. It responds more to Miss Karen than anything. It stands at her behest. He waggles it for her, knowing it amuses. Is it his?

Miss Karen proves to be an expert masseuse. The morning interludes, after ablutions, have come to include brief intervals of

release, one limb at a time. Though giving rise to possible mischief, Roberto's decimated will, broken by five days of near starvation, lying in darkness and excrement, cannot endure further chastisement. Thus words of warning are not necessary. Roberto knows the slightest resistance will earn him an extended return to nothingness. Plus, a freed arm or leg feels marvelously rewarding, especially as the smooth yet firm hands of Miss Karen knead and caress stiff and cramped muscles. Thus as the PVC pipes are slipped off, Roberto knows to remain perfectly still, leaving his limb limp and under her direction, accepting the graciousness of Miss Karen's governance.

"Why am I here?" Roberto brazenly inquires on this tenth morning.

"To please."

"I am pleasing you?"

"Yes. But you will learn to please others. That's Level Two."

"When will Level Two come?"

"When you're deemed ready."

The discourse takes place with the coffin tilted upright. A freed right arm is being vigorously massaged. Miss Karen pauses to playfully press Roberto's throbbing penis down toward his thighs then abruptly release it. The stiff cylinder of flesh instantly snaps upward and thumps against Roberto's belly. Miss Karen smiles in noting its obedient resilience. An observing Joey, perched as always on his dance table, laughs.

"Yes, Joey, I know you wish your penis could do that," Miss Karen cruelly mocks.

Roberto uses the interaction to broach the curious existence of Joey.

"Why can't his penis do that?" Roberto meekly inquires.

Miss Karen smiles.

“Would you like to show him, Joey?”

“No, Miss Karen. Please.”

“He’s very shy. Can you imagine spending day after day with no more covering than a postage stamp and be so bashful about its removal? We don’t allow him any covering.”

Miss Karen slips the PVC pipe back onto the right arm. Roberto knows to obediently press his thumb through the opening at the end. Miss Karen carefully clamps it above the first knuckle then connects the pipe to the side of the casket.

“He’d like to lick you, Roberto. Nothing overly sensuous... but he’s quite envious as you probably know. Let him lick you and we’ll remove his ‘G’ string. A completely naked Joey can be quite amusing.”

“No please, Miss Karen,” Joey objects.

“Quiet Joey. You know you’d like to taste Roberto.”

“Getting licked by a guy? There!” Roberto protests.

“Any where I say, Roberto. If you’re going to make it to Level Two, finally get out of your casket, you’ll have to accept my dominion. And if you learn to enjoy, Joey can offer quite the fellatio.”

Miss Karen pauses to let the situational morality percolate. If one gets his penis sucked by a male and no one sees or knows... should concern over homophobia be an issue? Between the ears, Miss Karen’s presence has become like that of a nurse or doctor, knowledge of all things personal and intimate assumed. But to be orally pleased by another male!..

“And there’s a story to tell...”

Karen assumes Roberto's long silence means acquiescence. She wriggles her finger and Joey reluctantly steps from his table. He effeminate flesh jounces, his stretched nipples flop with each footfall.

"Just the tip... and only for a moment." Miss Karen commands as a simple pull of a knot sends Joey's 'G' string to the floor.

"Let him lick a little first, Roberto. Then we'll offer you a complete inspection... and explanation..."

Joey's Story

"Just clean up all that prostatic fluid, Joey. Yum, yum," Miss Karen directs as Joey's tongue first flutters, then his lips engulf.

With the many days of chastity, Roberto's enormous manhood exudes the clear viscous fluid of pre ejaculation.

"You saw the many jets in the hanger, Roberto. One of Joey's duties here is to welcome the arriving flight crews with some exquisite fellatio. He's quite the sperm eater. But with you... just partaking in a little fluid will have to do."

Roberto moans with ecstasy as only the very tip of his neglected organ is expertly licked and sucked. The joy is evanescent however. Miss Karen soon senses the application of too much rapture and pulls her hermaphroditic charge away.

"Enough."

Miss Karen draws Joey's table closer and sits. She has Joey straddle her thighs facing Roberto then slowly spreads her legs to in turn force apart his. This displays Joey's heretofore covered pubes. Roberto looks down and gapes. Bobbing about is the smallest penis he can imagine, that of a child, the size of a finger tip. Below are puffs of pink flesh, studded with rhinestones, the source of the glinting first noticed days before.

“Joey here is probably about the same age as you, Roberto. Yes, shocking is it not? The hormone imbalance has that effect. Born into a secluded South American tribe on the border of Ecuador and Peru, his ancestors consider neither country to be home, living as vagabonds in the mountains, adhering to their own tribal societal rules and customs.

“Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Joey’s tribe is a female dominant culture. The birth of a male child goes without celebration, and mothers of new born males are chagrined. Many have developed a simple cultural solution to the ignominy of siring more than one male. The testicles are not permitted to descend into the scrotum. Mothers fervently press the little organs into the inguinal canals forestalling, for the most part, the secretion of testosterone and subsequent development of all things male.

“As you can see Joey’s little parts never fully enlarged. Very little testosterone ever flowed. And in the formative years, such a simple forced biological change can have dire effects. With the testicles heated by the body, the lack of testosterone fails to counter the female hormones present in all humans. Limited muscle development results, body and facial hair remain boyishly prepubescent, the predominate male organ remains no larger in size than a well exposed clitoris... in general the body is tricked.

“Yet the female elders of tribe are pleased. Other than for procreation, males are deemed useless. No point in raising too many. Thus Joey here grew up as a little girl. Didn’t you pumpkin?”

Miss Karen poses her question as the finger of her right hand toys with the tiny bud. Roberto is amazed to see it swell somewhat. Meanwhile Joey squirms in embarrassment.

“Yes, forcing the tribal boys into a life of femininity is ostensibly rather simple... just press the balls back up into the body... the inguinal canals. But it’s really more arduous then it seems. The little gonads will constantly attempt to descend. Thus many times per day the likes of Joey had to be checked and, when required, a tending

feminine hand had to press to keep those balls well tucked away. Can you imagine an entire village of women and girls trained to do that? Obviously these hermaphrodites were kept naked from the waist down for quick inspection. And when deemed necessary, mothers, daughters, grandmothers, aunts, even neighbors would perform the emasculating deed.

“Yes, their own societal culture indeed...”

The fingers lower and gently pinch the puffs of pink flesh below the comically firm nubbin of Joey’s penis. They roll about, bringing forth a sigh of pleasure, then work to unfurl and better display the collection of rhinestones.

“Joey’s scrotum... empty of course. But nicely decorated. The glitter serves to highlight his status, wouldn’t you agree, Roberto? And they also serve to draw attention to Joey’s altered condition.”

Roberto notes the look of conflict on Joey’s pretty face. Miss Karen expertly bestows pleasure on the altered male, yet her words bring memories of frustration. One can imagine prancing about half naked before the women of the village, subject at all times to the whims of their altering fingers.

“Joey’s acquisition was easily arranged. He was traded for some cooking ware, used pots and pans, and Misty flew him back here for a life of servitude.

“We learned that he’s easily trainable. You understand that one of the tribal duties of the emasculated males is to service those few males left intact. Sexual favors for the male were denied by the tribal women, other than for siring children. Thus Joey’s oral skills are accomplished... as you have experienced.”

Miss Karen cruelly snickers.

“Still, we made some modifications... improvements. For us, the constant testicle inspection proved to be a nuisance. So Joey’s little

balls were permitted to descend one final time... and further than he would have liked.”

Miss Karen’s left hand reaches and draws back Joey’s hair.

“We didn’t deprive Joey of his little male organs, we just placed them out of the way. They were useless any way... too long exposed to the heat of his body.”

Roberto stares and finds himself gulping. With the cranial hair pulled aside, the strange baubles dangling from Joey’s pierced ears are finally open to detailed visual inspection. Lumps of lucite gleam. Encased within are grayish pink spheres which bring a shudder to Roberto’s well bound frame.

“As you can see, quite small due to many years of underdevelopment. But Joey still has his manly plums... now placed where they can do the most good... to entertainment our patrons.”

A disturbed Joey wrenches his head free of Miss Karen’s grasp. His display of annoyance brings wicked laughter from the pretty blonde. She ignores his rare show of defiance and instead lowers her left hand to play with his left nipple. This seems to assuage.

“Plastinated balls. Every man should have a pair,” Miss Karen quips. “Or perhaps it is better said that every girl should have a pair. Makes for cute earrings, don’t you think Roberto?”

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Twelve

“You’ve been a good boy, Roberto. Look at what a nice stand you’re putting on for me today.”

Miss Karen compliments as she releases the bolts holding in place the PVC pipe encasing the right leg. She detaches the connecting chain. Roberto knows by rote to lift his leg and Miss Karen slips away the white cylinder to bring well anticipated freedom to one limb. These are happy moments for Roberto and he knows to work his PC muscles to assure continued tumescence for the woman who governs all.

“Thank you, Miss Karen.”

Roberto looks down to see indeed he exhibits a rock hard erection, seemingly firmer than ever. He senses an odd degree of pride. Pleasing Miss Karen now brings delight to his world of dark confinement.

The exposed leg is doused with warm water. Knowing hands apply a soapy chamois. Roberto feels like a rare zoo animal... receiving the most attentive care... yet kept well incarcerated for display and daily performance.

Cleansing the upper thigh proves to offer sensuous thrill. On occasion the warm soapiness lathes the scrotal sac, overly sensitive in being unused, untouched for many days. This fosters a twitch of the penis which in turn brings a knowing smile from Miss Karen.

Thorough male chastity can bring such wondrous compliance, she thinks to herself. After only twelve days, Roberto’s predominate thoughts of release primarily involve those of his spunk.

“The depilation cream is working nicely,” Miss Karen notes. “I’m soon going to have one hairless boy.”

Being deprived of body hair has been the last of Roberto's worries. At first the foul smelling unguent burned. But it seems his skin is acclimating and in being hairless, the feel of Miss Karen's warm, tender yet firm hands bring an added frisson of delight.

A rinse, then body oil and Roberto's massage begins. This morning his arms, chest and stomach have received similar therapy. His left leg will be last.

And for the entire session, he displays himself erect.

No longer required, unfortunately, is the assistance of Joey's nimble tongue. Instead the nearly naked castrate simply poses before him on his low table. In breeding horses, procuring sperm, the process of keeping the stallion aroused is known as rutting.

But for what purpose is Roberto being rutted?

Cramped muscles soothed, Miss Karen applies the depilation cream. Roberto then knows to obediently lift his leg. The PVC pipe is returned, bolts slipped through at the ankle and, as Roberto knows to lower the limb, the short chain is reconnected to the casket wall.

"Would you like to get out of your box sometime, Roberto?"

The question brings a burst of hope.

"Yes, Miss Karen. For Level Two? Am I ready?"

The inflection of Roberto's words is most respectful. Having learned of Joey's circumstances, the once vicious drug dealing thief understands the resoluteness of his captors. He cannot help wondering who finally snipped poor Joey, though his ultimate fate was sealed many years ago in the mountains of South America.

Miss Karen chuckles.

"No, not Level Two. Just to be rewarded with a moment or two outside the confines of your enclosure."

As Miss Karen speaks she works the left leg. Bolts removed, connecting chain unclipped, pipe slid away as Roberto raises his leg.

“Yes, I’d like that very much!”

Any change is welcomed.

“You’ll need to agree to a simple modification,” Miss Karen coyly suggests. “Some aggravation, not overly painful. Nothing you can’t handle.”

The left leg welcomes a spray of warm water. The soaped chamois follows. As Miss Karen works her way up, past the knee to the thigh, she uses the proximity to gently palm Roberto’s scrotum. He lurches in surprise, Miss Karen’s touch welcomed but unexpected.

“These will need to dangle lower for Level Two. Term it one of our affectations here. A nice large but low hanging set of testicles. It amuses... and we like to offer amusement.”

Roberto is disappointed when the soapy hand returns to its task. As the chamois cleanses, the thought brings concern. ‘She’s going to alter my balls!’

‘Yet, I will keep them...’ his thoughts continue, ‘and not dangling from my ears.’

“How low?”

“Typically, halfway down the thighs.”

“Typically?”

“For some of our boys they appear better hanging at the knees,” Miss Karen insouciantly laughs. “All skin stretches, Roberto. The effort merely requires time and attention.”

“And then I will be freed?”

“Leashed and walked. I think Joey would love to exercise you, wouldn’t you, Joey?”

The truckling hermaphrodite smiles, standing in place on his little table, happy as a neglected puppy to receive attention. He turns to suggestively exhibit his effeminate buttocks. The sight of rounded globes spurs libidinous thoughts. Rutted indeed.

Roberto’s leg is rinsed. Oil is applied. Miss Karen senses more convincing is required. She dribbles the warmed viscous liquid on Roberto’s scrotum.

“Wouldn’t these plums prefer more attention, Roberto?”

To end the morning, included in the kneading of Roberto’s left leg is an expert testicle massage. Though pining for the slightest attention to his upstanding penis, the feel of Miss Karen’s masterful hands and fingers is sensational. Yet she avoids any contact with the erect eleven inches. Roberto bucks at the hips, emulating copulation, humping thin air as the devilish hands elicit more ‘conviction’.

He begs, he pleads for the simplest of penis strokes. And in the end, though Roberto agrees to have his balls stretched, his manhood remains untouched.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

More of Day Twelve

Roberto hears the clasps being released. Is it his imagination? It seems like only a few hours since his daily feeding and cleansing.

As a precaution he works his PC muscles. With a crack of light appearing he can feel an engorging penis twitch. He clenches his eyes closed, hoping for full tumescence with the untimely visit of Miss Karen.

“Oh, he is a beauty, Karen. I like the beige pigmentation. From Mexico you say. A little time in the tanning room and we can make him a golden brown.”

The voice is husky yet female. Though chagrined to be displayed before an unknown woman, curiosity forces Roberto to fully open his eyes before they have acclimated. The face of a mature women greets his gaze. Dark hair, some graying at the temples, she is garbed in the white uniform of Miss Karen. A hand extends and Roberto lurches as a finger teasingly abrades the underside of his stiffening manhood. The touch is knowing and precise, briefly tantalizing the glans penis then withdrawing in transmitting a message... ‘you’re mine with which to toy’.

“Yes every inch of eleven. He hardens wonderfully.”

Roberto notes that Miss Karen beams with singular pride. He also looks down to note he is fully erect despite the discomfort of helplessly lying naked before a stranger.

“This is Nurse Watkins, Roberto. She’s going to help you attain Level Two. You want to earn Level Two status, do you not? Get out of your box.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well then, just be obedient and follow her instructions. Just a little snip snip... a little pain.”

As Miss Karen speaks she moves to the stand over Roberto's head. She grasps his nose chain and pulls, tightening to the point of forcing a guttural utterance of pain from Roberto. She then reconnects the nose restraint to bring Roberto's head to complete immobility.

“Show Nurse Watkins your tongue. Open wide for her.”

Miss Karen pinches closed Roberto's nostrils forcing open his lips to draw air. When he gasps for breath, a gloved hand thrusts forth holding tongs. The woman chuckles as she deftly spears the tongue tip. Roberto squeals as the tongs close in with an inexorable grip.

“Gotcha. Now show Nurse Watkins your most useful sex organ,” the woman quips.

With her mocking words Roberto yelps in protest. With tongue clutched like a hooked fish his behest is indiscernible. Nurse Watkins laughs.

“Just calm yourself and hold still. You'll not want a haphazard incision.”

Nurse Watkins holds up a laser scalpel, her smile turning to one of wickedness.

“Termed a lingual frenectomy. I'm going to snip a little fold of skin under your tongue and just adjust a little where your tongue muscles connect at the back of your mouth.”

The laser hums and approaches as she speaks. It is apparent her pedantic tone is meant to distract from the menace of the altering device.

Roberto struggles. But the pain of tensioning his nose leash, the fear of a misguided swipe of the laser scalpel... both compel tranquility.

“Hold still for Nurse Watkins.”

He does. The underside of his tongue briefly burns. Then left side and right.

“Just a couple of stitches and you’ll be all healed in a few days. Daily salt water rinses. And Miss Karen will supervise appropriate exercises. You’re going to be one pleasing cunnilinguist, Roberto. Altered to bring oral gratification.”

“Arphhhh,” is Roberto’s only response.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Thirteen

Bladder and bowels emptied. Mush consumed, Joey begins the strange tongue exercises as Miss Karen cleanses, bathes and massages.

The tiny left hand pinches closed the nostrils. The fingers of the right find the sutured tongue as the mouth opens for air. A surprisingly firm grip takes control of the slippery pink wet appendage. It is the first of a daily procedure. Miss Karen lectures.

“Just think of your tongue as a cow’s udder. Joey is going to milk it.”

Indeed, the fingers pull and squeeze... pull and squeeze. The maneuvering is relentless. A gurgle of futile protest emanates from Roberto’s throat. Joey’s fingers aggravate. But Roberto is helpless to resist... instead he must passively lie, enduring Joey’s tugs while absorbing the soothing delight of Miss Karen’s massage.

After many minutes the hands finally withdraw. The leg pipes are released.

“Ankles behind your ears, my cheap whore.”

Miss Karen gives Roberto the humorous command which usually precedes the emptying of his bowels. Though with knees encased he cannot possibly assume such a pose, he knows to lift his legs as far as possible and indeed his feet point straight up to the ceiling.

“Time to begin the saline infusions. Kind of wake up call to the skin cells of your scrotum. That requires a day to dissipate, then we’ll do a little stretching for a couple days followed by another infusion. You just have to lie and enjoy, Roberto. Within a week or two I think you will be quite proud of the results.”

Miss Karen speaks as she positions a stanchion next to Roberto’s open casket. Hanging well above is a clear plastic bag. Tubing

dangles below.

“I see you enjoyed being shaved.”

A straight edged razor whisked away all pubic hair. Roberto found the proximity of Miss Karen’s hands to be quite stimulating. He is rock hard and oozing prostatic fluid.

“Just a little pin prick as I insert the intravenous needle. Then we’re going to slowly introduce saline solution into the scrotal sac. It will get nice and big for me, turn a few shades of red and you’ll feel some new sensations. Don’t worry about your erection. It will somewhat subside, but as I fill your bag it will mostly disappear from view anyway.”

Roberto wrenches with the prick of the needle, despite Miss Karen’s warning. Then the woman in white simply presses a valve. Roberto watches in horrified fascination as liquid begins to flow. Miss Karen also observes, her satisfied smirk evidencing the enjoyment of seeing the male anatomy altered at her behest.

Joey watches also, completely confused over the growing enormity of organs long plundered from him. Miss Karen laughs at the look on his face as her hand reaches to smooth over the thin pink flesh of the expanding sac.

“Yes, we’ll have these hanging nice and low for us. Stretch, stretch, stretch.”

Pleased with the flow, Miss Karen steps away and returns with a chair. She stands on the seat and takes the time to hook Roberto’s leg pipes to chains leading to hooks embedded in the concrete ceiling, assuring the thighs are kept high and widely parted.

“Just think Roberto, hours of open casket time. You just have to lie and enjoy while your governess ensures a nice full sac.”

The process will take hours. Though the physical results are meaningful, just as important are the psychological elements... further ingraining into Roberto's beleaguered mind the caprice and whimsy of feminine control over his male organs.

Stretch. Stretch. Stretch.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Fourteen

“Strong nylon. Lined with fur. It won’t break... and it won’t cut off the circulation.”

Miss Karen lectures as she carefully encircles Roberto’s ball sac with a loop of the described material. Having finished morning ablutions, feeding and tongue exercise, Miss Karen’s fingers work about the recently infused flesh. She smiles in noting its suppleness.

Yesterday’s infusion ended with Roberto taking well over a liter of saline... an enormous quantity if induced quickly. But at the desert facility, nothing needs to be quick. Within an hour or two, Roberto’s scrotum ballooned to the size of an overly ripe melon. Joey was quite amused as Roberto looked on in shock, petrified that his flesh would burst... which Miss Karen knew full well would not happen.

Now Roberto again lies in watch, thinking about Miss Karen’s access to organs he has not touched in days. Her touch excites, as always, but he feels slight tugs as Miss Karen tests the tautness.

Satisfied, a small bung hole, corked with a plug of rubber, is opened in the bottom wall of the casket. From Roberto’s scrotal harness, as Miss Karen has termed his new garb, a length of nylon cord is unraveled and threaded through the opening.

“Just a little tension, Roberto. You’ll get used to it. You’re going to feel the affect of my hand... 24/7.”

More than a little, Roberto grimaces as the cord indeed tightens, pulling his scrotum toward his feet. Tight then tighter, Miss Karen looks to gauge Roberto’s reaction as she adds weights to the free end of the cord hanging outside the steel enclosure.

With a last weight, bringing the total to ten pounds, Roberto moans.

“Yes, just a little discomfort to bear for me.”

Miss Karen is pleased to see that Roberto's firmness has not dissipated. She moves to his side.

"Joey, offer Roberto a little tongue. His fluid's running strong."

Joey energetically steps from his table. The many days of chastity have once again fostered the flow of pre ejaculatory fluid. An envious Joey will offer accommodation.

Miss Karen smirks in viewing Roberto's look of welcome. He no longer protests the oral attention of the transformed minx. In fact, he seems fixated in watching Joey's earrings bob about as mouth and lips offer oral service.

"That's enough," she succinctly announces in parsimoniously apportioning pleasure.

Joey obediently withdraws. Miss Karen works to close the top of the casket.

Sealed within, Roberto will indeed feel the continuous tension... the unending altering affect of his governess's hand.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Twenty

Tedium dulls the mind. But it also serves to punctuate the moments of stimulation. Thus whenever Roberto hears the rattling of the snaps, there comes a brisance of joy and immediate steps to assure he greets his governess with the stiff penis she desires.

With the nylon cord constantly tugging, he conjures a fantasy that it is Miss Karen's hand toying with his jewels. This begins a cascade leading to tumescence. Thus as he contracts his PC muscles and maneuvers his hips to jostle his scrotal harness, his penis engorges and by the time light invades the pitch black enclosure he has come to consider home, he is obediently erect as desired

"Oh, you are enjoying your harness, Roberto! So nice and big for me."

Roberto pries open an eye and proudly peers at his upstanding organ. With all elements of his existence dictated by the pretty commanding girl in white, she has become the focus of all thoughts. Yes, he is there to please... and he is sanguine in knowing he has done so once again.

If Roberto has correctly counted the days, this morning is infusion time. Oddly, he looks forward to having his intimate anatomy as the center of attention, closely examined as it is made to expand like a party balloon. For the slow process requires a considerable interval... and that translates to time not immersed in silent darkness.

Joey offers spoonfuls of mush as the uniformed Miss Karen inspects.

"Very nice Roberto. We've stretched you at least two inches, possibly three. You're going to be quite the show off in Level Two."

Roberto blushes with pride as Miss Karen disconnects the scrotal harness. There comes a feeling of strange ecstasy as she palms the

mass of pink flesh then raises the plums well above the level of his thighs... a display not possible days before. Joey giggles.

“Two liters today, Roberto. Soon we’ll walk you. How about that!”

Roberto’s heart leaps with the thought. Release from the casket!

Supervised urination, assisted bowel relief, feeding, cleansing, oil, tongue exercise, massage, depilation cream, Joey teasingly offers tongue and lips to the bulbous penis tip. Roberto lies and absorbs the attention, helpless to oppose... but does he even desire to resist?

Finally Miss Karen draws the stanchion to the side of the casket. There hangs a clear bag of saline. An intravenous needle is callously thrust through the flesh at the top of the scrotum. A valve is turned. Flow begins. Robert endures another infusion.

On this occasion Miss Karen moves to the top of the casket. She releases Roberto’s nose leash and firmly draws upwards. Roberto knows to avoid the inevitable pain and raises his head.

“Watch while a woman modifies you Roberto. Given the time, I can make those balls swing at your ankles... and time is abundant here. All skin stretches. It shrinks as well, but that’s a much slower process.”

Miss Karen cradles Roberto’s head so he can more comfortably observe as the saline dribbles into his sac.

The psychological message is well received. Roberto is a kept man... kept for amusement... the amusement of a very demanding girl... a woman... and she enjoys leaving her mark... mentally and physically.

With the sac beginning to balloon, Miss Karen releases Robert’s head and steps away to retrieve the chair. To accept two full liters, Roberto’s thighs must be properly positioned... that is well spread.

Thus the leg pipes are raised and secured to the ceiling hooks, ankles well parted, offering a most ignominious pose.

“Yes, you’re going to be quite the hit in Level Two, Roberto.”

Roberto senses a curious burst of pride.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Twenty-Three

“Now just be careful, Roberto. If you fall, it will be very difficult to prop you back up.”

Karen adjusts the table so that the casket is standing upright and nearly vertical. The nose leash is released and a longer length of leather is attached to the short chain hanging at Roberto’s chest. Miss Karen hands it to a gushing Joey.

The arm and leg pipes are released from the short chains within the enclosure. Over the past three weeks rarely have all four limbs been simultaneously freed to move, though the knees and elbows remain encumbered in PVC.

As trained, Roberto’s penis stands in Miss Karen’s presence. The mental stimulation of exiting the casket seems to add to its firmness.

‘I’ll be free!’ an exuberant Roberto thinks to himself.

“Come. Out you go.”

Miss Karen coos as she pulls on the arm pipes and Joey tensions the leash to add painful emphasis. Roberto’s muscles, weakened by many days of disuse, react. He leans forward at the waist and pushes forth his left leg, awkwardly held straight by encasing pipe.

“I don’t think I can walk like this, Miss Karen.”

“You’ll just have to learn. Just balance yourself on your right leg, slowly lift your left leg and slide your foot forward. Then rebalance yourself and repeat with your right foot.”

With Joey tugging at the leash, Roberto is greatly encouraged to listen and obey. He shuffles forward to leave behind the upright casket and, though moving like a zombie, manages three ungainly steps. Miss Karen laughs. She is pleased.

“And just look at that nicely hanging ball sac, Roberto.”

Miss Karen steps forth. Roberto must humbly stand while a governing hand reaches to palm the recently enlarged and stretched mass of flesh. The saline infusions have added suppleness. The constant stretching has added notable length. With Roberto’s penis standing straight to the ceiling, the pink flesh below, silhouetted by the white of the PVC, is prominently exhibited and draws the attention of curious eyes.

“It looks like you’re all penis and balls,” Miss Karen chortles.

Roberto looks down and indeed must agree that his manly parts are greatly highlighted. He also notes the smirk of self satisfaction on the face of Joey. An effeminate hand, manicured with bright pink nail polish, leads him about. Joey’s smug look seems to suggest... ‘I no longer have mine... but I do have yours...’

“Perhaps you would feel better leashed by your scrotum, Roberto. You’d be less likely to topple over... and Joey loves to handle a man’s balls... don’t you Joey?”

The thought horrifies, imparting the castrate with such ironic power. Joey’s pretty head nods with zeal.

Three laps about Roberto’s concrete home and the fatigue of underutilized muscles brings weariness. Miss Karen notes that Roberto’s proudly displayed erection begins to soften.

“That’s not permitted Roberto. Nice and hard for me. Keep it pointing straight up. Always erect in the presence of a woman. Those are the rules here. Be a good boy.”

Miss Karen nods to Joey. The near naked hermaphrodite steps forth and leans. Without hesitation his lips find the upstanding penis tip, surround and engulf. Roberto senses the instant thrill of pleasure, heightened by so many days kept restrained and chaste.

