

**Introduction**  
**by**  
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**editrix of "Leg Show"**

I realize in my ramblings about early life influences I failed to mention how I became interested in unusual sexuality. I talked about the events that shaped my youthful personality, but never mentioned the trigger that set my life course.

I was fourteen and, as I mentioned before, a socially maladjusted bookworm. While my peers were learning to date, I was hanging out in the local library. That's where I met Dr. Krafft-Ebing, the man who made me a pornographer.

I loved research books and spent long hours in the research stacks of my small-town Washington State library. One day, I chanced upon a single volume work with a strange title: *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Sexualis? I was very interested in anything having to do with sex, so I crouched down in the aisle and opened the old book. It was case studies, one after the other, each more shocking than the one before, and all about sex.

Of course, not sex as I had ever heard of it, and that was exactly what galvanized me. This was about guys who could come only in the stolen handkerchief of a beautiful woman; guys who could come only looking at an ugly woman in a nightcap; guys who could come only pounding nails into a woman's high-heeled shoe. And the capper was that this book was written in the 1800s! Now, when Dr. Krafft-Ebing lovingly collected these accounts of deviant sexuality back in the 1800s [published in 1886, actually], he meant to show the unhealthy perversion to which sex could be put. When I read it at fourteen, a few cases each day as I crouched breathlessly in the stacks, the effect was entirely different. Growing up

in a religious home, I felt guilty about my sexual fantasies, always suspecting they were wrong and sinful. Reading dear Krafft-Ebing, I saw the rich and amazing variation of sex and felt at once calmed about my own fantasies and spurred to learn more about this forbidden topic.

That was when my thirst for sexual knowledge began, and I have had the mind of a pure researcher ever since. Every new revelation thrills me. My gratitude for every confidence is such that there is no room for judgment. It is not my place to decide what is right or wrong, normal or abnormal, just as my mentor Dr. Krafft-Ebing did. Nothing makes me happier than to open my mail each day and find a confession of a sexual twist.

Equally thrilling, is a detailed personal insight into the roots of a known idiosyncrasy. All you who responded to my foot-fetish study offered invaluable insight. Your letters are a cherished part of my sexual research collection.

What sparked this column was a letter I received from a young man explaining the roots of his tiny man/giant woman fetish. His memory of the childhood event that shaped his sexual orientation is extraordinary, and his accounts of how he now finds satisfaction through the use of miniature effigies of himself rival the best of *Psychopathia Sexualis*. This reader has my heartfelt thanks and will have an honored place in my collection. His letter made me think how many of you have similar stories to tell. Perhaps the extremely unusual nature of sexual urges makes you feel abnormal and ashamed. Rest assured, I won't see it that way. The more unusual your tastes, the more I will treasure your written confession. Writing it all down in detail and sharing it with someone who will appreciate it, without judgment, might make you feel a whole lot better. You just might learn something about yourself that enriches your life while detailing your special preference for me.

Please send me your special confession. You don't have to identify yourself, though I won't betray you if you do. Give me pleasure, give me knowledge, and give yourself cathartic relief.

**"Payday"**  
**By**  
**Titian Beresford**  
**from**  
**"The Wicked Hand"**

Gus was uncomfortable! Despite his shower, taken just minutes before, he was still hot. The August sun had been baking down on the farm all day, and now the pavement and packed earth of the barnyard radiated heat along with the acres of corn - each stalk motionless, without a breath of wind to make them sway.

Gus's room was scarcely a nook off one side of the barn with a four-pane window looking toward the farmhouse. It was hot and stuffy in Gus's room as well. Gus sat obediently on his lumpy cot, naked from the waist down, wearing only a T-shirt. Today was payday, and Gus never disobeyed Mrs. Slade! Never!

Mrs. Slade was the farmer's wife, and she worked Gus awfully hard seven days a week. And if he ever had a moment to spare, she often lent him out to other's farmer's wives - friends of hers - whose fields bordered the Slade farm. Mrs. Slade was young and pretty, but at the same time, she was very strict with Gus. She made sure he did all his chores correctly, or he would get a stern lecture. Gus was completely cowed by Mrs. Slade - even though he was much older.

But today was payday! And this time, Gus was going to take his money

and leave for good! He wasn't going to let her play her little games with him anymore! No! Not Today! He would pass her little test and not forfeit his money - not this time! And when he got his pay, he would have enough money for bus fare! He could leave the Slade farm and never come back! Gus would have the last laugh then!

Every other Tuesday was payday. Every payday Gus was "inspected" by Mrs. Slade. If he didn't "disgrace himself" during the inspection, he was allowed to keep his pay. If he did "disgrace himself" during the inspection he would forfeit all his pay for those two weeks. Mrs. Slade never actually made him disgrace himself, though.

Mrs. Slade would "inspect" him for quite some time, then give him a choice of taking his money or having her "finish the inspection" and make him disgrace himself. Gus had never had willpower enough to stop the inspection before, but today he would! He could become a farmhand for almost anyone else, get better pay, and not be worked as hard! All he needed was bus fare to take him away. This time he was determined to get his money!

Gus looked down between his legs. He really did have a huge penis! It jutted up from between his legs like a big upward-bent club. It wasn't so much long - though it was quite long - as it was thick. Gus's scrotum hung low, his big testicles dangling to the faded green army blanket that covered his cot. Gus was certainly sexually excited! He always got more and more excited just before payday every time. But this time his sexual excitement wasn't going to get the best of him. His penis thickened a little, halfway between relaxation and full erection. He wished he could just take his big penis in his fist and masturbate, but Mrs. Slade told him that he should never do that to himself. She said if he did it just one more time he would get addicted and never be able to stop. Then he would just lurk around the farm doing it all the time. Mrs. Slade told Gus that she wouldn't have a pervert on her farm, sneaking around and beating off

behind the barn.

Gus often rode to church in the back of the Slades' four-door pickup. One time, Reverend Smith talked against self-abuse during the service. Mrs. Slade looked meaningfully back over her shoulder at Gus. That was just after she had caught him masturbating - just before she began inspecting him. Gus blushed and hung his head. The pastor's wife and the other church ladies always treated Gus a little funny after that. Most of them would always tug down their dresses when Gus walked past them at church picnics. Gus just knew that Mrs. Slade had told all her friends about that one time she had caught him masturbating!

Gus kept his hands at his sides. Even though he wanted to touch himself, he didn't dare. He knew that Mrs. Slade would find out. She always found out about things he did wrong! Mrs. Slade once told Gus that he had a very big penis, then she asked him if he was still a virgin. He gulped and said yes. Mrs. Slade laughed and said it was funny to see a gray-haired male virgin. Mrs. Slade said it was better that Gus never had any wife or children. She said with his penis was so big it would hurt a woman to make love to him. She also said that he would never make enough money as a farmhand to support a family properly. Then she laughed. Gus always turned red when Mrs. Slade laughed at him.

Gus waited patiently. Mrs. Slade usually kept him waiting for his inspection. She told him to sit on his cot - naked from the waist down - every pay-Tuesday - starting at six o'clock. Mrs. Slade rarely arrived at his room before seven. She enjoyed making him wait. But Gus would wait quietly, sitting "bottomless" on his cot.

Gus snapped out of his reverie. The old cracked-dial clock - just under his fragment of broken mirror - showed that it was seven-fifteen. She would be coming to inspect him any minute! Gus decided to practice willpower. He grit his teeth and imagined himself insisting firmly, but

politely, that Mrs. Slade stop inspecting him. He imagined himself demanding his money instead. Mrs. Slade would sure be surprised! Gus was certain that she would respect him then. He knew that one reason Mrs. Slade didn't respect him was that he could never seem to find willpower enough to have her stop the inspections before he disgraced himself. But that would change today! Gus smiled to himself. The Slades would have to get a new farmhand! He wondered if they would work their new farmhand as hard as they worked him. He also wondered if Mrs. Slade would inspect the new farmhand the way she inspected him. He wondered if she would make the new farmhand disgrace himself. Gus never got to call her "Bonnie". Gus wondered if the new farmhand would get to call her Bonnie, or if she would make him call her "Mrs. Slade" like she did Gus.

Bonnie Slade sat on the back porch of her picturesque farmhouse. She was resting her feet on the porch rail. Her ankles were crossed and she was wiggling her toes contentedly. Bonnie Slade was an extremely pretty young woman with strawberry- blonde hair - actually a bit more blonde than strawberry - but the spattering of freckles across her nose make people sometimes think she had a touch more red hair than she did. She had full, pouting lips and an upturned nose that gave her an air of sassiness. More often than not around the farm - she wore her hair up - but one stray lock kept falling down into her eyes, giving her an even more rebellious look.

Bonnie Slade stretched luxuriously, the curves of her supple body threatening to burst out of the tight confines of her faded blue-plaid-cotton dress. Her dress had shrunk and worn more than a little since it had been one of her regular church dresses - that was for sure. Bonnie smiled as she thought how glad she was that neither Reverend Smith, nor his wife, could see her now. Her dress was so short that it was practically riding up to her hips!

The supper dishes were all done and Bonnie Slade was relaxed. Her husband had just left on an evening cat fishing trip down the river. Becky and John were at the swimming hole on the back forty with the Jensen kids - her reward to them when they didn't gripe over doing the dishes even once all week.

Bonnie Slade smiled to herself again and checked her watch. It was almost time to get the baby oil and the money and go to Gus's room off the barn. She loved playing her little games with him. **Ever since Betty Jensen confessed to her that she masturbated her farmhand regularly, Bonnie had been intrigued by the idea of doing the same thing herself.** And Gus did have such a huge penis! It was fun to play with it! All the more fun because she got to take his pay when he disgraced himself! It made her standard missionary-position sex with her husband more fun, too. Just thinking of what she did to Gus gave her extra orgasms!

Gus tried to practice willpower, but his efforts were slacking off. He kept thinking about the tight dresses Mrs. Slade wore when she came to inspect him. She wore tight dresses to church, too, but they weren't as short as the ones she wore when she came to inspect him. The men at the church always noticed the way Mrs. Slade's dresses were so tight across her hips and bottom. One time, Gus had even caught Reverend Smith noticing! Gus had found himself getting angry with them all for lusting after Mrs. Slade. Then he realized that he was noticing her just as much as the other men were, and he felt ashamed.

Gus noticed that the church ladies looked at Mr. Slade, too. He was young and strong, not old and gray like Gus. Gus noticed that the women were more discreet when they looked at Mr. Slade than the men were when they looked at Mrs. Slade.

Gus would often hear their bed squeak as they made love - often after

Mrs. Slade had come into his room to inspect him. One time, Gus heard Mrs. Slade moaning and urging Mr. Slade on as the bed squeaked faster and faster. That was the night after one especially humiliating inspection - when Mrs. Slade made him feel dirty when she inspected him and he disgraced himself. Gus wondered why Mrs. Slade wanted to make him feel so ashamed. When he had stopped disgracing himself, she had let go of him and laughed.

Gus had favorite clothes that he hoped Mrs. Slade would wear when she inspected him. One of his all-time favorites was her faded-blue-plaid cotton dress. It was so old and thin that it clung to her figure like it was wet - but it wasn't. When Mrs. Slade's church dresses got old, she would wear them around her farmyard. Gus could remember her blue-plaid dress back when it was a church dress. That was when he had caught Reverend Smith looking. Mrs. Slade often went barefoot, and she had ever so pretty legs and feet. Sometimes Gus would get big spontaneous erections from just thinking about Mrs. Slade's pretty legs and bare feet!

Gus knew that Mrs. Slade was very respected in the rural community in which they resided. She was active in the PTA and a member of the town's Fourth of July celebration planning committee. All the high-school students loved her because she had thought up that big fund-raising idea that gave them such huge fireworks displays for such a little town. Mrs. Slade was in the church choir, too. She had such a lovely sweet voice that some of the older church ladies said it was the voice of an angel. Gus noticed that they were some of the same ones who disapproved of her short dresses. But they never let on to Mrs. Slade. He could tell that they all liked her, anyway.

Gus looked at his cracked-dialed clock. Mrs. Slade was making him wait longer than usual tonight! Beside Gus's clock was his chore list taped up on the wall. Mrs. Slade made long lists of extra projects he had to work on - and when they were due. Once a day, he had to go find Mrs. Slade

and tell her what he had accomplished. Then she would check the items off that he had completed and sternly lecture him for any that he didn't get done. Mrs. Slade never put up with any excuses! The Slade kids never had to do much of anything around the farm. Gus did it all!

Gus suddenly felt ashamed of his nakedness. He heard the outer barn door open and shut, then he heard the squeak of the old floorboards under Mrs. Slade's bare feet. She opened the door to his room without even knocking. She always smiled when she saw him waiting patiently for his inspection - naked from the waist down. Gus gulped. She was wearing her tight blue cotton dress! She stood in his doorway for a moment holding his money in one hand and a bottle of baby oil in the other. She smiled sweetly. "Hi, Gus!" Her voice was always soft and innocent. Gus watched her walk over to the three-legged stool she always made him have ready beside his cot. **She always said it was appropriate for her to sit on a milking stool when she inspected him.** As she walked to the stool, her dress clung tightly to the curves of her hips. Gus could feel his penis start to thicken.

Gus brought his knees together, suddenly and pathetically ashamed. Bonnie Slade laughed as she sat down on the stool beside his bed and crossed her legs. Gus's penis thickened and lengthened even more. The hem of her dress had slid practically up to her hips! Bonnie Slade smiled down at him. "Relax, Gus! You don't have anything between your legs that I haven't seen before. Now be a good boy, lie down on you back and spread your legs nice and wide for me!" In the split second before Gus complied, he took one close longing look at Bonnie Slade's pretty bare left foot flirtatiously pointed on the wide boards of his floor. Her right leg was crossed over her left, and her right foot was teasingly pointed as well. Bonnie Slade prodded her pretty toes against the leg of Gus's bedside table. She had such high arches!

Gus obediently lay down on his back and spread his legs wide. It always made him blush when he had to assume the humiliating "inspection position". His genitals were vulnerable and very much on display for Mrs. Slade's amusement. She put the money down on a table behind her stool - the table where Gus usually ate his dinner. Mrs. Slade never thought he was good enough to eat with the family in the nice dining room. The other farmhands he saw at church often got to eat with their families.

Bonnie Slade began rubbing the baby oil on her hands. Gus lay there, on his back, keeping his legs spread, and watched. He liked the way the baby oil made Mrs. Slade's palms and fingertips all gooey and shiny. As he watched her rub her hands with the baby oil, Gus became acutely conscious of the heavy dangle of his loose scrotum against his bare buttocks. He always felt extra vulnerable when his scrotum was hanging really low - like it was now - due to the intense heat. Gus felt his penis thicken even more and start to inch up off his belly a little, too. It always made him even more ashamed when it did that in front of Mrs. Slade. Despite the reactions of his naked body so far - Gus was determined! This time he would have her stop the inspection and keep his pay!

Bonnie Slade rubbed her gooey hands together until they made a squishing sound. Then she turned around to put the baby oil down on the table behind her - beside the money. As she turned around, her pert breasts stood out in profile. The faded cotton fabric was stretched tight across Mrs. Slade's breasts, too! Gus wasn't sure, but he thought he could see that Mrs. Slade's nipples were erect. He wondered if they were erect because of what she was going to do to him.

Bonnie Slade reached down and took Gus by the scrotum. She held him firmly enough to cause him slight discomfort, but not real pain. Mrs. Slade loved showing Gus who was boss. "Have you been keeping you sac full for me?"

Gus gulped and nodded, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Yes, ma'am."

"You haven't been touching yourself, have you, Gus?" Gus could feel his cheeks turn hot from blushing.

"No, ma'am, you told me I should never do that!"

She smiled. "That's right, Gus. I have to inspect you between your legs regularly now because of that one time I caught you doing nasty things to yourself behind the barn. It's better that you disgrace yourself when I inspect you than to have you do it by yourself and get addicted to it. You're too old for that Gus, and I'm afraid it would really be disgusting if I let it become a habit with you!" Bonnie Slade fixed Gus with her sternest gaze.

"Yes, ma'am," he said meekly and hung his head.

Bonnie Slade began gently pulling on Gus's scrotum to stimulate him. She watched with amusement as it had the desired effect. "Oooh, Gus! Your penis is getting big and fat!" she giggled. Each time she pulled on

his scrotum, she made his erect penis bounce and slap against his abdomen. Her scrotum pulling also pulled the sensitive skin of his penis taut, teasing and stimulating his nerves most deliciously. Gus felt so helpless when Mrs. Slade did things to him between his legs. He lay there on his lumpy cot, legs spread obediently, letting her amuse herself, toying with his genitals. Gus decided it would be OK to enjoy her caresses a little more. But when she asked, he would tell her to stop!

Gus knew that Mrs. Slade put the money on the table to taunt him. He also knew that she didn't expect him to have willpower enough not to disgrace himself and claim the money. Gus knew that Mrs. Slade was enslaving him through the inspections, making him work hard for no pay at all. Strangely enough, the knowledge of Mrs. Slade's cruelties to him only served to make the sensations he experienced - when she handled his bare genitals - all the more intense!

Mrs. Slade looked so pretty with the one rebellious lock of hair down in her eyes! She let go of Gus's scrotum and took his thick penis in her glistening baby-oiled hands. It felt so good when she did that to him! Bonnie Slade sat on the stool comfortably, legs crossed, and began casually pulling on Gus's big sex organ. She did it with a firm kneading motion that soon had Gus panting with sexual excitement, and made his low-dangling scrotum slap rhythmically against his bare bottom.

Bonnie Slade laughed as she watched Gus's scrotum bounce and slap against his bottom. "Oh, Gus! You look so silly!" She stroked him harder to make his scrotum bounce more. The only sounds in the room were Bonnie Slade's soft laughter and the slap of Gus's scrotum against his

bottom. Finally, Gus began to wince a little because it started to give him a slight cramping pain in his testicles. Bonnie Slade noticed and took him by his scrotum again to stop the bouncing. "Gus, you're such a sissy sometimes!"

