

THE MASTURBATRIX



BY
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The Masturbatrix

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Part One

Even as a teenager, the male phallus had fascinated Ms. Lucinda Contrell, but not in the normal sense of youthful wonderment and curiosity. No, Lucinda Contrell's interest was in control..., manipulation..., making the odd cylinder of flesh stand for her..., and after a suitable interval of play, suitable for *her* enjoyment of course, perhaps..., just perhaps..., permitting it to attain the strange spasmodic release which its custodian seemed to think was its paramount function.

And so Ms. Lucinda Contrell, respectfully called Miss Lucinda by her male underlings, considered her position of employment to be the pinnacle of her fulfilling career as the masturbator of boys.

Yes, years before at age 28 Miss Lucinda had quickly risen to the position of Chief Masturbatrix at the infamous Degradation Club, that secretive but notorious enclave where the wealthy Dominant women of the world vent their demented proclivities.

There were other employees of the club who achieved noteworthy status at a young age. The Whipmistress was 30. The Director of Bondage had been promoted to her exulted status at age 27. There were excellent nurses, fresh out of school, who could psychologically break the most belligerent of recruits within an hour of having him strapped to the examination table. But all admired Miss Lucinda's skill, an unusual combination of both physical strength and knowledge of the male anatomy that proved to be so entertaining for the grateful members of the Club..., entertaining and rewarding.

Miss Lucinda learned early on that delighting the members of the Degradation Club could not only provide self satisfaction but could also be tremendously lucrative. Gratuities were generously offered for a pleasing exhibition of male humiliation, and so at age 32 Miss Lucinda's bank account was continuing to grow along with her talent and her desire to provide the ultimate exhibition..., having a virile tumefied young male squirm for climactic release, but extending his torment until that most coveted moment..., when a subtle nod or perhaps a casual motion of the hand of a woman..., yes a Dominant woman..., signaled Lucinda to finally allow the slippery, turgid manhood to ignominiously empty itself, spewing male seed in the direction of her choosing.

Normally a young male would welcome the opportunity to ejaculate. But when restrained in Miss Lucinda's masturbation harness, swinging helplessly at the end of a soft but taut nylon

rope, with various Dominant females ogling well-exposed genitals, the ordeal proved to be mentally overwhelming, imparting upon the naked male an indescribable level of embarrassment, which of course added a welcomed dimension for the viewing members and guests.

Miss Lucinda's day begins with the driver of the Club's limousine patiently awaiting her descent from her lavish Fifth Avenue coop apartment. He cautiously reads the paper, frequently glancing out to ensure Miss Lucinda does not step out of the lobby elevator early. When the dashboard clock reads 6:59 a.m., he puts aside the paper and exits. Miss Lucinda may occasionally be early, but she is never late. Thus, even on a cold winter's day he humbly stands outdoors knowing that if it is Miss Lucinda's hand that reaches the door handle first, there will be a price to be paid.

The large windows of the lobby reveal the arrival of the elevator. Miss Lucinda exits. She is radiant in her simple attire and make up. Since her first endeavor of the day will be an extensive workout in the Club's gymnasium, Miss Lucinda expends little effort in enhancing her natural beauty. Still, she draws attention. Standing at more than six feet and some 170 pounds, she is noticed. And as a woman of color traversing the lobby of one of New York's most exclusive residential buildings, her focused march causes heads to turn. The doorman once commented that he didn't need to look to know that Ms. Lucinda Contrell had entered the lobby, he could feel the concrete floor move and sense from the hushed reaction that the tall ebony goddess was distracting all present from both conversations and chores.

So on this cold morning the doorman once again senses her arrival, this time by just looking at the driver straighten up in a comical attempt to make himself appear more than the mere obsequious male that he is.

Before needing to turn his head, he swings open the large glass door, then pivots to greet the Coop's most alluring resident.

"Good morning, Ms. Contrell."

Miss Lucinda returns the greeting but without hesitation proceeds to the car where the driver's quavering hand dutifully pulls open the rear door.

"Good morning Miss Lucinda," the driver using the more familiar diminutive.

Little do the employees and residents of the Coop realize that in utilizing the moniker the driver acknowledges her status as Chief Masturbatrix within the Degradation Club hierarchy. It pleases her.

"You've spilled coffee, Albert," Miss Lucinda comments with a smile.

A doe skinned gloved hand reaches out, ostensibly to highlight the offending spot. But with her back shielding Albert from the eyes of the curious doorman, a knowing hand does more than to

point out a beige stain on Albert's white shirt. It briefly traces over the cloth then moves downward to the front of the black slacks. A crooked index finger smooths over the zippered area where a man normally welcomes a woman's touch. Albert's shoulders straighten more, bringing himself to an ingrained and humbled posture of attention before the imposing black beauty.

"Things like this earn you a stint with the Miss Stenson."

The mere mention of the name causes Albert's knees to partially buckle. Miss Stenson is the Club's Whipmistress, and the image of her perfectly proportioned, booted, gloved and leather-clad body invokes fear.

Still, even with the trepidation, the briefest of caresses from the most accomplished Masturbatrix has its effect. Albert feels himself stiffen. The fact that Miss Lucinda is also well aware of his subservient reaction causes to rapidly cascade the process of achieving erection. Albert can do nothing other than to feign pleasant conversation while Miss Lucinda expertly brings him to full tumescence with a simple digit of her right hand.

Age old memories of hanging in her harness accelerate the process. And Albert involuntarily closes his eyes as within seconds Miss Lucinda's single finger causes his slacks to tent.

"I hope the steering wheel won't cause discomfort," Miss Lucinda laughingly observes as she mercifully terminates her guileless but effective efforts and enters the limousine.

Albert closes the door and moves quickly to the driver's door, hoping that his bulging pants are not noticed. In achieving his 21st birthday, his duties changed from that of naked and caged sycophant, humbly awaiting Miss Lucinda's skilled hand, to that of staff servant. But still, the pay is good and Albert is sanguine knowing that if he begs enough, one of the Club's nurses may take pity, strip him and let him lick her shoes during a lunch or coffee break. Otherwise, his advanced age of 23 obviates any further ejaculatory displays before a gathering of Degradation Club members.

And so, as an aroused Albert steers the lengthy black car into traffic, he calms his excitement by convincing himself that a certain blond German nurse will find his stiffness amusing enough to supervise the taking of a sperm sample, something normally done with only the newly arrived youthful applicants. But Albert soon finds that Miss Lucinda is correct, the zipper covering the bulbous tip of his maleness brushes the steering wheel and with each turn his arousal heightens.

With the early hour the car speeds through normally crowded Manhattan streets. Reaching 57th Street Albert hears the calm, authoritative voice of his passenger.

"You may unzip, Albert. You appear uncomfortable."

There are only two blocks remaining in the journey. Albert hopes the sidewalk will be void of pedestrians, for when he complies with Miss Lucinda's 'suggestion' his erection pops through the opening in his pants. The exposure and the fear of a passerby peering through the windshield spurs Albert to accelerate through a changing traffic light. He leans to activate the button for the overhead garage door and in so doing presses his penis against the steering wheel. It feels good. Albert begins to conspire for relief. The Club facilities are well monitored and it has been made very clear that unauthorized masturbation can subject a male to the nastiest of punishments.

Alas, a visit to the nurse will definitely be in order, he concludes.

The clandestine Degradation Club occupies three deep subterranean floors in a Midtown skyscraper. The garage door provides the only entrance and facilitates anonymous visits by the wealthy famous members. No one knows who rides in the back of the daily parade of arriving darkened limousines until the vehicles stop in the very bowels of the building. Thus once Albert enters, his exposed manhood, however embarrassing, will not subject him to the ridicule of the vanilla world or possible interdiction by law enforcement officers.

Albert notices an ambling pedestrian approaching the sidewalk near the garage. Again he accelerates and whips the large auto through the open door before he needs to pause to let the elderly prudish woman cross in front. After passing over the sidewalk, the rear view mirror shows that the overhead door immediately closes. A relieved Albert guides the limousine down a circular ramp.

The space occupied by the Club was originally intended for use as a vault for a large brokerage firm. Numerous mergers within the securities industry made the secured footage superfluous. A certain well known real estate magnate, a one time subservient to a prominent member of the Club, provides the vast space at a nominal rent. Rather graphic photos proved to out weight the economic remuneration the space would normally command. Thus somewhere in the Club's archives is an unbreakable 99 year lease safely tucked away along with negatives that are said to be luridly revealing for the landlord..., a man whose extensive but leveraged holdings require that he have the respect of staid bankers.

Continued use of the basement floors at a less than reasonable monthly payment insures that his photographs remain secure and that he will continue to command such respect. It is wry that the amount of money involved is immaterial to the wealthy members of the club. It is the notion that their membership facility and the pleasure derived therefrom is at the expense of a lowly male that adds a mirthful degree of irony to their escapades.

