

## **A Dose of Chadwick's Sleeping Tonic**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

Dominance is asserted abruptly only in warfare and in the baser aspects of primitive physical struggle, Edwin Upton reflected as the mantel clock chimed the hour. He sat alone in his darkened study, the leather-bound companions of his life stretching away to his right into the shadowed corners of the room.

More often, dominance and submission are matters of delicate balance, resolved slowly at the subconscious level with the passage of time, and the manifestation of consistent determination by the one party, and consistent weakness by the other - and this in trifling matters at first. In household affairs, a relative imbalance of wills is registered on the scale by countless little acquiescences until the preponderance of evidence shifts inexorably and absolutely to reveal the master and the vanquished.

Edwin Upton leaned forward to stub out the glowing stump of his Havana cigar in the intricate little jade trimmed ashtray by his side. As he did so, the cushions of the deep leather wing chair in which he sat creaked comfortably beneath him. His clothing was ill-matched to his surroundings, and as he got to his feet to walk to the heavy curtained window to his left, his steps were slow and weary. Edwin Upton pulled the curtains open just a bit and stood at the glass, gazing thoughtfully down at the carriages and pedestrians in the street below. A hansom cab turned the corner onto Brompton Road, then a rare motorcar flashed past, its running lamps trimmed for the early twilight. He noticed that a knot of well-dressed ladies had collected below the gas standard on the corner - waiting for the omnibus.

Edwin Upton wore but a single item of clothing - a long-sleeved nightshirt that fell to his thin knees. A pair of delicate wire-rimmed spectacles were his only accessory. Edwin Upton, the fourth Earl of Plimsoll, and master of Basilby House at the corner of Drayton Gardens and Brompton Road, was, in truth, master of nothing and earl of thin air.

He stepped back from the window and walked to his bookshelves running his hand gently along the spines of the thick volumes that were so dear to him. At least she had left him this single fragment of his once spectacular domain, he thought ruefully. At least here he was still master -for the moment.

Edwin Upton sat down wearily at his study table and opened one of the volumes that lay pleasantly scattered there in enticing disarray. "Milton!" he said wryly to himself. And - appropriately enough - Milton's *Samson Agonistes*! How very like his own fate was Samson's, Edwin realized. Physique notwithstanding, both men had been neutralized and enslaved by a temptress. Both, in their end, but pathetic pawns of her power.

Edwin heartily regretted his marriage to the lovely Sophie Wyne, but he gravely doubted were she to exercise her exquisite charms on him all over again he would be better able to gainsay her or extricate himself from her machinations. That Sophie could exercise a phenomenal amount of charm and persuasion was an understatement. She had fallen like a meteorite into his dull life and set him ablaze with a passion he thought had abandoned him long before. To a man of Edwin's years, the fire of aroused passion is at once a rare and sublime pleasure and a poignant echo of lost youth, rendering its subject all the more vulnerable to and dependent upon its object. Even though Edwin knew his friends' dire warnings - that Sophie loved naught but his fortune - rang true, he was captivated and enslaved by her bewitching beauty nonetheless - and that overcame all else.

Sophie Payne was a bewitching little beauty, and even Edwin's friends had made no mistake about that - at least judging from their sidelong glances when she was in the room - and this fact alone caused him a furtive, secret satisfaction that he, a man past middle years, could attract an extravagant young woman. In this respect, he was the envy of his friends, even though they were all properly scandalized by the wedding announcement, discreet though it was.

And Sophie Payne was indeed a bewitching beauty. There was no flaw in her from the dainty soles of her perfect little feet to the crown of her golden hair. Her eyes could be so wide, innocent, and full of sympathy that they would easily have captivated a man far more jaded and worldly than Edwin Upton was upon their first meeting. And Sophie's full-lipped, pouty little mouth, so firm and determined that it was a delight to succumb to her whims - at least in the beginning, before the extent of her lust for power was revealed, and her remorseless cruelty unmasked.

And so it was that Edwin was conquered before he knew the battle had been joined, and was enslaved long before he felt the figurative cold clasp of the iron collar about his neck.

And now, tonight, Edwin was confined to his study as Sophie and the servants - whom she had finally subverted to her will and control - prepared for a dinner party - to which he was not invited. The extent of the indignities to which she subjected him knew no bounds.

In his mind, Edwin Upton briefly and painfully reviewed the list of abnegations and surrenders that Sophie had demanded of him to reduce him to his present state. In the very beginning, Sophie had displayed a protective, almost-obsessive regard for his age and health that he found flattering at first, and reassuring in that he

considered it indicative of her true warmth and feeling. After a while, he realized that this was simply a ploy, a lever Sophie used to separate him from longtime friends and associates.

At first he missed the social intercourse of old very little - after all, Sophie substituted herself for his associates. Indeed, though perhaps Sophie Payne feigned the extent of her interest in art and in his extensive library she was by no means ignorant. She was well read and had obviously benefited from an extensive education. She proved nearly his equal in knowledge of literature, art, and science. Often, however he could not help feeling that while such things - to his mind - were objects to be desired in their own right - to her they were simply means to an end. The only books that seemed to genuinely interest her were obscure little volumes by S.A.D. Tissot, Albert Moll, Richard von Krafft-Ebing, John Humphrey Noyes, John Harvey Kellogg, and Ellen White.

The second phase of Sophie's plan to sever his connections with the entire outside world was the elimination of his longtime trusted solicitor. She had exhibited extreme patience in this regard, undermining Edwin's confidence in his associate ever so slowly until finally he grew more receptive to her casually phrased objections to the man's continued employ. In the end, Edwin had proved fainthearted and could not bring himself to formally sever their longtime professional relationship. Here Sophie was most willing to represent "his wishes" by proxy, and she dismissed the astonished and dismayed gentleman herself while Edwin stood by silently - patently uncomfortable - too cowardly to intervene or reassert his own wishes.

Of course, the resulting vacuum in his affairs needed to be filled at once, and here Sophie just happened to have her own trusted firm of solicitors who would be willing and most capable in the handling of these matters. Due to the easy rapport between Sophie Payne and the young men of Rutgers, Preston, and Fulgate,

Edwin soon found himself uncomfortable in their periodic meetings. His own words seemed to ring hollow in the room, so that after a bit, he informed Sophie of all his affairs and appointed her informally as his agent in all correspondence and meetings with his new team of legal representatives.

In the coming months, Edwin was given an occasional document to sign, which Sophie explained was but a formality of little consequence. It would not be necessary for him to trouble himself with reading the details on the tedious pages. Ever so slowly, piece by piece, Edwin signed away the control of his entire fortune - and even the right to govern his own affairs - to Sophie Payne.

The third phase of Sophie Payne's takeover of every aspect of Edwin's life was her slow gaining first of influence, then of control over his longtime trusted servants. In countless little ways, he was made ever so subtly to appear indecisive. His decisions, when made, were often cast with the merest hint that might indicate he was losing his faculties. Sophie did not rush this process but rather paused frequently between the various phases of its implementation for good measure. But at last she succeeded here - as in all other aspects of his life - until now, were he to issue a rare order to his own servants, they would look questioningly to Sophie for a signal whether to comply. Finally, her control over his servants was applied to the point where the household staff obeyed Edwin with a grudging reluctance that sometimes bordered on outright impertinence.