As always, as Roberto has come to expect and accept, the oral attention is abbreviated.

“Enough,” comes Miss Karen’s abrupt command in noting renewed stiffness.

Another two laborious laps and a closely supervising Miss Karen deems Roberto’s freedom over.

He is returned to the casket.

“Thank you Miss Karen,” Roberto humbly offers as he shuffles back to lie again in his steel enclosure.

“Stay hard for me and there will be more time outside your box, Roberto. Go flaccid and I’ll keep you tucked away for more stretching.”

The words ring loudly on a mind made overly receptive by many hours of dark captivity. Miss Karen speaks as the four limbs are returned to immobility and she works to enshroud Roberto’s testicles with the scrotal harness.

“Did I look OK?” Roberto inquires, a child seeking reassurance.

“They’re hanging nice and low, Roberto. Just a few more days. Meanwhile, you concentrate on staying stiff for me. That’s your only task.”

The casket is lowered to horizontal. Roberto feels the familiar tension as the scrotal harness is weighted. Miss Karen playfully taps Roberto's nose and lowers the lid.

"Level Two, Roberto. You'll soon be free!"

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Thirty

Each morning Robert lies obediently stiff, waiting for the inspiring sounds of the snaps that lead to freedom... so welcomed... yet so fleeting.

Miss Karen supervises Joey who assists with Roberto's otherwise most intimate bodily functions. Then comes the mush. Miss Karen compliments, encouraging Roberto's humble yet ingrained reaction, obediently lying stiff in her presence. It is verbal reinforcement... 'You have a very nice hard on today.' 'Look how stiff you are for me!' 'Roberto, I think your penis is growing.' 'Can you waggle for me a like a good boy?'

All psychological, termed operant conditioning, and designed to reward... to have Roberto properly respond to a governing woman... proper being a full standing erection. As the soothing words are offered, Roberto is further rewarded... food, bath followed by massage.

Punishment, another aspect of operant conditioning, is simple... the casket lid is returned and secured.

'Oh Roberto, you're going to have to become much firmer for me if you want food and a bath. And Joey did so much want to walk you this morning.' 'Stiffer Roberto. You know how to please me and I know you want to please.' 'You're not waggling for me. You're too soft. No food, no bath.'

With nothing to think about, with hour after hour of dark immobility, Roberto concentrates on his simple task... be ready to stiffen for his governess. And so Miss Karen counts the days, noting that Roberto has greeted her thoroughly erect for the ten past mornings. She thus deems Roberto ready for another step required for Level Two... a transformation for which Roberto greatly pines.

"Do you enjoy it when Joey sucks your penis tip, Roberto?"

Bluntly posed, the smiling Miss Karen inquires as Roberto lies feet high in the air... 'ankles behind his ears'... as he moves his bowels. Quite the ignominious interval during which to be questioned. Miss Karen's timing is intentional as Joey holds a basin beneath Roberto's anus. Later he will gently wipe him clean like a mother tending her infant.

Miss Karen has deemed it time to again address Roberto's innate homophobia. The first step has been accomplished, Roberto gleefully receives the attention of Joey's warm, wet lips and nimble tongue, his initial abhorrence long conquered. Despite the remnants of maleness, Joey's effeminate appearance... bejeweled, coifed, cosmetically beautified, the soft voluptuous flesh of a young girl... has served to counter all reluctance. But for Miss Karen's command to cease, Roberto would gladly accept fellatio to full ejaculation.

"Yes Miss Karen. It feels good."

"Yes, boys like getting attention there. Joey is very gracious, don't you think? He feeds, he dances for you, he helps you go to the bathroom, he even sucks your penis!"

"Yes ma'am."

"I think it's time you did something for Joey, Roberto. You know just because we plucked his little balls doesn't mean he can't feel pleasure. You saw when I sat him on my lap and played with his tiny pee pee. It got nice and swollen for me... more like a girl's clitoris than a penis... but Joey enjoyed it... didn't you Joey?"

Joey nods vigorously as Roberto's bowels evacuate. The captive appears most embarrassed as Joey's hand works to tenderly wipe him. He then prances off to dispose of the daily deposit.

"Good boy. Legs down."

This signals the beginning of bath time. Normally Miss Karen readies a warm spray and begins the amazingly comforting cleansing and

massage. Lying well restrained and in darkness for hour after hour brings an ecstatic response to an otherwise simple procedure. Roberto will never again underestimate the joy of a common bath... and the touch of another human. He has not touched himself in weeks.

Yet the expected spray is not forthcoming. Miss Karen withholds.

“You’ll need to think about Joey and how much he tends to your needs. I think bath and massage can wait until you tell me what you will do for him.”

“But I’ve been good, Miss Karen. I stiffen for you!”

Roberto waggles with his exhortation, energetically pulling on his PC muscles in attempting to please.

“Very good Roberto. But what of Joey? He gets little affection... and he greatly admires you.”

Miss Karen’s question brings disconcertion. A mind, addled by many days of limited input, strains to reply. Roberto senses the soothing spray, the cleansing soap, the welcomed touch, the feel of renewed vigor brought to muscles too long restrained. But it comes not.

Miss Karen bends and whispers to add emphasis.

“No one knows what takes place here, Roberto. You’ve had your penis sucked by a male! Such shocking depravity... in another world. But here what matters is the comfort you bring to yourself... so you can live... so you can please... so your can harden for me... each and every day. A new life. A new paradigm. Please and be fed... and bathed. That’s all that matters.”

As she moralizes a knowing hand first tweaks a nipple then lowers to diddle the underside of the bulbous penis tip. Roberto’s heart pounds with the simple joyous touch. His governess so expertly finds the

most intense male erogenous zones... his manhood strains to leap into her hand. It craves her full grip.

Roberto closes his eyes and moans with the ephemeral ecstasy. Miss Karen smiles, noting the power of her index finger. She withdraws.

“Joey doesn’t like being displayed without his patch. But with you I think he’ll feel comfortable enough.”

Roberto remains silent. He thinks of the many days lying in his own waste. He knows his governess to be intractable. Pleasant... pretty... at times oddly caring... but dogged. She will indeed withhold his bath... day after day.

“Joey, come here and sit over Roberto’s face.

“I’ve found that boys instinctively know how to please other boys so I’ll offer no instructions. But do keep in mind that Joey’s jeweled little scrotum is quite sensitive. It will be quite responsive to your modified tongue.”

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Thirty-Five

“You’re very tender and caring, Roberto. I think keeping you bound and chaste has really improved your demeanor. And I’ve never seen Joey’s little pee pee so swollen!”

Miss Karen speaks somewhat mockingly with a smile suggesting a look of Schadenfreude. There comes a curious sense of satisfaction whenever she views the well tamed male beast fulfilling a new role... one imposed under her guidance... one of reluctance.

Roberto lies, his face under Joey’s plump thighs, his surgically enhanced tongue and lips servicing with fervor... the empty ball sac,

the shriveled penis. Miss Karen even convinces him that a lap or two to Joey's rosebud aperture will win particular favor.

Though his efforts there are hesitant, for now, Miss Karen smiles inwardly knowing that full unabashed analingus is merely a day or two off... her charge proving to be quite responsive to operant conditioning.

Meanwhile as Joey straddles facing Roberto's feet he bends to lower his head. His tongue teasingly flutters about the very, very tip of Roberto's raging erection. Ostensibly to purge the steady flow of pre ejaculatory fluid, the extended yet incomplete pleasure is cruel... just as Miss Karen intends.

An examining hand joins in the sensory onslaught, Miss Karen gently palming Roberto's now massive scrotum. Constant stretching, numerous infusions have achieved the intended results. She unfurls, tugging slowly and finds her relentless alteration has Roberto's plums nesting at mid thigh.

"You're such a good boy that today we'll walk you without your leg casings, Roberto. How about that! You'll be able to bend your knees."

Having finished morning ablutions and feeding, Miss Karen deems there has been enough male lust expended. Though viewing such pleases, the march to Level Two must continue.

"Thank you, Miss Karen," a meek Roberto rejoins, Joey squealing with joy as his hot breath heightens the ecstasy.

"Enough."

With the terse command, Joey knows to dismount. Miss Karen notes, with now unencumbered view, that Roberto's manhood is as large and firm as ever. Any homophobia, any concern, any reservations, over orally servicing male organs... altered male organs... is certainly not evidenced by the reaction of his penis.

The casket is tipped downward. For the first time, Miss Karen disconnects then slips away both leg restraints. The sensation is bizarre after many weeks of consistent control. Roberto instinctively bends his knees and raises his feet in celebration.

“Thank you. Thank you.”

“Any bad behavior and it’s back into your box for many, many days Roberto. You’ve earned this treat. Try to earn more.”

The leather leash is attached to the short nose chain and Joey knows to hold it firmly. Any attempts to kick will be countered with instant agony. Meanwhile Miss Karen retrieves a not before seen contraption from a cabinet.

“Step forward, stand with your feet well apart. Don’t move. Remain erect for me.”

Crisp commands. Weeks ago Roberto would have retorted with threats and obscenities. Now he steps forward, stands with feet apart and remains obediently tranquil. Roberto finds the latter command to be unnecessary, yet he does waggle to bring a knowing smile to Miss Karen’s lips.

“A humbler, Roberto. Said to be an ancient Chinese device of restraint and torture. In Level Two you’ll wear it with a degree of pride.”

As Roberto glares at what appears to be two parallel lengths of wood, some two and a half to three feet long, Joey knows to slowly tug on the nose leash forcing Roberto to bend at the waist.

“You don’t have to guess what fits here,” Miss Karen declares in poking her fingers through a hole formed by offsetting semi circles curved into each length. “You’re going to find out right now.”

Miss Karen steps behind Roberto. A soft familiar hand slips between his thighs to once again palm the low hanging sac. She draws it back

towards her.

“Lower, Joey.”

The leash is pulled and Joey giggles as Roberto’s face is brought to the level of the stubby penis he has just serviced. Though confused Roberto remains motionless, Miss Karen’s threat of many days in confinement not to be contested.

“You’ll feel some tension, very similar to wearing your scrotal harness,” Miss Karen forewarns as she deftly parts the two lengths of wood.

She presses the boards to the back of Roberto’s thighs. Then she slips his balls between the lengths and aligns the stretched sac with the hole in the middle. Next she tightens two wing nuts to once again press together the smooth polished strips of wood. She adjusts to assure the strips firmly press against the back of Roberto’s thighs, just below the buttocks and horizontal to the floor. Within a minute, the experienced governess has Roberto’s impressively altered organs squeezed and held behind his back.

“Straighten him up, Joey... slowly.”

The leash hand responds. As Roberto rights himself at the waist, he indeed feels tension. With his testicles trapped, his own motion brings renewed stretching. Before he can stand completely upright, he groans with the slowly building anguish.

“I cannot... no more.”

Miss Karen nods to Joey who steadies his leash hand.

“Almost. Can you move about?”

Joey accommodates by pulling. Roberto shuffles his feet, somewhat stooped over at the waist... but mobile. Miss Karen laughs.

“Well, you’re staying nicely erect for me. How do you feel? Like a woman has complete control over your balls? Well... I do.”

“It feels funny.”

“Yes, and your penis tells me you enjoy it. Stiff as ever. Try to stand straighter.”

Roberto complies. The sensation somewhat overwhelms. It does indeed feel as if Miss Karen is pulling his organs as he moves about.

“Now you know why I’ve stretched you. So you can exhibit yourself while standing. Take him around the room for me Joey. I think he’d like to get the feel of using his legs.”

While Joey steps, Miss Karen reaches to keep a hand on the well presented testicles, prominently exhibited just below the curvature of the buttocks. She pats, caresses and kneads as a confused Roberto awkwardly follows the leash. Her fingers feel good, massaging long neglected flesh. Roberto realizes that, just as control and ownership of his penis have been ceded, his prized bits are also objects of feminine amusement.

The reaction of his penis, that of enhanced stiffness, confounds.

Still he is able to move his legs. And he has pleased Miss Karen... that’s important.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Thirty-Eight

Roberto reflects on his uncomplicated existence. Without lifting a finger, just his penis, he humorously thinks to himself, his bladder and bowels have been relieved, he’s been fed, bathed, massaged and now Miss Karen tilts his casket for the highlight of his day... freedom.

Life is good. No worries. No cares. There is one responsibility... one obligation... keep his penis stiff in Miss Karen's presence.

With the many days of chastity, with her natural beauty, with a nearly naked Joey prancing about... dancing about... the sole task has become facile. Psychologically there seems to be little stimulation required. Operant conditioning has brought nearly chronic tumescence... when his lid is open.

There is some remorse in understanding that with the desired obedient reaction and response, Joey's tongue and lips are required less and less. Roberto's penis remains stiff. Rarely is Joey's stimulating oral attention now required and it is missed. Curious how Roberto has found both acceptance and delight in an act he considered so repulsive in another life.

"I'm going to free your arms... briefly. Good boys get rewarded with a walk... so be good."

Miss Karen's heartening words draw Roberto from his reverie. She stands before him, arms akimbo, to Roberto appearing regal in authoritative magnificence. Joey poses on his low table, a mischievous smile as always... perhaps better described as coquettish.

With the casket nearly upright, Miss Karen unhooks the nose chain and releases the pipes encasing Roberto's arms. His legs remain restrained.

"We're going to simulate Level Two protocol. You're getting close Roberto. Be a good boy for me."

Miss Karen attaches two fur lined straps, one to each of Roberto's biceps near the shoulders. She then steps away and returns. In her hands she holds a familiar device... neck collar with connecting bar which Roberto knows will be born on his shoulders.

“I’m sure you recognize this. Quite similar to the restraint used by Misty. This is lighter, which you’ll find more tolerable. Lean forward.”

Obedience well ingrained, Roberto complies. Miss Karen encircles his neck with a collar of thick but light plastic. Attached, molded as part of the collar, juts to the right and left a formidable length of equally strong and thick polymer. With a click, Roberto knows the apparatus is attached... to be released only by governing fingers. He finds the interior diameter to be smooth and ironically comfortable, wickedly designed for long term wear.

“Now, I am going to remove the right arm pipe. You will thereafter lift your right arm over your head, slip it behind the bar and fold it, hand pointed down. Misty showed you how we like our boys restrained. Do it and hold it there while I release the left pipe. Failure to obey may mean a very long stint in your casket.”

Roberto is too excited about liberation to think about anything other than abject compliance with Miss Karen’s wishes. Thus when his right thumb clamp is removed he immediately slips it through the hole permitting Miss Karen to slide away the pipe. He then lifts while Miss Karen releases the left. Within seconds the fur lined straps are clipped together behind his head, immobilizing his hands and arms. Yes, the pose is familiar.

Just as before, the configuration forces Roberto to bow his head, his upper arms pressing against the back of his skull.

“Very good. We like our boys docile here,” Miss Karen notes.

In reward she tenderly caresses the underside of Roberto’s standing penis.

“Calm yet stiff,” she adds with a chuckle.

The leash is added to Roberto’s nose chain.

“Here, Joey,” the command that of master to dog.

Joey steps from his table and accepts the leash. Miss Karen stoops to release the leg pipes then removes the bolts holding the lengths of white PVC in place. Roberto knows to lift right leg then left. Each pipe slides away with such ease!

Roberto becomes overwhelmed with the sense of relative freedom. Though leashed with arms bound, his elbows are gratefully bent and he can move his feet and legs.

“Step out. We have one more restraint.”

Joey pulls downward to force Roberto to bend at the waist. A feminine hand reaches between his thighs to palm the low hanging ball sac.

Yes, one more restraint... the humbler! Knowing hands soon have his balls entrapped and presented as desired. As Roberto knows, it will force him to remain somewhat bent at the waist. He feels fingers tenderly caress the well exposed flesh of his strained scrotum, then Miss Karen steps to his front to survey.

“Yes, a well tamed boy. You’ll have a nice welcome in Level Two.”

Bent at the waist, head bowed, Roberto feels as if he is genuflecting before the goddess Miss Karen.

Perhaps he is.

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Thirty-Nine

“Walked again! We’re going to spoil you, my erect show-off. And look at that nice hard on! So stiff. It’s a tummy thumper.”

Miss Karen’s words bring strange elation. A leashed Roberto peers down to see that indeed the tip of his eleven inches rises straight up to nearly touch his stomach. He senses a glow of pride and pulls his PC muscles to waggle. Incredibly, the bulbous pink does

momentarily touch his belly... though there is no discernible thump. This earns a smile from his governess and a giggle from Joey. Yes, more rewarding words... the operant conditioning proceeds.

Roberto assumes the firmness of his erection is in celebration of once again standing freed of both casket and PVC pipes. Though leashed and donning both neck collar and humbler it feels good to be unencumbered by steel box and pipe.

“Joey liked being licked, yesterday. Would you like to lick him again?”

Yes, a mischievous Miss Karen stripped Joey naked, stripping being to merely slip the knot on his ‘G’ string. Thereafter, she had Joey stand on his low table and insisted that Roberto apply his modified tongue to every square inch of the hermaphrodite’s flesh.

The scene proved to be most libidinous. Joey’s stretched nipples crinkled to pencil points and his clitoris, as Miss Karen terms his underdeveloped penis, swelled with notable lust.

“If you’d like, Miss Karen,” Roberto’s seemingly reluctant tone disguising his own bizarre joy.

“You enjoyed offering Joey pleasure, didn’t you Roberto?”

Roberto becomes pensive. Orally servicing Joey seemed to come naturally. The emasculated cherub’s squeals of joy spurred Roberto to lick and suck with zeal. Drawing Joey’s elongated nipples well into his mouth offered a curious vicarious thrill, for during that moment he was able to press his eleven inches against the soft flesh of Joey’s calves. He frottaged as he sucked to bring an amazing brisance of ecstasy. Miss Karen separated him before he could achieve the long needed ejaculation he sought. But the momentary reward was memorable.

The session ended with analingus... under Miss Karen’s exacting guidance Roberto licking the gluteal cleft then forcing his modified tongue well into Joey’s surprisingly receptive anus.

Such otherwise revolting behavior... now found to be delightfully acceptable.

Yes, circumspect thoughts came as Roberto later laid restrained in his dark casket... thoughts of a new life... a new paradigm. Orally servicing a male... in such a repugnant manner. Yet it served to please she who provides all... and who will ever know?

“One last element of Level Two protocol, Roberto. You’ll enjoy I am sure.”

Miss Karen holds up a length of soft nylon cord. On the top end there are two small loops. On the bottom end, some two feet below, there is what Roberto can only imagine as an oversized fish hook. It is rubber coated. In place of a sharp barb there is instead a sizable rounded tip.

“Bend.”

With the command Joey pulls down on the leash. Roberto bends indeed, the change in posture alleviating the constant tension of the humbler on his testicles.

“This will make you feel especially randy... a male kept for pleasure... and prepared for display.”

Miss Karen speaks as the gloved fingers of her right hand part Roberto’s buttocks and apply unguent. Roberto bellows in surprise as the protruding tip of the fish hook is forced into his anus. Miss Karen chuckles in noting the tightness. Next the free end of the cord is raised to his hands, restrained at the back of his neck. She works to encircle the two small loops around his thumbs at the knuckle, just where the clamps are applied to hold in place the PVC arm pipes.

“Up.”

Joey eases the leash and Roberto rights himself at the waist, still slouching due to the neck collar and humbler.

“Now I tighten just a little,” Miss Karen narrates.

Roberto feels the rounded tip of the hook press well into his anus. Oddly his erect penis waggles on its own. Miss Karen smiles knowingly.

“A bull’s eye on the prostate... something for you Joey.”

The gloved finger tip reaches down to gently scoop up the abundance of prostatic fluid forced from Roberto’s gland by the pressure of the wicked invading hook. She offers it to a smiling Joey who licks her glove clean.

“Now. A new sensation... probably a little aggravating... probably a little pleasurable. It’s your prostate gland, Roberto. And now you can manipulate it... knead and caress all you like. Go ahead... pull with your hands and arms.

Despite the confining neck collar, Roberto can indeed somewhat maneuver his hands. He tugs and feels both tension on his thumbs and a singularly odd sensation deep in his loins. His penis waggles again and Miss Karen laughs.

“Yes, you’re going to learn to control your erection even better for me. You can tension the cord and manipulate your prostate anytime and assure you’re properly stiff... for me... for Joey... for all those who govern here and you want to please. It’s very important for Level Two.”

Roberto finds himself maneuvering his hands as Miss Karen explains. The feel is strange but oddly good. And there comes a peculiar sense of satisfaction in knowing he can now better display himself and please.

“Now, let’s get you walked a little. Joey is feeling quite comfortable without his ‘G’ string of late. Your oral attention placates his shyness. He likes you very much, Roberto.”

Deep within the Nevada Desert Facility

Day Forty-One

Though Roberto has long learned to cede all thoughts to the darkness, putting aside the frustration of any desire to move... or even engage one of his senses, he cannot rid himself of the perception that his daily interval of emancipation is overdue.

He has conceded to the urges of a full bladder. He needs to move his bowels. His empty stomach rumbles. And as he lies in his excretions he is mentally returned to the early days of his captivity when a stern Miss Karen kept him locked away until he broke.

He would once again beg, should he hear the slightest evidence of visitors. Perhaps he should speculate, the thick steel only yielding sound when a merciful hand manipulates the locking clasps. It could be that someone stands nearby and will offer grace if he beseeches...

Tumescence occupies his mind. He cannot count the number of hard ons achieved in anticipating the pending rattle of the snaps and the initial irritation of bright room light. He keeps himself ready to stiffen.

Yet... the opportunity comes not. And Roberto curses himself as his bowels finally overpower his constricting sphincter and the smell of excrement invades his enclosure.

Miss Karen will not be pleased... and pleasing her has become utmost.

He knows not the punishment for soiling himself... other than having to lie in it for interminable periods.

Tears well and Roberto is not sure why... the foul air... the harshness of dark immobility... remorse in pining for the glowing face of his governess? When he shakes his head to divert the droplets, he stresses his nose leash. Though painful, the tension

there reminds of Miss Karen's controlling hand. This brings poignancy.

Where is she?

Sounds! Roberto stirs! He contracts his PC muscles. The clasps snap. A flash of light. Roberto feels himself firm. He must stiffen and please... his body waste will disappoint.

"Oh, Robert. Such a mess you've made."

Roberto once again accepts the pain of his nose leash in order to shake away the tears and clear his vision. As he looks up at the fresh smiling face, a finger taps his nose then assists in brushing away the droplets.

"You've missed me," Miss Karen lugubriously exclaims.

She moves away. Roberto's dejection is quickly dispersed as he feels the casket lower at his feet. The first step toward freedom.

"You have an appointment... and you're a mess."

"I'm sorry Miss Karen."

"Well at least you're nice and hard for me. We'll have to work fast."

Roberto is overwhelmed with the pace. Nose leash released. Arm pipes removed. Neck collar attached. By rote he offers his arms and Miss Karen encircles the biceps with the fur lined straps. She smiles when he dutifully positions right arm and then left behind the shoulder bar. There Miss Karen connects the straps to hold his hands and arms high and immobile.

"Good boy," she coos, diddling his engorged penis tip.

The legs pipes are released. When Miss Karen grasps his dangling nose chain to guide him from his casket, his motion causes the smell of his excretions to waft into the room air.

“Whew! No time for a bath.”

Roberto feels the coolness of his wet, urine soaked back. Then a warm cloth attacks his buttocks, hastily mopping up much sloppiness.

“Terrible way to greet the boss. But you are what you are, Roberto. Like a little piggy living in your own slop.”

Semi cleansed, Roberto feels the familiar firm hand reach between his thighs, palm his stretched scrotum and draw his testicles back between his thighs.

“Bend a little.”

He complies and is surprised with the speed and dexterity utilized to place his organs into the humbler. Then Miss Karen moves to his front and attaches the familiar leather leash to his nose chain.

“Nice and stiff, now. Your big day. An interview for Level Two!”

Roberto senses the excitement. His heart pounds. Out of the casket! Sight! Sound! Motion!

“Come.”

A foot awkwardly responds to the firm, initial controlling tug. Balls entrapped, Roberto’s motion is ungainly. His head is bowed. He must bend at the waist. And the humbler offers constant tension on his stretched sac.

Oddly, he is somewhat grateful. The bizarre restraints enable him to remain quite erect for Miss Karen. He knows that pleases... and he so much wants to please.

“Like this, Miss Karen? I smell. I’m still wet.”

“You’ll just have to explain that in your interview.”

The guiding hand draws to the metal door which many weeks before clanked shut to inter Roberto. Miss Karen places her free hand on an electronic pad and a lock clicks open. The door opens. Roberto is chagrined to hear commotion in the hall. There are others! He is acclimated to Miss Karen's presence... her governing authority over his bound and naked form. But outsiders?

"Please no Miss Karen!" he protests.

Yet he feels penis waggle in anticipation...

Nevada Desert Facility – The Office – Day Forty-One

"Don't speak unless spoken to. Answer all questions. Be polite. Be obedient. And by all means exhibit yourself!"

Miss Karen offers hasty words as she leads Roberto into a large office. The walk has been surprisingly long. Busy hallways. An elevator ride. Two secured doors. With stamina depleted, Roberto is both worn and embarrassed. Naked, bound and leashed he has been forced to display his raging hard on, his faltering gait bringing a comical bobbing of the upstanding tip. To his chagrin, the facility is well staffed. The smiling women in white, all offering amused glances served to foster more stiffness.

"Remember, it's the boss. She's in charge."

Roberto is directed to step up on a pedestal. Above hangs a single cord. A hook offers a quick restraint for Roberto's nose chain. As Miss Karen adjusts the tension to bring him up on his toes, Roberto is forced to look upward into an illuminating spotlight. He is on a small stage.

"This will help."

From a pocket, Miss Karen produces the curious rope, two small loops and the penetrating hook. Within moments Roberto is plugged and his thumbs tied. Miss Karen removes all slack then smiles in

watching Roberto pull, tightening the rope and pressuring the prostate gland to stimulate. They all react in the same manner, she notes... reluctantly accepting a woman's attention there... then reveling in the pleasure pain of prostate manipulation.

"Be good, stay erect," her last words as she tenderly diddles the underside of Roberto's standing penis.

Roberto hears the office door shut behind him. He calms himself. He scans the room. Though situated well below the desolate floor of a desert wasteland, the room is elegantly furnished. Before him is a vast desk. Mahogany or some other expensive wood. The walls are covered in cloth of crimson. The material is refulgent... satin... perhaps silk. There is artwork. Paintings appear to be masterpieces. Styled as Rembrandt's, perhaps Vermeer, Roberto notes the subject matter. Each scene is of a fully clothed woman, regal, depicted as in charge. All males are without clothing. Some are well restrained. Others are enduring a woman's whip hand. Though obviously not of historical value someone has commissioned a talented artist in replicating the style and technique of the Dutch Masters.

Roberto pirouettes to his left. A large mirror reflects the image of a well trussed naked male. His entire form is hairless, Miss Karen's depilation cream decimating his follicles. Collared, folded arms held behind his head, slightly stooped, balls entrapped by the ancient Chinese device, a full standing erection belies what appears to be slow torment.

Still, Roberto senses a twinge of pride in ogling his own virility. His penis throbs, pulsating with male power... captivated male power... male brawn brought to yield... to amuse... to be displayed for the pleasure of governing women. The humbler... the neck and arm restraint... serve to portray his naked form as all penis.

