

The Prisoner and the Nurse

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By Chris Bellows

The guard unlocks a thick solid steel door. In swinging it open the gleaming bars of a second barrier flash, the invading light causing the darkness of the opposing concrete chamber to partially dissipate. Nurse Hopkins patiently waits while the barred barrier is in turn unlocked. Then the hinges squeak... offering access into an unnatural cave.

She wordlessly smiles, pushing her cart to enter. A light switch brings added illumination, but the chamber returns to gloom as the doors behind are closed, the single bulb above offering little to staunch otherwise total darkness.

Peering down at her charge, the pleasant smile transforms to one of Schadenfreude. Thoroughly bound, totally helpless, hooded, deafened, cruelly gagged, there is little which separates the existence of the supine form from that of a shrub, the mental comparison so often coming to Nurse Hopkins' imagination. Yet shrubs are offered the glory of beneficent sunlight. Perhaps the subsistence is better compared with that of a mushroom.

An evil giggle is stifled as Nurse Hopkins notes the condition of the male organ. The inmate is erect, a mammoth phallus pointing straight upwards. Yes, a shrub, or better, perhaps the seedling of a promising oak, futilely struggling to escape the deep shade of the forest in nature's battle for photo genesis.

Yet it will not bask... ever bask. Permanent solitary confinement... to be bestowed on those not only convicted of the most heinous crimes but those who have violently brought mayhem to guards and prison staff as well. For reckless violation of prison rules, the form is relegated to nothingness.

So, Nurse Hopkins envisions herself as a gardener, her inmates mere plants... to be watered... and to be pruned, such a thought coming to mind in preparing the contents of her cart.

The nameless beast lying below her on a low table stirs, the limbs pull against the restraints. He is dreaming... more likely hallucinating she has come to conclude whenever observing the common strain of the bound. They all test the steel cables... for the first few months. Then in failing to bring anything more than frustration... the fruitless battle stops.

Yes, capitulation ensues... physical... mental... emotional... total.

It has come to amuse.

A degree of fortitude for this one remains. Thus she will have fun observing it crumble. And then will come the begging... the pleading... the pitiful whelps... and with it the joy of offering continuing intransigence.

Her role is to assure long lasting health... relative well being for he to be tormented... at least physical well being. The mental... the emotional? Not her obligation.

Nurse Hopkins stoops to reach under the low platform, the unpleasant task of removing the soiled bedpan to be undertaken first. A sizable opening in the horizontal platform of hard and harsh lumber collects the evacuation of the bowels and for the neat inmate who takes the effort to learn, the excretions of the bladder as well... should he endeavor to properly align his penis.

Most miss, rendering themselves to lie in the smelly irritation of their own making.

The basin exchanged, a hand lowers to press a button. Nurse Hopkins speaks, the words booming to ear plugs snugly held in place by a thick cloth hood, the constant din of white noise momentarily ending as she commands.

“Changing time. You know the rules.”

The mostly naked form lurches with the interruption of the endless oblivion. But then Nurse Hopkins is pleased to note it otherwise remains motionless. Brought from its stupor, a conscious ‘shrub’ knows to obey in stillness.

Most days, the inmate is watered and spoon fed in silence. But once per week, the length of interval not possibly discerned by the sensory deprived, there comes relief... relative relief... limited relief.

Nurse Hopkins releases the simple clasp connecting the steel cable to the arm cast at the right wrist, the length making the limb one with the concrete wall. She notes the short spring, mercifully offering a modicum of resistance, tension for those choosing to pull and exercise the muscles. Yes, the inmate is to be kept in physical condition, the torment so much more wickedly cruel for the fit.

Though freed of its restraint, the inmate knows to remain motionless, abiding docilely. The cast, such a clever but barbarous form of bondage, is to be removed, Nurse Hopkins tugging energetically, the inmate welcoming her tendance.

Inside, the stretchy nylon material clings to the flesh, making the limb and the thick contraption one, entrapping the body heat in never ending prickliness. Outside, coarse canvass covers layers and layers of padding, ensconcing both hands and fingers, transforming a potentially harmful... perhaps lethal... limb into an extended pillow.

Yes, wrathful inmates succumbing to the temptations of violence are transformed to comical and ineffective masses of foam, every limb covered, the hands and arms up to the shoulders, the feet and legs to the hips.

A colleague nurse refers to her charges as ‘doe boys’. Should resistance become possible, perhaps the oversight of a loose cable clasp, the tending nurse would be threatened with the equivalence of a fluffy pillow... and one rendered notably stiff by the unyielding encapsulating

canvas.

Yes, the joints are found to be superfluous, neither elbow nor knee to be bent, all limbs held in tedious unyielding fetter.

New comers to the drudgery of solitary confinement are given to resist, at first angrily flailing about with a sole temporarily freed limb. The springs of the bound limbs will somewhat yield, offering a degree of hope. But eventually futility ensues. Sightless, three of four limbs rendered useless, the resistance serves ill, the experienced nurse merely stepping away, a stunning electrical probe at the ready should calm not prevail.

In time the inmate comes to realize that release, though ephemeral, brings welcomed relief... massage... cleansing... overdue mobility brought to muscles and joints slowly introduced to excruciating cramping... slow and building.

It wears... both body and mind.

So Nurse Hopkins the gardener begins her ministrations. The uncovered arm is lathered. A straight edged razor honed to incredible sharpness scythes over the pasty flesh of the sun deprived inmate. Pediculosis is not to be. Not a follicle permitted to sprout.

Next the arm is washed and rinsed, offering momentary comfort, the inmate knowing to remain remarkably docile. Then massage, glorious, most welcomed, the tormented 'shrub' offering meek and indiscernible words of thanks, the gag filled mouth denying the simplest of attempts to communicate.

"Good boy," Nurse Hopkins compliments, pressing the button to extend speech to ears otherwise plugged. "Regular lotion for you."

For inmates failing to comply there is lotion which burns and itches. Thus when Nurse Hopkins introduces the arm to a fresh cast... clean, well laundered... but returning the limb to ineluctable bondage, the obedient inmate will sense the joy of fresh covering rather than hours of burning itch.

