

THE PARTY BOY



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The Party Boy
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Chapter One

"Oh he's adorable. You keep him hairless? Presents his balls nicely."

"I keep him as presentable as possible. Well groomed, well exercised, well cleansed, inside and out."

The boldness of the typical questions initially surprised me. Then I subsequently learned that most times, women outside the presence of the male gender, but for Jack, of course, will invariably let down their hair, their language becoming salty, the subject matter of conversation turning ribald. This woman is comparatively tame, but then we're 'entertaining' in Greenwich, a rather upscale Connecticut community.

"May I touch him?"

"Of course, he's here to amuse."

And we've already been paid, up front, I think to myself. So be amused.

The woman of some fifty years, appearing rather prudish, apparently related in some manner to the bride, steps forth and palms the meaty low hanging testicles of Jack. At this point in our side business of offering CFNM parties (clothed female, naked male) my partner flinches not, despite being without sight and not knowing where an exploring hand will light.

I keep Jack hooded at the beginning of every session. He better stays in what I term subspace, very tame, very meek, nicely accepting of his role of subservience to women.

The woman's actions bring forth much tittering from the other attendees, all female. And I marvel at the trendy societal change in a bride's wedding shower. With women's liberation such are becoming more akin to the raucous gatherings of a bridegroom's bachelor party.

And here we are.

Having force fed two quarts of water to prompt the penile phenomenon termed 'piss proud', primed Jack with Cialis, plus always denying him normal sex, the woman's touch,

though brief, serves as a catalyst for tumescence. Jack begins to harden. And whereas he's not the biggest boy I've masturbated in my career as governess, he'll put on a good stand for the group. Nicely cut, within moments he'll be displaying a tummy thumper, the swollen tip of his ten inches pressing against his lower belly.

Hopefully the bride won't be too envious... or too demanding of her Beau on wedding night.

Sure enough Jack steadily engorges, and the tittering transforms to outright shrieks of laughter.

"That's amazing," the woman said somewhat sheepishly. "I hope I was not being brash."

"It's what he's here for," I offer in comfort.

And it is. Jack will be showing more maleness before night's end, all subdued to me, his directing partner.

"How is it... well they hang so low? My husband's... well his are different."

Yes, the women come completely out of society's demanded role of priggishness at these gatherings. Which is another reason to keep Jack hooded. Presumably he will never know or be able to recognize the woman who just fondled him. And the group of women quickly realize this.

"He's been infused. Every week for a few months, I siphoned saline into his scrotum, turning it into a big red balloon. It stretches the skin over time and as you will agree offers a certain... well, I call it ambiance."

Yes, if you're in this business of putting the male anatomy on display, one must have something prominent to display. With Jack's testicles now hanging at mid thigh, it tends to gather attention.

"Are you a Dominatrix?" one of the younger attendees inquires, an apparent bride's maid.

I smile wanly.

"When he was young, I was his governess. Suffice it to say Jack has been acclimated to obey me.

“I should add ladies that you’re all free to touch and explore while he’s hooded. He will not resist... not even talk. He’s well trained.”

The girl’s question brings memories. As I reach for a glass of wine, the waitress obviously suppressing mild shock, my mind flashes back...

Chapter Two

"But I can bathe myself," a young Jack protests.

"You won't. Not while I am your governess... not while I have the responsibility of assuring your cleanliness."

And not while I so much enjoy the feel of young and smooth hairless skin, I am tempted to add.

Newly appointed as governess, the wealthy parents of Jack have decided that despite his age, nearing puberty, the scamp needs watching. In a huff, too many of the household help have departed, not able to withstand the many pranks. And of late, with hormones beginning to flow, the pranks have become somewhat libidinous, hiding to spy on the maids during toilet and bathing being just one.

My resume is strong in bringing up boys... though only ten years Jack's senior, I have many years of experience. I raised two very obedient, very respectful to women, younger brothers. Nursing school followed. A term in the children's ward of a New York hospital furthered my abilities concerning potentially unruly boys. Thereafter, temperament and authoritative manner forged, I struck out on my own.

Being a governess involves countless hours, round the clock duties. Jack is my third effort. And no less a challenge than all the others.

By now I have rituals, knowing very well how to bring a fractious lad down a notch or two, and earn respect. Thus Jack's first bath.

"I've never had a bath like this!" another protest.

"You should now consider yourself fortunate," I banter, knowing that ultimately I will have total authority over his nakedness.

I have drawn some twelve inches of warm sudsy bath water and direct young Jack to enter and kneel on all fours.

"Why can't I sit... like normal?"

"Because I need to wash you... all of you. And I need access... *to all of you*," my tone turning ominous with the

latter words. "Now take off your robe. Don't be bashful. I've scrubbed many boys."

Ah, that initial moment of introduction, a naked boy and a fully clothed supervising woman. The exchange of power is palpable. And I smile, noting that the protests cease and silence ensues. It makes one wonder why obstreperous boys aren't kept naked all the time.

Jack has a fine youthful body, his penis already swinging away. He quickly enters the tub and kneels, incorrectly believing he will somehow veil from me his privates. I stifle laughter.

"Now you just kneel and let Governess Kelly do all the work," my voice soothing in response to his new found docility.

Yes, the feel of young hairless flesh, the power over what will soon become male brawn. It is now in these years that I can mold it, bring respect, and enforce discipline. It is Jack's first bath... of many.

A soaped chamois cloth swaths, my free hand also exploring. The warmth brings a sense of calm and I know to occasionally run more hot water to assure the lad's tranquility. I note that when I playfully tweak a nipple, Jack objects not, instead smiling, my touch becoming acceptable. And I am delighted when my hands slowly rub back and belly, moving to cute buttocks, and there comes not a word.

"We do need to wash... all of you," the once ominous tone becoming more playful.

The chamois works between the thighs. I am testing. And I smile in satisfaction as young Jack, either deliberately or inadvertently, it matters not, further parts his knees in invitation. Realizing there will be no outbursts, my free hand joins the chamois. I want to feel his penis, palpate his little balls, set an aura of ownership from day one... that in the bathtub, Jack becomes mine.

I am delighted to feel a smattering of stubble, puberty beckoning.

“You’re growing hair, Jack.... down here. That’s not a good thing.”

An outright prevarication, of course, but he knows not that it is normal. I will deal with the growth at another time, but at this time I also want to wash a young brain... hair growth... not good.

I am further delighted when my soft soapy caresses bring stirring to a youthful penis. At this point I will ignore, not wanting him to in any way feel embarrassed in standing for me. In time he will do that for me on cue... and learn to both loathe it and oddly enjoy it.

So I retract my hands and move to the buttocks. Ah, a likely place for good scrubbing... and penetration.

“Have you had a bowel movement today?” my tone of voice becoming clinical.

“I guess so.”

“Well it’s not good to guess. From now on I will supervise your bathroom visits. All my boys are regular... kept regular,” I must add.

I wash thoroughly and a soapy index finger presses to that tight little sphincter. I work and again sensing no physical or verbal resistance, I enter, penetrating slowly, then wriggling about. Even at Jack’s young age I know that developing are the workings of the male anatomy. What my cleansing hands commenced, my penetrating finger will complete. Jack groans but protests not. I surreptitiously lower my head to the side, not wanting him to know I am observing his budding manhood.

Yes, he’s stiff.

Now for the Governess’s coup de grace, establishing power and authority never to be denied.

“All done, Jack. Stand for me and I will dry you,” rising from my kneeling position to obtain a towel.

Boys of Jack’s age are chagrined concerning hard-ons. He, of course, does not move. And I, of course, begin to

cross examine concerning his reluctance to fully expose himself to me.

We will have a long talk concerning my duties and his penis. Being totally exposed and erect before a fully clothed woman will never be totally acceptable... always bring a brisance of humiliation. But Jack will come to learn that such is the way it is. I am in charge... and if I want him stiff and naked so be it.

Chapter Three

"He's nicely circumcised," a rather saucy girl announces for the group, her observation bringing me from my reverie.

"Thank you. I trimmed him high and tight, as they say. Foreskin can be unsightly, wouldn't you agree?"

My overt question brings astonished silence from all. Finally, the girl, standing quite proximate to Jack, his hands obsequiously placed atop his hooded head, runs a finger up the underside of his standing penis shaft to where I indeed trimmed him years ago.

"You did this?"

I nod.

"I'm a trained nurse and the procedure is rather simple. Just have to assure you gather suitable flesh in the clamp and incise. In altering the male later in life, the procedure offers wondrous feminine empowerment. Something a boy doesn't easily forget."

More awed silence... and another memory...

Chapter Four

It must be understood that there was no implied sexuality in the handling of Jack... early handling. Just as the maids vacuumed the carpeting, tended to the laundry, cleaned the floors, etc, I bathed and cleaned Jack. Stripping for me, kneeling in the bath, enduring my palpating hands became in Jack's mind as routine as visiting the doctor, having his teeth cleaned by the dentist. It was all clinical. And just as those visits can bring a degree of stress and concern, so it was with Jack. There was always an edginess... and his erect reactions were common. Which I ignored... at the time.

I learned that Jack's mother, a rather haughty socialite, never really bonded to him. Probably never breast fed him either. And so it came to her as a surprise when, during an early weekly progress report, I informed her of Jack's phimosis. A lie, of course, Jack's glans penis retracted quite readily and ably... just about daily. But I like my boys cleanly cut. And as in my reply to the girl commenting on Jack's circumcision, the procedure when performed on the adolescent male can offer a wonderful bonding experience, implanting notions and thoughts of who really owns and controls the organ.

Well Ms. Socialite, probably never even having changed Jack's diapers, cared not to discuss a subject or investigate an aberration that was... considered aberrant to persons of culture and class.

I was therefore given the go ahead. And I cleverly used the pending simple operation as a pretense for shaving Jack's budding foliage, all hair removed.

Yes, a Gomco clamp... adult size at that point... some Novocain, a razor sharp scalpel, and a very obeisant Jack was made to watch as a woman of governance trimmed his vaunted male appendage.

I triumphantly smiled for him during the entire procedure. For him, a great lesson learned.

And of course, during his healing, his Governess Kelly needed constant and immediate access to Jack's genitals.

"I like you shaved like this, Jack. Don't you?" I proclaim on day three of recovery.

"It's... well... it takes time to do that," his objection mild.... much too mild.

He enjoys!

"Bath time. I can have you shaved every day in a jiffy. I think you'll feel better. Nice and smooth all over."

And better to acclimate to the pink silk panties I'm going to have you wear, I should add.

Yes, having read so much Victorian literature, I learned it was both common and much fun to feminize belligerent boys in that era; I began to subscribe to the becalming affect of placing a boy in girl's undergarments... beginning with my younger brothers. After all, since I was the person to dress them each morning, I was the person who would choose not only the colors and styles but the gender of their garb as well.

Yes, becalming is the term. Boys don't fight much when donning frilly panties, aggression tamed for some reason. And they certainly don't play hooky, miss school and disrobe to swim at the local water hole. Instead, in an odd way they sort of become one of us.

Chapter Five

“He’s beginning to drool. He’s not going to ejaculate is he?”

Again, an attendee brings me to the present. I note the tone of the question is not of dread but one of youthful curiosity.

“Pre ejaculatory fluid. Common in the chaste male,” I offer. “And Jack only ejaculates on cue.... requiring my input. He’s trained. No worries.”

No stunned silence on that one. Instead I receive looks and nods of admiration from women having mates with apparent problems of premature ejaculation.

I’d like to do some self promotion at this point, but refrain. I am sure the hostess will at some point reconsider and up the fee. Showing off a naked Jack, quite the well chiseled form in that I keep him exercised, and quite the solid erection as noted, requires a fee of \$300. As I explained to the hostess in negotiating the details of this prospective CFNM party, jerking him off for the girls requires another \$300.

The hostess declined the latter. But I think, as Jack prominently drools, word will slip that there is much more show to be had.

And I’ve brought lubricant. Having trimmed Jack so high and tight, there is no loose foreskin to stroke. One must grease up that pecker before stroking with the intent of ultimate climax.

As I see the girl’s index finger cautiously dab away some fluid, more memories stream... when Jack first drooled years ago...

Chapter Six

It's day four after his circumcision. In having been well bandaged, a dressing which I have fun replacing after his daily bath, I know that nightly youthful habit, when teens sexually discover themselves, has been interrupted. Thus as I dry him, patting those growing testicles with matronly tenderness, I note the ooze of clear fluid. Yes, it is evident that Jack has been masturbating, crusted sheets an obvious clue. And the recent days of forced chastity, his wounded penis tip precluding any lustful stroking, have brought need.

A forthright discussion is required. Though bashful, as usual in discussing male needs with his governess, I cross examine in detail, the level of embarrassment sublime.

"Jack, what is this? Your penis is drooling and I just finished bathing you!" feigning annoyance.

"I know. That happens... for some reason..." his naive response known to be genuine.

"Well, your penis no longer requires a bandage. But I cannot have you soiling those fine panties I have you wearing. Should I diaper you?" my voice stern, a mother threatening to return a child to potty training.

"No. Well sometimes I can get it to stop for a while."

"When is that, Jack? I want to know... in detail."

And of course, I know the details, fondling and stroking away at that abundant foreskin... now incised away. But what has not yet occurred to Jack is the consequences of removing that excess flesh. His masturbatory habits will change... must change... by my edict.

Delicious stuff for a woman of my ilk.

So in bonding with me, the woman who strips him and bathes him nightly, the woman who altered his penis tip, Jack downloads, somewhat reluctantly, but divulges his deep secret... indeed detailing how he had been given to drain his penis of the annoying goo. For him, confessing to his Governess is akin to another visit to the doctor or

dentist, fully divulging all health issues and needs. I am understanding but firm.

“Tsk, tsk, Jack. You should not be doing that. I forbid it. And besides I don’t think you’ll be stroking this little thing like that going forward. Seems I’ve trimmed you for good reason. You’re now going to have to rely on Governess Kelly for that.”

Clinical... always clinical in early dealings with Jack

Now, I am well aware that some how, despite the tight circumcision, Jack... all boys for that matter... will find a way of ecstatically spewing their seed. The point is for me to timely step into the breach so to speak; offering an alternative... what will become a delightfully exciting and sought after alternative... to prosaic male stroking and frottaging. And that needs to be in place before he relearns that nasty habit.

I am going to milk him.... austerely and clinically... not a hint of sexual implication. The maids vacuum, launder and clean the house... I clean Jack!

“Stay here, Jack. I’ll need some ice. Remain naked for me.”

It is of great fortune that the sprawling mansion of Jack’s parents essentially relegates Jack and me to a separate wing. Interruptions in my very, very intimate care are rare... such that at some point I may have Jack stripped naked for the entire time he’s not in school and under my tutelage.

With that said, in the kitchen I obtain a bowl of ice and return. Whereas I’d like to see Jack get nice and hard for me, his penis tip remains sore to the touch. So I must numb him. But he will still experience the joy of prostatic massage and a woman’s controlling touch.

“Ok, Jack. This is something I will do for you regularly. In time, when you’re completely healed and if you’re good for me, I’ll dispense with the ice. Come, straddle my thighs. Hands on head. No touching.”

And no thoughts of sex, I want to add.

I sit on a straight backed chair and position him facing away, hairless thighs spread, sitting on my lap. My starched white uniform is institutional, offering quite the contrast to his complete nakedness. I begin by applying the ice to his penis, chuckling as the coldness brings a lurch. Then I reach for the nearby bar of soap, remaining moist from his bath. It will serve as a suitable unguent for now and I coat two fingers of my left hand, holding the ice against his penis with my right. My actions are mechanical, cloaking the devious pleasure in having a naked boy, shaved to charming smoothness, straddling my thighs.

After a few moments I test, pinching at the sore tip and noting no reaction. Numbed!

"This is a special thing for good boys, Jack. You needn't worry about soiling your panties... or how you'll rid yourself of this nasty male stuff. Think of it as something you want to offer me... a nice gift for the woman who cares for you," my words fostering psychological adaptation.

Yes, Jack, this is a medicine you must take... and thereafter feel better. Such is the nature of my technique. And indeed he will feel better.

I penetrate, experienced fingers instantly finding the prostate. Despite the numbness, the gland remains receptive, offering Jack that strange combination of discomfort and joy. I am going to teach him to savor it... savor my penetrating fingers well in excess of any notions of self pleasure.

Masturbation is over for Jack... self masturbation.

Working with fervor, a mason laying cement, the fluid of my young male ward oozes in abundance, my fingers kneading and kneading within, my free hand indeed milking an udder. His essence coats the tile of the bathroom floor. I note it is clear, pending puberty not yet bringing the cloudiness of sperm.

Perfect. Biologically, my timing is superb. Jack will soon be addicted to the feel of a woman's controlling hands.

Mentally addicted... not sexually. Jack knows not what that is. Not yet.

Chapter Seven

My thoughts truncate as I note that Jack, hands remaining on head, raises one finger.

Ah, all that water. He has needs and the timing is perfect, the many women acclimating to the presence of a naked sculpted yet well subdued male.

The next segment of the entertainment is included in our base fee, and prearranged with the hostess.

"Ladies, my companion Jack has a need," I announce reaching into my large decorative over-the-shoulder bag. "Should any of you care to observe, he'll be utilizing the back deck."

The hostess showed me the way and suggested a convenient isolated spot while arranging our bridal shower tête-à-tête. I thus reach in my bag and extract a slim penis leash... actually to be wrapped about the low hanging scrotum, but I term it a penis leash.

This always makes an impression, leading a man about by his balls... a mirthful impression. And the girl who inquired about my position of prospective Dominatrix is intrigued. Others laugh.

Remaining hooded, Jack must follow my gentle tugs as this smiling Governess pulls to tautness and steps towards the sliding glass door. Jack must follow, of course.

The pending darkness of a summer evening looms, but enough light remains to properly amuse. And as Jack steps awkwardly, I am pleased to see the Cialis works as prescribed, a raging hard on bobbing with each step, mesmerizing the assembled female crowd.

This portion of our show has been ingrained in Jack's psyche for many years. As stated, from the first day of assuming my duties, I took over his toilet... at least while not at school. Yes, I supervised closely, training him to urinate and stop, later holding his penis, squeezing off the flow until he learned to do it himself on my command.

As a result, our offering of CFNM entertainment is de rigueur amongst those providing kink. So to a corner of the deck, secluded as suggested, I guide a sightless Jack, pressing his shoulders to signal him to kneel.

"It's the garden, Jack," I whisper, alleviating him of concerns over soiling our hostess's home.

Next I stand behind. Like the trained circus animal Jack has become, he knows he will perform for me... perform for all women. I wait until the many observers have assembled.

"I'm sure most of you are repulsed by male sloppiness in terms of bathroom use and urination. I have thus trained Jack to perform when and where I dictate," I proudly announce.

"But he's stiff," a woman of age points out.

"Training... and an ingrained need to please, ladies."

With that I lean, whispering into Jack's left ear the sibilant sounds taught in potty training a child.

"Pssst... pssst."

Jack clenches his stomach muscles, abdominals I have forcefully had him perfect. His penis waggles, the angle of erection slightly dipping. Then comes a forceful gush, arching upwards, between the railings of the deck and streaming to the garden below. Yes, the women are impressed. But there is more.

"Jack that's enough," all knowing the bladder remains in need.

Jack obediently curtails the flow. I pause looking to see the many aghast faces, a woman's command so promptly obeyed.

"Now you may finish for me," my follow up command coming after many, many aggravating moments... for Jack.

The stream resumes. For \$300 dollars I let him finish. I explained to our hostess that for an extra stipend I will have him turn on and off the flow many times. She did not express interest. I am sure some are disappointed.

Waiting in my hand is a tissue. I dab his penis tip, a chore I have so often undertaken since youth.

"Come, Jack," pulling his leash for him to right himself, I note that he blushes.

Yes, the masochism of the subordinate male. Psychologically, they never seem to fully acclimate to their own needs... they never seem to want to...

I lead him back to the living room in silence, my ears soaking up the many excited comments.

Chapter Eight

"Do you bind him?" the girl with interest in domineering females seems eager to learn.

"No longer. But he is kept chaste. It's an essential part of the business."

"No sex?" the girl incredulous.

"For him? I'll get him off at these parties. Extra fee, of course. Sex for me? Constantly. Jack's quite orally proficient and I find male penetration to be demeaning."

The girl nods, quite receptive to the one sided nature of our sexual relationship.

"Tonight... will he... will he...?" the girl shy concerning her words.

"Be masturbated? No. Not in the planned program."

"But he does... does..."

"I have him ejaculate on cue when it's desired... normal orgasm or ruined, depending on the desires."

"It seems cruel to leave him frustrated."

"It's part of the business," I shrug. "He'll just have that much more jism to spew at the next party," my tone cavalier.

But the girl's questions spur more reflections. Do I bind him...?

Chapter Nine

"Your son is wetting the bed," another prevarication in reporting to Jack's haughty mother.

This brings a look of disgust, a subject not for discussion and a deed deemed well beneath the desired deportment of her silver spooned son.

"Well, it must be dealt with. He's too old!"