And now that Sophie ran the household and controlled Edwin's business affairs, and now that Edwin was deprived of his solicitor, his old friends, and his associates, Sophie dictated that he should stay in his nightshirt as he was not well, required much rest, and he needed to "conserve the acuity of his faculties."

Edwin had the run of Basilby House part of the time, but were Sophie to give a

reception for one of her many friends or a dinner party she would first suggest that he might be more comfortable if he remained in his study and bedchamber while the party carried on downstairs. She would then suggest that he looked tired and a trifle pale, and that she would send his evening meal up to his rooms so that he might retire early for some much-needed rest. The lock for his elegant wardrobe was changed and Sophie Payne kept the key "until he was again strong enough to take up his former role in society."

The intelligent reader must be inquiring what would possess a brilliant man of keen mental faculties to be degraded and treated in so wretched a fashion. I must confess that this is a cautionary tale with a moral which will soon become evident. By now the intelligent reader would find it absurd to believe that even the vibrant charms of a winsome beauty like Sophie Payne would be sufficient to enslave the fourth Earl of Plimsoll in every aspect of his life.

And this would be true, save for the fact that Sophie Payne had - throughout the unfolding of her plan - been engaged simultaneously in addicting Edwin fiendishly to a degrading and unspeakable vice. And the more his addiction progressed, the more weak and helpless he became to confront her, or to gainsay her machinations. This addiction to unnatural vice was inflicted by proxy through the expertise of Chadwick, Sophie Payne's own personal maid. Here the progression of the story must take a brief aside so that the reader will understand how these vile acts came to be practiced upon Edwin

It would be wrong to assume that Edwin experienced no pleasure in his state of virtual slavery. Despite his new role as de facto prisoner in Basilby House, his life was not devoid of pleasure. Chadwick the maid was the sole administrator of these most powerful inflictions of unwholesome pleasure upon his person.

Scarcely a week after Edwin's marriage to Sophie Payne, Chadwick was summoned to Basilby House to look after her mistress. The closeness and familiarity between maid and mistress was obviously of long standing and included genuine affection.

Edwin took an almost immediate dislike to Chadwick's manner. Chadwick's mode of dress was strict and unvarying: black high-heeled oxfords, silk stockings, a severe black skirt, a long-sleeved, round-collared white blouse, black tie, crisp white cotton gloves, and often, a low crowned white straw hat with a black band worn at a jaunty angle that somehow added to the impertinence of her demeanor. Chadwick's dark hair was always worn up behind in a tight swirl and Edwin thought her rather thick dark eyebrows were indicative of habitual sensuality. In this he was more correct than he knew. Chadwick was an attractive young woman, in her twenties, perhaps more handsome than lovely. Edwin thought her uniform a trifle too snug and too revealing of the generous - though not excessive - curves of her hips, bottom, and pert breasts than propriety would dictate.

At first, Chadwick was not openly impertinent to Edwin. However, something about her countenance, the set of her lips - ever so slightly upturned at the corners as they were even when she was not smiling - signified a mixture of complacent contempt and impudent amusement, veiled just enough by an outward assumption of politeness and compliance that was all the more insulting due to its lack of genuineness.

That Sophie chose Chadwick as the instrument of the vile pleasures to which she had Edwin subjected added insult to injury. That Sophie made him submit himself to such indignities at Chadwick's hands was an unending source of gall.

The lure that kept him as helpless as a pinned butterfly during the vile proceedings

was the sight of Sophie Payne in her outlandish tightly laced patent leather boots with their outrageously high heels that forced her trim little feet into an almost-indecent tiptoed pose. For while Chadwick's hands caressed him wickedly beneath his nightshirt, Sophie always stood or sat above him, holding her skirts up to exhibit herself to the thighs - resplendent in her high-heeled boots. Even as a youth, Edwin had frequent pollutions to lewd visions of mocking, laughing women in high-heeled boots. How and where Sophie had obtained the boots Edwin did not know, though they were reserved solely for the occasions of his shame. By some vicious intuition, Sophie had divined and exploited his weakness.

Such was his addiction to this captivating close-up view of Sophie Payne in her wicked boots that the sight held him a virtual prisoner. Chadwick could thus practice her carnal handiwork beneath his nightshirt and deplete his virility. During these debauching episodes, the expression on Sophie Payne's wide-eyed face was so sweet, innocent, and sympathetic as she gazed down at the proceedings with parted lips and flushed cheeks, as to render the surpassingly lovely vision of her all the more corrupt and wicked.

Edwin surveyed the chamber bell, suspended from the ceiling in the corner of his study. Another one of Sophie's infernal little alterations, he thought wearily. Rather than a braided bell pull in both his bedchamber and study connected to a system of numbered bells in the kitchen - "below stairs" - that would summon servants at his whim, the pull in his bedchamber now rang only in his study.

Sophie and Chadwick were even now likely to be across the hall profaning the sanctity of his private domain in preparation for the indignities soon to come. They referred to what they did to him as "A Dose of Chadwick's Sleeping Tonic," and rang for him when their preparations were complete.



Even as Edwin's thoughts were thus occupied, the bell jangled. Edwin sighed and stood up. Already the evidence of his addiction to the enslaving caresses which Sophie had Chadwick inflict on him was tenting the front of his nightshirt most indecently. As Edwin crossed the hall obediently, the state of his nightshirt remained mute testimony to the extent of his degeneration. Even the prospect of such fulfillment could induce it

Edwin rapped softly on his own bedchamber door and Chadwick opened it from within. Her smile of greeting was as self-satisfied and smug as always. Across the room, Sophie Payne awaited him, seated primly upon a stool. Her dress was the epitome of propriety with its high collar and long, full sleeves. Sophie's hair was worn long and loose. Her face seemed radiantly sweet. "Come, Edwin, the dinner party will commence directly, so we will soon have other, more pressing matters to occupy us. Assume the usual position, if you please!" Though her words bespoke petulance, her tones were sweet and soft. Sophie's booted feet rested on a plush ottoman. Beside it, an unfolded handkerchief lay carefully placed upon the intricate pattern of the Moorish carpet. Beyond the handkerchief was an upholstered chair for Chadwick's comfort.

Chadwick escorted Edwin condescendingly to his station over the handkerchief and, still smiling, assisted him as he knelt to assume an undignified, even ridiculous posture. Edwin now knelt astride the handkerchief; his elbows resting on the ottoman, his eyes nearly touching Sophie's lovely bewitching boots. Sophie drew the hem of her skin upward gently until her fashionable boots were revealed to his enraptured gaze from highly arched, dainty little soles, to the tops of her thighs. Dozens of delicate little gleaming eyelets assured a snug fit and made the boots conform exactly to every supple curve of Sophie's ankles, calves, and thighs. Edwin's eyes lingered on the wicked heels, whose height thrust Sophie's delicate weight forward, lending to her posture a strong element of affectation and forcing her on tiptoe. His eyes caressed the gleaming pointed toes of Sophie's boots, while his nostrils inhaled the scent of the shining black leather. Sophie turned her

booted feet this way and that, rotating her ankles to enthrall his gaze.