Yes, obey your nurse... earn the desired lotion... a lesson well learned.

Right arm completed then left, the left leg is next, a slight roll of the hips allowing partial access to the buttocks. Next, the right leg and when finished, one by one there has been shaving, cleansing, massage, the hood absorbing the tears of joy, the gag stifling humble words of gratitude. But a new cast has been slipped on and each limb facilely returned to the strict bonds of the steel cables. And with the renewed restraint there begins the irony... overall the merciful ministrations serving to merely reset the clock.... beginning another slow unending journey into unbearable sightless, soundless, cramp building solitude.

The cable securing the hood is removed. The inmate knows to let caring hands assist in sitting upright. The shoulders and back receive equivalent treatment... the razor, soothing cleansing, a

degree of massage.

‘Alive!’ the inmate’s heart pounds, the cockles are warmed.

“Keep your eyes closed,” the inmate is forewarned as the hood is rolled away.

An easy command with which to comply. Even the dim single lightbulb of the unnatural cave brings unwarranted painful radiance. A soft feminine hand assists, offering covering as the free hand shaves the head. Cleansing, massage, then a fresh garment is rolled over the head, more welcomed cleanliness, the inmate has yet to steal a glimpse of she who both comforts and ironically brings renewed torment.

Cranium returned to its covering, large hole aligned for mouth and nose, cable reattached, the inmate once again lies in five point restraint... arms, legs, head. Nurse Hopkins notes there is no motion other than that under her direction. This inmate is close to being completely broken... indeed a shrub... a mushroom?

The chest needs attention, Nurse Hopkins always enjoying a tantalizing tweak of nipples brought to extreme sensitivity through neglect and abundant hormones. As the razor glides she chuckles in watching the penis twitch, the dream interrupted, consciousness having brought a degree of flaccidity. Lastly comes the pubes, where, for the male, a woman’s governance is deeply felt.

As deft fingers unfurl the scrotal sac. Nurse Hopkins feels the rush of power, subjecting the precious male glands to the whim of sharp steel. The razor smooths over the thin pink nesting the male eggs. Her touch causes the penis to complete its rise to returned stiffness, a chagrined inmate becoming aware that his organ is fully exhibited and humbly pleasing.

Yes, the touch is knowing and commanding, tending to stimulate in its control. Yet not done with any intent to tease. The once proud member will never be touched with the intent to arouse... only to frustrate. It is part of the process of breaking the incorrigible male... and he will be broken.

“No talking unless directed,” another command... another warning.

Pleased with the truckling reaction to her weekly care, Nurse Hopkins stows razor, shaving cream and lotion. Then the buckle of the gag is released. Slowly the voluminous lump of rubber is extruded. Through the middle there is a large opening for the ingestion of water, leading directly to the back of the throat. Otherwise the custom molded apparatus completely fills the mouth, the inmates requiring many days to acclimate to the invading mass.

Mouth opened to maximum, lips strained, there comes a final ‘plop’ and the sound of gulps, the jaw moving gingerly, the throat celebrating its freedom.

Feeding time.

The ritual is performed daily, normally not preceded by the weekly shaving, cleansing massage.

The sustenance is foul tasting but stocked with nutrition. As stated, a long life of torment is to be extracted. A death of malnutrition would bring mercy not to be proffered.

A spoon greets the lips. The inmate partakes. The nurse smiles. Feeding an infant... one of complete obeisance.

“You’re acclimating well, 613. A very good boy,” Nurse Hopkins coos as if addressing a child.

Yes, the experienced nurse knows that with the intensity of the isolation the mind dulls, so little input received. Darkness, the unending hiss of static, only the feel of the hard wooden platform beneath... and should he choose, the tension of the spring loaded cables when there comes the urge to tug arm or leg. Such an urge dissipates over time... the slow march towards the status of mushroom... the death of cerebral activity.

It all brings a giddiness... and a matronly smile... as the mush is unnecessarily masticated then swallowed.

Cleansing massage and feeding brings an overwhelming rush of sensory input for 613, the nurse greatly amused as a numbed mind, now addled, seems to inordinately mull. There is the search for words, the desire to eventually reply, but with the prohibition of speech, silence is ingrained.

Obedience.

“And your penis is standing nicely. It appreciates the attention and performs for me,” Nurse Hopkins pressing the button for the microphone.

Another spoonful.

“You’re a big boy. I like having big boys stand for me. It shows respect.”

A glowing nurse pauses, inmate 10032613, referenced in the diminutive as 613, swallows again, the food, however distasteful, bringing a temporary halt to the monotony.

It is rare that 613 hears so many words... a treat. Normally feeding is done in relative silence, furthering the torment... enduring the irony of a person finally entering the tomb yet having the hiss of the ear plugs continue, the offering of each morsel signaled by way of a spoon touching the lips.

But for cleaning and changing the casts there is touch, sound, human interaction... communication!

These are great moments for Nurse Hopkins as well. A virile male under her absolute governance, and one of considerable size... yet so nicely tamed... the prized organ standing but not to be used... not even to be touched... unless of course she desires to add an element of teasing frustration. For certain women such excites. And Nurse Hopkins is one.

It requires a special psyche to abet the process of breaking a man... and do so with such glee.

“When is the last time you touched your penis? You may speak,” the microphone turned to hold, the constant hiss disrupted.

The heart leaps with joy. Speech! Glop is hurriedly swallowed. There is struggle to clear the throat. Lips move yet initially there is no discernible word. The nurse smiles, knowing that the ungainly effort evidences the process, another indication, another step toward becoming human vegetation.

Finally a sound, somewhat gurgling, passing through a throat not cleared in days, a voice box unused.

“When I was a trusty,” the five halting words uttered in a raspiness.

A polite smile. He both remembers and is able to form a coherent reply. This brings a degree of disappointment. A modicum of cerebral activity remains. Yet there is comfort in knowing that mentally they all eventually capitulate, the deprivation slowly strangling, depriving the mind of input... akin to suffocation for the lungs. In time the brain of 613 will be solely utilized to regulate the involuntary muscles... breathing... swallowing... moving the bowels. But in time even that, along with urination will become uncontrolled, the mind learning that continence is not required and in further capitulation adapting accordingly.