Yes, he is. Jack is approaching his senior year. And he has no real problems, in fact, urinating for me only at my command, most times with me handling what has blossomed into a nice sized manhood.

"I have both experience and training in the matter. I'll need cart blanche in dealing with it. He may complain... and deny that he's bed wetting."

"He'll not wriggle out from under your auspices, Miss Kelly. He's greatly improved over the years of your tutelage. A very docile boy."

And looks sweet completely hairless and in girl's underwear I am tempted to add.

Alas, Jack has been more than receptive to the feel of smooth silk on his shorn privates. And as noted, it so nicely tempers male belligerence.

And so Jack's mother washes her hands of what is perceived to be a most embarrassing family problem... a complete ruse on my part.

Offered to me by one of my nursing compatriots is a special locking diaper, used in psychiatric wards with not only incontinent patients, but those with dementia who, extended opportunity, are given to masturbate most obsessively.

'Some of the younger dementia patients will rub the skin right off their penises,' my friend relates.

It's comprised of heavy canvas... a thick waist belt, a formidable crotch piece locking at the back.

"He'll need to sleep with me for a while. This will require close supervision," I forewarn the matron of the house.

She shrugs, reiterating her desire to wash her hands, showing no concern for further details of the proffered treatment and 'cure'.

Yes, handling Jack's rapidly developing organs, so often milking him of his burgeoning male essence, has brought needs of my own. Yet, I cannot have carnal relations and do not wish to tempt Jack into any thoughts of such.

Thus he will be bound... at least his privates will be. And Jack will begin wearing a hood, darkness deepening his docility.

Chapter Ten

I note that my explanation of the various show offerings, different aspects of CFNM, has brought much discussion.

With Jack's nudity, his feminine controlled urination, sparking much thought, I lead my hooded partner to a stool, provided by our hostess, and guide him to step up, there to continue displaying himself and his erection while heavy hors d' oeuvres are served.

This for the most part is a time out, the novelty of the women's proximity to docile male brawn somewhat wearing. But with Jack's low hanging testicles now at eye level to many of the attendees, more hijinks are sure to follow.

I see the girl talking with others. Then all retreat, returning with their purses. It seems a collection is being taken. How inspiring!

My attention is diverted by a very athletic woman staring at Jack perched on the stool. It appears she is in the Louvre assessing a fine sculpture, more or less appraising Jack asexually.

"He's well conditioned," she notes in prompting conversation.

"I've worked him since he was a boy," I offer in reply. "Like to think exercise keeps a boy's hands from his penis... at least that is the intent."

The woman laughs. And I again have recollections...

Chapter Eleven

I want my boys to be physically active, attain some form of manly shape. But I find that in milking Jack, the resulting ennui becomes extended.

Such laziness.

However, engaging in school sports is not practical for boys in brightly colored silk panties. I can only imagine the locker room antics in changing to and from uniforms.

So sometime after my trimming of Jack's foreskin, a few weeks into the regular prostate milkings, I engage the lady of the house.

"Jack is not one for exercise," I inform. "Rather indolent. Unless precaution is taken, I do believe he'll begin to fatten. Not good for a boy's self esteem."

I should add that neither is being stripped naked, bathed and intimately massaged by a governing woman, but on these points obviously silence serves me best.

"My, my, Jack's father would not approve of that. Whatever should we do?"

I note it is the royal 'we', Jack's mother not spending a moment of time with the lad.

"I'd like to buy some gym equipment. There is plenty of room in our wing of the house. I will supervise... assure that he's well worked."

"So good of you to add to your responsibilities, Miss Kelly," the woman again readily washing her hands of Jack and his care.

And so, money being no constraint, I order exercise machines... a treadmill, stationary bike, universal gym. It's equipment that I can use as well, I justify. And there is indeed an isolated room, a third floor attic, expansive, well windowed, with a high ceiling.

I'm going to work Jack. And it is most convenient that my ward neither has exercise attire nor did I think to order any from the equipment supplier. How thoughtless of me.

Chapter Twelve

The girl with questions of female dominance again approaches, breaking my train of thought.

"Suppose we'd like to augment that show. Can you jerk him off for us?"

"Of course, I keep Jack well primed. No party last weekend. So it's been two weeks. And the testosterone injections keep him quite randy."

"How much?"

"Ruined orgasm? Or do you want to see him spurt? It's \$300 for showing you all how far he can ejaculate. Ruined is extra. \$100. It requires much feel and timing. Not easy assuring that he'll just meekly dribble for you."

I know the answer. This girl wants Jack to leave even more frustrated.

"Shush," she advises, sotto voce. "I'll just tell the girls you only offer ruined."

Such a coquette, I cannot help thinking. The girl is young, cute and desirable... and eager to see a man humbled to tears.

When it comes to pending orgasms, I ruin with the best. And Jack hates it. And I love it. And with my medical training I win every time, with every weekend show expertly sensing the pending clench of the tiny ejaculatory muscles... knowing precisely when to withdraw my strokes... terminating handiwork which would otherwise put a man in ecstasy.

I see the girl working the crowd, most pitching in with twenties. A middle aged, well jeweled woman politely listens to the girl's entreaty and withdraws from her purse a fifty. Yes, a lucrative Saturday night for Jack and me.

In awaiting the collection, my thoughts return to Jack's alleged bed wetting.

Chapter Thirteen

Over the years, I became comfortable living in the mansion of Jack's family. The bed wetting tale was just another fabrication, falsely evidencing Jack's continuing need for a governess, despite his advancement into teen years.

The advantage of keeping him in panties transformed. Docility remaining, added to the benefits of having him furtively wear girly panties was the fact that a young male is unlikely to date, or least have sexual relations, while donning frilly undergarments. Plus I kept Jack's body, though developing nicely with demanded exercise, smooth and hairless... legs and arms included.... a thorough body shave always offered at bath time. Thus if something coeducational did become serious, he'd have some tough explaining to do.

Added to this level of covert control was, of course, my supervision of glandular needs, i.e. in crass terms, the need to get his rocks off.

Yes, I milked him constantly, never deviating from the ritual of sitting him naked on my lap, penetrating fingers working his prostate, free hand ever so teasingly coaxing forth the flow of essence... never, ever stroking. Instead pressing downward on the tip, the distressing angle known to preclude ejaculation.

Yes, I know the male anatomy, know that in abridging the ability of the ejaculatory muscles to spasmodically contract, Jack's male effluent would instead meekly drool... and drool... and drool.

Oh, the humiliation was intense, for I would sit with me and Jack facing a mirror, his eyes not to avoid the sight of my governing hands, the puddle of resulting essence not to be denied.

Sometimes I would ice him if in a cruel mood, in so doing robbing him of just about all sense of a male sexual function. But most times letting him feel the ebb, his

maleness uselessly dripping to the tiling, the slow hormonal change bringing ennui rather than the nirvana of normal male climax.

For Jack this was not a sexual thing. This was care offered by his considerate governess. Again the prostate milkings were always austere, no foreplay stirring arousal, no real intimacy but for the fact I entered him. In Jack's mind, my milkings were the equivalent of brushing teeth.

But what of me? The question self posed.

Yes, supervising Jack's prettified maleness brought needs. Plus I realized that introducing Jack to sexuality could not forever be forestalled. He did go to school. Classmates were dating. Hormone driven relationships were flaring. Despite the fact that I kept Jack well drained, I knew attraction to the female form would come. It was something I could delay in robbing daily of any building seed, but could not forever deter.

Thus the diaper. Jack would sleep with me... naked but for the imposing locking canvas. And since I prefer to sleep naked as well, modesty mandated he be hooded. He would feel my warmth, smell my femininity, in time taste me... but never admire... not visually.

Yes, it was time to introduce Jack to the opposite gender and the prospects of sex... under my terms.

And in an added whim of cruelty, I always diapered him most securely with his penis drawn between his legs, its growing length bringing the tip almost to his rectum. Thus the slightest tumescence brought great discomfort, not a smidgeon of room for engorgement.

Jack would learn that his relationship with women would be to obey, adore and bring pleasure... but not necessarily to himself.

Empowered, I tamed the vaunted male organ. Poor Jack. Ha, ha, ha

Chapter Fourteen

"I'll need a chair, straight backed, from the dining room will do," I advise as the budding dominatrix hands me a wad of cash. I don't count it; reasonably assured the women would not short change me.

Jack is accustomed to rituals. I don't want him overly distracted. I am confident he will adequately perform for me... more than adequately. But there is no point to chancing disappointment. Consistency is important.

So I will milk and masturbate him as I have been doing for many years. Sitting on my lap, absent is my nurse's uniform, but fully clothed. He's adaptable to that extent.

I stuff the money in my bag and grab the tube of unguent and a towel. As the chair is positioned, in the living room where the cadre of women can observe, some needing to stand afar in the adjoining dining room, I grasp Jack by his balls and tug. He knows to step from his make shift pedestal and follow.

I am sure he is aware of the request, the augmentation of our CFNM display.

"You're going to sit on my lap like a good boy," I coo, the words are a precursor and are known to prime his glands.

I lead to the chair, toss the towel to the carpet, sit, then push and prod until my hooded former ward straddles my thighs.

"Sit," I command.

Then I pull his hands from his head and whisk away the hood. For the first time, Jack faces his many admirers, if such is the appropriate term. He blinks, eyes adjusting. He's heard their voices, felt their many hands and fingers. He's performed for them, urinating at my command. But now he must return their rapt gazes, for the first time realizing how many... dozens.

Two reactions... Jack blushes, knowing to obediently return his hands to his head. And his penis seems to stiffen more.

At times, I must wonder if the Cialis is necessary. Yet, this is business... the entertainment business. We cannot let down (such a punster).

"Jack, these women like observing handsome humbled men. Say hello. Give them a waggle."

An obedient Jack knows to pull on his pubococcygeus muscles, indeed waggling his engorged penis in response. The deed brings laughter.

"Good boy. They want to see me masturbate you. Isn't that nice?" I coo, mother to child.

Speechless, Jack nods.

"Would you like to ejaculate for them... like a big boy?"

He nods again.

"No, Jack. Ask the women for permission to ejaculate."

A sheepish Jack, never to be fully accustomed to his display of erect nakedness, speaks.

"May I perform for you... ejaculate," the words muddled but discernible.

This brings boisterous laughter, the crowd greatly amused, many women simultaneously offering verbal concurrence. The budding dominatrix appears particularly enthused.

As this daunting form of foreplay unfolds, I open the tube and begin what was a daily ritual in governing a younger Jack, coating two fingers of my left hand, the palm of my right.

"Well, ladies, if you have not before masturbated a boy, perhaps I can be somewhat enlightening. They all enjoy anal penetration. Don't ever let them lie to you about that," slipping the index finger and middle finger into Jack's rectum as I speak. "Some like it bigger and deeper, but it's a primary male erogenous zone not to be ignored."

Jack's penis confirms my conjecture, happily waggling in response, bringing more laughter.

"And you must establish control. Jack here is trained not to touch himself, keeping his hands on his head. For your

husbands and boyfriends consider tethering their hands. You'll find there is an anomaly in the male psyche when it comes to sexual matters... they want to rush... but they are saddened after rushing. That's why it is best for the woman to be in control. Men are immature when it comes to orgasms... want their cake and eat it too."

Ending my lecture, my right arm reaches to Jack's front. I always enjoy feeling the initial spasm of joy when I first grasp his eager manhood. Jack does not disappoint. I note that he closes his eyes in shame.

"No, Jack, look at the ladies. They want to see the expression on your face as I humiliate you."

True, of course, and making him peer back in turn heightens his humiliation.

I begin. The crowd of women turns to silence. One can hear the squish of my strokes, down, up, a slow twist known to bring an explosive spark of pleasure. I am rhythmical, mechanical... initially. But when I feel Jack begin to respond with my cadence, I know to stop.

It drives them crazy... the caprice... the unknown... the inability to gauge expectations.

I simultaneously knead the prostate. Two weeks of chastity brings forth a nice flow of pre ejaculatory fluid. But there is an important secondary purpose in my anal penetration. I can expertly sense the small ejaculatory muscles, assess where such are in the process of bringing forth male eruption. When I feel such oscillate, I know to instantly withdraw... forcing the so termed ruined orgasm... the bane of male sexuality. Depriving the penis of the ultimate ecstatic release.

I resume, down, up, this time a slow twist. I then rub the head with my palm, avoiding the super sensitive underside. Another motion known to bring angst.

At this point most males may attempt to join me with their hands, speeding the process. Jack is too well trained.

He merely takes it... the frustration, the pleasure, enduring the driving need to come.

Down, up, twist, Jack's moan of delight fires his onlookers.

"No, Jack, keep your eyes open," I must admonish again.

More strokes, more pauses, more twists, more rubs, anally both kneading and assessing. I often wonder for how long an interval I can torment poor Jack.

But then my penetrating fingers detect the telltale oscillations. Drat, the male eagerness. I immediately withdraw.

I lean forward and blow onto Jack's right ear. Years and years of training, his psyche knows the deed is my unspoken permission to spurt.

"Here comes Jack," I humorously announce.

The standing ten inches waggles in a futile attempt to manly ejaculate. It fails, of course, needing to be gripped and stroked. Then it pulsates... meekly. I like to think it's cute.

"Please more," the beseeching words raspy, as whitish goo oozes forth.

Yes, with that, Jack's male effluent humbly flows forth, dribbling to the towel below.

"Finish me," he pleads.

"No, Jack," I proclaim in my stentorian voice of authority. "Not tonight. The ladies preferred to see you dribble and suffer."

Chapter Fifteen

Well, again to be rather punny, that was the climax of the party.

The women continued watching in fascination as Jack's huge erection more or less smoldered, a volcano that smokes and rumbles but does not quite erupt. Then as my penetrating fingers continued to knead the prostate, the pent up mass of semen finally came to depletion. Some women stayed to watch his organ slowly deflate, returning to flaccidity for the first time since I unlocked my naked exhibitionist; others sauntered to the kitchen where the supply of wine was endless.

"All gone, Jack," I said leaning forward to mockingly whisper in his ear.

I push; Jack knows to stand from sitting on my lap. Knees wobbly, the release of hormones brings that curious afterglow of repose... but of course, no sense of ultimate gratification in ruining the potential for ejaculation.

I arise, pick up the towel and use a dry corner to wipe my hands.

"You'll feel better locked back up," I summarily inform Jack.

He nods with solemnity. I move to my bag stowing the towel and retrieving Jack's intricate chastity device and a tube of KY jelly. When I return to the chair, most of the women have dispersed about the living room, dining room and kitchen, many conversations, much talk about the forthcoming wedding.

"That was great, very entertaining and very informative," the budding young dominatrix approaching to stand at my side.

I return to sitting in the straight backed chair. Jack, hands remaining on his head in strict obedience, stands before me, obsequiously presenting his spent but unsatiated penis.

I palm the shaft; Jack closes his eyes in expectation of discomfort. The girl watches with great interest as I apply a

large dollop of KY jelly to Jack's urethral opening, leaving a blob at the top of the penis tip. I then roll about Jack's Prince's Wand in the excess, coating it well.

The metal tube, somewhat bulbous at the insertion end, will glide well into Jack's urethra, the well designed ball challenging his passage way and finally coming to rest where it will ceaselessly abrade his prostate. I like having Jack constantly reminded he's under a woman's control, feeling slight pressure on the uniquely male gland at all times.

"Wow," the girl exclaims, apparently not present earlier when I first made Jack presentable for the party. "He's kept in chastity."

I smile.

"It's business. Have to keep my mate primed and randy... for the next show."

I explain as Jack lurches, another bull's eye to the prostate gland. Next I retrieve the remainder of his cock cage. A large supporting stainless steel base ring, hinged to open, eyelets permitting it to be locked closed, is slipped over his penis, the top resting at his pubic bone. Tucking his testicles and long scrotal sac through is a bit of a chore, but nothing I have not done many times. This brings the bottom of the support ring to rest at the perineum. I close it, the circle of metal snugly capturing his entire male package.

Next comes the cage, slipping over his flaccid penis, quite tightly, and greeting the top of the base ring where the eyelets join. There I push through a small padlock, both attaching the cock cage to the base ring and securing the loop closed. Lastly, the exposed end of the Prince's Wand is slipped through a matching opening at the tip of the cock cage. There a tiny eyelet is aligned with an eyelet at the bottom of the cylindrical cock cage. With the snap of another small padlock, Jack is returned to chastity... rather thorough and aggravating chastity... forced to urinate through a steel tube.

I want him always eager to be released.

"Wow," the girl repeats. "I'd like one of those. Expensive?"

"Yes," I nod, patting Jack's balls, "but for us, tax deductible," I add with humor. "Go ahead and mingle with the girls, Jack. But hands on head... always."

"I'd rather not, Miss Kelly."

So shy in the afterglow of spending his seed.

"Then go perch yourself on the stool and show off for a while. I'm going to have one more glass of wine before we leave."

It is comforting for me to exhibit Jack in chastity. It empowers. Sends a message.

Chapter Sixteen

Yes, one more glass of wine and I politely listen to some conversation. But I do not participate, my mind wandering.

Exhibiting Jack, humiliating Jack, excites. My own needs are percolating and I'm moist, as are probably many of the other women, should they have propensities in line with mine. The advantage I have is that I'm taking Jack home with me and my concupiscence will be well addressed.

Yes, I have availed myself of Jack's tongue and lips for many years, his cunnilingus is perfect.

It began with Jack coming to the age when sex, the curiosity about such, preoccupies the male mind, despite the clinical prostate milkings which came with almost every daily bath.

That is when I reported... misreported... his alleged bed wetting and was given carte blanche to deal with it.

So, one evening after a thorough milking, I began a new protocol. Jack, naked as always when alone in my presence, began to inquire about girls. Because of our relationship, me as governess, perceived asexually in Jack's mind, having access to every inch of his superb anatomy, my ward felt no compunction, no shyness, about inquiring of the female anatomy.

"Why do they call it a cunt? And what does it look like?" he brazenly posed one evening sitting on my lap.

My two fingers were working his prostate, my right hand forcing his erect and dripping penis to point to the tiling. Jack was idly being milked, that clinical procedure of slowly draining him

"The female sex organ is not to be so addressed by good boys. That's a nasty pejorative. Pussy is more polite, but both terms encompass the female genitalia... which is rather complicated Jack," I lecture.

"I'd like to see one."

Of course, you would, you're a nasty male, despite being obedient to me and constantly under my thumb, I think to

myself.

The discussion gives rise to thought. I can't have Jack approaching girls at school, asking what their cunt looks like. And his early conduct, that which prompted the need for my supervision, comes to mind... spying on the maids during certain delicate times of toilet and bathing.

So with Jack coming of age, it seems my efforts have been to delay opprobrious conduct, not rid him of it. I quickly conclude it is better that I work to temper such potential conduct, not ignore it.

"You must be taught to have respect... and admiration... for women and the female form, Jack. Tonight I will begin the first of many lessons."

Seeing no more dribbling effluent, I push Jack from my lap. I then move to a cabinet where waiting is the thick canvas diaper.

"Come," I said while wriggling my finger holding up the imposing garb.

In a jiffy I have the constricting contraption around his waist. At the front dangles the so termed cod piece, that which will slip between his thighs, be pulled up between his hairless buttocks and locked in place at the back, but first I must assure the impossibility of stiffening. If I am going to teach Jack to properly respect the female anatomy, he will do so without the privilege of erection. I thus assure the penis, quite flaccid after his milking, is pressed downward. I smile with its growing length. Nearing adulthood I draw back the impressive length, the tip back almost greeting his rectum. There I hold it in place as my free hand completes the restraint, pulling under and up. Then I can release his penis, now entrapped, and lock the contraption in place.

"Ow, it's too tight," Jack's pleading words bringing the satisfaction that his penis will not stir without incurring discomfort.

"Good. Come, you'll sleep in my room tonight."

And so my 'cure' for bed wetting began, Jack's mother having no objection to having her son sleep with his caring, nurturing governess.

Chapter Seventeen

Enough. We've earned our fee and the girl talk is wearing. I bid all a good night, reach into my bag and toss Jack his frilly pink panties. The budding dominatrix smiles.

"He does not object?"

"That's the only undergarment he's allowed... since he was a boy."

Jack steps from his perch, grateful the show is over. In putting on his panties I next toss him his blanket. Bringing him to these parties in partial dishabille always makes an impression... and puts him into his subordinate frame of mind.

When I walk him about outdoors, to and from the car, with only a blanket and panties for cover, we are within the law but otherwise Jack's exposure is fulfilling for me and nicely humbling for him.

"How do you find a boy... like Jack?" the girl who is so inquisitive asks.

"You have a boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"Then you have probably already found a boy like Jack. You just don't know it. You're an assertive girl. Only a boy with Jack's propensities would find attraction."

With that, leaving the girl in thought, I take Jack by the hand... not as would a lover... but as would a mother leading a child.

Calling out another good night, we depart into the summer night air, Jack desperately clinging to his only covering like a frightened child.

It's suburban Greenwich, the houses large and sparse. Still Jack is concerned about being seen, despite his many hours of naked exhibition. It's delicious.

As always, his shy relatively silent interaction with me ends in departing the performance.