The car is barely stopped as Albert leaps from the drivers seat to open the rear door for Miss Lucinda. His phallus points straight forward through his trousers and brings a smile from the accomplished Masturbatrix. For a woman who commands such obedience from the male organ, it is a wonderfully servile tribute.

Soft gloved hands reach down. Albert remains at attention as a knowing left hand deftly slips into the unzipped opening to find a pair of male eggs. She firmly squeezes while the fingers of the right hand diddle the most sensitive underside of the prepuce. Miss Lucinda gently strokes and feels the penis twitch. Albert's hips lurch forward, welcoming the amazingly sensuous touch.

"You have a nice day, Albert."

Miss Lucinda pulls the stiff manhood downward then quickly withdraws her hands. The extreme stiffness causes the bulbous purple head to snap upwards and hit the belt buckle with a noticeable thud. Albert grimaces. An amused Miss Lucinda strides away with a wicked snicker. The gymnasium awaits.

Few males have ever had the pleasure of watching the Chief Masturbatrix of the Degradation Club as she immerses her muscular body in an exhaustive work out. Stripping down to 'G' string and sport bra, Miss Lucinda appears to be a well muscled show girl. And indeed, as she stands before the floor to ceiling mirrored wall, her reflection reveals an interesting contrast of soft, smooth, coffee-colored flesh covering well developed power. The results of daily workouts are beautifully shaped legs, buttocks which distract, rippled abdominal muscles and arms whose size resemble those of a wrestler, except the feminine covering adds a delightfully teasing degree of viewing intrigue, causing observers to question how a body so alluring could also lift and pump such incredible weightage.

But it is Miss Lucinda's *unseen* muscle development which proves to be the feature most facilitating her role. Years of special exercise have imbued her with the grip of a blacksmith. In lighter moments she amuses Club members by cracking walnuts in the palms of her hand and on occasion removing the tops of soda bottles without benefit of a standard opener.

Yes, Club members find the demonstrations particularly amusing when their imaginations picture such puissant hands wrapped about the shaft of an engorged male organ, daring the hapless owner to ejaculate without the consent of the Chief Masturbatrix and the viewing audience.

And so the voyeuristic members find merriment in watching the ebony giantess apply her power, extracting the ultimate in humiliation for the entertainment of all, knowing that young males will cede total control to this amazing woman.

Every pore opens. Perspiration beads and drips to the gymnasium floor. The bright lights cause her wet skin to shine.

The morning session ends with twenty minutes of squeezing the grip developer. Even well conditioned males find it difficult to close the springed handles of the device. Miss Lucinda whips through dozens and dozens of repetitions, alternating from right hand to left. The resulting squeaking sound produces a cadence which brings satisfaction.

The final part of the routine is to pose before the large mirror and flex. Miss Lucinda finds gratification in the glistening image shining back. Years before, some staff members suggested that she model for body building products. She smiles in recalling the idea as her frame expands and certain muscles spread like the neck of a cobra about to strike its prey. It is an intriguing thought for anyone to have their body highlighted and portrayed as superior. But alas, her bursting bank account suggests that her time is better spent within the walls of the Club.

Refreshing ablutions are well deserved and the day's tasks require attention. Miss Lucinda showers then dons a large robe for the short walk to her office. By 9:00 a.m. the Chief Masturbatrix sits at her desk reviewing her calendar and the day's work orders. There is a new arrival to be interviewed. The heiress of a Swedish auto manufacturer has a group of friends visiting the club for a lunch and requests the presence of a particularly well endowed young male. In the late afternoon some members have requested that their bridge game terminate with a suitable display of obese naked flesh. 'Large low hanging testicles' is written in bold letters at the bottom of the request form. All three encounters will involve Miss Lucinda's skills of course. It is the job of the Chief Masturbatrix to evaluate each new arrival. And every Club member enjoys watching her ply her handiwork.

All in a day's work.

Miss Lucinda presses an intercom button.

"Margie, I'll need the standard black latex skirt and halter top. Bring a thigh strap also."

The Club's uniforms are cleaned nightly and centrally stored. Most employees retrieve their attire upon arriving for work. But Margie, the clothing clerk, insists on bringing the uniform to Miss Lucinda and for her efforts she is afforded the opportunity to assist. Margie prefers the company of women and Miss Lucinda has long ago put aside her superficial aversion to bisexual dalliances. Within a minute a knock announces Margie's arrival and Miss Lucinda stands to remove her robe.

When the door swings open Margie is greeted by the vision of her six foot ebony goddess standing naked, the tautness of her frame evidencing the many morning workouts. Margie gawks. Her eyes cannot avoid breasts which defy gravity and a trimmed pudendum which seems to beg for the attention of her lips.

Margie herself is a pleasant eyeful. Having served for three years as one of the Club's rutting girls, age required that the cute blond rotate into a more mundane role. But under her plain blue cloth pullover dress remains the body of a 'go go' dancer. Only her complete disdain for the male gender inhibited her early career of tucking dollar bills under the slimmest of 'G' strings. A Club member visiting her swanky but sordid place of employment caught not only her dance performance but also recognized her distaste for having sweaty, meaty hands sneak a feel with each proffer of cash.

There ensued a discussion concerning potential employment at the Club. It was short. Nudity was not a problem for a girl who spent many hours of each day strutting before fat oversexed males. The offer of money was more than adequate. But it was the Club's raison d'être which made the decision easy. As a rutting girl, Margie would remain nude, but no male hand would ever again touch her. And there would be a price to be paid by her new audience for gazing at her fine form, well beyond that of modest dollars..., that of complete subjugation.

“Good morning, Margie. You look good this morning.”

Margie suppresses a bashful smile and hands her idol the short skirt. With her envious gape comes an irrepressible silence as Miss Lucinda wraps the unusual garment about her waist.

“Can you help me with the halter.”

It is a ritualistic tease which Margie seems to enjoy. The latex halter is extremely thin and fits over Miss Lucinda's torso like a second layer of skin. It is sleeveless and zips closed in the back. Thus in providing assistance the pretty daughter of Sappho gains proximity and the opportunity to briefly caress the smooth chocolate skin as she pulls together the folds and forces the zipper into its track. Margie finds Miss Lucinda's freshly showered body most exhilarating. She presses her hips against the amazingly powerful latex covered buttocks as she works. Miss Lucinda smiles.

Margie may enjoy a visit to her Fifth Avenue coop, Miss Lucinda thinks to herself. Meanwhile fraternizing on employer time means termination. So a new arrival must be interviewed and Margie must return to her duties. But lastly...

“Can you attach the thigh strap, Margie. You know I like it in the exact middle.”

Margie kneels as Miss Lucinda lifts and opens the front of the short skirt. Since there are no undergarments, and the simple length of latex folds in the front, Miss Lucinda's genitalia are once again exposed. When she parts her legs and moves her right foot forward, the musky scent of soap mixing with burgeoning feminine fragrance wafts through the room.

Margie's hands quiver with the excitement of arousal as she encircles the huge thigh with the strap. It is important to apply the correct tension and Margie works to hitch and buckle at the point of proper tautness without impeding circulation.

“Align the base, please.”

The strap will undergo much stress over the course of the day's activities. The base holds the various implements which Miss Lucinda will attach and use to anally penetrate the rectums of her prey. The clever configuration leaves both her hands free, the utility of which every boy at the Club fully understands.

Margie concludes her endeavors by quickly wrapping her hands about Miss Lucinda's rounded cheeks and thrusting her head under the elevated skirt. A kiss is planted atop Miss Lucinda's sex before an admonishment can be uttered. Margie sheepishly arises.

"You're putting me in the right mood for an interview, Margie. But you know the rules."

An enchanted Margie prances from the office. Miss Lucinda considers a Friday evening tryst, but her mind moves to thoughts about a newly arrived eighteen year old boy. The file indicates his name is Billy. Since the time is nearly 10:00 a.m. His nurse will have him stripped, shaven, internally cleansed and washed by now. Miss Lucinda picks up the file on her desk picturing as she reads the lad being strapped onto an examination table.

Billy is a troubled eighteen year old. For the past two months after high school graduation, he has had three simple jobs from which he has been invited not to return. His father died years ago. His mother has recently acquired an illness that rendered her unemployable. Billy's inability to support himself means his mother has a double burden, feeding herself and her son. Upon surrendering the boy to the 'shelter' of the Club, she relieved herself of both.

The Club will gratefully wire transfer Billy's earnings directly to her account. The money will be more than she could possibly earn when healthy and certainly more than an unskilled Billy could ever imagine. So at least for the period of his three year tour, Billy's mother will be financially secure.