Yet, the penis of 613 will continue to stand for her. That she will assure... as well as thorough chastity.

The final spoonful is offered. Nurse Hopkins retrieves the gagging mass of rubber, smiling as inmate 10032613 so compliantly opens to accept his return to silence, lifting hooded head just enough to buckle the horrid apparatus in place. Then she steps to the cart. There she retrieves the daily pill.

“Time for your special medication. When next time I change you, I want you to tell me about your penis... and of course you’ll put on a nice stand for me.”

Placed at the hole in the gag, with a slight push the pill slides down the hollow center. An offering of water assures ingestion. The shrub is medicated and hydrated.

The microphone is turned off. The static hiss returns inmate 10032613 to oblivion. He moves not, speaks not, in time will think not.

Yes, such obedience. Indeed, a mushroom, Nurse Hopkins thinks to herself, admiring the tumescent reaction to her presence and her ministrations.

In knocking to signal the guard, she notes a slight motion, futile, of the padded hands and arms, fighting the spring loaded cables in attempting to manipulate, to stroke the upstanding phallus.

Such frustration, she nods to herself in understanding. It can drive a man crazy. She knows. Her smile broadens.

It fascinates that Nurse Hopkins can enter the limited abode of inmate 10032613 without the slightest hint of divulging her presence. Side to side the concrete walls are close, just beyond the reach of the extended arms. Front to back there is more, offering a degree of space for a visitor and of course the rolling cart stuffed with supplies... shaving implements, lotions, bed pans below, bowls of nutritious gallimaufry above, water bucket, towels.

On most visits there is a quick feeding, watering and pill. The cruel gag unbuckled and spoonfuls offered as the inmate lies hooded with the sound of white noise invading plugged ears.

On this visit it is once again time for the removal of the casts, shaving, cleansing and massage. Then the return to thorough bondage as each limb is covered anew.

In the dimness Nurse Hopkins surveys her charge. Canvas covered arms extend right and left. The legs are held parted, the length of the restraining cables measured to part the thighs and fully reveal the male package. It is by her edict that her charge be so well exposed. Well shaven, the sight of the thoroughly controlled sensitive pink flesh of the vaunted male brings a thrill.

Yes, a penis, though limp, remains impressive, thick, nicely cut with a high and tight circumcision. Within a sizable scrotal sac nestles weighty male eggs, resting at the edge of the opening where the inmate's excretions fall to the waiting bedpan. There is evidence of sloppiness which encourages. Nurse Hopkins understands that lack of neatness suggests mental capitulation, the building frustration eroding self discipline, the acceptance of lying in the filth of one's own making a symbol of the futility bestowed.

The bed pan is removed, a clean and empty basin replacing. Then the scene repeats... a press of the microphone, another initial lurch as her firm, feminine voice bursts into plugged ears. The clasp of the right arm is released, the cast tugged with vigor.

Is it the imagination or does inmate 10032613 seem even more docile, more willing to cede, succumbing, his body limp, each limb hers to govern?

Curious, he does not test his bonds. Nurse Hopkins smiles, knowing it is another step. In idleness, omitting the limited exercise of tugging against the tight springs of the cables, she knows the muscles will atrophy. The virility will dissipate. The arms and legs will come to resemble the soft foam padding of their encapsulating casts. And yet his penis will continue to stiffen and stand.

Of that she will assure.

The razor glides, moans of joy suggest the massage is welcomed. It is the only human interaction to be offered, the only interval to interrupt the intensity of nothingness... other than daily

spoonfuls of life sustaining glop.

Hood removed, hand covering the eyes, Nurse Hopkins senses wetness. Tears of joy?... tears of remorse?... she knows the emotions run uncontrollably in sensory deprivation. Heartless, it brings to her a degree of warmth. The inmate is crumbling, mental fortitude lapsing, she has so often observed... abetted it.

Finally, head shaven, a fresh hood is rolled over the smooth flesh of the skull, the covering hand denying even a glimpse of reality. It is feeding time, the microphone is pressed.

“No talking unless directed,” the words offered with each feeding.

Gag unbuckled, tugged from the lips, Nurse Hopkins always marvels at its size, custom made to offer a perfect fit, the depth making it impossible to reject anything introduced to the hollow opening at the lips... anything! All slithers within to trigger the gag reflex and be immediately ingested... medication... water... whatever is desired to be induced by the wicked governing woman.

The hiss returns as the first spoonful touches the lips. Nurse Hopkins looks to see the penis twitch. The reaction brings another knowing smile as it slowly firms. Her touch, her presence has come to be a form of sexual stimulation for he so cruelly bound and denied. Perhaps she will increase his dosage, she considers.

A second spoonful, a third, the nurse feels her own concupiscence rise. Controlling the male has such an effect, especially one so well endowed yet so helpless... so dependent.

Reaching its apex, a mammoth ten inches, Nurse Hopkins notes the stoutness. She knows that, though length is more often considered desirable, it is girth which can most bring sexual delight, better offering the friction most welcomed by the female portal.

Yes, in a way, it is sad that such an organ will never again be permitted to please. Yet, Nurse Hopkins thinks to herself, it will please in another manner... in its humbleness, its poignant attempt to show itself to a governing woman... its display of intense frustration.

As the bowl of mush empties, Nurse Hopkins recalls the brief exchange of the prior week. Her choice of words was clever, ‘I want you to tell me about your penis’, objectifying the male organ, speaking as if the proud appendage was something of the past... to be discussed and remembered but never again used... and certainly not felt.

Permitting speech is normally antithetical to the process, the breaking of the will... of pride... of determination. But in noting the lack of motion, the tugs which serve to stave cramping and offer a modicum of toning, Nurse Hopkins knows that inmate 613 is well into the desired state of gloom.

A mushroom.

So some communication cannot, will not overly reverse the process. In fact, with proper control over any exchange of thoughts, a commanding woman can augment the desired results.

“Tell me about your penis, 613. It’s showing off for me nicely. Standing engorged and stiff. The purple tip suggests it’s quite in need of attention.”