There is humiliation... yet there is a strange sense of accomplishment. A trained circus animal, finally accepting his role... and in so doing receiving care and adulation which intriguingly brings self satisfaction.

Roberto manages to lower himself onto his heels, greatly stressing his nose binding in so doing. It hurts. He will accept the pain then offer himself relief by again rising to his toes. In either position there is little comfort.

Miss Karen's final words echo... 'stay erect'. He pulls with his hands and thumbs, manipulates his prostate and smiles inwardly as his massive erection dutifully rises to his stomach and waggles in response. He thinks about the many, many hours... days... weeks... spent enclosed in a coffin... slowly, methodically earning praise, food, bath... and now release. There comes a twinge of pride. But then his nostrils fill with the stench of his bodily waste. Miss Karen offered little cleansing, just enough to neatly adorn him with the humbler. Roberto is sorrowful in missing Joey's tender hands. Dejection creeps with the realization of his presentment. Standing naked and bound in opulence... smelling like a beast.

Still he concentrates on his presentment. He awaits the boss.

Nevada Desert Facility – The Office – More of Day Forty-One

One hour... two? The office door finally opens. Roberto shifts his feet, attempting to turn and peer at the intruder.

"Face the desk and remain silent."

The voice is smooth, melodic yet authoritative. Roberto pauses, then his feet obediently tap the pedestal to twist away. His curiosity is soon satiated as the woman comes into view, smiles confidently then sits at the desk. Nose held high, Roberto strains to gaze downward. The 'boss' is surprisingly young, mid thirties, fashionably dressed, business attire, blonde, blue eyes, diamond earrings, matching diamond bracelet. Her styled hair is simple, parted in the middle, combed straight down, cut at the jaw line, yet well coiffed. An athletic form, one can imagine a youthful passion for gymnastics. Perhaps now an equestrienne, Roberto's imagination depicts the woman riding an imposing white stallion, crop in hand, a firm grip on controlling reins.

Pleasing to the eye yet commanding, the woman slides a manila folder from the corner of the desk, opens and begins to read. Despite the many weeks of bound nakedness, Roberto senses deep bashfulness. Stunning beauty, regally attired, freely strolling about, angelic yet firm voice... the contrast with his odorous and tumescent form is transcendent. Oddly, Roberto begins to blush... yet he feels stiffer than ever. Subconsciously, his hands tug to tension the taut nylon cord leading to his anal insertion.

Why?

Finally the silence is broken.

“Roberto Alvarez... Karen thinks you’re ready for Level Two. She observes well, but I make the final decision.”

The words seem to float through the office air then crash against the craggy seawall of Roberto’s transfigured mind. He begins to speak than maintains his silence. There has been no question posed for him to answer.

“Do you know why you’re here?”

“No, ma’am.”

“My name is Dr. Elvira Hopkins. Dr. El will suffice. How do you feel standing well trussed and naked before a woman?”

“I suppose I’m becoming accustomed to it.”

“Not so accustomed that it continues to stimulate you... it causes your penis to stiffen. You feel an intriguing form of passion in appearing naked before a woman.”

Dr. El rises to approach.

“Or is it the fact that a woman controls. An interesting file, Roberto Alvarez. Such a nasty way to spend your youth. Perhaps you have long sought authority... an innate need for governance... the

directing hand of a woman. So now here you are tucked away in our little facility. Do you know where you are?”

“Underground.”

Dr. El chuckles.

“Yes, deep underground. Your new ineluctable home. Built as a highly secured research facility, you’ll never escape and no one will ever know you’re here. Not that any one will ever care... though the Juarez police would like to talk to you about the untimely death of Pedro Anguila.”

Dr. El stands arms akimbo before her naked charge. The pedestal positions his standing penis at her shoulder level. A sheepish Roberto waggles to bring a pleasant yet somewhat devilish smirk.

“You smell.”

“I was not bathed...”

“Silence. I did not ask you a question.”

Dr. El turns and steps to the front of her desk. She presses a button on the phone.

“Bobbi, come in here with some soap, hot water and towels. I have a smelly boy needing a bath.”

Dr. El returns.

“Do you know why you are here?”

“No Dr. El.”

“Because you have an eleven inch penis. We like boys with large penises. Obedient boys. Boys trained to please.”

Dr. El moves to the side to view Roberto’s profile.

“Can you straighten up for me?”

“No, Dr. El.”

“So the humbler still keeps your testicles a little tight. Well, you’ll keep stretching. You’ll be wearing it constantly in Level Two. Have those plums hanging to your knees if I want. Would you like that?”

“No Dr. El.”

“Well the way things work here is anything that I want to happen happens. Best keep that in mind.”

“Yes Dr. El.”

“Can you waggle for me? Be a good boy.”

Roberto obediently pulls on his PC muscles. For good measure he tensions the nylon cord of his anal insertion. The result is a pleasing display of male subservience... the bulbous penis tip bobs noticeably. Dr. El smiles. Her look reflects her demeanor of calm, controlling confidence.

The office door opens.

“Clean him up for me, Bobbi.”

Into Roberto’s view steps a curious figure. Towels, steaming water bucket, but no clothing... completely naked. Bobbi has dark, shoulder length hair. Just as with Joey, he is effeminately groomed and made up... lipstick, mascara, rouge. Once male mammary glands are strangely puffed. Nipples elongated. A male frame is covered with soft hairless skin. Much taller than the diminutive Joey, there is no discernible muscle tone. Though the relatively flat chest hints, Roberto forces himself to look for definitive evidence of gender, fully aware that the facility only offers the luxury of covering to females.

Sure enough, a very modest penis flops about. It glints. Only the very tip can be seen. Otherwise it is studded with dozens upon dozens of rhinestones. Roberto quickly realizes that the many piercings render the organ useless for penetration leading to copulation... probably normal masturbation as well.

Dr. El notes the focal point of Roberto's stare.

"It's useless to him... so I decorated it. Show him Bobbi."

A reluctant Bobbi pauses in his preparations and mechanically reaches to his bejeweled manhood. It is apparent that he knows to display himself on command. He palms then lifts the sparkling length with his right hand and with his left cups the puff of flesh below, making it apparent that his testicles have been removed. His actions are mechanical. Though sheepish, he has many times before exhibited evidence of his alteration.

"What happened, Bobbi? Something's missing."

"You had them removed, Dr. El. I have been emasculated by a woman," comes a rote reply, obviously demanded whenever he is commanded to show his empty sac.

"Oh yes, now I remember," Dr. El nonchalantly concurs.

As Dr. El laughs, Roberto cringes. His reaction brings further feminine laughter, turning to wickedness.

"We've found that some of our boys are better off without. Bobbi's been a treasure since his orchidectomy. So calm and obedient. So attentive of others. So eager to please..."

Bobbi's hands return to the task, lowering to the bucket and dipping a cloth into the hot soapiness. When he approaches to lathe Roberto's urine encrusted form, he looks up and alluringly smiles, his embarrassment quickly waning. Roberto is chagrined to find a revolting prettiness. Just as with Joey, much time and effort has been

spent transforming the once male unfortunate. Plucked eyebrows! Given proper breasts Bobbi could easily pass for the fairer sex. And as he begins to cleanse, Roberto shudders with rekindled homophobia. The hands are amazingly sensuous... and Bobbi obviously enjoys the task.

“Castrating him left him delightfully envious of the intact, Roberto. Please excuse his adoring touch. And yes, Bobbi I’ll let you suck him... for just a little bit.”

Dr. El’s confident smile is telling. Roberto is not the first naked, penis-enraged male to stand before her. There is an authoritative air about her, steadfast yet matronly... the governess of an orphanage... all seek her encouragement... all avoid her rebuke.

Bobbi’s caring hands soap Roberto’s entire form, gratefully removing not only the odor of his excretions but the irritation as well. It feels good... bringing a dichotomy of thoughts. Mentally Roberto forces himself to accept what he must physically endure. His hormone laden form craves touch and attention... and Bobbi masterfully offers both. Yet it is a male stirring his innate desire!

Last the entrapped scrotal sac, forcibly presented below the gluteal cleft, is cleansed. Roberto shudders in both disgust and enjoyment in feeling the fingers exert inordinate time and attention there. When finally deemed cleansed Bobbi pauses, leans and with a girlish giggle kisses and licks the expanse of bright pink flesh. Envy indeed.

A large fluffy towel pats Roberto dry, Dr. El continuing her close observation. Finally, massage oil is applied, Bobbi’s hands again vigorously rubbing everywhere but pausing at nipples, penis and balls to offer more salient attention. Under the spotlight, Roberto’s nakedness begins to glow. He is truly on display.

“Yes, I want my boys to please. You’re the picture of male subservience Roberto, so nicely showing off for me. Do you feel good standing before me like that, penis nice and erect? Karen’s

special creams have brought a most glamorous sheen to your skin... hairless, smooth... so wondrously vulnerable.”

In demonstration, Dr. El reaches forth. For the first time she touches the humble yet proudly erect Roberto. The fingers of the right hand sensuously toy with a left nipple. Roberto is confounded to find that her touch brings a shiver of delight. Dr. El’s watchful eyes note the agreeable response.

“Yes, the sensory deprivation, the chastity, the bondage all bring astonishing psychological transformation. I can bring joy with something as simple as my finger tip. You’ll come to very much enjoy a woman’s touch, Roberto... when you’re good. But if you’re bad, we’ll have you cowering and begging for absolution.”

In another demonstration, the hand lowers. A finger is placed on the very tip of Roberto’s rock hard erection. Dr. El slowly presses downward. Roberto yelps with the distress of the undesired angle. Dr. El ignores his plight, pressing more to bring discomfort. Roberto finds her directing touch slowly turns to pain. He shifts about to alleviate the awkward bending but his bindings preclude avoidance. He groans and finally his lungs empty in a huff of anguish. Dr. El continues pressing, holding the incredibly stiff organ at a most awkward angle, tip pointed to the floor.

“Come, Bobbi. You can suck him now.”

An eager naked castrate steps to the front of the pedestal to join Dr. El. As her finger maintains its pressure on the throbbing stiffness, Bobbi kneels against the pedestal and cranes his neck. A nimble tongue thrusts forth to lap away prostatic fluid. Dr. El knowingly slides her finger up the top surface of the penis, stopping at mid-shaft to hold and better expose the tip for Bobbi’s lips. The swollen glans penis is engulfed as a hungry young calf would take an inviting udder.

“Curious thing about the male anatomy, Roberto. It’s impossible for the reproductive organs to offer seed when the penis is thusly

retained. No ejaculation. Just frustration. Yet I am sure you'll find Bobbi's offered tongue and lips more than override the discomfort of my controlling finger."

Roberto emits a sigh. The bizarre combination of pleasure and pain overwhelms. He squirms against his bounds. Yet, Dr. El is steadfast... as is Bobbi.

"Sucked by a male, Roberto. Yet I observe no concern... no disgust... no homophobic revulsion. You're enjoying and remain quite stiff... if not stiffer. Deep within you're sensing a degree of accomplishment... perhaps pride. You're performing for me... entertaining. That's what we've trained you to do... and you're most obediently complying."

Roberto can do little but stand and amuse, just as Dr. El suggests. Her words... smoothly delivered, forceful... resound in a mind forged to receptivity by hours of silent darkness. The warm tongue and lips feel incredibly delightful on a manhood so long untouched. But there is a curious augmentation to the joy... the simple application of a woman's controlling finger tip. Roberto's extreme vulnerability is highlighted. And true enough, though he pulls desperately on the tiny muscles he knows lead to ejaculation, there is no explosion of sperm... no ecstatic response.

The woman seems to know his anatomy better than himself!

In his lower peripheral vision he glares at the charming handsome face of his tormentress. He is incapable of summoning resistance, there are no thoughts of defiance. Instead, Roberto indeed senses the pride she has so astutely described.

He is pleasing.

"Enough Bobbi!"

The castrate instantly withdraws, Roberto's wet penis tip plopping from his lips. Dr. El's finger retreats. Roberto's erection forcefully

snaps upwards to thwack his stomach. A 'tummy thumper', as Miss Karen would term it.

"You're ready for Level Two."

The Exhibition Hall – Nevada Desert Facility

Cavernous. It is the only word which adequately describes the high ceilinged, rectangular room at the very bottom of the deep desert facility. Constructed with unlimited government funds, it was designed as the assembly area for prototype neutron weapons. In the event of massive failure, connecting hallways and elevator shafts could easily be refilled with desert sand, returning the space to the desolate wilderness and leaving those souls entombed within.

An unknown military program, which never started, would quietly end... no denials, no excuses, no explanations required for an experimental program gone awry. Officially, such a scheme never existed.

Thus the Level Two 'boys' are suffused with a sense of doom, living in a giant sarcophagus. Staring at thick concrete, there is no evidence of an outside world of sunshine, of trees, flowers, birds, wildlife, of wafting breezes. Life is either performing in the Exhibition Hall, or quietly... and most obediently... lounging in wait in a small connecting cell... penis always at the ready to stand and please.

Whereas in Level One Roberto trained himself to harden at the sound of the casket clasps being released, Level Two protocol is more formal. In his tiny cell, a bell gongs... just once. And precisely five minutes thereafter, the likes of Joey opens his cell door, releases his nose leash from a wall hook, and with a firm controlling tug, walks him out to be displayed.

Operant conditioning continues. Since it is Roberto's only task... only raison d'être... he easily fulfills his obligation.

When not performing, Roberto quietly languishes. His cell is small. Leashed at all times he cannot utilize the limited space allotted. His bed consists of coarse matting. There will be no furtive frottaging to achieve ejaculatory relief. And the rough concrete floor and walls offer equal denial in terms of rubbing his neglected penis against something.

His care is entirely in the hands of the emasculated. He is mildly surprised to find that the female dominant tribe in Ecuador/Peru is apparently agreeable to giving up numerous male progeny. He counts some half dozen 'Joey's'... all diminutive... all effeminately prettied... all garbed solely with the insignificant patch covering the pubes... all orally accomplished... all shockingly neutered. Roberto senses an inward shudder whenever his eyes gaze upon the bizarre earrings. Castrated... then forced to exhibit the plastinated evidence of a woman's altering touch. He knows it is the hand of Dr. El which snips. She would not hesitate nor suffer a moment of circumspection in bringing permanent modification to those introduced early to effeminate servitude.

Still, Roberto is not only accustomed to the adoring tender care of the altered, there has manifested a degree of gratefulness. In remaining bound in the curious neck and shoulder restraint, nose ring connected to a restricting leash, humbler rarely removed, all care... feeding, bathing, toilet assistance... comes by way of the soft, warm hands of the neutered.

Moving one's bowels while the testicles are so wickedly entrapped leads to a most degrading messiness. Such is only ameliorated by the comforting release and empathetic hands and fingers of he who can never experience the humiliation of having his reproductive organs so ignominiously presented at a woman's whim. Despite Roberto's unassuming requests to have the humbler removed for defecation, it remains in place. He has come to realize that being forced to perform the intimate function in such a slovenly manner is part of his conditioning.

He must move his bowels... and thereafter undergo the demeaning procedure of being wiped clean like an infant... at the hands of an envious castrate. Though a waiting bucket captures most of his waste, it is not possible to neatly complete the task. Just as designed.

'You've soiled yourself again,' come the giggling words of soft rebuke.

Roberto must stand and present himself while the wing nuts of the humbler are loosened and his balls allowed to freely swing. Typically, they are unavoidably smeared as are his thighs and buttocks. Thus the soothing warm soapy chamois must cleanse that which the castrates most covet. And of course Roberto stiffens for them. It is considered proper deportment. And besides, a good firm erection can earn an extolling lick from a most nimble tongue.

Nothing more than a brief frisson of ecstasy is ever afforded. Video cameras vigilantly transmit. To where and to whom is not to be divulged. But Roberto notes the tending hermaphrodites are both cautious and parsimonious with their oral offerings.

In returning the well stretched scrotum to its wooden entanglement, the altered find delight. The scrotum is massaged and well oiled, alleviating chafed skin. Then one hand palms the meaty plums and the other aligns the hole in the planks. What would harbor a sense of revulsion months ago now brings a degree of sanguineness. In being denied access to his own vital anatomy, the caring touch of others... gender aside... is welcomed.

A most gracious 'thank you' is offered.

And when it is Joey in attendance, Roberto's 'thank you' includes a sincere licking of his gluteal cleft. An act which months ago would bring Roberto much mental duress.

Roberto has come to note that Joey's cohorts seem to hint that equal devotion would be appreciated. Bashfulness is often temporarily

subdued and the pubes patch is many times pushed aside to reveal an underdeveloped organ in want of attention. There is no point in prudence. One must care for those who care for him.

And so Roberto has learned that the caution and parsimony of oral offerings is one sided. Whereas the application of tongue and lips by his handlers is ephemeral, he is encouraged to lick and suck without compunction. Why does his psyche permit him to plummet to such depravity?

Cell 26

“It’s disgusting. I’d rather not.”

It is rare that Roberto experiences revulsion and expresses reservation. Joey just smiles. He has too often witnessed the efficiency of the operant conditioning.

“All the food and baths I have offered. And yesterday I massaged you.”

Short leashed, Roberto cannot stand. Instead he kneels and stares in apprehension as Joey stands before him, turning to offer his well rounded buttocks, layered with the soft flesh of hormonal imbalance and meals heaped with ice cream. Whereas in Roberto’s state of complete chastity he has found attraction, coming to kiss—even venture well into the gluteal cleft with his tongue, on this occasion he resists.

“Who did that... used you like that?” Roberto blatantly inquires.

“Jealous? You know I must take care of the pilots. Sometimes a blow job doesn’t do it.”

“So he used you there?”

“Anywhere they want. But who are you to challenge? How often has your tongue been there? I want it cleaned... now. Just as I clean

you.”

Joey parts his feet and reaches to pull aside his cheeks. With his proximity, standing within inches of the face of a well restrained Roberto, traces of semen once again glint in the room light. Joey has been anally sodomized.

“You’ll do it. You’ll do anything I want. And you’ll learn to enjoy it!”

Joey’s normally meek tone becomes more forceful. His free hand grasps the nose leash and tugs. Roberto is helpless to resist. The burst of pain brings a yelp as his face greets the warm pillow-like softness of the girlish buttocks. He realizes there is both a short price to pay and a long term price to pay in failing to please. The likes of Joey and his naked altered cohorts have become the source of all. He knows this battle cannot be won. No battle can be won.

Thus his tongue extends. He grimaces as it greets the slime of another man’s essence.

“Penetrate and suck. I want you to have it all.”

Roberto begins his task, repressing his revulsion. Joey is surprisingly neat there... apparently prepared daily to accept the lustful penetration of the sodomite. But as Roberto briefly withdraws for air, he notes a gloating Joey looking up into the video camera.

Someone besides Joey is being entertained.

Within minutes the odorous task is completed. Joey turns and smiles wickedly. Roberto knows to humbly lean forward and work the stretched nipples as well. In reward, a necessary aspect of operant conditioning, Joey slides forth a foot. This places a smooth hairless thigh within range. And of course Roberto cannot suppress the burning desire. He thrusts with his hips to greet the plump warm calve and thigh. Joey snorts in response.

“You’re stiff. All that protest and your physical reaction is to harden. What were you thinking as you licked my rectum... of how much another man can enjoy himself there while you’re constantly denied?”

Joey withdraws his leg, ending the transitory pleasure of his flesh.

“He was quite strong and virile, Roberto. Most of the pilots are not aware of our gender. We service them in the darkened cabin of the jet. One rarely questions what is freely offered. He took me doggy style. Such manly power. I am trained to work my sphincter to maximize a man’s pleasure. Oral... anal... we do what we’ve been trained for since youth. All are happy.

“But you, Roberto, you are fully aware of my gender. Your words protest. Yet, in the end, your tongue offers gratification... and with such zeal...”

The Exhibition Hall

The gong snaps Roberto from a transitory stupor fostered by boredom. He feels himself begin to stiffen... a Pavlovian response knowing that in five minutes he must have his manhood standing ready to please... and he wants to please.

He bolsters his psychological response by physically pulling on his PC muscles. He looks down and senses odd pride as his penis swells. He rises from his coarse sleeping mat to kneel. Inwardly he smiles, grateful to be sighted... grateful for the mobility... however limited. Thrusting forth his hips, he causes the humbler to tense his entrapped scrotum, adding to the sensory input which leads to tumescence. It appears he is humping thin air, but the results are as desired. Mentally... physically... emotionally... he prepares himself for full erection. He has earned his privileges... he must tumefy to keep them.

Precisely within the allotted five minutes, Roberto kneels with his impressive eleven inches standing straight out. When he pulls again with his PC muscles, he is sanguine in seeing his manhood throb and waggle in response.

The cell door opens. A castrate named Pattie enters and takes the leash from the wall hook. Before he permits Roberto to stand, he steps forth and pushes aside the brief patch covering what Miss Karen termed 'the male clitoris'. Roberto knows to bend at the waist and offer his tongue and lips. The tiny nubbin reacts in gratitude, swelling to a feeble firmness as Roberto sucks. In reward, Pattie presses his thigh against Roberto's erection. The soft warmth heartens.

"Show time," Pattie succinctly announces in stepping back to tension the leash.

"Up."

With the controlling tugs, Roberto scrambles to his feet. Impotence aside, the castrates leave no doubt as to who commands.

“You’ll need to work your penis hard today. Lots of guests.”

Pattie leads into the narrow hallway connecting to the exhibition hall. Roberto follows and notes stirring in the adjoining cells. Others are being coaxed to full stiffness. The show will be large.

Though becoming somewhat accustomed, the humbler continues to impact Roberto’s gait. He walks gingerly, still somewhat stooped at the waist as his entrapped sac still restricts his ability to stand completely upright. He suspects that will change over time. His own posture works to slowly stretch the skin. Such deviousness in forcing him to alter his own anatomy!

Into the exhibition hall. Pattie leads to a pedestal, similar in height to that in Dr. El’s office. He is directed to step up. An overhead hook accommodates the leash, forcing Roberto to his toes. Then Pattie produces the devilish anal insertion and nylon cord. Anus lubricated, bulbous hook inserted, thumbs secured, cord tightened, Roberto feels somewhat appreciative for the aid. Self induced prostate manipulation will assist with the formidable task... presenting himself erect for untold intervals.

Roberto looks down as best he can to spy the tip of his penis, saluting as trained.... as demanded... as domineering women desire. An odd pride brings curious blushing as Pattie works to coat his nakedness with mineral oil. He feels envious fingers caress and knead his vulnerably exposed scrotum. He pictures it glowing in pink...

Roberto is a show animal... virile... potent... a massive erection prepared to explode and spew the seed of life... yet he is so thoroughly governed.

Others are led into the chamber. There are a dozen pedestals perhaps more at the perimeter walls. Upon each is placed an equally

naked and well restrained male. Prodigious organs, all upstanding, Roberto feels a twinge of rivalry. Laden with testosterone, his pride rejuvenates. Yet he cannot help noting the size and raging firmness of his rivals. He senses strange jealousy as he is able to glimpse Joey sucking on the penis tip of a captive he knows as 'Jay'. When the organ plops from Joey's mouth, he comforts himself in noting it is no larger than his... possibly smaller. Still he imagines that it is his organ being orally coaxed to firmer stand and with the thought he feels his shaft throb and twitch.

With each pedestal occupied, all hairless male flesh oiled and glistening, the lights dim. To illuminate the room, spotlights positioned over each pedestal first glow then slowly brighten, very much highlighting the priapic nakedness below. A set of double doors swings open. Roberto cannot turn his head to view but hears the murmur of conversation... much conversation. Many voices mingle, an occasional laugh punctuates the chatter, the din increases as the crowd apparently enters from an adjoining room.

Roberto senses a quirky pride combined with embarrassment. He feels his heart pound... his circulation rush. He is amazed to feel himself further stiffen. Somewhat stooped, he can feel the heat of his penis tip radiate his belly.

"New to Level Two," a familiar voice proclaims.

It is Dr. Elvira Hopkins.

"Displays a good firm eleven inches."

While the narration continues, describing Roberto's nefarious career robbing and selling drugs, Roberto strives to look down at his audience. Fashionably garbed, appearing transported from a Fifth Avenue cocktail party, Dr. El stands with a couple. Mid forties, the man with a hint of gray, the woman bejeweled and coifed, they both glare at Roberto's firm stand. There is no evidence of shock. No disdain for the lurid presentation. Instead, between sips of Chardonnay, there are looks of amused appreciation.

The couple are visiting the Louvre... not overwhelmed... but mildly awed by the decor.

“Nicely tamed for a roguish brute,” the woman finally declares when Dr. El completes her summation of Roberto’s curriculum vitae of crime.

With the pedestal presenting Roberto’s penis at shoulder height, the woman raises her free hand. An extended finger dabs the steady stream of prostatic fluid, exuded with Roberto’s self manipulation. The touch is not brazen yet is provocatively authoritative.

“They all secrete in chastity. As if the penis weeps,” the voice offers. As with Dr. El it is smooth and calm yet more mature. “Poor neglected penis,” the tone turning lugubrious.

The finger moves to the top surface and presses. Just as in Dr. El’s office Roberto squirms in discomfort as the rock hard firmness is made to yield. Gratefully the woman does not force the organ down to the thighs as did Dr. El. Instead she holds it perpendicular.

“You should feel it pulse, Edward. Such divine virility.”

“It’s the dorsal artery, my dear. Pumping away to ensure the erectile chambers are kept well filled,” Edward pedantically explains.

“And he’s nicely cut. A good tight circumcision considering his impoverished background. I’d like to see his balls,” comes a brusque demand more than request.

Dr. El snaps her fingers. A prettified castrate instantly approaches. It is Bobbi.

“Release his testicles.”

Roberto feels the manicured hands loosen the wing nuts of the humbler. Within moments his stretched scrotal sac hangs freely. In some strange protocol, Bobbi steps to the side of the pedestal,

palms then presents the plums within Roberto's modified sac. It is as if he is offering fruit for inspection.

"Yes, quite healthy. They'd clamp divinely," the woman chortles.

"Edward and I play a little game from time to time, Roberto. I clamp and slowly squeeze a boy's balls and we wager how long he'll maintain his erection. You'd be amazed at the pain puppies we encounter, reveling in a woman's proclivity to offer crushing torture. Bobbi here kept himself nice and hard for me to the very end. It was a marvelous stand... but his last. Dr. El found it necessary to later remove his gonads... isn't that right Bobbi?"

"It was for the best that I was emasculated, ma'am."

Roberto shudders with the thought and the rote of Bobbi's meek reply. For pure amusement, a male gave up his organs without a word of protest... a gesture of resistance. Cruelly and painfully crushed then removed and plastinated to adorn his earlobes. There must have been a cry for mercy... however futile.

The woman's finger retreats. Despite the distress, Roberto's firmness remains and the erect penis snaps back in salute. Dr. El nods in satisfaction. Bobbi releases the testicles and steps to the rear to replace the humbler.

"What's tonight's entertainment?" the woman casually inquires as the trio strolls to the next pedestal.

"I'm going to circumcise the pirate," Dr. El cavalierly declares. "I've had his penis subjected to the tanning booth to turn it into a rich chocolate brown. That shade of foreskin will greatly diversify my collection."

"I've always thought of the Level Two boys as hogs being fattened for slaughter. Do you think they have any idea of what's in store for them in Level Three, El?"