Now, Bonnie Slade had him by the scrotum with one hand while she pressed his penis back against his abdomen and began to rub it with the palm of her other hand. It made Gus feel like a big baby the way her oiled hand made squishy noises as she rubbed his penis back against his tummy. Gus was gasping now, and he was drenched in sweat. Bonnie Slade giggled as she had him keep spreading his legs wider for her. "Do you like it when I inspect your private parts, Gus? Hmmm? Do my hands make you feel good between your legs? Hmmm? Do they?"

Gus couldn't help looking at Bonnie Slade's thighs as she masturbated him. She noticed it and pressed her crossed thighs even more tightly together. She kept stimulating his penis with one hand while futilely tugging at the hem of her dress with her other hand. It was a wasted effort! Despite her modest gesture, the hem of her dress still remained indecently high, to say the least. She kept tugging at her hem with one hand, anyway, while rubbing his penis with the other hand. "Oh, Gus, you nasty thing! Stop looking at my legs!" She scolded. "It will only make you have lots of dirty thoughts between now and your next inspection." The blatant hypocrisy of Bonnie Slade trying to cover herself modestly while handling his bare genitals excited Gus tremendously. Finally, Bonnie Slade abandoned her attempt at modesty and took him by the scrotum again with her free hand.

"Shall I stop the inspection before you disgrace yourself, Gus? Hmmm? Shall I?" Gus was for too addicted to the compelling masturbatory sensations to stop her now. But he would in a moment. After just a little more! "N-Not yet! I-I'll tell you when to stop!" Her hands worked him briskly now, abusing his bare genitals and goading him. The sensations mounted with desperate urgency.

Gus made a titanic effort of will. "Oh, please, Mrs. Slade! Stop! Stop!" At that very moment, his penis began the slow, telltale lurching twitches of impending orgasm.

**Mrs. Slade giggled. "I can't stop now, Gus. You're going to disgrace yourself and squirt a gooey load no matter what I do! I've got to catch it in my hands so there won't be so much mess!"** Gus simpered in a mixture of intense pleasure and humiliating defeat. Bonnie Slade kept holding his scrotum with one hand, but slid her other hand upward to cup the tip of his rearing sex organ and catch his seed. Gus lay as limp as a dishrag and began ejaculating. The sensations of agonizing, humiliating pleasure completely mastered him. Bonnie Slade tried to catch his sperm in her hand, but it just frothed through her fingers and drooled down onto his abdomen.

Bonnie Slade squeezed Gus's scrotum to empty him out completely. Finally her gooey, messy hands abandoned his penis and it flopped weakly back against his abdomen, growing more limp by the second. A string of sperm hung from the strangled tip of his penis, gleaming and swaying. Gus blinked back tears of shame as Mrs. Slade chided him. "Once again, Gus, you failed your inspection and disgraced yourself terribly!" She leaned forward and wiped her gooey hands on his T-shirt. Then she laughed and stood up, collecting his money and the baby oil.

Gus felt intense shame as she tiptoed from his room, wiggling her hips and bottom sassily as she did so. At the door, she looked back over her shoulder and giggled. "Next time, Gus! Next time!" Gus lay on his cot for several minutes, sticky and messy with the semen Mrs. Slade had carelessly masturbated out of him. He set his jaw. Next time! In two weeks she would inspect him again! Next time he would triumph! Next time he would have her stop before he disgraced himself. Next time he would get his money, buy a bus ticket, and escape!

Hours later, Gus had finished his milk-room chores and was trudging wearily back across the farmyard to his stifling little room. He stopped. Once again, he heard the rhythmic squeak of their bed. And then he heard a soft cooing moan of feminine delight as the tempo of the squeaks increased.

**Recruiters**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

I laughed and Lieutenant Bonnie Lang smirked as she toyed with the big, plum-like head of Eddie Randall's penis. Eddie sat gasping and "bottomless" in between Bonnie and me on the front seat of our recruiting car. Eddie had tried to pull his T-shirt down and cover himself, but his penis was so long it stuck out from under the hem - making it really easy for us to pull on it. What a waste! Such a nice, big penis on such a pathetic wimp.

All the veins in Eddie's penis were bulging and its tip was drooling wet. If such a big tool with its adorable upward curve was on a real man, Bonnie and I would have been sucking it contentedly. As it was, we were just pulling on it to torment poor, silly Eddie.

Bonnie set behind the wheel with her khaki uniform skirt riding high on her glossy stockinged thighs. We were both in our stockinged feet, having kicked off our black high-heeled uniform pumps. Bonnie's feet were deliciously arched and prettily posed on the clutch and brake pedals. Her pert, even toes were cupped in big, sassy toe reinforcements. Dark reinforcements cupped her heels as well.

We had pulled to the side of the street to amuse ourselves by manipulating Eddie's big organ. I crossed my legs and let my skirt ride up on my seamed full-fashioned stockings until my garter straps were exposed. I bounced my right foot up and down, pointing my stockinged toes like a gymnast. Eddie gulped, nearly drooled, then sagged weakly back in the seat and gave himself up to our lewd hands. I took a turn and skinned his foreskin back in my fist, watching the purple head of his penis pop indecently into view. Bonnie protested.

"Oh, Paula! I left it skinned down on purpose. It's disgusting when you make the head pop out all wet and gooey!"

Bonnie pouted in mock dismay. She and I were clothed identically in our military recruiting dress uniforms. We wore tailored suits with tight straight skirts and flared blazers. Our blouses were white and carefully starched. Regulation black ties complemented our blouses, and we wore peaked dress caps to complete the effect of uniformed propriety. Of course, we both had our hair up in tight

regulation buns!

Poor, pathetic Eddie had a thing for ladies' stockinged feet. Too bad he had a thing for women in tight uniforms, too! That meant we had him helplessly wrapped around our little fingers. Toying with him was so much fun!

We found out about poor little Eddie's "weakness" a week before. A group of eighteen-year-old males, who had just graduated from high school in the spring, were brought to our recruiting station on Maple Avenue by their guidance counselor. It was part of a program to expose them to different career paths the summer after their high-school graduation. Whether or not they had already chosen a different career, it was felt that they would benefit from seeing other options, too.

Poor Eddie! He stood out as a geek even at first sight. Some of the other guys were really built, and Bonnie and I enjoyed our conversations with them after we gave a short presentation. But silly Eddie was underfoot, gawking constantly at our legs and feet. The worst of it was, we knew that he wasn't going to enlist anyway. His father was well-to-do and had already gotten him accepted at a prestigious university. He was just wasting our time! Eddie came back by himself several days later, pretending to be interested in enlisting, but really just to stare at Bonnie, and me. We teased him a little, slipping out of our high-heeled pumps and rubbing our stockinged toes on the carpet.

Eddie squirmed and blushed. Two days later, we saw him coming down Maple Avenue for his third visit to waste our time. Bonnie quickly whispered a plan to me. I giggled. It was so naughty and delicious! Bonnie and I were in our stockinged feet by the time Eddie walked in. We had him! He was a stuttering wreck right away. We invited him for a little automobile ride and made him sit between us. Our toe shows had him so excited that he couldn't think straight. He nearly died when we asked him if he wanted us to give him a quick physical as we drove him around. We said that if he was going to enlist, a physical now would save time. It was just an excuse to torment him and play with his penis! Minutes later, he was naked below the waist and virtually helpless as Bonnie and I took turns toying with his genitals under the pretext of giving him a thorough examination. Of course, we were actually teasing him dreadfully and practically masturbating him. We made sure not to let him come. Not yet. Our plan wasn't over by half!

I pretended boredom and stopped rubbing Eddie's big penis. "Oh, please! Please, Paula! Examine me some more! Don't stop!"

"Lieutenant Paula, Eddie. Remember to call me Lieutenant Paula. We must be proper and precise in our addressing of each other. Now say 'Lieutenant Paula.'"

"Please don't stop examining me, Lieutenant Paula!" Eddie whined agreeably.

Bonnie sat in the driver's seat with her skirt immodestly high. She had been fixing her makeup, but stopped to look at Eddie. He was breathing so hard that his glasses were fogging up. He was pathetic! We both couldn't help giggling. He was so ridiculous! "Oooh, Eddie!" Bonnie breathed with exaggerated sincerity. "What a man you are!" We both laughed at him all the more because our mockery seemed to inflate his penis to even huger dimensions.

I got an idea. "Bonnie, let's see whose stockings he likes the best!"

"He can be our fashion judge, and we'll feel his penis to see how excited our toe shows make him." Bonnie laughed gleefully at my idea. She twisted around, giving our gawking dweeb an eye-popping view of her thighs up to her lace garter straps. Bonnie wore an expression of prissy fastidiousness as she swung her legs to put her stockinged feet up on the center of the dash. She wiggled her toes impudently and looked sideways at Eddie to see that she was teasing his big, lolling penis. Bonnie smiled with satisfaction. Her stockinged feet were arched to the point of affectation. Her toes looked delectable. I grabbed Eddie's penis again. I could feel every beat of his heart in the big, silly, flopping thing.

"Now, Eddie," I purred. "Be a little sweetie and take a good long look at Lieutenant Bonnie's legs and feet. She wants to give you a little fashion show. Don't mind me at all. I'll just continue your examination. Your penis and scrotum seem fine so far, Eddie, but we really have to be very thorough." I twisted around a bit more in the seat so I could get both my hands on Eddie's genitals. I had to keep my stockinged thighs pressed tightly together so Eddie wouldn't be able to see all the way up to my panties.

I handled his dangling male sack with an expression of professional boredom on my face. Eddie's chest was heaving, and his eyes seemed glued to Bonnie's naughtily wiggling toes. "I think the poor little fellow wants to smell my stockinged

feet, Paula," Bonnie cooed sweetly. "Oooh, Eddie, you naughty little man. How dare you even think of sniffing Lieutenant Bonnie's perfect little toes!" I said. His penis twitched in my fist, and warm pre-come spilled down over my knuckles. I squeezed his scrotum gently. "Well, Eddie, would you like to sniff Lieutenant Bonnie's toes? Would you?"

Eddie squirmed, and finally stuttered "Y-Yes! Please, can I smell Lieutenant Bonnie's feet? Pl-Please?" Bonnie smiled her self-satisfied smile, put her right hand on Eddie's tousled head, and pushed him forward. Eddie's nose scuffed against the glossy, arched sole of Bonnie's right stockinged foot. His eyes rolled, and he started shaking. Bonnie and I couldn't help making fun of him. Eddie pushed himself forward farther, assuming an even more awkward position. His nose and lips gently worshipped Bonnie's pretty feet in their sheer full-fashioned nylons. He seemed especially captivated with her toes, sniffing them repeatedly while planting servile kisses on the arches and balls of her feet. Bonnie and I smiled at each other. It was obvious that our poor little nerd was enslaved by the aroma of a pretty woman's stockinged feet.

I was pumping Eddie's long, flopping penis with one hand. My other hand was under the hem of his T-shirt, teasing and squeezing his scrotum. "Eddie, dearest," Bonnie purred smugly. "I want you to stop kissing and smelling my feet. You can't start again until you say something for me." Eddie stopped and looked up at Bonnie hopefully. I giggled and kept teasing his drooling penis. "Now, Eddie, say, 'I'm a little toe-smelling sissy!' Go ahead, Eddie, say it, and then you can finish smelling my feet." Bonnie wiggled her toes bossily. Eddie was so pathetic! His glasses were almost totally fogged up by now. It was delightful fun humiliating and abusing him!

"I'm a little toe-smelling sissy," Eddie mumbled.

"What, Eddie, dear?" I cooed. "We couldn't quite hear what you tried to say." Bonnie got a very domineering look in her eyes. "Try again, Eddie," she ordered.

"I'm - I'm a little toe-smelling sissy!" He said it loud enough that time, so we let him continue to disgrace himself and worship Bonnie's stockinged feet.

I had him on the edge of orgasm, but left him stranded there, making sure not to let him find release. I wanted my hands to torment and exhaust him, not relieve him. Finally, Bonnie and I switched roles. We had our "bottomless" dweeb scoot

over and sit right beside Bonnie. I sat back against the passenger door and faced them both. Then I raised my feet to Eddie's face. Bonnie took her turn abusing Eddie's penis while he kissed and smelled my arched, stockinged feet. I giggled at the feel of it.

"It tickles, doesn't it, Paula?" Bonnie laughed. I rubbed my stockinged toes all over poor, quivering Eddie's face, I felt so mean and delicious doing that to him that I did it some more. I even pried his mouth open with my toes and pushed them in, wiggling them against the roof of his mouth and his tongue.

Bonnie was flogging Eddie's penis now, her fist flying up and down the length of his shaft. He moaned, and she stopped masturbating him. Her nose wrinkled prettily in distaste because she had to leave his foreskin pulled back. She didn't dare fix it for fear she would make him have an orgasm. The head of poor Eddie's penis was a bloated, swollen purple. It gleamed nakedly, all gooey and wet.

A car pulled up beside us. I put my feet down and swung around properly in my seat. Bonnie had Eddie nudge over so he was more centered between us. I pulled the hem of his T-shirt down, stretching it until it covered his penis. The other car was full of students Eddie's own age. Three or four couples were crowded inside.

"Hi, Lieutenant Lang, Oh, and hello, Lieutenant Manning. What a surprise to see you both," the driver called out.

"Oooh look, guys," one of the girls giggled. "They have Eddie with them."

"Hi, Eddie-pooh," one of the other girls said mockingly.

"Eddie is thinking of enlisting - isn't that nice?" I said. I realized that nobody in the other car could see Eddie's lap, so my hands found his penis again. I rubbed it, keeping my hands under the hem of his T-shirt.

One of the boys in the other car grinned over at us and dared us to have a drag race. Eddie got very nervous at the idea and stuttered, trying to say something. My hands kept busy under the hem of his T-shirt, and he lapsed into silence. The girls in the other car giggled at him. Bonnie and I realized that they despised him as much as we did.

Bonnie and I both thought a short drag race would be a kick, so we said yes. It would be just to the first curve of Cedar Drive, anyway, and there wasn't much traffic. The boy driving the other car revved his engine. Bonnie winked over at him and licked her lips suggestively. Her pretty stockinged foot pumped the gas pedal of our car, racing our engine. Eddie's bulging eyes caressed her feet and lingered over them as she worked the gas pedal.

On the count of three, we sped off. The young people in the other car were having a great time. It was good PR for our recruiting efforts to let our hair down and have fun with them once in a while. We had a good reputation with them, that's why they were so surprised we were associating with a geek like Eddie. Little did they know! Nobody would be seeing very much of Eddie for the next four years!

We started out in front, the other car got ahead of us for just a little while, but we finally won by half a car length. The students in the other car waved to us and veered off down Crestview Drive, heading for someone's party. Poor Eddie never got his invitation! Bonnie kept driving toward the city limits and into the summer countryside.

Every now and then she giggled wickedly and pushed in the clutch, naughtily pumping the gas pedal to torment poor Eddie. I had his penis out in the open again. I made him hold his T-shirt up out of the way while I fisted and pulled on his big, flopping organ.

I pretended to use Eddie's penis as a shifting lever while Bonnie gave him a pedal-pumping show. The pathetic dweeb got all excited! My hands were so wet with his pre-come that I had to wipe them on his thigh. Bonnie teased him. "Imagine that the gas pedal is your penis, Eddie," she purred sweetly. "Oooh, just think how nice it would feel to have my stockinged foot pumping it like this." Bonnie tiptoed her foot on the gas pedal and pumped it some more. I could tell she was teasing Eddie dreadfully with every thrust. We giggled while he suffered.

Finally, I had to stop masturbating him because it wasn't in our plan to let him come yet. I got an idea and whispered it to Bonnie. She laughed. "Eddie, sweetie," I cooed. "As part of your examination, we really should make you squirt a sperm sample. Would you like that?" Eddie swallowed hard and nearly drooled as he stammered out his agreement. "Well, first, Eddie, we have to make sure that you're in shape."

"Yeah," Bonnie added gleefully. "So we just want you to run along beside the car for a little while."

"Like this? I mean... you know, n-naked below the waist?"

"Yes, Eddie," Bonnie smirked. "With your prick and balls bouncing bare."

"Don't worry so much, Eddie dearest," I chided, stifling mocking giggles all the while. "This is a country road, and nobody will see you. I'll have you run right beside my door and let you jump in quickly if another car comes."

Bonnie was laughing at him. She finally stopped long enough to say, "And I won't go terribly fast. Remember, you'll get to squirt a sample for us afterward, too." We bullied and bossed him until he finally agreed. Bonnie pulled over to the side of the road and I let Eddie out. He tried to cover his prick and balls with his hands. I shut my door and knelt on the seat. I reached out and took his scrotum in my left hand.

"OK, Bonnie, let's give Eddie-poo his workout," I said with a knowing wink in her direction. Bonnie eased down on the gas pedal and accelerated slowly. I kept a firm grip on Eddie's testicles because we didn't want him slacking off. After all, we had to make sure that he was physically able to withstand the rigors of basic training!

I looked back over my shoulder at Bonnie. "Faster, Bonnie! I'll make sure he keeps up. Bonnie shook a rebellious lock of hair from her eyes and giggled. Her pretty, mean little stockinged foot depressed the accelerator even more. I laughed when I thought of myself and what I was doing. There I was, a pretty young woman, properly uniformed, with every insignia and braid perfectly in place, my hair up in an impeccable bun, and at the same time, terribly humiliating a naked, defenseless geek!

Eddie was jogging along. His penis was flopping all over my fingers and thumb. It was still half-hard. The pathetic dweeb was still trying to bend over a little and peer over my shoulder to see my stockinged feet on the seat behind me.