There comes gurgling, the unused voice box readying itself for speech. Meanwhile a tending hand reaches and cups the weighty scrotum. The warmth, the thin smooth freshly shaven flesh brings a brisance of joy to the nurse. So vulnerable, so well exposed yet cradling within the seed of life.

“I’d like to touch it. Just a little,” the tone humble, entreating.

“No. That’s not permitted. I doubt you shall ever touch it again. Not under my tutelage. Never. It’s no longer yours with which to toy.”

The hand jiggles, demonstrating the overt level of governance, the testicles hers with which to play.

“When did you last use it? Did you masturbate?”

“No.”

“That’s ‘no’ Nurse Hopkins, manners please 613.”

“No, Nurse Hopkins.”

Having broken so many, Nurse Hopkins knows the conversation is stressful, responding to she who offers all, the only contact with the world. She often wonders how quickly the inmates come to understand that there could easily be a demise of slow starvation at her whim... lessening the ration of slop each day.

“I want you to waggle your erection... then tell me when this was last put to use. Pull on your pubococcygeus muscle, as if you were cutting off the flow of urine. Do it for me now. Be a good boy for Nurse Hopkins.”

Polite but firm, the nurse introduces more objectification. Teaching the inmate to respond, and his penis to respond to her commands.

The extensive duress, many weeks of dark, silent immobility, brings instant compliance, the nurse smiling wickedly as the standing appendage moves about... so tempting... so much in need of touch... but so thoroughly denied. The tip draws to the lower belly, then snaps back as the PC muscles are relaxed.

“Again.”

The penis obeys.

“And once more.”

Another draw, another snap.

“Good boy. You’re very obedient. And so nicely docile. You’ll not be harming anyone again. Not ever. We know exactly what kind of care nasty boys like you need.”

“But I did not harm anyone...” the voice pleads in rejoinder.

“My special care is offered for those who have violent pasts and have transgressed in the prison system. Otherwise you would not be here...”

The inmate remains silent, seemingly surprised by his own outburst. Meanwhile a feminine thumb smooths over the scrotal sac, caressing a testicle in a symbol of governance... of ownership.

“So tell me. The last time this penis was put to use for other than emptying your bladder... and how you ended up in permanent solitary confinement... stripped naked, well restrained, senses deprived.”

And so begins the story of inmate 10032613...

For the quick daily visit, only bed pan and feeding, the guard unlocks the thick solid steel door then the gleaming bars of the second barrier. Such unnecessary precautions, Nurse Hopkins once again thinks to herself. The beast within cannot move from the low table much less attempt escape.

Yet, it is justly symbolic for those who have so grossly transgressed. Word of such ineluctable and inhuman restraint does circulate among the prisoners. The message gets out. Bad boys may never again even lift an arm without strict supervision much less ever again see the light of day.

As the cart is rolled inward, there is immediate concern. Nurse Hopkins stares in surprise as she flips the light switch, wordlessly turning to the guard for explanation before he completes locking her within.

“He’s had a visitor,” he quips, then laughs boisterously.

Inmate 10032613 has indeed.

His naked forms lies not supine but prostrate... arms and legs remaining in the balloon like foam filled casts and restrained by the spring loaded cables. Someone has taken the time to roll him to his tummy. As Nurse Hopkins steps closer the surprise turns to amused shock. The flesh of the

back, neck to hips, is striped, pink and red. Neat, uniform, 613 has been methodically whipped... mercilessly whipped. At the buttocks, there are more stripes but the marks are welts, the flesh raised and again there is neatness with even spacing suggesting a precise and methodical application of an instrument of severity.

The cane!

Horridly painful, only to be applied to the meaty anatomical body parts, a brisk caning elsewhere would bring fractures to the bones.

Yet the message is well communicated, there is not a square inch of exposed flesh that has not been excoriated! Yes, not only methodical... but thorough.

Nurse Hopkins notes that the normal odor of urine is stronger. The stench draws her eyes to the opening in the supporting plank. The thighs have been secured well parted, the penis and balls draping downward, the assailant carefully aligning the inmate's organs such that the excretions are directed to the pan. There is no evidence of a bowel movement and then the eyes note, in the dimness, a scrap of paper attached to the scrotum. She smiles. It has been cruelly pinned to the thin scrotal flesh, she supposes the brief pain felt in so doing to be relatively tolerable compared to the consummate whipping and caning of every inch of exposed flesh.

The form lurches as fingers work to remove, pulling the pin, and drawing the note into the better light.

Nurse Hopkins,

Do hope I have not made too much of a mess for you. 613 so much enjoyed my visit, judging from the wanton state of his penis. It's quite cathartic for he who has so repulsively trespassed.

Ms. M

P. S. Do drop in for tea.

Yes, 613 has indeed had a visitor, Nurse Hopkins smiling with the use of the word 'trespass'. She knows now of 613's transgression, what earned him permanent solitary confinement, never again to move, have the covering of clothing, see daylight.

She also knows that 'Ms. M' is Magdalena Trudeau Shriver, the French woman married to the warden. Imperious, she reigns at the maximum security facility, fearless in mingling about amongst the prisoners. Most are known to cower in her presence. And, as the eyes once again scan the mass of stripes and welts, Nurse Hopkins can certainly understand the reaction. As suggested, word of such discipline does circulate. Grown men... bold, brash, without heed or concern for authority or the rule of law... they fear her!

The rolling cart is equipped for medical care. A bottle of rubbing alcohol will cleanse, witch hazel will aid in shrinking the welts and closing any open wounds, though there are few, Ms. M

proving to be quite the whipmistress.

Nurse Hopkins presses the button for the microphone.

“I can get you cleaned up 613, but you’re going to have to stay tummy down for a while until you heal. Did you enjoy Ms. M’s visit?” inquiring with a mocking laugh.

It is now Nurse Hopkins’ turn to apply excruciating pain. For every stroke of the whip there will come an equally intolerable sting. She knows to maximize, with an alcohol soaked patch of gauze, dabbing away rather than minimizing by swabbing the entire surface. The reaction, intense and spasmodic tugs against the restraining cables, brings a smile. Dab, dab, dab, when she reaches the well caned buttocks she spies something neatly tucked within the gluteal cleft.