Behind him, Chadwick had seated herself comfortably on the upholstered armchair, and tucked her skirt immodestly up about her knees. Her own patent leather oxfords sported heels far higher than what could be found even in a fashionable cobbler's shop. Chadwick looked to her mistress for the usual sign to commence and received the nod she sought. Then her pristine white-gloved hands stole beneath the hem of Edwin's nightshirt from behind to have their carnal intimate way with him.

Edwin gasped, jaw hanging a trifle slack, as his eyes drank in their fill of the booted goddess at whose feet he knelt, while his nerves were agitated suavely and his most private parts violated soundly.

Despite Edwin's contempt for Chadwick, each time her gloved hands exercised his private parts, the certainty that Sophie's perversity engineered his release to come at the hand of she whom he so despised turned topsy-turvy in his head. During those very moments of vile pleasure, this realization heightened the intensity of the lewdly addictive sensations.

Chadwick bent forward at the waist, her face a mask of self-righteous detachment if not censure while her knowing hands played his nerves like a Stradivarius, drawing him against his will toward an intense rhapsody of shameful delights.

It was during these moments before his discharge, as Chadwick's skilled hands postponed his release again and again, that fluttering sensations in his chest often alarmed Edwin. It was as if this surfeit of illicit pleasure which Chadwick's hands forced upon him as they worked gently and deftly beneath his nightshirt had

overtaxed his heart to the point of affecting its rhythm adversely.

At long last, with a low, gasping sigh, Edwin succumbed to the inevitable. As Chadwick drained his strength from him, his eyes remained riveted on the gleaming pointed toes of Sophie's stylish high-heeled boots.

After the desperately intense, shuddering moments had subsided, Edwin found that his shame always peaked as Chadwick grasped his arm and helped him rise on unsteady legs. Edwin's eyes always avoided the spread handkerchief upon the floor and its feeble contents that spoke so eloquently of his abject state and his carelessly squandered manhood.

Sophie and Chadwick then led Edwin to his bed. As they tucked him in with their careless hands and their self-satisfied smiles, he realized that he was but a ghost in his own house, rendered all the more insubstantial each time he surrendered to Chadwick's clever, violating hands. They left him alone in the darkness and went out.

It wasn't long before Edwin Upton fell into a leaden sleep, even as the voices and joyous clamor from below signified that Sophie's elegant guests had arrived and her dinner party had commenced.

**Cecil Fothergill's Matron**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

Agnes was delighted with the change in her father-in-law, Cecil. He had gone from lion to lamb in such a short time! Even Edgar - who rarely noticed anything but his morning paper and his stock reports - had pronounced his father's quavering bellow at all hours of the day or night to perform an exhausting assortment of personal hygiene tasks, and other, more trite functions less frequent.

"Agnes! Agnes! See to my pee bottle!"

"Agnes! I've spilled my soup!"

"Agnes! I need another pillow!"

"Agnes! More tea!"

All such clamors were now silenced delightfully.

Neither of the maids Agnes and Edgar employed in their large town house had the stomach for Cecil's temper or his disposition. Both had declared that they would seek positions elsewhere rather than deal with Cecil's crotchets, so the lot had fallen to Agnes for quite some time. Then a close friend of hers-in a similar predicament with an aging father-in-law, but at least one who was considerate - told her of the Primrose Matron Agency, which specialized in just such services.

Agnes's friend had mentioned that the Primrose Agency rejected her request for their services - something about thinking Agnes's friend was too close to her father-in-law to allow a matron a free hand with him. Somehow it seemed odd, Agnes's friend had said, almost as if they treated old men like children - a firm hand, discipline, and all. Agnes could only hope that her Primrose matron would take a good firm hand with Cecil.

She rang the agency right away. The woman on the other end of the line did seem rather oddly interested in finding out how Agnes got along with her father-in-law, and almost pleased to hear that he was a tyrant and that she quite loathed him. The arrangements were made quickly. The Primrose Agency was rather expensive, but they came well recommended and Agnes's sanity hung in the balance.

At first, Agnes had thought the young matron who arrived on her doorstep would not do at all. But the opulent black motorcar that delivered her did not wait; it sped away with an understated roar of power. Ellen was a brunette of medium height with frank, yet pretty features. Agnes was mildly annoyed to catch Edger eyeing Matron's curves now and again through the introductions. Ellen had curves which even her sensibly heeled oxfords, plain black skin, and full-cut white blouse could not hide. Matron's uniform was accessorized by a proper black tie, crisply starched white gloves, harmony point stockings, and a white straw hat with a black band angled over her brow. Later, on the telephone, the head of the Primrose Agency grew testy when Agnes commented about the quaintness of the matron's uniform. "The white gloves are symbols of fastidious cleanliness and would give evidence of any slatternly tendency in our matrons at once! The hat is a symbol of the Primrose Agency and has been so since our founding in 1924. Our matrons have been tending to old men for forty years!" Agnes could hear: the woman's voice, tight-tipped with anger on the other end of the line. She never questioned the uniform again!

At first Agnes thought her young matron would not do because she seemed so quiet and agreeable. Agnes feared that Cecil would be impossible with her. And Cecil did resent his matron at first. But within a fortnight he had changed, and changed dramatically. The change amazed Agnes! Cecil grew quiet and passive, perhaps almost submissive. His requests were few and made in low tones. Somehow he seemed smaller and perhaps weaker, too.

Agnes quite liked the change. She took a secret guilty pleasure in seeing Cecil somehow humbled, though she had no idea what magic Matron worked behind closed doors to make him so. And the doors were most often closed. By Primrose Agency policy, Matron stayed with Cecil in his own small suite of rooms on the third floor. Matron explained that, for the first two months, she would see to him entirely. Only after the initial "training" phase would she take her usual alternate weekend holidays. Perhaps this young matron from the Primrose Agency would be Cecil's comeuppance!

Already the glow had returned to Agnes's cheeks. She moved with more confidence and sureness. There had been two bleak periods in Agnes' life. The first when she and Edgar were newlyweds and Cecil - as the titled head of a prestigious London law firm, and her father-in-law - had made her feel inferior and inadequate at every turn. She and Edgar had moved away from Cecil's shadow when Edgar became full partner in a brokerage house. Then came twenty-five good years as Agnes and Edgar raised two sons and a daughter and business thrived.

Then, at age forty-eight, Agnes's second bleak period began. Cecil returned to her life, this time as an invalid. She had hoped that he would see her in a new light, or at least respect her as his benefactor and caregiver. But despite the indignities of his present situation, and his dependence on her for matters of personal care, he had still made her feel small and stupid. Agnes's respect and awe had turned

slowly to hatred And with her emancipation, brought about by the procurement of services from the Primrose Agency, she determined never to feel that yoke again!