“It is best that they not know,” the doctor evasively suggests.

Entertaining in the Exhibition Hall

“It’s important for all to remember, there is no damage in the procedure... other than to male pride and fortitude. And it’s exquisitely painful...”

Adequate wine consumed, spotlights in the center of the Exhibition Hall brighten to bring the attention of all to the Somali pirate. Abducted months before, Level One training complete, Dr. El has awaited an appropriate gathering for the ceremony.

The pirate is to be circumcised.

Naked and restrained, the pirate finds himself in a gynecological chair, stirrups widely parted and holding well apart a pair of calves and feet darkened by many hours of exposure to Dr. El’s demanded artificial sun. Neck collar and shoulder bar hold the hands and arms above and in back of the head. The humbler has been removed and a well stretched scrotum is unfurled. Two plump testicles freely swing about below the level of the seat, offering a most vulnerable presentation... apparent from the wide eyed look of concern as the pirate concentrates to obediently remain stiff.

Dr. El lectures as a white uniformed woman wheels in a tray and remains nearby.

“Unfortunately ladies and gentlemen, for those who’ve not attended past rituals, I can’t incise the foreskin when the penis is tumefied. Since our pirate friend has been psychologically conditioned to keep himself stiff, we’ll need to induce flaccidity as a first step.”

Dr. El nods. The woman removes an ice bag from the tray and applies, firmly grasping the ten inch shaft and applying the slushy cold to the upstanding tip. The color of rich chocolate brown, as the doctor has selected, the women of the audience are in awe and admiration that a woman of their ilk... ‘one of them’... can so facilely

augment her collection with a new shade of foreskin. Power over the vaunted male organ both amuses and intrigues.

“Won’t the ice desensitize?” one woman inquires, a hint of disappointment in her quest.

Dr. El approaches the tray and begins arranging the tools of her craft.

“Not so much that he’ll fail to entertain. Remember, I’ll be removing for my collection a strip of the most sensitive flesh on the male body. He’ll feel enough to long remember me, our gathering, and the intense trauma induced by the scalpel. I go very slowly...”

Dr. El snaps on latex gloves then holds up a stainless steel device appearing to be a modified office stapler.

“For you ladies who would like to try this at home, this is a Gomco Circumcision Clamp. Keep in mind one must specially order it for the adult penis. The hole here in this prong is where the tip is accommodated and held in place. There is also the bell to be attached to the other prong which caps the penis tip and aids in positioning the foreskin for cutting. That must also be specially ordered in the adult sizes.”

Eyes the size of saucers, the pirate looks on, gaping at the hand held device which will soon alter his manhood. For those naked males observing from nearby pedestals there appears to be collective gulps and shudders. Roberto notes that a Caucasian known as ‘Roscoe’ squirms in particular concern. His foreskin remains intact... seemingly ripening for the harvesting fingers of Dr. El.

The woman removes the ice bag and nods to Dr. El. The pirate, against his will, doing his best to maintain tumescence and forestall the excision of his foreskin, is flaccid... shaking in peering down at his limp organ. Dr. El smiles... pleasantly but ominously in the minds of the bound males displayed on pedestals.

“Say good bye to that joy strip.”

Dr. El steps between the outstretched legs. The crowd closes inward, curious and insouciant.

“First we slip the shaft into this hole here in the base plate... termed the bevel hole. I want to do that while he’s most flaccid. After I’ve entrapped the head, he can somewhat engorge and that will actually assist in my efforts. I am taking my time to allow sensitivity to return. There is no point in circumcising a boy if he can’t feel the agony of a woman’s controlling touch.”

Dr. El holds the Gomco, penis inserted, as her attention returns to the tray.

“Next I must select the appropriate sized bell. Well crafted and specially fabricated, the hemispherical shape slips over the glans penis but under the foreskin and will be forcibly pressed against the base plate, providing a smooth, metallic surface against which I can trim with the laser scalpel.”

Suitably sized bell selected Dr. El’s attention returns. The pirate squirms as the circular implement is adorned as described. Knowing fingers easily work the thin loose flesh.

“Tight, ladies. Let him wriggle about and complain, but work to make the bell nice and tight. That way you can adjust then cut as desired.... low and loose.... or high and tight. As you know I very much enjoy very high and very tight... taking as much flesh as possible. Subsequent attempts to masturbate... should he ever again be afforded the opportunity... will not only be disappointingly difficult, it will result in diverting recollections of my smiling face as I trimmed his prized possession. Every time he touches himself... he’ll be thinking of me...”

Yes, the lecture slows the process... and so much adds to the mental trauma. As fingers work the bell, forcing it well under the

foreskin, the pirate's eyes reveal his panicked thoughts... 'get on with it!'

Finally satisfied, a small shaft extending upwards from the bell no comma needed is connected to the prong of the Gomco Clamp above the hole where the penis protrudes.

"Now here's the cleverness of the Gomco. Note by twisting here I can easily move the prong to adjust the amount of foreskin to be excised. Twist, twist, twist... tight, tight, tighter. Termed a high cut. Nothing left for our pirate friend to play with... more for my collection."

Dr. El's pleasant smile turns to evil as her fingers work and the pirate grimaces. She notes that sensitivity has returned and is pleased.

"Now for the good news about technology... and some bad news. Circumcisions utilizing the Gomco Clamp began in the nineteen fifties to minimize bleeding. The recent development of the laser scalpel further minimizes bleeding... instantly cutting and cauterizing. But the bad news... for our miscreant pirate... is that the laser tends to heat the bell. There can be minor burning of the penis tip. For that reason, a very quick incision is recommended. However, I don't think we need to vote on whether I should be adhering to that recommendation..."

All laugh as Dr. El turns, retrieves the laser and returns to the task at hand. The pirate trembles uncontrollably, his penis encumbered by stainless steel... the foreskin awaiting execution.

"Just need a simple circular cut. It really can be quick for the skilled hand."

A switch is flicked. The laser hums. A reddish light beams.

"But the skilled hand can also be deliberate."

With that, Gomco Clamp in left hand, laser in the right, Dr. El lifts, stretching the long shaft to its maximum to offer the crowd the best view of the semi flaccid ten inches. She begins at the top of the circumference. The pirate screeches and spasmodically tugs against his bonds. His struggles have no effect. Thighs well strapped, Dr. El's left hand holds steady as the right directs the laser to slowly cut. Her attention is not to be diverted. A huntress fixed on her prey... a trophy is soon to be mounted.

The pirate's lungs empty in a roar of anguish. He inhales and manages to bellow pleas for mercy... unheeded except for the laughter of callous observing women.

"Almost halfway done. Think I'll rest my hand a little..."

Truly... the extended trauma will forever be recalled...

As stated, the women all know there is no damage, no lasting effect other than a frustrating change in masturbation habits. Thus they sip and enjoy.

What demanding woman shouldn't have a collection of foreskins?

The Office

Bobbi leads. Roberto follows. The castrate seems enraptured in having an intact male on a leash. He smiles coquettishly and his guiding tugs are gentle.

Walking more upright, Roberto finds irony in contemplating his improved posture. It means his scrotal sac has lengthened the flesh stretching so that, though his balls are trapped and prominently displayed beneath his buttocks, he can more easily perambulate. Still he cannot sit normally. When leashed in his cell he must lie on his side... left or right.

“You have a nice erection this morning,” Bobbi coyly offers, the compliment strangely *sui generis* to the facility.

“Thank you,” a most humble Roberto replies, peering in his lower peripheral vision to note that indeed he has once again obediently responded to the gong and has put on a good stand.

“Dr. El likes her boys quite stiff... as you know. She’ll be greatly amused... and that’s important.”

Odd small talk as Bobbi returns Roberto to the office. In entering, Roberto notes it is empty. Expecting to stand on the pedestal, Bobbi instead leads to a metal stanchion to the left of Dr. El’s desk.

“We’ll give you some time out of the humbler,” Bobbi succinctly explains.

Really nothing more than a shiny steel pole, Roberto shudders in noting the rubber coated apex. One end of the vertical length of some three feet is well bolted to the floor and the other topped with an anal plug. The very tip is quite stout but unlike a dildo, tapers notably some two to three inches down the shaft. Just as with the pedestal, Roberto spies a ceiling hook above. He senses a quiver of dread in realizing why his humbler will be removed. Still, with hands

and arms remaining encumbered by the neck collar and bar, he is helpless to resist.

Bobbi begins preparations. It is apparent he has many times before positioned a 'boy' for amusement.

First the leash is removed and the short nostril chain connected to the overhead hook. Time is taken to assure adequate tension. Next the stout anal plug is well lubricated. Then a small step stool is pushed to the front of the stanchion. Lastly the humbler is removed... with a giggling Bobbi further enraptured by the enormous free swinging sac.

"Have you been used there... your anus? Opened at all?" Bobbi clinically inquires.

Roberto hesitates... the question normally so personal and intimate. But after the many weeks, nothing remains intimate.

"Only the hook and cord."

"Well, that's rather small... so you'll be tight there. Just remember it's important to relax. After the initial discomfort you'll learn to enjoy. And it's wonderfully entertaining... for Dr. El. Up on the stool now. No point in delaying."

Roberto complies and gratefully, yet somewhat condescendingly, Bobbi's finely manicured fingers apply unguent to Roberto's rectum. Then Bobbi takes the time to tighten and remove all slack from the nostril restraint.

"Squirming will just lead to more pain. If you try to slide off the pole you'll find the nose ring will bring intolerable agony and may rip out of your septum. So just accept it, Roberto. You have no choice. Let the plug do its job. You will be pleasing Dr. El."

Roberto feels the soft yet controlling hands of the castrate guide his hips, pushing backwards. The apex, the rubber coated anal plug, is

aligned. Roberto feels firmness greet his rear aperture. Not as unyielding as steel, but certainly less pliant than his sphincter.

“Remember... don’t slide off.”

With a final warning, Bobbi slowly pushes away the stool. Roberto feels his weight shift from his legs to the pole of steel. He fights the urge to flail with his feet, realizing the disastrous consequences of becoming imbalanced. Thus he must accept the cruel greeting of the anal plug. It does not penetrate... Roberto keeping his anus very much contracted. Yet it is like sitting on a very small bicycle seat. There is discomfort but one dares not shift about and fall off.

“Very good Roberto. You’ll find in time that you won’t be able to keep your sphincter tight and you’ll accept the plug inside you. Don’t resist too long. It can be delicious once you’re accustomed.”

As Bobbi speaks he lowers his hands, cups the mass of flesh and nestles Roberto’s balls in the palms of his hands. Then he leans and engulfs the tip of Roberto’s erection. He licks, swirling his tongue about the overly sensitive underside of the glans penis. The unexpected sensation brings a frisson of ecstasy. Bobbi’s tender hands simultaneously knead the scrotal sac. The fellatio is exquisite for organs long kept chaste. Roberto finds it difficult to keep tight his anus. He curses himself as the sudden wave of endorphins spurred by Bobbi’s oral assault distract from the task of challenging impalement.

Still Bobbi continues. Finally with a grunt, Roberto relaxes and yields to the pleasure. The purse string muscles of his anus give way. Bobbi giggles as Robert’s entire form suddenly lowers with the anal plug plunging inward. He has been tricked. The battle for his impalement is brief.

And Bobbi of course instantly withdraws his tongue and lips, careful to note that Roberto’s toes dangle just inches above the carpet.

“Delicious... don’t you think?” a disingenuous Bobbi giggles. “The size of the plug insures that you can’t take it so deep that your toes will find the floor... though you can keep trying. Meanwhile you just dangle in the air... held up by your anus and nose ring. And you’ll find that with slight motions of your feet, you can massage your prostate.”

Bobbi steps back. It appears that Roberto’s raging eleven inch erection will burst. He staves off the temptation to adoringly lick and suck more. Instead a finger extends and scoops up an abundance of pre ejaculatory fluid.

“See... it’s good for your prostate,” he declares in licking his fingers clean.

The Office – Continued

Left alone, Roberto gently shifts his legs, his feet dangling in mid air. With the stirring he can feel his erect penis twitch in response to the tolerably pleasant sensation as the motion brings self induced massage to his prostate. He is chagrined to find that Bobbi is correct. Initially penetrating well into his bowels, the well designed plug nestles against the curious male gland and, rather than expected suffering, instead offers frustratingly distant joy. Though he cannot bring himself to climax, he can feel a continuous stream of fluid oozing down his shaft.

The office door opens. The regal Dr. El enters, professionally attired as always. In spying Roberto’s futile attempt at self manipulation she smiles.

“You’ll not bring yourself to ejaculation, Roberto. That’s not within your purview.”

She approaches and just as with Bobbi extends a finger to gather a dab of clear viscous fluid.

“I assume you no longer find our antics to be vexatious, Roberto. Everyone has a streak of latent licentiousness. It’s necessarily repressed by the masses. But when you’re rich... filthy rich... what’s the point in self denial? Why not enjoy?”

Dr. El cavalierly raises her finger to Roberto’s lips, smearing away the fluid. Then she steps back and stands arms akimbo, most sanguine in her governance.

“You’re performing for me. Eleven inches of virile penis stands in salute, ready to explode with the slightest stimulation.”

Dr. El snickers, wickedly reveling in having such an enormous organ pay homage.

The display of Roberto is the pinnacle of power exchange. Naked... bound... anally impaled... helplessly suspended above the floor... psychologically disciplined to attain and exhibit an erection at the behest of a woman. Roberto blushes and finds more frustration in not understanding his reaction.

“You should take heart. In fifteenth century Transylvania, Vlad the Impaler executed thousands in a manner similar to this. Took much time for me to design an anal plug that would tease and torment but not harm. No blunt rubber tips for Vlad’s victims.”

Dr. El steps to her desk and sits. Paperwork awaits. She delves.

“Why?” Roberto boldly inquires.

Dr. El shifts some files, focusing her attention.

“Why what, Roberto?”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Having you anally impaled?”

“No. Everything. What is the point?”

“Pleasure, of course. You’ve seen how much our members enjoy.”

“Members?”

“We’ve spared you from a life of crime and mayhem to better serve us. How long would you have stayed alive stealing from the likes of Pedro Anguila? Or conversely, how many would have been addicted and killed by those drugs you peddled? Here you have purpose, Roberto. Consider your transformation fortunate. You along with all the others... a pirate with equal penchant for crime... a promising baseball player bent on ruining his ability and the game by utilizing illegal drugs... a crass heir leading a life of profligacy... I can go on and on. We abduct... strip... deprive... then methodically transform for service. All for the benefit of those who not only know how to enjoy wealth but the privilege of superiority as well... our members... belonging to the most secretive organization in the world.

“We search the world for miscreants like you. Well endowed... not to be missed when Misty collars, cuffs and leashes.”

There comes a knock and Bobbi enters. He approaches the desk to deliver a small package. Dr. El smiles and accepts. She then snaps her fingers and points.

“Lick his balls, Bobbi.”

With the command, the castrate smiles, steps to the steel pole and kneels. Dr. El unwraps the package as Roberto feels the familiar warm hands palm his plums. He shudders in disgust, yet is helpless to resist. Then, in feeling the wetness of an accomplished tongue, there comes a sense of welcome followed by capitulation. Dr. El watches with a knowing smirk. The male beast, long held in chastity, will succumb to pleasure... however offered.

“My latest prize,” Dr. El cheerily announces.

She proudly holds up the contents of the small package... a bar of clear lucite. Within is a long strip of brown.

“A tribute from our Somali pirate.”

Dr. El arises to open the broad doors of a cabinet behind her desk. Within, dozens of shelves display identical bars of lucite. With a look of confident composure she stows what was so painfully trimmed from the male organ.

“The pirate squealed so delightfully, don’t you think Roberto? The audience was most entertained.”

Roberto recalls the beseeching girlish cries. But then his thoughts shift to also recall the looks and comments of the gathering which observed the circumcision with such notable sang-froid... but also such intense enjoyment. As Bobbi’s long tongue, evidently altered just as Roberto’s, broadly laves up and down the stretched expanse, there comes a curious sense of comfort. Untouched erection streaming fluid, Roberto’s restrained nakedness pleases Dr. El. His transformed mind interprets this as good.

He also has no foreskin to offer for entertainment. In this he rejoices.

“How long?” Roberto manages to blurt between waves of rapture.

“Riding the pole for me?”

“No. Here. Locked up and leashed. Entertaining.”

“So you’re weary of Level Two?” Dr. El inquires in standing to approach.

She snaps her fingers. Bobbi’s tongue instantly stops. As she steps near she pats her thigh. Bobbi shifts on his knees to crawl closer. He lowers his head and renews the long laps, his tongue working the patent leather of a stiletto heel then rising to the right ankle and calve. Roberto notes the castrate is trained like a dog, obediently responding to gestures and hand signals.

“Amazing, the level of subservience attained when you deplete the testosterone levels, don’t you think, Roberto?”

A condescending hand lowers to playfully tousle the effeminate locks. Bobbi pauses to look up and smile in quirky gratitude... seemingly thankful to be unburdened of his organs. There is affection, that of a loyal pet.

“Though Bobbi’s penis has since shrunk, he was moderately endowed and would stiffen enough to make it to Level Three. Drew a nice bid from a member who enjoys clamping testicles. But you’ve heard that story.”

Bobbi renews his oral servitude. His forehead presses the hem of Dr. El’s skirt, pushing it upwards to reveal a patch of shapely thigh. In trying to lick there, Dr. El taps his nose in warning, the interaction truly that of Master and dog.

“So beware of letting your ennui overcome your judgment, Roberto. Level Two is a simple existence... eat, sleep, stiffen and amuse.”

The finger which tapped in warning extends. Dr. El looks straight into Roberto’s eyes as she presses the upper surface of the penis tip and once again bends to forcibly angle the massive erection toward the floor. Roberto cries out, the initial discomfort slowly transforming to outright pain as the finger prods. He glares back and once again the insouciant feminine implacability impresses.

Dr. El is not one with whom to trifle. Yet he is enraptured with the combination of beauty and power. His eyes shift to glimpse at Bobbi’s earrings, the dangling lumps of plastic bob about with every motion of his head, serving to remind of his alteration at the hands of she who now demands his servitude. Dr. El notes his look of adoring terror. He is frightening himself with his own thoughts. She smirks in satisfaction. Then her free hand cradles the lump adorning Bobbi’s right ear to better display the deformed grayish pink sphere within.

“They get a little bulky, so I remove them at night. Bobbi sleeps with his head between my thighs.”

With that, Dr. El quickly slides away her finger and Roberto's erection instantly springs upwards to thump his stomach. She releases the earring and right thumb and index finger reach to tenderly tweak Roberto's left nipple. Her touch feels shockingly good.

“Your questions suggest there is too much left... too much male thought. You're not challenging... but you are thinking. That we'll need to change. You seem to maintain some degree of concern for yourself. By inference, that lessens concern for others. And that in turn diminishes what we want... total devotion to the pleasure of governing women.”

The tender tweak turns to a painful pinch. Roberto gasps. Dr. El looks down to see his stiff penis waggle, defying its owner's response by celebrating the controlling touch.

With the dichotomous reaction, Dr. El knowingly smiles.

“Place him in harsh stress positions when he's not performing for us, Bobbi. To be relieved only when he licks and orally cleans... or better... he sucks some cock. Every moment in his cell... until further notice.”

Cell 26

Roberto never thought he would pine for the supine comfort offered by his Level One casket.

The days following his confabulation with Dr. El bring unending slow torment. He is leashed in his cell standing, then sitting upright, then returned to standing.... never to lie down. To be relieved, afforded just moments of permitted motion as his leash is unhooked and retied elsewhere, means he must humbly offer to suck the emaciated penis of one of the castrates. No more brief interludes of tongue

swishing, Roberto has learned that the longer he services... the more fervently he services... the longer the respite from an appointed stressful position.

Worst is when the devious Bobbi takes the time to secure Roberto's humbler to floor hooks and his nose leash high above. In so doing, Bobbi adjusts the slack such that Roberto can neither fully stand nor fully kneel or sit. The resulting posture, squatting, places an amazing level of stress on the leg muscles.

Yes, Roberto soon begins to beg. And it is then that he must return the favor of Bobbi's oral attention. With most of the penis shaft studded with scabrous rhinestones, Roberto has learned to engulf carefully only the uncovered tip. Bobbi is fortunate. Dr. El's fashion of decoration left exposed the most sensitive parcel of male flesh. The result enthuses Bobbi... though he remains confounded in never achieving climax. And the notion that some day Dr. El may complete her efforts... piercing the entire surface to preclude all penile pleasure... brings an element of desperation. Each offer of Roberto's fellatio is received as if it is the last.

For Roberto, the 'male thought', to which Dr. El alluded, begins to erode. To avoid lengthy stress, offer more fellatio. That is the lesson Roberto has quickly come to learn. And Roberto has also come to find his own sensual thrill in sensing the useless organs become somewhat engorged. On occasion, some have joyously proclaimed that a hard on has been achieved... really a pusillanimous swelling which a smiling Roberto dares not dispute.

But overall, with the many days of torment, the tongue becomes accomplished. Roberto learns to take joy in offering such to others. After all, time spent offering fellatio is time avoiding stress.

And, he finds himself hardening without the sound of the gong. This he finds to be strange. Why does he find arousal in orally servicing his neutered attenders? And more strange, he thinks not of his own priapic state... instead he is immersed in devotion and focused on

bringing forth the proclaimed 'hard on', a state in which the castrates find amusing encouragement.

'I can still get it up' seems to be the alleviating reaction... though the diminutive organ appears to be little more than an engorged clitoris.

Joey still offers his gluteal cleft for servicing. Roberto no longer finds himself squeamish... no matter what traces of lustful male coupling are encountered.

The fact that a video camera captures all is no longer of concern for Roberto. Despite early coyness in performing the revolting acts before whoever was there to view them, Roberto has come to realize all existence depends on responding to the whims of his altered handlers. Though positioned stressfully, food and bathing are regularly provided. And though most humiliated in relieving his bladder while erect, he has come to understand the castrates' fascination, insisting on closely observing while he presses vigorously with his stomach muscles to force a flow through his upstanding manhood to a waiting bucket. In so performing for the envious male ingénues, his cell is kept tidy. The receptacle is removed and unlike Level One, he does not lie in his own waste.

There comes day ten.

Leashed in the squatting position, Roberto struggles to remain still. His nose leash is tightly secured above. Two cords, right and left, connect the ends of the humbler to floor hooks. Thus he cannot raise himself to stand nor lower himself to kneel. Motion results in painful tension on either his nose ring or his testicles. And he wishes not to stretch his scrotum any further.

Fortunately this most stressful position cannot be maintained for long. Yet there are always panicked thoughts of being forgotten... left to pass out from exhaustion with the last cognizant input coming from the agonizing ripping of his septum.

As always, just as fortitude wanes, the cell door opens. It is Joey.

“Legs tired?” the girlish voice playfully inquires.

“Yes. Please Joey, I need to move. May I please suck your penis?”

Following Joey into the cell is the Somali pirate. He is leashed, donning the humbler with arms restrained above and in back of his head just as with Roberto. And though his penis tip is bandaged, still healing from his calloused circumcision, the chocolate brown shaft stands. Roberto notes that the pirate grimaces, his state of arousal aggravating his wound.

Still, the Pavlovian training of Level One burns through, Roberto notes to himself. The pirate knows to be erect when leashed and led about.

Joey moves to stand in front of Roberto. A free hand pushes aside the patch, the only covering born, to expose the tiny penis Roberto has so often serviced. Knowing that a few minutes of arduous oral attention will bring a moment of freedom renews the spirits.

Perhaps Joey will let him kneel for a while!

Joey nears and Roberto’s long nimble tongue thrusts forth to hungrily bring requisite pleasure. Roberto feels himself begin to harden. He has convinced himself that, rather than some homophobic response, the reaction is one of joy, contemplating his pending release. Still, it matters not. Joey’s caring hands will soon slip the knots holding in place the humbler. Such a simple offering... yet so alleviating!

Roberto’s lips engulf. He feels the nubbin of once male flesh firm and more forcefully swirls his tongue. This brings a gushing giggle which he is pleased to hear. Roberto is not self conscious concerning the pirate’s presence. After all, he is equally well trussed and governed.

“You get better every day, Roberto. The stress brings great focus.”

Within moments, Joey tenderly pats Roberto's forehead and sighs. Roberto has come to realize this means his tongue and lips have once again spurred the dry, semi pleasing... semi frustrating... near orgasm of the castrated male. It is as close as Joey or any of the neutered will ever come to ecstasy... yet it is closer than Roberto has come in months.

Somewhat satiated with the dry orgasm, Joey steps back. Roberto is always amazed that the frustration of the incomplete act can be so welcomed.

"You can be the first to do the pirate. Dr. El incised beautifully. Almost completely healed, there will always remain some scarring for him to think about."

As Joey talks, the manicured hands work to carefully remove the bandage.

"And it's quite a tight circ. He'll need some time to become accustomed and for the skin of the shaft to stretch a little. For now, extreme hard ons bring discomfort... isn't that right?"

The pirate's English has improved enough to acknowledge Joey's observation. He nods in apprehension.

"But I can't stay like this any longer!" Roberto's beseechingly offers.

"Well you'll have to work and hold yourself squatting. I want you to be respectful."

With that, Joey positions the pirate quite proximate. Forced to bend at the knees, the standing ten inches of chocolate brown flesh are presented within the length of Roberto's tongue. He stares at the circular scar where Dr. El so cruelly trimmed. It is healed, yet the penis seems to strain against itself. Cut tight, the pirate's erection must aggravate, painfully stretching the remaining flesh.

“Be careful not to bring ejaculation. Lick up and down... softly. Just a little tease for our friend. Then I want the entire penis tip in your mouth... just for a moment... to feel the power of another man’s virility. And we’ll end with you licking his scrotum. Some nice big balls for you Roberto. Our pirate will be most appreciative and you’ll enjoy. And the favor may someday be returned.”

Roberto pauses in thought. Mentally the deed nauseates. Physically he desperately needs to be relieved of his bonds... however briefly. He knows his handlers never renege... always offering the exact reward promised for efforts well done. And timely!

Yes, within seconds of his oral tribute, Joey will slip the knots. Quickest would be to loosen the nose leash and let him sink to the floor. To simply kneel... how divine! Yet it could be that only the humbler cords are released and he is returned to standing. More eventual stress.

In being denied recuperative sleep for many days, a foggy mind yields. The tongue extends. With equal fervor Roberto begins to service the intact male. There can be no rationalization to assuage the innate homophobia. Roberto is fully aware of the pirate’s intact lustful power. The standing ten inches contrast notably with the emaciated nubs of the tribal castrates. And though Bobbi is somewhat more sizable, the bejeweled state of his organ only permits the tip to be consumed.

But now the pirate’s penis is presented. Stiff... robust... a loaded cannon prepared to fire in lust. As Roberto licks, there come brief reflections concerning Dr. El’s remark... ‘too much male thought’.

He pauses and turns his head to look into the video camera. He has always suspected it is Dr. El who surveils. Then he looks down. Despite the physical exhaustion... despite the mental duress of fellating the intact... his own penis rages. He looks back into the camera. Strangely he meekly smiles, sending an unspoken message to Dr. El. Then he humbly resumes licking... hoping to feel the knots slip when the pirate turns to have his scrotum serviced.

Does any 'male thought' remain?

Return to the Office

Bobbi remains silent and motionless, firmly gripping the leash. Roberto innately understands to do the same. Before them, Dr. El labors at her desk. Files are reviewed.