"Wouldn't it be better to allow me covering? Normal covering?" he asked finally finding his voice.

"It makes a proper impression, bringing you to the parties half naked and easily stripped. Sets the atmosphere, wouldn't you agree?"

Jack reluctantly nods.

"You performed well Jack, \$700 earned for a few hours work. That's more than your week's earnings cleaning toilets."

"I could find a better job."

"Yes you could... but you won't. I won't allow it. Besides cleaning toilets suits your psyche... it's demeaning... and that's good for you. Those years of college coming to waste. Kind of sums things up for you, doesn't it?"

I psychologically disparage, never letting Jack enter a mental comfort zone.

We reach the car. I drive, not permitting Jack to have a license.

"We're in New Jersey next weekend. The Craig's List thing works well. Lots of promiscuous women want no strings access to a naked male," I inform, starting the engine.

I grab Jack's blanket, pulling it from him and tossing it to the back seat. I then playfully tweak a nipple and put the car in gear. We have an hour's drive to New York. Jack is initially silent, slumping in his seat, veiling from other drivers that he rides mostly naked... no shirt, no pants, no shoes, just frilly pink panties.

I decide to have fun, Jack always needs to be put in his place.

"Jack, take off your panties. Throw them in the back as well. And sit up straight!"

He'll ride for me naked, but for his steel cock cage.

"What if we're pulled over?"

"Hopefully the officer will be female... maybe drum up more business," I said smiling with the thought.

So we catch the Interstate and head south.

"You drooled quite nicely for the women, Jack; I think my testosterone injections suit you well."

“Can I come at the next party... for real?”

“The terms aren’t finalized. And that’s not for me to say... and certainly not your decision. You are subordinate to the whims of women, Jack. Remember your place. It’s best for you.”

“Will you milk me this week? Like before?”

So many years of draining him... and now, but for his weekend duties, chastity. And a weekend escapade may or may not involve release. Such frustration for Jack.

“No. Bad for business. We need the money. Now still your tongue. I’ll want it to be fresh and energetic when we get home.”

Yes, his tongue... his well trained tongue. As a glum Jack returns to silence I recall the early training... under the guise of dealing with his ‘bed wetting’.

Chapter Eighteen

The nice thing about diapering Jack was that, in addition to essentially holding him in chastity, not even affording a millimeter of standing room for an erection, it fit so nicely into the ruse that he'd been wetting the bed. Should he be discovered in bed with me, the slim possibility of one of the maids delivering something or endeavoring an early morning room cleaning, his naked but diapered form could easily be explained. And it would be obvious that no carnal activity had been undertaken.

And so I take him to bed, first hooding him, thick black latex, its tightness requiring effort to roll down in place and align the large opening for the mouth and nose.

Finished, I disrobe, joining him in nakedness.

"Lie down, Jack," pushing him to the bed.

When I turn out the lights and unite with him, he begins to quiver with excitement. In all his teen years he has never been with a girl, never had a girl friend. He is thus a lump of putty for molding.

"You're never to remove the hood... ever," I instruct with my most assertive voice.

I press against him, feeling a brisance of joy, frottaging skin I have labored day after day to make glabrous. I am in my element, having such youthful, masculine yet well subdued warmth to play with as I desire.

I direct his covered face to my breasts, the lesson on female anatomy to begin there.

"Lick then gently suckle," offering my glands.

Thinking of his harridan mother, in being denied breast feeding it is most likely the first time his lips have so osculated. Indeed, we'll make up for the offerings denied in infancy. I'm so kindly.

I moisten, of course. This day... this evening... has finally come... so many baths... so many milkings. Now I can offer more than my controlling hands.

I can smell myself, my vagina secreting. A young Jack proves to be tender. I can no longer deny myself. I cradle his head, shifting my body, pushing downward as I position him for what will become a nightly act of chivalrous coupling... oral coupling.

"You asked about pussy, Jack. And you shall have some. You will feel, smell and taste. You will come to savor me. But you will never, ever gaze. That I will forever deny you. Now ever so gently extend your tongue and lick," guiding his face to my mons. "When you encounter wetness, gather and swallow. It's a treat, Jack... a treat for a meek and obedient boy..."

Chapter Nineteen

We traverse the congested Cross Bronx Expressway, slowly as always. Under the many bright overhead lights, passing cars can easily spy Jack, shoulders, arms and chest exposed. Some honk. I so return the honk, smile and wave. Jack shudders, lowering in his seat in an attempt to veil himself.

“Bad boy, Jack, sit up for me like a big boy.”

With that I reach up to the windshield sun visor. There, in a neat row, are clothes pins, ready for quick and easy punishment.

“Please no,” Jack beseeches in seeing me pinch to remove one.

“Permission, Jack. Always ask permission to move.”

With that I cautiously reach to him and snare his left nipple in the jaws, mercifully smooth. I release to pinch closed, such sending my message of correction.

“Now sit up, hands on your head, proper posture.”

He obeys, knowing that there are many clothes pins and many parts pink where such can be applied. Though only two nipples, his elongated scrotum is well exposed. On one long weekend trip, I dressed him well in some dozen clothes pins. His breathing became quite labored, thus I know my admonishment was effective.

I am pleased when his nakedness, clothes pin quite prominent, brings forth more honks. He’s kept, his status apparent to the passing motorists.

“There will be more when we arrive home. The pin is there just to remind me you need punishment. I have a certain rose bud aperture which will require your attention, Jack.”

Analingus. He hates it. I love it as a precursor to slow unending cunnilingus. But I do not demand it often. I would not want Jack to acclimate... become comfortable with the foul deed.

We enter Manhattan, traverse the FDR, turn off and fortunately, the hour late, there is little local street traffic.

Into our apartment parking garage, I remove the punishing clothes pin, the rush of returning circulation bringing a comical gasp for air. Jack takes a deep breath, steadies himself then turns to reach back for his panties and blanket.

"I don't think that's necessary, Jack. It's Saturday night. Theresa's on duty and she enjoys looking at you on the security cameras."

Yes, Theresa, a woman of color, size and authority, is one of us, well aware of Jack's subservience... naked subservience. As the night security woman, she will follow our progress on video, through the garage to the internal elevator, in the elevator, down the hallway to our apartment.

Besides enjoying Jack's embarrassing exposure, in a satisfying manner, I placed her in a position in which she would be ill served to disclose Jack's curious penchant. On Tuesday mornings, one of Theresa's days off, I have Jack tend to her apartment. There, naked and in chastity, he cleans her bathroom... her toilets... as I demeaningly reference Jack's weekday employment.

Something about being served by a naked Caucasian male brings a thrill...

"What about the neighbors?" asked Jack expressing concern.

"Some you already clean for. If we encounter others, we'll just offer your services and trade for their silence."

It's true. Jack likewise cleans the bathrooms of some half dozen fellow tenants. Odd that it is so easy to arrange new clients for his services. Modest, harmless kink... more prevalent than most would think.

"Come, let's go. I want to be served orally. Your exhibition has once again placed me in a mood."

A nude caged Jack exits the car, scampering like a scared rabbit to press the elevator button and minimize potential encounters, at least in the garage.

This segment of what Jack must perceive as a long journey really is not that perilous. The opening of the parking garage door would signal the pending arrival of a neighbor long before he or she would spot a naked Jack. Still, seeing my former ward in such panic brings delight. And I know within that tight steel cock cage, his penis stirs... the masochistic reaction never to be completely stifled.

I gather his blanket and panties and slowly sashay behind, taking the time to admire Jack's physique, many years of my handiwork. Yes, Jack is a divine pile of masculine flesh, well muscled, the workouts I demanded as his governess continuing daily. It's part of the business. I'd have him working at a male strip club but for the need to remove his chastity device and his propensity to harden before fully clothed women. I'm sure management would not appreciate such a lustful gesture of male condescension.

I am almost disappointed when the elevator arrives with no passengers. Oh well, onward to the 15th floor as viewing Jack's exposed muscling brings memories...

Chapter Twenty

As noted, since participating in after school sports was not practical for my silk pantied Jack, I inveigled the matron of the house to purchase an array of exercise equipment.

The third floor attic was turned into a gymnasium and beginning in his mid teens, Jack knew to come straight home from school... really nothing else for him to do... and report to me in the attic.

There I disrobed him, a ritual upon which I insisted, making him stand most passively with hands on head as I stripped him of every inch of clothing. Yes, he would exercise for me naked.

"There's no point in piling up more laundry for the maids, Jack... sweaty shirts, shorts and socks," I succinctly explained.

It was with great interest on those many afternoons that day after day I watched his penis blossom and the fruit of his scrotum fully ripen into the testicles of a young man... a well hung young man... a well subjugated young man.

Treadmill work, miles on the stationary bicycle, I insisted on the development of a manly chest as well, bulging, well proportioned pectoral muscles to be honed on the Universal Gym.

It was during one of these lengthy afternoon intervals that I learned something key about Jack.

It's one thing for a boy to harden while I am penetrating his rectum, taking control of his penis and slowly milking him of the essence that brings rebelliousness and lusty thoughts. But it is another for an erection to spontaneously spring forth while enduring a grueling workout... and such occurred.

Nearing the end of a long afternoon, I noted that there was a shortage of towels. With Jack sweating profusely, this can be quite the inconvenience. I thus phoned down to the maid's quarters, demanding immediate attention in the form of fresh towels.

With my household rank just below that of Jack's mother and father, the response was quick, perhaps too quick. A pretty young serving girl, apparently having neglected to replenish the supply, stormed up to the attic, entering without announcement in hastily rectifying her oversight.

Jack, having just completed many miles on the treadmill, drenched in sweat, was aghast with the girl's presence. She apologized, in no way suggesting that I as governess was engaging in something sultry or lewd, and in setting down the towels attempted to depart with equal haste. But in seeing Jack's reaction, so accustomed to being in the nude solely with me, finding the presence of another fully clothed female to be stultifying, I could not resist being mischievous.

"Maria, stay and help," my voice firm, my authority respected. "Jack needs to be toweled."

My words did not bring apoplexy, but Jack, appalled with the notion of exposing himself to a mere maid only one or two years his senior, was most daunted by the notion of the pretty young thing touching his wet flesh.

"I can do it myself," his protest meek... tellingly weak.

"No, Jack, you are to be cared for by Maria," my words by now known to be a command.

And so it was... a well worn Jack... completing quite the exhausting work out, was made to stand, hands on head by rote, as the lowest ranking maid of the household took charge of his nakedness. And yes, despite the depletion of much energy, he slowly tumefied, his embarrassment palpable, yet leading to telling arousal.

"I did not mean to do this," an upset Maria stepping back, both shocked yet intrigued as the well hung Jack displayed his stiffness, the organ which I daily milked.

"It's fine, Maria. Jack has a problem which I will be tending to shortly," my words hopefully soothing.

I excused the girl, but Jack's reaction gave rise to much thought. He protested yet his penis suggested he oddly enjoyed. Young Maria's quick unexpected visit proved to be

quite telling. I began to more fully understand Jack... though he did not understand himself.

Thereafter, every one of Jack's workouts ended with Maria attending, toweling him down, and preparing him for the walk to the second floor bathroom where I would bathe then milk his prostate. Yes that served to prime him, his penis stiffening as the young maid patted him dry... everywhere.

"Should I have Maria tend to your bath as well?" I would taunt, keeping Jack's psyche tuned to my governance. "She may enjoy watching you being milked," I would whisper, watching as his erection exposed his deep secret, uncontrollably wagging with the thought.

Chapter Twenty-One

Entering our apartment, again disappointed with the absence of neighbors in the 15th floor hallway, the midnight hour appears.

"It's late, Jack, get your hood."

While Jack retrieves, I glance at his schedule.

"You have Mrs. McConnell at 1:00 and Mrs. Iorio at 3:00 tomorrow afternoon. Both husbands will be playing golf so work out early and make sure you're on time."

I have Jack work out most mornings before making his rounds cleaning toilets. It's basically more CFNM, the women insisting that Jack, remaining in his chastity device, offer his services in the nude. Husbands can be an annoyance during a woman's harmless yet libidinous recreation, therefore the times must be strictly adhered to and the coordination precise.

It amuses me that for two hours work, perhaps a little longer, I charge the women \$5. Yes, it's demeaning to labor so ignobly for so little. But it's important for Jack's self esteem... or lack thereof.

Jack presents me with his hood. Similar to that first donned years ago, it remains of thick black latex, stretchable to fit snugly, a single hole for mouth and nose.

"Can we not charge more... or find better employment?" again broaching the economics of his endeavors.

I ignore, working the hood over his head, aligning and pulling with ardor. Task completed, I step back, assuring a proper fit, then playfully tap his nose.

"No. Your lowly servitude is good for you, Jack. It's taken much effort to assemble the list of customers who appreciate your efforts and take care of you."

"We could use the money..." these words rather pleading.

"No," taking his hand and leading to the bedroom.

There I disrobe. In peering at the full length mirror, my own workouts, no where near as grueling as Jack's, have

kept this thirty five year old body in good shape. A shame Jack will never see it.

But as I lie, pulling Jack with me, guiding his encumbered head to my buttocks, I think of how gracious I am to let him taste, smell and feel.

He begins to protest the odorous task. I reach back and further press his face into my crevice.

“Shush.”

In absorbing the first of many tender licks, Jack’s concern over economics brings thoughts. He’s not... we’re not... as impoverished as he believes, his trust fund well invested and stable. I know... I am the trustee.

Chapter Twenty-Two

It was decided that Jack attend college locally, New York University. So for the most part, in approaching his majority, my tutelage remained about the same, somewhat amending the times of Jack's naked workouts, baths and milkings to accommodate his class schedule.

Times were good, until tragedy visited. Jack's father, a busy constantly traveling multi millionaire businessman, died. Though never close to his mostly absent father, news of his massive heart attack, while in the desolate mountains of Central America purchasing lumber, brought sadness... and revelations.

It seems the harridan woman of the house was a second wife, not Jack's biological mother. Thus her standoffishness with regard to Jack and his care came to be better explained.

Apparently unknown to Jack's father was the disdain his second wife had for her stepson. The will left everything to the harridan, nothing for Jack, as apparently Jack's father assumed his second wife would continue his care. Compounding Jack's grief was the announcement, shortly after the funeral... a tellingly short interval... that the mansion would be sold... that Jack's step mother was moving to a newly acquired estate in Palm Beach... and that in approaching his majority Jack was not welcomed.

His Stepmom had no legal or financial obligations to Jack... nor was she going to offer any generosity.

It was I who took charge of the inequitable situation.

An attorney engaged by me advised Jack that, in nearing age twenty one, he had little recourse. He could however try tying up final probate by contesting the will. But the battle would be uphill. The second marriage was of some eighteen years, Jack's biological mother passing on when he was a toddler.

Well, as the lawyer suspected, the harridan settled, apparently not wishing to delay dispersing estate funds and

spend on legal fees... though there was also eagerness to join some gigolo in Florida. I insisted that a spendthrift trust be established, the settlement modest, income to be dribbled out based on my authority as sole trustee. Since the attorney was my hire, such was established without objection.

Thus my financial power over Jack.

Chapter Twenty-Three

A great night's sleep, though passing out from multiple orgasms better describes my state of unconsciousness.

I arise, a weary Jack, tongue worn, sleeps. I don a robe, use the bathroom, peel off Jack's hood, then head for the kitchen. I will make coffee. Jack will prepare breakfast when he finally musters the energy to arise.

I take a sip of java. Then hearing him stir, step to the bedroom. Jack will have toilet needs and I must assist. As stated, Jack will always have my assistance and supervision in the toilet... a regimen begun years ago from day one as his governess.

Bladder full, Jack wordlessly steps to the bathroom. I follow. When he moves to the toilet, hands go to his head and I reach down and grasp his cock cage, aligning the opening of the Prince's Wand.

It's both intimate and humbling, ceding dominion over a basic function of the male to a woman. But necessary, for I practice my control. It's an aspect of our weekend show to have Jack open and close his bladder at my command. It requires discipline and a will to be governed by a woman. Jack has developed both and midway through his business I command him to halt.

Jack complies, never knowing for how long I will demand he hold his flow. Feminine caprice is important... submitting to it at all times paramount.

"Ok, finish for me."

He does and with a tissue I dab the tip of the Prince's Wand for neatness.

"Bacon and eggs for me. Dry toast for you. I want you well worked this morning."

Our second bedroom is stuffed with as much equipment as we could move from the mansion years ago. Thus Jack's impressive conditioning and physique remains. Missing is young Maria bringing welcomed embarrassment in toweling Jack down post work out.

Jack prances to the kitchen. In the bedroom I lay out clothing for his afternoon appointments. There were many elements to be considered in fabricating his special garb.

First such had to draw attention... in an undesired manner... nurturing Jack's penchant. Second such had to be practical, nothing so extreme that he could not walk or otherwise move about. Third such had to place Jack in compliance with the law. Much as I'd like him to be exposed, arrests would prove to be counter productive. And fourth, such had to be easily removed. Jack's customer's want him to serve in the nude. Covering can annoy, along with the precious moments wasted in taking such off.

So, starting with the footwear... high heels would be ideal but not practical for walking New York's streets. I settled for a selection of sandals, leaving the top of his feet exposed and having a degree of height in the heel... just enough to make walking challenging yet doable.

He'll wear silk panties; of course... always wear silk panties. But more covering for the laws concerning exposure. For that I had made a set of flimsy one piece dresses, to be facilely slipped over his head, open at the shoulders but for thin straps for support, covering his chest at the front, a plunging neck line at the back, the hem there just above the crease of his buttocks, and the bottom hem quite high, ending above mid thigh, flashing his panties beneath when walking or better with gusts of wind on inclement days.

A male in what most would consider female attire. A muscular male, otherwise no hint of femininity. Ah, the gender obfuscation... delicious.

There are no pockets. Jack carries no money, no cell phone, no identification. He tends to rapidly negotiate the sidewalks of New York, trying his best to avoid the stares of onlookers. This assures that he will not dally and will move directly to his appointments, my supervision temporarily superfluous.

Pink, red, blue, a pumpkin orange... today I select yellow. Sandals the color of bananas, panties in a pastel yellow, slipover dress a deeper yellow. This will best draw the eyes' attention when his undergarment flashes with every step.

"Breakfast, Miss Kelly," Jack calls.

I finish laying out the simple but humiliating attire and join Jack in the kitchen.

"Set the treadmill for ten miles this morning, Jack. A nice long work out then bath... make you nice and clean for Mrs. McConnell."

"You'll milk me?"

"Of course not. We have a show in New Jersey this coming Saturday. I want you well primed. The Cialis assures you'll be hard, not that you'll spurt for the girls. I want that ball sac nice and full."

My words disappoint, I know. So many years of daily prostate massages during his developing years. Yes, he's addicted to my care, but he's also obedient and docile as a result.

"I'm not sure what to expect. It's not a bridal shower like last night. So I need you ready for all possibilities. They may even want you to come for them... fully ejaculate... imagine that!"

That brings a sheepish smile. I must keep Jack's spirits up... to a certain extent. And I truly do not know what to expect. But I withhold the fact that I know our hostess to be a devout lesbian. Why she'd desire a CFNM performance I have no idea. But my Craig's Listing is deliberately open, basically suggesting that I have an obedient, young, well hung male ready and willing to expose himself... specific activities to be discussed.

Jack finishes his dry toast and clears the table. As he departs the kitchen I smack his buttocks, rounded with exercise, hairless by way of my razor.

"I want you in a good sweat," my tone pleasant, but Jack knowing he will indeed be worked into a good sweat.

I move to the computer. My Craig's listing needs to be updated. In thought, perhaps I should expand our prospective audience. So for the first time under the 'Personals' banner, I click 'men seeking men' and compose an ad.

I am so wicked, typing away, imaginatively posing as Jack.

'Sublime nakedness' I type as an enticing lead.

Then I compose, listening to the whirr of the treadmill as I blaze a new trail for Jack's penchant of masochism...

I am a 25 year old, Caucasian male, well conditioned, virile, well hung, well controlled by an understanding woman. She demands that I pose professionally, limits few, clothing undesirable. Fee negotiable.

So we expand, in addition to CFNM gatherings, I'm offering Jack for CMNM as well... clothed male, naked male. To my knowledge he has not before exposed himself to a man. It's time to broaden his penchant.

I click the appropriate boxes to post, then step to the apartment door for the Sunday paper. I read in relaxation as Jack tones his nakedness. When his ten miles are finished, I will supervise some work on the Universal gym, then end with the stationary bike, watching his cute buttocks roll about.

Thereafter, perhaps I'll dust off my nurse's uniform for some bath time nostalgia...

Chapter Twenty-Four

Well watered, bathed, testosterone injected, Jack dresses, always with that wounded puppy look when contemplating walking the streets of Manhattan in female clothing. Since I don't otherwise feminize, his appearance is quite conflicting for the typical passerby. A flimsy pullover dress, panties flashing beneath, the heeled sandals of a young girl, yet male styled hair, no jewelry, no make up.

Having shaved him during his bath, his arms and legs are uncharacteristically hairless for a male, bringing even more confusion in assessing his gender.

I must respond to his pouting.