Agnes was attractive for her age. There was a new spring in her step. For the first time in a long time, she began receiving compliments at social functions and parties as to the smartness of her wardrobe and her elegant looks. Men noticed her again, and even though Agnes was always faithful to Edgar, she drank in their looks like tonic. Women asked Agnes if she had changed hair dressers and if she had, could they please have a referral.

Something about Cecil's bearing in the presence of Matron told Agnes that he feared her, and that she had some sort of unnatural or improper hold on him. Had Cecil been the sort of father-in-law to inspire love and devotion she would have spied on Matron to see exactly what she was doing to him in order to obtain evidence for her dismissal. But as it was, Agnes began spying on them with the guilty hope that she could discover and gloat over whatever cruelties or irregularities Matron was subjecting him to! Agnes was a quiet, soft-spoken woman and far more intelligent than her diffidence let on. She was firm and fast in her affections and implacable in her hatreds! And Agnes hated Cecil and hated him heartily.

So Agnes found excuses to linger about outside the door to Cecil's rooms. But as his bed was located in the farthest chamber back, she heard nothing of interest. As time passed, she made frequent fruitless attempts to uncover the secret of Matron's hold over him.

Finally it came time for Matron's first weekend holiday. Agnes was finally readmitted to Cecil's rooms to take care of him for the weekend. She noticed only

three odd things. First was the marked change in how Cecil treated her. He was very submissive and seemed rather afraid of her as well. Gone were his demanding tirades and his derogatory cruel humor. He seemed a shadow of his old self.

But this was not enough to stem the tide of Agnes's cold hatred; it was too long-standing and deep-rooted. She ruled over her humbled tormentor with a calculating coldness, and took a gloating delight in the intimate embarrassing services she performed for him. Second, all Cecil's pubic hair had been shaved away. He was as bald as an infant. His scrotum was shaved bare as well.

Agnes liked the change. It made Cecil seem infantile and more naked than nakedness itself. She was sure that if she asked Matron why she had shaved Cecil, the answer would be for reasons of hygiene. So she did not ask. She just savored yet another indignity. Slowly the old accounts were being balanced in her favor. Third was the battered portmanteau, part of Matron's property - that was in a corner of Cecil's dayroom. It was secured with a heavy lock. Agnes had the brief bizarre notion that this bag contained the "instruments of discipline" (or torture) with which Matron had enslaved and humbled Cecil.

When Matron returned, she herself mentioned having to shave Cecil's genitals. She smiled and explained that it was for reasons of hygiene and part of the Primrose Agency policy. Agnes was not satisfied. One warm afternoon, when Matron had taken Cecil down into the garden in his wheelchair in the old service elevator, Agnes slipped down into Edgar's basement workshop to get a hand auger. She ran lightly up the steps to the third door and bored a small hole carefully through the stairwell wall. Just as she hoped! The tiny hole let Agnes see into Cecil's bedroom, lending her a vantage point view from over the foot of his bed. Agnes was determined to discover the source of Matron's power over her father-in-law. She looked forward to gloating over any cruelties that Matron might



be inflicting on her old nemesis. Her suspicions were pleasantly aroused. Surely Matron was doing something highly improper to Cecil!

Agnes waited with baited breath throughout the evening. She wanted to be at her newly made peephole when Matron put Cecil to bed and tended to him. Surely if any wickedness were to occur it would happen then!

That evening found Agnes sitting at her peephole as quiet as a mouse. The door to Cecil's bedroom opened. In came the wheelchair with Cecil in it, pushed by Matron. Matron had kicked her shoes off, but still wore her white gloves and white hat, symbols of the Primrose Agency. She helped Cecil into bed and moved the wheelchair aside. Then she went into the other room for a moment and returned with her portmanteau. She drew up a stool beside Cecil's bed and sat down, placing her case on a low table beside her. She had Cecil spread his legs. Then she drew up his nightshirt to expose his genitals!

Matron took Cecil's shaved scrotum in one white-gloved hand while she opened her portmanteau with the other. The portmanteau contained rows of tiny round bottomed glass bottles - all neatly labeled, rolled lengths of thin white cord, several long, narrow pincushions bristling with rows of needles, small bottles of antiseptic, several syringes, various harness-type fastenings, and neatly rolled leather snaps.

Matron deftly bound a length of white cord in a figure eight around Cecil's penis and scrotum. She kept crossing and twisting the cord until his genitals were bound tight. Agnes' heart thudded as she watched Cecil's penis enlarge and stiffen to full excitement. Matron sat comfortably in her chair by Cecil's bed, her stockinged feet arched daintily on the carpet.

Matron began to pull the loose end of the cord that bound Cecil's genitals gently and rhythmically to stimulate him for a bit. Then she poured antiseptic into a tiny tray that had been fitted precisely to cup the bottom of a bottle of antiseptic. Agnes held her breath as Matron removed five needles from a pincushion to soak them in the antiseptic.

Then Matron spoke. "Have you been a good boy Cecil?"

Cecil squirmed and nodded, somewhat distracted by the genital stimulation he was undergoing. "Yes, Miss" "Have you been sweet to Agnes?"

Cecil's penis bobbed up and down in time to the motions of Matron's white-gloved finger gently pulling the cord. "Yes, Miss." The head of his swollen penis was turning a bloated purple.

"You will still have the needles Cecil. It's part of your masturbation training now!"

With that, Matron released her hold on the cord and took a tiny pinch of the skin of Cecil's scrotum between her fingertips. Then her deft fingers slipped a long, wicked needle through the pinch of skin! As Matron prepared another, the first needle lay securely across the front-center of Cecil's scrotum, held neatly in place by the pinch of skin that it had penetrated. Matron slipped the second needle through another pinch of skin just above the first. Between insertions, she pulled the cord a little to keep Cecil addicted to the genital stimulation. In a few moments all five were inserted. They made a neat horizontal column down the front of the old man's scrotum.

"Are you ready for your masturbation training Cecil?" Matron purred her voice soft and innocent. Agnes was amazed. Matron took another length of cord from her portmanteau and stood up. To Agnes's profound surprise she made Cecil lift his head up off his pillow as she wrapped a loop of cord about his neck!

Matron was now standing primly on tiptoe, her hat still in place at the proper angle, her white gloves still crisply starched. She kept one white gloved hand on the loop of cord around Cecil's neck while her free hand recaptured the cord that had been wrapped so carefully around his genitals earlier. In another moment, Matron began again the rhythmic pull on the cord that stimulated Cecil's genitals while her other hand twisted and tightened the cord about his neck. Agnes gasped in surprise. Some of her more wicked friends had showed her a book with just such an illustration in school. It was an engraving that depicted two Japanese women doing something similar to a shogun.

Agnes knew that a constriction of blood flow and oxygen to the brain often increased the level of sexual pleasure as orgasm approached. Agnes clutched her knees and stared, her mouth open, her blood pumping with a curious and not entirely unwelcome mixture of sensations. Matron smiled down at Cecil and continued to masturbate and half-strangle him simultaneously. Cecil had only tensed himself and held his breath at the painful insertion of the needles. Now he began to thrash about on the bed, his spindly old legs spread wide apart, his nightshirt flopped up quite to his belly now.