"Oooh, you're sweet, Eddie," I cooed. "I'm sitting on my stockinged heels. My

bottom is perched right on my heels. My stockinged-toes are right on the seat where your bare bottom was just a minute ago. Maybe I'll let you smell my feet some more later if you're still sweet and nice!" Eddie was really working up a sweat by then. I watched his face. It looked for a minute like his glasses were going to fall off, but he pushed them back up on his nose at the last minute. He was almost in a panic, afraid that another car would come by and see how badly we were degrading him. "Uh-oh, Eddie!" I breathed in mock concern. "Your wiener is shrinking! What's happening to you? Can't you keep up?"

Bonnie joined in my teasing. "C'mon, Eddie-poo! Don't be a little sissy. C'mon, run!" I couldn't help it! It was such delicious fun to be mean to Eddie. I squeezed his testicles until he started to wince. "Eddie, you had better keep up. I'm not going to let go of your scrotum if you don't, and that might be painful for you." He actually believed me! He gulped and looked like he was trying to swallow his Adam's apple. He was breathing really heavily and almost at his limit, but the wimp tried to run even faster so he wouldn't lose his balls! I looked back at Bonnie, and we both laughed.

Finally, we decided we'd better slow down. I guess Eddie had had enough. His chest was heaving and he was really out of breath. I'm sure he had been much too busy up in his room masturbating and thinking of pretty women in their stockinged feet to get much of any real exercise. "Well, Eddie, you did fine, I guess you deserve to get in the car now. I think you passed the running test." Bonnie praised him, giving me a smirk at the same time.

I got out and let Eddie by so that he could get into the middle again. "Oh, yuck, Eddie!" Bonnie exclaimed in disgust. "You're all sweaty and hot!" "That's very inconsiderate of you, Eddie," I scolded gently. "And to make things worse, you weren't going to enlist, were you? You've been just wasting our time to get glimpses of our stockinged feet, haven't you?"

Eddie looked crestfallen. He stuttered and didn't know what to say. After all we had done to him, we were actually making him feel guilty! Bonnie pouted and so did I. We really had to try hard not to giggle. I took a four-year enlistment contract and a pen from the glove compartment. "Is there any way we could persuade you to sign this, Eddie dearest?" I purred.

"Yeah, Eddie, anything at all we could do?" Bonnie added. Her hand went under

the hem of his T-shirt and grabbed him. "Will you sign if we let you squirt your goo for us?" She rubbed his penis.

By this time Eddie - who was spineless even when he was at his best - was in no condition to hold out for long. The intoxicating smell of our stockinged feet still lingered about his mouth and nose. The naughtily delicious toe shows we were giving him had their effect. We increased the pressure on him. He was weak from all the handling and tormenting that we had subjected his penis to. He halfheartedly tried to squirm away from Bonnie's hand.

"Wouldn't you like us to take a sample of your sperm, Eddie dear?" I offered softly while Bonnie began to masturbate him gently again.

"Of course, we could do that for you only if you sign this teensy little enlistment form that Paula has," Bonnie said sweetly. Then she reached down between Eddie's thighs with her free hand and began to knead his scrotum firmly.

"Oooh Eddie!" I breathed. "Your penis wants to squirt so bad! I'm sure your penis wants you to sign. Just think how good Bonnie's hands are making you feel now. If you sign, we'll both masturbate you together. Wouldn't that feel nice?"

"Yeah!" Bonnie added with a wicked little giggle. "We'll even let you get your sperm all over our hands and make a big mess!"

Eddie tried to hold out but we had him by the balls - literally. My toe show and Bonnie's coy fingers had him hovering on the edge of signing. I held out the four-year enlistment contract and the pen. I'm afraid we really bossed and domineered him then. "Sign, Eddie, and sign right now!" Bonnie ordered.

"Hurry up! Don't be a sniveling geek forever. You could use some discipline!" I bullied, setting my face in the sternest, snootiest expression I could assume.

Eddie moaned and signed. I put the contract away carefully. Bonnie and I then laughed at him openly and made fun of him. Bonnie had one hand on his scrotum while her other hand rubbed and pulled the base of his penis. I made him scoot up a second so I could get my left hand under his bottom. I shoved my left index finger up into his asshole, and Bonnie made him sit right down on it. Then I took the tip of his penis in my right hand and began scuffing and rubbing the swollen

tip with my thumb. Then Bonnie started flogging him off in earnest. She beat him off so hard it made loud slapping sounds. We were both giggling like schoolgirls. He sagged back weakly, helpless in our hands. He was gulping and his mouth hung stupidly open. We couldn't even see the dweeb's eyes behind his fogged glasses!

Eddie made soft little whimpering sounds. Bonnie and I mimicked his noises and made fun of him. I crossed my legs and pointed my stockinged toes like a ballerina as I bounced my foot up and down. We kept laughing and masturbating him. "Oooh, what a man you are, Eddie!" Bonnie purred.

I felt his sphincter convulse around my finger and yelled for Bonnie to keep flogging his penis. Eddie's glasses fell off as the first squirt shot out of the swollen tip of his organ. His second squirt hit his glasses as they fell off his lap. His scrotum flopped against his thighs. His penis jolted over and over again in Bonnie's pumping fist and sprayed thick, hot gobs of his seed up onto the windshield. I pinched the purple tip of his penis hard, so I could feel every spurt of his seed shoot out. Bonnie kept jerking his organ busily as we both watched his sperm drip down off the slope of the windshield and then fall to dangle from the volume-control knob of the radio. Finally, it was over! We kept beating his tormented penis off until his balls were drained and empty.

"Oooh, Eddie!" Bonnie cooed with an assumed expression of wide-eyed innocence. "What a nasty gooey mess! Look, it's running down the dash!" It sure was, too! One glop of Eddie's sperm even hung from my stockinged toes. I re-crossed my legs and bounced my foot up and down to make it fall on the floor.

Eddie moaned. His penis was still oozing its last and twitching. We wiped our messy hands on his bare thighs as we sat on each side of him with our skirts riding up nearly to our hips, showing off our garters. My stockinged toes curled into a glossy fist as I bounced my foot up and down. Bonnie had her stockinged feet arched on the clutch and brake pedals again.

We made a dazed and stumbling Eddie get out of the car right then. We didn't give him back his pants, either! He stuttered and begged us not to leave him "bottomless" and all by himself at the side of the road, but we just laughed. Before we drove off, I got out real quick and rubbed some of his sperm on the rear tires of the car. Then I got in, and we both waved sweetly to Eddie and reminded him to report to our recruiting station in two weeks to be shipped off to basic

training. When Bonnie drove away, she stomped down on the gas pedal with her sassily arched stockinged foot. The tires squealed and spun, squishing the gobs of Eddie's semen that I had rubbed on them. What can I say? Even two properly uniformed recruiting officers, who keep their hair up in tight regulation buns and have to wear high heels all the time, need to have fun once in a while. As we drove off, Bonnie looked in the rearview mirror and giggled.

"Let's wait two weeks before we tell him we tore up his enlistment!"

**Talk Show**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

My friend Sue-Ellen and I were super-excited when we got a letter from the Jennifer Bydn Show, advising us of our acceptance to be part of her studio audience during a live taping. The letter said that the topic of the Show was explicitly sexual and extremely controversial, and that if we were old-fashioned or straitlaced we should apply to be in the audience of one of her future shows instead.

Jennifer Bydn didn't know Sue-Ellen and me! That just whetted our appetites and made us curious! We didn't even tell our husbands where we were really going; we just said that we needed a night out, and that they'd better not expect us back till late. When the night of the show rolled around, we dressed up in our highest heels and shortest skirts and took Sue-Ellen's convertible out on the freeway heading for the studio. A vanload of boys passed us and gawked down at our breasts and legs. We just kept our noses in the air, ignoring them and their whistles, until finally Sue-Ellen jammed her foot on the gas and we left them in the dust.

The letter from Jennifer Bydn's staff had told us to arrive for the show at least three hours early. Right after we got to the studio we understood why. There were about seven hundred or so of us guests in a line, and security people were checking our passes. They told Sue-Ellen and me to step over to the side, so we did, and found ourselves with a group of about twenty other young women. We were all very pretty, and we stood around wondering what they had singled us out for. They led us into a small conference room, where we met with Jennifer Bydn herself. She had us all sit down. Then she told us that federal broadcasting guidelines had just been relaxed by a landmark ruling. Sue-Ellen and I were just beginning to get bored when Jennifer said that tonight's episode was going to feature a naked male guest who was hot for pretty women's feet!

I can tell you, she had every woman's full attention then! Jennifer said that she needed two women to appear onstage with her and her naked guest. The two women would be chosen from a group of volunteers and would have their identities completely concealed. Jennifer lowered her voice and smiled as she said that the two assistants that she chose could then tease and make fun of the naked

man in front of the whole country, on live TV! They would wind up by playing with his genitals in front of the studio audience and the cameras!

Sue-Ellen and I just sat there giggling in disbelief. About ten of the other girls got up and left the room in a huff, their faces flushed with disgust. The rest were laughing like Sue-Ellen and me, or were just sitting there too stunned at what Jennifer said to react. Jennifer looked so stylish in her tight tailored skirt, silk blouse, and high heels as she came closer and asked softly if anyone else wished to leave. She said that anybody who was at all uncomfortable with the idea could join the others and become part of the general studio audience. She said that she wanted only girls with outrageous and daredevil personalities to become "performers" on tonight's show. Two other girls got up and left, leaving just eight of us in the room with Jennifer. She had us all take off our shoes so her stage manager could study our feet. They were looking for the two women with the prettiest. To make a long story short, Sue-Ellen and I were chosen. We both felt like Cinderella!

Jennifer spent an hour going over an informal script with us until we were comfortable with it. Most of it was pretty much ad-libbing, anyway. Then she sent us out with some wardrobe people to get changed. The wardrobe room was a real kick! Professionals gave Sue-Ellen and me pedicures and re-shaved our legs, rubbing them with lotions to make them smooth, soft, and flawless.

Next, they helped us get into two tight black rubber mini-dresses! They were so short that Sue-Ellen and I hardly dared to bend over at first for fear of showing everything we owned to the whole world. The dresses were long-sleeved and had high collars, too. After the wardrobe assistants had carefully tucked and snapped the super-tight dresses until they were on properly, they got out black rubber elbow-length gloves and carefully pulled them on our hands and up our arms. Sue-Ellen and I stood in front of a full-length mirror while they pulled and prodded us, getting everything just right.

"If your husband could see you now!" Sue-Ellen laughed, looking at the way my dress clung to every curve of my hips and bottom.

"If the neighbors could see you now, Sue-Ellen!" I teased.

"Think of all the hard-ons that would start popping up everywhere!" Sue-Ellen

laughed. "They will see us, I mean, all the neighbors and our husbands, too. Everyone's going to watch us tease and masturbate that naked guy." We started giggling so much then that we had the wardrobe people laughing, too. Then they brought us black rubber hoods and helped us put them on. They covered our heads and faces completely except for eyeholes and a bigger opening for the lower part of our faces - from halfway down our noses to our chins.

"Oooh!" I cooed, standing on tiptoe, barefoot. "He'll want to wet himself when he sees us, and when we tease him our neighbors and friends will never know that it was us!" Sue-Ellen rolled her eyes and wiggled her bottom sassily. She was still peeved because the wardrobe people said that we didn't get high heels. They said that the naked guy with a thing for feet was especially hot for women's bare feet, and that it would make it easier for us to tease him. I giggled when Sue-Ellen looked at me and said, "Mary-Jane, you really look like Catwoman!"

Sue-Ellen and I stood on tiptoe and looked down at our bare feet while the wardrobe people finished up. Neither of us was nervous; I guess because we were hooded and our "secret identities" were safe. Jennifer had said that the guy we were going to play games with would be masked, too, to protect his identity because it would be the decent thing. Then she giggled. I never suspected that such a wicked giggle could come from such a refined and successful talk show hostess.

Sue-Ellen and I noticed that our feet were very much alike. We both had high arches, smooth heels, and short, little even toes. We both once had boyfriends who liked to kiss our feet. We each raised one leg and took turns pointing and flexing our toes in front of the mirror. Sue-Ellen called me Catwoman again and I laughed and said that she must be Batgirl - but that this time we were on the same side.

The wardrobe people asked us if we were ready. We both nodded. Like I said, we weren't nervous, but we were really excited. I could feel my cheeks get red under my hood as we strutted down the hall that led to the rear of the soundstage. Jennifer had already started her show, and the stage manager gave us a few last minute instructions and told us to enjoy ourselves.

Sue-Ellen risked a quick peek around the corner and stifled a giggle as she whispered in my ear, "Oooh, Mary-Jane! The guy is naked! He's sitting on the long

couch with Jennifer, and she's just acting like she's having tea or something. She's so calm about the whole thing! Can you believe it?" I asked Sue-Ellen if the guy was hooded like us, and she said that he just had a mask on, like the kind we and our husbands wore to last year's Halloween party.

I wiggled my toes and whispered to Sue-Ellen, "We're going to tease his penis till it gets stiff, the nasty horrid man!" Sue-Ellen started laughing so hard I had to clap one hand over her mouth.

We listened to Jennifer Bydn begin our introduction. "So, ladies and gentlemen of our audience, both here and at home watching this live telecast - in a moment we will put on an exhibition of what happens when a naked foot fetishist's dreams come true. As I said before, the women will be in control. Think of this as just a little therapeutic encounter session! I wonder if our mystery man will enjoy it as much as he thought he would when he volunteered to appear for us tonight! And so, without further ado, let me introduce the two young housewives who will guide our naked guest through the fulfillment of his most secret fantasies! May I present - the mystery girls!"

That was our cue! The stage manager nodded, and Sue-Ellen and I took deep breaths and minced prissily around the corner wiggling our hips. Jennifer had told Sue-Ellen and me to be outrageous, and we intended to play it up for the crowd. Jennifer and the guy stood up as we came around, and they both shook hands with us. Jennifer just called us "the mystery girls" and introduced the naked guy as "Melvin." Sue-Ellen was so busy staring at his big prick that she purred, "Nice to meet you, Marvin," and then giggled when she realized her mistake. The guy turned red. He did have a nice big penis though. It was thick, fat, and circumcised just the way Sue-Ellen and I like them. We both think that big floppy foreskins are yucky and disgusting. We used to laugh about passing a law to have all men forcibly circumcised.

Jennifer Bydn stood beside us while Sue-Ellen, the naked guy, and me sat together on the couch. She explained to her audience that women don't realize how much control they have in many situations, and she hoped that our little scenario would point that out. She gave a brief background talk on the nature of fetishism in general and how little anyone really understood it. Then she told Sue-Ellen and me to get started and do anything we wanted with Melvin.

Sue-Ellen and I had it all planned out. I put my hand on Melvin's leg. There was something really familiar about him, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it - no pun intended. "So," I cooed in my sweetest and most cutesy voice. "I hope you don't think we're immodest, but these naughty rubber dresses and hoods are all those awful wardrobe people gave us to wear! Isn't that a shame?" Sue-Ellen started rubbing his leg with her rubber-gloved hand. "Don't get the wrong idea, Melvin, sweetie, we're really just a couple of sweet, innocent girls despite our appearances. If you were to make a pass at us, especially 'cause you're naked, with your great big wiener sticking out in front of everyone - I bet we would just have to slap you hard across the face, wouldn't we."

I glanced sideways at the talk-show audience just below the dais where we were sitting with Melvin. They were all fascinated! I mean, they were glued! The guys couldn't keep their eyes off our skimpy and teensy little rubber dresses and the way they were styled so tight that every curve and shape was totally visible. The women were all looking between Melvin's legs, some with expressions of amusement, some with fascination, and some with disgust. They were looking between his legs because he was getting a big, fat erection, right in front of everybody!

Sue-Ellen reached down between his legs and snapped Melvin's stiff penis with her gloved fingertip. It flopped back and forth, stiffening convulsively even more and twitching in its animal excitement. "Oooh, yuck, Mary-Jane!" Sue-Ellen purred in her most exaggerated and cutesy voice. "Isn't it the most disgusting thing you have ever seen?" The whole studio audience of the Jennifer Bydn show erupted in laughter. Even Jennifer was hardly able to control herself for a minute or two. Then she reminded us that he wanted a close-up view of our feet most of all!

"All right, Melvin, dear," I cooed in my softest and most feminine tone. "Be a sweetie and get down on your hands and knees for us so we can put on a little toe show for you!" Everyone laughed as Melvin stood up and then knelt down on all fours, his rigid penis and big scrotum swaying back and forth with his movements. Suddenly I recognized him. I couldn't believe it! But sure enough, it had to be!

Melvin was really my husband's boss! And, to top things off, Sue-Ellen's husband had recently transferred to the same corporate division, so Melvin was his boss, too! His real name was Elliot Weston and he was a total jerk! If Elliot got fired, then my husband would get the big promotion he always wanted. That gave me a

wickedly delicious idea! We left Melvin down on all fours like a dog, waiting. Right there in front of the whole studio audience and all the live TV viewers, I took Sue-Ellen aside and whispered Melvin's identity. I also told her my plan. She loved it! We looked down at Melvin and laughed maliciously. He looked so stupid with his silly little mask on and his big, hard cock pointing down from between his legs, pleading to be rubbed and teased.

What a pathetic excuse for a man! Sue-Ellen and I both despised him then - that's for sure. Jennifer Bydn came over, wondering what we were up to. We had no choice - we had to whisper our plan to her. To our surprise, she agreed! Of course, we didn't tell her that we knew Melvin was actually our husbands' boss, Elliot Weston. Jennifer said that she wished she had thought of the plan herself, it was so mean and delicious!

Sue-Ellen and I went back over to poor Melvin. We stood in front of him on tiptoe, giving him a mouth-watering view of our cute little toes and smooth rounded insteps. Sue-Ellen and I could hardly believe our eyes or ears. His penis was absolutely gigantic by then, and he was blushing and panting hard like some kind of pervert.