"Jack, would you prefer your blanket instead? No dress, no panties... you'd need to grip it well," I chide.

"I'd rather dress as a man," the words defiant but his tone humble.

"I will not allow that, Jack. That would imbue male pride. You feel better being humiliated, soaking up the deriding looks you'll receive. And besides, Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. Iorio will want you completely naked. You just need to step out of your sandals and panties and toss to the side your dress... and voila, a very presentable nude servant.

"One more glass of water before you leave."

"But I'm full."

"Drink another glass," my tone stern.

Mrs. McConnell knows Jack must request feminine assistance in using the toilet. Thus I fill his bladder so he'll be in great need upon arrival at her apartment. Just as I directed his steel encased penis this morning, Mrs. McConnell will likewise amuse herself.

A final glass of water imbibed, I smack Jack's posterior, now covered in sheer yellow and point to the door. My glum ward steps awkwardly, the sandals always requiring acclimation.

Bizarrely dressed as I demand, I've procured many customers for his services right in our own building.

Neighboring women, initially coy in encountering a man so oddly attired, quickly adapt to Jack's subjugation when I explain his penchant and his craving for subservience to women.

"If you need your toilets cleaned, perhaps you can be of help to Jack," I politely suggest, quite the possibility that many have penchants complementing Jack's needs.

And it has proven to be true. Six neighboring apartments, six bathrooms made spotless each week. And there is advantage. Jack can dash through the apartment building sans the dress and sandals. Theresa on duty at the security desk, smiles in seeing him on video camera prancing with celerity through the halls in ostensible concern. Yet his masochism... his exhibitionism... bring partial tumescence to a well secured penis.

Relieved for a couple of hours of my Governess chores, I put on a sports bra and shorts. It's time for my own work out and bath.

Chapter Twenty-Five

The week goes quickly. By Friday Jack has earned \$55... eleven women visited, eleven toilets cleansed.

He always returns flustered, complaining about the degradation and the low pay. I politely listen then inform him of the next day's appointments.

I communicate with the woman requesting a CFNM party in New Jersey tomorrow, getting directions, outlining the protocol for Jack, assuring the base fee of \$300 will be advanced before I take away his blanket and unlock his cock cage.

It comes to light that there will be female nudity at the home of this Lesbian woman. I explain that one of the regimens of Jack's subservience is that he has never gazed at a naked woman and that I forbid it, the satiation of that segment of male curiosity, the eidetic male mind, never to come. I thus write that Jack will be kept hooded if there is such nudity.

The woman writes back quite bluntly... 'I just want a stiff cock'.

A curious reply for a daughter of Sappho. And since a chaste, randy, testosterone suffused, Cialis charged Jack will be arriving Saturday night, that expectation will be easily fulfilled.

The replies to my trial Craig's Listing, what I mentally reference as the CMNM experiment, are rife. As with everything on the internet, many insincere responses, some from outright crackpots who seem to have much time and use it to waste the time of others, and a couple worthy of follow up.

Envisioning Jack titillating men who find the male form attractive in a way titillates me. And though my experience with the gay scene is limited, I know most within flagrantly flaunt their sexuality. I doubt if Jack will be comfortable exposing himself to gay men. But it's when Jack is uncomfortable that his penis hardens most... that is

ingrained in his masochistic psyche. And it is something I enjoy feeding and nurturing.

I thus begin corresponding with one man who writes clearly and plainly sets out his desires and what is expected of Jack. And I in turn write clearly and plainly that I am the woman who controls Jack. And then begin setting the rules... that Jack is not to have sexual relations... that his nakedness is only for entertainment... touching of course permitted. And of course, outlining the augmentations... masturbation... ruined orgasm... controlled ejaculation... but only by my governing hand.

My set rules agreed to, I forward a picture of Jack obediently displaying his body, perched on a small stool, head hooded, and his cock caged. The response is enthusiastic, the return email demanding a proviso... if Jack fails to stand... if Jack does not attain a stiff ten inches... the fee is to be returned.

Done deal! Jack is to be presented at a Soho club the following Saturday.

Finished arranging Jack's schedule, I give thought to his presentation. Perhaps the blanket as covering and the removal thereof for show is too unimaginative. And leading about by the hand, in my mind mother guiding a child, is not domineering enough... to be possibly misinterpreted as the entwining of lovers rather than the feminine governance of a deviant exhibitionist.

"Jack," I call out. "When you're finished with the vacuuming, put on some panties and grab your blanket. We need to shop for clothes."

Well I certainly got his attention. Jack, of course, envisions men's clothes. I will soon have him disavowed of that notion.

Chapter Twenty-Six

So much aware of Jack's inner need, his craving for feminine control, forced exhibition, I once again slip away his blanket and toss it the back seat.

"Take off your panties for me. It's a nice day for you to ride naked."

My command comes as we traverse the Queensborough Bridge. It's a warm day so I open the windows, the rush of air over Jack's hairless skin highlighting his nudity. He must show displeasure, but I know it to be a subterfuge, secretly enjoying being completely bare with a woman in control.

Drivers of automobiles assume that Jack is merely shirtless. But when I pass a truck I slow the speed and honk, bringing the attention of the driver. Looking down he can quickly ascertain Jack's state of complete dishabille, the gleaming steel cock cage evidencing Jack's subjugation and ownership.

Such fun!

In Astoria, I turn into a narrow alley way knowing there is parking in the rear... secluded parking. With a little used back door entrance, Jack need not dress. Still I must coax him from the car.

"Come, Jack, Miss Alice is expecting you," clapping my hands as one would seek to gain the attention of an aloof puppy.

Jack knows of Miss Alice. She has made his special dresses, a skilled seamstress with an open mind, amused by a brawny yet well governed male.

We enter the building. It is a work shop filled with machinery, rolls of cloth stacked high on racks.

"Kelly, nice to see you," Alice pleasantly greets.

She steps forth to also greet Jack. Alice is a woman of authority. In her profession of dress making she rarely deals with males... and she does not miss the interaction. A hand reaches forth and tweaks Jack's left nipple, symbolically setting the hierarchy. Jack is considered a naked beast,

something upon which she will not waste her words. Accordingly, Jack knows to remain silent in Miss Alice's presence.

Alice's ostensibly vanilla occupation of clothier is abetted by the fabrication of costumes and fetish wear for dominant women. She is not bashful. Instead quite libertine and never offers judgment.

"So you bring your boy in naked. My dresses wear out?"

"No they're fine. It's such a nice day and you know the thrill Jack gets in showing himself off."

Alice smiles.

"Yes I'll wager he's feeling the tightness of his cock cage right now, that well kept penis wanting to show itself as well," Alice's hand lowering to playfully pat Jack's low hanging testicles.

The lugubrious look on Jack's face is precious. He knows Alice is correct.

"I need something for Jack to wear, easily removed, of course, but offering flare. When I party him, the blanket I allow him for covering is... well rather uninspired."

Alice steps back, arms akimbo in thought.

"Well first, I'd leash him. Leading a boy about by a collar always sets the tone, quickly communicating a woman's governance. And I can make a collar for you, decorative... or high, thick and functional."

"Yes that's a thought. Make it high and thick. It's best for him to feel a woman's ownership."

"And if you'd like I can add some ringlets for a locking hood."

"Excellent. Jack, to your knees so Miss Alice can measure."

Jack obeys, and Alice removes the ever present tape draped about her neck and shoulders.

"Locking buckles? Or do you want it permanently sewn in place?"

"Hmm. Can't think of any reason why I'd need to remove it."

"Good, I'll use a strong gauge of wire. Difficult to sew, but I only have to do it once," Alice circling Jack's neck for measurement.

"And how about a simple toga?" Alice muses. "I'll design it to cover the arms, chest and back. You tell me how much of him you otherwise want exposed. Maybe have his cock cage peek a bit, letting people know he's in strict chastity. I can have it attached using Velcro. Stripping him naked would involve a snap of your hand."

I like that idea. Some drama. I lead Jack by a leash then with a quick tug expose him. Alice has a good notion for flare. I concur.

"Color?" she inquires.

"Can you make two?"

"Yes."

"Okay, one white and one pink. I'm putting him on display in a gay club, one week from tomorrow."

"Easily done. Bring him in any time after Wednesday," Alice affectionately patting Jack's head, master to dog. "He'll be quite embarrassed stripped naked in front of men."

"Yes. And he's eager. Deep within the humiliation excites. He just doesn't understand it."

Chapter Twenty-Seven

No work out for Jack on Saturday. He'll need his energy for a lasting erection.

He cleans house. I make him nap. At 5:00 p.m. I run water for his bath. At great cost, both plumbing and plumbers expensive in Manhattan, as with everything, I had an over sized tub installed.

I bathe Jack just as I have over the many years, posed on all fours as in cleansing a puppy, my soothing touch that of mother to child.

He's docile, of course, absorbing my tenderness, hands smoothing every where, expressing ownership, exercising my thorough control.

I particularly enjoy handling those ripe plums, hanging so low after my many scrotal infusions during his developing years. Soft, thin, hairless flesh... so vulnerable to a woman's touch. Jack lurches when I gently pinch his right testicle then left.

"You're full of juice this evening, Jack, a week of built up sperm. I can feel it. Maybe the girls at the party will have me masturbate you. They're lesbians but they may find it entertaining to see a woman with ultimate control over the male sex organs."

"I'd like that, Miss Kelly. Full ejaculation?"

"Maybe."

I entice, yet my intuition tells me it will not happen.

Finished washing, I coat his nakedness from neck to thighs with lotion then run a straight razor over every inch of skin. When completed Jack knows to turn and sit, like a good boy, and I lather his chest and arms. Hair stubble, quite limited as I shave him regularly, disappears, maintaining his smooth girlish look. Legs are next, wordlessly lifting the right from the water. I am quick, gliding the frighteningly sharp steel edge with aplomb. Left leg follows. In completing the final appendage I next shave his scrotum, handling with gleeful authority.

“Are you going to get nice and hard for me?”

Jack smiles, a little boy smile, as I pull from my neck the necklace with the most meaningful trinket of his male life... the cock cage key.

Though I dislike freeing his penis, in my mind unearned mercy, in preparation for his exhibition I must assure the steel is cleaned, and any stubble beneath is likewise shaved. The lock for his Prince's Wand clicks open as does the lock for the base ring. I slide off the cock cage, marveling at well designed tightness. The slightest degree of tumescence sends a message of feminine control.

Next I gingerly slip out the Prince's Wand, the rounded tip bringing discomfort as I slide ever so slowly down the super sensitive urethra. Jack grunts with the internal prostate manipulation, then cries out as the evil ball painfully stretches the internal pink skin.

He's freed.

Sure enough, in handling his penis, clinically as always with his baths, he slowly stiffens. I feel that brisance, my governance so exciting, but otherwise ignore his hard on. And Jack knows to obediently ignore as well, maintaining his hands on his head.

“Enema time,” I announce, rising to gather the needed paraphernalia. “All fours.”

For party preparation... CFNM party... he is also internally cleansed. I don't want to offer prostate massage to a messy rectum... nor have any odorous accidents.

Sometime I'll post another Craig's Listing. There may be ladies who would enjoy watching a subordinated male endure one of my high and hot colonics. Such a show would further debase Jack, assuaging his deviant psychological needs.

“Buttocks high, arch your back for me.”

I fill the enema bag, using soap to lubricate the rectum. I then impale.

“Please not too much, Miss Kelly.”

“I’ll decide,” I remind Jack, kneeling to place my hand on his lower tummy, gauging the slow but steady flow.

I drain the water, readying the tub for the messiness of Jack’s bowels. So water flows in and water flows out. Though the warmth brings lassitude, the building pressure on the prostate fosters more and more stiffness. Yes, Jack displays his full ten inches, the penis tip, so much in need of an attentive touch, turning a bulbous purple.

Becoming languorous with the penetrating heat, Jack slumps, head lowering to the bottom of the empty tub.

“Why do you do this to me, Miss Kelly?”

“Because I can... and you need it. You have special needs, Jack. You need the exacting care of a woman. And you enjoy showing yourself in your hairless nakedness. Plus I need the money... if you mean the weekly parties... so I can care for you. You don’t earn much in cleaning toilets.”

“I’m full,” Jack groans.

“Yes, and will get fuller,” I smile with my ownership.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

To New Jersey, the George Washington Bridge is flowing well on a summer's Saturday evening. The directions are simple, our destination one of those upper middle class suburban towns. The drive is short.

Jack's penis has been returned to its cage. I've pantied him in baby blue, his blanket wrapped about his nakedness. His fortitude begins to wane as I pull the car up to a large house. There are other cars parked in the front and our hostess gave instructions to park in the one remaining space in the driveway. Darkness is approaching. Still, before exiting, I must coax a reluctant Jack from the passenger seat. Shyness brings cold feet.

"Why must you do this to me?" he again protests.

"Why does your penis stiffen whenever I release it?" I question in reply, taking his hand. "Women like to see a boy being governed and humiliated, Jack. And they pay. And I need the money... for you," grasping his hand.

I look at my watch, the Cialis should be surging. I thus reach under the blanket and offer some very intimate caresses. Held in chastity for a week, system deluged with injected testosterone, my fingers are welcomed... until the flooding erectile chambers cause his sensitive penis to greet hard steel.

"Please don't," grimacing with the growing pain.

I know that with the dose of Cialis, engorgement is most difficult to reverse.

"Well, if you're good, you'll be unlocked. Then it won't hurt," the advice offered as I slip his hood over his head.

I exit the car, grab my bag and fling the strap over my left shoulder. I move to the passenger side and open the door.

"Come, Jack, it's show time," leading him like the child he becomes when flustered.

I guide him up a set of steps and ring the doorbell. I am greeted by a naked girl. She curtsies, seeming concerned in

seeing Jack, but smiles in noting that he is hooded.

"I'm Kelly, here with Jack."

In silence she gestures for us to enter. We step within and my eyes explore. The girl is short, blonde hair closely trimmed, somewhat plump, with enormous breasts.

"Show them in here, Katrina," a deep female voice instructs.

I follow Katrina into the house, leading a fumbling Jack by the hand. In a large living room there are numerous women. The scene is of debauchery. Three women sit, knees parted, a naked young girl on all fours before each, heads wedged between three pairs of thighs. Each sitting woman is neatly but plainly dressed, blouse and skirt. But I note the skirts are loose and pleated, obviously designed for the advantage of receiving cunnilingus.

The woman with the deep voice sitting alone, similarly attired, again speaks.

"Welcome to our bridge club," she greets with a wry smile. "I'm Sue... Miss Susan to our oral sycophants."

The woman rises handing me an envelope. Cash. I don't insult by counting, instead placing in my bag. I then whisk away Jack's blanket, fold and stuff it in my bag.

"Tonight's entertainment, ladies," Miss Susan announces. "He is well put together, isn't he?" the hostess pointing to the stool I suggested she have ready.

It greatly adds to Jack's sense of degradation to have him pose perched high. Plus, in being hooded, he'll not dare endanger himself by shifting about and possibly falling. No he'll be very obedient and merely exhibit himself for the gathering of the bridge club. I pull down Jack's baby blue panties, have him step out then guide him to mount the stool.

"I assume you want him erect," taking the key from my necklace, seeing Jack fidget in distress.

Yes, the humiliation of being put on display is beginning the loop already, humiliation leading to stiffness which in

turn enhances the humiliation... which so nicely assures further stiffness.

Miss Susan steps forth and palms Jack's low hanging testicles, the stool presenting his plums at the height of the woman's chest.

"I assume an erection brings suffering locked up like this?"

"Yes, the cock cage is quite restrictive, custom made to his measurements to assure the slightest engorgement is denied."

"Then leave him in chastity for now. Katrina, come here and lick the boy's balls."

The girl at first looks shocked, then glumly steps forth. It is apparent the young naked lesbian is not enthused with the demand to orally caress a male.

"Do his buttocks as well," Miss Susan adds in an after thought.

"Can we talk... in the kitchen?"

I nod and follow, noting the knee high leather boots. Yes, the party is no doubt for women who like women, but the air reeks of dominance and submission. One recipient of oral attention wields a riding crop, occasionally reaching forth and encouraging more tongue work with a quick flick of her wrist and a crack of leather to exposed buttocks.

In the kitchen I am greeted with an even more bizarre sight. Hanging over the kitchen table is a trapeze bar. On it, upside down, knees well parted and folded over the bar is a naked girl, appearing short and chubby, breasts even larger than Katrina's. Her wrists are pulled behind her back and secured to her ankles, making her one with the bar. A clear plastic speculum holds open her portal, the bright pink flesh of her moist vagina well displayed. Beneath the girl on the table is a large glass bowl. The girl's breasts, tipped with elongated nipples, appearing more as udders, are letting down. Lactate drips!

"One of our cows," Miss Susan casually offers. "She expresses when she's exposed and aroused. Her proclivity for lactation is handy. Later we'll need her for coffee. For now she just secretes."

"Upside down?" I must inquire.

"Gravity. Improves the circulation in those bestial glands of hers. That brings an intense need to be milked. We'll take turns at the end of the night," Miss Susan extending her hand to jiggle the low hanging left breast.

Her action causes several droplets to splash to the bowl.

"Don't worry, honey, they may be throbbing now, but you'll be well milked by evening's end."

On the table is a feather. Miss Susan picks it up and briefly uses the very fine tip to caress a prominently presented clitoris. The girl moans. More lactate drips to the bowl.

"Curious anatomical reaction to pleasure, don't you think?" returning the feather to the table.

Miss Susan nods for me to sit. She joins me.

"As you can see, our little bridge gathering, as we humorously reference it because some of the girls are married, is for dykes like me who favor the tongue and lips of little morsels of flesh like Katrina. She's my little whore. And I want to pimp her out, have her earn her keep. Unfortunately one can't make money being skilled in cunnilingus. No woman ever needs to pay for oral sex. She just has to walk to the nearest street corner and ask the next passing male hound if he'd like to lick her pussy.

"So I need to expand her oral skills. Teach her about the male appendage... how to lick, where... learn to take a stiff cock down her throat. So, before you unlock your boy, I want to explain the reason for this form of entertainment. Unusual for the bridge club to have a male beast in attendance, but there's only so much I can teach Katrina using a dildo. Does your boy have a problem with premature ejaculation? Hate to end the evening early."

I smile.

"When and if Jack comes, it is at my command."

"So he has no expectations about ejaculating?"

"His expectations are irrelevant. In presenting at these parties, sometimes the women want to see him erupt... other times a ruined orgasm is preferred. Depends on the gathering and the whim of the hostess."

Poor Jack, I am beginning to think. This group could care less about men... and their needs.

"Good. Well I'll want neither. This is about women's pleasure... and teaching Katrina how to suck cock. With those tits of hers she'll get at least a hundred for a quick blow job."

"I'm going to need some ice... for later... when I put Jack's penis back in its cage."

"Not a problem."

Chapter Twenty-Nine

"Miss Kelly, I need to be milked," Jack blurts as I again negotiate the George Washington Bridge.

"No, Jack. Next week you're scheduled for the party in Soho. I'll want you bursting with juices for your new friends. Meanwhile I'll have you well worked on the treadmill tomorrow. That will help."

For an inordinate length of time at Miss Susan's 'bridge party', I pressed Jack's amazingly firm erection toward the floor while the trollop Katrina licked and sucked, deep throating Jack at Miss Susan's command, choking on his ten inches, bringing laughter from the skirted women receiving unending cunnilingus.

So much aware of the male anatomy, I learned long ago that a penis cannot erupt when held at such an angle. I thought Jack was going to swoon, enduring for so long at the edge... pleasure not to be ultimately permitted.

And yes, I had to ice him to get his raging penis back into its tight cage.

"It's not fair," Jack pouts like a little boy.

"Perhaps. But I have \$300 in my bag and for the first time you had your penis sucked. I thought it was rather nice of Katrina. She learns quickly."

The remainder of the journey home is in silence. As a woman I cannot empathize with the many emotions... most notably the male delight. But Jack is certainly not completely at the losing end of the exchange. He merely had to stand completely exposed, in frustration trying mightily to come in Katrina's mouth... something my directing hand would not permit.

"I'd like to make love to you, Miss Kelly," Jack gushes in earnest as I pull the car into the parking garage. "I'd like to have you... come normally... please you like a man!"

"Jack, you're a pet not a lover. When I feel the need to be with a man, it will not be with you. Though perhaps you'd enjoy being present. Such a scene would certainly nourish

your proclivity. You could listen, smell my feminine arousal... perhaps even taste my lover's spendings. But as always you'd be hooded and obedient... just as I have trained you... deep within just as how you prefer."

The final words come as I pull the car to a halt. Once again it's late on Saturday night. Only Theresa is likely to witness Jack's dash through the building to our apartment. So before leaving the car for the elevator, I pause letting him digest words I am sure he has found to bring mourn.

"Do you want to leave your panties and blanket with me... or wear such for covering? Tonight I will make it your decision..."

His choice is most telling.

Chapter Thirty

Yes, naked but for his cock cage, Jack made his way through the garage, entered the elevator after having to wait for my more leisurely approach, then pranced down the 15th floor hallway. One could almost feel his heart racing with the demented excitement, the possibility of being discovered sans covering in his own building.