How curious!

Completing, she splays the cheeks, the lack of bowel movement explained. Besides the whipping, 613 has been anally plugged!

Nurse Hopkins tugs, firm, firmer. Her action seems to bring more aggravation, 613 squirming. Finally the sphincter yields and into the dimness there comes a massive but well shaped plug of carved ginger root. Huge, not to be facilely expelled.

613 has been figged as well! Such a delightfully diabolical woman, Ms. M.

The juice of ginger, applied to parts pink, burns with the intensity of a lit match, yet ironically offers no real damage. And when introduced to the anus, there comes this reaction to clench the buttocks. Yet such action increases the searing heat, which greatly suggests to he figged that the buttocks be forcibly relaxed. And this most evilly provides for better caning, the target of soft round globes presented to best accept the full, equally searing heat of each stroke of rattan.

Such wickedness, the recipient having to choose between relative torments... a caning to relaxed, well presented cheeks... or to clench and enhance the affect of the ginger.

“You had a bad day, 613,” Nurse Hopkins lightly jests, the constipation explained.

Bed pan switched, the gag is removed. Feeding while lying prostrate will take time and as Nurse Hopkins unbuckles she notes that the thick cloth hood is most moist. She bends at the waist and sniffs. It is soaked with urine... and certainly not the excretions of 613.

Ms. M is quite imposing. Nurse Hopkins can not help asking herself, did she shower 613 with her golden elixir before the whipping or after?

“Yes, you had a very bad day,” her laughter uproarious.

With quick feedings and bedpan changes for the ensuing two days, Nurse Hopkins returns on day three for a scheduled shaving, cleansing and massage. Upon entry she notes the many welts on the buttocks have sufficiently shrunk. What few open wounds on the back have closed, Ms. M quite proficient in minimizing any harm which would require time to heal.

“Time to roll,” Nurse Hopkins informs in pressing the microphone button. “Be a good boy, follow my gestures and instructions. The electrical probe is nearby.”

Every inmate introduced to permanent solitary confinement is given an introductory high powered zap as a matter of protocol. It only requires one gut wrenching application of voltage to instill forever the desire to avoid more.

Thus Nurse Hopkins begins, leg casts first, adjusting the cables to add slack then exchanging right cable to left leg and vice versa. The two legs are never simultaneously freed with the slack permitting the ability to roll.

Next the arm cables are similarly adjusted and Nurse Hopkins barks an order into the mike.

“Roll to your right.”

Inmate 613 complies, Nurse Hopkins guiding the cables, those attached to right arm and leg tucked under, left arm and leg swung above. Thereafter the cables are immediately tightened. Any sense of freedom has been momentary and most limited, no two limbs unhooked at the same time, the slack limited with instant return to the ineluctable bondage demanded.

“My, my, you have had a most memorable visit,” Nurse Hopkins snorts.

She notes for the first time nipple clamps, small and vicious. 613 has worn such since his whipping and caning, in lying prostrate the tiny serrated implements not to be noticed.

She removes, left nipple then right. The amazing paroxysmal lurch as the circulation returns and nerves deliver an overwhelming jolt to the cerebral cortex brings a laugh.

“You’ve been well tormented, 613... and deservedly so. Changing time. You know the rules.”

The voluminous padded cast of the right arm is released and tugged away. Nurse Hopkins notes that it is particularly crusty, the interior evidently absorbing much sweat during the slow merciless whipping and caning. The guard suggested the visit of Ms. M lasted for hours. And it makes sense. A leisurely afternoon of extreme and unending torture. There is no measurement of time when so well secured in a cave. No place to go, no tasks scheduled to be performed, only to lie and wonder if the torment will ever cease. And for Ms. M, no one present to object, suggest mercy, plead 613's case. No one to hear the well muffled screams, though to a passing guard, perhaps the desperate gasps of air, rushing through the hole in the gag, may offer a hint of the activities within.

Right arm then left, left leg then right, Nurse Hopkins smiles as the long, stout penis rises to

salute her tendance. She wonders if Ms. M was offered the same tribute. There are those who find curious joy enduring a woman's governance... 613 is one. And sometimes more than governance. Yes, the level of masochism can transcend. She has seen it often amongst those broken. Attention is craved, even the attention offered by pain and suffering.

The hood is released. Nurse Hopkins directs her charge to sit upright. The back is carefully shaven and cleansed. Then, returning to lie supine, the hood is rolled up and removed. Though dry, it reeks of excretions, sweat beneath merging with urine. Nurse Hopkins can sense the relief as the smelly garment is tossed to the cart. In holding her hand over the eyes she notes her own limb as well will need cleansing.

The razor scythes, a soapy cloth swabs about to finally remove the last traces of a long afternoon... 'cathartic' Ms. M suggested in her note. Nurse Hopkins rubs the ears, bringing a waggle of delight from the stiff male appendage. She knows her tugs of the ear lobes spur an odd reaction of comfort and joy.

But then it ends of course, a fresh hood rolled on, the moments of relative pleasure summarily terminated... the torment of dark, lonely motionlessness to begin again.

Next the torso is shaved and cleansed. And of course Nurse Hopkins must offer equal care to the pubes, the handling of the testicles always bringing a frisson of sexual delight... feminine power. And the penis seems to celebrate as well, standing firmly... and completely untouched.

Next it's feeding time. Unbuckled, the amazing gag exits the mouth with its notable 'plop'.

"Did you enjoy your caning as much as Ms. M?" Nurse Hopkins humorously inquires in retrieving the feeding bowl. "You may speak."

The jaw moves, the throat gurgles, a hushed string of words stutters forth.

"No, Nurse Hopkins."

"More?" the nurse laughs in approaching.

The head attempts to shake.

"Ok. Waggle for me. You're nice and hard like a good boy. But you know I like obedient boys who pay homage."

Hunger, even for the foul slop, demands obedience indeed. 613 energetically pulls on the PC muscles. The erection comically draws upwards with contraction, then snaps back when the muscles slacken.

"Once more for Nurse Hopkins."

The immediate compliance brings a knowing smile. Inmate 10032613 is close to breaking.