And as for Billy, the Club spares no expense in feeding and caring for the male subjugants. Food is important to the libido, which the Club members desire to maximize, and for every three boys there is a nurse in attendance. There is no healthcare facility in the country that can boast of such a ratio.

The file contains photographs of a naked Billy. Not graphic, the photos were surreptitiously taken during Billy's initial physical exam. A local doctor serves as a front, and though Billy's mother was fully aware of the circumstances of his appointment, an unaware Billy attended only after much maternal pleading.

Luckily for Mom, Billy's appendage proved to be quite prodigious. A full frontal shot shows the head of the flaccid phallus dangling limply at mid thigh. Otherwise his body is unimpressive, in fact most boyish, which many of the Club's members prefer. The contrast of large erect manhood thrusting forth from a seemingly prepubescent body provides a curious level of entertainment. Miss Lucinda always theorized that the Dominant women, many on the far side of middle age, recall their early sexual experiences with such display. Ones in which they had no control and were forced by the sexual urgings of adolescence to submit to the male beast. For a young girl with latent Dominant proclivities, the experience must have been most unsavory, and thus at the Club the reversal of roles is a welcomed mid-life catharsis.

Yes, at the Degradation Club it is the male who finds himself submitting. And the role reversal is played out countless times, the laughter and applause proving to be both endless and psychologically unbearable for the subjugant. So unbearable that it is the Club's rule to rotate the submissive males out of servitude by age twenty one. Many times, such as in Albert's case, continued employment is offered. But most often, private servitude follows. All the Club members require servants, and after some three years at the Club, quiet one on one submission can be a welcomed refuge.

Miss Lucinda smiles reading of Billy's reaction to the prostate exam. If only the vanilla world of femininity understood the odd male erogenous area as well as her..., well time for a visit.

Part Two

Miss Lucinda prefers to remain barefoot when working the young males. If a kick is needed for behavior modification or in the unlikely need for defense, her uncovered foot is less likely to cause permanent injury. After all, her strength could cripple even the strongest of males and a well aimed, booted foot to the groin area could end a budding career as a submissive exhibitionist.

The males are housed on the floor below. For security purposes it is the lowest basement floor and is used for no other purpose. Therefore, potential escape involves moving in one direction..., up. And as Miss Lucinda passes through the thick steel door at the top of the stairway, she cannot envision even the most accomplished securities thief breaching it, much less recalcitrant teenaged boys.

The bottom floor is uniquely laid out for the Club's purposes. In the center is an open area surrounded by cubicles except for a single passage way for entrance and exit to the center. Miss Lucinda notes that the rutting girl is busy earning her keep. She is naked, as always and standing on a platform in the center. Her feet are parted and the fingers of her left hand move between right nipple and left. The fingers of her right are vigorously kneading her labia in a rather animated simulation of self stimulation.

Her efforts can be viewed from every cubicle. Thus each boy has an unimpeded view of young feminine pulchritude doing what the mothers of the world contemn, unabashedly playing with her genitalia.

Miss Lucinda proceeds down the center passageway and enters the open area. The rear section of each cubicle, that adjacent to where the rutting girl performs with her mischievous fingers, contains a wire mesh cage. Those boys who are not being attended to by nurses, humbly kneel in their cage raptly watching the rutting girl bring herself to arousal.

The scene brings a smile to the face of the Chief Masturbatrix. She counts a dozen kneeling young males with their heads poking through specifically sized openings in the cages. Their

necks crane upwards struggling to obtain the best view as the beautifully proportioned naked girl, obscenely displaying that which a girl normally holds most private, slowly pirouettes to assure every boy is afforded a glimpse of her aroused feminine pinkness.

There are eighteen cubicles in all, each containing a cage. The six not partaking in the sordid display are being attended to by their nurses.

Miss Lucinda circles the perimeter, playfully reaching down and tousling the hair of some kneeling boys, caressing the cheeks of others. She finds it interesting that no matter the level of experience or time spent at the Club, none ever appear comfortable kneeling in nakedness before the giant ebony figure.

But she has their respect. Each is fully aware that there is only one way that their hormone laden body will ever obtain relief, and that is at *her* hands.

Thus despite their discomfort and fear of the woman who extracts such mental torment, each boy respectfully kisses her hand, and when offered, also humbly places their lips to her amazingly powerful thighs and calves. Miss Lucinda's brief latex skirt provides enticing glimpses of her own femininity, and one of the older boys applies his tongue and attempts to lick his way up to her sex. She understands the signal. That the oral caress is offered as subtle bribe. That with the many days of forced chastity, the daily exposure to the naked rutting girl and the special nutrition and hormone injections, his system has been turned into veritable testosterone factory.

"Would you like to perform for a nice Swedish lady? Hmm. I'll bet you'd enjoy hanging in harness for her guests wouldn't you?"

The rules of silence do not prohibit the eager lad from nodding energetically.

"I'll take a look at your chart and we'll see."

Each boy will receive relief in time. But it will be at Miss Lucinda's behest and for the entertainment of a Club member, never before or at any other time. And the date of climactic release along with an evaluation of relative performance is recorded on a chart for each boy. Miss Lucinda fully understands the male anatomy and that each boy requires a separate interval between ejaculations. Some 'reload' in a matter of days. Others are best kept chaste for a week or more.

Having visited each protruding head, Miss Lucinda departs from the center area. An outer corridor runs adjacent to the four exterior walls. From such passageway the cubicles are accessed with eighteen separate doorways leading to the Club's male subjugants.

Billy is in cubicle 14. Miss Lucinda enters without knocking.

As expected, Billy's nurse has him lying well secured to the examination table. The naked form has been scrubbed and shaven. Tears reveal the level of his shame in being forced to yield to the authority of the young nurse, particularly without clothing. But a semi-turgid penis reveals more..., that Billy is experiencing some level of enjoyment.

Miss Lucinda knowingly smiles. She has seen it so many times..., initial protests, apparent resistance, and then, when it comes to the care and attention afforded that most sensitive of male organs, an odd surrender, seeming to say to the female in charge..., 'do with it as you please'.

And at the Degradation Club such is done.

"Good morning, Billy. I see you are enjoying the nurse's visit. My name is Miss Lucinda. We're going to get to know each other very well, and then you're going to learn to perform for me. If you're good, Nurse Greta will leave with a sperm sample. You'd like to give her one, wouldn't you?"

A perplexed Billy nods with the leading question. Meanwhile Nurse Greta, a rather curvy blond from Finland, is measuring many different areas..., waist, neck, wrists, ankles.

"I thought you would. Nurse Greta enjoys watching boys ejaculate. And I think you're going to please her, aren't you."

Miss Lucinda steps to the side of the table, bends and carefully looks at Billy's partially engorged phallus. It grows more.

"Very thorough shaving, Greta. There's not a hair to be seen. You look like a plucked chicken, Billy.

"Can you bring your penis to a nice stand for us? I think you can if you concentrate."

The thought not only stuns, but Miss Lucinda lowers her head to the point that Billy can feel the breath with which the words are uttered.

"Yes, it's moving now. We have a very good boy here, Greta. Billy, this may be the first job from which you are not fired. Your Mom will be very pleased."

Miss Lucinda straightens and stands arms akimbo as Billy's manhood slowly rises to full erection. Greta records the penultimate of many measurements and joins Miss Lucinda on the opposite side of the table. She exhibits a youthful smile of marvel as Bill involuntarily complies with Miss Lucinda's request. It will be the first of many simple suggestions which Miss Lucinda uses to inveigle compliance.

The Whipmistress is available for more thorough indoctrination, but as Miss Lucinda observes Billy's quiet acquiescence, it appears he will save himself from much torment.

Miss Lucinda is always intrigued by the ability of the comical tube of flesh to transform itself into a seemingly proud tower of erotic potency. But when it does so under her direction, her authority, her behest, it is Miss Lucinda who in fact feels the power.

Nurse Greta presents the measuring tape. The nimble fingers of her left hand hold the end at the base of the penis, her right hand stretches the narrow strip of cloth upwards to the tip. Miss Lucinda once again bends and reads aloud the adjacent number.

‘Nine inches. You must be very proud, Billy. We like proud boys here.’

Nurse Greta laughs softly and retrieves her clipboard. The one last measurement is noted.

‘Now we’re well aware of what nasty boys your age do in private, Billy. Well here at the Club you won’t need privacy. You’ll be performing and showing our members how a boy enjoys himself. But you’ll be doing it when I say so..., not before and not afterwards.’

Miss Lucinda reaches down and ever so gently diddles her right index finger against the tender underside of the turgid manhood. The standing organ twitches in reaction. Miss Lucinda smiles.

‘A very nice circumcision, Billy. We’ve come to appreciate good work here. You’ve been nicely cut.’

‘How often do you like to stroke it Billy? Once a day..., twice a day? Three times.’