Yes, the effect of the pent up frustration is telling.

Hooded and bedded, I let him suckle my breasts in consolation... before beginning a long glorious night of cunnilingus.

"You chose not to wear your blanket this evening, Jack," I said deciding to offer psychological counseling while his mind is fresh with the curious behavior.

"Yes, Miss Kelly," moving his lips to my right breast.

"I offered you a choice. Why do you think you left behind what little covering I provide?"

His fluttering tongue pauses. Jack is in thought. But I know the process to be distorted by hormones which overwhelm. Testosterone levels maximized, he mentally primed himself for a massive discharge of male essence this evening. It did not happen and in being denied... remaining denied... his psyche drags him further down the path of masochistic exhibitionism... that to which I introduced him in his formative years.

Finally, he lifts his head.

"I'm not sure. I had this need... to... to..."

"Display yourself? You know Miss Theresa watches on camera. And perhaps you were hoping as well that another tenant would step from the elevator... someone new to you... someone who would be pleasantly shocked by the sight of a naked, chaste, kept boy."

As stated, I understand Jack better than he understands himself. I would milk him, assuage his raging imbalance, but truly want him burgeoning for the unique Soho appointment on Saturday.

Though my quim is throbbing for oral servitude, I push away his head, arise and don my robe.

"I want you to go to the lobby and confirm your Tuesday appointment at Miss Theresa's apartment, Jack," my words coming as I work to roll up his tight latex hood.

"But I can phone her on the intercom!"

"No, you go see her. Talk about cleaning her toilets on Tuesday then kiss her feet to thank her for the opportunity to serve."

Jack moves to the dresser seeking panties.

"No, no panties, Jack. Treat yourself to another naked romp through the building."

Chapter Thirty-One

It's Wednesday, I call Alice and confirm that Jack's new party attire is ready... thick leather collar, brief togas. Alice suggests an 11:00 a.m. fitting, and to leave her thirty minutes to sew in place the collar.

In giving thought to Jack's antics of late Saturday, offering himself to a game of naked roulette in terms of having his deviant propensity discovered, I decide to, in the parlance of wagering, up the ante.

We'll be departing after the morning rush hour. Whether or not Theresa is at the security desk I do not know. If not, then I may have to arrange for Jack to cleanse another bathroom. For on this journey, I am going to remove Jack's cock cage.

Not for long, but what would seem to be merciful relief will keep Jack unsteady, constantly the object of a woman's whim. Plus Alice has not seen Jack put on a stand, and the trip to the car and subsequent journey to Astoria should be fun. And I'll lock him back up for the return trip.

"Jack, I'll want your hands on your head for the entire car ride to Queens. Disobey and you'll be greeting Miss Alice bearing many clothes pins."

With that, I shock Jack when I reach to my necklace for his key.

The base ring is released and the cock cage slipped away. Then comes that somatic lurch when the Prince's Wand exits its nest in the prostate gland. Jack's mind becomes somewhat overwhelmed in confusion, normally released only when hooded and standing before a gathering of women.

"What... why..."

"A treat for you, Jack. You'll not wear a thing for the length of the trip. Saturday night you took a very meaningful step in your servitude... so telling are your deep desires. Come let's go," I said slipping his tube and cock cage into my purse.

His hands indeed go to his head. And though I do not otherwise touch or caress, Jack begins to harden. No Cialis; however, the interval of chastity has been long, considering the abundance of hormones I inject, and I have posed thoughts which are known to excite. Exhibition... complete... no encasement of steel... his penis free to show off.

I step back, arms akimbo, smirking in watching the slow but steady erection come to full blossom.

He cannot help himself.

"Miss Kelly I cannot be walked to the garage like this!"

"You'll be walked in any manner I choose, Jack. Feel a little exposed without your cock cage?"

Chapter Thirty-Two

We arrive at Alice's dress shop. Mercifully I have let Jack slump a bit in his seat, cloaking a massive erection that, with his proclivity for exhibitionism, will not waver. He's such a big boy his penis tip presses quite high to his belly when sitting.

Jack jumps from the car and scampers to the rear door, happy to find it unlocked.

And such a pleasant surprise for Alice! She giggles like a school girl, not at all flustered, knowing well of Jack's obeisance.

"This I must measure," she said pointing to the floor in front of her.

Jack steps forward, hands remaining on head, obeying her gesture like a well trained dog. Alice slips her tape from about her neck, holds one end at the base of the upstanding erection and unravels.

"So stiff and so large. Ten and a half inches. I think Jack is still growing, ha, ha, ha."

She steps away and pats the top of a table.

"He's probably best lying down. Neck collar first and it will take awhile."

Jack mounts the table, lying supine, his penis searching for the ceiling. The distraction ending, Alice produces a length of leather... thick.... and to certainly rise high on Jack's collar bone.

"Not permanent, the piano wire I will be using can be cut. But it won't fall off in the shower, I will guarantee that."

Embedded in the leather are ringlets, one large for a leash, smaller ones to secure in place a hood. To date Jack has been on the honor system while hooded. I think a woman's authority and control would be better projected with the capacity to lock such in place.

At each end of the precisely measured length, Alice has punched many small holes, there piano wire to be threaded. I am impressed with the strength required to bend the

thickness, Alice slipping the leather under, hands straining to bend and make the ends meet.

Jack will not enjoy his new restraint... at least not until the stiffness dissipates.

Aligning the holes, knowing hands manage to thread the wire through the first set of conjoining openings. Once pulled taut, the task eases, the wire holding together the ends to lessen the tension. Still Alice must tug firmly to assure tightness. And as the collar closes, the feel of its constraining presence, the reality of permanently sensing a woman's governance, becomes evident.

"It's too high!" Jack deliciously protests, feeling the upper edge force up his chin.

"It will help you posture yourself, Jack. Especially during cunnilingus. I like the idea of your head being made less mobile."

Alice sutures, the last of some dozen loops. She pulls firmly, ties and cuts the wire... temporarily.

"Now don't move, you'll burn yourself."

Stepping away, she plugs in a soldering iron, waiting for it to heat.

"Collared many a boy. They appreciate the notion that the wiring won't unravel."

With that, tip blazing hot, Alice returns, stringing a long electrical cord behind her. Though the heat appears unbearable so close to Jack's skin, she carefully joins together the ends of the wiring, applying the hot tip until the metal melts and cools to bond, forming a continuous strand.

In completion, Jack stands from the table, his erection not wavering with his complete nudity before two women.

"You see what tension on the spinal cord does for a boy, Alice? Greatly enhances his ability to harden. Can you feel it, Jack... feel more need to display yourself?"

Jack tries to nod. Alice and I both laugh with his feeble attempt, chin held so high.

Chapter Thirty-Three

"It's too high," Jack reiterates during our return to Manhattan.

"You'll become accustomed... you have no choice. And you'll come to enjoy the collar when you better learn that it will abet your erection and draw more attention when I put you on display."

I have returned Jack's penis to its cage, Alice fortunately having a tray of ice in her office refrigerator. She enjoyed watching me slip in the Prince's Wand, noting with a smile, as I always do, the male lurch as the rounded tip abrades the prostate.

Deciding to temper the degree of recreation during the drive home, I have Jack donning one of his new togas. The masterful Alice fabricated the simple garment such that it fits perfectly about Jack's neck, a vertical strip of Velcro at the back enclosing the cloth about his torso. It is somewhat constricting at the shoulders and chest, holding Jack's biceps at his side, but nicely loosens at the waist, the lower hem quite flimsy, the opposing folds at the rear not connected at waist level. Thus Jack has limited use of his arms and hands while donning the garment, cannot remove it himself, and below, Alice perfectly measured the length such that his steel cock cage flashes when he moves about, plus the folds at the back can flap open to display those nicely rounded hairless buttocks.

There will be no doubt on the part of onlookers as to Jack's status... that of owned pet... particularly when I lead him about on a leash. And for this, presented as a gift, Alice offered a decorative length of white leather... studded with garish rhinestones to assure that prospective onlookers indeed take notice.

"Stay," I command, master to dog as I park the car.

I exit, leash in hand and open the passenger door. When I clip it in place on Jack's leash for the first time, I feel the moisture spawned by my sense of feminine power.

“You’re going to take me to the apartment like this?” Jack inquires with incredulity.

I laugh.

“Yes, a boy with your penchants prefers to be completely exposed, I know. But that’s for me to decide, Jack. Come.” I tug, hoping it’s Theresa who is on duty.

But then again, at this point, why should it be of concern?

Chapter Thirty-Four

Leash training Jack proves to be invigorating. I teach him to respond instantly to directing tugs, to heel, actually taking the time to purchase a brief dog training guide. And with arms and hands useless, he has no choice but to concentrate and obey... not that there is any semblance of resistance remaining in a well washed brain.

As our Saturday evening Soho soiree approaches, I scheme as to transportation. From our Upper East Side apartment it is too far to walk Jack there, tempting as it is to show off his leash training. And subways are a nuisance, not quite figuring how to facilely get a leashed Jack through the turnstiles. So I settle on a cab, calling down to Theresa to see if she has a contact who is one of us, not wishing to overwhelm some non English speaking immigrant driver.

Resourceful as always, she has a name. A woman with a limousine service. I call. She's in New York City on Saturday and can easily fit us between a scheduled theater excursion, from and to Connecticut. Excellent. The direct pick up and drop off won't expose Jack on his leash as much as I'd like, but there will be other opportunities. Perhaps a Sunday afternoon in Central Park some time?

So all is arranged. Saturday arrives and Jack has the day off from heavy exercises, cleaning the apartment. I give myself a workout, and at 5 o'clock draw Jack's bath.

He gets excited just hearing the water run, for so many years I have been sensuously bathing him. Since it's a party day, he knows he will be released, temporarily, from his cock cage, pubes area shaven and inspected.

"It's not good to go this long, Miss Kelly, without... you know," a languorous Jack meekly suggests as I complete his body shave.

"You mean being milked, Jack?"

"Yes ma'am. I'm leaking goo."

"That's prostatic fluid. That means that a woman is keeping you chaste. Lord knows males don't do that on their

own. And that means you're eager to perform for me."

"But it's not fair. I was eager to perform last week... for you and those women."

"They chose not to have you ejaculate. That's the way it is Jack. It's a woman's prerogative to have you spend... never yours. It's what you enjoy. What your subconscious has ingrained."

Given the matter thought, Jack may be correct with regard to milkings. Not because it is fair or unfair, but because too long a period may affect his performance, allowing his organs to enter a state of lassitude. It may be better training to keep them primed and ready to explode at my behest.

Finished bathing and shaving, veiling the thrill of palpating his entire nakedness with impunity, I unlock his cock cage, slipping away the steel mesh. Then I pull his penis downward with my left hand, sliding out the Prince Wand with my right.

"Okay, Jack. From now on if you're not brought to orgasm during one of the Saturday CFNM parties, I will milk you on the following Sunday. It's probably for the best."

With that, as a treat, I palm his testicles and knead the abundance of thin, pink scrotal flesh. He moans, his ten inches swelling for me. He's no doubt ready for the boys in Soho... at least his penis is.

I release and then retrieve the razor. Amusing that it's easier to shave his pubes when erect, not having to push the organ out of the way.

Chapter Thirty-Five

"But I can't walk around the city leashed! People will... people will..."

"You will walk about as I see fit, Jack. And people will think what they care to think. Should they ask, it's a costume party... we're attending a costume party."

"But Halloween is weeks away!"

"In Soho, Halloween is every week," I sardonically terminate the conversation.

Jack is more than leashed. I have him in his pink toga and after pulling tightly and pressing together the vertical strips of Velcro at the back, the garment is more like a straight jacket than decorative party garb. Alice has designed the garment such that Jack's upper arms are immobile and thus his hands for the most part useless.

The high stiff neck collar furthers his sense of bondage, holding high his head. And of course, there's the leash. At a pet shop I purchased a second, this one pink with Rhinestones to match the white one gifted by Alice.

Over all, Jack looks ridiculous. But fortunately, the sandals from his pink dress match. We'll draw attention for sure, but not because Jack's color coordination is out of sorts.

"Come," I tug slinging my bag over my left shoulder.

Theresa has informed on the intercom that her friend with the limousine awaits. So I lead, Jack follows with the precision of a well trained dog. Into the hallway we await the elevator. I am pleased... and Jack most chagrined... when a neighbor is likewise departing. It's Mrs. Rivers, whom Jack serves on Thursdays.

"No cleaning tonight?" Mrs. Rivers quips as the elevator arrives.

Blushing, Jack's face begins to match the hue of his Toga.

"A party, Mrs. Rivers. Jack's going to be quite entertaining, don't you think?" my question posed as we step into the car.

Well, having a caged and otherwise naked Jack clean for her each week, the woman understandably takes liberties, slipping her hand between the folds of the toga, low below the waist.

"Cute... the costume... and the butt," Jack lurching as apparently Mrs. Rivers, a woman nearing 60, pinches his cheeks.

I smile, no need to admonish for otherwise shameful conduct. I know the woman to be quite familiar with Jack's buttocks, her hand prints visible after most Thursday visits to her apartment.

At the lobby we part company. Theresa smiles and waves from the security desk. I snap the leash to impress her, then lead out to the sidewalk. There a distracting highly polished white limousine awaits. It's pretentious. Apparently on Saturday night's the choice of limousines is limited.

I open the rear door, assisting Jack, arms useless, in entering. Driving is a young woman, not the owner to whom I spoke. I hope there is no problem and that she is one of us!

"Going to Soho?" she inquires, assuring we have the correct transport.

I concur and offer the address. She nods and slips the car into gear.

"I'll not be able to pick you up for the return," she informs. "Be returning to Connecticut late."

Well, looks like a late night cab ride coming back, I tell myself. Shouldn't be a problem. Taxi drivers have seen much in the avant-garde province of Greenwich Village.

Down the FDR Drive, I slip my hand under the toga and play, kneading Jack's scrotum, prepping for an evening of depraved exhibitionism... perhaps more. Jack is silent, entering subspace, the leash wondrously setting the atmosphere. When we turn onto Houston Street, from my over the shoulder bag I retrieve a hood... again pink.

"You'll feel more comfortable, Jack," I said sensing that I am an executioner offering a blindfold. "Just carefully follow

the leash... as I've trained you."

"Must you display me to men?" Jack pleading as I slip the hood over his head.

"Yes. It's best for you, Jack. I want 100% submission. And you want to 100% obey. And besides, within that psyche of yours, you're eager. I've physically toned you to perfection, brought your virility to a peak, psychologically primed you, your penis trimmed for exhibition. They'll like you, Jack... adore you. And you so much need to be adored... so much want to be adored..."

With that, the clean white limo pulls up to a drab, filthy brick building. In opening the door, the stench of urine greets us. A homeless man staggers by then stops to rifle through a garbage container. And then out steps Jack, covered in pink... leashed in pink. Even in Soho he makes a show! The dumpster diver pausing to stare... cat calls coming from a mixed party of four across the street.

I wish I could see Jack's face!

As the limo departs I open a graffiti covered door, the sound of music blaring.

"Stairs down," I advise Jack, snapping the leash and hearing more cat calls.

Chapter Thirty-Six

Last weekend female debauchery, this Saturday male.

Jack stands on a pedestal. In a large dank and dark cavern-like basement chamber, his naked form seems to light up the room, a spotlight above making his flesh gleam. Prostatic fluid oozes. And in having been paid \$300 by a very effeminate man named 'Pat', I whisked away his pink hood and toga with much flare. Then, under many watchful eyes, released Jack from his cock cage. Cialis flowing, brimming with testosterone, two weeks of chastity, Jack's penis headed straight upwards, on this occasion to the cheers of dozens of male voices. I can tell the restrictive neck collar, forcing high his head, abets his tumescence. His leash remains, tied high to a convenient hook.

I sit alone at a small bar, the bartender clad in leather, body piercings and tattoos. My gender has no appeal; I am alone, silently taking in the action.

Jack's performance, probably the most apropos term, is before a sizable gathering of gay men, their attire gaudy, their behavior bawdy. Pat, mostly called Pattie by his friends, approaches as I begin to count the instances of fellatio, my pet's exhibition serving as a lustful catalyst.

Pattie has pierced nipples and wears only tight leather shorts. Probably better described as leather panties.

"Ramrod would like to talk to you," he lisps pointing to a large man in the corner, barely to be seen.

"Tell Ramrod I'm here and available to talk," my aura of feminine control not to be besmirched in subordinating to a male request.

Pattie steps to the corner, hips effeminately swaying. My eyes follow and, in better adjusting to the dim light, note that a head is bobbing atop Ramrod's lap.

Pattie returns. I find my ears are acclimating to his lisp.

"It's not Ramrod, it's actually his boy, Lips Louie. Lips wants me to say the words Kinder, Morgenthau and Mack."

Kinder, Morganthau and Mack! The law firm used by Jack's mother... step mother!

"He's says it needs to be private."

The head arises from the lap of Ramrod and looks my way. Yes, though not immediately recognizable, no stuffy three piece suit, it is indeed an attorney, a most annoying attorney, with whom I had to deal concerning Jack's trust.

Lips Louie, previously known to me as Louis J. Welkeyser III, Esq. stands. He is entirely naked but for a pink ribbon and bow encircling his neck, apparently a symbol for the offer of oral servitude at this club of deviance.

Louie, my new friend? points to a doorway at the far end of the room. Had I not known his name and where to instantly track him down, I would ignore. But discovering his secret life of sexual aberration, how can I resist a discussion?

"I'll watch your boy for you," Pattie kindly offers, just as is everyone else in the room.

I follow Lips Louie into a changing room, clothes hanging about, surprising vanilla suggesting that many members are in the closet... not this closet... concerning their sexual preferences.

"Welcome, Miss Kelly," his tone surprisingly humble compared to that used in our brusque legal dealings.

"I must assume that Kinder, Morganthau and Mack is unaware of your weekend recreation," I bluntly begin.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. No longer there, no longer in the legal profession. Seems sucking the cock of a judge in turn for a favorable ruling is outside the tenets of the bar."

The light better in the changing room I note that Lips Louie wears make up. Whereas it's not polite to stare, I cannot help glancing downward to also note a very limited male appendage. Lips Louie is well advised to hone his oral skills when pleasuring women as well.

"Hope all is well. I like your boy."

I nod, sensing that Lips Louie means in the carnal sense... knowing full well that he means in the carnal sense.

"That trust working for you? Rather sparse. Mrs. Lipton certainly bargained hard... under the circumstances."

Mrs. Lipton, being Jack's step mother, widow and inheritor of vast wealth, now of Palm Beach.

"It's parsimonious. And since Jack needs much care, I cannot work. So we live modestly and I put Jack on exhibition to earn a few extra dollars," no point cloaking my needs.

"Oh, well. You may consider reviewing that. Though Jack is illegitimate, as I am sure you realize, Mrs. Lipton's position is somewhat precarious... was somewhat precarious as well."

Lips Louie's club appellation is well earned, his lips indeed moving... and doing so to intrigue.

"Illegitimate?"

"Mr. Lipton never married Jack's biological mother. He did not have a first wife, the woman was a trollop. Mrs. Lipton was obviously aware of the transgression and used it as a lever over her husband up to the day he died... insisting that Jack be out of the will."

Ah, that further explains her aloofness concerning Jack and his care.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I like the way your boy is cut. So cleanly... and he's of nice size. He'll find me to be very caring..."

Ah, Lips Louie seems to be a serial fellator.

"Well now that I know, why should I offer...?"

"You're not curious as to Mrs. Lipton's precarious position?"

Yes, mentally I skipped over that, my thoughts focusing on Jack's legitimacy.

"What about it?" I blurt with impatience.

Lips Louis smiles coyly.

“I’ll make it long and pleasurable for him. I’m very good. And I think you will greatly benefit from what I have to say... afterwards”

I step back, arms akimbo in more thought. Jack has no CFNM party next weekend; I’ve spent so much time preparing for this Soho soiree. If the information is as relevant as Lips Louie suggests, it may be worth having Jack’s scrotum drained for the cause.

“Next Saturday. Hire a limousine. I have a service you can call. You will accommodate Jack orally as you tour the city. Afterwards we’ll talk.”

Lips Louie nods in excitement.

“Are you going to have him ejaculate for us?”

“To bring him to fully spurt is another \$300,” I firmly declare in my stentorian businesswoman’s voice

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Poor Jack. Either the patrons of the Soho club are a cheap bunch, or they were so preoccupied with getting their own rocks off that they cared not to watch me masturbate Jack.

No \$300 offered for jerking him off!

An alternative supposition... none had an interest in me as female doing anything. For other than interacting with Pattie concerning initial payment and conferring with Lips Louie, no one talked to me. I even had to shout at the bartender for a drink, my presence tolerated due to Jack's fine priapic exhibition.

So it's Sunday and Jack is entering his third week of chastity... moaning and pleading for climactic release.

Well, I promised him a milking. And he will get it.

From deep in my closet, I dust off my masturbation harness, used many times with Jack's predecessors when, as a young governess, I found that masturbating some obstreperous boy quickly brought calm and altered comportment.