Sue-Ellen kept up the toe show while I walked back and squatted just behind him. While Sue-Ellen turned around and raised her feet, one by one, to rub her sassy, wrinkled foot bottoms all over his nose, I grabbed his penis and started pulling on it casually. Poor Melvin! He started moaning and panting. He was pathetic! His whimpering noises made the whole audience start laughing at him.

I made sure to position myself as I played with his big penis so everyone in the whole studio audience could see every detail. Right away, a big long string of pre-come started forming and hung from the tip of his fat, tormented prick. Sue-Ellen was stuffing her pretty toes in Melvin's mouth by that time and looking back at him over her shoulder to taunt him unmercifully.

"Oooh, he's disgusting! This pervert likes it! I mean, he really likes to be degraded like this! Look at him! Isn't he too stupid for words?" Sue-Ellen's teasing did seem to just excite him more and more. The first four rows of the audience could hear the loud sucking sounds that he made when Sue-Ellen stuffed her toes in his mouth. She looked down in fascinated distaste as his pink tongue prodded her toes apart to lick lovingly between each one. Sue-Ellen was so mean! Every now

and then she would pull her foot away to take her toes out of his mouth. That would make a loud, wet plopping sound, and he would groan and plead to have them back again. It was really disgusting! I mean, everybody in the audience and on national TV just thoroughly despised him by then. I giggled. Nobody would defend him or feel sorry for him now! We could play any games we wanted to with him. I looked sideways at the audience. The guys were practically drooling as they watched me fist Melvin's big, helpless male organ and show off for everyone. I bet they all imagined that they were up on the stage right now, fucking the two cute little meanies in their naughty little black-rubber micro-minis!

I decided to play up to the audience and really give them a fun humiliation show. I grabbed his penis prissily, then, just using my left thumb and forefinger. I even extended my pinkie like I was having a nice cup of tea at a lawn party. "Oooh, yuck, Jennifer," I whined. "Oooh, yuck! Clear stuff is dribbling out of his nasty thing and it's getting all over my nice, clean rubber gloves! Make him stop! .... Oooh! There it goes again! Oh, this is so gross!" Everyone was nearly rolling on the floor after I said that. Even Jennifer lost control for a while at that one. Sue-Ellen was no help at all making him stop. She was facing him now, sitting on the floor, the hem of her rubber dress practically up to her hips. She had her legs raised and was rubbing her bare foot bottoms all over his nose, his mouth, and even ruffling his hair with her pretty bare toes!

Jennifer soon regained her composure and took her microphone up into the audience to ask the ladies if they knew any ways to masturbate a man that weren't so messy. She said if I was getting his pre-come all over my hands now, they should just imagine what a mess there would be when I finally teased him off for everyone to watch. Several women gave Jennifer suggestions, and I tried them all. A laughing Oriental college girl said that I should take Melvin's penis between the palms of my hands and just roll it like I was making bread dough. A tall, big-breasted redhead who had to keep tossing her hair out of her eyes, told me just to fist him, then flog him off hard and catch all his sperm in a Kleenex. I tried the first method longest, making the crowd laugh and Melvin whimper and plead for release. Finally, a studious looking woman with glasses suggested that we make him lie on his back in the degrading knee-chest position. Then we could pump him off however we wanted, and make him squirt himself when he had his messy orgasm. Sue-Ellen and I giggled. Sue-Ellen kept teasing him with her bare toes as we looked at Jennifer and nodded. We liked the last idea best!

It was time to put my wicked little idea into action, before we put Melvin in the humiliating knee-chest position and masturbated him. Jennifer Bydn addressed her audience. Her voice was as soft and smooth as velvet and very professional. "Ladies and gentlemen, watch closely now and you will see the power that women can have over a foot fetishist. Many risk their livelihoods and their social status - even the regard of their friends and associates. They risk everything in the pursuit of their degrading obsession."

Jennifer looked over at Sue-Ellen and I, and nodded. We got him up on his knees again. He hung his head and looked terribly ashamed. Quite a few people in the audience were still laughing at him. His penis was wet and a little gooey from the fun I had been having abusing and toying with it. My rubber-gloved hands were moist with his pre-come, so I wiped them on my rubber-clad hips, causing a loud squeak. Jennifer had given Sue-Ellen a tissue so she could wipe poor Melvin's slobber off her dainty little feet.

I looked down at Melvin, and began curling my lip in disdain - but then I turned my disgusted expression into a sweetly innocent, wide-eyed smile. "Melvin, sweetie," I purred, in a soft, soothing voice. "How would you like to get into the knee-chest position and have Sue-Ellen slowly masturbate you to orgasm while I take a turn rubbing my feet in your face? Hmmm?" I extended one leg and raised my bare, pointed toes toward Melvin. I flexed my legs and kicked my foot up and down in the air about an inch from his nose. "Aren't they pretty, Melvin? Don't you like them? If you are a nice boy, and you let Sue-Ellen play little games with your penis, you can kiss them!" I pouted for a moment, as if Melvin was being foolish. Then I giggled. Melvin nodded and pleaded his spineless, whining acceptance of our plan.

"There's only one teensy little catch, Melvin, dear," Sue Ellen cooed, her voice dripping pretend sweetness and tenderness. She walked over to Melvin and squatted down beside him. Her rubber dress was stretched shiny and taut. She reached under his bottom from behind and took hold of him by the scrotum. She began to squeeze and rub it gently, giggling at the way his prick bobbed in time to the motions of her hand. It was huge, and it looked ready to pop any second. "Oooh, you nasty thing! You're so big! I bet you're ready to squirt your goo for us, aren't you!" Melvin gulped and nodded. He was unbelievably tense, biting his lips in his agony for sexual relief.

"Well stop and you won't get to spurt your big load of sperm in my hand and suck on my friend's toes while you come. In a second, I'll take my hand away, and all the teasing will be over. C'mon, Melvin, sweetie, don't make us stop! Just take off your mask!" Everyone was watching and holding their breath to see what Melvin would do. Sue-Ellen and I were just smirking 'cause we knew he was so addicted to our hands on his penis - and our feet in his face - that he would do anything. He gulped and shook a little as he took off the mask. He tried to keep his head bowed so people couldn't see his features, but Jennifer Bydn made him look out at the audience. While Sue-Ellen played with his testicles, Jennifer had me ask him his name, address, and the name of the company that employed him. As he did, his voice faltered and trembled, but Sue-Ellen kept teasing his genitals till he told us everything. I giggled as I made him say his job title! The poor thing was helpless in our hands. It was such fun to torment him! We should have felt guilty, but it was far too much fun to be mean! Sue-Ellen and I had him enslaved. Elliot Weston, high-powered executive, was just our drooling little sex pet now!

We had him get into the knee-chest position. He obeyed us meekly and did everything we said, even when we placed him so that his bottom and bare genitals faced the audience for everyone to have a good view when we masturbated him. I looked down at the crowd and saw a sea of laughing faces. Sue-Ellen and I pranced around a little on tiptoe, barefoot, and wiggled our bottoms in triumph. They all cheered, clapped, and urged us to put little Melvin out of his misery.

Sue-Ellen knelt by Melvin's hips, sat back comfortably on her bare heels, and began masturbating him. His muscles knotted and contorted as his arms gripped his thighs to keep his knees tight against his chest as we had sternly ordered. The women in the crowd watched Sue-Ellen casually torment Melvin's huge, swollen, vein-popping penis with amusement. Giggles and laughter sounded all throughout the big studio. Jennifer laughed, too. She even had the cameras pan in on Sue-Ellen's handiwork so the people at home could see her rubber-gloved fists mercilessly flog the big, helpless cock they held prisoner. I'm sure everyone - even those at home - could hear the rhythmic slapping sound of a big prick being carelessly abused to orgasm.

A stagehand brought me a stool and I sat on it, modestly pulling on my rubber dress, as if anything could make it decent and non-provocative! That brought a lot of laughter from the audience. I was sitting above and beside poor little Melvin's head, so I couldn't resist extending my legs to bring my arched, bare feet down,

almost into his perspiring and contorted face.

I giggled. "You poor, frustrated thing! Now that your career is all over; the least we can do is give you some nice relief and make your penis feel good! Won't that be nice!" Melvin whimpered and looked longingly up at my arched feet and coyly spread toes. "Beg me to rub my bare feet in your face, you nasty thing!" I demanded.

"Oh, please... plea... please rub your feet in my face!" Melvin stammered.

I looked at the crowd and made a suggestive round O with my lips as if I was shocked at the very idea. This brought more laughter. "Why, you awful thing!" I sniffed. "What a perfectly nasty idea! I would never have thought of such a thing!" With that I set my pink-lipsticked mouth into a sulky, spoiled pout while I began rubbing my bare feet in Melvin's pleading face.

I giggled, feeling his hot gasping breath warm my wiggling toes and arched, wrinkled insteps. I felt my nipples erect, and I went moist and hot between my legs. I looked down at Sue-Ellen as she masturbated Melvin, and I could see that her nipples were erect, too. So could half the guys in the audience. The ones that weren't staring at our thighs and trying to see up under our rubber dresses were gawking at our breasts. Our dresses were so tight that the exact shape and size of everything we owned was as plain as day.

Elliot Weston lay at our feet. I taunted him while Sue-Ellen giggled and robbed him of his last bit of manhood. He was ruined forever as a corporate executive. None of his old business associates would have anything to do with him again. Sue-Ellen and I laughed. It was just too delicious! Soon my husband would have Elliot's job, and he would promote Sue-Ellen's husband right away! We could imagine the parties and vacations we would have!

"Oooh, he wants to squirt his nasty goo so bad!" Sue-Ellen giggled. "Watch!" Her hands were a blur as she spanked his twitching, tortured penis. His eyes were glassy, and he looked as if he couldn't get enough air. Maybe he looked that way because I had been pressing my bare feet down firmly over his nose and mouth for the last little while! The poor thing! It was fun to "suffocate" him gently!

"Uh-oh, he's going to make a nasty mess any second!" Sue-Ellen warned with a

wicked little giggle. He was making such loud moaning noises by now that I had to stuff the toes of my left foot into his mouth to shut him up. His penis twitched, and Sue-Ellen knew that she had finished him off. She stopped pumping his penis and just held it tight at its base, while leaving its sensitive skin pulled firm and taut. That way everyone would get to see every spasm of his release.

His penis twitched again, and Sue-Ellen just kept on holding it tight. She and I must have looked like torturers or executioners to the crowd, 'cause we were all dressed in black-rubber and were hooded, but we weren't really hurting him. He could have got up and walked away anytime he wanted - but he was too spineless!

Melvin's penis twitched a third time, and then cascades of sperm came flipping up out of the little gasping hole in its tip and flew everywhere. Some squirts landed up across his chest and plopped down across his stomach. Others drenched Sue-Ellen's rubber gloves and fell onto her pretty bare thighs. The toes of my left foot were in his mouth, but my right leg was kicked in the air toward the crowd. I even felt a couple of spurts splash against the arched bottom of my right foot!

Everyone saw that happen, and everyone laughed when I kicked my legs and said, "Yuck! Watch how you beat him off! His disgusting goo is getting on my feet!"

Sue-Ellen was laughing at all the mess. "You think you've got a problem? It's getting all over me!" She wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Oooh, someone make it stop! It just keeps pumping out of him! It's so gross!" By this time the audience was nearly on the floor, they were laughing so hard. Poor Melvin! He finally stopped ejaculating and was led off the stage, his head hanging low and his shriveled little wiener dripping its last bit of messy goo down his legs!

As for Sue-Ellen and me, we were instant celebrities. The audience got to ask us a bunch of questions, and then Jennifer Bydn talked more about foot fetishism. She even set up a P.O. box for us so her viewers could write us if they wanted.

All the way home in Sue-Ellen's convertible, Sue-Ellen and I planned what we would do when our husbands got their inevitable promotions. By the way, sex with our husbands was super-hot that night, too. With Elliot Weston out of the way, our husbands did get the promotions. Our lives improved, thanks to the power of fetishism. By the way - Elliot, Melvin, whatever your name is - Sue-Ellen

would call you "Marvin"- thanks! Thanks for it all, you poor thing!

**The Breeding Farm**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

The big male knelt obediently, in absolute quiet, in the hushed and darkened room. His huge shoulders and big, heavily muscled arms were bound tightly in a buckled straitjacket. The defined muscles of his thighs and buttocks were tensed in expectation. His head was bowed in a universal posture of extreme deference. Between his legs, his penis loomed huge, even in the repose of its semi-quiescent state. His scrotum hung low, his big plum-like testicles clearly defined in their shaven sack.

The big male tensed, muscles trembling with expectation, and listened intently. Footsteps sounded on the tile floor of the antiseptic corridor beyond the locked door of the room. The footsteps drew nearer. The male trembled slightly, his every sense - so deprived in the darkened room - now attuned absolutely to the sounds outside his door. Yes! It was time! His heart lurched with joy as his ears identified the sounds as the dainty click of two sets of high-heeled footsteps coming nearer and nearer. His pulse quickened. Between his legs, his penis began to slowly lengthen and thicken until it lifted, purple, bloated, and erect. A key turned in the lock of his door and it opened. The light was flicked on. The kneeling male kept himself motionless, his head bowed and his eyes averted.

A young woman's voice giggled. "Oooh, look! This one's ready for his milking - that's for sure! Look at him, Priscilla. Have you ever seen a breeding-farm male with a penis so big?" Two sets of high heels clicked closer. The male was able to glimpse the shining pointed toe of one of the women's pumps just beyond his shoulder. He did not raise his head or his eyes. The big male sensed that the one identified as Priscilla squatted behind him. She oohed and aahed over the size of his penis.

Then what he was longing for happened! He felt a warm hand boldly examine him between his legs by reaching through from behind under his bare buttocks. It was a knowing hand, a warm hand. The hand grasped his penis firmly and pulled it down and backward a bit. A low grunt of helpless excitement escaped him. The young woman who was feeling his penis giggled. Her partner came around and stood in front of the big male. His eyes swept from the dainty pointed toes of her six-inch-heeled black pumps, up across the tops of her highly arched feet, to linger

on the promising curves of her pretty ankles and calves. A spotless white apron hem began at her knees.

The hand between the big male's legs released his penis. It snapped forward to slap meatily against his abdomen. A thin thread-like string of arousal flipped from the tip of the big male's penis to glisten against the knotting muscles of his bare thigh. The warm little feminine hand gripped his scrotum. The big male gasped as his testicles were weighed coyly in a warm coaxing palm before being abruptly dropped to swing to and fro between his legs once again.

The young woman who had been examining him spoke. Her soft soprano voice was pitched high and very sweet. "Give me some of the oil, Natasha, and I'll rub it into his penis. The second-shift masturbation team is getting dressed now." The young lady laughed, and the big male felt gentle teasing fingers oil his privates thoroughly. All the while, his fevered eyes remained locked on the dainty, fetishistic pumps of the other young woman who stood in front of him. Her pumps were cut so low and stylishly that he could see the start of the pretty little clefts between the bases of all her toes. The only sound in the room was the liquid-squishing sounds of the oiled hand that worked casually between his legs. Soon, the task of the goading hands was complete. The young women abandoned him, locking the door behind them.

Beyond the hooded ventilator fan that more than filled the high tiny window of the room in which the male knelt - the lawns and the grounds of Empress Victoria's breeding farm were bathed in the peaceful sunlit glow of a late summer afternoon. The immaculate grounds of the breeding farm adjoined the equally pristine campus of the Southeast Scientific College for Young Ladies. The revolution, when it had come, had been nearly instantaneous and all-pervasive. Women now controlled the economic and political affairs of the world. Men were treated kindly and educated enough to handle the basic low-level functions of society. The males women used for sexual pleasure had all been sterilized. The large genetic-engineering facilities controlled reproduction via artificial insemination. Males were bred with the massively muscled bodies and gigantic penises that women drooled over; but mentally, they were bred to be humble and mellow, and taught to obey females implicitly from their earliest infancy. The strutting ego of the macho male was a thing of the past. The "male cows" of Empress Victoria's breeding farm were masturbated regularly by teams of young women recruited from the nearby college. Fetishistic traits were bred into the

males used for artificial insemination. Every aspect of the seminal-extraction procedure was carefully calculated to stimulate their latent fetishistic tendencies, to coax from their loins a fertile load of maximum quantity and motility.

Cassie Cane sat nervously on a long low bench in Masturbatrix's Changing Suite-14. She surveyed herself in the mirror before her. Her dark, straight, waist-length hair framed her face in a way both suggestive and elegant. She pursed the full lips of her small pouty mouth and tossed her head to flip a dark, wayward lock from her eyes. Cassie giggled. She couldn't help it. Her costume was so bizarre!

She wore the strangest dress she had ever seen. It was fashioned of tight black rubber and extended from a high collar at her neck to just knee-length. It was actually half-apron, half-dress. Its sleeves were long, but Cassie's arms were covered anyway, in matching black shoulder-length gloves. Cassie's pretty legs were graced by smoke-toned stockings that cupped her perfect toes and heels. Cassie crossed her legs and wiggled her stockinged foot, arching and pointing her glossy nyloned toes in the mirror in front of her.

It all started when she and Dawn Faircloth saw the advertisement for Masturbatrixes in the campus newspaper. They giggled over it for a long time. They had both been sitting outside the Feminine Studies Building watching a female supervisor rub sunscreen oil on the genitals of some of her male lawn workers who worked naked. A lot of pretty young college girls were lying around, smirking at the spectacle. Anyway, she and Dawn had actually gone through with it. To Cassie's disappointment, Dawn had been assigned to a different masturbation team. Oh, well! Cassie pouted prettily, twiddling one long raven strand of hair between her gleaming rubber-gloved fingertips as she bounced her foot up and down.