Billy nods reluctantly with the last number. The number of times is really not important for Miss Lucinda. It is the process of extracting from Billy intimate information which he holds so dear and is so embarrassed to divulge.

‘Tsk. Tsk. Well that will change here. We don’t like our boys stroking themselves. That’s my job. But why don’t you once show me how you do it. Put on a nice show for Nurse Greta. She likes excited boys.’

On cue, Nurse Greta unbuckles the cuff restraining Billy’s right hand.

‘He’s cut rather tightly, Greta. I think he’ll need some lotion.’

Since one of her daily duties is to massage her trio of assigned young sycophants, Nurse Greta retrieves a handy tube of viscous ointment from her pocket. She gleefully squeezes a dollop onto Billy’s palm.

‘Go ahead, show me how you like to please yourself Billy. It will be the last time you touch yourself for quite awhile, so make it good.’

With Miss Lucinda's deft diddling, Billy cannot help himself. He's humiliated, embarrassed. He is flushed. But his greased right palm finds his reddish purple nine inches. Miss Lucinda steps back to closely observe.

Experience tells the Chief Masturbatrix that since every young male is basically self taught when it comes to self gratification, each has a distinctive method and style for bringing relief to his condition of 'boiling' hormones. So as part of the introduction to complete degradation, having each new arrival masturbate himself serves two purposes. One is to introduce the obvious element of psychological control, mandating that the boy perform like a trained circus animal. But the second is more mechanical. Miss Lucinda will carefully observe Billy work the long standing shaft and when it is her turn, be able to closely replicate the motion.

"Now we don't like our boys ejaculating just anywhere Billy. So you tell me when you feel yourself about to spurt, then I will have some things I want you to do for me." More psychological control. Billy nods sheepishly and looks down to see his hand pleasuring his well lubricated shaft. Nurse Greta moves to a nearby metal cabinet. She knows to stand ready to collect a sample from Billy's explosive organ. A small sealable plastic bag will suffice. Meanwhile Miss Lucinda watches Billy's hand stroke up, down, up and then twist at the tip. A very standard maneuver, Miss Lucinda notes. Rotating the wrist is common amongst the circumcised boys. She knows she'll soon be handling Billy and having him spouting like a whale.

Billy strokes vigorously for not even a minute then mumbles, his words lost in his self induced rapture. Miss Lucinda recognizes the symptoms of imminent climax.

"Stop Billy. That's enough."

Billy is shocked to feel a most amazingly powerful female hand grasp his wrist and slowly pull it to the side. His resistance is futile and an observer would note that it appears the muscular Chief Masturbatrix is playing with a limp doll.

"You'll get where you want to go, Billy. But first I want you to do some things for me."

Nurse Greta knows to unbuckle the various restraints.

"We like our boys to keep free hands on their head in my presence."

Billy complies. His emotions are roiling..., having had his pleasure terminated without culmination, having sampled the overwhelming strength of the beautiful but oddly dressed woman, having spent the morning stripped, washed, shaved and inspected by a nurse not more than two years his senior.

"Now, off the table Billy. Let's see you walk. I like seeing boy's with stiff penises move about. Keep it nice and hard for me. Concentrate. Walk to the door..., now back..., yes that's good."

Miss Lucinda speaks softly but with authority. Billy's little remaining pride begins to disappear. He is a puppy in obedience school and for the ensuing fifteen minutes he tries to go to the head of the class. He surprises himself not only with his propensity to obey but also with his tumescence, his manhood continuing to point straight forward. Miss Lucinda's even but firm voice and the occasional giggle from the young nurse seem to stimulate its firmness.

"Now stand facing the door, spread your feet and bend.

"Greta, a number two size should suffice."

The nurse reaches into a nearby cabinet and hands Miss Lucinda a moderate sized rubber phallus. Strong brown hands attach it to the thigh strap.

"Now Billy, come over here. I'm not sure if you've seen our rutting girl. She's here just for you boys."

Miss Lucinda moves to the far side of the cubicle, dragging a simple wooden chair. There on the floor rests the wire mesh cage that Billy will soon come to know all too well. It stands three feet high and above it is a window looking out onto the center area where Miss Lucinda had earlier visited the rutting girl and dozen captive heads.

"We provide our boys with entertainment during their free time. You'll be watching Lisa and the other girls every day. It'll keep that youthful virility engaged and with a very healthy diet and some special hormones you'll always be ready to perform for me."

Miss Lucinda sits facing the window. Across the open center area, Lisa the rutting girl stands with her backside to the cage opposite cubicle 14. Her feet are parted and she bends slightly at the waist. The hands and lower arms of a caged kneeling boy can be seen between her knees. Lisa's devious smile suggests that he is pleasuring her in some manner. The imagination concludes she has graciously consented to having the most hormone laden of young males kiss and lick her posterior.

"Face the window and sit Billy. We'll take care of that problem jutting out in front of you."

Billy looks down to see the rubber phallus attached to Miss Lucinda's thigh strap pointing straight up to the ceiling. He gulps. It is not large by Club standards, but his unutilized sphincter signals concern. He lurches when he feels the gloved fingers of Nurse Greta slide between his buttocks. Miss Lucinda laughs as lubrication is daubed where he'll most be needing it.

"It's no where near the size of what you'll soon be experiencing, Billy. Come and sit. I think you'll enjoy the ride. Keep your hands on your head for me, straddle my leg. Yes, that's a good boy."

Billy obediently straddles as commanded, his left leg between those of Miss Lucinda, his right to her right side. As he bends his knees to sit, Miss Lucinda's experienced fingers guide the phallus directly to the entrance of the tight, rarely penetrated anus.

“Yes, Billy. Now I'll show you what good boys get here at the Club. Watch the pretty girl. I'll bet a boy your age hasn't seen many naked girls. Does she excite you? And look what she's doing with her hands.”

Miss Lucinda's left hand grasps Billy's left shoulder, pulling down with a convincing tug. Billy grunts as Miss Lucinda's judiciously selected plug implants itself. He is reminded of the strange doctor's exam the week before.

Billy cannot help but look out the window as suggested. Lisa has resumed standing on the platform and is once again frottaging her various intimate feminine parts.

“Now let's see what you have to offer our Club members.”

The left hand reaches around to find the freshly shaven scrotal sac. The right wraps about the firm young shaft. A shocked Billy begins to move his hands.

“Just relax. Leave your hands atop your head or I'll have Nurse Greta find a neck collar and cuffs. They're rather uncomfortable and once we have to use them, you'll be wearing them for a while.”

While Miss Lucinda admonishes, her hands speak even louder. Her grip is frightening, kneading the male eggs within the smooth scrotum like marbles in the palm of her hand..., occasionally pinching. Her right hand likewise sends a message of complete control..., clenching the shaft near the tip with a most persuasive squeeze.

Billy settles down. Watching the rutting girl is somewhat diverting. And having the mammoth woman demonstrate the potential to apply pain to the most sensitive and precious of areas initiates an odd feeling of surrender. He feels not only the heat of Miss Lucinda's leg on the flesh of inner his thighs but also the huge muscles beneath. The anal plug, sized perfectly to apply pressure to his young prostate, yet not overly agitate the rarely touched gland, begins to cause peculiar sensations. When Miss Lucinda slowly strokes, the sensations of the plug become strangely enjoyable.

Billy does indeed relax. His body surrenders itself to the hands, strength and talent of the Chief Masturbatrix.

Nurse Greta moves to his side. From this day, Billy's very first at the Club, he will learn to become accustomed to having women observe the most humbling of exhibitions for the young male, having his proud male organs completely controlled by a Dominant female.

Miss Lucinda begins to stroke in earnest. Billy has never before felt such pleasure. Her expert grip is firm, controlling but not painful.

“Shoulders back, Billy. Show Nurse Greta some good posture. Curve your back inward..., yes that’s it. Can you feel the plug?”

Miss Lucinda’s right hand bends the turgid, hot and purple manhood down toward her knee. She continues stroking, letting Billy feel the penetrating plug, its presence exaggerated by her suggested posture. Meanwhile, the stiff nine inches is angled such that Billy will not ejaculate until she deems him ready.

“When you’re caged, Billy. You’ll be able to have an even better view of our rutting girl. And perhaps she’ll let you have a sampling of her fragrance..., or if you’re a good boy perhaps she’ll let you kiss her feet..., or place your tongue where boys most like to explore. ”

Lisa seems to sense Miss Lucinda’s suggestion. The naked girl steps to the edge of the platform separates her feet and utilizes many fingers to splay her smoothly shaven labia, maximizing the area of wet pinkness viewable to Billy’s young eyes.

Miss Lucinda softly laughs, feeling Billy reaction in his stiff organ.

“Yes, Billy we take good care of our boys here at the Club. You’ll never be bored.”