Finally, treating the presence of the naked duo as an after thought, she glances up, leans back and smiles. Roberto displays himself in full erection of course. And viewing the sparkling organ of a male altered by her hand brings equal delight. This pleases.

“The pedestal or the pole, Roberto? This morning you shall have your choice.”

Roberto recalls many days before... the hours of sitting astride the impaling protuberance of rubber. The initial mental distress gave way to physical joy... the kneading of his neglected prostate. It felt good.

“May I ride the pole for you Dr. El?”

Dr. El nods then breaks into a cackle as Bobbi tensions the leash to lead to the shiny length of steel.

“They all answer the same. Given the choice of having to accept intense shame in exchange for some glandular manipulation, or merely being exhibited, it’s always the notion of physical pleasure that prevails.”

Anal probe lubricated, humbler removed, anus similarly greased, Roberto knows to step up on the stool without direction. Dr. El smiles with the level of disguised eagerness.

“You responded well to our regimen of stress positions, Roberto. All males break here, eventually. But it saves time and psychological wear and tear if you more readily become compliant. In the end you sucked with glee. Our pirate was well pleased.”

Dr. El laughs as Bobbi's effeminate hands once again tension the nostril restraint then align the buttocks. Then a bare foot slowly pushes away the stool. Roberto feels the anal plug beckon, knocking on the tight door of his rear aperture. It will bring initial pain subsiding to discomfort. Then his underused gland will rejoice as his anus becomes accustomed and he slowly dangles to massage himself.

Dr. El stands arms akimbo, observing with noted self satisfaction.

"Leash his balls," Dr. El commands.

Bobbi stoops to tie one end of a long cord around the base of Roberto's stretched scrotum, leaving the loose end on the floor.

"Leave us," she commands Bobbi, punctuating her authority with a snap of her fingers.

Bobbi skips to the door like a schoolgirl as Roberto emboldens himself to open and accept the probe. He knows that gravity and tiring muscles will bring his sphincter to eventually yield, but for this ride Bobbi has not offered the aid of relaxing fellatio to hasten penetration. Thus he sits again on what feels like a tiny bicycle seat, summoning the fortitude to accept the momentary pain of entry and gain the pleasure of prostate manipulation.

Dr. El smirks in noting the quandary.

"I had Bobbi increase the size of the plug. You'll have to relax even more to accept it... or you can let natural forces prevail. But you'll ride for me eventually."

Dr. El just watches as Roberto attempts self penetration. The probe is definitely larger, he concludes. He wriggles somewhat, bringing more feminine laughter. Dr. El steps forth.

"Let me help. Moving about will cause the sphincter to tighten. It's self defeating. Remain still and relax."

With that, Dr. El places a left hand over Roberto's mouth and pinches closed his nose. Then the fingers of her right begin to sensuously caress his nipples. For reasons unbeknownst to Roberto, he does not resist. Though able to bite, he does not, docilely letting his air supply come under Dr. El's control. The nipple manipulation feels good. He relaxes indeed, his look becoming one of adoration for she who governs all. Then, deprived of oxygen, there comes curious giddiness as the room blackens. Within moments he feels gravity begin to prevail. Wide, wider, his anus opens, the initial pain of penetration now acceptable. He feels himself slowly sink. The pain subsides as the bulbous tip passes his tightness. He hears Dr. El laugh as her hands withdraw.

Somehow Roberto's tight aperture accepted what feels like a immense mass of firm rubber.

"Done. And your feet are inches above the floor. Bobbi's very good at this."

Roberto tests, slowly moving his legs. They swing about freely. Once again he is impaled, his weight borne by anus and nose ring. Yet his prostate celebrates, sending waves of delight.

"Yes, go ahead and milk yourself, Roberto. Slow, steady motion of your feet will suffice."

Dr. El steps back to better observe. She smirks as Roberto does precisely that. The ubiquitous pre ejaculatory fluid begins to stream in earnest.

"That's enough. No motion."

Dr. El steps to a cabinet and removes a garment. It is a mask. She returns and carefully encircles Roberto's head to blindfold. Then she leans and picks up the cord tied to Roberto's scrotum. She unravels, steps to her desk, then sits, tying the loose end about the arm of her chair.

“We like boys who perform for us, Roberto, as you are well aware. Those who exhibit good firm erections, obedience... those without constraints, without sexual inhibitions... we remove those through psychological conditioning... those are the boys who command the most when it comes time for Level Three.”

Roberto just dangles, fighting the urge to motion his legs and, as Dr. El suggested, milk himself. Long held in chastity, his gland screams for attention, ejaculatory release long denied. Causing the anal insertion to knead brings a degree of gratification. Yet Dr. El has commanded him to remain motionless. And he is disappointed being also denied a view of his glamorous interlocutor.

“You are not to move. When you feel me tug on your scrotum then you may ride and pump your prostate gland... until I tug again. Then you will stop and return to remaining still.”

Dr. El resumes reviewing her files. An obedient Roberto just hangs, perfectly motionless.

It is frustrating, not being permitted to enhance the tantalizing pressure of the anal plug. Yet there is a curious sense of fulfillment. Roberto is pleased, his erection feels as if it fills the room. And that he knows is all that is demanded of him.

Return to the Office – Continued

How long does Roberto wait for the signaling tug of the cord? He can only suppress his desire and listen. The sounds of papers being shuffled, the rustle of clothing, the squeak of springs in Dr. El's chair.

Patience... patience.

There comes a knock on the door. The smooth confident voice commands entry.

“Molly, good to see you. Visiting us on business or pleasure?”

Molly Anderson, accomplished trust and estate attorney, enters.

“Both. Am I interrupting?” she inquires in spying Roberto’s naked impaled form.

“No. Just a little amusement while I review the files. We have some Level Ones reported to be ready for their cells. And Roberto here is closing in on Level Three.”

“Hmm. Standing nicely. He likes showing off for you.”

“And he likes to ride my pole.”

Roberto finally feels the slight tug on his leashed scrotum. Despite the presence of the woman unknown, he begins the steady front and back motion of his feet which he knows to bring the desired prostate manipulation. He hears a boisterous laugh.

“Yes, he certainly enjoys the ride. They’re all the same. The build up of essence so oddly emboldens. He’s performing before a complete stranger... such cheekiness!”

The women laugh. Roberto feels himself blush... yet his feet persist.

“Visiting Roscoe?”

“Yes. As you know with his disappearance and the untimely demise of his half brother Reginald, I have been assigned by the courts the duty of handling all family and trust affairs until either Roscoe is located or is declared legally dead in seven years. A rather lucrative assignment, as you can imagine. On occasion I want to confirm with him the location and history of certain assets I need to marshal. He’s become so much more helpful after a couple of months under your tutelage...

“Plus, when I visit, the mental torment is delicious, Roscoe completely under the thumb of the woman who conspired to rob him of everything. I do hope I won’t be outbid when he’s ready for Level

Three. I know the members are very careful, but this is one we... mostly I... cannot afford to have returned to normal life. Such a huge trust fund awaits. If he's ever freed, he'll use it to seek retribution I am sure."

Dr. El nods and reaches for a file... that of Roscoe Hollingsworth.

"Roscoe is nine and one half inches. He'll go for a modest sum... but there will be some bonus bidding because he's uncircumcised. You know how much the girls enjoy watching a boy being trimmed."

Molly laughs then pauses in thought.

"How about a special arrangement. I'll pay separately to watch him being snipped before the Level Three auction. You'll have some revenue, I will enjoy myself immensely... you cannot believe how much I had to tolerate from the rich twit before Misty stepped in... and the bidding will be more reasonable."

"Not completely fair to the other members, Molly. But since you arranged for his rendition I believe I can authorize it.... providing you let others observe."

Molly smiles and nods.

"How could I deny my follow members such entertainment? Will \$10,000 suffice?"

Dr. El nods.

"A reasonable sum, assuming I get the foreskin for my collection..."

"Done deal. High... tight... and slow?"

"High... tight... and slow."

Cell 14

"Comfortable?"

“No, Miss Anderson.”

“Good. I don’t want you to be comfortable. But I do appreciate the politeness, Roscoe. There was a time when you’d call me a bitch and threaten to have the managing partner of the firm transfer me to the Duluth office. And now here you stand, saluting me with this nice hard penis, expressing such courteous manners.”

Roscoe stands, his arms and hands secured behind his head by the ubiquitous neck and shoulder restraint. Nose ring hooked high above, the tension forces him to his toes. As his Level One training has ingrained, he stiffens admirably before a governing woman. And for this tete a tete, Molly has had Bobbi attach cords to the end of his humbler, right and left.

“I’ve found most of the stuff you so profligately purchased, Roscoe. Sold a lot of the expensive junk. The more valuable stuff went to charities. So you should know that you have nothing left... no clothes... no papers... no jewelry... nothing to evidence that a rich reprobate like you ever lived. But let’s talk about the car. That red Lamborghini in the garage. I’ll need the title and it’s not amongst the papers in the safe.”

“Please, not my car, Miss Anderson. It’s my favorite.”

Molly Anderson smiles confidently, amused with the change in attitude of the belligerent spendthrift. A few weeks in Level One does wonders for a boy’s deportment. She reaches into a box. Within are specially fabricated chunks of ponderous metal with clamps attached.

“I did not ask you whether it was your favorite or not. I want the title.”

With that, Molly steps forth and attaches lumps of metal, one right, one left, to the loose cords hanging from the humbler. The added weight immediately tugs on the entrapped scrotal sac, augmenting the discomfort of standing on toes with nose ring held high above.

“You’re at a disadvantage, Roscoe. You’re naked, well trussed, most vulnerable, and you’re being interviewed by a sadist... and one with a particular disdain for the male gender. I have many weights here and much time. We could have those balls of your hanging at your ankles by the time I am through.”

Molly pauses, smiling in seeing Roscoe’s erection waggle in response to the authority of a governing woman. Dr. Elvira Hopkins’ program of operant conditioning never ceases to amaze...

“You’re approaching Level Three, Roscoe. I’m going to bid for you. But nothing is assured. You may serve elsewhere, though the modest size of your penis will subdue some bidding. Still, I’d like to clear up the Lamborghini matter now.”

Molly reaches for two more weights and deftly clamps to the cords. The added tension brings a muffled plea... ignored of course.

“You’ll tell me where it is. And then you can stew over the distasteful notion that I’ll be having much fun driving your favorite wheel set. You can imagine the pretty young jail bait I’ll be alluring with that driving machine.”

A third application of stressing metal.

“But that was the intention, was it not, Roscoe? Picking up babes? Only too bad it will be counselor Molly Anderson enjoying the tongue and lips of some ‘Daddy’s girl’ and not you.”

Molly steps back permitting both the strain of many pounds and her irritating words to resound in a mind brought to putty by isolation and sensory deprivation. She smiles, hoping that Roscoe does not too soon divulge the location of paperwork which really is not overly significant.

“I do hope my Level Three bid is acceptable, Roscoe. There is still a degree of male fortitude that needs to be broken. But I’ll not inform

Dr. El of your stubbornness. I'll deal with it myself. Tell me about the title and I'll stop adding more weights."

Nose ring stressed, testicles aching with pounds of tension, a tearful Roscoe talks. Throughout his ordeal he has fantasized about eventual emancipation and a celebratory drive in the extravagant automobile which half brother Reginald regularly threatened to sell out from under him. Thus he hid the title, rather than safely tucking it in Reggie's den safe.

"In the library," a beleaguered voice discloses. "The collection of Sheridan's plays..."

Molly Anderson smiles wickedly. Yet there is a degree of disappointment indeed in not slowly stretching his scrotal sac to his ankles. She mollifies herself with thoughts of Roscoe's forthcoming circumcision.

A hand extends. The very tip of a finger diddles the moist underside of Roscoe's nine and one half uncircumcised inches. Molly normally finds disgust in touching the male symbol of sexual power, now so amusingly humbled. But in having recently condemned the vaunted organ to a painful trimming, she momentarily revels in her triumph. And she knows her touch so frustratingly tantalizes...

Roscoe's erection obediently waggles in response, sheepishly grateful for the attention.

"We'll talk again. Meanwhile, I'm going to have title to the Lamborghini transferred to my name," Molly announces in moving toward the cell door.

"But the weights! I told you what you wanted to know!"

A deceitful Molly Anderson cackles.

"I said I would add no more... not remove any. I'll have Bobbi step in to check on you in a couple of hours. Enjoy your day."

Molly raises her hand and the electronic pad instantly reads her identity and releases the cell door lock.

“Chow.”

“Please no!”

A bistro, Tel Aviv, Israel

“I am not sure how you get your devices through security... but that is your business... a trade secret I am sure.”

Maroub smiles coyly and sips his tea. The woman of color returns the smile, cloaking her look of slyness as the man in Arab dress continues.

“Yes, if I knew how you did it, I would do it myself and not have to pay you this enormous fee. It would increase my profit margins... though providing suicide bombers to the cause is already a very lucrative business.”

“Blasting caps are small but more easily detected by sniffing dogs and the new machines than are dynamite or plastique. And key... not much explodes without them. Thus the enormous fee.”

Maroub shrugs and nods in agreement.

“And who is to die for your cause today, Maroub?”

“Not my cause. I am for hire by all sides. Today just another impressionable lad from the camps will be sacrificed. Paid his mother a modest sum and promised he would become a martyr. The so termed ‘volunteers’, naive... uneducated... are in endless supply. Vests equally so. Explosives are purloined by the truckload... construction sites... sloppy military facilities. But the caps... so small and yet so difficult to obtain... particularly those of reliable manufacture.”

“Mine function exactly as expected,” the woman prevaricates. “What is the target?”

“Nothing of significance. Just some tourists, about to die to continue the cause’s reign of terror. But more importantly testing your caps... before I pay you.”

“So people will die... just regular people... no government official, no high ranking military... so you can test my caps? And the boy?”

“One of many as I stated.”

“Ruthless.”

“Necessary. And besides the boy seemed to be... how do you say it... too skittish?... to use on an important target.”

A waiter leans under the umbrella of the bistro’s patio and props a check into the array of condiments.

“Thank you,” the woman of color offers in reaching for it.

“If you wait a moment you can save some money. My boy has arrived and without paying we can soon depart with the pandemonium of a modest explosion. Not too much dynamite for our little experiment. Just enough to maim a few spectators.”

The woman of color follows Maroub’s gaze. Entering the adjacent square at a distance of some 50 yards is a pubescent youth, his garb bulging slightly with a dynamite vest strapped beneath. The woman of color prepares herself.

The boy reaches beneath his covering of white and tugs. Notably perplexed, he tugs again. The woman of color places money on the table and arises. Maroub does not notice her movement as he glares at the boy’s continuing frantic motions. Skittish indeed.

“It has failed! If only one randomly selected cap is to fail, what reliability can I place on the others?” the volume of Maroub’s

menacing voice suppressed.

The woman of color stands most proximate.

“It functioned exactly as expected, Maroub. You’ve been had.”

With that, a taser is pressed at the base of Maroub’s skull. 50,000 volts surge, bringing instant incapacity. Maroub slumps in semi-consciousness, the cerebral cortex temporarily frazzled. The woman drops into the chair adjacent.

“I have conducted my own test, Maroub. I had to make sure you actually were the slimy bastard who sets these boys up for meaningless death.”

The woman looks to see that the confused ‘martyr’ has sauntered off and does not approach Maroub.

“He will live another day. As will you, Maroub. But soon you may wish you were strapping on a vest of your own.”

The woman applies another jolt to assure continued immobility. Then her free hand slips under the white cotton thoub to find what she has so often inspected and measured. Her taser stands at the ready as she pulls and rubs to judge length and girth.

“You’re circumcised of course, and quite modest in size. Not much of a payday for me. But I will have the satisfaction of knowing you’ll probably be neutered and trained to serve as a maid. You are now the martyr, Maroub.”

The waiter stops to pick up the check and money.

“Change?”

“No. This man has become very sick. Probably your food. Is there a quick way out? I do not wish to make a scene.”

The aghast waiter has identical intentions. No scene. Just a very quiet exit for Maroub and the woman of color. He leads the way to the rear of the bistro and an exit to an alleyway, the powerful woman of color holding up the hobbling, semi conscious form. The waiter is too concerned to notice the taser and the slight spastic movements as modest voltage is applied again and again to assure his continuing 'cooperation'.

In the alleyway a car awaits... as does a collection of metal... for the neck, testicles and ankles... and as does a harrowing trip to Nevada on board Misty's Citation jet.

Cell 26

"Just one more fill. A nice rinse."

The woman in white once again slides a sizable nozzle into Roberto's rectum. Stern, implacable, she is a middle aged Miss Karen as far as Roberto is concerned. Despite his pleas, she has filled his colon, time after time, beginning with an incredibly cathartic milk and molasses enema, which brought wave upon wave of cramps. Then, after establishing well her authority and his capitulation, came high and hot soapy cleansing enemas, the cell well designed for drainage.

Kneeling with nose ring secured to a floor hook, Roberto cannot move much less resist. Thus the woman labors as would a carpenter shape lumber. He is a log to be carved at her whim.

"Must feel good to be out of your humbler," the woman idly comments, a knowing hand reaching down to judge the growing pressure in Roberto's belly.

"Yes, ma'am."

Indeed, with Roberto's knees widely parted, he can feel his elongated scrotal sac barely brushing against the concrete of his cell floor.

“Why are you doing this to me?”

The woman softly laughs.

“I want you clean as a whistle there. Spotless. I’m the best. Who do you think ensures that Joey, Patti and the other little castrates are well presented for sodomy?”

The gauging hand slides down the belly to greet Roberto’s enormous eleven inches. Erect of course, the operant conditioning abetted by the pressured prostate gland. A finger playfully diddles the penis tip then returns.

“You protest yet you enjoy. You boys are all alike.

“Hold for me now. Stay calm.”

Gratefully Roberto feels the flow curtail, a process repeated for the fifth time.

“Sodomy!” Roberto blurts as it dawns upon a dulled mind.

“You’re here to entertain. And you’ll do so as others choose.”

An eternity of intestinal distress finally ends as Roberto feels the nozzle slowly being removed.

“Keep holding. Be obedient.”

Roberto squeezes his buttocks, the woman chuckling with his most truckling reaction to her command.

“Release.”

No further encouragement is required. The buttocks relax. A torrent of perfectly clear water rushes to the concrete and flows to a floor drain. The woman observes carefully to assure it is colorless. Upon detecting the slightest digestive matter, Roberto would have to endure another rinse.

“Good. Patti will finish. I have more rectums to stuff.”

The woman moves to her wheeled cart, a rolling enema wagon. Her hand springs the door lock and she pushes to exit as Patti enters.

Roberto's backside, thighs and legs are dried with a welcomed towel. The manicured hands then work to lubricate, his opened rectum most receptive.

“Squeaky clean,” Patti girlishly giggles as an index finger plummets deeply and wriggles about to ensure the passage is well greased.

Roberto is shamed to find the sensation of more gentle penetration is welcomed.

Then the humbler is returned. Roberto feels oddly comfortable having his balls handled in such a manner. He has not touched his organs in months... all care relegated to those whose organs adorn their ears.

Roberto's nose ring is released returning limited mobility after an hour or more of the woman's extreme hydrotherapy.

Patti's patch is pushed aside. Roberto is 'permitted' the honor of thanking him for his attentiveness by fellating the nubbin of biological maleness turned clitoris.

He licks most gratefully.

A trip to an exposition room

The sound of the gong stirs Roberto from a rare and restless sleep, the trauma of the deep enemas fostering curious drowsiness. He awakes and instantly works his PC muscles as trained. He is pleased within himself as his penis swells. He stands and feels the heavy engorged tip thrust forth to defy gravity. He will present himself as stiff as a rail.

Joey enters and takes the nose leash from the wall hook.

“Come,” the effeminate voice commands.

Roberto follows to the hallway. There is no other activity. It is not a trip to the Exhibition Hall where some dozen naked and restrained ‘boys’ so often display their erections. Instead Joey takes an unfamiliar turn.

“Don’t be frightened. Put on a good show and you may find yourself spending more time in one of the exposition rooms.”

As Roberto lumbers, his lubricated cheeks squish. He can feel his stiff penis bob up and down, the humbler tensioning his testicles with each step. It is as if Dr. El is handling his organs from afar. Yes, he senses the invisible controlling hand of ‘the boss’ with each footfall.

A small hand presses against an electronic sensing pad. A door yields. Joey leads into a sizable room. Brightly lit, one wall is mirrored from floor to ceiling. There is what appears to be a low wooden bench... padded and polished. Opposite there is a massage table. Roberto is surprised to see a huge male figure lying thereon. He is naked, dark skinned and without restraints! Sitting astride his belly is Patti. She/he faces the man’s feet. There comes a coquettish glance to Roberto. A meticulously made up Patti appears more effeminate than ever... a young teen on her first date. The room reeks of perfume.

Patti leans. Two tiny hands grasp the base of an enormous semi-erect penis. The tip is raised. The tongue thrusts and flutters to tantalize. What Roberto has so often experienced briefly, is freely offered... and in abundance. Unfettered fellatio follows. The massive penis stiffens and stands. The tip swells and disappears into an eager mouth. Patti’s cheeks expand in strained accommodation.

“Not all out libertine members are female, Roberto,” the calm and confident voice of Dr. El booms from speakers above.

It becomes evident that the mirrored wall is one way glass.

Meanwhile the lying man turns his head. He smiles, his bright white teeth notably contrasting his dark complexion.

“Hello, my pet,” the voice deep and resonant... the patois that of India... perhaps Pakistan.

“I see you’re happy to see me,” his eyes moving to Roberto’s upstanding manhood. “You’ve been cleaned and well greased for Master Mandrake?” the tone mocking.

He speaks as Patti’s head bobs in earnest. Roberto feels envy, for the past many weeks his own phallus receiving only teasing prompts of encouragement.

“Put him over the bench, Joey. Patti is making me eager.”

Tension on the nose leash directs Roberto to the bench. Positioned tummy down, the leash is removed and the short nostril chain secured to a convenient hook embedded in the floor.

“Spread for me,” Joey matter-of-factly commands.

Roberto’s ankles are cuffed and likewise secured to the floor. Then the deft fingers loosen the wing nuts of the humbler. Roberto feels his freed sac plunge. For the first time he regrets the humbler’s removal. It brings vulnerability. He can feel the coolness of the room air greet his lubricated anus.

Roberto recalls the words of the woman in white... ‘Who do you think ensures that Joey, Patti and the other little castrates are well presented for sodomy?’

To his right, Roberto glances at the reflection of his prostrate form lying in wait. His arms and hands remain secured in the neck restraint. Now too his ankles are immobilized to make him completely helpless and open. To one side of the mirrored glass he watches the reflection of Patti take the enormous shaft deep into his

throat. He can't imagine the level of training required for such a feat. Total submission of the gag reflex...

"I like these little girls," Mandrake proclaims. "Very attentive... very eager to please."

A huge brown hand slaps Patti's right buttock. With the resounding smack, Patti knows to disengage. The brown shaft returns to the room light, the bulbous tip now glistens and exits with a notable plop.

"But I like boys better," Mandrake adds with a thunderous laugh.

Patti slides off and Mandrake arises from the massage table. Standing, he appears even taller. Roberto notes the heavy, free swinging testicles. The penis stands straight to the ceiling. It is thick... and long... longer than Roberto's.

"Especially well hung boys. Something about the pride, mon. Taking the big boys brings special humiliation and shame."

Mandrake approaches to better apprise the well secured Roberto.

"And when I do it for an audience, the pleasure is complete. I like to say fulfilling... a good word."

Mandrake laughs wickedly.

"Yes, in filling you... I feel fulfilled."

A brown hand smooths down Roberto's naked flesh... from the shoulder blade to the buttocks. Roberto shudders yet hears Patti and Joey giggle. There is no sympathy to be had.

"I go slow and easy... for me. For you... slow and painful."

Mandrake steps to the front, releases the nose chain and grasps Roberto's hair, pulling upwards to align face and organs.

“You’ll taste me first. Pay some homage with your tongue. The ladies like that.”

Roberto is disgusted. Yet he recalls the many days of stress... standing... then sitting upright... then standing... until he offered fellatio... and more... and with grace. For Joey... analingus. He has become an oral servant... and in so doing has learned to please... and thus please himself. There is no pride. No male thought. Such has been decimated.

By rote he licks. Mandrake laughs more, guiding with the nose chain.

“And you like men. That is good. Such an exhibition, performing so humbly for the ladies. Pleasuring my penis. Take it in your mouth, boy. As much as you can. You’ll not be as good as Patti, she’s been specially trained... but show the ladies how compliant you are. Please Dr. El.”

Roberto curses himself as he opens as widely as possible. Mandrake is massive, the penis tip alone filling his oral cavity. But he feels the organ pulse and senses Mandrake’s shiver of delight as he manages to ever so slightly swirl with his tongue. This brings Roberto an odd sense of satisfaction. There is something he controls.

Mandrake turns to the mirror.

“You have modified this one quite nicely. Well trained to offer pleasure. His tongue works without the need for encouragement.”

Mandrake steps back, his organ exiting with another plop. Roberto must bow his head as the nose chain is returned to the floor hook. Again, a huge brown hand kindly smooths down Roberto’s back.

“They have made you hairless. That is good. I like boys who feel like a woman.”

Another laugh as Mandrake steps to Roberto’s rear.

“The mirror is a wonderful thing. You can watch as I take you... as can all the women... as can Patti and Joey. So lie and please all. You will feel much pain. But you will yield. Mandrake is very strong. And the more you scream and protest the more excited it makes me. I especially like those that buck against their bonds.”

While he speaks Roberto indeed watches in the mirror. Mandrake's hands lower then Roberto feels a firm grasp on his eleven inches, modest in size compared to that of the brown giant.

“I have a method that works nicely to entertain. I will accommodate with some pleasure of my own.”

Roberto hears the annoying giggles of Joey and Patti. Must they be present?

Just as Dr. El handled his erection, a simple finger pressing downward, Mandrake's entire hand grips firmly and slowly pulls Roberto's stiffness toward his feet. There is pleasure. There is intense discomfort in forcing an angle most awkward. Roberto grimaces and moans. Then he feels Mandrake stroke. It feels goods. The moan turns to a sigh of strange delight. He has not been so touched in months!

“You see, Master Mandrake is not all bad. I want you to have some fun while I have my ‘fulfillment’.”

Maintaining his tight grip, Mandrake's free left hand grasps his own manhood. He aligns. Roberto feels the enormous tip abrade his gluteal cleft, seeming to announce forthcoming entry.

“There is an old Indian proverb which suggests... ‘when rape is inevitable, lie and enjoy’.”

With that Mandrake begins the slow methodical sodomy. He will please himself... he will please the observing women... please the observing castrates... and most curiously... afterwards Roberto will be pleased... knowing that he has amused... that he has

successfully completed Dr. El's training... responding with the utmost in compliance... thorough obedience.

Yes, Roberto becomes a piece of warm meat. Mandrake thrusts. Roberto finds frustration as he indeed screams... like a girl. Yet he experiences the distant pleasure of prostate manipulation and Mandrake continues gripping and stroking downward on his erect penis. As Dr. El has informed, he cannot ejaculate with the organ angled so severely, but he is able to lurch about within his bonds, pleasing himself by frotting against Mandrake's hand. This motion in turn adds to Mandrake's joy, for the hip action translates to heightened friction and counter motion to his powerful thrusts.