And now the shoes! Cassie uncrossed her legs and pointed her toes, slipping them into the gleaming black pointed-toe pumps at her feet. The six-inch heels of the fashionable shoes intimidated her a bit, the muscles of her pretty calves and thighs flexing a little at the unaccustomed sensation of precarious balance. Cassie laughed, and with her gloved hands on her trim hips, she strutted back and forth before the mirror, almost tottering in the deliciously fetishistic pumps. Cassie had to admit she adored the way the bizarre tiptoed posture emphasized the curves of her hips and bottom.

Two laughing young women entered the room from the far door and collapsed on the opposite end of the long changing bench. They were dressed identical to Cassie. They nodded to her in a polite and friendly way, slipped off their six-inch-heeled pumps gracefully, and rubbed their stockinged feet. "Did you see the load that the male on level four spurted this afternoon?" a pretty blond masturbatrix inquired of her friend. They both lapsed into a fit of peeling giggles.

The other girl collected herself and replied, "It got on my stockings and still filled the bottle so full, I doubt there's enough liquid nitrogen in the entire lab to freeze it all!"

"Yeah, and it's your fault, too! You got him so excited 'cause you had him lick your pumps first. The cows love doing that before their milkings."

Cassie paused before the mirror, her pretty mouth set in an O that conveyed a mixture of pristine distaste and fascination. A moment later, the door behind her opened. Noreen Britt, the senior masturbatrix of Cassie's team, stepped into the changing room. "Ready, Cassie?" the tall young woman inquired. "How do the pumps feel? I know they take a little getting used to, but the males squirt big loads when we're wearing them. Let's go. I bet you're a little nervous. I know I was, the first time I masturbated males." Cassie laughed, warming immediately to Noreen's outgoing nonchalance.

Cassie followed Noreen down the hall. Noreen had her push the liquid-nitrogen cart that also contained a foot activated suction pump that the masturbatrixes sometimes used instead of their hands. Cassie was grateful, as holding the push bar of the cart made walking in her six-inch pumps that much easier. Cassie was flushed and excited as they walked down the hall, virtually prancing in their exaggeratedly stylish pumps. Their bottoms wiggled and their calves flexed with each mincing step.

Cassie was a conscientious girl, and tried not to think of what she and Noreen would soon be doing to the male cows in the masturbation rooms. Cassie's cheeks burned hot as she thought of actually holding a big penis in her little gloved fist and flogging the sperm right out of it. Beneath her rubber dress, Cassie's nipples began to erect, and her breathing grew more rapid in anticipation. She chided herself for her wickedly wandering mind and determined to be a perfect model of

propriety and modesty, no matter what her new job might entail. Cassie set her pouty little mouth in an expression she intended to be prim - but was rather a trifle fetching and suggestive instead.

Noreen pointed out the landmarks to Cassie as they passed them. "This is the west wing, Cassie. We're on level three." Cassie noticed the numbered doors that lined the long corridor, dozens of them on each side. "The males on this level have already been masturbated this evening, Cassie," Noreen continued. "We're taking the elevator up to level five. The first-shift masturbation team left off with five-seventeen. We'll begin by masturbating the male in five-eighteen."

Cassie's heart thudded. She looked down at her fashionably clad feet as her pretty pumps clicked along the smooth monotony of the tiled floor. Cassie had to admit her little feet looked elegant in the black pumps that made each step a precise, tiptoed wiggle. Noreen looked at Cassie as they waited for the elevator and decided she liked her new masturbation team partner. "Oh, Cassie, one more thing, the males are kept in straitjackets. It's not to be cruel to them - don't worry. We have teams of female stimulators who oil them and keep them aroused so semen production will stay high. We keep them in straitjackets because they would be constantly masturbating and wasting their sperm otherwise."

"When Noreen and Cassie stepped off the elevator, they almost bumped into a team of two smirking stimulators. The stimulators giggled. "They're all ready for you," the lead stimulator purred with a pretty dimpled smile. "The cow in five-eighteen is oozing pre-come all over himself. I thought there for a second he was going to squirt his load in Priscilla's hand - she let go of him just in time." Noreen laughed. Cassie and the assistant stimulator, Priscilla, both blushed. They recognized each other, as they shared the same classical French literature class at the nearby college.

Cassie licked her lips as she accompanied Noreen to the door of the masturbation room five-eighteen. Noreen opened it with her master key and Cassie followed her in, pushing the liquid nitrogen cart. Cassie stopped, shut the door behind her, and then wheeled the cart over beside the kneeling male. Cassie couldn't keep her eyes from his big, low hanging scrotum. It was dangling down between his knotted thighs.

The big male's heart was thudding and pounding in his heavily muscled chest. The

stimulators had only tormented his penis, teasing it with hints of what the masturbation team would do to him later. And now they were here! He blinked as his eyes accustomed themselves to the light. He shook, knowing he was very close to release. They both stood behind him. The big male was excited. His hearing had grown very keen in the sensory-deprived world of his masturbation room. He knew that a new assistant masturbatrix was present tonight! He gulped and bit his lip. He was sure that both his masturbatrices must be able to hear the hammering of his heart. The new assistant masturbatrix was a petite girl, he could tell from the dainty click of her high-heeled footsteps. He longed for a sight of her in the luscious sex-inch pumps that he knew she was wearing. His huge erect penis pulsed between his legs.

Noreen squatted down by the big male and smiled up at Cassie with a wanton, knowing glance. "C'mon Cassie," she cooed smugly. "Be a dear and grab the sample bottle, then get down here and feast your eyes on the biggest penis you may ever see." Cassie grabbed the graduated semen bottle, then squatted down beside Noreen. The rubber dresses of both young ladies were stretched drum-tight across their splayed stockinged thighs. Both girls were most immodest, blissfully unaware that their garter straps were revealed between the hems of their dresses and the darker hems of their stockinged tops. The tight rubber dresses were stretched nigh to bursting across two sets of broad pear shaped bottoms.

Cassie gasped and her eyes widened. The flush on her cheeks deepened two shades of crimson. "Oooh, Noreen!" Cassie breathed, with an almost-innocent disbelief tingeing her soft voice. Cassie giggled. "Is it real?" Noreen laughed. In answer to Cassie's question, she reached up under the male's abdomen and casually grasped his swollen penis. Noreen gave the big penis two or three casual tugs. Cassie felt her panties moisten between her legs as she watched the darkening strangled blush of the male cow's glans as he responded to the manual abuse.

"Oooh, he's wetting himself! He likes it!" Cassie murmured, flushed and fascinated at the spectacle.

Noreen giggled. She stopped pulling on the male's big penis. "You try it, Cassie!" she urged. "Go ahead. Masturbate him a little." Cassie pressed her thighs together in an unsuccessful effort to stop the maddening tingle between her legs. She

reached out and took the cow's erect penis in her shiny rubber-gloved fist. Cassie felt its twitching heat even through her rubber gloves. Her lips parted as she worked the big penis, pulling it this way and that in her saucy little fist. Cassie's face was a pretty mask of eager lust.

The string of pre-come that had started its long dangling descent from the slit in the tip of the male's penis now continued its slow, quivering journey, mute evidence of the male's helpless excitement. Cassie smiled as she rubbed the big male's penis, then moved it from side to side to watch the glistening string of pre-come swing in time to the motions of her hand. "Having fun, Cassie?" Noreen teased.

The male gasped at the sensation the wicked little hand between his legs gave him. His muscles flexed and knotted, his brow was wet with perspiration, and his heart pounded. Ever mindful of breeding-farm rules as to the conduct of male cows - he kept his eyes downcast, regretting only that the legs and feet of the young women were not in his line of sight. The hands of his masturbatrixes slowly tormented him. Subjecting him to an agony which, though pleasurable, was very real nonetheless. They spoke and laughed as if he did not exist, their giggles tormented his mind, while the hand of the new assistant masturbatrix cruelly, yet gently toyed with his genitals.

"OK, Cassie, I'll begin to masturbate him. You go around in front of him and put on a high heel show. This cow loves six-inch pumps!" Cassie pouted prettily, not wanting to be deprived of the dripping toy that twitched between the male's legs so soon. "Don't worry, Cassie!" Noreen laughed. "I hadn't realized how much fun you were having! But I'll let you bring him off. I just want to tease him a while and work him into a fine lather first. Its run! We get them panting, moaning, sweating, and shaking before we bring them off."

Cassie stood up and tottered around to the front of the male. She rested her weight on her left leg and pivoted her right foot on the high spiked heel of her gleaming pump. Noreen's hands now enslaved the male. "Cassie, I think he likes your high-heel show. Oooh, he's so wet!"

Noreen Britt toyed with the big penis between the male's legs with a consummate, knowing skill. Her rubber-gloved fingers enslaved it gently, subjecting the huge helpless organ to a firm, yet gentle stimulation. After a bit,

she pulled it backward so it pointed from below the male's flexing buttocks directly toward her rubber-clad lap. The male grunted and tensed the muscles of his tormented body. The heavy fabric of the straitjacket was stretched to the maximum to contain his twisting and squirming. The leather straps imprisoning his arms creaked with the strain. The bloated tip of his penis freely drizzled pre-come. It glistened on Noreen Britt's rubber gloves and generously puddled the floor just beyond the neat shining tops of her pumps.

Cassie Cane sulked as she stood with her rubber-gloved arms folded across her breasts. She was deprived of her view of the male's penis because Noreen had pulled it backward. Cassie giggled maliciously. "Noreen, did you castrate him? When you masturbate him that way, it looks like his genitals have been cut off." Noreen smirked and released the male's penis. It snapped forward and upward to slap wetly against his abdomen, throwing off another glistening string of pre-come as it did so. Cassie's eyes sparkled as she stared at the big, purple, twitching muscle. Her panties were soaking wet. Noreen's rubber-gloved fingers reached forward between the male's legs, recaptured his penis, and began fisting it again. This time Noreen pointed the big organ straight downward. Cassie's nipples erected, and she wiggled her hips as she watched the masturbation.

Without thinking, Cassie slipped off her right pump and arched her stockinged foot on the cool tiles of the masturbation room floor. The male had a most alluring view of her rounded heel, high insteps, and naughtily flexed toes.

Cassie had no idea how she affected the randy male. She wiggled her stockinged toes wantonly, then raised her leg and pointed her toes like a ballerina. "Please, Noreen! It must be my turn to masturbate him by now!" The male gasped, his eyes riveted on the luscious little foot displayed to him so coyly. He groaned, feeling his orgasm begin, and knowing that it wasn't time. Noreen wasn't holding the sample bottle over the tip of his penis, nor had she applied the suction pump to it. The male tensed every muscle, desperately trying to prevent his ejaculation. Cassie's eyes widened as she saw the tip of his penis expand. One long squirt of sperm splashed from the male's big penis and slid across the tiled floor to stop an inch from Cassie's toes. Cassie's pretty little mouth assumed an expression of disgust, and she stepped back.

Noreen Britt saved the day! She grasped the base of the male's penis and squeezed it as tightly as she could, applying maximum pressure to stop the semen

flow. Cassie watched Noreen's rubber-gloved hands deftly control the swollen penis. Noreen held it pinched at the base, poised on the verge of complete orgasm. The big penis tensed once more. One small glob of sperm oozed from it to linger thickly at the tip. "Whew! This cow almost wasted his whole load on the floor!" Noreen giggled. "Cassie, did you give him a stockinged-toe show?" she asked almost reproachfully.

"I slipped out of my pump for a second to give my toes a break." Cassie cooed with a defiant pout, her eyes still on the sperm at the tip of the male's penis. "I was bored."

"Put it back on, Cassie. Stockinged-toe shows excite this male so much, we do it only when we want him to ejaculate."

Cassie blushed and wiggled her toes. Then she pointed her toes and slipped back into her pump. "Oooh, he likes naughty toes, doesn't he? Can I masturbate him now?"

Noreen said yes. She took the semen pump from the liquid-nitrogen cart and fitted the suction nozzle-over the tip of the male's penis. She plugged the hose into the pump and ran the cable attachment of the foot pedal forward to where Cassie stood. Noreen showed Cassie how to fasten the foot pedal to the cable. Then Noreen switched on the semen pump. Both masturbatrixes now stood in front of the big male. "OK, Cassie! Time to bring him off, now he has something to ejaculate into. Go ahead!"

Cassie smirked, her eyes flashing with pleasure as she slipped off her right pump again. She arched her foot deliciously and slowly brought her naughtily pointed toes down onto the foot pedal that controlled the suction pump. The little electric motor in the pump whined into high gear, and the male gasped at the sucking sensation that he experienced. Cassie giggled and raised her foot. She wiggled her toes to tease the male, and then brought them down again. The male watched as the pretty little toes of his masturbatrix depressed the pedal. He moaned as the electric motor whined again, and the suction drew him toward orgasm. Cassie teased him several more times, and then kept her foot pressed down on the pedal. The motor revved. The big male panted and convulsed.

Cassie and Noreen watched. Cassie kept the foot pedal all the way down. Veins

swelled in the base of the male's big penis as it jolted and lurched helplessly in the sucking rubber nozzle. The male's glassy eyes were still locked on Cassie's cruel little toes as he sagged forward, trembling, drenched in sweat, and began to ejaculate copiously. Cassie and Noreen laughed as he writhed in torment through his long, slow climax. The semen hose jumped and slid across the floor as the greedy nozzle sucked him dry.

The glass reservoir on the side of the suction pump began to fill with his seed. His masturbatrixes giggled at his contortions and watched, laughing as his eyes rolled back in his head and he collapsed forward, unconscious from the overwhelming sensation. Cassie's merciless little toes continued pumping the pedal to empty his balls. At last it was over!

"Ready for five-nineteen?" Noreen inquired, throwing a friendly arm around Cassie's shoulder.

Cassie Cane giggled.

**The Fetish Police**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

Haikkido knelt naked on the polished inlaid floor in a room of recessed lighting and softened shadows. The walls were painted in soft pastel colors. Haikkido was acutely conscious of his nakedness. He kept his back straight, his head bowed, and his eyes fixed on an imaginary point on the floor. This was the obligatory posture of the kneeling penitent - the prescribed position of the submissive beta male.

The furnishings of the room were sparse. Behind Haikkido, a pedestal rose smoothly from the floor terminating in a narrow padded seat. At the front of the seat was an ornate bronze ring. The seat angled downward slightly toward the front where the bronze ring was secured. A heavily lacquered wooden platform had been placed just in front of the seat. Off to the side of the room was a narrow table just one-foot wide and two-feet long, supported by a column that rose up out of the floor. The table was surrounded by a low semicircular platform of intricately carved teak.

Haikkido had a huge erection. His swollen penis twitched visibly with every beat of his heart. Haikkido's scrotum hung low, his testicles were full and longing for relief. The tiny device in Haikkido's head had been activated an hour before from a remote site, probably from somewhere in the depths of the labyrinthine Fetish Police headquarters at Kitsmura Plaza. When the device activated, he had erected instantly, going from limp to agonizing hardness in less than four seconds.

The longing between Haikkido's legs had been unbearable. Bowing with shame, he had gotten up from his workstation and walked past the rows of desks to his supervisor's cubicle. The women he passed stared, giggled, and pointed out the tent-like bulge in the front of his trousers to each other. One lovely little almond-eyed executive assistant pranced by him in her stockinged feet, tittering at the sight. He hadn't been able to keep his eyes off her legs or her pretty little feet! They were so bewitching! His penis had twitched alarmingly, but then he remembered *The Book of One Hundred Rules for the Beta Male*, and averted his eyes. He had hung his head in abject shame and humiliation.

His female supervisor had smiled maliciously as he stood hovering in her doorway. She was obligated by the authorities to permit an activated beta male to report to

the nearest Fetish Police precinct to be dishonored. Nonetheless, she had enjoyed making him stand bowing and pleading for her permission.

Finally, after suitable indignities, Haikkido was granted leave to report to Fetish Police precinct H-173, just adjacent to immaculate Rimshoku Park. The journey there had been a torment, but at last he arrived safely after running a gauntlet of laughing women. The only non-alpha males allowed on the streets on a weekday between one and three in the afternoon were activated betas, walking meek and shamefaced to Fetish Police precincts for their milkings.

Haikkido had endured a lengthy training session after he had finished the complex physical and mental tests that determined his beta status. Only alpha males were allowed sexual congress with women, as they would improve the gene pool of the nation. For beta males, coitus was absolutely forbidden. Any violation brought a severe penalty. Instead, betas lived in huge dormitories for three months during their eighteenth and nineteenth years. They were handled, taunted, and sexually manipulated by primly dressed matrons almost constantly. It was all part of a scientific program designed to induce clinical fetishism, and a desperate, all-consuming desire to be masturbated. In this ingenious fashion, the seed of inferior male specimens would spurt harmlessly into female hands rather than impregnate the women of the nation.

The beta males were also trained in the art of contortionism so that they might assume any number of humiliating and uncomfortable postures - and remain motionless in such postures - while they were milked of their inferior seed. The final stage of the process was the insertion of a tiny silicon chip - capable of remote activation. This was used to stimulate the sexual pleasure center of the beta male brain whenever the implanted sensor in their testicles indicated a surplus of sperm.

In the highly class-conscious and stratified society in which Haikkido lived, beta males were the object of mockery and universal contempt. They served to bind the other strata of society together - united as they were in their universal scorn of the perpetually debased and dishonored beta.

The ranks of the Fetish Police consisted of highly trained and attractive young women who specialized in masturbating beta males. Fetish Policewomen were venerated because they served the vital function of protecting the nation's gene

pool from inferior taint.

The abject fetishism that had been so carefully and irrevocably inculcated in the psyche of the beta male was skillfully reinforced by the pretty young officers of the Fetish Police. A list of each incoming beta's fetishistic predilections was displayed on a monitor in the destination precinct's central registry. The little implanted chips were most informative. Every psychosexual weakness and proclivity of an incoming beta was exploited and exacerbated in a calculated manner.