Miss Lucinda jostles her right leg causing the penetrating anal phallus to abrade the prostate gland. She strokes firmer and faster, keeping the tip angled downward. She can feel his various valves open in anticipation of release.

“He’s close, Greta.

“Just a few more strokes Billy then I’m going to have you empty yourself into Nurse Greta’s sample bag. You’ll ejaculate when I say so and remain patient while I drain you. I want you to give me everything, Billy. Be a good boy and squeeze it all out for me..., you’ll feel better and make me happy.”

Nurse Greta holds open the plastic pouch-like bag. Miss Lucinda pumps her thigh intensifying the pressure on the prostate. She nods and the Nurse places it directly over the tip and holds it in place.

“One..., two..., three. Now Billy show us what you have.”

Billy erupts on cue, his male glands responding to Miss Lucinda’s laboring hands and fingers as she changes the angle of the erection to permit an explosion of semen to splatter into the waiting bag.

The Chief Masturbatrix continues stroking, milking the youthful organ of all it has to offer. She often wonders if the subordinate males realize the extent of the pleasure she derives in forcing the coveted male organ to spew its precious seed. A fascinated Nurse Greta calmly holds the bag. Her interest in what is normally a proud display of male potence, lowered to mere female amusement at the Degradation Club, never wanes. The cubicle fills with the scent of feminine arousal.

Billy involuntarily closes his eyes. He has never felt such pleasure yet such humiliation. He has been milked of his male essence by a woman, and a woman who took complete control over the process. The cute blond nurse observing with a look of mocking enjoyment makes him flush with embarrassment.

Billy's last drops of fluid are clear but are carefully collected. Miss Lucinda lets him rest then finally, with an impressive show of strength, lifts him up under his arms. The penetrating rubber phallus emerges with the sound of a plop.

"Send out the measurements as soon as possible, Greta. I'll want Billy harnessed and hanging for the members within the next two weeks. You know how much they enjoy new flesh.

"He's definitely ready to rest in the cage. Make sure the catheter is well implanted."
When not performing, the male subjugants are catheterized with a balloon catheter. The valve to release the inflated tip of the catheter, holding the tube in place by expanding in the bladder, is accessible only by the nurse.

The lengthy tube draining into a collection vessel in the floor permits freedom of movement, but prohibits masturbation and also serves to inhibit erection.

"And Greta, I think Billy will find the larger diameter tube to be an interesting challenge."

Part Three

Miss Lucinda enters cubicle 8. It is home to Alex, the lad who earlier attempted to assault her genitalia with his tongue and to whom Miss Lucinda suggested a visit with the Swedish heiress.

Moisture on the rubber coated floor indicates that the 20 year old has had his morning shaving, enema, shower and inspection. Miss Lucinda's eyes follow the long catheterization tube from the collection drain in the center of the floor to the cage where it disappears into Alex's urethra.

Alex, forced to kneel in the low cage, displays his heavy free swinging scrotum between spread thighs. It evidences the degree of forced sexual inactivity compared to most twenty year old males. His head remains thrust through the cage's circular opening, affording the optimal view of Lisa as she strolls about in nakedness.

Alex's penis is pulled down and back toward the front of the cage, its position forced by the tube which denies one of the organ's functions and permits careful monitoring of the other. Yes, the excretions of each boy are measured and sampled for a variety of health conditions. The treatment afforded the Club's subjugants is akin to that of valuable race horses. And the extensive medical care ensures that each 'colt' is ready to 'race' for its owner.

No matter the years of interaction with naked, obsequious and hormone laden young males, Miss Lucinda's heart always jumps a beat with the proximity and access. Viewing the entrapped manhood, knowing it is only by her hand that it will be freed to spurt its accumulation of juices, arouses her. And added to the indescribable level of excitement is the heady feeling of power in selecting which 'colt' will be 'raced'. If not Alex, there are 16 others, some better prepared than others. It is Miss Lucinda's purview to decide.

The telltale chart hangs on the left wall. Miss Lucinda calls out greetings as she reviews Alex's information. The captive male pulls back his head, turns, and crawls to the front of the cage. His look resembles that of a neglected pet at an animal shelter.

Miss Lucinda notes the typical pattern for a boy approaching his 21st birthday. The quantity of his ejaculate has been slowly diminishing for the past five months. Therefore it is timely that in three months his tour at the Club will end. A nasty woman from a Malaysian island has expressed preliminary interest in obtaining the benefit of his 'skills'. She has a penchant for furnishing certain rooms of her palace with well restrained male nudity hanging in full suspension.

Because of Alex's decline, he has been placed on the dreaded eight day cycle. Thus, his young glands have not been massaged and emptied of seed for a week.

Alex's penis length is listed at ten inches. Though his semen production is in decline, with the eight day interval and his size, the friends of the Swedish heiress should be well entertained.

Miss Lucinda moves to the cage. Pushing the daily code into an electronic key pad releases the small door. As it springs open, the Chief Masturbatrix stoops and gathers up the slack of Alex's tube. At a point about three feet from where the tube disappears into Alex's urinary tract, there is a locking device. With the proper key, the air filling the small balloon holding the tube in Alex's bladder can be released to permit removal. Also the tube can be disconnected at that point allowing the nurses to use it as a leash, the inflated tip remaining secured in the boy's bladder. Without the key unauthorized removal and disconnection of the tube is impossible.

Therefore the firm hand of a woman can gently tug, receive the absolute attention of the boy at the other end, and lead him about knowing that failure to follow results in indescribable pain deep within his system.

Alex knows to exit the cage. His knees shuffle quickly. Having watched the rutting girl for a good part of the morning his organs need attention..., any attention. Though his hands are free,

touching will just result in more frustration and when catheterized, attempting to achieve tumescence can be painful. His knows to place his hands on top of his head

“Stand please, Alex. Let’s have a look.”

The boy complies. Miss Lucinda’s hands move to the lengthy flaccid penis, palming the loose scrotal sac beneath.

“Are you ready to perform for me? Shall I have the nurse harness you?”

With the taunting questions, Miss Lucinda’s fingers move behind the heavy scrotum, between the thighs. As trained, Alex immediately parts his feet to provide access.

With the catheterization tube passing through the prostate, the little gland is highlighted and can easily be felt under the perineum. The reaction to her words can also be felt, physically. The hormone laden boy, having wiled away the past seven days watching the likes of Lisa and the other rutting girls, having perhaps been permitted a small sampling of their charms, is ready to explode. But for the penetrating tube, his penis would probably be dripping pre-ejaculatory fluid, Miss Lucinda concludes.

Yes, the heiress will be most happy.

“Over here Alex. You know to bend.”

Miss Lucinda pulls on the tube. Alex quickly moves to follow the ebony giantess to the inspection bar where he presses his lower belly against the smooth brass pipe then bends at the waist.

“Spread a little more.”

It is only through compliance that Alex can attain the relief he so desperately craves. Thus the virile naked boy will obey, responding to all of Miss Lucinda’s requests and commands, hoping that in the end, it will be *his* penis selected for the humiliating display and the ecstatic relief which accompanies it.

Satisfied that the feet are parted as far as possible, Miss Lucinda moves to a nearby cabinet and dons a latex glove. With a familiar snap, Alex knows that experienced hands and fingers will make a final assessment, hopefully pronouncing the fruit of his reproductive glands ready for harvest.

“Nice and relaxed now.”

Alex’s pliable sphincter, stretched daily during examination and cleansing, yields agreeably to the index and middle finger of Miss Lucinda’s gloved right hand. Meanwhile her left gathers up the free hanging plums. She feels her vagina moisten. These are the moments of power she

relishes, examining the young hapless male anatomy with impunity. Her left gently kneads the thin, soft and well shaven scrotal flesh. Though she knows otherwise, she fantasizes it as being full of male essence, the two large eggs floating in sperm..., sperm to be extracted and milked in the most ignominious of exhibitions.

Her penetrating fingers reach the prostate. Yes, it is swollen and it seems to welcome her touch. The reaction from the slightest of caresses with her right index finger, Miss Lucinda can feel with her left hand. Incredibly, the fully catheterized Alex begins to stiffen.

She has in the past brought catheterized boys to erection. Performed as a punishment, achieving erection in such condition can be most tormenting..., with no hope for relief until the appendage shrinks under its own accord and the tube is removed.

But Alex is a good boy and as tempting as the prospect of watching him harden is, Miss Lucinda withdraws, desiring instead to have him fully prepared to explode on cue before the wealthy Swedish woman and her friends.

“You’re quite full, Alex. I’m going to have Nurse Greta harness you. You’re going to entertain some luncheon guests.

“Stand for me.”