The speakers hum. The voice of Dr. El. She speaks while stifling laughter.

"You're bucking nicely Roberto... fucking like a cheap whore."

When Roberto feels his hairless balls rhythmically slap against Mandrake's plums there comes another wave of joy. It is male on male... months ago thought to be an abomination. Yet he is giving... he is amusing... others are pleased... and Roberto experiences a bizarre sense of accomplishment.

Senses overwhelmed, anal sodomy becomes a willing sacrifice... for Dr. El... for Patti and Joey... for the observing women... for Mandrake... his Master.

In sensing the first hot gush of semen, Roberto feels as if it is his own organ which has climaxed. Another thrust. He is pleased to feel more. Mandrake is emptying himself deep within, Roberto's viscera filled indeed... with another man's seed.

A male whore filled... his Master fulfilled.

The Office

“How did you feel about yesterday’s tete a tete with Mandrake?”

Roberto stands on the pedestal in front of Dr. El’s desk. Naked bound and stiff, he is disappointed in not being offered a ride on Dr. El’s pole... though his anus is well worn.

“I... I... I am glad I pleased.”

Dr. El smiles smugly.

“Good. Did you enjoy licking him clean afterwards?”

“I suppose.”

“The encounter makes for great entertainment and video. And personally I feel that every time a male sucks a cock it is one less dreaded blow job for one of my sisters.”

Dr. El laughs with her crude observation.

“And while I watched I enjoyed as well. Bobbi was especially attentive in servicing between my thighs. His tongue is absolutely indefatigable.

“The tape will be circulated and shown amongst the members who could not attend in order to spur interest in your Level Three bidding, Roberto. It never hurts to advertise. And with you so eagerly pleasing Mandrake the market expands... male members... couples... along with our many domineering women. I modify for flexibility. As I suggested... you now think and act like a male whore... just as I intended.”

“Will I be free in Level Three... to move?”

“Whoever bids the highest will decide your existence. For some it’s viewed as purchasing a lifetime sexual slave... for others it’s like

buying a toy that may or may not wear out and break. Bobbi's testicles did not endure much play time... as you're aware."

"Why? Why do you do this?"

Dr. El laughs uproariously.

"Because I can!"

Dr. El stands and approaches.

"What is the point of having power if one does not utilize it?"

Dr. El moves to stand to Roberto's side. He looks down into the handsome face. Once again the calm confidence, the authoritative aura, suffuses Roberto with both alarm and adoration. A hand extends, smoothing over his right buttock then continuing down to the wooden humbler. There, fingers caress the thin flesh of the tight scrotal sac.

"Bobbi wore one of these... for a while."

The words, the touch of the very fingers which made Bobbi's humbler superfluous, bring a shiver. Dr. El notes the reaction, smiles, then cackles evilly.

"Such a reaction of trepidation... over some simple snips and the harvesting of male fruit. It's a quick and easy procedure. And I can make it so you're just as useful without, Roberto. You've been psychologically imbued with the need to please others and that is what you will do... with or without. Should your Level Three owner so desire, in a heartbeat I will have these dangling from your ears. But do not overly fret, most find it more amusing to have our boys carry them here. Virile, intact... but well tormented in chastity and thoroughly controlled... that seems to be the preference."

Dr. El threatens, yet her fingers feel good. Roberto's erection waggles. The curious response to her tender touch... her ominous

words... does not go unnoticed.

“Yes, you’re ready Roberto. Ready to please in any way your owner desires.”

The Exhibition Hall

The woman in white began the preparations with another visit of her enema cart. High, massive and thorough, Roberto was internally cleansed. Then both Joey and Patti worked to clean externally and groom. Though most hair follicles long surrendered, a careful examination and plucking served to remove the few renegades. Roberto's entire form was next oiled. And for the first time in many weeks, the cord and hooked anal insertion connected thumbs and rectum.

"It's your Level Three auction. Remember, do not move, do not talk, and by all means remain erect," were Joey's final words of encouragement. "When you feel the humbler being removed you'll know the auction has begun."

With that, Roberto found himself blindfolded and slowly led from Cell 26. Instincts told him the destination was the Exhibition Hall. When directed to step up on a pedestal, his instincts were confirmed. A nimble tongue teasingly fluttered about his penis tip as his nose leash was released and the nostril chain hooked above. For the first time, comfortable ankle cuffs were donned and a spreader bar connected to ensure indeed that he was not to move. Lastly came a touching gesture of good bye. Either Patti or Joey, perhaps both, caressed his entrapped testicles, a final expression of envy. Roberto hoped he would not next be displaying them about his ears.

And so Roberto waits. Sightless, the distant sounds of people... laughter, the hum of conversation, the clinking of glassware... all suggest a sizable gathering assembles in the adjacent room. Finally there comes the rattling of a door latch and the sounds become proximate. The 'members' of Dr. El's bizarre club have assembled. The show begins as the Exhibition Hall fills.

Unbeknownst to Roberto, there is another auction. The crowd quiets as the calm confident voice of Dr. El reads the curriculum vitae of one Roscoe Hollingsworth.

“You enjoyed watching him being circumcised. He’s now ready for more individualized governance and modification.”

Overhearing comments and questions, it seems that many in the crowd enjoy the extent of Roscoe’s downfall... from heir to hundreds of millions... to abject sexual servant.

“There will be thirty minutes of inspection then the bidding will begin.”

Roberto surmises the humbler is removed, for remarks concerning the status of his stretched scrotum follow. He hears the name ‘Molly Anderson’ and her voice joins in the commentary.

“Quite the tyrant when he had the power of a large trust fund. But a short visit from Misty ended that. Now... he grovels wonderfully.”

Meanwhile, a well trained Roberto contracts his PC muscles and jostles his anal insertion to assure continued stiffness. Inspection period ended, he listens as women bid numbers for the presumably bound and naked form standing nearby. There comes a pause when a male voice inquires after Roscoe’s oral skills and the relative tightness of his backside. A woman comments that in observing his reaction to the recent circumcision he should whip quite well.

“Sang like a choir boy,” she humorously offers.

Roberto is amazed when a six figure number is called out. He recalls hiring drug mules, expendable transients who, for a similar amount, a fraction of the street value of the narcotics, would offer life and limb to transport contraband in a quest for financial emancipation. Those that made it were usually silenced, never to be seen again.

And now here he stands, auctioned into a life of servitude... perhaps intact... perhaps not.

The bidding thins with the voice of Molly Anderson countering bids from a male with a need for a place to ‘keep his pecker warm’. Finally at \$120,000, Molly wins. Roscoe is purchased.

“No whips. I’m just going to brand him, split his tongue for silence and better oral gratification then keep him permanently sealed in a cage... small and most confining. It’s personal. Can’t have him freed. Instead, he’ll be watching me make love to young strumpets while I spend his millions.”

The crowd murmurs approval. Roberto shudders. There is no reason to think there is exaggeration in the words of any club member.

“Next is Roberto Alvarez. A ‘gangsta’,” Dr. El humorously announces.

Roberto feels the humbler being removed. His balls drop and begin to swing. There follows some laughter, some approving comments.

“Truly a criminal of significance, Roberto’s high testosterone level brought him to the drug trade. And in the most dangerous role of all, robbing dealers and selling the purloined powder. Needless violence, crimes against society as well as the undesirable, we have no proof that he killed, but there’s no reason to think he’d stop at mere theft. Now he is redeemed and prepared to live a useful life.

“Eleven inches, as you can observe. Scrotum stretches nicely. Took well to Level One and Level Two modification. Good oral skills. Most of you observed while he was anally sodomized. The tape is available for those who did not. Overall... he enjoyed.”

Roberto stifles the urge to object to the description of his response to Mandrake’s anal assault. In craftily stroking his penis, what other reaction would a forcibly chaste male exhibit?

Hands begin to palpate... everywhere. The testicles are palmed and caressed. The penis tip is carefully diddled. Nipples tweaked. With the sound of snapping rubber, his anal insertion is slid away. Then his rear crevice is spread and the fingers of a gloved hand inspect his anus. The crowd laughs as penetrating fingers knead his prostate and his erection involuntarily waggles in response. Roberto is glad he is masked, his blushing response concealed. Yet he feels himself

further harden. He is relieved when Dr. El finally terminates the inspection period.

“Let’s begin. For a boy of eleven inches... circumcised... I’ll take an opening bid of fifty thousand dollars.”

To a Play Room

“You’ve probably not seen much of the facility during Level One and Level Two. It’s huge.”

Bidding ended, Roberto feels strangely proud that his eleven inches garnered \$205,000... much more than the Roscoe’s mere nine and a half. Now with spreader bar removed, his nostril chain once again leashed, he is led blindfolded from the Exhibition Hall. It feels strange to walk without his balls snugly held between his buttocks.

An initial powerful tug suggested his new owner is quite accustomed to leading about leashed and naked males. As he learns to instantly comply, her guidance has become more gentle. Her name is Imelda... that he learned when Dr. El announced the winning bid. She speaks, Roberto dares not offer a word.

“Every member has his or her own room. I call it my play room. There are dozens upon dozens. Don’t think I’ve seen them all and I’ve been visiting here for almost two years. The rent comes to an enormous sum, but where else in the world can a sadistic libertine have her fun?”

There is a pause as Roberto hears the whir of an elevator. The leash is tightly held, nose high. The woman is sending a message of governance while waiting for the doors to slide open.

“But of course the cost covers the daily care required when not present. Power and wealth inevitably complicate one’s life. As much as I’d like to stay and play forever, the vanilla world beckons. Not like I can drag a naked toy around Switzerland on a leash. So my boy stays while I fulfill the role of Finance Minister and hobnob with bankers.”

The sound of sliding doors announces the arrival of the elevator. Roberto follows a tug and steps within.

“All so dreary. But about twice a month the Gulfstream jet brings me here... where I can enjoy.”

Roberto feels a twinge of pleasure as a finger tip diddles the underside of his erect penis.

“You’ve been well conditioned. Displaying yourself for a woman excites. Being leashed and controlled excites. You responded well to sodomy. The question is how you will take to torture.”

The elevator stops and the doors slide open. A stunned Roberto responds to a tug.

“It will cost me \$205,000 to find out.”

The Play Room

“When I am not here, you will remain caged. You’ve seen the many women in white. They are very good at handling subservient boys. Attentive... yet heartless, they never succumb to pleas. Fed once per day... watered with limbs massaged twice per day. Otherwise you’ll remain well secured. While I sit amongst some stodgy bankers listening to tiresome economic reports, I like to think of my boy lying naked in wait, restrained to near immobility. The vision keeps me stimulated.”

As Miss Imelda speaks her hand thrusts between the bars and slips away the blindfold. She steps aside as Roberto blinks in acclimating to the room light. He peers about the room as Miss Imelda moves to a kitchen area. A cork pops. Glassware clinks.

Large and luxurious, the space is a combination of elegant hotel room and torture chamber. On one wall hangs a collection of whips, canes and paddles... on another, restraint devices of every size and configuration. A table in the center prominently displays dildos, neatly arranged accordingly length and girth. Roberto glances about to note his cage. Emanating from the concrete are formidable vertical bars from floor to ceiling. At some six foot by six foot he can lie within. He notes a low cot in the center. It is obvious that is where he will lie in wait.

“When I visit for a long weekend, you will be released from the cage and used for my entertainment. Your life will shift from withstanding seemingly unending boredom to the endurance of heart stopping pain and trauma.”

Listening intently, Roberto’s eyes find various devices for the referenced activities. A padded bench, a medical chair with straps, cuffs and stirrups, a pedestal with requisite cord and hook hanging above.

Miss Imelda returns to view, wine glass in hand. Roberto gazes upon his owner for the first time. Of apparent Swiss/German heritage, she is tall... nearly six foot. There are piercing blue eyes. Perfectly even and symmetrical features. At an age of mid thirties, Miss Imelda has certain beauty which she endeavors to cloak. Roberto surmises that in her role of finance, she undertakes not to distract. Her plain white blouse bulges to evidence sizable mammary glands. It tapers to a narrow waist. Then her black leather skirt yields to broad hips and well rounded buttocks. It is apparent that a regular program of abundant exercise has forestalled any accumulation of excess weight.

Roberto's gaze shifts to her golden blonde locks, braided and neatly entwined atop her head. She notes his look.

"A provincial Swiss hair style which I find to be practical. The braids don't rustle about when I offer a boy a good brisk caning."

Roberto shudders. Miss Imelda smiles.

"The world will never know what happens here, Roberto. You're to be kept well restrained... in a locked cage... in an electronically secured room... in a highly secretive underground facility which few know exists. I can... and will... be extreme. I may make mistakes. When such occurs they are merely buried somewhere in the hundreds of thousands of deserted acres which surround this place. Such tragedy will bring a degree of contrition. But then Dr. El will have another auction and I will bid again."

Roberto's shudder turns to a physical convulsion. Miss Imelda smiles and raises her glass. As she sips, her free hand extends. A finger tip caresses the underside of Roberto's penis. It remains upstanding... the operant conditioning prevailing despite abject fear.

"Welcome to Level Three."

Miss Imelda's Playroom

“You will only be free to move about in my presence. Just one of my rules which makes me feel divinely omnipotent... and will serve to make you feel deservedly humbled.”

Miss Imelda speaks as she faces the wall of restraints. As Miss Imelda makes selections, Roberto notes the collection is substantial.

“As stated it is best for your psychological conditioning that you be kept immobile. You’ll find that it feels better to know that a woman, though absent and freely living 6,000 miles away, has you under complete control. The notion will bring you comfort. You’ve been so conditioned.”

Miss Imelda approaches the cage, her arms and hands cradling considerable pounds of steel.

“Lie on the cot, face up.”

Roberto complies and learns of the wicked design of Miss Imelda’s method of confinement. Low near the floor, a small unnoticed door fabricated amongst the bars is sprung open. A large feminine hand extends inward, grasps the edge of the cot and pulls. A supine Roberto glides out into the room, the cot mounted on wheels.

“Now, let’s get you properly dressed. Move only upon my command.”

The comfortable ankle cuffs accommodating the spreader bar in the Exhibition Hall are removed. In their place, Miss Imelda encircles each limb with thick broad steel shackles. Such are then clipped to eye hooks on the edge of the cot.

Next, Roberto finds his thighs are encumbered with thick bands just above the knee, right and left.

“Sit up.”

Roberto obeys and a broad and thick belt surrounds his waist.

“Down.”

With the slight movement Roberto can sense the weight. It is unnecessarily heavy... just as with the ankle cuffs. Miss Imelda attaches it right side and left to short chains on the edge of the cot.

Next, snapped on are equally thick and heavy wrist cuffs.

“I am going to release you from the arm and neck restraint. You will first most meekly lower your right arm to your waist where I will lock it to your waist belt. Then you will comply with your left.”

Miss Imelda releases the double ‘D’ clamp connecting the biceps that has for many, many weeks served to immobilize Roberto’s arms and hands above his head. His right arm lowers and Miss Imelda attaches the cuff as noted. The left follows.

“As you have probably ascertained, I like a boy in heavy shackles. You’ll not easily be running about with all this weight, but there is little need to move in my playroom. No more visits to the Exhibit Hall, exposition rooms, Dr. El’s office...”

The plastic neck collar and shoulder bar are released as she speaks. In its place comes a simpler smooth circle of steel... but higher and thicker... ponderous as with the other restraints. Another pair of short chains attached to the edge of the cot is clipped to ringlets on the circumference of the collar.

“There. You and your cot are one. You will only arise from it at my behest. The women in white will release one limb at a time, twice per day, when I am not here... a little massage to ensure proper circulation. But otherwise, this is your new life. It does not matter whether you enjoy or dislike... not matter whether you plead and beg... you will lie in wait, mentally beseeching for my return. Then you will eagerly perform for me.”

Strong hands grasp the edge of the cot. Equally powerful arms push. The cot rolls back through the low opening. The door closes and, with an ominous click, is locked.

In a final gesture, a short leash is hooked to Roberto's nostril chain. Miss Imelda ties the end to the bars.

"Just symbolic. I know a boy like you feels better being leashed."

Miss Imelda's Playroom – Continued

Lying low on the cot, head well restrained by the neck collar and the short chains securing it to the cot, Roberto cannot move to see most of the activity in the Play Room. Miss Imelda strolls about. Clothing rustles. Then pots and pans clank. There comes the smell of cooking food.

During Roberto's limited visual inspection, he noted a carpeted bedroom area in addition to the kitchen. The large space so well accommodates the sadist. He/she can eat and sleep while not torturing and tormenting, sanguine that the vulnerable recipient of all pain and anguish is mere feet away, available at a whim for more 'play time'.

Such a bizarre but enjoyable manner in which to spend a weekend... languishing with whips, canes and paddles at the ready.

"Hungry?"

The firm voice calls out. Roberto strains to look up and see Miss Imelda step from the kitchen area, bowl in hand.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oatmeal. Not much taste... but nutritious... and easy to make. No point in spending time on your meals."

The low cage door is unlocked. The leashed untied. The cot partially rolls from the cage. A well secured Roberto looks up to see Miss Imelda has changed from her prim attire. She wears a brief white skin tight halter top which outlines indeed mammoth breasts. Below, her stomach evidences the suspected regimen of exercise, her

abdominals rippling. About her waist is a short white pleated skirt, the hem not even covering half her powerful thighs.

As she steps over to straddle Roberto's supine form, there momentarily flashes the inviting pink of her love pouch. Miss Imelda is sans undergarments. When she sits on Roberto's exposed stomach, he feels the alluring warm smoothness of her bare flesh beneath the skirt. There is a hint of moisture and the scent of her feminine charms prevails over the smell of oatmeal. There is the wetness of arousal. Controlling the male beast offers stimulation.

The bowl is propped on Roberto's chest. A left hand grasps the loose nose leash. Cruelly she pulls, tensioning to bring pain. She smiles when Roberto yelps in discomfort.

"Open wide."

A spoonful of oatmeal is sloppily offered, a large dollop falling to the chin.

"Yum, Yum," she sarcastically proclaims, mother to infant.

The bland mush is anything but yummy. Still Roberto partakes, knowing to graciously accept that which a governing woman offers.

"Not too much. We have some things to tidy up and I don't want you vomiting," Miss Imelda notes in gathering up that which spilled on the chin.

She presses the excess into Roberto's mouth. Then after offering two more spoonfuls, Roberto's meal ends as Miss Imelda stands, remaining astride Roberto's well restrained form.

The forcibly chaste male cannot avert his eyes, looking up under the loose pleated skirt. Yes, a well trimmed sex is viewed.... lusciously pink and inviting. Roberto has too long been denied feminine charms and his glance becomes an obvious stare as a smiling Miss Imelda observes his transfixed eyes.

“I see you remain hungry,” she mocks. “For now, you may feast with your eyes.”

Miss Imelda reaches to lift the front hem of the loose skirt. Into the room light comes an unfettered view of her sex. There is only a hint of blonde strands and her pubes is otherwise groomed for oral adoration. She laughs as Roberto’s eyes bulge and his erect penis waggles in lustful greeting. Then the hand releases the hem and reaches down to Roberto’s mouth. Strong fingers part his lips and grasp his tongue, altered by Nurse Watkins’ laser scalpel.

“Soon you will feast with this. I will make it your only functioning sex organ... and you will revel in the transformation.”

Miss Imelda tugs the length of wet pink, pulling it well outside Roberto’s lips. She rotates it about as did Joey weeks ago in lengthening and imparting nimbleness. She laughs again and steps over Roberto’s helplessly secured form.

“And now you will bear some pain for me.”

Utilizing Roberto’s tongue as a leash, she pulls. The wheeled cot follows with Roberto spurring indiscernible words of protest. A few steps away is the medical chair. Nearby cabinets are filled with hospital supplies.

“You’ve been well conditioned to achieve erection. I’ll not want it standing except under my tutelage.”

Miss Imelda releases the tongue and prepares.

“I’m going to skewer your penis and bring it better under my control.”

With a wicked smile, Miss Imelda holds up a large needle and thin metal rod.

“I’m sure you’ve been wondering about those thigh bands...”

The Oblivion of the Play Room

The bright illumination stirs Roberto from the unending hushed darkness. He blinks and though hoping for a visit from Miss Imelda, knows it is only a woman in white.

Absent any ability to measure time, he tracks their visits. As stated, twice daily an unyielding uniformed woman enters. Earlier he was brusquely fed, bathed, and massaged. This visit will be only massage. Miss Imelda is quite correct in her summation. Her words are recalled...

‘They are very good at handling subservient boys. Attentive... yet heartless, they never succumb to pleas.’

“You’ve soiled yourself again,” the woman matter-of-factly announces in sniffing the room air.

“I could not help it, Ma’am. I could not hold it any longer.”

The woman steps to a spray hose hanging at the far end of the bars. She twists a valve and Roberto prepares himself for another cruel dousing of ice cold chilliness. He has learned that the concrete floor is well drained. Bathing is perfunctory. In place of lying in his own urine, he will now lie in wetness while the canvass cot slowly dries.

Despite his many calloused spray baths, his lungs still empty with an uncontrolled exhalation which results in a satisfying yelp... satisfying for the woman in white.

“Teach you to hold it for me,” she once again lectures in observing his paroxysmal reaction.

The excretions suitably washed away, the spray curtains and the woman moves to the low cell door. It is unlocked, the nose leash is untied and the cot is wheeled out.

“You’re healing nicely. Would you like to harden for me?”

Attention is paid to the recent wound where Miss Imelda indeed skewered Roberto's impressive eleven inches. Just under the tip, where most erogenous male pleasure is derived, Miss Imelda insouciantly thrust a searing hot needle, creating an opening transverse to the long tube of flesh. Through that opening she inserted a thin stainless steel eight inch rod. Each end of the rod is attached to a thigh band, right and left, forcing the penis to constantly point downward toward his feet.

The results are most painful attempts to tumefy, the sensation akin to that offered by Dr. El when she forced his erection downward with a simple press of her finger.

"It hurts so much. I have to concentrate to stay soft. Please... don't encourage an erection."

The woman in white offers a rare smile. Wry, but a smile all the same.

"It's all part of your conditioning. Let's provide those legs with a little freedom. Make your penis hard for me and I'll release both ankles."

While she speaks, the right wrist is released. A brisk and quick massage is provided to the arm, then it is returned to the captivity of the waist belt. Roberto knows to offer no resistance, his limb becoming more hers than his.

"Come, come, show off for me."

The words are encouraging yet stern as the left wrist is released and the arm massaged. The operant conditioning begins to prevail. A governing woman wants his penis standing. It therefore begins to engorge and the wry smile renews as the left wrist is returned to the waist belt.

"Uggh. It hurts."

In attempting to stand the penis tip tugs at the sensitive piercing and the penetrating rod. The ends are implacably connected to his thighs bands and it will not yield.

“Please, Ma’am....”

The woman offers a callous shrug. But in a moment of sympathy, she leans and unclips the right ankle cuff and then the left.

“Go ahead. Knees to your chest.”

Roberto instantly obeys, lifting and bending his knees. In so doing the downward angle of his struggling erection is alleviated. With the relief, it swells more and steadily blossoms to full erection.

“Thank you Ma’am. Thank you.”

The woman in white tenderly tweaks right nipple then left, adding to the sensory input. She is amused, observing for many moments as the huge organ salutes her presence. Then comes the wicked command.

“Enough. Feet down.”

“But I cannot. It is too painful!”

“You will obey. Be a good boy for me.”

With that, firm hands forcibly guide the ankles back to the cot. In being fully erect, the torment brings shrieks. In a flash the ankles are returned to the bindings of the cot as Roberto struggles to calm his raging hard on.

“I have many more to sooth, Roberto. Many rooms... many boys. I must move onward. You be good... and do try to hold your bladder for me.”

The cot is wheeled back into the cage and the door closed and locked. Roberto is speechless, desperately trying to calm himself

and end the distressing self induced pain of the rod tensioning his engorged penis tip. The lights go out, leaving him for another twelve hours of oblivion.

Oddly, as he slowly calms, he covets a visit from Miss Imelda.

Oblivion Continues

Roberto has lost count of the visits. But he knows there will soon be a weekend return of Miss Imelda. He inquires during a feeding visit.

“Legs up. Do your business and fill the basin like a good boy.”

Just as during Level One, when defecating involved bringing knees to chest and performing in a most humiliating fashion, so to is such a method demanded in Miss Imelda’s playroom.

A woman in white has wheeled the cot from the cage, released his ankle cuffs and placed a receptacle for his stool under his partially raised buttocks. Roberto looks up into the eyes of his strict tender as she palms his elongated scrotal sac for neatness, keeping the mass of flesh from impeding his bowel movement.

“Miss Imelda will return soon?” he meekly probes.

“Soon enough.”

“What day is it?”

Though the information is meaningless to he held in endless captivity, the women in white are well trained. Knowledge empowers. The boys are never to be empowered. Thus the woman just smiles.

“Another day for you to perform for a governing woman... and you will.”

Roberto performs indeed. Basin filled, the woman gently wipes Roberto’s rectum, mother tending to an infant. His balls are released. Fortunately during the interlude of knees to chest, Roberto has not stiffened as the position of the thin bar permits, despite the proximity of the woman’s touch. Thus he lowers his legs without the misfortune of having to counter stiffness.

“You greatly anticipate her arrival, Roberto. Yet it is she who torments. We just assure you remain fed and bathed for her enjoyment.”

The right wrist is released... the arm massaged. The left wrist follows.

Casual conversation is unusual with the business-like women in white. Mostly in their late thirties to mid forties, Roberto suspects all have experienced some form of trauma in dealing with the male. Craving revenge against the entire gender, their spite is palpable. Yet their care is consistent and detailed... performed in such a way that Roberto senses their thoughts... ‘we are going to keep you robust and healthy so you may live a long excruciating life’.

“What will happen to me?”

The woman offers a dollop of bland mush. Roberto suspects it is more than just oatmeal.

“Many things. The members are most eclectic concerning their libertine pursuits. Your compatriot Roscoe is having his tongue spilt. Done in stages, I understand that eventually the resulting cunnilingus will be exquisite. But since owner Molly has little affinity for the oral servitude of a male it’s difficult to predict his eventual circumstances. Meanwhile, she very much enjoys terminating his ability to talk... speak normally.”

In contemplating Roscoe’s slow torment, Roberto stops masticating. The woman notes and reaches to tweak a nipple.

“Eat. I have many baths and feedings.”

Daily meal completed, Roberto always wonders whether it is breakfast, lunch or dinner. As the cot is wheeled back within the confines of the cage, he realizes he will never know. This spurs more thoughts which have permeated his dulled mind during the many endless days.

Heavily and unnecessarily shackled. Secured to a cot. Locked in a cage. In a room accessed only by an authorized electronic hand print. Well below ground level with egress only afforded by elevator—again utilizing authorized electronic hand print.

He is entombed. His life essentially ended. He is living someone's dream... that of a domineering woman... which has metamorphosed to his nightmare.

The woman departs. The lights are extinguished. In being held so far below the earth's surface, there is the absence of all ambient light... street lights... stars... moon. There is not even a crack of illumination under the sealed door... designed by the government to be air tight in the event of experimental mishap.

Yes, entombed. And Roberto concludes the implacable women in white will do everything to ensure that his interment will end solely when his owning member offers release... and that will come only with the onset of ennui... just as a child tires of her toy. Absent the ability to stop breathing, he cannot even contrive his own suicide.