The Fetish Policewomen were skilled and accomplished masturbatrixes. Generally, they worked on activated betas in teams of three. Two manipulators - who dressed more conservatively - and the poser - who dressed in the specific clothing of the beta male's sexual preference. The poser tempted the beta with what he would never be allowed to actually possess by posing seductively during the masturbation.

The manipulators received exhaustive training in physiology - a training that generally exceeded that required of nurses. They finished by studying a manual entitled *One Thousand Ways in Which a Woman's Hand May Bridle and Quell the Male*. By lengthy practice they became expert at each. Each poser studied the same subjects as the manipulators - though not to the same depth. They also became adept at certain exercise disciplines and formal dance. These activities enhanced the supple curves of their perfect bodies.

A moment later, the door to Haikkido's manipulation chamber opened to admit his masturbatrixes, Corporal Nikkiko and Corporal Matsuki. The two masturbatrixes were followed by Corporal Kimuri, the poser. Haikkido then obeyed Rule #38 of *The Book of One Hundred Rules for the Beta Male*. He bent forward, still kneeling, until his forehead touched the polished floor. Then he reared slowly backward, eyes downcast, to display his excited penis to the Fetish Policewomen. Then, once again, bent forward to demonstrate his subservience at the feet of his masturbatrixes!

Corporal Nikkiko and Corporal Matsuki wore black patent pointed-toed sling-back pumps with six-inch heels. They wore form-fitting black suits with very short skirts and pale blue epaulets. Their uniforms were accessorized with crisply starched white gloves, nude stockings, and highly peaked dress caps with polished chin

straps. Corporal Kimuri wore supple felt slippers on her feet - similar to the type worn by Western ballet dancers. The most striking feature of her costume was her black dress of intricate brocade with its high collar and built in gloves. The flared-skirt portion of the dress was incredibly short to show off the supple elegance of Corporal Kimuri's dancer's legs. Her hair was up in a rigid tightly woven topknot, lending a haughty and severe aspect to her appearance. She carried gleaming black ballet pumps with nine-inch heels that spotted wickedly sharp spurs! Corporal Kimuri was very petite. Her lovely legs were bare.

They allowed Haikkido to abase himself before them for quite some time. Then Corporal Nikkiko told him to get up and assist Corporal Kimuri in putting on her ballet pumps. Corporal Kimuri smiled down at Haikkido and extended first one foot then the other. Haikkido squatted, his genitals dangling and vulnerable, as he drew off her supple leather slippers and helped her slip her daintily pointed toes into the outrageously spurred pumps. Corporal Matsuki had Haikkido stand. While the others watched, she placed one of Corporal Kimuri's dancing slippers inside the other, then fitted them over Haikkido's genitals. She tucked Haikkido's scrotum down against the heel and bent his penis forward, pushing it into the toe.

The sensation was exquisite! His tormentors smiled. They could tell Haikkido was exerting a desperate effort not to spill his seed into the warm supple clutch of the delicate little slippers. Corporal Kimuri stepped lightly up onto the heavily lacquered table before Haikkido. She was very petite and a trained dancer. The rigidly enforced pointed-toed stance of her ballet pumps with their nine-inch heels did not trouble her in the least. In fact, her bizarre posture served but to emphasize the curves of her hips, calves, and thighs.

Corporal Kimuri pranced to and fro wiggling her hips, swiveling and pirouetting on the smooth, glossy surface of the low table. All the while her eyes gloated over the expression of utter subjugation and shame that was stamped on every feature of Haikkido's face. Soon Corporal Matsuki, afraid of their beta-male toy's spurting his passion into the expensive little slippers, removed them gently from Haikkido's genitals.

The head of Haikkido's penis had swollen to a bloated, strangled purple in the torment of his desire. His scrotum hung low, his testicles fat and thick. In their desperate need of emptying, Corporal Nikkiko stood by the pedestal culminating in the narrow padded seat with the bronze ring at its front. She smiled sweetly

and tapped the seat with a white-gloved fingertip. Haikkido hung his head, knowing well the meaning of her gesture. He walked to the seat, his scrotum dangling and his erect penis bobbing up and down with each step.

His masturbators had to assist Haikkido as he clambered somewhat awkwardly on to the high pedestal seat. The designers of the apparatus had given no consideration whatsoever to the beta males. The height of the seat was intended to be ideal for the comfort of the masturbators as they stood one on each side of their victim. The comfort of the victim, of course, was of no consequence. The Fetish Policewomen had Haikkido slide forward until his erect penis protruded through the bronze ring on the front of the long, narrow seat. Corporal Nikkiko made him wince slightly as she lifted his scrotum, carefully gathering his testicles in her white-gloved palm.

Then she gently pressed his testicles forward and upward so that they also protruded vulnerably through the bronze ring at the front of the padded seat. Haikkido was now astride the seat with his genitals through the ring. Corporal Matsuki ordered him to assume the Position of the Wounded Peacock and remain in it, absolutely rigid and unmoving.

Haikkido leaned his body forward to balance himself as he raised both feet out behind him, lifting his legs and pressing his hips forward, stimulating his genitals against the confines of the ring. He bent his knees to raise his feet farther up behind him, then reached backward carefully with his hands to grasp his heels. And so he was to remain, no movement allowed. The strain of holding the unnatural Position of the Wounded Peacock was already telling on his face.

Corporal Nikkiko grasped his penis in her crisply starched, white dress-gloved palm. Then she began the familiar and agonizingly intense motion called Wringing the Pigeon's Neck from the manual, *One Thousand Ways in Which a Woman's Hand May Bridle and Quell the Male*. She held his penis about half an inch below the helmet, her forefinger on the underside and her thumb on the top. The masturbatory motions were accomplished with a lewd little twist that was most compelling, as it placed the most delicious tension imaginable on the sensitive skin of the penis. Haikkido was soon desperately stifling gasps of mingled humiliation and excruciating delight.

Corporal Matsuki took Haikkido by the scrotum and placed a gentle-yet-firm

pressure on his testicles in a technique known as Firming the Plover's Eggs. Haikkido's masturbators prettily stood one on either side of him; one gloved hand of each occupied with his genital stimulation, their free hands resting primly on the curves of their hips. The masturbation was slow, the motions firm but subtle, calculated to prolong arousal and postpone sexual release. Despite their task, the Fetish Policewomen seemed the picture of propriety with their chin-strapped caps, perfect ties, and immaculate black suits.

Corporal Kimuri was not idle while her companions masturbated the beta male. She strutted to and fro on the low lacquered table, posing and wiggling most delightfully. She was a sight for Haikkido's fevered eyes to take in while he endured the subtle arts his milkers practiced on his private parts.

Haikkido was brought to the edge of orgasm several times; but in each case, at the precise moment, the gloved hands abandoned his penis to leave it twitching dangerously on the edge of fulfillment. Then, after a short while, the gloved hands recaptured him again and renewed the slow stimulation.

It was not long before Haikkido's penis was drooling a very thin, but almost continuous, trembling string of arousal onto the polished inlaid floor at his manipulators' feet. The stimulation continued until the swollen veins in Haikkido's neck, his trembling body, and the desperate sheen of sweat on his brow told them he could not humanly bear any more.

Their hands worked brusquely between his legs to take him just barely over the edge, then abandoned him. Haikkido's penis spasmed and jerked, then lurched upward. He clenched his jaw, exerting a desperate effort of will not to spill his seed. His manipulators watched smiling, confident, and serene.

The last spasm undid Haikkido's resolve. The sensation of pleasure seemed to burst from Haikkido's agonized penis with an intensity that engulfed him and subjugated all his willpower. His penis renewed its spasms, but this time each spasm culminated in a long string of creamy fluid arcing and flipping to splash onto the floor at his manipulators' feet. Haikkido remained in the Position of the Wounded Peacock, mouth agape and drenched in sweat. His penis spasmed more feebly until it finally just oozed a last thick string of seed. Corporal Kimuri smiled, stepping down from the lacquered platform to take his penis in her black-gloved hand and squeeze out the last bit of his passion.

Haikkido was given no respite. Corporal Nikkiko and Corporal Matsuki led him across their room to where the narrow table stood on its pedestal. Again, they had to assist him in clambering up. The three Fetish Policewomen stepped up onto the low semicircular platform of carved teak that partially surrounded the table.

Now Haikkido had to assume the Position of the broken Crane. He lay on his back, legs raised - as the table was even narrower in width and in length than the full surface of his back. First he brought his knees up on his chest - a position that left his penis and his male vulnerably dangling, easy prey to the hands of his manipulators. Then Haikkido reached upward to grasp his calves and raise his head, crossing his ankles behind his head. Truly, the Position of the Broken Crane was one only a trained contortionist could assume, and even then, not without severe discomfort.

Corporal Kimuri reached over his thigh to play impudently with his nose and lips as his manipulators set to work again with his genitals. Corporal Matsuki used the gentle circular rubbing motions called Fluffing the Baby Dove to renew his ardor. Corporal Nikkiko captured his testicles as his scrotum tightened to draw them up and out of harm's way. She took each one between her thumbs and forefingers to pull and knead them gently, stimulating them to produce a second load of inferior sperm to be drawn off and wasted.

Haikkido's second masturbation was longer and slower than the first. But in the end, the expertise of his manipulators overcame the protests of his drained and weakened body. His penis jerked and twitched against Corporal Matsuki's white-gloved palm as he soiled his own abdomen and his stomach with a rather feeble quantity of seed. However, his orgasm was unbearably intense and prolonged. All the while, Corporal Nikkiko played with his scrotum and Corporal Kimuri alternated between stroking his brow and making him suck her velvet-gloved fingertips. When they helped him down from the masturbation table he was weak and dizzy.

Then Haikkido had to kneel before them on the polished inlaid floor, his genitals limp and oozing the vestiges of his passion, his abdomen soiled with his own wasted manhood. One by one, they had him kiss their gloved fingertips. At last, he was shown to a room where he was allowed to cleanse himself and dress.

Scarcely an hour after his first ejaculation, Haikkido was back at his desk surrounded by mocking, yet curious women from his own office. They were on break, so they had time to torment and question him.

"How is it done, Haikkido?"

"Do they use a suction machine when they do it to you?" "How many women do it to you, Haikkido?" "Are they pretty, Haikkido, prettier than us?" The lovely little executive assistant who had teased him with her pretty little feet on his way out, patted Haikkido on the shoulder. "We could do it to you instead, Haikkido. We would all enjoy it. The government could buy us pretty shoes and let us manipulate you instead. I'm sure that it would save lots of money rather than using those expensive Fetish Police precincts all over the city." The room erupted in feminine laughter and tittering. Long after the supervisor ordered them all back to work, Haikkido sat, face flushed, head bowed in dishonor.

Haikkido's ordeal did not end with the close of his office day. On the long subway ride home to his tiny apartment he was humiliated again. A pretty woman in high heels and a tan dress coat reached around him in the press of the crowd and undid his zipper. There, in the swaying car, she withdrew his penis, casually rubbing it to erection. She smiled up at him and stimulated his penis until the next stop. Then she abandoned him, penis out and twitching with desire, as the car emptied and new passengers pressed on.

Beta males were fair game. At last, two sympathetic and pretty college students shielded him so he could store his privacy. Though not before they had carefully inspected his penis while he hung his head.

That night, Haikkido lay alone on the futon in his tiny, sparsely furnished apartment. Spartan surroundings were mandated for beta males. They were not to be spoiled by luxury, and were certainly not compensated enough by their employers to enjoy any extras. Haikkido lay in the obligatory position for beta-male sleep - on his back, legs spread, naked from his waist down, arms straight at his sides.

His penis was hugely erect once again, though this time without the aid of a Fetish Police transmitter. He thought over the events of the day - his heart still lurching with humiliation. In his mind's eye, he saw the lovely smiling faces of the Fetish

Policewomen as they presided over his humiliations. He felt the flush of shame again as he recalled the acute embarrassment to which he had been subjected on the subway. Haikkido had an almost-uncontrollable desire to masturbate. Nonetheless, his hands remained rigid at his sides. For a beta male, even the questionable dignity of self-masturbation was absolutely forbidden. Were he to succumb to temptation, his implanted chip would register his transgression as a blinking light in a Fetish Police control room. It took Haikkido hours to fall asleep.

**The Shrinking Professor**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

It was another terribly busy day for Stefi and me at the Reduction institute. Professor Toller was in a terrible mood and kept us jumping. Nothing we said or did was quite good enough for him, and I think Stefi was ready to cry. Professor Toller was having a good deal of trouble with the B.E.R.M. (Biological Entity Reduction Machine). The polarity settings had to be recalibrated constantly. It was working well enough in actuality. We shrank three Rottweilers down to the size of kittens and brought them back again. But nothing was good enough for Professor Augustus Toller. He reminded us over and over that the B.E.R.M. could revolutionize industry and technology. It had to be absolutely perfect.

At last, lunch time came, and Stefi and I were free for an hour! We left the Reduction Institute right away and walked a few yards down the busy Königstrasse to the Hosiery Boutique. The Hosiery Boutique was our salvation. We were so fortunate to have met Ilsa, Anni, and Narta, our friends who owned the Hosiery Boutique. In our lunch hours, Stefi and I would go there and try on the lovely stockings, girdles, and fashionable pumps that jammed the shelves in that delightful little shop. Our weariness would melt away as we stood before mirrors, dressed in the elegant garments of intimate stylishness.

Stefi and I told our friends Ilsa, Anni, and Narta all about our wicked slave-driving professor. They would nod in sympathy and compliment us on how we looked in black sex-inch-heeled pumps, full-fashioned stockings, and tight flesh-tone glossy girdles. Stefi became a new person whenever she tried on sex-inch-heeled pumps. She strutted with pleasure, and then soon excused herself to go to the ladies' room.

I am sure that Stefi masturbated while standing before the washroom mirror wearing the pumps. I could tell from the way that Narta and Anni looked at me that they thought so, too. Ilsa was more innocent of such things. After our friendship with the Hosiery Boutique owners developed, they began to lend us articles of clothing to wear for our afternoon's work in the Reduction Institute next door. I'm sure that Professor Toller had the most fashionably dressed assistants in all of Berlin.

Stefi and I soon realized that Professor Toller was sexually aroused by our borrowed hosiery and shoes. He blushed and stuttered something awful when we returned from our lunch. His eyes quickly darted down to view Stefi's shiny six-inch pumps, and to caress the dark seams of my full-fashioned stockings. It was our only revenge on the professor who worked us so long and paid us so little. Stefi and I began deliberately to torment his penis! When we were near him, Stefi often strutted past and wiggled her hips and bottom beneath her short lab frock. I always sat at a counter, calculating polarity calibration tables. When I realized the professor was watching, I kicked off my high heels and arched my stockinged feet prissily on the tiled floor. Poor professor Toller! He turned all red and fidgeted nervously. He often made up pathetic excuses to get down on the floor near my feet and check cable connections to the main control panels. His eyes stroked my glossy toes and were captivated by my shiny stockinged foot bottoms.

Later, when he was in another part of the lab, Stefi and I giggled and made fun of him behind his back. We laughed at the way we could turn him inside out with our little fetishistic games. That's when we started calling him "Little Augie" -- short for his first name, Augustus.

In the evening, back at the Hosiery Boutique, where we went to return our borrowed clothing, our stories were a big hit. Ilsa, Anni, and Narta laughed along with us and giggled at Augie's obsession with our legs and feet. Anni said that it was too bad we couldn't show off the exquisite girdles, too! Stefi giggled and replied that if we did that, the poor professor would never get anything done. We all laughed.

Anni was fascinated by the B.E.R.M. and asked us all kinds of questions. One lunch time, we snuck a tiny Rottweiler over for them all to see. That was a big hit, and they all thought that it was much more adorable tiny than it was big and dangerous. That's when Anni gave us a wonderful idea!

She said, "We might all even like Professor Augie if he was tiny and helpless like this little Rottweiler!" Stefi and I looked at each other and giggled. We both started getting the same plan right away. Narta and Anni laughed, too, because they knew what we were up to. Ilsa wasn't sure, but she joined in the spirit of the fun, anyway.

Stefi and I decided to shrink the professor that very afternoon! Our plan came

together beautifully. The professor was half in the B.E.R.M., adjusting the placement of some magnetic grids. Stefi distracted him by walking past and dropping her clipboard. She bent over to pick it up, giving poor Augie a delicious view of her stockinged legs, high heels, and very tight gray miniskirt. While he was preoccupied with his view of Stefi, I pretended to blunder by clumsily and ran into him. Quick as could be, I shut the door and sealed him inside the reduction chamber. Then I pointed my index finger and placed it gently against the power button without pressing down hard.

Poor Professor Augie! He gulped and began shaking in fright. "No! No! You mustn't! This machine is not ready for testing on human subjects! Oh, please, please let me out!" Stefi and I just stood there and laughed at him. Stefi pouted. She's one of those girls who really looks gorgeous when she pouts, too.

"But Professor! You said you were going to freeze our already-low salaries if we didn't work harder. I don't think that's very nice, do you?"

The professor was helpless, and he knew it. He was desperate for us to let him out, and we knew that he would do or say anything to make us show him mercy. Stefi and I had already made up our minds to shrink him, but we wanted to play games with him first. "Well, Professor?" Stefi was relentless, "Will you promise not to freeze our salaries?"

"Yes! Oh, yes! I will *double* your salaries -- I promise! Only please let me out of here!" Stefi and I knew that if we released him he would just fire us and then give us bad references to any prospective employers. Still, we wanted to make him squirm some more before we shrunk him. I got an idea.

"Professor, we'll let you out, but first we want to see you naked! Take off all your clothes, Professor." I smiled as I spoke. At first the professor didn't think I was serious. I lifted my finger from the button and then began to shove it back toward the button -- forcibly this time. "No! No! I'll take off my clothes! I promise! Wait! See, I am obeying you!"