Speech indicates a remaining degree of cognitive ability, but that will slowly dissipate as well. Her mushroom is growing.

“Shall we have tea on the patio? I enjoy watching my boys labor in the hot sun.”

Magdalena Trudeau Shriver guides Nurse Hopkins to the rear of the Victorian mansion. Well outside the high and imposing concrete walls of the prison, the home of the warden is surrounded by lush greenery, a sizable flower garden radiating colorfully, and acres of vegetables sprawling in the distance to the less confining high wire fence demarcating the outer perimeter of the penitentiary’s grounds.

Nurse Hopkins notes that Ms. M is attired in white satin blouse, beige jodhpurs and bears a riding crop. Yet to her knowledge there are no equestrian pursuits to be had at the maximum security institution.

Directed to a patio chair, a low table obstructs not the view. Beyond the blues, yellows and reds of the flowers is a sea of green, perfectly straight and even rows, evidencing the labors of Ms. M’s ‘boys’. Trustys, well behaved inmates who have earned the relative freedom of working outdoors, dot the acres of corn and soybeans. A bare chested inmate, young and well muscled, steps and stoops, steps and stoops, planting seed in a small patch of brown surrounded by otherwise verdant flora.

“It’s so good of you stop by. I trust my note did not shock.”

Nurse Hopkins smiles slyly, just as when she encountered the paper cruelly pinned to 613's scrotum.

“I was more surprised that someone had access to an inmate in permanent solitary confinement. Breaking a man requires complete sensory deprivation. Even while fed, there is extremely limited communication... just a touch of the spoon to the lips. We have to clean once a week, keep in good physical condition. Otherwise there is nothingness. It best prolongs the mental torment.”

“So I brought him some stimulation. We did not talk. He may not even know who visited. But I suspect he recognized the sting of my whip, if not the stroke of the cane. You know 613 was a trusty. Labored in my gardens and fields... bare chested just as you see 895 there. Quite pleasing having him worked into a lather, the sweat gleaming from what *was* a nicely developed form. Good sized penis as well. There were times when I had him work naked.”

Such insouciance concerning the display of male brawn, Nurse Hopkins thinks to herself.

“I’m afraid the muscling will greatly diminish,” Nurse Hopkins informs. “It’s part of the process.”

Ms. M nods in agreement, picks up a bell on the table and rings. Within seconds there comes

metallic clatter and a curiously attired form prances onto the patio. Nurse Hopkins gawks. There is distant familiarity.

“Princess, tea and crumpets. Lemon for you, Nurse Hopkins?”

Nurse Hopkins nods, not able to break her stare. Before the women stands a most effeminate figure, hair long and coifed, attired in frilly white blouse, extremely short black skirt. Rhinestone studs pierce both ears. There is the cap indicating a French maid... except there are formidable shackles at the ankles with a limiting hobbling chain of ridiculous thickness... and the figure is male.

The form nods and tiptoes away, the heavy links of the hobbling chain again clattering loudly on the stone of the patio, offering quite the contrast to the dainty footsteps.

Ms. M notices the stunned look.

“Princess is also a trusty. We keep him out of the general prison population for obvious reasons.”

“I know him. Before the long hair and pierced ears, he was in the infirmary.”

“Yes, young and slight of build, I believe he was anally assaulted within minutes of arrival at the prison.”

Nurse Hopkins nods.

“Correct. I sutured his rectum. They really should encourage the new boys to open themselves before indoctrination. A little stretching there, to make their boy pussy a little more supple, would certainly offer better greeting... and less harm.”

Ms. M chuckles.

“Well, Princess has learned a good lesson. He remains tight, no longer used anally, but is now most orally proficient. It’s the warden’s preferred form of gratification... and heaven knows, I’m certainly not going to satiate in such a matter.”

Such a forthright and ribald conversation, Nurse Hopkins concludes. There is momentary silence as both women gaze to the fields, the sight of the half naked laborers offering curious comfort. Then the clatter resumes, Princess reappearing with tray in hand.

“I trust 613 has healed. I whip well, rather practiced. So I chose not break the skin... not much anyway,” Princess placing tea cups on the table.

“Yes, a masterful effort. Very impressive. Not a sliver of flesh escaped your eye... or your hand.”

“Thoroughness... meticulousness sends a message onto itself. You have to understand males like 613... like Princess here. So much in need of attention... a governing woman’s attention. And

such attention must be exacting. Men like these must be constantly made aware of their need for servitude. For 613 it's the servitude of unending bondage. Such comfort, knowing he lies in total darkness... and so well bound."

The women partake as Princess steps back but remains most proximate, patiently standing to await command.

"And for Princess, it's servitude... and denial," Ms. M snapping her fingers.

On cue Princess reaches and lifts the hem of his short skirt, revealing the shorn pubes area beneath. Nurse Hopkins once again stares then smiles.

"Simple piercings. Keeps a boy quite chaste... and eager to please others," Ms. M offers.

Nurse Hopkins notes that the shaft of a tiny penis points downward, mashed against the scrotum. Ms. M gestures. Princess knows to turn about, bend and lift the back of his skirt. There the penis tip, ringed with a Prince Albert piercing, is secured by way of a small padlock to a guiche ring at the perineum.

"Prevents erections, forces him to squat to pee, obviously mandates chastity," Ms. M summarily explaining the form of denial as her hand reaches and diddles the penis tip peeking back below the anus.

"I will look harder for the key, Princess. I promise," Ms. M mocks with a sardonic laugh, her finger briskly bringing frustrating joy to an appendage which can only offer agony in attempting to firm.

"So 613 is healed. I will visit again," the finger retreating, the hand moving to tenderly pat a comically limited pair of balls.

"More vengeance for the rape?" Nurse Hopkins inquires.

"More vengeance indeed. But rape? Is that what he told you? That he's in permanent solitary confinement for rape?"

Nurse Hopkins nods and sips, Ms. M laughing uproariously, gesturing for Princess to step away.

"Well, there could be a question as to who raped whom. A girl needs competent penetration from time to time. Deep. I like riding a good stiff cock, both thick and long. In that way I kind of miss 613. But as you can see, I have a field full of alternatives," Ms. M's extending her arm to grandly sweep across the panorama of laboring half naked inmates.