Alex smiles and straightens. With his years of experience, gone is the trepidation, the dread of being forced to perform naked and restrained in harness before a gathering of Dominant women. No, Alex has come to pine for Miss Lucinda’s amazingly powerful touch..., powerful, not only physically but also psychologically. For other than at Miss Lucinda’s behest, Alex has not climaxed for almost three years. He cannot remember the adolescent thrill of frictioning his ten inches. The privilege of having his mammoth organ stand belongs to others..., the wealthy Club members, his nurse, and fortunately, as he has come to realize, Miss Lucinda.

Yes, the pleasure he experiences, however infrequently, is incredibly intense. He cannot ever recall bringing himself to the indescribable level of ecstatic relief that Miss Lucinda provides, nor can he recall any teenaged escapades with female school mates which were any where near as gratifying.

And so with the mention of the word ‘harness’, Alex begins to tume fy. He cannot help the Pavlov-like reaction. And of course Miss Lucinda notices his penis twitch, despite the catheter.

“Yes Alex, you’re going to earn a very nice gratuity for me today.”

Miss Lucinda pulls on the catheter tube. Alex of course follows looking down at the perfectly shaped muscled legs of his Masturbatrix. While Miss Lucinda pushes a button on the intercom, Alex falls to his knees. He kisses her feet in gratitude then begins to lick her calves.

“Greta, I want Alex in Cubicle 8 harnessed and intubated. Bring him to Luncheon Room 4 at noon.”

While giving orders, the fingers of her left hand explore beneath the brief latex skirt. Her sex is most wet in not only toying with Alex but also anticipating the luncheon exhibition. She coats her fingers as her right hand turns off the intercom.

Meanwhile Alex’s busy tongue has moved up to her thighs. His long wet laps feel wonderfully subservient. In turning 21 and leaving the auspices of the Club, his complete mental and physical capitulation will be missed. But Miss Lucinda comforts herself with thoughts of breaking a newly acquired recalcitrant 18 year old. Thus the cycle will continue and visions of a retired Alex hanging naked and erect in the palace of the Malaysian woman bring a smile.

“Something for you to think about. See you at noon.”

Miss Lucinda smooths her wet fingers over the nose and upper lip of her oral sycophant then steps away with a sardonic laugh. The strong scent of her arousal causes another penis twitch. Just as Miss Lucinda reaches the cubicle door, Nurse Greta enters.

“Nice and firm with the harness, Greta. I’ll want him squirting like a fountain.”

The dour nurse nods. Standing at nearly six foot and with her blond hair wrapped in a tight bun, she appears austere and, while not possessing the physical strength of Miss Lucinda, is just as imposing with her confident look of determination.

Alex does not realize how quickly Nurse Greta will wrap him in his customized, fur lined harness and whisk him to the luncheon room. She was busy when Miss Lucinda summoned and a certain Club employee awaits her return. Earlier Nurse Greta caught Albert masturbating in the ladies powder room. Since the men’s facility has a video camera, at an early hour Albert sneaked into a stall in the lady’s room and attempted to seek unauthorized relief. The penalty for such behavior is extreme, the Whipmistress being relentless in plying her craft. Thus, when Miss Lucinda called out on the intercom, Nurse Greta was busy negotiating an alternative punishment with the terrified but tumefied, well-bound Albert.

It is Nurse Greta’s intention that, by the end of the day, Albert will wish he had submitted to the Whipmistress instead. Meanwhile he lies in wait, the foolish male actually expecting to achieve climax at some point.

Alex places his hands on his head and stands. He begins to shake. It is speculative to presume the source of his reaction..., whether it is fear of the callous nurse or excited anticipation of spilling his abundant seed before ogling members and guests. Whatever the reason he knows to remain obedient and permit the nurse to work the paraphernalia. Proper harnessing is as important as correctly donning a parachute.

A nearby cabinet holds the devious collection of leather. The Club spares no expense in fabricating the customized harnesses. Each is made with the strongest strips from quality hides and is typically worked and reworked after two or three trials in order to ensure a snug fitting about the neck, torso and waist of the wearer. The fur lining the inside of every surface touching the skin is from the youngest of lambs. Its consistency is close to that of cashmere and as one newly hired nurse observed, a girl would be proud to have a drawer full of sweaters made from such material.

Yes, as incongruous as it may seem, comfort is critically important in suspending the naked male. After all, the Club's members desire to observe control, humiliation, and sexual performance under the guidance of the Dominant female..., not torment..., not physical torment any way. Thus when properly harnessed, a young male can hang for hours. And with tension applied to selected anatomical areas, can so hang while continuously and thoroughly erect.

And so Alex patiently stands as three broad bands attached to the simple harness, consisting of a single vertical strip running down the spine from head to buttocks, are carefully buckled beginning from top to bottom.

The neck collar is first. Three inches wide, it will hold Alex's head almost completely immobile, permitting only the slightest of movements. The strap holding it in place is threaded through a 'slip' buckle allowing the neck collar to be tightened with a tug on ring attached to the end. It is similar to the 'choke' collar used to control large dogs.

The chest piece is second. Broader than the neck collar, it is secured directly under the arms and for much of the time in suspension will bear most of Alex's weight.

The waist band is last. Equal in thickness to the chest piece, it fits very snugly and has attached over each hip two eye hooks, sewn into the leather with the strongest of nylon twines.

When finished, Nurse Greta steps back to survey her work then tugs on each of the encircling bands.

Simple wrist and ankle cuffs follow and gentle but firm Teutonic hands guide Alex's arms down and to the back side of the harness where the wrist cuffs are quickly snapped onto the waiting eye hooks of the waist belt.

Nurse Greta steps to the medical cabinet for the final implement. Resting amongst various supplies of unguent, bandages, catheter tubing, etc. is Alex's tracheal tube. It is the most uncomfortable part of the procedure and thus the experienced nurse knows to have the boy's hands well under control. She speaks in her authoritative German accented voice as she lubes the tube with water soluble jelly.

"You'll be a good boy and not swallow, yes? Your throat will feel better if we get it in on the first try."

Over the years, Alex knows the procedure. And Nurse Greta is correct. As uncomfortable as the tube is, it is best to relax and permit its insertion into the air passage rather than irritate the throat with more than one try. It is also essential to refrain from breathing and swallowing until the insertion is complete then concentrate and force life sustaining air through the firm tube of smooth PVC.

“Head back.”

With hands restrained, and the fingers of Nurse Greta’s left hand pinching his nose, Alex has no choice but to comply. With a deft push of the right hand, Alex once again finds himself intubated. The specially designed tube will not only ensure his silence, it will also ensure that no matter the tension on his neck collar, he will not lose access to oxygen.

Nurse Greta again steps back. This time she smiles. No matter how many times she prepares a boy for masturbation, the intense feeling of gratification overwhelms. Alex is totally controlled..., naked, harnessed, catheterized and intubated. With a simple pinch of the nose and a thumb over the tracheal tube, she could bring the boy, struggling for breath, to his knees. He is the picture of male submission. So virile yet so humbled and ready to please the female.

Nurse Greta steps forward. She grips the long tube emanating from Alex’s urethra and finds the locking connection. As the small key is inserted, Nurse Greta palms the loose and low hanging testicles. She then grasps the freed end of the tube and gives it a small tug to signal her control.

“You’re going to make the members happy today, Alex. You’re going to explode like a cannon, yes?”

In planting the vision of his penis erupting like an artillery piece, the strange procession begins. Alex will be led by his catheterization tube, naked and bound, through the various floors, stairways and hallways of the Club up to the assigned luncheon room. The jostling of the tube, the humiliation of being led about naked, the strange sensation of being firmly but comfortably restrained, all cause his manhood to respond. And the response is exactly what is relished by the collection of Dominant women. On cue, Alex’s penis will stiffen to its full ten inches and the knowledgeable Miss Lucinda will keep it stiff for as long as is desired.

Alex always finds the short journey through the facility to be strangely enlightening. As subservient as his role mandates, spying the handiwork of the Whipmistress or the Director of Bondage provides curious relief. Members often request that the two women display their trade and the visual evidence of such pain and anguish is prevalent on numerous excoriated backsides and with well bound naked males trussed in various nooks and corners of the corridors. Therefore Alex considers himself fortunate. His lot is to merely hang, place his male anatomy into the trusted hands of the Chief Masturbatrix and ejaculate when commanded. Continued obedience and satisfactory ejaculatory performance will assure that both his buttocks and naked body will avoid the auspices of either women with their nasty implements and equipment.

Reaching luncheon room number 4, Nurse Greta walks Alex to the center where a chain and a length of rope dangle from the ceiling. She attaches the chain to a large ring woven into the leather harness just below the neck collar. The rope is knotted through the ring at the end of the strap holding the neck collar in place.

As Alex calmly gazes at the three tables meticulously set for the afternoon's meal, Nurse Greta steps to his front and presses the valve to release the balloon catheter.