The professor was true to his word. He removed his spectacles and then his lab coat. He removed his tie, shirt, and undershirt. Stefi and I stood outside the reduction chamber, watching and smirking. The professor gulped and blushed as he bent down to remove his shoes and socks. He looked as if he was being slowly

strangled as he took off his pants, but he didn't dare to stop and disobey.

The professor was at our mercy, and he knew it! In other minute, he stood in front of us trembling, and took down his underpants, slowly. He quickly covered his penis and scrotum with his hands. I have never seen anyone look so defeated! It was a real kick! Stefi wasn't satisfied. "Professor, you are being naughty and disobedient! You aren't really naked with your hands like that. Take them away!" The professor pleaded, but we just laughed and insisted. My finger hovered over the power button. He moaned and took his hands away. His penis was actually quite large, but Stefi and I pretended we had to lean forward and look closely to see it. His testicles were big and well-defined in his hanging scrotum. They looked in need of a good emptying.

Stefi turned to me and whispered, "Let's give him a girdle show! I want him to get an erection!" We stood there in our sexy high heels and stockings as we began to raise our skirts slowly. Soon, we revealed our stocking tops, garter straps, and then our tight shiny girdles to the poor naked Professor. Stefi and I stood like that, just holding our skirts up. The professor stood there squirming as his penis began to slowly twitch to attention. Stefi made sure he was at maximum hardness by bending over and wiggling her girdled bottom at him, right up against the glass.

His penis got huge. Stefi and I couldn't help laughing and making fun of it. Finally, Stefi told me to go ahead and shrink him. The professor had only a split second to scream. "NO!!" and then I hit the button. There was a bright flash in the reduction chamber and a loud hum. Stefi and I stood there wide-eyed. The naked professor was only two feet tall! But something was wrong. His genitals were still almost normal size!

At first, the professor didn't even realize that he had been shrunk. He just had a totally hilarious stunned look stamped all over his face. Suddenly it dawned on him that he was looking upward -- way upward -- to read the gleeful, gloating expressions on our faces. Stefi pointed to his penis. "Oooh, Little Augie!" she exclaimed with exaggerated concern. "You are so little, but your penis is sooo big!"

Professor Toller looked down at his penis, and his eyes almost bulged out of his head. "Oh, my God! What has happened? My reduction machine has malfunctioned terribly! I shall never be normal again! What have you done?!" He

glared at us with a look of furious incredulity. Stefi and I just giggled and made fun of his proportionally immense penis. Professor Toller's penis was about as long as one of his arms and as thick as one of his legs, in fact, he was having trouble maintaining normal balance because it was erect. He thought for a few moments, trying to ignore our smirking comments.

"Aha! I have it! The penile muscle was rigid and excited, thus presenting more density resistance to the reduction waves. This is why my penis has hardly shrunk at all, while the rest of me is but one-third my normal size!" He looked up at us with relief and begged us to enlarge him and let him out.

"Oh, no! No, Little Augie. You are much too cute and precious this way to change you back to your big and mean old self too soon," I giggled.

"Yeah, so there!" Stefi added, giving the professor a bit of her lethal pout. He tried to pick up some of his now-way-oversized clothes to cover his nakedness. "Put that down!" I snapped. "Stay naked, Augie, so that we can see your penis, or we'll never let you out or enlarge you either!" He dropped his clothes and looked like he'd just been slapped.

"Quick, Stefi! Take the enlargement module out of the circuit array," I smirked. "That way only we can decide when to enlarge him. He's only two feet tall, and it will be much too heavy for him to lift back in place now." Stefi smiled prettily at the professor, gave a sassy toss of her blonde head, and then removed the enlargement module and placed it carefully in a high cabinet.

"I opened the door to the reduction chamber. "Come here, Little Augie," I purred. "I'm sure you want to cooperate with us, because if you do exactly as we say, you will soon be yourself again. Otherwise, who knows? Would you like to be Little Augie forever?" He came to me as I asked, knowing that he had no choice if he didn't want to be two feet tall the rest of his life.

He was terribly humiliated at what I did next! I grasped him under his arms and picked him up as though he were an infant. I placed him astride my left arm so that his normal-sized erection lay against my forearm, its tip throbbing and purple against my wrist. Stefi came right over to watch the fun. We laughed at Little Augie's pathetic attempts to salvage a bit of dignity. He tried to act peeved and outraged. "Do put me down at once, Greta! This is most irregular! Do put me

down at once!"

The sight was so ridiculous that Stefi almost collapsed with laughter. She kicked off her sex-inch boutique pumps and dropped into a chair, shaking with laughter. I felt the professor's penis get harder against my arm. His eyes were on the dark, naughty stockings that Stefi wore. I took his penis in my right hand and began to toy gently with it. "Stefi! Poor Little Augie got an even bigger hard-on when you kicked off your pumps. I think he has a thing for ladies' feet." He squirmed in absolute embarrassment as I continued to fondle his penis.

"Stefi," I laughed. "Pose your toes for Little Augie while I inspect his penis. We have to make certain that it is in order and not damaged by the reduction machine. We must see that it is working properly." Stefi raised her pretty stockinged legs and pointed her coy covered nylon toes like a ballerina while I began to masturbate Little Augie's big penis. He writhed and grunted, but was quite helpless to prevent the delicious genital manipulations he was receiving. Soon, almost against his will, his eyes were drawn inexorably to Stefi's naughty toe show. As his penis throbbed and twitched in my busy fingers, little Professor Augie watched Stefi perform immodestly in her chair. She alternated pointing her toes with arching her feet, and showing her sexy stockings off to the poor professor while I played with his penis.

After a little while, Stefi got bored and came over for a share of my fun with the professor. I let go of his penis and let her toy with it for a little while. Stefi took it between her palms and rolled it around as if it were just a big piece of bread dough. The professor was beside himself. He tried desperately to pull back away from Stefi's hands and escape his masturbation. He was glassy-eyed and hardly seemed aware that we were humiliating and making fun of him. He was just so desperate and silly, it made Stefi and me giggle like schoolgirls.

I made Stefi leave his penis alone for a while, and we took him over to his big desk. I let Stefi carry him, and as she did she rubbed and pinched his bare bottom. When we got to the desk, Stefi squealed with indignation. "Oh, the nasty thing! He's dribbling pre-come all over my blouse!"

"Oh, Professor!" I scolded, laughing all the while. "That was a very naughty thing to do to nice Stefi. Imagine, getting her pretty blouse all messy with juice from your wiener!"

I began to type up a contract for the professor to sign, along with Stefi and me. It read as follows:

I, Professor Augustus Lemuel Toller, do hereby name Stefi Niebl and Greta Pommer as my full partners in all profits derived from the Reduction Institute and any products resulting from research at said Institute. Further, they being two individuals, shall have controlling influence in all business matters, and any policy implemented shall be placed before them for approval first.

Stefi stood behind me, still holding Little Augie and pulling his penis gently as she watched me type. Poor little Professor Toller! He was too dazed to have any real idea of what we were doing. I typed three lines of dashes and signed the contract over the first, Stefi signed on the second line. Little Augie signed on the third. I helped him hold the big fountain pen while he signed. Stefi kept pulling on his penis casually as if it were just a big rubber toy.

"There, Little Professor Augie," I cooed gently. You will feel a lot better now without all that heavy responsibility on your shoulders. We'll help carry some of that, and I'm sure we shall get on famously as partners.

"Oooh," Stefi breathed, still masturbating Little Augie's big penis. "And just think. It's not every businessman that gets picked up and gently manipulated by his pretty female business partners. Does what I'm doing to you feel nice, Professor Augie? Does it?"

The professor was squirming and gasping shamelessly as Stefi's hand continued to occupy itself between his legs. The tip of his glans was swollen so purple it looked ready to explode.

"Wait, Stefi!" I laughed. "Let's all go over to the Hosiery Boutique and put on a real fashion show for Little Augie!"

The professor's face looked as if Stefi was strangling him slowly, not just playing with his penis! Stefi giggled at the idea. "Yes, Greta! And after we put on a fetish fashion show for the professor, we can put on a slow masturbation show for our three friends at the boutique. I'm sure they would all like to see little Augie squirt big gobs of sperm!"

"Anni and Narta would, I'm sure," I added. "But I bet innocent Ilsa would blush crimson if she watched us masturbate him.

"Let's find out!" Stefi giggled, and let go of the professor's abused penis for the time being.

Stefi and I shut down the generators in the Reduction Institute and closed it up for the evening. We locked the front door that opened onto the Königstrasse and let ourselves out the back door. Stefi remembered to put on her six-inch pumps first, of course. We carried the professor wrapped in a blanket so anybody who saw us would just think we carried a child. We walked down a narrow side street that separated the Institute from the Hosiery Boutique. We were blushing and laughing about the surprise we had for Ilsa, Anni, and Narta.

We knocked on the side door of the Hosiery Boutique and waited a bit for an answer. The kitchen door of a beer garden opened behind us. A beefy waiter stood gawking at the sight Stefi and I made. His eyes never left out stylishly fetishistic high heels and our naughty stockings. Stefi and I smirked and giggled at him, and he went back into the beer garden, embarrassed. Soon, the door opened. There stood Anni, with Ilsa and Narta behind her.

"Remember the idea you had, Anni, about how the professor might be likable if he was tiny and helpless?" Anni nodded in disbelief as we walked into the boutique as she held the door.

Stefi tore away Little Augie's blanket, exposing him naked in my arms. Stefi was as proud as a circus ringmaster. "Well, here he is! Meet lovable Little Augie!"

Anni squealed with delight as she caught sight of the tiny little professor. "Ooooh, he's adorable! Isn't he sweet? Why, this lovable little fellow certainly cannot be the same terrible slave driver that you and Stefi spoke of so often -- can he, Greta?"

Ilsa's mouth made a pretty lipstick framed O of stunned disbelief as she stood, hands on her curvy hips, gaping at the professor. Narta was laughing almost uncontrollably at the sight. They quickly shut the side door of the Hosiery Boutique and escorted us toward the front where the racks of clothing were. Ilsa

ran quickly to the main door, locked it, placed a "closed" sign in the window, and drew the blinds.

"Yes, Anni," I said smugly. "This is indeed the very same professor who has been such a slave driver to Stefi and me."

"Yes, and we're so very glad that you had this excellent idea, Anni," Stefi smirked as she reached out to pull Little Augie's bare knees apart to reveal his genitals to our friends from the boutique.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Narta, her eyes wide with interest at the sight of the little professor's bare genitals. "What a perfectly immense penis he has! And yes, a very large scrotum, too! He must have been gigantic before you shrunk him!" Stefi laughed and explained that the professor was erect just before we activated the reduction machine, and that caused his disproportionately large sex organ. The five of us stood, gathered about the tiny professor, with me holding him astride my right arm -- when we were all suddenly startled by footsteps behind us.

A pretty young lady walked out of one of the dressing rooms, obviously aghast at all the commotion. She was dressed in a gleaming white girdle, laced to the most delicious tightness possible, and she wore six-inch-heeled pumps of the sassiest red I had ever seen.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Sissy!" Ilsa exclaimed in obvious embarrassment. I forgot that you were still here trying on our latest line of high-fashion foundations! Stefi and Greta, this is Sissy Carmichael, a young attorney from England, a good customer, and one of our dearest friends. We often spend our holidays together."

Of course, there was nothing to do but to continue to make introductions back and forth. Stefi and I explained how the professor had mistreated us and how we had turned the tables on him. Sissy Carmichael nodded and smiled and looked between the professor's legs at his huge sex organ with obvious interest. We were all surprised, yet placed greatly at ease as well, when Sissy blurted, "Well, can I feel his penis? Can I masturbate him?"

We all laughed, and said that it would be fun to watch her masturbate him. We were going to give him an erotic fashion show first, but we could do that later and

then masturbate him again.

"Would you like this nice English lady to masturbate you, Little Professor?" Stefi cooed with mocking sweetness. To our great surprise, he gulped and nodded. This brought giggles all around, even from Ilsa, who was acting much more amused with the entire situation than I had even dared hope.

The Professor had to be near the end of his tether by now, anyway. Stefi and I had both toyed mercilessly with his penis. He was surrounded by women wearing six-inch classic pumps, seamed nude or full-fashioned stockings, and very tight and extremely short skirts. And the pretty young foreign lawyer who offered to masturbate him was clad only in a tight girdle and sassy red high-heeled pumps. Narta cleared her desk. It was situated behind a counter, just off the sales floor. We had the professor lay down on the desk -- still totally naked. He was placed on his back, and Ilsa held his wrists and Narta held his ankles so he wouldn't fall and be hurt if he writhed during his masturbation.

Stefi and I stood with our arms folded, laughing and watching the procedure as Anni squirted some baby oil into Sissy's hands. Sissy smiled down at the professor as she rubbed her palms together and worked the baby oil well into her pretty fingers. Sissy was a rather petite girl, quite a bit shorter than we Germans, but the outrageously high heels that she wore made her look a lot taller than she was. They also emphasized the curves of her buttocks and hips and made her thighs flexed and shapely.

When her hands were positively glistening with the oil, she bent over Little Augie and gigglingly asked him if he was ready, in her heavy English accent. The professor writhed and nodded. We all laughed, and Sissy Carmichael began to give us a masturbation show. She took the professor's penis in her right fist and began to pump it hard while she rested her left hand gently on his tiny torso. Sissy smiled as she pumped rapidly and with enough force to jerk his body and pull it up and down a tiny bit with each stroke, even though Narta and Ilsa were holding him down.

Sissy was giggling while she did it, and so were we. It was quite a ludicrous sight! A laughing woman in a girdle and sassy red six-inch pumps, masturbating a two-foot tall man with a normal-sized penis, whom two women were holding down on a desk, while three women stood around watching curiously and laughing.

Sissy's hands flew up and down the professor's penis. His scrotum began to slap against his bare bottom with the force of the girdled English-woman's pulling strokes. Sissy took his scrotum in her free hand to protect both it and his tiny bare bottom from the impact. Poor Little Augie! His mouth hung slack, his eyes were glazed, and he was panting and writhing in helpless delight!

It was obvious to all of us that that Sissy Carmichael thoroughly enjoyed stimulating our little professor's penis. Her cheeks were prettily flushed, and her full lips were parted in an expression of controlled lust. The professor raised his head from time to time as they flogged his swollen, twitching penis mercilessly. He looked at the full, ripe curves of her bare thighs and turned his gaze to view the way her full breasts were nearly spilling over her brassiere.

"Beat him off, Sissy!" Narta breathed in a giggling fit of arousal, her eyes locked on the bloated purple tip of the professor's tormented penis as Sissy's hands applied their coaxing abuse. Narta tossed her head to get her impudent blonde locks out of her eyes as she held Little Augie's ankles firmly down on the desk top. Ilsa was fascinated with the erotic spectacle as well, and very curious. Annie leaned over Sissy's shoulder and urged her on. "Make him squirt, Sissy! We want to see his sperm spurt all over! Make him blow his big load and get it all over himself!"

Sissy Carmichael turned out to be very obliging, indeed. She wanted to impress her friends by pulling a big, messy load out of the little professor's tortured penis and watching him helplessly cover himself in come. "Come on, Little Augie!" Sissy teased with a naughty smile on her pretty face. "Come on, Professor! Let me empty your balls for you. I want to drain them dry and get your juice all over my hands!"

This was too much for the poor professor to take. His penis surrendered to his masturbatrix's hands in a series of slow, heaving lurches. We watched the shining, dribbling tip of his penis expand with every twitch like Sissy was inflating it with air, not just flogging it. "Oooh, here it comes!" Sissy squealed and kept pumping.

She was bent over at the waist, and her shiny girdle was stretched drum-tight across her big bottom as she made her helpless victim ejaculate. The little professor had found, moments before, that he could see her girdled bottom in a mirror placed low on the opposite wall for trying on high heels. His eye bulged in

disbelief as his penis gave in to the demanding hands of his giggling English masturbatrix.

"Oooh, poor Augie! He's trembling!" Stefi cooed as we all watched him begin to climax. With a long, whimpering moan of agonized delight the little professor began to ejaculate as Sissy's merciless hands brought him to a near-fainting crescendo of pleasure. Thick, heavy curds of his sperm sprayed up into the air, almost in slow motion, then slowly plopped back down to land in sloppy puddles everywhere. Sissy's hands and arms were drenched in it, and one thick long squirt landed on her thigh. A second wayward blob skidded across her girdled hip and splashed on the floor. "Give it all to me! Empty your balls, Little Augie!" Sissy smirked as she kept pumping and watched the professor unload with smug satisfaction. Thick, fertile ropes of the little professor's sperm gushed from the tip of his penis and flipped through the air in all directions. Some flew on Narta's hands, and the weaker squirts splashed all down the professor's thighs.

Sissy changed the angle of her grip as she continued to beat off the big, slippery penis that jolted and jumped in her determined grasp. More spurts flew backward over the little professor's head and hit Ilsa -- who was holding his wrists -- and nearly drenched her hands and forearms. A wayward, sideways glob shot through the air and skidded down Stefi's glossy stockings to drop off the curve of her knee and plop obscenely across the fashionable toes of her black six-inch pumps. Ilsa squealed, and the rest of us were laughing.

"My, what a naughty little professor you are!" Sissy exclaimed in amazement as her greedy pumping hands urged the last thick drops from Little Augie's now-drooping penis. The rest of us were giggling in astonishment at the amount of sperm. Ilsa's face was five shades of red as she tried to wipe the sticky mess from her hands and wrists. It took me and the five other women nearly twenty minutes to wipe off the table, clean ourselves up, and wash off the drenched little professor.