Waist belt with cuffs attached, thigh straps and neck collar. It humbles and positions a boy for long, slow, controlling strokes of a young penis.

Due to Alice's fine handiwork, I can dispense with the neck collar, Jack's more or less permanently in place.

Since it's to be a milking, not outright masturbation, I can withhold any hand work. But I will need a vibrating anal insertion and a simple wooden dowel.

I clear off the kitchen table, thinking that Jack should be more wary of that for which he pleads.

"Jack, come into the kitchen," I instruct as I have an additional thought. "Mount the table. Lie so that belt is about your waist," I further instruct as I fill a bowl with warm water.

I have not lost my prowess, quickly encircling Jack's waist and securing his wrists within the attached cuffs. Hands restrained.

I next release him from his cock cage, unlock the Prince's Wand and slip away.

Straps with short tethers next circle his thighs just above the knees. I will milk Jack in the uncomfortable position, a very subordinate pose, mindful of being diapered as a toddler.

"Knees to your chest, Jack. Governess Kelly is not going to use up her relaxing Sunday mornings stroking your penis."

He complies, of course, and I quickly attach the tethers to his neck collar, holding him supine, wrists restrained, knees to chest.

During my tendance, Jack slowly hardens of course, his long interval of chastity cruel, his system deluged with hormones. Just as when I cleansed him as a boy, I become clinical, ignoring his engorged condition, and work toward the goal of draining him... ever so slowly draining him.

He's expecting the grip of my firm but gentle hand. He will receive otherwise.

I lubricate his anus. Again he expects the insertion of my fingers. Instead I slip within a rather stout probe with wires attached. When switched on it vibrates, Jack never before being so mechanically manipulated.

Lastly comes the bowl of soothing warm water. I place it on the table, lift his burgeoning scrotal sac and dunk it. Jack moans with the faint soothing delight.

He does not fully comprehend his treatment, all new to him. Yet he's expecting pleasure, and in a way he'll receive it... but it will not be the ecstatic pleasure the male beast covets.

"An hour or two should do the trick Jack, enjoy," cruelly bending down his stiffness past his upturned thighs.

There I press the dowel against the back his thighs, horizontal and parallel to the table top. Against this slim length of wood I press the tip of his now raging penis. It's

wedged in an angle of denial. The organ's need to right itself... desperately right itself... holds in place the dowel.

"It hurts Miss Kelly! I can't stay like this!"

"Well, do the best you can," I callously suggest, flipping the switch for the anal vibrator.

His penis cannot ejaculate held at such an angle... but it will ooze... and in fact fluid is already streaming. Yes, he will remain hard, the vibrator spurring stiffness, his subservient psyche broiling, his hormones overflowing.

"You'll find if you squirm a little, roll your hips about, you'll get more flow. But one way or the other, with the pressure and caressing of your prostate, you'll be drained of all that build up."

With that I step away, the Sunday papers beckoning...

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Halfway through the New York Times, the apartment doorbell rings. It can only be an internal visit, not having been alerted to a visitor by the security desk.

A tenant in need of emergency toilet cleaning?

I arise to respond. Pulling open the door, it's Theresa. She is imposing in her uniform, as stated a very large and muscular woman of color.

"A package. Came yesterday but you appeared busy directing Jack on a leash," she hands me a thick padded envelope. I know it to contain a replenishment of Jack's testosterone.

"Thank you, Theresa."

"You fixing something in the kitchen?" she inquires apparently hearing the buzz of Jack's vibrator.

"No, I'm milking Jack. I'm a little worn pulling him about the city last night so I've dispensed with the usual manual effort."

In being locked in his cock cage while serving Theresa, it dawns that she has never seen Jack's somewhat impressive male equipment. And sure enough, her curiosity is piqued, inquiring before I can offer.

"That seems interesting. Can I see him?"

"Of course," fully aware of Jack's heightened humiliation in having a woman view his helpless state of bondage and exposure.

I lead to the kitchen where Jack remains on the table in the forced fetal position. It's been nearly an hour since I turned on the anal vibrator. Yet sure enough Jack remains stiff as a board, the slim wooden dowel functioning to hold his erection at the awkward and most frustrating angle. Fluid streams in abundance, glistening in the kitchen lights. And as I suggested, Jack squirms, bucking his hips in a manner of faux copulation, appearing to be making love to the kitchen ceiling.

“He’s a big boy! And so nicely cut,” bringing me to beam with pride.

“Yes, I circumcised him quite carefully, assuring a nice high and tight cut. Lots of foreskin trimmed.”

We speak as if Jack is an object, ignoring his occasional groans of faint pleasure.

“He’s quite fecund,” a knowledgeable Theresa commenting on the cloudiness of the thick discharge.

“No orgasm, ruined or otherwise, for two weeks. I took mercy on him. Plus it’s best not to go too long without rebalancing the hormone levels.”

Theresa steps forth, Jack blushing with the intensity of his degradation. Her index finger goes to the base of his wet erection and slowly draws upwards to the tip; I’m sure bringing a brisance of delight to an otherwise slow and mind boggling subtle extraction of essence. She then lifts her finger, coated in man juice, and assesses.

“Lots of spermatozoa. Good of you to relieve him.”

With that Theresa shifts towards Jack’s face, high neck collar denying him much motion. She wipes her finger clean on his upper lip and laughs.

“See you Tuesday, Jack,” finally acknowledging his presence.

Jack again bucks his hips, seeming to offer his stiffness to Theresa’s hand. She laughs.

“Have to get back to the desk. Nice to see him unlocked. You’re quite kind to him.”

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Later that afternoon, I note Jack is finally drained. I release him.

"I thought you would masturbate me," pouting like a child, any joy sensed quite faint.

"No, Jack, masturbation is for a woman's pleasure not for yours. I will decide when and before whom you are to be climactically relieved of your sperm."

The week progresses, Jack's calendar filled with the more mundane but psychologically important toilet cleansings. In walking the city streets in colorful dress and sandals, the high leather neck collar brings even more attention... unwanted attention. Therefore there is little dawdling, Jack moving rapidly from appointment to appointment.

Saturday comes... the prospective limousine ride with Lips Louie.

The randy cocksucker follows up. And once again the pretentious white limousine awaits before our building.

For this afternoon jaunt, I must have Jack prepared to receive the attention of Louie's hyperactive lips, but certainly not his own hands.

I thus once again put to use the masturbation harness, just the waist belt and attached wrist cuffs which will immobilize his hands. I then release him from his cock cage and Prince's Wand. Lastly comes his covering. Jack will wear his white toga, the loose bottom portion easily offering access to that which Lips Louie covets. And I will lead him to the building lobby with matching white leash.

By phone we agree that Louie will take a spin through Central Park, the passenger compartment well partitioned from the driver for privacy, then phone me when the long afternoon of fellatio has ended.

I am curious concerning his comment about the vulnerability of Mrs. Lipton... her so termed precarious position.

Jack is apprehensive, of course... an afternoon with a man... if such gender can be ascribed to the image of a naked Louie in pink ribbon, bow and make up.

"I don't want to do this, Miss Kelly," poor Jack expressing reservation as I lead him to the elevator.

"Shush. It's for the best, Jack. Lips Louie may be a source of valuable information."

And so it's to the lobby and out to the sidewalk. Through the open door of the limousine I hand Jack's leash to the eminent... formerly eminent... Louis J. Welkeyser III... no longer esquire.

I am concerned about Jack, but take no pity. After all he will finally ejaculate... no ruined orgasm... no jeering women... humiliation yes, but since it's a completely foreign ilk such should thrill.

I return to my apartment, updating the Craig's Listing, offering Jack's chiseled form for CFNM parties.

Chapter Forty

It's two hours later that Lips Louie calls on his cell phone to announce mission accomplished.

He must be quite the cock tease if he kept Jack on the edge for such a lengthy interval... doubt if the Park scenery brought delay.

I descend to the lobby, stepping to the sidewalk. Lips Louie and I must talk, but I am not going to have him in my apartment. When he returns Jack's leash I guide my pet to the front passenger door.

"Ride with the driver, I need a private conversation with Mr. Lips."

I enter the rear compartment, sealed from Jack and the driver and take a seat opposite Lips Louie.

"I assume he got off for you," I smirk.

"Like a cannon. He's exquisite, quite the hunk. Quivers nicely in being handled by a man."

I mentally question his gender reference but remain silent. I want information not a confrontation.

"So, Mrs. Lipton..." I prompt as the driver pulls from the curb.

Louie downloads.

"What I am going to say breeches the tenet of attorney client confidentiality. But one can only be disbarred once," Louis begins with a sheepish grin.

"Working on Mr. Lipton's estate had some curious quirks. The first being that the will was specific that Jack, his biological but illegitimate son, was bequeathed nothing... not a cent. His wife was to receive the bulk of the estate, quite sizable, in the low nine figure range. Yet another quirk, if his wife predeceased him, the estate again was still not to go to his son, but instead to some large prominent charities... American Cancer Society... United Way... all that stuff.

"Again very specific concerning parsimony for Jack. It became evident to me in working with Mrs. Lipton that she

had great disdain for Mr. Lipton's son, an object of scorn in being conceived by a woman of ill repute during their marriage. The possibility dawned that the will's unusual aspects were drafted under duress. Estate lawyers normally suggest leaving some token amount to undesired heirs to counter an argument of oversight in drafting the will. Instead for the son, second to the wife in having any potential estate claim, there was nothing.

"I envisioned an undisclosed confrontation, Mr. Lipton most likely wanting to leave something to his son, but the scorned Mrs. Lipton opposing, in her mind such a provision giving the son the legitimacy she forever wanted denied to him. Apparently marital bliss trumped standard will drafting. Mr. Lipton obliged. Illegitimate son denied all.

Why would he so willingly concede, I kept asking myself? With his money he had influence; surely there was something to placate the wife's wrath.

"And then it dawned. The will left his estate to his wife... not to Mrs. Lipton by name. A clue! And so I did some research... research of which I am rather proud. It seems for Mrs. Lipton there had been a prior marriage. She was a show girl. From what I could deduce some ostensibly wealthy patron of a Las Vegas casino proposed marriage, possibly in the midst of a drunken binge. I'm sure he hinted at riches, offering a life of luxury and full luxurious attire rather than the skimpy Las Vegas garb of silk and feathers.

"Well it was a ruse... who conned whom sort of thing. He got laid, Mrs. Lipton got nothing. The man was broke. Presumably there was a quick divorce but I could find no record of it.

"So with curiosity piqued, I tracked down the con artist first husband, rather easy with his subsequent criminal record. I suggested I needed to contact his wife. On the phone he was brusque, stating that the marriage was short and over, and he thus had no knowledge of her whereabouts. But he offered a clue.

‘That’s long over. Ended in Ciudad Juarez years ago.’

“Ah, a Mexican divorce. At the time fast, simple, cheap... and later disregarded under the United States law. And so I checked. Yes, Mrs. Lipton, under her maiden name, was divorced under Mexican law in Ciudad Juarez, the presiding justice part time, his main trade cutting hair, the decree signed in a barber shop!”

I sit back in astonishment. With no legal divorce, Mrs. Lipton’s subsequent marriage to Jack’s father becomes quite murky.

“You see the implications? Mrs. Lipton is not the prime beneficiary... the will specifies it’s the wife of Mr. Lipton. Did he know of the Mexican divorce? Did he cleverly counter her insistence on cutting out Jack?”

Wow!

“Can the will still be contested?” I hastily query.

“I’m not a lawyer,” Lips Louie informs with self ridicule. “It would be illegal for me to give advice. For that, they could put me in jail. But I do believe that in probating a will, all sorts of representations are made to the surrogate. One of which being that a beneficiary is indeed the person so named in the last will and testament.”

With that the limousine pulls back to my apartment building.

“It’s Saturday night, Miss Kelly. I’m headed to Soho. Perhaps Jack could once again entertain us there. The boys were quite impressed...”

As I step from the car, I ask myself, was Mrs. Lipton legally the wife of Mr. Lipton?

And in cutting out Jack, the denial appears emotional, not well thought out, the will obviously drawn under the influence of Mrs. Lipton. And Mr. Lipton conveniently let the emotions rule.

I lead Jack through the lobby to the elevators. I am excited. I need his tongue.

Chapter Forty-One

Sunday I put Jack on the treadmill, working him many miles. I need to think.

With the estate in the low nine digits, as Lips Louie suggested, that's at least one hundred million dollars. That's a lot of money and offers incentive for a lot of shenanigans.

Was Mrs. Lipton aware of the questionable nature of her Mexican divorce? Is that why she insisted Jack be completely cut out of the will, to be neither an alternative nor a minor heir to a vast fortune?

She did not like Jack, never enjoyed his company, essentially giving me carte blanche over his upbringing... and his body for that matter. No questions asked, not a second opinion requested when I recommended circumcision. And my bed wetting ruse, again upon disclosure, nothing but disdain. Though false, her haughtiness did not permit her to address the issue and become involved as a mother. Even a step mother should react in concern.

Yes, forcing Mr. Lipton to completely cut Jack out of the will was probably an emotional issue.

In negotiating Jack's meager trust, discussions continuing after Mrs. Lipton moved to Palm Beach, I have her contact information. I also make a note to obtain from Lips Louie the name of the con artist, who many years ago inveigled marriage, offering Las Vegas wedding vows for a cheap night with a show girl. So abhorrent, such typical male skullduggery.

I hear the treadmill beeping, indicating Jack has finished a brisk five mile run. I return to the exercise room and demand twenty miles on the stationary bicycle. He must be kept physically attractive. With his high testosterone levels he shapes wondrously.

Chapter Forty-Two

I find an email address for Ms. Judith Lipton, wealthy widow of Jack's father. I send a brief note providing my cell phone number and suggesting that we need to talk. Since our relationship became rather testy when I had Jack's attorney initially question his father's will, I decide that it may be best to spice up my otherwise polite note. So I add a postscript, questioning if she, Ms. Lipton, has been to Ciudad Juarez recently. That should gain her attention!

In hitting send I notice that in my inbox I have a reply from my recent Craig's List posting offering Jack's nakedness for CFNM parties.

How cute! A woman, rather bold and liberated, inquires whether Jack will perform at an 18th birthday party. Seems she wants her daughter to be more familiar with the male anatomy, ingrain more assertiveness when interacting with boys.

I respond affirmatively, with the proviso that all in attendance be of age. A follow up email confirms that the attendees will be age 18 or older. We set a date for the forthcoming Saturday afternoon.

The communication gives rise to thought. Perhaps I should post a separate Craig's Listing offering Jack as a boy who will jump out of a cake at ribald parties for women!

Yes, he'll be locked up... and the honored guest will be presented with his key, the decision hers as to whether or not Jack will display himself erect. Clever stuff.

In scrolling through other emails, I find it tedious in deleting the number of crackpot replies. How is it people have so much time to be so insincere? In thought, perhaps there are alternatives to Craig's List in terms of finding outlets for Jack's need, his craving for exhibition.

Ah, why not have a little teaser? A Sunday afternoon tea party. I'll not only invite all of Jack's cleaning customers but suggest they bring friends, women of our ilk who either

need their bathrooms clean or simply want to be entertained.

I begin composing a list beginning with Theresa, Mrs. Rivers, Iorio, and MacConnell. And Alice! With her clandestine kinky dress making she is sure to know women with exotic tastes in being entertained. In completing, the list is extensive with all the toilets Jack cleans.

The hum of the bicycle ends.

“Run some water, Jack. Bath time.”

Chapter Forty-Three

Jack kneels in soapy warmth. After the extensive exercise I have demanded he's somewhat lethargic but grateful for my controlling touch, the ritual of many years of embarrassing cleansings becoming psychologically acceptable.

He has never washed himself as an adult. I've soaked and shaved him daily.

"So did you enjoy performing for Louis, Jack?"

He's chagrined. When I feel his muscles stiffen I know his homophobia still somewhat seethes.

"I really didn't do anything. My hands... my hands..."

"Yes, I had you secured... to make sure you were polite and receptive. But he sucked your penis, didn't he?"

Jack knows that I insist on full answers no matter how bothersome the question.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you ejaculated?"

"Well... not right away. He sort of teased."

"And how did that make you feel, submitting your penis to a man?"

"Icky," Jack's reply quite childish, his emotional development intentionally kept retarded.

"But at the end, he permitted you to climax... just like you want me to make you climax. So it felt good?"

"I guess so."

Such emotional turmoil, held in strict chastity... only to finally be brought to ecstasy in such a degrading manner... for the homophobe.

I begin shaving, Jack's penis remaining locked up. There's really very little stubble, but I want his entire body to sense vulnerability, whisking the sharpness everywhere. I know beneath his cock cage there may be some growth, but that is only removed in preparation of show.

As the razor glides down his left buttock, so nicely shaped from years of stringent physical work outs, my cell

phone rings. I pull the plug.

"Stay," I command as the water drains.

Retrieving the phone I do not recognize the number, but it is a Florida area code. I answer. It's Mrs. Judith Lipton.

"What is it? You're annoying. Since I consider Jack's trust fund nothing more than submitting to extortion I really don't think there's anything more I'd like to say."

Oh, but there is, I think to myself. But as gruffly as the termagant speaks, there is no reason for me to be impolite. I am holding the cards.

"Are you going to be in the New York area in the near future? I think you'd like to see your stepson. He can be quite entertaining. And I would like to learn more of that quick trip to Mexico many years ago. Ciudad Juarez I believe it was," I reiterate, thinking perhaps she did not scan my entire email.

There is a telling pause... silence!

"I'll be flying into New York two weeks from Wednesday for a matinee show. Staying the night at the Waldorf," her voice softening.

"Text me your room number and a good time. Jack and I will visit. You'll enjoy seeing him," so punny am I.

I hang up. Knowing that Mrs. Lipton is not biologically related to Jack, now being aware that with his illegitimacy she holds him in disdain, greatly changes the rules of the game in my mind. As haughty as the woman was... is... she may have enjoyed more closely assessing my early years of Jack's governance.

Ah, Jack! He lingers in the tub, cold and wet. I return to the bathroom. Jack is not permitted to dry himself. That's my task, again palpating every inch of his naked freshly shorn flesh. Afterwards I'll hood him and put him to bed, his tongue and lips to be in wait for my pleasure.

Chapter Forty-Four

I wrap Jack into his white toga.

"A birthday party, Jack. I doubt if they'll want you brought to orgasm. But you'll still be displayed," my words coming as I pop a Cialis tablet into his mouth and offer a third glass of water.

I'm not sure Jack's urination trick will be of interest, but keeping his bladder full abets erection, and that's key.

I leash him and it's to the garage. Another trip to Greenwich Connecticut, the 18th birthday of a girl about to obtain a lesson in male anatomy... and male sexual deviance.

Traffic flows well midday Saturday. We arrive at a large suburban home within an hour. Guiding Jack by his leash always makes an impression, the many teenaged girls giggling, mothers amused as well.

Upon accepting an envelope of cash, I rip open the Velcro seam of Jack's toga and pull down his frilly panties, the sight of which brings more giggles. Since the birthday girl's mother has not only requested that I provide entertainment but information as well, I lecture. A sheepish Jack, blushing with his exposure remains silent, hands on head.

"Jack is a submissive male, girls. He does not fully understand, but he wants to be cared for... and kept... his needs quite idiosyncratic," I begin my lecture as my leash hand guides Jack to the stool I politely suggest for every CFNM gathering.

"As you can see he blushes quite profoundly," Jack knowing to mount for exhibition. "But deep within he very much enjoys the humiliation. That is why I have to keep his penis well controlled. This is called a chastity device..." pointing to the steel cage. "Very expensive, very well designed. It's locked in place and prevents Jack from playing with himself... as I am sure you girls with brothers understand the male is wont to do. I have the key and only I decide when his penis is free."

“How does he go to the bathroom?”

“Jack can urinate through this tube... called a Prince’s Wand. But only under my supervision. I control almost everything Jack does. It is best for him... and it is best for other males like him.”

I pause, letting some dozen female eyes take in the scene of intense male degradation. Jack fidgets, his penis hardening within the cruel cock cage. Oh that masochistic psyche!

“I think Jack wants to show off for you girls. Is that right, Jack?”

He does... but he doesn’t. Such mental and emotional conflict. The embarrassment begins to overwhelm, his phallus fighting hard steel. Finally, he must answer, his voice quavering.

“Yes, Miss Kelly. I need... I need...”

“He needs to harden, that is what he’s trying to say. I only allow it on special occasions... like a girl’s birthday,” my words coming as I pull the necklace and key from about my neck.

I click open the two locks, my hands gently loosening the cage.

“You see, girls, in boys with Jack’s penchant; he very much enjoys the humiliation. And as with all boys who enjoy themselves, it shows in their penis.”

With that I remove the cage and base ring, Jack’s manhood already semi engorged. Next I work the Prince’s Wand, just able to have the bulbous tip exit the urethral opening before full erection. With that, to the sound of astonished gasps, Jack’s penis rises, his ten inches displayed in full bloom. There are more giggles, there are whispers expressing amazement.

“And the humiliation of being displayed naked and erect brings more and more hardness,” I said while placing my finger on the top of the stiffness and bending downward.