"Do you enjoy your restricted-breathing masturbation training Cecil? Hmmmmm... do you?" Matron's voice was a soft coo.

Of course Cecil could not answer. His mouth was gaped open in an instinctive attempt to draw more air into his lungs.

"Of course you need this training don't you?" Matron went on, her voice prim and self-righteous in its tones. "Your masturbation training keeps you sweet and submissive, doesn't it! There, now... don't fight it, just submit to the sensations like a good, sweet little man!"

Agnes swallowed hard as she watched each vein along the shaft of Cecil's abused penis stand out in bloated relief at the intensity of the carnal abuse to which he was being subjected. The white cord that subjected him to genital bondage was also the instrument of his enslaving masturbatory pleasure. His testicles were sharply defined due to the tight binding of the thin white cord. Matron kept tightening the cord about his neck also, not to the point of complete strangulation though. Cecil's face and scalp were beet red and his lips perhaps the slightest trifle blue. His breathing was constricted to enhance the addictive sensations of helpless delight that were now mastering him.

Agnes stared, her mind transfixed as the drama through the peephole before her played slowly to its inevitable conclusion. Cecil squirmed less and seemed more rigid, as the sensations of slow strangulation-masturbation mastered him more completely. Matron paused in her ministrations but once - and that to take a round-bottomed bottle from her portmanteau and fit it over the bloated tormented tip of the old fellow's sex organ.

Matron regarded him with a sort of clinical fondness with which an experimenter might regard a laboratory subject. Both her hands kept busying themselves. One with his slow half-strangulation and one with his slow masturbation. The needles that she had placed through his scrotum glinted in the subdued light of the room as the rhythmically pulled cord caused his testicles to bounce up and down. The old fellow began to claw futilely at the sheets below his withered straining buttocks. A strange snorting noise sounded from deep within his throat. Agnes

watched as his penis began the slow series of convulsive twitches of impending orgasm. With Cecil's body absolutely rigid, his mouth gaping open and his eyes wild, his penis began the ignominy of its messy surrender. Agnes could see each desperate hot squirt of sperm as it was fired from the strangled imprisoned tip of Cecil's penis into the bottle. Agnes was even certain that she could hear each squirt. Matron smiled and maintained both motions without pause while she observed Cecil's desperate release clinically.

After the shuddering spasms of Cecil's orgasm had subsided, Matron loosened the cords from about his neck and genitals. He lay limp and helpless as an infant as Matron carefully removed the bottle from the tip of his sex organ, making very sure not to spill a drop of his sperm. Matron was very interested in the quantity and consistency of Cecil's sperm and expressed a future determination to weigh his ejaculate and observe it closely under a magnification lens. She also expressed interest in a possible correlation between the tightness of the cord about his neck and the volume of fluid that he emitted during orgasm. As Cecil lay gasping and recovering himself, Matron crossed her legs prettily and made some entries in a small leather-bound journal. Agnes then gathered that all the Primrose matrons used similar techniques to subjugate their charges and kept each other informed of the various best results.

Agnes was flushed and weak-kneed when she descended the attic stairwell and shut the upstairs hallway door, as quiet as a mouse. Later in the evening, she lay awake beside a snoring Edgar as she relived the scene she had observed from her secret vantage point. She relived it with a relish that shocked and surprised her. Still vivid in her mind was the sight of Matron smiling as she prepared a syringe after completing her journal entries.

Cecil had begged her not to give him the injection, but she laughed and ignored his pleas. "Don't be silly Cecil. How can you hope to recover from your

masturbation training without the complete relaxation that this paralytic affords?" Matron swabbed his inner thigh with antiseptic - his nightshirt was still tucked up on his abdomen - and injected him with obvious delight. In a few moments and after a few brief convulsive twitches, Cecil lay still imprisoned by chemical paralysis for the night. Matron covered him, after first pulling his foreskin down to cover his glans and tucking his nightshirt back down around his thighs.

The following morning dawned sunny and warm. After a relaxing breakfast with Edgar, Agnes took a walk in the garden. Matron was there pushing Cecil in his wheelchair. She smiled when she saw Agnes and came over, treading carefully across the dewy grass in her polished high-heeled oxfords. Matron patted Agnes's arm and walked with her, leaving Cecil alone for a moment.

Agnes's heart thudded at what Matron said.

"I know about the peephole that you drilled with Edgar's hand auger. It's directly below the dried rose bouquet and quite invisible. I do not take offense to such things, and I find your curiosity rather charming." She regarded the blushing Agnes closely and went on. "I have heard tell that a bit more pressure than that which I used last night can produce asphyxia in a masturbation subject and that his asphyxia is so gradual as to be undetectable later since there is no discoloration of the victim's neck. Further, it has been said that such asphyxia - when combined with the physiological stress of slow masturbation - is always pronounced as a heart attack or fit of apoplexy by the subsequent attending physician."

Matron smiled sweetly. "Cecil may live and require a matron's care for five more years. With a lump sum half of what would be required to provide a matron's care for such a length of time, such an asphyxiation could be quietly accomplished."

Matron smiled again. "Something to consider perhaps?"

**The Playthings**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

Nurse Slade walked primly down the gleaming white-tiled corridor past the rows of numbered drawer-doors, each with its own status gauges and security keypad. Nurse Slade was sadistic enough to enjoy her work thoroughly! Despite her proper demeanor and her crisp, primly starched white uniform, Nurse Slade allowed herself the slightest mincing wiggle of her hips to punctuate each stride. The medical cart she was pushing rolled forward on silent rubberized wheels. The only sound in the long corridor was the measured feminine click of Nurse Slade's dainty white shoes with their fashionable bows and exaggerated high heels. Nurse Slade's posture was thrown forward by the high spike heels of her shoes in such a way that the curves of her calves, hips, buttocks, and breasts were accentuated. In addition to her unusual shoes - which were actually regulation in the facility-nine building - her ensemble consisted of a modestly long, white uniform with a long-sleeved, high-collared top, and an equally crisply starched white cap. Her flesh-tone stockings had seams and big flirty toe and heel reinforcements. Nurse Slade's hair was up in a tight bun, styled perfectly not a single strand out of place. Nurse Slade's full-lipped mouth was set in a firm, determined line. When it came to tending the pleasure-units, Nurse Slade went strictly by the consortium's facility-nine guidebook, and she enjoyed it!

The cart that Nurse Slade pushed contained medical equipment and its own pressurized distilled water cylinder connected to a tiny faucet and sink, a pile of neatly folded sterile cloths, a box of gleaming black rubber elbow-length gloves, and a drain-away suction device with a whole assortment of disposable rubber tips of various sizes. The drain-away's suction hose was connected to a small reservoir tank, hidden in the closed lower portion of the cart's metal cabinet. There was also a small control panel with a built-in chronograph-stopwatch



Nurse Slade loved her work in the facility-nine building. The building was situated outside a medium-sized town where it was least likely to attract unwanted attention. Nurse Slade - a fully qualified and trained medical professional earned four times the salary she could command in a local hospital - or even in the city hospital of the largest metropolis not too far away. Every day Nurse Slade and over ninety other pretty nurses, reported to an office building at the start of their rotating shifts.