As often as Alex has had the tube removed, it is a feeling to which no male can become accustomed. Still, the nurse expertly slides out the controlling length of plastic with minimal discomfort. Though it is more enjoyable to make the male writhe in agony, Nurse Greta reminds herself that he is here to perform. Perhaps on another day the balloon may not entirely deflate..., or her experienced hands will slowly twist causing the tube to friction the sensitive urethra...,

Nurse Greta knows to put the fantasies aside.

"Be a good boy now Alex," she remindfully suggests, her hand patting the buttocks of the hanging, naked figure.

Nurse Greta moves to the wall adjacent to the door. There the other end of the rope is loosely tied to a hook. She pulls down, tensioning the rope which is threaded through a pulley hanging from the ceiling. Her action causes the neck collar to tighten, forcing Alex to quickly stand straighter. Satisfied she releases her hand and Alex temporarily slumps. But her final duty is to adjust the chain. Her finger pushes a wall switch and a motor whirs. Alex finds himself rising until he stands on his toes. As designed, the ingenious harness places tension on the spine. He feels himself slowly tumefy to the sound of the laughing nurse.

Part Four

With the tracheal tube and neck collar, Alex has limited mobility of his head. He can hear people enter the room. Some are waiters, older employees of the Club who once served as does Alex. But an occasional feminine voice indicates that friends of the wealthy heiress are assembling, and a particularly matronly woman, handsome but with streaks of gray evidencing maturity, chooses to stand before the naked semi suspended male and caress his testicles.

"Amazingly soft and absolutely hairless," she notes, apparently to companions nearby.

Then her hand moves up and Alex feels her fingers testing the firmness of his ten inches. Its hardness surprises even Alex. Since he can neither touch nor gaze downward to see it, it is only the woman's exploring hand that implies to Alex the intensity of his erection. It is as if the organ belongs to someone else, and Alex is merely acting as custodian.

Alex is somewhat relieved when the serving of Champagne diverts attention. But within minutes a semi circle of well dressed immaculately coifed women appear in the lower portion of his peripheral vision.

The women drink. They talk. They discuss his prodigious anatomy. More fingers are felt. Some are bold. Others reconnoiter with the tenderness of a mother examining a child. Alex slowly flushes with embarrassment. Naked, restrained, his toes just touching the floor..., he will stay erect for them despite his humiliation.

“Goodness, he’s leaking.”

Alex hears the tittering laughter of the feminine gathering as the observer notes pre-ejaculatory fluid beading about the purple tip of his manhood.

With the sound of the door opening a Swedish accented voice calls out greetings. Alex gratefully notes that all attention turns from him as the high pitched chatter rises in volume and the hostess enters. Glasses clink. Small talk ensues then Alex’s respite ends. The face of a beautiful blonde woman enters his vision. Her wealth is evidenced by the care taken in her hair and make up and the opulent collection of rare gems draped from her ears and hanging about her neck. Her gaze moves downward and she smiles.

“Oh, yes. Just what I requested. The Club is so accommodative.”

Alex feels her hands. One palming his scrotum the other caressing his turgid shaft, she inspects with pluck, her status as Club member emboldening the examination of her ‘party favor’. Her touch is sensuous, experienced. The regal woman is comfortable manipulating the male genitals and as Alex struggles to look into the eyes of the ravishing Dominant, his knees weaken.

“The harness does such wonders for the exhibition of the male, does it not ladies.?”

All murmur agreement as a firm hand bends the most steadfast of erections down, testing its turgidness. Alex moves his feet back and bends his waist to more comfortably adapt to the pressure the heiress applies.

“The Chief Masturbatrix will keep him up for us until after lunch. So let’s eat, shall we?”

The smiling hostess removes her hands and turns away. Alex feels the head of his penis lurch upwards in response. It waggles in freedom, but Alex laments the cessation of her fine touch.

As the assemblage sits for their meal, the door opens once again. With the reaction of turned heads and sudden silence Alex knows there is only one person who can attract such attention. It is Miss Lucinda.

The Swedish heiress introduces the imposing latex clad figure. The lurching women, all having some penchant for the Domination of the male, are in awe.

Alex feels the familiar firmness of Miss Lucinda's touch. She stands out of sight to his left side as her right hand steadies his nearly free swinging form by gripping the thick flesh of his left buttock. Her left cups the bottom of his scrotum, raises it and draws the bag of smooth pinkness forward for better viewing.

“Alex is one of our more experienced boys ladies. Though he'll soon be moving on from the Club, I'm sure you'll find the exhibition of his virility to be most entertaining. Over dessert and coffee I'll demonstrate the mastery that a properly trained woman can attain over the subservient male..., and when your hostess gives me the sign we'll have Alex here spurting for you like a fire hose.”

The room fills with politely restrained laughter. Miss Lucinda withdraws, leaving Alex's plums swinging before two dozen feminine eyes. The boy closes his eyes in shame. He can hear the consumption of food and to the side Miss Lucinda preparing for the exhibition. The rope attached to his neck collar is jostled.

Within minutes two semi-nude waiters return and the women cannot help but giggle at their professional attire from the waist up juxtaposed against complete nakedness below. The three tables are cleared and with the smell of coffee, Miss Lucinda returns to the afternoon's attraction. Alex feels a finger gently explore the crevice of his buttocks. It is slippery and when it finds his rectum, slides in easily to the second knuckle.

Alex appreciates the precautionary lubrication. His rear passage has the remnants from the earlier inspection, but when Miss Lucinda decides to frolic there, more is better than less. The exhibition begins in earnest. Alex feels a powerful tug on his right ankle cuff. It is lifted and quickly clipped to the waiting eye hook on his waist belt. The left is likewise secured and Alex hangs in a kneeling position some three feet off the floor. The effect is rapid and brings a murmured buzz from his audience. With the chain pulling upwards on the top of his harness and the weight of his own calves and ankles pulling downwards, Alex's finds himself in self induced traction. The effect on the nerves and dendrites of the spine is to make his already erect organ even stiffer with the shade of red turning first to crimson then an amazing purple.

“Interesting is it not ladies? The effect of suspension on the penis. I often wonder how long a male can stay erect like this. There does not seem to be a limit.”

Miss Lucinda slips a simple block of polished wood between Alex's knees, forcing apart the thighs. Its very width keeps the cleverly designed board in place as Alex cannot part his knees any further to release it. The addition results in Alex's scrotal sac swinging freely below the huge phallus. There is discussion at a nearby table referring to his position as being the picture of submission. The Club prohibits photography however, the anonymity of the members being sacrosanct. But a particularly enthusiastic woman inquires and is reminded of the rule.

“Such a photo would be a warming visual memento for a cold winter’s night,” she gushes with a chortle.

For a male’s system to maintain an erection, circulation is essential. With the increased tension on the harness, the sound of air rushing through the tracheal tube punctuates the occasional silence.

Meanwhile Miss Lucinda casually examines the drawer of a nearby cabinet. The collection of rubber phalli within is neatly laid out with the length and girth increasing from left to right.

Since Alex is rather experienced, Miss Lucinda knows to select one of great girth with a well placed bump for the prostate gland. As she has done daily four more than for years, she attaches it to her thigh strap.

When Miss Lucinda turns to approach the naked form swinging at the end of his chain, notable gasps are heard..., many of the guests never before having seen the specially crafted cylinder of rubber. Others who have smile knowingly, fully cognizant of the utility of the devilish bump.

The beautiful blonde heiress nods to Miss Lucinda. The Chief Masturbatrix knows to begin.

Miss Lucinda grasps the free end of rope hanging from the pulley above. With her left hand she tugs gently, signaling Alex and reminding him of her control. She moves behind him. Her right hand guides the rubber phallus attached to her thigh. The tip slips between Alex’s cheeks.

“Open nicely for me.”

She increases the tension on the rope. Alex has been penetrated so many times he knows that it is best to welcome the large length of rubber rather than undergo the agony of resistance. Experience tells him that he will be fully impaled by whatever object Miss Lucinda chooses. His intention is to make it as painless as possible.

With a slight forward and upward motion of Miss Lucinda’s powerful thigh, the black rubber obelisk disappears. The watching room of woman whisper approval.

“Waggle for the ladies, Alex. Give them a nice greeting.”

Alex can feel the proximity of his ebony tormentress. His inner thighs brush against her right leg. His upper arms feel the warmth and firmness of her latex covered breasts. She positions her face over his left shoulder and blows into his ear.

“You’re going to please me today, aren’t you Alex. I know how to make you very happy.”

Her left hand pulls. More of Alex’s weight is borne by his neck collar. The tracheal tube insures his supply of oxygen is maintained while Miss Lucinda playfully demonstrates to the beautiful

heiress and her friends the amazing effect of full body suspension with carefully monitored traction of the spine.