“It’s termed the loop. And the subordinate male cannot avoid the loop. It’s ingrained. Note the look on Jack’s face.”

I slip away my finger, releasing the rock hard appendage, allowing it to snap back to full stand. And Jack’s look is indeed precious.

Next I cup his scrotum, drawing forth the mass of pink flesh to offer a full view of the hairless testicles and explain the function of that segment of the male anatomy.

A girl questions Jack’s hairlessness.

“I shave his entire body and bathe him daily. He needs to feel a woman’s controlling touch. Plus, don’t you think he’s well presented?”

There come murmurs of agreement. Then Jack begins to secrete prostatic fluid, which leads me to that segment of the male anatomy. The prostate gland, lecturing how to access it through the anus. I do not demonstrate, that’s an extra fee and deeming such a little advanced for the girls.

I also explain that Jack is circumcised, of which I am proud as stated, and that on some males the foreskin remains. And just to titillate, I offer that the tiny patch of flesh at the underside of the tip is where the male obtains some 80% of his sexual pleasure. This always baffles girls, feminine anatomy having several erogenous zones.

And so the afternoon entertainment goes, a very practical sex education class... and lessons on the demented mind of some males such as Jack.

Any budding women of authority in the group? I must wonder...

Chapter Forty-Five

Sunday, Jack is quite agitated over his birthday display. And no, he was not masturbated, the girl's mother deeming that to be over the top.

"Finished with your cleaning?"

"Yes Miss Kelly," Jack vacuuming completely naked as always.

"Good boy."

I arise, the Sunday paper partially read. I gather up Jack's masturbation harness. As promised, if he is not brought to orgasm at a Saturday CFNM gathering, then I milk him. Yet on this occasion I decide to tease a bit. Plus I need to have my own recreation from time to time.

"Come here, Jack."

He approaches and I detect the conflicting emotions as he spies me holding the waist belt with attached wrist cuffs. He both hates being milked and pines for it. Hates being denied the ecstasy, yet knows a well massaged prostate and the resulting hormonal release will bring a state of languor, akin to the torpor of a deep nap.

I encircle his waist then cuff him, arms restrained at his sides. Next I unlock his cock cage and slip out the Prince's Wand.

"Watch some television," playfully smacking his buttocks.

"But... but..."

"Bring yourself to erection if you'd like," noting that with his randiness he's already firming. "Try not to drool on the carpet."

And with that I return to the Sunday papers, leaving Jack to helplessly stroll about, erect with no manner of pleasing himself.

Such a cruel woman am I. When I do deem it to be milking time, he will be most eager.

Chapter Forty-Six

One must give to get, the basis for all promotion.

Having put together my list of guests, I send out invitations. What a gathering of understanding women I will assemble, all so willing to help Jack and his craving!

Yes to spread the word concerning Jack's availability for toilet cleaning and male nudity, I decide on a Sunday afternoon tea party, though there will certainly be other refreshments. And Alice, having Jack's measurements at the ready, has offered to whip out a cute maid's costume. Though my guests will want him naked... and certainly displaying all ten inches... I'll work my way into the CFNM thing as the party progresses.

Since Jack will be serving, he'll need to use his hands. And whereas he's trained not to touch himself, it's easy for him to comply when I am always nearby while freed of the cock cage. The question is can he keep his hands off his erection when not supervised?

Yes, I'd prefer to mingle with my guests, not following him into the kitchen every time a new round of tea and biscuits is served.

So I must conjure. In my many years of governing belligerent boys, I have a variety of restraints, on occasion needing to put a boy in isolation for many days. Yes, a few days of sensory deprivation can quickly establish a woman's authority. Just hearing an obstreperous teen beg for a diaper change can bring a satisfying exchange of power.

So I rummage about my closet and find all sorts of fun stuff, paddles, spreader bars, and heavy shackles. And then finally I come across my Posey cuffs. Resilient nylon, lined with foam for long term comfort, such are safe, used in institutions world wide, and ineluctable. Sewn heavily are eyelets which will accept tethers, restraining the bearer in any number of positions and places. Alas, could it be that a silver serving tray can be utilized to bind together the wrists?

Yes, between the arms my pet will carry a tray laden with refreshments, the handles clipped to Posey cuffs making the hands... and those naughty fingers, immobile.

And whereas for practicality he wears sandals while negotiating the sidewalks of New York, I do believe heels, high and pointy, will suffice in my apartment. Those I will need to purchase.

Chapter Forty-Seven

Jack makes for a delightfully clumsy maid. The morning of my tea party I have him practicing, wearing heels impossibly high, wrists donning Posey cuffs, silver tray attached, separating hands rendered useless for all but serving tea and biscuits. I teach him to curtsy and for some reason bringing him to politely smile is a chore.

"I don't want to do this... to look like this, Miss Kelly," he said with such childish pouting.

"Oh, Jack. You'll do and look as I please... and enjoy it. Think... you'll be wearing clothing... for a while. And during the afternoon I will free your penis so you can show off. You so much like that," speaking as if to a boy showing reluctance in taking his first train ride. At afternoon's end he'll not want to get off.

Jack is naked, penis caged. Alice is expected with the maid's uniform. She's a whiz so I know it will fit... probably better phrased as being revealingly tight and brief.

"And you'll need to smile and be polite. Lots of women will be here to see you display yourself."

With that, the intercom buzzes. It is security announcing the arrival of Alice. I inform that she is expected along with a dozen or more other guests to be permitted entry. I unlatch the apartment door and within moments Alice arrives. She expects to see Jack naked and well groomed. And I can read her thoughts... in a way it will be disappointing to have him dress.

"I have just the uniform for him," Alice pridefully announces.

I release Jack from the bondage of his serving tray, unclipping the silver from Posey cuffs. Alice then goes to work and I note every piece of black satin is garnished with frilly white lace. A bodice nicely outlines Jack's pectoral muscles. An extremely short pleated skirt covers only the upper portion of his buttocks at the back. At the front his cock cage peeks, the gleaming steel leaving no doubt he's a

kept boy. Alice props a silly hat atop Jack's head. Then come stockings, Jack having to temporarily remove the extreme high heels while Alice rolls on patterned sheer black nylon.

When finished, Jack looks absolutely ridiculous, such masculine brawn attired so effeminately.

I return the tray, again clipping the Posey cuffs to render Jack's hands useless for all but offering refreshments.

I then draw Jack to the kitchen. One more glass of water to encourage a nice piss proud erection... and with it his Cialis tablet.

No sooner is Jack watered then one by one my guests enter. My maid greets with beverages, awkwardly curtsying while balanced on the outlandish heels I purchased. For the women who know Jack, having him weekly clean their bathrooms in the nude, they are surprised and somewhat disappointed with the covering, however brief. Mrs. Iorio appears tempted to strip off Jack's uniform, reaching beneath to pinch his buttocks. As the group assembles I feel it necessary to explain that full nakedness will come.

This seems to calm the group, expectations apparently high.

So we mix, we talk, the women who know Jack exchange thoughts on how best to bring the humiliation he craves. Most importantly there are invitees who are introduced for the first time to the delights of CFNM. And word spreads that for \$5, Jack will make a bathroom sparkle... and do so in full display.

And of course, I lecture on the entertainment Jack can provide on weekends, stripping, tumefying, being stroked under strict supervision... permitted ejaculatory release... or allowed to meekly dribble as a result of my specialty... the ruined orgasm.

Ah, promotion... the word spreads. It seems that in time I will have Jack exposed to half the women of the City.

Alice has cleverly designed Jack's uniform to tease. By mid afternoon, she begins stripping away portions of cloth

with every return trip to the kitchen. Within an hour, Jack is naked but for the silly cap, neck collar, and cock cage... though the tray somewhat impedes visual inspection.

Yes, he teases, and one woman, probably on her third Mimosa, finally blurts that if she's going to host a CFNM party she'll want assurance as to the delivered goods.

So I find it time for the ultimate entertainment. I sit and summon Jack. I unlock cock cage and Prince's wand and free his male package. It's been hours since the Cialis was forced into him. As usual there is no need for encouragement or touch. He stiffens admirably. Wrists remaining secured to the tray, I playfully slap his buttocks and send him to the kitchen where Alice will reload the tray and Jack will now serve completely naked and erect.

Many Mimosas served, the cadre of women break out in giggles and catcalls. Jack is sublime... sublimely conditioned... sublimely erect... sublimely blushing with his erection bobbing about with each ungainly step.

Ah, and deep within he is so happy.

Chapter Forty-Eight

The Wednesday of Mrs. Lipton's matinee comes. In deciding Jack's mode of dress, I rule out his white and pink togas. It's the Waldorf, the decorum more stately than a seedy Soho club.

Still I want attraction, the humiliation of being exhibited in female clothing quite exciting, assuaging Jack's sordid masochistic need.

So I lay out the pumpkin orange pullover, a lesser shade for his silk panties and matching sandals.

The weather remaining warm, we'll walk. It's many blocks but Jack's conditioning is superb. And I could use a little exercise.

A text message comes through, Mrs. Lipton departing the theater and suggesting to meet in room 2717 at 7:00 p.m. So I dress Jack, debating whether to lead him about on his leash. I decide the walk will go quicker without, but stuff the white length in my bag.

It's late afternoon. Third Avenue is not crowded so we can walk at our own pace, yet there are enough onlookers to make Jack blush. At 50th Street we cross over, entering the rear of the Waldorf on Lexington Avenue. Into the elevator I reach for the leash and snap it onto Jack's collar.

"Must mother see me like this," Jack's tone so sullen.

"I'll show you to whomever I want, Jack. You enjoy the catharsis. And she's not your real mother."

With that the elevator arrives on the 27th floor, the doors open and I lead Jack down the hall to room 2717.

My knock is quickly answered and once again I am to consort with the haughty Mrs. Lipton, wealthy heiress. I greet and on reflection, though now in her fifties, there is a certain handsomeness, probably great beauty in youth. Yes, she could well have been a Las Vegas show girl. And from what I surmise from her comportment, a gold digger as well, though on that score her record seems to be 50 - 50.

I step within, Jack following my leash hand. He gazes downward, the humiliation of facing his mother... step mother... effeminately attired and restrained as a pet beginning to overwhelm.

"Sit," I say snapping my fingers and pointing to a chair, offering slack on the leash.

Jack obeys. And I am surprised when Mrs. Lipton expresses no shock, but instead smiles in amusement.

"Still his governess, I see," said Mrs. Lipton gesturing to a chair next to Jack.

"He has certain needs," my reply intentionally vague as I sit, leash remaining in hand.

With Alice's clever design, the hem of Jack's pullover skirt rises quite revealingly when he sits, the lighter orange of his silk panties prominently displayed.

"At least he's thoroughly disciplined. No longer seeking to spy on girls and their undergarments... instead wearing them, ha, ha, ha," Mrs. Lipton said while sitting in a chair opposite. "Let me begin by saying, Miss Kelly, that I am well aware of your Ciudad Juarez reference. Many years past. A mistake to be forgotten. The man turned out to be liar and a reprobate. I had to pay all the costs."

"Which I understand are quite reasonable in Mexico... and the process quite questionable from a legal standpoint."

Mrs. Lipton pauses in thought.

"You have certain skeletons as well, Miss Kelly. Maria remains in my employ. She made me aware of your supervision of young Jack's exercise routine. Quite telling."

"Assuaging a need, Mrs. Lipton. Maria's presence aided in treating Jack's proclivity. Your son... stepson... needs to be displayed... naked... humble... and before women. It is best for him, keeps him calm and obedient. There was no sex, as Maria will affirm. And there remains no sex. Jack is kept in chastity, that is best for him as well," I said returning bluntness with bluntness.

Mrs. Lipton smiles wickedly. I know she's playing me, but I have the ultimate upper hand.

"If he'd be more comfortable, then so be it," Mrs. Lipton said while gesturing in suggestive manner. "Since he's now aware of the illicit nature of his birth, I no longer have to play the role of mother, do I?"

I'm beginning to better understand the woman. Could it be she's one of us?

"Jack, take off your dress and panties," I command in rising to unclip his leash.

What a look of panic! His blushing pink complexion deepens. He moves not.

"Show your mother that you are well kept... and cared for," my tone firming.

He rises. As designed, Jack can be stripped naked in seconds. To obviate any further reluctance, I reach, grasp the straps of his dress at the shoulders and with a quick snap of the wrists and pull of my hands, whip the flimsy orange garment over his head. His hands obediently go to his head as he knows to step out of his sandals.

How many times has this scene been repeated, cleaning toilets almost daily in the nude?

Lastly I pull down his frilly panties from which he also steps out.

Jack stands before his stepmother, hairless body gleaming, muscle structure belying his effeminate attire. He's an Adonis... with steel covered pubes.

"Remain standing. Let your mother look at you," I command in picking up the clothing then returning to my chair.

"Makes quite the impression. And that cock cage is impressive as well. Paid for with trust funds I assume," said Mrs. Lipton while gazing intently, certainly not shy about male nakedness.

"As I said, he's denied sex. It is for the best."

"I concur. Certainly would not want any more heirs... legitimate or otherwise."

Jack begins to squirm. I know his exhibition, the excitement of being displayed, brings tumescence. Yes his penis is fighting its constraint, the erectile chambers flooding. He hates it... but he loves it. Ah the quandary of the masochist. And I understand it so well.

"Let's talk about the will, Mrs. Lipton. Enough of stepson Jack."

"What of it? It's been probated. And a reasonable settlement made with Jack... and you as trustee."

"Probated with you representing yourself as the wife of Mr. Lipton. Which you could not be if married to another. The Mexican divorce is a ruse, Mrs. Lipton. You've long known that."

"You have nothing to gain in disclosing this. Jack is out. Only charity will benefit."

"And I suspect be very aggressive in contesting the probate. All well funded charitable organizations with lots of lawyers... greedy lawyers. I have nothing to gain but you have much to lose."

Mrs. Lipton returns to silence. I may be mistaken but there is joy in viewing Jack's nakedness, seeming to ameliorate what I am sure is a most stressful conversation.

"More extortion. Just as I suspected."

"You negotiated a little too hard with Jack's penurious trust. You're quite well off. Jack is not. And as you can now well imagine, he needs lots of care and attention due to his... proclivity."

"I believe he's in pain. Hate to think that I'm causing him discomfort," the termagant twirling a finger in offering the same gesture... though there is nothing more to be removed... except...

"He'll harden," I forewarn, interpreting the motion of her finger.

"So be it. Make the poor boy comfortable."

Jack's key resides about my neck as always. But I must look to my bag. Returning the Prince's Wand requires KY jelly, otherwise the reinsertion isn't painful, it's torture. Yes, I have small tube!

"Come here, Jack," his stunned look silently pleading with me.

No mercy.

"Any arrangement we agree to will involve me taking over Jack's care, Miss Kelly. That must be understood from the start. I will not be had a third time."

"It's burdensome, Mrs. Lipton. Keeping a male in chastity will require much of your time and attention."

"I have a special place in mind for Jack. It will not be my time... it will involve my money... and that I have lots of."

Her words come as I slip out the Prince's Wand and Jack's penis celebrates its freedom, instantly hardening. Yes, a tummy thumper. I do not believe I have ever seen Jack so stiff!

And I have not before seen Mrs. Lipton smile so radiantly. Yes, she's one of us.

"I like the collar. Can you walk him about for me? Naked, erect and leashed... such an alluring presentation."

Chapter Forty-Nine

Yes, it's the Waldorf! And indeed I walk Jack about the capacious suite... naked, erect and leashed. Had years ago I known of Mrs. Lipton's penchant, it would have been so easy!

"Enough," a smiling Mrs. Lipton declares, eyes glued in watching Jack's subordinated penis bob about. "I think we're in agreement. Let's talk terms."

Well entertained by Jack's ten inches and my directing hand, she nods to a bar in the corner of the Park Avenue enclave.

"You'll find a fine bottle of Chardonnay, should you care to pour. If not to your liking, pick your own poison."

Yes, spoken as a Las Vegas show girl, I conclude.

I hand Mrs. Lipton the leash and move behind the bar as encouraged. There is a bottle in the refrigerator. I open and decide to join her, noting she's rather brisk in handling Jack's leash.

"With Jack's father so often absent, I would have disciplined Jack myself. But there were the many indiscreet eyes of the serving help to consider. Plus as stepmother, one's role is limited, Miss Kelly. And it is a role of vainglory... setting high the household decorum. A Lipton boy cannot be known for hiding in closets and spying on partially dressed servants! Oh no, that conduct is never to be divulged. And since no one was to know, I could not step into the role of disciplinarian, announcing for all that this snot nosed brat had transgressed... punishing accordingly. No I had to hire you... wash my hands of the matter. And in a way I was glad to do so."

Mrs. Lipton moves to an ornate bar stool tugging on Jack's leash as I open the wine bottle. She sits and pulls downward, directing her tumescent stepson to kneel at her feet. I smile in seeing my leashed trained pet instantly obey. Mrs. Lipton then slips off her shoe and lowers her bare foot, pressing her toes against the top of Jack's penis. The foot

slowly bends Jack's tummy thumper. He groans but otherwise knows to obediently remain motionless and accept a woman's playful yet aggravating direction.

"He's drooling. No sex you say. It must get very messy."

"If he has not performed for a while I milk him."

"Perform?"

Convinced that the harridan Judith Lipton is one of us, I quickly relate Jack's weekend CFNM activities, explaining that in my mind being masturbated before amused women does not constitute having sex. She is both fascinated and disgusted.

"And he enjoys that? He is indeed a pervert... perverted as an adolescent... perverted as an adult. And what do you mean 'milk him'?"

I push forth a glass of Chardonnay. I want her relaxed as I explain the clinical process by which I relieve Jack of his burgeoning hormones, removing his cock cage, lubricating his anus and massaging his prostate... forcing his male essence to meekly flow to a waiting towel.

"It has an interesting effect, calming him without the satiation of ejaculation."

Mrs. Lipton smiles with the thought and slips away her foot. Jack's penis instantly snaps up, resuming its stand at attention, bulbous tip abrading his navel.

"I will need to confer with my attorneys, Miss Kelly. I will want an iron clad agreement with you... and I'll want Jack. You want money... and shall have it. I assure you it will be enough for a lifetime... and enough to find yourself another pet."

As we clink glasses and imbibe, I look down to see Jack's blushing nakedness turning from pink to crimson. And his penis indeed drools.

Jack's masochistic need for exhibition is well assuaged. He's excited... and he enjoys the ultimate in humiliation. Not only is he naked, erect and leashed... he's just been purchased.

Chapter Fifty

Within two weeks I have a communication from the attorneys of Mrs. Judith Lipton. Lots of complicated documents... making the deal iron clad as indicated. But in summary, Mrs. Lipton will have Jack, and I will have in return for my pledge not to divulge the flawed marriage of the wealthy heiress \$5,000,000... in installments, the last coming with the passing of the statute of limitations in contesting the will.

Jack deserves more... but Jack has needs other than money. And besides, if I take steps to inform the surrogate of the questionable marriage, it would not bring Jack much closer to an inheritance. Such action would merely alert the legal hounds of the half dozen charities listed as secondary beneficiaries. Nothing for Mrs. Lipton, but nothing as well for Jack.

So overall, it is for the best.

But what will Mrs. Lipton do to, for and with Jack? She took no interest in his upbringing.

Having shuffled through most of the legal stuff, I find a hand written note at the bottom of the pile. It is from Mrs. Lipton.

'Should you need peace of mind, give Jack's new home a look. Entry code Lipton 587345 Click the flag for the English version.'

Listed is a web address. And the many letters and numbers suggest it is not intended to be a domain for public viewing.

So I mark the closing date on my calendar... when I am to deliver Jack and his key, sign documents and have the initial installment of \$5,000,000 wired into my bank account... then move to the computer.

Typing in the long address is cumbersome, it's almost a code, and obviously designed such that few will haphazardly come across whatever is there.

I press enter. Onto my screen comes a very plain almost colorless page. There is a code required for entry. I type 'Lipton 587345' then click the British flag, selecting it amongst a dozen others... French, German, Italian, Spanish and some unfamiliar to me, apparently European.

A welcoming page fills the screen, again very plain. No glitz. Obviously not a retail site attempting to sell something. There is a picture of an imposing building of concrete, appearing to be a military bunker. The caption below is not in English... perhaps German. It reads 'Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden'.

I hear muffled sound and reach to turn up my speakers. It is a woman's voice accented.

"You have entered the introductory site of the 'Institute for the Sexually Deviant'. If you are not the person intended to have viewing privileges you are to turn off this page immediately. This is for private viewing."

Alas the code with Mrs. Lipton's name. She's been given the so termed viewing privilege.

"A visual tour of the facility is available by clicking below. The pictures and scenes will be graphic and tend to disturb. Please be forewarned, we work exclusively with male patients, those needing to be excluded from society. The language used by the staff is a rare German dialect and probably not to be understood."

The narration ceases. I click. There begins a video. The camera moves forward towards the concrete building. A heavy door swings open, appearing to be of solid steel or iron. Visually we enter. As drab as is the exterior, the interior is likewise of concrete walls. The camera scans a reception area. There sits a nurse... young, blonde, of Teutonic heritage no doubt. The nurse ignores the presence of whoever works the camera, diligently shuffling paperwork at a desk laden with phones, computer screens and other electronics.