Yet the images of Miss Imelda come to mind to aspire. Large, well muscled, Roberto finds comfort in thinking of her. He is a mere pet... but he is Her pet and he is oddly warmed in sensing the power of her protection. He recalls the brief display of her charms... her promise of his tongue feasting on her charms. It is odd that he pines for her company... she who without an iota of circumspection thrust a searing hot needle through his most sensitive organ. As his thoughts continue, her mental image becomes quite vibrant in the blackness. Is he hallucinating?

Still, fantasies of her feminine power gratefully serve to distract from the nothingness. Can he accept her offering of torment and torture just to be in her presence... released from the confining darkness? The thoughts intrigue. But does he have a choice? It is not his province to choose which whim she will manifest. That defines her power... the ability to do anything at any time to his naked and well trussed form. He has been purchased... he is owned.

Curiously, the thoughts spur arousal. He feels his penis twitch. With the many weeks of being conditioned to bring himself to erection, he must now learn the opposite... flaccidity or endure the pain of the penetrating and restricting thin steel bar.

He works to terminate visions of her fragrant pink flesh and end the arousing images. He also relinquishes his resistance. It is futile. Miss Imelda decides all... governs all... controls all.

Yet, will his complete acquiescence make a difference?

A Playroom Visit

The room brightens. Roberto is perplexed. Though time is immeasurable, it seems he has only moments ago been fed and bathed, his bowels ignominiously emptying into the offered basin.

“Hello, my well kept toy.”

His heart leaps. It is Miss Imelda!

With neck collar tightly secured, nose leash tied to the bars, he struggles to move his head and view his owner. She laughs in observing his attempts, then steps into view. Roberto grimaces as he feels his penis tip celebrate... tugging at the thin restricting bar.

“Looks like you’re glad to see me.”

The low cell door is unlocked. The leash untied. The cot partially rolled out. A large well manicured hand reaches and releases the thin bar from the thigh bands, right and left. Incredibly, Roberto’s eleven inches rise to full erection, the attached thin penetrating bar offering no impediment.

“I see you’ve healed well. Not too traumatic now, was it,” Miss Imelda gloats.

Miss Imelda reaches down to toy with the skewering rod. She uses it as a convenient handle, carefully pushing and pulling the stiffness. She notes Roberto’s skittish reaction and smiles in satisfaction with its placement. Thrust through that which absorbs so much male attention... the abundant nerve endings of the penis tip sense even the most gentle prod.

“Here in my playroom it’s only a strip of skin, Roberto... not the vaunted male symbol of power. For me, its only function is to amuse.”

Roberto wordlessly looks up. The return of Miss Imelda is akin to being visited by an angel. Most professionally attired, it is evident she stepped onto her Gulfstream jet directly from some stuffy meeting, not wasting a second of time before beginning the long, direct flight from Switzerland.

“I need to get more comfortable.”

Once again there come the unseen rustle of clothing, the popping of a cork, the clinking of glassware. Miss Imelda returns donning the familiar tight white halter and brief pleated skirt, wine glass in hand. Roberto feels himself further harden.

“So, what have you been thinking about?” Miss Imelda flippantly inquires, straddling the cot to again sit on Roberto’s stomach.

The male eyes hungrily follow every motion. The expected flash of pink is disappointingly quick, but the welcomed feminine scent offers a clue as to Miss Imelda’s thoughts. The Play Room and the naked, well restrained male within bring arousal. And again, as the warmth of her soft yet firm flesh abrades Roberto’s bare stomach, he can feel an enticing degree of moisture.

Roberto pulls on his well trained PC muscles. His pierced penis tip snaps forward in response, brushing the back folds of the loose skirt. Miss Imelda laughs in feeling the fruitless attempt to frottage.

A free hand reaches back, carefully avoiding the skewering rod to palm Roberto’s enormous scrotum. It feels good and adds to the welcomed sensory input which has been almost totally denied over the past many days. Roberto senses great pride in being permitted to display himself without the pain of penile restraints.

“You, Miss Imelda. I have been thinking about you.”

“That is to be expected, considering that I am your owner... and only benefactor. What are the elements? Tell me what sparks such reflections.”

Roberto feels a thumb knead his testicles as Miss Imelda continues palming his scrotum. Though her touch is knowing and strangely comforting, a fearful thought occurs that she is ascertaining a measurement for the ear baubles which adorn the many castrates.

“I suppose it’s your power. There was no hesitation or second thoughts in penetrating me with that hot needle... where I would feel the most agony.”

Miss Imelda smiles pridefully.

“As it should be. I gave it as much thought as I would in spearing a cocktail wiener. You took it well for me, Roberto. Most faint.”

Roberto is alarmed. Miss Imelda laughs in observing his reaction.

“There have been others?”

“Of course.”

“The mistakes that find their way to the desert?”

Miss Imelda shakes her head.

“Such is not important for you to know. Just be obedient. You’ve been conditioned with a need to please, Roberto. Do not resist it.”

“I will not,” Robert humbly offers, verbally expounding his isolation induced thoughts. “How may I please?”

The free hand releases the tantalizing grasp of Roberto’s balls. It moves to his mouth where once again the amazing woman finds his altered tongue. Roberto allows the fingers to pinch and draw it well past his lips. The appendage becomes a cow’s udder. As Miss Imelda aggressively pulls and twists in a milking motion, she smiles.

“You’ll accept pain from me. You’ll learn to very much enjoy it because you’ll know that I enjoy it and that having you suffer for me pleases. And that is why you exist Roberto... not to steal from drug

dealers... not to distribute poison to children and young adults... but to please a governing woman.”

An attempted verbal acknowledgment becomes comically slurred with the burdened tongue. Still, Roberto manages to somewhat nod.

Miss Imelda releases the tongue and reaches to unclip the ankle cuffs. She then arises and steps over the supine form, once again offering flashes of her feminine charms. Then she pulls the cot entirely from the cage and moves to stand directly over Roberto’s face. Her toy looks straight up into the heavenly folds of femininity. She smiles, sipping her wine, very much aware of the offered view.

“Legs up,” she commands.

Roberto complies, knees to chest. Miss Imelda leans and Roberto is horrified to feel the ends of his penis rod being once again connected to the thigh bands.

“Legs down.”

“But I cannot, Miss Imelda. I am too stiff!”

“I’ve seen enough of your erect penis, Roberto. Soften for me and put your legs down.”

Lowering the legs bends the stiff and skewered manhood towards the feet, as Miss Imelda very well knows.

“Do it for me. Accept the pain. Be obedient. I enjoy watching a boy bring pain to himself to gain my favor.”

Roberto slowly straightens his legs, sensing the enormous tension and resulting agony of the penetrating rod stressing his most sensitive erogenous zone. Miss Imelda continues to stand and sip, offering an unimpeded view of her sex as an incentive. Roberto concentrates, his nose detecting the wafting scent of Miss Imelda’s burgeoning wetness. The painful task nearing completion, a finger

delves under the loose skirt and swabs the abundant moisture. It finds its way to Roberto's lips. Despite the trauma, he licks ravenously.

"But for entertaining me, your eleven inches are useless to you, Roberto. Perhaps you are willing to sacrifice... for me... for my amusement."

Calves and feet returning to the surface of the cot, Miss Imelda bends at the knee and leans to reattach the ankle cuffs. Her shifting motion opens herself, her outer labia parting to display to Roberto's gaping eyes the inner folds of her love pouch. Task completed, Miss Imelda straightens, fully aware of Roberto's lustful gaze. A finger dips to diddle the penis tip at the piercing. She toys and chuckles.

"Yes, you'll perform for me... make great sacrifice and then offer even more."

Roberto grimaces as his organ attempts to waggle in response to her surprisingly gentle and teasing touch. The fingers that pierce can also offer great joy.

"Well... I promised you a feast. Let's see if you can earn it."

With that, Miss Imelda positions herself then slowly bends to lower her sex to Roberto's face. Her right hand grasps the nose leash, pulling to assure no hindrance.

"Breathe only when I offer air. Otherwise just lick and please."

Facing his feet, the teasing fingers continue to torment a penis that dares not attempt to fully stand. Roberto's lengthened tongue extends, thrusting past meaty folds of flesh to find the wet inner labia. Meanwhile, Miss Imelda further lowers herself to cover his mouth. Roberto finds that his nose is fully enveloped in moist warmth, oxygen denied.

There is no panic. Fully trained and conditioned, mentally molded, he labors to please... licking... sucking... tongue swirling about. His air is to be supplied at Miss Imelda's whim. Ongoing denial, if she so chooses, means a final trip to some forsaken place amid the thousands of secluded desert acres... the burial of another unaccomplished oral servant.

'Failed to Please' he envisions his imaginary tombstone.

Yet he revels in the tasteful offering and just as his senses begin to ebb, the hips temporarily rise and Roberto knows to quickly gulp oxygen.

Then his nose and mouth return to the governance of she who demands to be pleased. His efforts resume. Roberto has a new *raison d'être*... and it pleases.

A Playroom Visit – Continued

Accustomed to darkness, Roberto has encouraged his mind to wander when confronted with oblivion. Dreams and hallucination are sometimes indistinguishable in the timeless nothingness. But instincts suggest it is late Friday evening, Miss Imelda known to arrive for a weekend of lustful dalliances. And he knows he is awake, for he can hear the sounds of life. Another person is present in the spacious Play Room. Miss Imelda's deep, restive breathing can be heard. There also comes the shifting of bedsheets and the sleepy murmurs of pleasant dreams.

Roberto basks in the odoriferous remnants of Miss Imelda's intense orgasm. He has learned she can spend most copiously. In final climax his entire face was sprayed with a gush of feminine ejaculation.

Exhausted from a long flight and the arduous oral efforts of her toy, Miss Imelda wearily stood, rolled his cot back into the cage, locked the door and as gracefully as possible sauntered to her bed. The

lights diminished shortly thereafter, remotely controlled from the bedside.

Thus Roberto lies thinking of the evening's events... the intensity of not only his efforts, but Miss Imelda's reaction... and her actions. Denying him air... essentially controlling every aspect of the demanded cunnilingus... brought him strange delight... curious comfort.

Feeling her quiver with wave after wave of mild orgasm brought a sense of empowerment. Otherwise he controlled nothing... not even the ability of his penis to react as would a normal male... learning to breathe only when permitted.

With the psychological satisfaction, the pain offered by his entrapped and pierced penis was curiously truncated... distantly felt... never really fully processed by a modified cerebral cortex... all attention focused on offering pleasure... on giving... on pleasing.

So Roberto reflects... and he also revels in the fact that Miss Imelda failed to tie his nose leash to the cage bars. Neglect?... or noblesse oblige for oral distinction?

Though the neck collar remains secured to the cot, he can somewhat turn his head! And without aggravating his nostril piercing!

The room illuminates. There comes the frou frou of silk sheets. Bare feet pad on the carpeted section of the Play Room. Water streams. Roberto strains to turn and look, the simple capability returned by the loose leash. An open interior door suggests there is a bathroom adjacent to the bedroom area. The sounds of morning ablutions provide further evidence and restore Roberto's decimated sense of time.

Within minutes, the flow of water ends. The substantial form of Miss Imelda fills the empty doorway. While selecting a towel, she momentarily offers a glimpse of her complete nakedness!

Confirming much of what Roberto surmised, Miss Imelda is a Greek Goddess. Large but favorably proportioned, her advanced muscling in no way detracts from feminine curves. Straight shoulders project the breasts, legs muscles ripple with the slightest motion, arms bulge with strength, Roberto strains against his neck collar to visually draw in all he can. His penis begins to defy him, challenging its restraints. In gaping, arousal comes quickly. His penis challenges the penetrating rod. A resulting gasp of pain draws Miss Imelda's attention as she dries herself then wraps a large towel about her waist, remaining topless.

"Seems I have been remiss," she casually offers in approaching.

Roberto's eyes follow every footfall as she crosses the large space. Her breasts defy both gravity and the jostling of her footsteps! Perfectly formed nipples point, there quakes some gelatinous flesh atop her precious mounds, but otherwise her glands appear chiseled from stone.

"There's a reason boys like you need to be leashed," she suggests, seeming in jest.

Roberto looks straight up at his Goddess. Whereas he so ardently serviced her quim hours before, limited was his view of her charms. Now, from the waist upwards, she offers all with no attempt to veil herself.

She smiles in noting Roberto's engorging manhood, knowing that it cannot stand... that she has denied that function... that its futile attempt to salute will bring increasing agony. So she moves more proximate, positioning herself to the side of the cage so that Roberto no longer needs to strain against the bonds of his neck collar.

"A good effort last night, Roberto. Very attentive. For some of the incorrigible boys I have had to have their teeth removed. I think your dental work will remain intact... for now."

The comment stuns... such callous alteration purely for feminine oral gratification! Yet Roberto feels himself further harden! He knows every incisor, bicuspid and molar would be summarily yanked at her whim. She has the power and will use it!

The forced angle of his stiffness irritates. His hands strain against his wrist cuffs. He squirms in building agony. Miss Imelda laughs at the antics resulting from his self induced pain and frustration.

“My goodness, Roberto. Such lack of self control. What is causing this irritation?”

With that, Miss Imelda removes the towel, her only covering, offering Roberto a full view of all. The sight is welcomed but heightens the frustration and aggravation of lying helplessly before the beautiful Goddess... not even able to properly offer the tribute of a full standing erection... as his many weeks of conditioning has dictated.

“I think you’re trying to show off for me, Roberto. Nothing to say? No explanation for all the wriggling about?”

“Please, Miss Imelda. I need to stand for you.”

“Yes, the glans penis where I pierced you does seem to be stressed a bit. Your engorging organ is strongly pulling against my control bar, Roberto. Seems to be a bit of a contest... your soft and most sensitive penile skin against my cold stainless steel rod. Hmmm, wonder which will prevail.”

She laughs most wickedly. Both are aware of the answer.

There comes a knock on the door. The lock clicks. The door opens. Wheeled into the Play Room is the enema cart and the tending woman in white.

“Perfect timing, Roberto. I think you’ll soon be offered an opportunity to raise your legs and relieve your penis of all that self induced stress.”

Yes, it's the hydro therapist.

Roberto is saddened to see the towel return as Miss Imelda and the termagant of the colon exchange greetings.

"Take your time. Give it to him high and hot. Lots of rinses. I want him well cleansed."

The woman smiles and nods.

A Playroom Visit – More

The scent of frying bacon and toasting bread filled the room air as the woman in white wheeled Roberto's cot into the bathroom. Her enema cart followed and there Roberto underwent the series of slow and massive enemas, seemingly filling then emptying every nook and cranny of his digestive tract.

Gratefully, in being forced to offer access to his rectum, his ankle cuffs were freed and, as his colon slowly filled, the knee/chest position provided welcomed relief from the restricting penile control bar.

The canvas of the cot became somewhat sloppy when the woman finally permitted his bowels to empty, but the messiness was sprayed away. And lying in the wetness of clean water was certainly more acceptable than the many hours of having to do so in his own urine.

The coldness of the final clear water rinse brought welcomed flaccidity. Thus when his legs were straightened and his ankle cuffs were returned to the edge of the cot, the pain of the penis bar was not an obstacle.

The woman rolls the cot back into the main room. Miss Imelda is finishing coffee.

"Cleaned him out right up to his tonsils," comes the humorous summation.

The women bid adieu and enema cart and hydro therapist depart. Roberto is disappointed to see that Miss Imelda has dressed. An enticingly brief ensemble of spandex... two broad strips of crimson cling to chest and hips, covering her charms. But Roberto notes such are instantly adjustable... and removable.

"Would you like to be released from the cot, Roberto?"

Caged and restrained for nearly two weeks, Roberto enthusiastically nods.

"Say it."

"Would you please release me from the cot, Miss Imelda?"

"Very good."

Miss Imelda moves to stand to the side. Roberto looks up with great joy. Just being out of the cage is rare. But now the offering of freedom! And in peering up he can spy a hint of the charms he so fervently serviced the night before. Miss Imelda is again sans undergarments.

"You'll be a little wobbly... weak legs. So you'll shuffle on your knees for me. Boys don't have their hands free. Only the women in white permit that... for your massage."

Nose leash in place, Miss Imelda unclips the ankle cuffs, neck collar and waist belt. Roberto rolls from the cot, powerful hands guide. Soon his knees find the carpet. When he rights himself at the waist, he senses the ponderous metal which adorns his entire form. Thick and broad, every restraint is unnecessarily heavily gauged... more for the gratification of the Master than the servant. In practicality, metal of half the size and weight would suffice to sufficiently bind. Thus Roberto's muscles must labor to remain balanced and stay upright on his knees. His wrists remain shackled to his waist belt.

"Come. Some exercise for you."

Miss Imelda steps back. As always Roberto finds himself leashed with mobility totally under a woman's control. His right knee slides forth. The thigh band transmits the motion to the penis control bar. Roberto pauses in surprise, sensing movement of his leg on his penis tip is a awkwardly new sensation.

"Come," Miss Imelda admonishes, tugging on the leash with a knowing smile.

Roberto must comply, of course. The left knee shuffles and then the right. But something jars his psyche... and his lust. Something about being led about naked and leashed. Though it has been many weeks of such regimen, the ingrained protocol has been to harden for her when she is in control. Thus he feels his penis begin to engorge... the physical stimulation of the thigh bands and penis bar... the mental conditioning of Level One and Level Two training.... the many weeks of forced chastity... all converge to insist on erection.

Roberto grimaces as soft and sensitive penile flesh once again duels with stainless steel.

More shuffling, Roberto finds he must bend lower at the waist to alleviate the growing tension brought by his stiffness. Gratefully, Miss Imelda stops tugging. When the leash slackens, Roberto fully stoops at the waist which offers an angle of great relief.

"Poor Roberto. You have nothing. You control nothing. You can only offer... and amuse. Simply crawling about has become arduous. It seems only your tongue works properly."

A soothing hand caresses Roberto's neck just below the collar. Miss Imelda leans to needlessly whisper in his ear.

"If you will bear some pain for me, it will be better for you. Whenever I cane you, I will release the penis control bar from your thighs. Then you can enjoy your erection unfettered. You can show off... put on a good stand for me... just as you've been trained. Both will please me... the squeals of torture... your nice hard penis."

Roberto relishes the warmth of her sweet breath. The psychological joy bleeds through the sharp pain of the duel. Though he attempts flaccidity, her presence... her words... her controlling hand all work to continue his tumescence.

“Think you can keep it hard while I stripe your buttocks, Roberto? Pain can be a stimulant for a boy of your ilk.”

“I will try for you, Miss Imelda.”

“Good boy. And your feet too. Some bastinado. You’ll not need to walk here. Your feet will merely be for the strokes of my hand. And the excruciating application of rattan there makes me quite wet. More offering for your accomplished tongue...”

For some reason, Roberto quivers, sensing a tinge of pride which seeps through the abject fear. Then he gains the temerity to make a quest.

“May I look at you... while you torture me?”

“You mean like this?”

Miss Imelda steps to his front. Her free right hand flips up the band of spandex which snugly covers her breasts. Roberto looks up to gawk at the massive perfectly shapes globes. He feels himself begin to salivate.

“Yes, Miss Imelda.”

Miss Imelda girlishly giggles.

“Yes. You will earn the delight. But it’s a reasonable accommodation. Besides, I like to stay cool while flogging a boy.”

A Playroom Visit – Flogged!

“Are you comfortable, Roberto? I would not want any sensory interference with my caning. It is best in feeling the intensity that I

want to apply that nothing divert the pain signals.”

Robert lies tummy down over the padded bench. Miss Imelda proves to be quite adept at caning a boy. It required mere moments to position him before the polished yet well worn device of lumber and leather, have him stand, then bend and lower himself... scurrying forward until his feet left the floor.

With ankle cuffs secured to the base and his feet widely parted, Roberto can feel his elongated scrotal sac dangle most vulnerably. As he again begins to harden, the permitted angle of his penis continues to constrain his erection.

Miss Imelda deftly clips his waist belt to convenient hooks left and right. The nose leash is removed. With wrists remaining encumbered, bench and Roberto become one.

“My penis, Miss Imelda. It’s hardening for you... but it hurts.”

Miss Imelda steps to the front. She tugs at her spandex top and instantly removes it to bare her breasts. Then she steps forth and cuddles Roberto’s head, drawing his face into her welcoming bosom. Roberto’s nostril chain swings between her cleavage. His cheeks become entrapped between the soft warm mounds which he so covets. His heart leaps... as does his penis. “As it’s been conditioned to do,” Miss Imelda coos.

Roberto’s tongue extends and licks. Miss Imelda laughs.

“And that won’t help you get soft.”

Miss Imelda steps back, allowing Roberto to gawk. She smiles in absorbing his servile admiration.

“Freeing your penis bar will cost you...” Miss Imelda offers in final warning.

Roberto nods and watches intently as Miss Imelda steps to the wall of canes, paddles and whips. She selects. Roberto gulps in viewing the long whippy length of rattan.

“There will be many welts. But tomorrow I will work your balls. Then you will have two weeks to heal.”

Miss Imelda turns and approaches. Roberto is mesmerized by the slight jouncing of her breasts. She disappears from sight and he feels her fingers release the penile control bar from his thigh bends. The freed organ instantly rises and presses itself, bar remaining in place, against the soft padded leather of the side of the bench.

Roberto sighs in gratitude.

“Thank you, Miss Imelda,” feeling his testicles palmed as he expresses gratefulness.

“Tomorrow I am going to hot spatula these plums, Roberto. Large and ripe, your stretched sac makes for quite the target.”

Miss Imelda moves to his left side.

“Turn your head so you can watch... that’s what you wanted.”

Roberto obeys. His gaze falls upon the blonde, cane bearing giantess, breasts bared for his delectation. Roberto’s hips buck to press his erection more firmly against the welcoming soft leather. Miss Imelda smiles knowingly. She has so often flogged and enjoyed observing the futile and conflicting motions of the well restrained condemned male.

Her right hand rises, firmly gripping the cane. Roberto closes his eyes in disbelief. With a whoosh, the first of many strokes sears his right cheek. The signal of pain erupts in a mind dulled with weeks of isolation. Yet his hips buck again to frottage and he opens his eyes to see the gracious yet wicked grin of his torturer.

She enjoys... and Roberto feels pleased... he is pleasing.

A Playroom Visit – More Ignominy

Roberto stirs. An abhorrent odor invades his nose. An ammonia capsule. His eyes open to see Miss Imelda insouciantly sitting on a chair before him. In her left hand she holds up the short nostril chain, cruelly using it to lift his head to offer the reviving compound held in her right. The pain of the tension on his septum suddenly wracks his nerve center. He cries out. Miss Imelda releases her grip. Roberto's face slumps into the bare upper thighs of her lap. The smell of ammonia is displaced with the strong feminine fragrance of arousal.

"You swooned... like a little girl. But then it's consistent with the way you screamed. And such tears..."

Miss Imelda laughs, her thumbs brushing away the referenced moisture.

"Punished by a woman... and you couldn't take it!"

Yes, she flogged away... left side and then right. In switching her formidable strokes to Roberto's feet, it only required some half dozen strokes to bring the welcomed darkness of unconsciousness.

"But you so valiantly tried to masturbate yourself against the leather bench. Quite the show, Roberto, thrusting your hips and pressing with that speared penis. But I did not permit ejaculation. It seems a brisk, well timed stroke diverted your attention. I am sure the combination of pleasure and pain felt exquisite for a boy like you... so long denied. I have locked your penis back to your thigh bands. Yes... no climax allowed. But I will certainly let you try again. It's a sporting challenge for me... timing the application of pain to abridge your attempt at self pleasure."

Roberto finds that he remains secured to the whipping bench. Miss Imelda rises to stand. Roberto's head dips then he works his muscles to lift. A groggy Roberto observes as Miss Imelda's sole

remaining garment is slipped down over her hips past her thighs to her feet. She steps out of the band of crimson to stand perfectly naked before her well caned toy. Her mons invites tongue and lips. Though her lustful scent fills the room, a well secured Roberto cannot respond. Instead her fingers reach down to part her meaty outer labia. A swollen clitoris peeks. The gathered moisture finds its way to Roberto's upper lip. Despite the trauma of the caning, he feels his trapped penis expectantly react to the brazen display of power and pulchritude.

"You've had your fun. Now it's time for mine."

Miss Imelda turns and steps to the table of dildos. The buttocks ripple. A perfect layer of smooth flesh covers impressive globes of muscling.

"The video of Mandrake splitting those tight cheeks of yours was most enticing, Roberto. I think you liked it."

Miss Imelda holds up a bizarre length of firm black rubber. A faux phallus on one end, it curves to form a 'U' shape... the opposing end curiously ridged and bulbous with a small finger-like protuberance.

"Custom made. Many months of experimentation, trial and error to obtain the perfect shape... for me. Once the most pleasing mold for my end was determined, I had made dozens of different male end variations."

Roberto cringes with the size.

"Not to fear, it's not Mandrake."

Miss Imelda approaches and gruffly stuffs the phallus end into Roberto's mouth.

"Squeeze with your lips and hold."

He is amazed to watch in close up as Miss Imelda moves most proximate and utilizes Roberto's head and face as a stanchion to mount her end. She parts her thighs and presses. He hears a sigh as the oddly shaped rubber tightly slides into her well moistened quim. Her pubes greets his forehead. Her warmth feels good. With the small protuberance slipping within the folds of her upper labia, Roberto feels a brief tremble from the signals of joy offered by a welcoming clitoris.

"No, not Mandrake, but you'll soon wish it was."

As she steps back, Roberto knows to release his lips.

"Caned... then fucked... by a woman. Quite a long day," Miss Imelda taunts, tousling Roberto's hair as she moves to the rear of the bench.

The need for the thorough internal cleansing becomes evident.

"Please release my penis bar, Miss Imelda!" her naked beauty continuing to bring arousal.

Robert hears a snicker as firm fingers apply unguent to his gluteal cleft.

"No. I want you to bear pain while I take my pleasure."

Hands reach to grasp Roberto's collar of steel. The rubber tip first abrades, then locates the sought portal and firmly glides inward. He grunts. Roberto hears a sigh of pleasure. The pressure on the prostate brings augmented stiffness. He yelps as his snared penis tugs against the control bar.

"It's heady, fucking a boy. And pressing against these red hot cheeks of yours... so inviting. It feels as though someone has offered you a good steady caning..."

The muscled form begins to work. A deep thrust stretches and torments. Roberto is amazed to realize her power is akin to that of Mandrake. Regretfully, no hand works to bring comfort to his engorged penis. But Mandrake's fateful words come to mind... 'when rape is inevitable, lie and enjoy'.

A Playroom Visit Ends

“Your welts rule out more caning.”

After a night’s rest in his cage, Roberto has been returned to the whipping bench. Firm fingers smooth over the many ridges rising as a result of Miss Imelda’s torture.

“And besides, I had quite the workout yesterday.... stroking away can be tiring. Then that good firm fucking also exhausted. You’re quite the little whore, Roberto. You squeezed with great timing. ”

Roberto’s nose detects the sulphuric smell of a lit match. His restrained right leg senses a wave of heat. An alcohol lamp has been lit.

“So today I am simply going to hot spatula those nicely hanging balls of yours.”

Roberto feels the examining fingers move to his penis, control bar securing it to his thigh bands. With Miss Imelda’s presence, his organ is semi engorged, the duel of sensitive penile flesh versus rigid steel renewed. A finger begins to caress the extremely sensitive underside of the glans penis, just where Miss Imelda so cruelly pierced. This fosters more tumescence and Roberto further stiffens to bring himself more agony.