Alex's erection moves straight up. Pointing to the ceiling, the tip almost presses against his stomach. Incredibly, it waggles in humble response to Miss Lucinda's request. The room erupts in laughter.

The right thigh of the accomplished masturbatrix begins to pump. Alex is being sodomized before the gathering. He feels shame. He is embarrassed. He is humiliated. But he savors the moment as pure ecstasy.

This is what he has lived for and anticipated every morning for some three years. While his nurse washes, soaps, inspects and massages he hopes that perhaps it will be the day when Miss Lucinda chooses him, Alex, to entertain..., to tumefy before a Club member..., to feel the powerful touch of the amazingly Dominant black woman..., to graciously be permitted to spill his seed for her..., to be permitted to kiss her feet in gratitude.

Fluid begins to ooze from Alex's penis and stream down the long shaft. He cannot help but squeeze his buttocks and grip the phallus, increasing the friction and sensation in his prostate. His body surrenders, taking the mammoth object with waves of ecstasy ebbing in his cerebrum.

Within minutes he no longer has any thoughts of resistance. He tries to pull the trigger, thrusting forth his hips to end the overwhelming pleasure by ejaculating for the crowd of women. Though he does not want the wondrous sensation to end, he is overwhelmed.

Miss Lucinda feels his effort.

"No, no. Alex. When I say so. You know my boys climax only when I wish."

How true.

The rope tightens. The thigh moves more vigorously. Miss Lucinda's right hand circles his right hip and palms the testicles.

"Notice how the scrotal sac tightens ladies? Alex's system is preparing itself to ejaculate. The various muscles are contracting, getting ready to explode.

"But you're not going to do that yet are you Alex?"

Miss Lucinda taunts as her hand moves to the base of the erect manhood. She squeezes with a hand that can crush steel cans, completely blocking the urethra.

Alex will not ejaculate prematurely. Nothing will pass while the hand of the ebony giantess maintains its hold.

Several more minutes of pumping ensues. Alex squirms, trying his best to end the agonizing torment of overwhelming but incomplete pleasure. Meanwhile the rope tightens causing the neck collar to bear more and more weight. The sound of air rushing through the tracheal tube evidences Alex's need. His circulation races. Miss Lucinda can feel the intensity of his body heat through her thin latex uniform.

Knowing that it is by her hand that he heavily breathes and squirms, fighting to bring himself to that most humiliating moment, brings a rush of satisfaction. Miss Lucinda has a live puppet with which she plays, dangling helplessly impaled on the curious phallus of her choosing. Her wetness flows. She can feel the moisture of arousal drip down her thighs.

The door quietly opens. Nurse Greta slips into the room unnoticed as all eyes are glued to Miss Lucinda's exhibit. The nurse moves to the cabinet and retrieves a sample bag.

It is obvious that no one is watching the door or the clock for that matter. All concentrate on the amazing demonstration of feminine control. The women are enraptured with the show, not wanting it to end, yet enthusiastically anticipating the pending explosion of semen. But finally after an interminable period, Miss Lucinda's right hand strokes.

Just one stroke..., a tease, bringing her hand up from the bottom to the tip of the erection. Alex shudders and again thrusts forward his hips in a futile effort, expecting a down stroke. Instead, Miss Lucinda removes her hand and Alex finds his penis thrusting into air. Again the room erupts in laughter.

"I think you're hinting at something, Alex," a smiling Miss Lucinda mocks.

"Let's see now..., you're completely naked before a room full of women..., you're helplessly suspended in mid air..., your backside is stuffed with a huge implement doing what to your prostate I can only imagine..., your penis is erect and the color of purple..., and I've kept you catheterized and completely chaste for seven days.

"Now what is it you want?"

Miss Lucinda pauses her hand action, continuing to pump methodically with her thigh.

"I'm going to guess that you'd like to show all these women how much you enjoy ejaculating."

Miss Lucinda's right hand returns. Incredibly, she can stroke the long shaft with enough pressure to make ejaculation impossible. Alex is familiar with the grip and he has never known one to be firmer. And to add to the torment the knowing hand bends the stiff manhood down, completely eliminating any chance of Alex emptying himself before the appointed moment.

The masturbation begins.

The left hand lifts more, the right hand strokes, the thigh pumps. Alex squirms in ecstasy trying desperately for the final ignominious act..., to empty himself for his tormentress and the pleasure of her admiring audience of women.

Stroke after stroke, Alex tries in vain. Finally Miss Lucinda looks to the Swedish heiress. Her smile is ravishing, greatly enjoying the display, knowing that her gathering of friends are well entertained.

But alas, the Club's infamous salon has been reserved and a dozen well trained, well restrained oral servants expect the arrival of her entourage.

The feeling between her own thighs hints at the readiness with which the group will lounge about while highly trained tongues work where a woman most desires attention.

Thus she nods. It is the signal Miss Lucinda has awaited. And a diligent Nurse Greta also knows. The white uniformed woman approaches, sample bag in hand.

"Well Alex. Would you like to squirt for me? Nurse Greta has a little pouch I think you'd like to fill, wouldn't you?"

Nurse Greta knows not to block the view of the collection of fascinated women. She stands to the side. Despite the frequency with which she observes the submissive male..., restrained..., tormented..., forced to perform..., she never tires of the display.

Miss Lucinda's grip eases and strokes faster. She slowly changes the angle of the ten inch appendage. Her left hand pulls. The chain slackens. The rope attached to Alex's neck collar bears his entire weight.

"Come for me Alex. Show the ladies how obedient you are."

The penis is pointed straight forward, Miss Lucinda strokes and Nurse Greta holds open the bag. The watching women gasp as a thick jet of white splatters to the bottom of the clear bag. Another stroke another splatter. Laughter. A third stroke a third load of thickness.

"Good boy. Pump for me. Pull."

Alex squirms in obedience, thrusting and working to give his Dominant Mistress all that his system has to offer. He understands the command to pull, initiating pressure on the male valve deep in his system.

The explosions end but the penis still exudes fluid. Nurse Greta dutifully collects it all. It will be measured and evaluated, utilized to adjust the level of Alex's hormone treatment. Despite his recent decline, the load of creamy thickness is impressive.

Miss Lucinda wonders if the Malaysian woman will ever allow him such powerful and astonishingly climactic release.

As all masturbation sessions end, thumb and forefinger pinch the base of the deflating appendage then draw down to the tip, forcing from the organ the last drops of spermatic fluid.

The gathering applauds. Alex closes his eyes and remains motionless in a strange reverie of combined shame and elation.

He has been well masturbated, drained of all he had to offer by a woman he has come to idolize..., worship..., revere. He wishes he had more to give and fantasizes being permanently suspended while a firm feminine hand ceaselessly strokes and forces his essence from him in an endless geyser of gelatinous whiteness. He envisions himself as a fountain of semen, performing continuously for Dominant women and for the pleasure of the Chief Masturbatrix.

Nurse Greta retreats. The sample needs the lab's attention. Miss Lucinda releases the rope, returning Alex's weight to the main portion of the harness held by the chain. The room goes silent as she slowly pulls back her enormous thigh and the black rubber phallus returns to the room light.

"Well ladies..., shall we visit the salon?" the Swedish heiress breaks the silence.

The group shuffles out. Some would like to stay but their hostess is correct. Much oral attention will be needed after the sordid display of obeisance. Gratefully a dozen tongues stand at the ready.

After the door closes, Miss Lucinda returns to the cabinet and removes the rubber phallus from her thigh strap. A waiter has left a basin of water on a small table. In it floats a bar of soft herbal soap and a chamois wash cloth. Miss Lucinda carries the table and basin to the languishing male form. She draws up a chair and sits. The flaccid ten inches hang at the level of her face. It gleams of lubricant. Two testicles dangle, the parted thighs serving to prominently display the vaunted organs but leaving them most vulnerable to feminine inquiry.

Powerful but smooth hands reach into the basin. The water temperature is soothingly warm. Miss Lucinda lathers the chamois and proceeds to gently wash the scrotum, her fingers exploring, kneading, caressing. She smiles with sanguineness. These are *her* organs and despite the daily inspections provided by Nurse Greta, she examines again with the level of care an owner affords to an expensive show dog.

Leaving the scrotal flesh covered in lather, the chamois swabs the penis with sensually soft soap. Long but limp, its color slowly returning to pink after its purple ordeal, Miss Lucinda takes pride. She washes with the tenderness of a mother tending to a new born infant. The penis has performed well for her and she feels an inner glow as her hand works the water into a delightful

sudsy froth. Despite the herbal fragrance, she detects the scent of her feminine arousal beneath the brief latex skirt.

Perhaps the rules can be bent, she thinks to herself. Margie would certainly enjoy stopping by the office to assist with another change of uniform...