From the small parking garage in the basement level of the office building, the nurses were chauffeured, in curtained vans, to the facility-nine building where they began their shifts. When the vans arrived at the facility-nine building, they drove into one of several large freight entrances, each secured by an automatic overhead door that the drivers controlled with dashboard buttons.

The huge facility-nine building, situated down a long country road, attracted little attention. It had few windows. The locals who entered the small immaculate lobby seeking employment were informed politely that the facility functioned as a storage terminal and was not hiring at the present time. Facility-nine was actually a fully equipped surgical hospital with the most advanced medical equipment. Several of the worlds' best surgeons - all female - worked in facility-nine under the utmost secrecy. The consortium that employed their skills paid them astronomical salaries - far greater than what they could have commanded in the finest private hospitals.

The corridor down which Nurse Slade walked was lined on each side by a single row of numbered drawer-doors. Nurse Slade and her cart stopped by a door designated L246. Above the security keypad, a small green light blinked on and off rhythmically. The pleasure-unit in L246 needed milking! Nurse Slade smiled.

And it was expecting her, too! The status gauges indicated a rapid pulse and a rather high blood pressure, as if the poor creature inside knew what she was going to do to it - and knew it to be imminent. The penile plethysmograph gauge indicated a surgically enhanced erect phallic circumference of just over eight inches - certainly more than respectable!

Nurse Slade entered her master access code on the security keypad just above the drawer-door of L246. As she waited for the door to open, she snapped on a pair of the black rubber gloves. The facility-nine guidebooks all rigidly prohibited nurses from handling the pleasure-units directly.

The door to the L246 pod retracted silently upward into the wall and the drawer upon which the pleasure-unit lay slid outward into the corridor with a soft hiss of compressed air. Nurse Slade smiled with anticipation, relishing her power as the giver of both pain and pleasure.

The sterilized pleasure-unit was a male, approximately twenty-five years of age! It was limbless. What would have been its arms and legs terminated in short, perfectly rounded, featureless stumps. It reclined upon its back on a black cushion of rubberized pneumatic foam. A thick webbed strap about its middle held it firmly in place. Its body was nearly hairless. All hair from its head, face, armpits, genitals, and chest had been removed by electrolysis when it was first acquired. Only its eyebrows remained. The pleasure-unit was naked - there was no need of clothing as the acclimatization pods were all conditioned rigidly for both temperature and humidity. A hydrating nutrient feeding tube protruded from one corner of its mouth. A thick black solid-waste elimination tube disappeared up between its buttocks. Its erect penis was capped with a black rubber external catheter whose tube plugged into an especially designed wall socket on one side of the acclimatization pod. There were electrodes on its chest, and scalp, and the plethysmographic sensor was a narrow band fastened rather tightly about the

base of its hugely thick penis. From back inside the acclimatization pod came a dim pink glow from the daytime band lights and the soft whirring of ventilation fans.

Nurse Slade checked its chart. This one was acquired eight months ago and had its surgery one week after its acquisition. It had gone through its sensory-deprivation regimen, its nurture therapy, and was now in the first week of its sexual-prowess training. If all went well, it would bring a very handsome price in another month or so.

There was great demand for customized pleasure-units on the world market these days. With the worldwide emancipation and equality of women came a whole new industry. Wealthy women the world over could pay a vast sum and have a fully trained pleasure-unit and its life-support pod delivered to their palatial homes. The consortium guaranteed a four-day turnaround for every worldwide order - or a full refund. Setup was also included. A maid or a private nurse could be trained by a helpful consortium representative to care for a pleasure-unit in just a few days.

Nurse Slade noticed that the pleasure-unit still had its scrotum. This one had been sterilized by vasectomy rather than testicular re-abdominalization or castration. Some women, when ordering customized options, specified that their pleasure-unit's scrotums should be removed surgically - they regarded them as unsightly. The testicles were still viable and were placed back up into the abdomen - from where they had descended in the first place. The fact the testicles could not escape the higher body temperature of the abdomen guaranteed sterility as well as a vasectomy. However; suppose a client or some of her friends had a sadistic urge - testicles left vulnerable within the scrotum added another delightful option. Of course, the wealthy women who ordered pleasure-units solely to play out their sadistic tendencies nearly always insisted that the scrotum

and testicles remain intact. An intact scrotum made the facility-nine nurse's own duty of occasionally punishing recalcitrant pleasure-unit trainees easier too. Nurse Slade enjoyed punishment duty most of all!

Nurse Slade bent prettily at the waist, her smug face now scant inches from the pleasure-unit's own beseeching one. "It's time for me to empty your testicles for you!" Nurse Slade cooed. "Hold out as long as you can, because if you come too soon, I'm going to have to punish you. We can't sell pleasure-units that are premature ejaculators, now can we?"

The poor thing couldn't even answer Nurse Slade. It just gurgled pathetically. She could see the fresh scar across the front of its throat where its vocal cords had been removed. The ability to talk was not considered desirable by most of the bored young women who purchased their pleasure-units from the consortium. Nurse Slade set the stopwatch built into the small control panel of her medical cart.

Nurse Slade reached down and held the pleasure-unit by its hard penis to remove its external catheter and made a mental note to replace the catheter's nozzle tip when she was finished masturbating it. Nurse Slade always thought of the pleasure-unit as things, never as people. The operative pronoun was "it", never "he". Nurse Slade found her duties in the facility-nine building to be deliciously cathartic. Were she to have a rare argument with her husband, or occasional difficulty with her teenaged children, or become annoyed with one of her many girlfriends who shared the pleasant tree lined neighborhood where they all lived, she would just secretly take it out on the helpless pleasure-units at work, and be paid sumptuously in the bargain! Not to mention how great sex with her husband was after her shift was over!

Nurse Slade stood prettily, her legs together, the perfect seams of her stockings on display, and remained bent slightly at the waist as she took the pleasure-unit's scrotum in one rubber-gloved hand and its thick, rigid penis in the other. In another moment she was masturbating it, skinning its big penis up and down with firm clinical strokes. The pleasure-unit squirmed helplessly in its bonds and grunted, its eyes locked on the swelling curves of Nurse Slade's breasts beneath her tight high-collared uniform blouse - the delights of its nurture therapy were still recent in its mind.

It looked up at her worshipfully. Nurse Slade and her colleagues were uniformed goddesses to it, so crisp and white and clean. They even smelled nice. The sensory overload when a nurse unlocked the absolute quiet of the acclimatization pod and released a pleasure-unit - even if only for a brief time - took on the intensity of a religious experience. That the nurses expertly administered intense pain and intense pleasure simply added to the unpredictability of their divine nature. The pleasure-unit writhed in its bonds. After many hours of near-total sensory deprivation, the sensations of slow masturbation were almost agonizing in their intensity. Still, it was pathetically desperate to please Nurse Slade. It was determined not to ejaculate before the proper time - and not only for fear of genital punishment either - but also in an almost-comical desire to make her proud, to please the lovely creature before whom it was as helpless as an infant.