As we tended him, the little professor kept muttering to himself, "I can't believe the volume! It is impossible. So much semen! ... Aha! I have it! My body's total blood volume was reduced due to the shrinking. Yet, because my genitals remained of normal size, they are producing more testosterone per volume of blood. That explains my prodigious new ejaculatory capacity!"

We just giggled at Little Augie's prattling. All that mattered to us was that we had fun teasing him, masturbating him, and then watching him shoot off like a fire hose.

Then the little professor finally got his fashion show! Narta posed topless in a lacy, flesh-tone half-girdle. Ilsa modeled in a pink suit with glossy taupe stockings. Sissy Carmichael strutted in her red pumps and an old-fashioned hourglass corset. Sissy's original girdle was too much of a mess to be worn before receiving a good washing. She was proud and sassy as she wiggled her bottom in little Augie's face. Anni showed off in a gray mini-skirted suit and lace blouse with black ultra-sheer, full-fashioned stockings.

Stefi and I pranced around the professor in black blazers and tight white skirts -- but without our high heels on. We teased him with a double-stockinged toe show. Stefi had changed into totally nude ultra-glossy stockings, while I wore a pair with a stylish black seam up the back of my calves.

"Uh-Oh!" Stefi cried. "Our little friend has a stiff wiener again! What a naughty little man!" We all laughed and placed the professor gently down on the floor, on his back. We pulled up chairs and sat in a circle around him. Stefi and Anni amused themselves and the rest of us by kicking his penis back and forth gently between their feet. Little Augie's sex organ swelled between Annie's full-fashioned toes and Stefi's arched stockinged-soles. He was all excited and ready to spurt again! We couldn't believe it!

At that moment, Ilsa stunned us all with a blushing request. "I have an idea! I want to do something to Little Augie all by myself. Could I try it, please?" Stefi and Anni gladly stopped kicking the professor's penis and moved their chairs back a bit to give Ilsa room. We were all anxious to see Ilsa act out her idea. Ilsa thanked Stefi and Anni and scooted her chair forward a little to settle herself. We all giggled to see Ilsa tuck the hem of her pink skirt modestly about her pretty knees. Her stockinged feet were arched sexily on the carpeted floor. Then Ilsa settled back and raised her feet, stockinged toes pointed like a ballerina, and extended them to the little professor's erect penis. She took his penis between the balls of her feet and began to pull it up and down.

The sensations must have been exquisite!

"Look! He loves it!" Anni breathed, wide-eyed.

"Great idea, Ilsa!" Sissy gushed.

"Oooh, it's so hard and hot between my toes!" Ilsa exclaimed with an expression of sweet, determined innocence.

We all laughed. The professor's penis was swollen to its purple, vein-popping, twitching maximum and was drooling pre-come as Ilsa's impudent toes enslaved it gently. Ilsa giggled and kept her toes pointed as she continued Little Augie's slow masturbation.

The sight of the little professor's bare penis being gently worked to orgasm by Ilsa's stylishly stockinged toes was naughty and almost obscene. Ilsa wasn't any too gentle, either. She had firm dancer's legs with curvaceous, well-developed thighs and calves. She redoubled her efforts, flexing her legs and skinning the professor's penis up and down between her toes. She did it so hard that she pulled his little body right up off the floor with every upstroke. The friction was driving Augie mad!

"Don't be a naughty professor and make a nasty mess on Ilsa's nice stockings." I cooed.

The professor's rigid body was gently thumped down on the carpet and lifted clear again -- over and over. "Oh, no! I can't stop it! Do put me down at once! Ughhh..." The professor's gasping pleas terminated in a low, strangled moan. Ilsa pouted, prettily peeved because she had brought him to climax so quickly. She raised her legs and held him still. The professor hung in the air by his oversized penis, held fast between Ilsa's stockinged toes. The pressure and friction were so great that his orgasm lasted nearly a minute! Poor Little Augie! He hung there, his bottom six inches up off the carpet, his tormented penis twitching and jolting between the balls of Ilsa's feet. His mouth hung slack, and he looked as if he was going to faint on us.

We all leaned forward to watch his bizarrely induced climax and ejaculation. Finally, the tortured twitching of his penis forced thick gobs of sperm up from between Ilsa's compressing toes. Ilsa giggled, sitting prettily, still holding him up off the carpet with her pointed toes gripping his penis. Little Augie shook

uncontrollably as his penis drenched Ilsa's toes and squirted heavy curds of sperm high in the air. He hung there by his penis and ejaculated what seemed like a quart of come in a series of slow, tormented spasms.

As his climax began to subside, and weak dribbles started to drool out of his penis, Ilsa lowered him to the floor slowly with her feet. As the professor lay still, limp in a puddle of his sperm, Ilsa stood up proudly and bowed, smiling. We all applauded and laughed. Ilsa stood saucily on tiptoe and raised her left leg to flick globs of sperm off her stockinged sole. She made a face as she did it.

After that, Stefi and I told the professor that we would take him back to the Reduction Institute and enlarge him. After all, we had his signed contract. We were his full partners now. Sissy was an attorney and offered to represent us for free if we needed her.

To our surprise, the professor got down on his knees by my stockinged feet and began to kiss them. "No, please! I have never been happier. I wish to stay small like this for the rest of my life. I want to be enlarged again only if absolutely necessary, and then only briefly. I have never known such pleasure. Please, let me stay as I am!"

Of course, we couldn't say no to Little Augie's pleading. He was so cute on his knees! Needless to say, this was just the beginning of our games with the Shrinking Professor!

**The Toy**  
**By**  
**Titian Beresford**

Professor Rexford Lindsey was desperate. Beth Howland could see it in his eyes. She crossed her legs and made certain that her skirt slid high up on the curves of her stockinged thighs as she did so. She set her pretty lipsticked mouth in an impudent pout, and she continued to berate him. "What a disgusting idea, you horrid old thing!" she sneered, her voice reeking with merciless contempt. Beth bounced her foot up and down, noting with secret satisfaction the way Professor Lindsey's eyes seemed addicted to the glossy black-pointed toe of her size-seven pump. She tugged coyly at the hem of her short gray college uniform skirt, pretending modesty, while allowing it to stay high enough to expose a bit of her garter straps. Beth Howland loved the games that she, Priscilla Fauvel, and Colleen Poole, played with the poor old thing! Tonight was going to be extra-special too, she could sense it!

All three girls were clad identically in black high-heeled patent-leather pumps, flesh-tone stockings, tight and rather short gray skirts, V-necked blue cardigans, white blouses, and black ties. All three had their hair up on the sides, but worn free and long in the back. The school uniform of Bathurst College was considered by many to be very fetching indeed.

Priscilla Fauvel pretended to be more sympathetic. She was a sweet faced blonde with wide and falsely innocent eyes. Her looks contrasted splendidly with Beth Howland's regal brunette beauty and Colleen Poole's upturned freckled nose and red hair. Colleen kept giggling as Beth and Priscilla baited the professor and led him on. Priscilla purred, "All he wants is to show us his penis! And he longs for us to touch it -- don't you, Professor?" Priscilla had both her pumps kicked off and was prodding the carpet with her coyly flexing stockinged feet. The professor's eyes caressed the seams of her stockings that dipped flatteringly beneath the balls of her pretty little toes. "C'mon, Beth! What's the harm if he shows us his penis and we play with it a bit? The poor old ugly thing is probably starved to feel women's hands playing with his genitals, anyway!"

"Oooh! C'mon, Beth!"

Colleen giggled. She had one leg raised high in the air and was wiggling her foot,

as if admiring the way the light from the professor's hooded desk lamp made the patent leather of her pump gleam as if it were wet. "We can be nice to him and give his penis a few tugs. Remember, we did it before! Last time we bullied him into writing us letters of high academic recommendation -- even though we barely even showed up to hear his stodgy old lectures!"

Priscilla fixed her wide, innocent eyes on her friend Colleen. She wrinkled her nose in mock disgust. "Yes, but remember why we made him write the letters? He made that disgusting mess in my hand and all over my stockings. It's your fault, too, Colleen! You kept pulling on him so long when it was your turn that he was too excited to hold out when I reached down just to give him a feel!"

The professor sat in his leather-upholstered chair facing his sassy students. He was a small, frail man. He wore reading glasses, and his hair was white and well-kept. He was shaking, desperate to be the plaything of his confident, spoiled students.

At last, Beth Howland pretended a reluctant agreement with her friends. She relented, and they all prepared to manipulate the professor. The young women ordered him about like a servant and made him remove all the clothing from his lower half. In a few moments, he stood before them "bottomless", wearing only his waistcoat, shirt, tie, and glasses. His legs were very thin and very pale. His pretty tormentors giggled mockingly at his appearance and thoroughly despised his lack of will and his desperate need.

"Oooh! His penis is getting awfully big!" Colleen purred, sitting forward in her chair to get a closer look.

Beth rolled her eyes and said, "It's disgusting, if you ask me! And the way his old, wrinkled floppy sack just hangs there underneath it! It's just obscene!" Colleen beckoned Professor Lindsey to come close to her. When he did so meekly, she delicately extended her thumb and forefinger to his penis. With a low, sadistic giggle, she gripped the old man firmly and pulled his foreskin back to expose his blushing crimson glans.

Colleen Poole looked up into Professor Lindsey's face and savored the dire extremity of his embarrassment. She giggled and began pulling the loose skin of his penis back and forth, covering and uncovering its strangled, pleading tip. "Oooh! I think he likes it! Don't you girls? Look at the poor old thing. He's shaking

even more!"

Priscilla Fauvel pretended to become indignant and bristled to the professor's defense. "Don't you dare just tease him, Colleen! He might have a heart attack!" Colleen giggled all the more and continued to manipulate Professor Lindsey's penis. His chest rose and fell in time to his excited gasps. Professor Lindsey lived for the brief moments, all too few and far between, when the wicked hands of his pretty students invaded his person to casually abuse and tease his genitals.

Beth Howland gave her pretty head a toss to indicate the extent of her aggravation with her friends. She rolled her eyes, as if impatient with their childish antics. Yet, at the same time, her eyes never left Colleen Poole's moist hands as they tormented and manipulated Professor Lindsey's big vein-popping penis. Priscilla Fauvel had an excellent idea! "I know what we can do before we get him so excited he squirts all over his nice Persian carpet! We can have a contest to see which of us has the smelliest stockinged feet!" Beth Howland even managed a smile at that, and Colleen Poole was positively enthusiastic. All three girls agreed. In a moment, they had removed their pumps and wriggled their stockinged feet in the deep, soothing pile of the professor's expensive carpet.

Just last night we were laughing about how smelly our feet get since we have to wear dress pumps and sheer nylon stockings!" Beth Howland said, as she slapped the professor's bare bottom to make him kneel on the floor.

Colleen added gleefully, "So now be a sweet old man and help us decide who has the stinkiest stockinged feet of all!"

Priscilla laughed and pointed to Professor Lindsey's still-stiff sex organ. "Look! He's drooling all over the floor. If he has a thing for girls' smelly stockinged feet, he might make a nasty little mess!"

"Don't forget -- two of us will have to feel his penis to judge whose stockinged feet make him the hardest of all!" Beth Howland added. "That will probably excite the disgusting old thing even more, I suppose!"

Beth sat in the professor's own leather-upholstered desk chair rolled out in the middle of the floor. Colleen slapped the professor's pale bare bottom as she bossily ordered him to get down on all fours like a dog. She giggled and blushed.

"He even has a dog's name, girls! Let's call him Rexy!" Broth Priscilla and Beth laughed at that. In a moment, the poor professor was on all fours, his scrotum dangling low and vulnerable between his thin, trembling thighs.

Priscilla and Colleen knelt just behind him. Both giggling young women began to manipulate his genitals as Beth Howland extended her stockinged feet to his face and, with a mocking laugh, began to rub them all over his mouth and nose.

"His penis is swelling in my fist!" exclaimed a wide-eyed Priscilla.

"Oooh! And it's still all wet and sticky, too!" Colleen laughed as she fingered the professor's scrotum casually, squeezing his testicles until he winced. "Oh, don't be so dramatic, Priscilla!" she giggled. Colleen released the professor's scrotum so her fingers could join her friends' on his penis to gauge the effect of Beth's stockinged feet in his face.

After a few moments, Colleen and Beth changed places. Now it was Colleen's turn to extend her pretty, little, highly-arched feet to the professor's nose. Beth gripped Professor Lindsey's penis with just the tips of her thumb and forefinger as if afraid it would soon start twitching and soil her hands with hot gobs of seed.

Priscilla pulled on his stiff penis a little to tease and abuse him a bit -- much to Beth's disgust. "Don't do that to him! Can't you see? You're exciting him all the more and cheating in favor of Colleen!" Colleen gave the professor a few gentle stocking-footed kicks in the face and then pried his lips apart to stuff the toes of her left foot in his mouth. Both Priscilla giggled because they had to apply the penis squeeze to the professor, or he would have ejaculated then and there!

Next, Colleen and Priscilla changed places. Priscilla's feet had even, pretty toes and exquisitely high arches. She gently "suffocated" Professor Lindsey by placing the bottoms of her pretty feet over both his nose and mouth, then giggling at his pleading gasps for release. Colleen pretended sympathy for the professor. "Poor dear sweet little Rexy is so excited!" she cooed in her softest, and most sympathetic voice. Colleen and Beth had to apply the penis squeeze twice to prevent a climax when Priscilla's feet were in Professor Lindsey's face -- so she was judged to be the winner.

All three college girls stood up, but made the poor old professor stay down on all

fours. Suddenly, Priscilla dropped her sympathetic demeanor. The three stood looking down at him contemptuously, their arms folded across their breasts. "We really came tonight to punish you, Professor! We have played games with your penis and made you have several orgasms in our hands, but what have you done for us? So you have written us letters of high academic commendation and given us the high marks to go with them, but that's not enough! We have our fun by being mean, so that's what we're going to be tonight, you dear old thing! We're going to be mean to you!"

The professor remained meekly on all fours, allowing himself to be subjected to Priscilla's tirade. Beth noticed with disgust that his penis stayed very large indeed throughout the whole lecture. Beth continued where Priscilla left off. "Colleen! You know what to do! Go get what we were talking about when we were planning what to do to him!" Colleen disappeared into the kitchen and opened a small wooden door set in the brickwork along one wall.

The professor showed alarm. For the first time, his penis went limp between his legs. Beth bent down to carefully slap him across the face. "Remember when you showed us your climate-controlled wine cellar, Professor, and the collection of fine vintages which is your pride and joy?" Poor Professor Lindsey trembled violently and pleaded for the girls to go away and leave him alone. But they were pitiless. Beth smiled sweetly. "Remember that priceless old bottle of Chateau Haut-Brion from 1929? We're going to masturbate you and make you ejaculate into it!"

The professor was absolutely horrified, but quite helpless. The 1929 Haut-Brion was his absolute pride and joy, the gem of his collection. He had squandered half of a sizable inheritance to purchase it nearly twenty years before. He started to get to his feet, bristling with indignation. Priscilla's hand reached through between his legs from behind to enslave him with mocking caresses. "Oooh! Doesn't that feel sooo good, Remy? Hmmm? Do you really want me to stop? Do you? Doesn't my hand on your peenie feel nice, you poor dear?"

At that moment, Colleen appeared in the doorway with a dusty old bottle sealed with an ancient wax signet. She held a corkscrew and funnel in her other hand. She giggled as Beth joined Priscilla in manipulating and weakening the poor old professor. As Beth and Priscilla held their trembling prisoner down and masturbated him, Colleen opened the wine bottle. Professor Lindsey's face

showed utter defeat when his tormentors giggled at the pop the cork made as it left the bottle and ended the pricelessness of the vintage in a split second. Despite his desperation, his penis betrayed him and his erection returned. His organ reared in the suave, abusing hands of his tormentors.

Colleen Poole knelt behind the professor and placed the tip of the funnel in the neck of the dusty old bottle. The professor's nose twitched and tears filled his eyes at the delightful fragrant bouquet of the wine he would never taste. Colleen held the bottle and funnel under the professor's penis and giggled maliciously as she urged her friends on. Both Priscilla and Beth were anxious to abuse Professor Lindsey's penis in their hands until the inevitable occurred. Beth placed her pretty hand at the base of his penis, pointed it downward into the funnel, and pumped for all she was worth. Priscilla gripped his scrotum in one hand and lightly fingered the swollen tip of his penis with the other, sometimes altering her tempo to toy with his tightly drawn-back foreskin.

Professor Lindsey struggled to get up, despite the agonizing delight of what the girls' pretty hands did between his thin legs. However, he was no match for the three athletic and strong young students who held him down and giggled as they abused him. He then tried to do mental gymnastics to stave off the climax his students were determined to make him have. But it was no use. Their hands mastered him. Their fingers compelled him. His penis reared and twitched in the throes of orgasm as both Beth and Priscilla masturbated him forcefully. He grunted and moaned, the sounds torn from him by the agonizing pleasure of their determined stroking. He gasped and whimpered as his penis spasmed again in their hands. Colleen giggled. Beth warned Priscilla not to stop manipulating him until he was drained, limp, weak, and spineless. His last hope was to twist away at the last moment and miss the funnel. His thin, pale thighs knotted convulsively as the first welling of sperm appeared at the tip of his penis.

"Oooh! Here it comes!" Priscilla giggled. He tried desperately to twist away, but his masturbators were too strong for him and held him fast. His penis reared in their pumping fists and spurted thick curds of sperm deep into the funnel. All three pretty students laughed as they watched the gobs of sperm slide down into the neck of the funnel and disappear into the wine bottle below. They masturbated him until he was drained, then left him fainting, his penis still drooling a bit, as he lay on the floor beside a bottle of worthless Chateau Haut-Brion. His tormentors laughed as they collected their shoes and left his

apartment.

Beth lingered to blow him a mocking kiss. "We'll be back to play more games with you, you sweet old thing," she purred softly.