"And the warden?"

"Limp as linguine. Hasn't had an erection in years. That's where Princess comes in. You enjoy fellating the warden don't you Princess?" Ms. M pursing her lips to mimic, as if about to engulf

the male organ.

“So the warden is taken care of... and so am I. Princess is rather accomplished at cunnilingus as well... quite the clean up girl... aren't you Princess? He's come to enjoy the taste of sperm.”

Nurse Hopkins smiles with the thought. Such concupiscence... and to have it satiated in such a sexually deviant manner.

“So if rape does not spur your desire and need to torment, what could possibly offer such motivation?” Nurse Hopkins curiosity piqued.

Ms. M returns her teacup to the saucer, pausing in thought.

“I'd ride him from time to time. Consensual. Totally under my control. With the warden so impotent a woman has to do what a woman has to do. But not rape. 613 is confused. Delightful to learn he knows not why he's enduring permanent solitary confinement.

“I have a daughter, from my first marriage. She is becoming of age... and the genes are evident. It seems cavorting about a prison full of desperate men is as intriguing for her as it is for me. Are you familiar with the term 'sexting', Nurse Hopkins?”

“Something about picture phones,” the nurse nods.

“Well utilizing my parental rights of authority and guidance, I scrolled through some pictures from my daughter's phone... while she was showering. In shock, I forwarded them to my own device,” Ms. M explaining as she reaches to the pocket of her jodhpurs.

A hand extends, pressing the required buttons. On the small screen there comes a display.

“It's inmate 613, I am sure you recognize. Fortunately, my daughter was clever enough to keep her face out of the photos. But I assure you, those are her thighs wrapped about the head of that reprobate. Notice the minx borrowed my riding crop.”

Nurse Hopkins must stifle a smile. But for the familial relationship and the daughter's presumed youthfulness, the depicted scene is charmingly decadent. A prostrate inmate 613 lies, head wedged between young, smooth feminine thighs, the angle indicating the photo snapped from above by she being orally serviced. The free hand bears a riding crop, obviously used to encourage the tongue and lips of the shirtless... if not completely naked inmate. Reddened patches of flesh suggest 613 has been playfully stroked by the crop.

“Yes, she has my genes. In time she'll be strolling about the prison. I always like observing the showers, taking note of the well hung and offering opportunity to work my fields. I suppose that's where the next set of photos will propagate.”

Ms. M smiles with the thought, suggesting Nurse Hopkins' reaction no longer need be veiled.

Ms. M turns the phone for quick view of her own.

“I will have to teach her to properly use the crop. No point in whipping a man if you don’t make it memorable,” the finger pressing to end the exhibition.

“So rape? I suppose it could be termed such. I consider it more trespass.”

Nurse Hopkins nods and sips. When of age, such a natural act. But obviously shocking for Ms. M. Enough so to have inmate 10032613 forever removed from the human race.

“What is it you need from me, Ms. M?”

“I’ll be visiting on occasion. Just let me know when he heals... so I can visit again. I know the sensory input is counter to the goal of breaking him. But the physical anguish... whipping and cropping for a leisurely afternoon... I cannot resist. It’s cathartic... for both of us.”

Nurse Hopkins murmurs her understanding.

“And... there is this...”

Ms. M snaps her fingers. Princess turns to a credenza, retrieves a curious implement then steps forth and presents.

“I am sure you remember Chinese handcuffs... when you were a child...”

Strolling back to the gated opening of the concrete wall surrounding the main buildings, Nurse Hopkins once again pushes her left hand into the stretchy mesh of elastic nylon. She balls her hand into a fist then pulls the attached cord with her right. Just as Ms. M described, the webbing tightens, uniformly encapsulating her fist, pressuring snugly but most comfortably. Whatever is placed within, upon tightening the cord, will stay within... not slipping out... no matter the tension.

Yes, just like the clever Chinese handcuffs enshrouding the fingers of playful children... to pull is to increase the effect of the encompassing mesh. Only in slackening the cord can the entrapped hand escape the comfortable yet intensive confinement.

Passing through the gate, Nurse Hopkins recalls Ms. M’s words... ‘I told him he should be strung up by his balls...’

She smiles.

So he shall.

“Camera installed?” Nurse Hopkins inquires.

The guard nods, unlocking the solid steel door.

“With the special night lens. Amazing technology... video in the dark. And they attached something to the ceiling.”

In thinking of her winch Nurse Hopkins smiles. Conspiring with Ms. M, interacting with a woman of such purpose, such bon esprit in handling the male in need, brings comforting assurance.

Light floods through the second barred door as the key slips into the lock and turns.

“Did 613 notice anything?”

“Didn’t move an inch. He’s toasted,” the guard grinning, Nurse Hopkins nodding.

“No movement, no hearing, no sight, tame as a lamb,” the cart rolling within.

The light switch is flicked as the guard departs. Once again Nurse Hopkins is secured in the inner sanctum of the permanent solitary confinement cavern. A tomb. Such dankness, so depressing... but for the entertainment the subordinate male can offer.

Today’s visit is only feeding... plus to initiate use of Ms. M’s implement of amusement. It is probably best to experiment now and feed later, Nurse Hopkins concludes. The level of pain could give rise to vomituron. Quite messy and frightening for the gagged.

As always, 613 spasms with the initial touch, terminating the endless nothingness. Nurse Hopkins is pleased to see the penis begin to swell. A rote reaction she has so repeatedly trained and instilled. 613 so much wants to please.

“A little exercise for you today, 613. Something Ms. M suggests you’ll very much grow to appreciate,” Mike turned on, her voice thundering through the earplugs.

From the cart Nurse Hopkins lifts the evilly clever mesh of woven stretchable nylon. With the scrotal sac so prominently presented, it is an easy matter to gather the testicles and enshroud, just as she had done with her balled fist days before. When she offers a gently tug on the cord, the fabric closes, nestling the male eggs within. She cannot help but toy, jostling the cord, compressing the balls and listening with glee to the resulting labored breathing.