Somewhat prudishly, Nurse Slade ignored the private physical signs of her own sexual arousal, though she did wish she had a stool to sit on so she could cross her lovely legs together - tightly! She pressed her thighs together and tensed her buttocks. Her lips were parted and her cheeks flushed prettily as she gently abused the pleasure-unit's hugely engorged sexual organ. Nurse Slade savored the feel of absolute power: She delighted in having the helpless "man-things" under her thumb. She loved both masturbating them and punishing their vulnerable genitals.

"Am I making you feel good between your legs?" Nurse Slade inquired coyly. Then she giggled. "Ooh, you poor wittle thing! You don't have any legs, do you! Just stumps - that's all!" Her eyes sparkled with amusement. "Well, anyway... Am I making your genitals feel good! Do you like what I'm doing to you! Hmmm?" Like most consortium nurses, Nurse Slade had acquired the habit of talking baby-talk to the pleasure units as she tended them, sometimes even when she administered their genital punishments sadistically.

The pleasure-unit squirmed and panted, now drenched with perspiration, its mouth gaping as its chest heaved desperately trying to suck in enough air. The bloated purple tip of its thick swollen penis oozed a steady stream of pre-come that lubricated Nurse Slade's rubber gloves and gave soft squishy sound effects to the masturbation. The pleasure-unit struggled silently, soundlessly mouthing pathetic pleas for sexual release and an end to the refined torment of the slow masturbation-training that Nurse Slade inflicted gloatingly.

Nurse Slade's own secret sexual arousal assured that she had no pity. The masturbation was so very slow, clinical and thorough that she had to back off ever so slightly when the status panel indicated that the pleasure-unit's blood pressure and heart rate were nearing the red zone. Nurse Slade loved the big floppy, helpless drooling thing that she worked in her hands. Her black rubber-gloved hands looked so little and bossy as they pulled on it and abused it. She also secretly gloated over the fact that her victim, now limbless and voiceless, could never divulge what she did to it in the secret consortium facility. And soon it would disappear forever, simply a commodity on the international pleasure market.

At last, even Nurse Slade's latent sadism could prolong its torment no longer. She gave its penis a few firm pulls and tugs to push it past the point of no return. It was time to finish it off. The pleasure-unit went limp, its gaping mouth emitting a

series of pathetic gurgles. It was drooling, too. Its penis began to spasm in Nurse Slade's hand. She reached quickly for the nozzle of the drain-away suction device and slipped it over the tip of the pleasure-unit's sex organ to catch its seminal fluid. She laughed softly as she watched its contortions as it climaxed, its body thrashing with abandon against its bonds. All throughout the pleasure-unit's orgasm, one of Nurse Slade's hands was occupied holding the drain-away's suction nozzle securely over the tip of its twitching sex organ. Nurse Slade's other hand was employed by firmly gripping its scrotum and kneading its helpless testicles to empty it out.

"Poor thing, you have more than exceeded your punishment deadline," Nurse Slade said with grudging approval and perhaps just a trace of disappointment. "Let it happen. Squirt your sperm for me and let me make you nice and sleepy!" she purred smugly, goading her victim. Finally it lay limp, drenched with its own sweat and apparently senseless. Nurse Slade removed the drain-away nozzle and changed it, to prepare for the next pleasure-unit. Nurse Slade remembered to catheterize it with a new external catheter. (She loved using the internal catheters, but they were to be used only as a follow-up to a punishment session). Nurse Slade entered the close-code on the keypad, and the acclimatization pod retracted back into the wall. As the door slid silently down to seal it in its prison once again, Nurse Slade snapped off her rubber gloves and observed the status panel with smug satisfaction. The pleasure-unit's heart rate, blood pressure, and erectile circumference had all decreased drastically, and the blinking green light indicating that a pleasure-unit was due for masturbation had gone out.

Nurse Slade took the elevator down into one of the lower levels, where her next duty zone was specified. The facility-nine building had two aboveground levels and nine belowground. Each level was composed of a grid of twenty-five east-west running hallways and twenty-five north-south running corridors. The status panels on the outer face of each acclimatization pod alerted constantly patrolling nurses as to which pleasure-units needed punishment and which

needed milking. The elevator was spacious, and Nurse Slade shared the ride with two other nurses - all with their fully equipped medical carts. All three women chatted pleasantly. One would never dream from hearing them giggle and chat about mundane things that their duties involved such heartless and sadistic treatment of their utterly helpless charges.

Nurse Slade stepped off the elevator onto sublevel eight. Before she resumed her duties and again patrolled the white-tiled corridors looking for active punishment and masturbation status-panel lights, she took a breather in the nurse's break room. There was a break room on every level.

Nurse Slade was also scheduled to meet a junior nurse in the break room and take her along for the remainder of her shift to train her. The break room was well equipped both for comfort and convenience, and was neatly full, but Nurse Slade spotted the junior nurse right away.

She smiled and the junior nurse came over to her table. The junior nurse was young, probably about twenty-two, and very cute. She looked friendly and walked in her extremely high heels with that unfamiliar ever-so-slight awkwardness that was charming in its own way. She introduced herself as Junior Nurse Masters. Nurse Slade took to her at once and decided to take her under her wing right from the start.

After break, Nurse Slade and Junior Nurse Masters began patrolling the hallways and corridors of sublevel eight looking for status-panel lights indicating that a pleasure-unit needed either milking or punishment. They spotted one almost at once. It was blinking red just ahead up the corridor! A punishment light! Nurse Slade carried herself with a detached professionalism that gave no indication of her delight.



Junior Nurse Masters looked a little eager and admitted she had never performed a proper punishment before. Nurse Slade told her that there was really nothing to it. Nurse Slade had already trained several other junior nurses and was an expert at teaching them their duties. Nurse Slade also explained to Junior Nurse Masters that she had once worked in the postoperative blocks, tending pleasure units after their testicular re-abdominalization surgery. They had to be masturbated eight to ten times per day to help their testicles adjust more quickly to the shock of their new abdominal placement.

Nurse Slade pushed their medical cart right up beside the acclimatization pod with the blinking red punishment light. The gauges on its status panel indicated that the pleasure-unit inside was extremely nervous. Its blood pressure and its pulse rate were both elevated. Understandably, the plethysmographic penile circumference reading showed no trace of an erection.

"It knows its testicles are going to be subjected to a punishment session any minute now!" Nurse Slade told Junior Nurse Masters as she reviewed the status-gauge readings with her. The drawer-door to this acclimatization pod was labeled L891. Nurse Slade asked Nurse Masters to enter the eighth-level access code on the keypad. Then both women snapped on their black rubber gloves. A second later, the door to L891 retracted up into the wall silently. The drawer with its acclimatization pod slid outward into the corridor with a hiss of compressed air.