We move onward down a hall. There are doors. As a nurse exits one of the cameraman slips in before it shuts. Brightly lit, walls bare, there lays on a plain mattress a male. And the scene indeed tends to shock. Mid thirties, trim, naked and hairless... cranial hair included. And also extremely well bound. I recognize the many straps and connections as that of the Segufix system for binding very dangerous patients.... dangerous to themselves... or dangerous to others.

The woman's voice returns to briefly narrate.

"When not being bathed and exercised, patients at the Institute are kept well bound for their safety and the safety of others. Hair is considered a problem of hygiene, possibly transmitting disease and lice. All patients are thus depilated during indoctrination."

Yes, the sheen from the man's head suggests there's not a stubble to be found. I know from shaving so many, the follicles have been decimated.

As the camera pans the room, the man becomes agitated, futilely tugging and squirming against his many bonds. Then I note, in his nakedness, he begins to become erect. The cameraman also notes. The panning motion stops, focuses on the man's penis then zooms in such that the viewers can watch the patient slowly come to full stiffness.

"As the viewer will note, our patients are easily disturbed. The presence of the camera woman has brought this unwanted reaction. The patient will thus undergo elektronisch abgelassen."

Whatever the translation of 'elektronisch abgelassen' is, with the ominous tone of the woman's narration it cannot bode well for the transgressing patient.

The cameraman... now known to be a camerawoman... departs, leaving the man erect and struggling. We return to the hall. Nurses stroll by, ignoring the filming process. Next another door opens. We are to tour a large wash room, a

vast open shower area, water dripping from the walls. The camera lens steams. A hand comes into view to clean. It is a feminine hand.

Thereafter the camera comes to focus on a naked patient. He stands, neck and wrists encumbered by a yoke hanging from chains, evidently attached at the ceiling. Suddenly there comes a spray of water, apparently cold as the man yelps and kicks about in shock. Soaked, two nurses enter the frame, both toting buckets in one hand, stiff brushes in the other.

“Patients are bathed... harshly. The soap contains depilatory chemicals. The water is cold to suppress urges. We have learned that it is important for all interaction with our young staff to be austere. Patients are not coddled at Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden.”

The nature of the explanation seems to suggest that the treatment is to be desired, that the viewer should be assured of the patient’s relative discomfort. For indeed, judging from the patient’s reaction, the water is frigid, the soap harsh and the brushes stiff.

The camerawoman departs. Back into the hallway, more steps.

“Exercise is mandatory at Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden... and well supervised.”

A gate opens. Into a courtyard moves the camera. More shock.

A patient is being walked by a nurse. He wears a waist belt with wrists cuffs, quite similar to a segment of my masturbation harness. Otherwise naked, his nurse holds in her hand a pole of some six feet. At the end is a cloth loop. Within the loop, tightly encircled, is the patient’s scrotum.

He is being led about by his balls!

Round and round the courtyard the duo walk, the young woman making encouraging comments in the odd German dialect, probably not fully understood by the patient. It is the motion of her hands that need no translation. She wants

the patient well worked and pulls ardently when he slows in exhaustion.

"Patients are well exercised. The control pole protects the staff member from aggressive behavior such as kicking. We have found that governing the testicles communicates best the staff's authority."

Round and round. And then it happens again. The patient slowly stiffens.

"This patient will also endure elektronisch abgelassen," the narrator succinctly suggests as the camera once again focuses on what proves to be a huge erection.

The camerawoman withdraws. The scene fades. There comes more narration, intending to reassure the viewer of the Institute's strict regimen.

"We have never had a patient escape. Our facility is high in the Alps, quite secluded. Visitors are not encouraged as outsiders can affect behavior. We understand that rehabilitation for the sexually deviant is unlikely. Thus we are committed to long term care here at Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden."

Just as I am about to attempt a translation of the term 'elektronisch abgelassen', the video unexpectedly continues, now in silence. There is a trailer... no audio.

A patient lies naked and well bound in his Segufix bondage. He sports an erection, encumbered wrists tugging mightily in attempting that nasty male habit. A young nurse enters the room carrying an electrical box, wires dangling.

In a most direct and clinical manner, the nurse reaches between well spread thighs and lubricates the patient's anus. A rather stout probe is inserted, a wire leading to the box. The patient is saying something, shouting, his mouth opening widely, his words obviously frantic. The nurse callously ignores, gathering in her hand a control device. She turns a dial on the box, presses a button and the man both lurches spasmodically and ejaculates... the expression on his face one of intense agony... certainly not pleasure.

Yes, a large wad of sperm shoots upwards, then splashes to soil the broad Segufix waist belt. The mouth opens again, perhaps a plea. The nurse again presses the button. Another lurch, a dribble of sperm. With a third press, energy depleted, the physical reaction is limited... as is the effluent. The patient is well drained.

With a look of Schadenfreude, the nurse slips out the anal plug and removes the box, otherwise showing not an iota of emotion. As she calmly wipes away the cloudy whiteness, a free hand brazenly toys with the left nipple. The girl appears most sanguine in sending her message of ultimate ownership and control.

Onto the screen comes a caption... 'elektronisch abgelassen 40 volt'.

Alas, I understand the consequences of attaining erection. No further translation needed.

Chapter Fifty-One

In viewing the website, Jack's fate becomes evident. He's to be tucked away somewhere in the Bavarian Alps, probably never again to see beyond the gray concrete walls of an institute for the sexually deviant.

Mrs. Lipton has the money and therefore the power to make it happen. It will not be Jack that ever challenges Mr. Lipton's will. And his questionable sexual deportment will never bring embarrassment to the Lipton name and his Palm Beach socialite stepmother.

Endless bondage... most strict bondage... cold showers... forced exercise. In thought, not that much different from my regimen. But what will end is the exhilaration of performing for a concupiscent gathering of admiring women.

Those nurses, though young and pretty, are most strict... both comfortable and aloof in handling the naked male. Not much delight in being exposed to them. And all my training, encouraging Jack to harden and show himself off, humbly display those firm ten inches, at the Institute such will earn him a rectal insertion and the application of forty volts.

My party boy has entertained at his last party. In a way I am saddened. But for Jack it is probably for the best. I wonder how long it will require to reverse my training. Psychologically, for many years, being naked before fully clothed women has been his primary sexual catalyst.

Well, so be it. Meanwhile I turn my attention to drafting my latest Craig's List posting... women seeking men.

Firm woman seeking young male in need of training and guidance. You, in shape, well hung, desirous of pleasing women with a male package I will make most presentable. Me, stern, medically trained, demanding. Expect chastity and discipline.

I no longer need the income from CFNM parties. But I do still need the thrill.

Chapter Fifty-Two

Mrs. Lipton's quarterly payments are wired with exactness, my brimming bank account brimming more. Since I have not to any extent changed my lifestyle the outflow is limited. About the only excess expense, and it's relatively insignificant, is following up on the myriad of responses to my Craig's List postings, which unfortunately are more frequent than I'd like.

It seems Jack is difficult to replace. Many of the boys responding have been college students who have strong maternal ties and, in being away from home for the first time, need a surrogate mother. So I buy them dinner and we talk... though the exchange is probably more akin to an interrogation. If there are possibilities I entice them to my apartment and masturbate them. But there are preliminary intermediate steps of course.

The first being getting naked, having them serve me in some capacity such as fetching food or drink sans covering. For one Saturday matinee meeting, I had a boy clean my apartment in the nude, toilets included in memory of Jack. Since I am reasonably good at judging sexual needs and the many facets of masochism, most move to the final hurdle for selection, and that is sitting naked on my lap while I massage their prostate and masturbate them into a waiting bowl.

Having them cede total control and ejaculate for me on cue is the telling attribute. Most come prematurely, some cannot keep their hands out of the process, one or two, though stiff while serving me, soften in fright, despite my penetrating fingers.

Well, I didn't think it would be easy. And despite the fact that I do not need the income, I am considering returning to my profession as governess, offering an earlier state in transforming the male psyche to properly respond to the touch of a controlling woman.

Chapter Fifty-Three

Six months after turning over Jack and his key I receive an email from Mrs. Lipton...

Thought you'd want to know Jack is well cared for. Lipton355978.

Her message is succinct and initially gives rise to quandary. Then I remember the clandestine website for Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden. Fortunately I bookmarked the site in my browser for the many letters and numbers are impossible to recall.

I click away and the page comes up, remaining nearly blank. I type in the code and click the British flag for English. Expecting to once again see the concrete building and privacy warning instead the accented voice offers a different message...

"You have entered progress video number 3 for patient Jack Lipton at the 'Institute for the Sexually Deviant'. If you are not the person intended to have viewing privileges you are to turn off this page immediately. This is for private viewing."

Interesting, the feed is sui generis to Jack, not for general edification concerning the Institute. And it's video number 3. Apparently Mrs. Lipton receives regular reports and has decided to share this one with me. The many facets of the internet are intriguing. I envision that cruel smile of Mrs. Lipton as she watches, from a remote distance enjoying the investment of what I am sure are goodly sums expended in assuring Jack's care.

Further thoughts are diverted as onto the screen comes Jack, idly lying in the strict bondage of the many Segufix straps. They have removed his leather neck collar. Instead his bald head is frustratingly encapsulated, adding to the thorough immobility as arms and legs are tethered to the point that wriggling fingers and toes is burdensome.

"Patient Jack spends much time in the comfort of the Segufix restraint system," the accented female voice

narrates... most sardonically in my view. "Patients are at all times bound for safety, our staff thoroughly trained in strict bondage procedures."

There comes the rattle of keys. A lock clicks.

"As all patients at Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden, Jack has a primary care nurse assigned to him. It is she who feeds, bathes with assistance, and exercises him. With many years of experience in treating the sexually deviant, we at the Institute have learned that it is important for the patient to emotionally bond with his nurse. There comes a need for maternal care as the many days of immobility and isolation breaks the cycle of sexual aberration. This need supplants the desire to transgress which has festered over the years."

So they mentally break him, my thoughts summarizing the clinical explanation.

Onto the screen comes a white uniformed nurse. For Jack it must bring pleasant memories. In my years as his governess I was always similarly uniformed.

The nurse stands to the right side of the bed which occupies the middle of a barren room. She speaks, words not to be understood in that rare German dialect. I am sure not understanding the woman who for the most part is his only contact with the world, is frustrating. But I mentally translate her greeting as 'Good morning'. A hand reaches and toys with Jack's right nipple. The camera zooms in to focus on the tantalizing touch. The nub crinkles. It is mindful of the tail of a puppy, wagging in joy.

More words as the pretty girl not so much smiles but instead offers a look of sang-froid. She is in charge. She knows it. She enjoys it. I interpret again... 'You have slept well?'

The girl steps away then reappears with a large bowl and oversized spoon.

"Patients are well fed at the Institute. Forcibly if necessary. It is for the best."

Whatever is in the bowl is not overly appealing, judging from Jack's reaction. He resists... or attempts to... gritting his teeth as a heaping spoonful is offered. The nurse smiles wanly, the thumb and forefinger of her free hand reaching to clamp closed Jack's nostrils. When he opens his mouth for air, the mush like sustenance is cruelly thrust inward. He sputters, the free hand moving to cover his mouth. He must swallow or choke. He swallows.

For a woman of youth, the procedure is both harsh and well practiced. The futile attempt is almost expected, the countering effort immediate and effective.

The screen goes blank for a moment. Then the video resumes. Jack having been fed is freed of the frustrating head straps. In its place, a length of steel, a yoke, encircles his neck. Next the nurse works to free his right wrist from the Segufix strap and secure it within an opening in the yoke. The left wrist follows. Then comes the curious pole which was highlighted during the exercise phase of the introductory video. Some six feet in length, at one end is an adjustable loop of soft cloth. This encircles his scrotum, high at the base of Jack's penis, the nurse working quite nimbly to tighten.

Then the pole rests in wait on the bed as the many remaining straps making Jack one with the mattress are loosened.

Once again the training of the nurse is impressive. At no time was more than one hand freed. And when Jack's body finally became mobile, the controlling pole was immediately available to offer the desired exacting guidance.

The nurse speaks again, this time more of a command which I imagine to mean 'follow'.

She gently tugs the pole. And with the sensitive male parts so admirably brought under a woman's dominion, Jack struggles to arise, muscles long held in disuse.

Sans straps, Jack displays his total nakedness, the conditioning I forced remaining evident. It is then that Jack's

penis begins to firm. Ah... clothed female, naked male... well controlled male, despite the strict regimen Jack's proclivity prevails... at the Institute considered deviance.

Holding the pole to the side, the nurse steps forth and applies a vicious smack to the rising penis tip, her finger tips accelerating expertly. Jack cries out. His organ deflates.

"Patient Jack will later endure elektronisch abgelassen for this breach of protocol," the accented voice offers as the nurse leads from the room, pulling the pole. With testicles comically rising to follow, Jack obediently follows as well.

Chapter Fifty-Four

I click the pause bottom in thought. Jack is approaching age twenty six. Stepmother Judith Lipton is in her early fifties. What arrangements have been made for his care later in life when presumably Mrs. Lipton will pass onwards?

The narration indicated patients are expected to require a lifetime of treatment, sexual deviancy never assumed to be cured.

Jack's trust remains in place. As trustee I have let the funds accumulate with Jack's confinement and my new found wealth.

Yes, I will build a nest egg for Jack. Though his care no doubt expensive, it's possible I will be able to assure the young nurses of Institut Für Sexally Abweichenden will be tormenting... guess I should use the term caring... for Jack well past Mrs. Lipton's demise.

I click to resume video number 3, expecting to see Jack being bathed, as was the sequence in the video of introduction. And yes the camera shows him in the cavernous wash room, but he stands not being hosed down and scrubbed with brushes, instead he sits in what can only be described as a large gynecological examination chair... yoke remaining, ankles and thighs strapped to stirrups.

"New patients such as Jack undergo Säurewäsche for the initial months of their treatment."

The young nurse steps between the stirrups. The camera moves and zooms showing that in her hand is a pumice stone, craggy and rough. Jack, face not shown, cries out 'no' and the nurse shushes, not pausing for a moment in palming his long now flaccid penis applying the gruff surface to the sensitive thin flesh. She rubs mechanically, obviously having many times repeated the agonizing procedure. Once again comes the look of Schadenfreude as Jack is not at all shushed, instead his fruitless protests become louder.

"The entire penis is first excoriated," the narrator explains as indeed the nurse assures every millimeter of

skin is briskly rubbed, turning the pink more and more crimson.

Finally finished, the nurse steps away, Jack's legs tugging in vain against his confining straps. When the nurse returns she dons latex gloves and carries a bowl of liquid.

"And then comes the Säurewäsche. Quite painful, but for the best, mentally transforming a source of perceived pleasure into a source of suffering."

The hand action changes to become soft and tender, slowly and methodically coating the penis with the contents of the bowl. Jack shrieks, his voice becoming comically hoarse with the deliberate application of what is evidently not water.

At this point I again click pause and open another screen in my browser. I must know, clicking on a translating page and doing my best to spell the German word. On my third try I find that Säurewäsche means acid wash!

Poor Jack. Indeed what brought him pleasure... though rarely under my auspices... the nurse is turning to the ultimate implement of slow torture.

I click back to see the nurse step away then return with the pole. It is now he is to be washed, for the acid remains and will eventually bring undesirable deep burns. And sure enough, the legs are freed from the stirrups and the pole directs him to the waiting chains. The yoke is attached, forcing Jack to stand, the pole removed and as the primary nurse steps away, an unseen nurse hoses Jack down with frigid water... at this point shocking yet gratefully welcomed by a penis on fire.

As the routine but irritating cleansing follows, two nurses scrubbing everywhere, the psychological implications tantalize. It would probably be in violation of Institute protocol, but I'd be curious at that point to see Jack attempt to stroke himself, offering an end to the dire chastity. His penis was slowly and methodically turned to a state of painful rawness by his tending nurse, ingraining her power

and control... and sending a grim and forceful message to the sexually deviant male... that once proud strip of flesh is now solely to empty your bladder.

Yes, watching him hurt himself in the expectation of pleasure would be most entertaining.

As the scrubbing concludes, for the first time the brush handles are noted. Their unusual length permit the nurses to stand well to the side. With Jack's feet unburdened, a retaliating kick is feasible. But the nurses, though young, are well experienced, staying out of range and at an improbable angle.

Rinsed, remaining dripping wet, the pole returns, soft cloth enshrouding the scrotum. Soaking wet, Jack is led away.

"Exercise is next, the patient well acclimated to being directed by his supervising nurse, never moving without the guidance of her hand. As you have noted, there is never contact with other patients. Patient Jack is always in isolation but for his nurse. His mind slowly being transformed, ingraining deference for her, exuding humility, with all sexuality and thoughts of sex eliminated."

The video ends with Jack in the courtyard, yoke replaced by thick nylon waist belt with restraining cuffs. He silently plods in seemingly endless circles, following tugs on the pole, the hand of his nurse always in control. She speaks, probably in the dialect, the words unknown, the sound dampened. Her look is of cool confidence... so young... so much in control.

The scene fades. A caption comes on the screen...

For the elektronisch abgelassen of patient Jack, see video number 4

Well, not having the code, I will not see Jack painfully drained of semen utilizing the electric anal probe. Just as well, it oddly disturbs me seeing a boy ejaculate without the direction of a woman's hand.

Epilogue

I finally find a suitable boy. This one wants to be feminized... at least on weekends... and never on semester break when he must return to his parents. It works for me. My new CFNM party boy... girl.

So I dress him, much more effeminately than Jack, and on weekends put him on display. I have just the place for him to show off... that seedy Soho club where Lips Louie entertains macho fisters with his oral prowess.

Since my boy is rather gender confused, the amusing reluctance of being stripped naked before men isn't there as with Jack. Still the threat of having him bend and present his lovely cheeks for sodomy brings delightful concern.

It's Saturday night. While my boy stands under bright lights presenting himself naked and erect, I make it a point to indeed find Lips Louie. It may cost my boy a wad of semen he'd rather not give up, but I am desirous of that contact information... for the ex con man who may remain legally married to Mrs. Judith Lipton.

I catch a glimpse, Louie in pink ribbon and bow. When I approach it seems he has just pleasured a rather well hung gang banger, for his voice is hoarse, obviously even Lips having limitations in the throat department.

"Would you like to taste my boy?" I bluntly suggest.

He looks. My boy wears make up, sparkling ear studs, hair long which I coif most girlishly for these Saturday soirees.

"A girly boy. Not really my type," Lips equally blunt.

"Well how about a favor then. I'll owe you one."

Lips Louie, long out of his three piece suit and the staid practice of law, considers. He's now a free spirit, not a care in the world, apparently earning quite a settlement from Kinder, Morganthau and Mack, the law firm that dismissed him... prematurely... sans appropriate human resource procedure.

"Find me a cowboy sometime. I like 'em rugged."

“Will do. How about that guy you tracked down a while back, Mrs. Lipton’s first husband. Can I get his contact information?”

“Sure. His name Robert del Rio. Currently of Ossining, New York. A guest of the New York Department of Corrections. Though he’s due to be sprung soon.”

Well that’s easy enough. He’s in Sing Sing penitentiary.

I thank Lips and return to my naked boy, obediently standing on his stool, proudly displaying a good sized erection. He looks pretty, a purple tipped swollen penis contrasting nicely with the otherwise girlish look.

It’s been many months since I lost Jack. Lots of money received, the Institute’s video of my former party boy both entertaining and disturbing. Essentially I sold Jack. In hindsight, I probably should have been more loyal. Yet \$5,000,000 can easily compromise loyalty.

But overall, I am not a woman who likes to be on the losing end, though whether I have really suffered a loss is debatable. Though she’s one of us, the haughty Mrs. Lipton should not always win. Still, I am sworn not to further muddy the waters of Mrs. Lipton’s inheritance. And as she has pointed out, it benefits me not to do so... and even more so now.

But there is nothing in the agreements, however long and detailed, which prevents me from suggesting to this Robert del Rio, apparently a con man of questionable skill, that his marriage may remain legally in place... in the United States. And that his wife is worth hundreds of millions...

Ah, the thought of the reprobate exiting Sing Sing and becoming a respectable resident of Palm Beach, leading a life of wealth and luxury, intrigues.

But could it be that Mrs. Lipton will have another candidate for a one way trip to the Bavarian Alps?

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.

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Other books by Chris Bellows

(available at Pink Flamingo's new site
(<http://www.eroticbooknetwork.com>)

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A Woman's Servant

A Woman's Servant - The Second Semester

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Penance Corporation of America Books I & II

Penance Corporation of America Book III

Prince Imay's Palace

Ship of Remorse

Supplication of the Male Pig

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Taming the Virile Male

The Blacksmith's Daughter

The Conquerable

The Decision

The Entrapped

The Gimp

The Incarceration of Jennifer

The Last Pony Girl
The Male Concubine
The Predator

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day. Most of Chris's work can be found on Pink Flamingo new site www.eroticbooknetwork.com.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting sexual power exchange with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

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