“Yes, nice and hard for me this morning. Frustrate yourself with your own erection. Come now, make it big and fat for Miss Imelda... just as you’ve been conditioned.”

Roberto howls as the delightful finger action causes incredible stress.

“Please Miss Imelda, it hurts. Release the control bar.”

She laughs.

“I think you just want to frottage some more against my leather bench, don’t you?”

Miss Imelda watches with glee as Roberto fights against his bonds. Finally she releases the penis bar from the thigh bands. The stiff eleven inches instantly rise to greet the padding of the bench. Roberto sighs in relief.

“I need it to be out of the way,” Miss Imelda casually explains.

While talking, Miss Imelda relaxes in a chair, heating the thin metal surface of the spatula... an instrument of pain which is nothing more than a common kitchen tool. But no pancakes will be flipped on this morning. She checks to assure proper temperature as Roberto, quite expectantly, begins dry humping against the soft padded leather. She smiles inwardly. In permitting such fleeting joy, Roberto is afforded the opportunity to bring himself more torment.

Miss Imelda retrieves the spatula. Sitting behind Roberto, his secured ankles well parted to the left and right, her access to the elongated scrotum is unfettered. The meaty gonads invitingly swing about as Roberto fervently wriggles his hips to pleasure a penis long denied normal relief. Her hand rises and with a most modest swing, short and wristy, the smooth red hot surface of the spatula greets the thin sensitive skin of the scrotum.

Miss Imelda delights in the dual aspect of the torment, for the heat brings the first wave of pain... then a moment later the dull ache of the force of the swat brings a second and distinctly different form of pain.

So, just as with Roberto’s caning, Miss Imelda forestalls ejaculation with a diverting application of the spatula. And Roberto finds the woman judges quite well. Time after time, near climax is averted with a simple swat. Applied to any other anatomical area, the moderate tap of a room temperature spatula would barely gather one’s attention. But heated and applied to a boy’s balls... the results are most amusing. And Miss Imelda needs not to exert her herself. Tap

after tap requires little more energy than that exerted in raising her hand.

And so the morning torture continues on and on... Roberto's desperate attempts to bring forth the long denied ecstasy of climax... Miss Imelda's perfectly timed and painful swats which preclude the ultimate male pleasure.

Later, Miss Imelda will take her final pleasure, sitting atop Roberto's face, controlling his breathing and absorbing the exquisite cunnilingus of a trained and altered tongue.

Miss Imelda will sleep well during her long return flight to Switzerland. And Roberto's excoriated flesh will begin to heal... for another visit.

Months of Bi-Weekly Visits

With each of Miss Imelda's visits, Roberto quakes more and more in fear and trepidation. Yet, it also seems his manhood attempts to stiffen quicker and more firmly. Miss Imelda frightens... but there is strange sensuous joy in ending the boredom and monotony of strict captivity and in being offered the opportunity to please.

Since her canings bring welts, Miss Imelda has come to 'warm' the flesh first with paddles then whips. The canings come last. Thus the application of pain can be prolonged for interminable intervals. And of course there is the sexual power exchange of anal sodomy which completes every evening of entertaining torture... Miss Imelda's dildos becoming progressively larger with each session of penetration.

The hot spatula amuses, especially as it brings engorgement to Roberto's already sizable plums. And though the swelling dissipates and his organs shrink somewhat between visits, overall his balls have grown to most awkwardly impede what little walking and crawling is permitted.

Miss Imelda is most pleased with that, the slow steadfast modification. And as a result, her swats are applied even more earnestly.

Yet there develops ennui after many months... a certain blasé, despite the unrestrained sexual power which Miss Imelda can and does wield. Her toy begins to tire her.

"I want you to feel intense pain... and I want you to bear something permanent... by way of my hand."

Miss Imelda speaks as she sits on Roberto's chest. The mesmerized sex toy lies on his cot peering upwards under the hem of her short pleated skirt, catching as best he can a glimpse of Miss Imelda's luscious feminine charms. It hungers him.

"Perhaps I will brand you," Miss Imelda suggests, causing a brisance of fear.

Her hand reaches behind to where Roberto's penis remains secured. She caresses his scrotum.

"A nice letter 'I' seared into your balls. Make a nice target for my spatula."

Miss Imelda laughs in feeling the spasms of Roberto's alarmed reaction.

"Yes, I'll make these big, apple-sized balls sizzle like a burning steak. And I'll bet you'll swoon. Boys are so emotionally attached to these things."

Her hand returns and takes the nostril chain. When she painfully pulls, Roberto knows to open and offer his tongue and lips. The free hand raises the hem of the skirt. She slides forward and Roberto finds his mouth enveloped with the warm fragrant flesh of her sex. Oxygen denied, he knows to lick. Long slow cunnilingus begins. Miss

Imelda quivers with delight as Roberto finds her clitoris. Wetness flows, Roberto dutifully gathers and swallows.

“But a brand is too much of a one time thing. Other than the fact that you’ll bear my mark for a lifetime, it’s not psychologically degrading enough.”

Roberto’s ardent tongue and lips march onward, despite the distressing thought of searing hot iron applied to his most precious organs. A deep breath is permitted, then his tongue plunges and flutters. Miss Imelda becomes reticent, basking in the building expectation of a pending orgasm. Roberto’s desperate gasps serve to heighten her sense of control... the hot exhalations wafting over fully flushed and pulsing labia.

When Roberto senses an appropriate flow of wetness, he knows to return to her clitoris where he assertively sucks and swirls. There comes a suppressed cry of ecstasy and the hot gush of feminine juices which Roberto has learned to most humbly collect and dutifully ingest.

As Miss Imelda quietly slumps in satiation, Roberto tenderly cleanses, fully aware of the heightened sensitivity brought by intense orgasm.

“I’m going to alter your penis, Roberto. Once and for all, you will only be able to experience orgasm through me... by way of your tongue and my quim. Not only will yours be meaningless... it will be unachievable.”

Her pudendum purged of all traces of oral coupling, a tearful Roberto meekly inquires.

“You will castrate me?”

“No. Castrates become sanguine in their asexuality. I don’t want you robbed of desire... just your ability to satisfy it. For you, Roberto, I prefer a life of permanent frustration.”

A firm but soft hand returns to Roberto's pubes. A finger reaches to diddle the underside of the overly sensitive penis tip, just at the piercing. Such a simple deed, such an overwhelmingly traumatic reaction. The sensuous touch overpowers Roberto's ability to remain flaccid. The duel begins. Miss Imelda feels the eleven inches begin to more fully engorge, smiling in knowing that such a common male reaction brings such uncommon pain and aggravation.

"Yes, give me a nice firm erection. I will release your ankles... knees to chest while you show off for me."

"Thank you, Miss Imelda."

Level Four

“Another new arrival. Any special instructions?” a seasoned woman in white inquires.

A young, raven haired woman in white reads a tag hanging from Roberto’s recently pierced ear.

“He’s had a urethral reroute. Squats to pee. Otherwise standard treatment. To be shipped to Juarez, Mexico when ripe. And look at the balls on this one!”

The raven haired woman in white leans, palms the massive testicles, enlarged by the chronic application of a hot spatula, and gently pulls them back between the thighs for better viewing.

“The members do enjoy themselves,” the seasoned woman snickers.

“How long?”

“As long as it takes. I would guess twelve to eighteen months. They all break... in time.”

“He’s nicely size,” the younger woman notes, Roberto obediently displaying an engorged yet entrapped eleven inches. “And he’s trying to stiffen for us.”

“Level One training rarely wears. Position him in post twelve.”

The raven haired woman releases Roberto’s balls and takes the nose leash.

“Now be a good boy for us and we’ll be good to you. No more pain... no more anguish. This is Level Four. Your next step is a trip out of here. Home to Juarez.”

She turns, steps and tugs. Roberto follows, his awkward gait evidencing his permanently swollen gonads. Miss Imelda’s thick

shackles remaining, he struggles in bearing the significant weight.

“How’s this one ever going to wear clothing?” the raven haired woman mockingly inquires glancing back at the bulging globes.

“Not our problem.”

Post twelve is nothing more then a rubber padded area in a large open room. It is delineated by a set of wall hooks with connecting cables and curious plumbing and hoses. Sitting upright at posts one through eleven are naked well trussed male forms. Each is blindfolded. Each wears ear coverings. Each has a thick tube emanating from his mouth. Each has a more narrow tube inserted into the left nostril. Every limb is cast in pipes similar to Level One, but padded for comfort.

“Now... obedience and discipline are critical here in Level Four... just as in Levels One, Two and Three.”

The woman directs Roberto to sit. In observing the others, he knows to lean with his back to the wall. The raven haired woman begins to deftly immerse him into the new protocol as she speaks and the seasoned woman looks on with authority. Roberto notes a cattle prod.

“You’ll not move from the upright position. In time you’ll learn to sleep that way. You’ll be constantly deafened. But when you hear a gong, similar to that utilized to condition you in Level Two, we’ll need you to stiffen for us. Two gongs and you will urinate for us. Three gongs and you will defecate. Failure will bring a charge from the electric prod.”

The seasoned woman steps forth and applies an appropriate shock to Roberto’s testicles. He lurches and yelps with the sharp and unfamiliar form of pain.

“Simple. Effective. We don’t spare the volts.”

The raven haired woman stoops and releases the penis control bar from the thigh bands. She laughs when the organ and penetrating rod snap upwards. Next the thighs bands are removed. Then the woman gently pushes at the long thin rod. With a notable sigh of relief, it exits the piercing on the underside of Roberto's glans penis. Years of torment so simply and easily ended.

Bar removed, Miss Imelda no longer controls. Roberto is relieved... but also feels an odd emptiness.

Right ankle shackle removed, the woman enshrouds Robert's leg in a large padded cylinder of PVC... from his toes to his hip. A cable is attached. Left foot and leg follow and the cylinder is likewise attached to a wall cable. With the right wrist freed, a similar cylinder is slipped over the right hand and arm... finger tips to shoulder. A cable is attached. Then the left wrist is freed and encapsulated. When the waist belt is unbuckled, for the first time in years Roberto is relieved of many, many pounds of metal.

Yes, Miss Imelda did not tire of him quickly.

The raven haired woman removes the nose leash then reaches to Roberto's mouth.

"You'll note that the cables permit a degree of movement... for good boys. Bad boys have their cables tightened... for a long, long time. If you have anything to say, now is the time. As you can see, in Level Four you are to be intubated."

A nimble finger is inserted into a ring protruding from between Roberto's lips. The raven haired woman firmly pulls. Roberto opens widely as an enormous mass of rubber slowly emerges from his mouth followed by an attached long narrow strip which had cruelly tantalized his gag reflex.

"Thank you, ma'am. Thank you," his words raspy.

The seasoned woman smiles knowingly. The inhumanity of such strict silencing amuses. It normally is used to acclimate the throat and gag reflex for deep fellatio.

“But I cannot go back to Juarez, ma’am. The police. They think I killed someone!”

“Tsk. Tsk. After all you’ve been through here... to think you’re going to serve time in a Mexican jail!” the seasoned woman mockingly sympathizes.

“Well. The nice thing about Level Four is that by the time you’re ready for your trip, you won’t have any idea about who you are, what you’ve done or where you’ve been. You may not even know your name. So if you find yourself in jail, it probably won’t matter much.”

With that, the raven haired woman unravels a thin tube from the wall and lubricates.

“This will be uncomfortable. But all our boys get used to it. At least we think they do. We hear very few complaints.”

Both women laugh as the raven haired woman tugs upwards on the short nostril chain to align Roberto’s face. In a swift continuous movement the thin tube is inserted into the left nostril and pressed into the sinus cavity. Next a thicker tube is introduced to his mouth, pressed well into Roberto’s throat and onward to his gullet. He chokes, but the woman callously pushes until she senses the tip entering the stomach. The woman clamps closed Roberto’s nose, blocking the right nostril, and applies heavy tape to adhere to the gastric tube to his mouth.

“Everything comes from us... when and if we decide to provide it,” the seasoned woman lectures.

Roberto begins to struggle, first turning red then blue. After a moment, the seasoned woman nods and the raven haired woman

steps to the wall and turns a valve. Roberto inhales deeply as his oxygen supply is returned through the nasal tube.

Lesson learned. With a simple closing of a valve, he can easily be denied what sustains all.

“That includes the very air we permit you to breathe. You’ll receive food and water through the mouth tube.”

Roberto is blindfolded. The tag is removed from his pierced ear. The woman retrieves a pen from her skirt pocket and notes the starting date. She then hooks the tag onto his nose ring.

As padded headphones are prepared, there come the last words he will hear for a very long time.

“Remember... one gong you stiffen. Two you urinate. Three you move your bowels.”

Ears covered, the darkness is joined by an annoying hissing sound.

Roberto sits upright, grateful that his padded arms and legs are permitted a degree of motion. What he does not realize is that the allowed protocol precludes all human touch. Strict immobility would require respites of kneading and massage. In Level Four, along with total sensory deprivation, comes the denial of all human interaction. He will only feel his padded restraints, cleansing sprays of warm water and the disciplining charge of the electric prod.

The raven haired woman steps back to observe, satisfied with Roberto’s restraints and tubing. She feels twitching in her loins. Total control excites.

“What is it you think they think about?”

The seasoned woman shrugs.

“No one has ever left here with the mental acuity to tell us. When they’re properly ripened, they’re mentally shattered. But I would

suppose they initially hunger for whatever torment they formally endured. They want to feel something! With the masochism we ingrain comes a strange craving for ownership. Pain is welcomed in the absence of all else. But then the Level Four nothingness slowly erodes the cognitive ability. The mind becomes jello. After that they just stiffen, piss and shit... on cue... like trained circus animals.”

The seasoned woman cackles with her coarse observation. The raven haired woman nods in understanding and smiles. The sight of an even dozen naked and well subjugated males, one time reprobates now conditioned to amuse the governing female, brings a spiritual sense of satisfaction.

Epilogue

Roberto sits. He wriggles his fingers within the covering cylinders. He moves an arm. He slides a leg along the flooring. Not far. The cables are limiting. But any motion is appreciated. Otherwise there is nothing. Just unending darkness and the annoying hiss which serves to impede all other noise and signs of human activity.

Then comes a gong. He stiffens, his training entrenched.

Why are they doing this? He initially asked himself of the bizarre protocol.

Then he recalled the words of Dr. El... because they can. Why have power if it is not to be exercised?

Though he cannot see his erection, he knows he is properly displaying himself as demanded. Otherwise a disciplining jolt would be applied to his testicles... a form of agony to which no male can become accustomed and thereafter tolerate.

Moments later come two gongs. He knows to open his bladder. He feels the warm flow under his scrotum where Dr. El handily offered a new opening to bypass the scar tissue of his urethra. He will sit in his excretions until someone applies a spray of water. Unlike Level Three, the temperature is of comforting warmth. He recalls some of the final words he heard... 'be a good boy for us and we'll be good to you. No more pain... no more anguish'.

So far, but for an occasional deserved jolt, he has been treated accordingly.

With his rerouted urethral opening, it is not troublesome for Roberto to comply with the demands of the two gongs. With Dr. El's permanent incision between his anus and his scrotum, he urinates like a woman. He imagines his cohorts feverishly pressing abdominal

muscles to urinate through erect organs. Envisioning the level of entertainment such offers the women in white brings thoughts of irony. He now considers himself oddly fortunate to have endured Miss Imelda's drastic alteration... the termination of all normal penile functions... other than to stiffen and stand for her.

He cringes thinking of what mandated the quick incising of his perineum... the crafting of his new opening. In his woman-in-white induced delirium, the events replay like an old movie...

"Salt, Roberto. One of the most readily available compounds on the planet Earth."

Miss Imelda pours granules of extremely course white grist into a bowl. Roberto lies on his cot observing. He has managed to quell the shaking induced by his owner's presence.

"Ground glass. A simple matter of hammering and crashing some old glassware."

The sparkling fragments are poured into the bowl and mixed with the salt granules.

"Gelatin capsules," she proclaims, holding up the receptacles for common cold remedies.

Roberto watches with curiosity as Miss Imelda carefully fills each of some dozen capsules with the combined salt and ground glass.

"And lastly, a urethral sound. Perhaps a tad stout... but you're a big boy."

Miss Imelda approaches the cage. The door is lowered. The leash released. The cot wheeled into the room. Roberto looks up under the loose skirt to enjoy the view. Miss Imelda smiles noting his semi stiffness.

"Let's give you a little treat," she announces.

She removes her halter top to bring her wondrous breasts into full view. Then she reaches down to release the penis control bar from the thigh bands.

Roberto needs no further encouragement. His swelling organ and penetrating rod spring upwards, instantly performing for his owner. Within seconds he is fully erect, celebrating his freedom in dutifully displaying his well controlled manhood. His eyes gape at beautiful mounds of femininity.

Miss Imelda smiles and grasps the nose leash. Roberto is released from the cot... neck collar, waist band, ankle cuffs. She pulls to have him stand. Normally there is apprehension. Vacating the cot means lying over the whipping bench. Yet the curious preparations suggest otherwise.

“Come. Sit in the medical chair like a good boy.”

A meek and humbled Roberto follows the leash, his swollen testicles swaying heavily with each footstep. He is strapped into the chair. Feet placed in stirrups. Legs forced apart. His balls, now the size of grapefruit, swing about ominously. He is heartened that the spatula and alcohol lamp are not to be seen. Instead Miss Imelda offers a large glass of water and holds it for him to consume.

“Good boy. Now, just where do you think these capsules will do a boy the most good?” Miss Imelda taunts as she lubricates the smooth steel surface of the sound.

Roberto recalls his owner's words of weeks ago... ‘once and for all, you will only experience orgasm through me... by way of your tongue and my quim.’

More words come to mind... ‘I don't want you robbed of desire... just your ability to satisfy it. For you, Roberto, I prefer a life of permanent frustration.’

Roberto's shuddering resumes as he notes Miss Imelda donning latex gloves.

"Please, no, Miss Imelda."

"Well, you don't use it for anything but to relieve your bladder. And I'll make sure that still happens... and that it stills stands for me as well."

Using the penetrating control bar as a handle, Miss Imelda painfully lowers the angle of Roberto's erection. The sound in her right hand greets the urethral opening. She playfully abrades the extremely sensitive pink flesh at the penis tip, smiling as Roberto grimaces with the burning pain. Then she presses inward to hear a satisfying guttural howl.

"Yes, just a little stout in size."

There come pleas. Ignored. She presses inward watching intently as the huge erection is made to swallow the unyielding metal.

"Developed hundreds of years ago to counter one of the symptoms of venereal disease. Sounds offered no cure, mind you, just used to temporarily open an otherwise blocked passage."

Slowly slipped into the entire length of eleven inches, Miss Imelda smiles. Her gloved left hand encircles the penis shaft as her right twists the sound, sensing the deep penetration. Her action brings forth an ear shattering bellow of intense pain.

"My goodness, so sensitive there. And I have not yet inserted any capsules. Do try not to harm your vocal cords."

With that the ultimate torment begins. The sound is withdrawn. The first of some dozen capsules is introduced to the urethral opening and is pressed within. Then a soft but cruel hand inserts the sound and in slowly pressing, the capsule is driven deeply into Roberto's stiff manhood.

“Stay nice and hard for me now Roberto,” Miss Imelda admonishes in withdrawing the sound.

With his conditioning, in exposing her inviting breasts, Roberto remains erect. Still, for the first time, Miss Imelda’s left hand gently strokes the long shaft. Despite the trauma, Roberto’s neglected organ basks in the seemingly sensuous attention. He is amazed to feel it become harder. When she senses the presence of the inserted capsule, residing at the base near his oversized gonads, she smiles.

“Can you feel that Roberto?”

He nods.

“Good. I want you to feel every iota of what a governing woman is doing to you.”

With that, a second capsule is inserted and slowly pressed downward to join the first.

“A nice long shaft... and many, many capsules.”

Another and another. After capsule number six is inserted, Miss Imelda steps to the kitchen area. There, she retrieves another glass of water, large as well, and returns. Once again Roberto consumes as Miss Imelda kindly holds it to his lips.

“Yes, a nice full bladder you, Roberto.”

With capsules seven through eleven, the intense irritation of metal and gelatin becomes more acceptable. Miss Imelda works more quickly, disappointed to find Roberto’s length insufficient to accommodate capsule number twelve.

Task completed, Miss Imelda steps back to admire her labors. The underside of Roberto’s standing penis exhibits the bulges of the many capsules. It appears to be a snake which has swallowed several prey. She smiles and moves to the kitchen for another large

glass of water. In returning she pauses. Nimble fingers release the clasp of her short pleated skirt. It falls to the floor. Roberto's eyes bulge as Miss Imelda displays herself entirely naked. Before he has only had glimpses when she has appeared sans garments. But now, in obviously further spurring tumescence, she models her divine form, permitting Roberto to visually feast. She laughs as his organ waggles despite being stuffed with capsules.

"A final moment of enjoyment for you Roberto."

She nears and holds the pint of water. Roberto knows to imbibe, his eyes glued upon her smooth and well formed flesh. He can smell her arousal.

"Perhaps you should think of this lustful banquet as a last meal," Miss Imelda offers as the fingers of her free hand diddle the pierced underside of the penis tip.

Roberto drinks quickly, not wishing to hinder his viewing pleasure. The glass is then withdrawn and Miss Imelda steps back. Though disappointed that the caressing fingers retreat, his viewpoint is enhanced. Rarely is he able to ogle that which he must so ardently orally service. Miss Imelda's well trimmed sex offers meaty outer labia which Roberto has so often felt enshrouding his lips. How often has his pierced nose been pressed into that exquisite clitoral hood?

As he gazes, Miss Imelda's fingers move to her mons. Roberto gawks as she parts her labia. Stimulated pink flesh flashes into view. The fingers gather wetness. She holds up her hand to exhibit the evidence of her arousal in the room light.

"The heat and moisture of your urethra will slowly melt the gelatin capsules. Then your most sensitive passage will be exposed to the coarse crashed glass and rock salt within. You'll soon experience the most intense agony... and deep within your most precious male organ. As you can see, it excites me."

Miss Imelda moves to the table of dildos. She begins to select, working her way from large to larger.

“I’m going to enjoy your agony, Roberto. Every scream... every uncontrollable muscle spasm.”

A sizable double dildo is found to be suitable. Miss Imelda returns.

“Come and lie over the whipping bench for me,” she suggests more than commands. “I will offer your penis the same treat as offered by Mandrake.”

The nose leash returns. Roberto’s many shackles are released from the medical chair. As Miss Imelda guides him to the bench, he senses an initial burning twinge as the first capsule begins to melt and overly sensitive urethral skin greets the irritation of salt. Roberto grimaces as Miss Imelda hastily straps him to the bench.

“How would that subservient psyche of yours ever be satiated if a governing woman didn’t fuck you every now and then?” Miss Imelda whimsically inquires.

As Miss Imelda lubricates both dildo and rectum, Roberto senses the fullness of his bladder pressing against the padded leather bench. The abundant offerings of water bring an urge. Yet his penis is both erect and stuffed with capsules. Thoughts of his need are quickly diverted as sodomy begins. By now, having so often penetrated her toy, Miss Imelda easily finds his opening and the proper angle. The semi hard shaft of rubber plunges. Roberto immediately experiences the curious pain/pleasure of prostate manipulation. He also endures another jolt of penile pain as a second capsule dissolves and his hard and heated organ is exposed to more granules.

“I’ve dreamed about this,” Miss Imelda divulges.

Having plunged and withdrawn, acclimating Roberto’s rectal flesh and muscles to her forthcoming onslaught, a hand slips beneath. Roberto feels the soft yet firm smooth warmth of Miss Imelda’s hand

wrap about his stiff and stuffed shaft. She angles it downward. With the impending capsules precluding ejaculation, it is unnecessary. But she so much enjoys imparting aggravation. Then, most horribly, she squeezes, not only rupturing a countless number of the melting capsules but pressuring the contents into his sensitive tubing.

Robert screams... like the girl Miss Imelda described when she initially caned him. Then he bucks wildly against his bonds. Miss Imelda cackles. Every motion transmits pleasure to her end of the double dildo. Perfectly formed for female pleasure, inserted well into her sheath, she revels in the combination of delight... the agony a simple squeeze of her hand can deliver... the unbounded exchange of power.

"My grip embeds the granules where you least want to feel ground glass," she informs, shifting her hand and squeezing to rupture more capsules.

More squeezes... more cries of anguish... more uncontrollable spasmodic bucking... more pleasure for Miss Imelda.

Having assured the capsules are broken open, the contents exposed to Roberto's urethra, she begins to fuck while firmly but most sensuously stroking Roberto's penis... both masturbating and further imbedding the sharp glass fragments. The salt burns the hundreds of shard induced openings.

In emulating Mandrake's handiwork, Roberto's cerebral cortex is overwhelmed. So many senses, so much conflict.

Yet he works his rectum to dutifully please.

"You're going to need a visit from Dr. El, Roberto. I suspect your penis will no longer be usable... all those imbedded shards of glass. They can and will eventually be removed, but scar tissue will form and preclude normal usage. I'm going to make it so you must squat to pee... like a little girl."

Roberto's reverie terminates as the constant hiss is interrupted by three gongs. He presses with his stomach muscles and pushed to open his well stretched rectum... made pliable and trained to accept perfect anal sodomy for the delight of his penetrating superior. Any sense of ignominy in performing such a lowly and intimate deed before observing women has long dissipated. Thus he obediently moves his bowels on cue and the odorous and mushy warmth oozes to the rubber padding beneath.

He knows that he will sit in his own waste for a time, then eventually a kindly woman in white will offer a cleansing spray of warm water while he humbly lifts his legs and presents himself.

But she will never touch... only soothing water in reward for responding to the gongs... only the jolt of many volts in punishment for failure... such is his only input from humans.

Unbeknownst, standing over his sitting form are his tending women.

"How is it he was made to squat?" The raven haired woman in white inquires. "I miss the fountain... the humiliating sight of a stream flowing from an erect penis."

"He's been desexed... and it's more frustrating than simple castration," the seasoned woman explains. "If Level Four protocol permitted, you could masturbate him all day and this one would never feel the ecstasy of ejaculation. The sperm simply oozes out the new opening between his thighs. So his owner has kept him nice and randy without the possibility of ever feeling the ultimate in male pleasure. His testosterone flows like a river, but he can never assuage the burning male need. With castration, sexual desire wanes over time. This one will forever crave that which he can never again achieve."

The raven haired woman nods then turns on the spray hose. Feeling the flow, Roberto obediently parts then lifts his encapsulated legs as high as possible to expose to the cleansing spray his soiled bottom. The simple act of complete subjugation cause the women to smile. A

prod baring hand extends. The electrode tip pushes aside the swollen balls and massive scrotum to bring into view Dr. El's incised opening. The sight causes snickering as Roberto flinches yet further stiffens.

"Should we let him stroke himself sometime? Watching the sperm drool from his new opening while he expects to climax may be fun to watch... brings unending frustration."

The seasoned woman shrugs.

"Why bother?"

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.
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About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives a astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of Lady Constance, he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of The Gimp, book number thirty-one with Pink Flamingo.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com. Billie and Mary, Pony Girl Zesty, The Glass Oubliette, Pony Girl Jackie and Male Subjugation, a Chris Bellows Teaser.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.