The normal male so much dislikes having one fidget there, she understands. But then there are the likes of inmate 10032613.

“Feel good? Nice and snug?” she mockingly coos as if tucking a child into bed.

Yes, she notes the penile reaction, the appendage completing its rise to total stiffness. Strict

chastity, a daily dose of Cialis, 613 is eager to show off... please his tending nurse.

Not for long. Not only has a special video camera been installed, but over head, secured to the ceiling is a winch, steel cable dangling above, identical to those holding in place the limbs and head.

Nurse Hopkins attaches the cord of the mesh scrotal pouch to the cable. Such fun!

She looks up to see the tiny red light of the video camera blinking. It is in operation, someone watching?.. someone taping?.. it matters not. She has a first row seat.

She next moves from limb to limb, providing slack to the steel cables of arm casts and legs. Normally an offering of mercy. Yet not on this visit.

The mike switch.

"Up we go, 613, Ms. M wants to be entertained."

A slight chain is pulled, turning the fine gearing of the winch. Nurse Hopkins finds glee. A long easy pull translates to not more than an inch of tightness. She can slowly increase the tension... ever so slowly raise the mesh... so gradually increase the stress where the male prefers none.

Perhaps an entire afternoon's effort will be required before 613 is hanging by his balls.

"You're going to watch!"

"But I have a date with friends."

"Later! Besides I think you'll find the exhibition to be of interest."

Ms. M directs daughter Marie to a lounge chair in the basement-turned-entertainment center of the abode of the warden. She turns on the television.

"I happened to come across some interesting pictures a while back, Marie," Ms. M explaining in joining her daughter in an adjacent chair.

Onto the screen comes a most shocking display. The white uniform of Nurse Hopkins seems to glow in the otherwise gloom of the solitary confinement cavern. A hand grasps a slim chain hanging from above. She slowly pulls. The shock for the teenaged Marie is the supine form lying at the level of the nurse's knees. Limbs covered in balloon like casts, head covered in thick cloth, the body otherwise naked. But what brings horripilation is the massive male organ, stiff and almost pressed against the belly, and the prominently displayed scrotum covered in some curious material. A connecting cord and cable draw the plums straight upwards.

Ms. M pauses to observe, smiling demurely. She then arises, moves to the television and adjusts

the sound. Guttural gasps for breath invade the room. Ms. M glances to note the reaction of daughter Marie, her eyes glued as inmate 10032613 is slowly being hung by his balls. From the teen there is no protest, no words of dismay... only an intense level of interest in viewing the procedure.

"Yes, some pictures. Quite revealing... on your phone!"

Marie looks in surprise to mother Ms. M, but finds she must turn back to the exhibition.

"Mom, you've been prying!"

"A mother's prerogative, Marie. Can't have the warden's stepdaughter making trouble."

Ms. M returns to silence, sensing an inner warmth in watching the fine torment applied by Nurse Hopkins. Such exquisite timing... so slowly she tugs. She also glances to ascertain daughter Marie's growing degree of interest... which is intense... but not the intensity of revulsion... but instead the intensity of being greatly entertained... eyes glued, ears seeming to point in attention... not a moment of slow torture to be missed.

"He doesn't move, mom. It must hurt awfully, but the dude doesn't move a limb."

"He's been trained, Marie....to accept much suffering.... even learn to enjoy it. There are men like that."

Marie nods.

"And besides, thrashing about would increase the pain... he knows it. So he just idly lies and lets Nurse Hopkins have her way. Notice his reaction. With the male beast the penis always serves as a good barometer."

Marie nods, eyes shifting to the stiffness... the purple tip.

"Can you waggle for me, 613... be a good boy for Nurse Hopkins," the volume high, the nurse's voice seeming to echo from the basement walls.

Marie smiles, trying to cloak her enjoyment as the appendage obediently flutters at a woman's behest.

"Why is she doing that, mom?"

"She's instilling obedience. The inmate is being punished, Marie. You probably don't recognize him, but it is the inmate who was so energetically serving between your thighs when you were brazen enough to snap those photos."

"Oh mom, I'm no longer a little girl."

Ms. M smiles inwardly. 'No longer little, and becoming one of us,' she thinks to herself with maternal warmth.

"So I wanted to show you what happens when an inmate trespasses. You should not be encouraging such decadent behavior, Marie."

Marie gawks. Nurse Hopkins' hand steadily lowers, pulling on the slight chain, continuing to tension the cord and cable, lifting the enshrouding nylon mesh, tightening the testicles. The back arches, the scrotum rises ever slightly more.

"How long will she do this Mom?" Marie's interest becoming more piqued.

"An hour or two per day. And you can watch anytime you like, Marie. In time 613 will have a nice long ballsac. And in time he'll be able to endure the more intense agony of being completely suspended from the table beneath. Strung up by his balls...

"But learn the lesson, Marie. Your actions have consequences. So before enticing another inmate with your charms, understand what will happen."

Marie nods and smiles. It is a thoughtful smile... a wicked smile of cunning. Marie's thoughts move to recall the enthusiasm with which inmate 10032613 masturbated, stroking himself with zeal, unfortunately the geyser of his climax escaping the lens of her cell phone camera.

Missing from the discourse is the promise never again to offer her quim to the oral ministrations of an inmate. Missing also is the maternal command that daughter Marie never again indulge, drawing an inmate into such miscreant conduct.

"Can they have visitors? In solitary confinement?"

"Perhaps when you're a little older, Marie, we'll visit together." Ms. M stifling a giggle as she notes that a young hand struggles to slip under the waist band of jeans too tight.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

Other books by Chris Bellows

(available at Pink Flamingo (<http://www.Pinkflamingo.com>))

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The Conquerable
The Decision
Th 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 a astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of 'The Gimp', book number thirty-one with Pink Flamingo.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com. Billie and Mary (item 314775), Pony Girl Zesty(item 1195861), The Glass Oublette (item 2053235) Pony Girl Jackie (item 3240321) Male Subjugation, a Chris Bellows Teaser (item 4286971), The Interrogator (item 7935441), A Woman's Revenge (item 8340830), Mademoiselle Rules (8563008).

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down

offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.