This pleasure-unit seemed to be in a state of extreme apprehension. It lay gulping and squirming on its rubberized wipe-clean cushion of black pneumatic foam. The web strap that held it down creaked with its futile efforts to escape. It had almost dislodged its feeding tube from the corner of its mouth with its exertions, and a gob of hydrating nutrient solution oozed down its chin. Its solid-waste elimination tube was in place up between its tightly clenched buttocks, and its external

catheter was secure. Nurse Slade pointed out the scar where its vocal cords had been removed so they wouldn't have to hear it scream when they punished it.

Its penis was limp and soft while its scrotum dangled low, its big, vulnerable testicles splayed loosely between its smooth leg stumps. It looked up at both nurses, its eyes darting between them while it gurgled its futile pleas for mercy.

Nurse Slade smiled. She had just noticed that Junior Nurse Masters was looking down at the pleasure-unit her face alive with knowing delight. A fellow sadist made a most enjoyable partner!

Nurse Slade took a minute to review some of the testicular-punishment techniques that she employed in the course of her duties. Junior Nurse Masters paid close attention, licking her pouty lips from time to time. Her cheeks were flushed prettily with anticipation. Nurse Slade always enjoyed explaining the finer points of genital punishment to the junior nurses. It increased their eagerness to participate in the process and it added to the apprehension of the pleasure-unit victim, as it lay naked and limbless, with two pretty nurses standing over it matter-of-factly discussing techniques that would soon have it contorting in agony.

It seemed like forever to Junior Nurse Masters, but finally Nurse Slade was finished with the preliminary portion of the lesson. Now it was time for some hands-on training. Nurse Slade reached down and took the pleasure-unit by its scrotum and squeezed - abruptly and hard. The pleasure-unit trembled, gritting its teeth in a valiant effort not to give in to the intense cramping pain that tortured its abdomen.

"While this initial method may appear to lack finesse", Nurse Slade explained, while maintaining her pressure on its testicles, "it is a valuable technique to begin with as it sensitizes the pleasure-unit's testicles almost immediately, so it can truly experience the agony of the more advanced punishment phases which I employ later. Now I will simply move into the second phase of punishment."

Nurse Slade delighted in inflicting intense pain on the pleasure-units. However, she was a professional and did not neglect her training responsibilities - especially with so potentially apt a student as Junior Nurse Masters. She changed her grip and the pleasure-unit began to gurgle and thrash, now in even more intense pain. "I call this the 'twist-and-slap method'. It is an excellent way to quickly bring the pleasure-units to a crescendo of agony." Nurse Slade began twisting and slapping the pleasure-unit's vulnerable scrotum. Its mouth opened and shut as it spasmed on its pneumatic cushion and gurgled its mute screams of agony. "Oh, please!" Junior Nurse Masters begged, her soft, sweet voice dripping with sadistic eagerness. "May I please have a turn, Nurse Slade?" Nurse Slade smiled and complied generously, despite her own enjoyment of the task at hand. "Of course you may!" Nurse Slade showed Junior Nurse Masters the proper grip to employ. In another second the pleasure-unit was subjected to a second round of agonizing punishment. Junior Nurse Master's face was ecstatic as she twisted and slapped the pleasure-unit's big vulnerable testicles.

"Is it normal to enjoy doing it to them this much, Nurse Slade?" she inquired breathlessly, her cheeks flushed and her lips parted.

Nurse Slade smiled as she noticed that Junior Nurse Masters' thighs were pressed tightly together as she stood prettily and inflicted the sadistic punishment. The pleasure-unit was trembling and drenched with its own perspiration as it writhed desperately against its bonds. "If a nurse does her duty and employs her skills

according to her instructions, then however she feels is irrelevant!" Nurse Slade said somewhat primly - though with a gleam in her eye. "Though why shouldn't a highly trained medical professional not derive pleasure and satisfaction from her duties?"

Nurse Slade let Junior Nurse Masters enjoy herself abusing the pleasure-unit's helpless testicles with the twist-and-slap technique for quite some time. Then she noted that it was time to demonstrate her favorite testicular punishment technique, which she called "punitive milking."

Junior Nurse Masters watched wide-eyed as Nurse Slade took one of the pleasure-unit's testicles in each hand, holding them between her index fingers and her thumbs. Then she began a series of very severe and rhythmically alternating squeezing motions, almost as though she were milking a cow. The effects were immediate and dramatic. With this third phase of sadistic punishment to which his already-agonized testicles were being subjected, the pleasure-unit contorted and thrashed about, half-crazed with pain. His mouth gaped in silent shrieks of intense agony.

Junior Nurse Masters couldn't take her eyes off the pleasure-unit's big penis which despite its surgically enhanced size, remained flaccid. It looked so helpless as it flopped back and forth in time to its owner's agonized contortions. At long last, Nurse Slade let Junior Nurse Masters have her turn.

Junior Nurse Masters employed the "punitive-milking" technique and delighted in the torment she was inflicting. Nurse Slade had begun to monitor the status panel's blood-pressure and heart-rate gauges just to be safe. If the pleasure-unit's vocal cords had not been removed, the corridors and hallways of sublevel eight would have resounded with piercing shrieks of agony as the pretty junior nurse

took to her duties eagerly.

Nurse Slade didn't neglect her duties in any aspect of the training. Several times she showed Junior Nurse Masters how to alter her grip slightly in order to inflict more intense pain.

Nurse Slade directly addressed the pleasure-unit only once while Junior Nurse Masters was punishing it. "You poor wittle thing!" she cooed, her voice full of mock sympathy. "We wouldn't have to make you suffer so if you hadn't had a messy accident when the advanced-sexual-prowess trainers were stimulating you. We can't sell pleasure-units that squirt their sperm before their women owners have been fully satisfied, can we?" Scarcely five minutes later, Nurse Slade and Junior Nurse Masters resumed their patrol of the white tiled halls and corridors of the facility-nine building as they searched for more pleasure-units that needed milking or punishment. Their cheeks remained prettily flushed for the rest of their shift.

The hapless pleasure-unit they had just punished still writhed, again sealed in its acclimatization pod, and catheterized as additional punishment. The solid-waste elimination system in its acclimatization pod was on a punitive setting that alternated forceful enemas with suction evacuation. But its incense sufferings were all worthwhile. In a few short days, it would delight a female buyer!

**The Research Institute**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

Daphne Blaine crossed her legs prettily and looked down at Edgar Wrightwell, who squatted miserably before her on the lushly carpeted floor of the limousine. Edgar was naked below the waist. A heavy straitjacket pinned his arms behind him, its straps cinched tight.

Daphne Blaine's ivory sling-back pumps with their wicked high heels and ultra-feminine bows had been kicked off and had ended up on the floor where Edgar squatted. Daphne wore sheer glossy stockings that flattered every curve of her legs. Daphne's stockings sported flirty toe and heel reinforcements, and the seams that ran up the back of her shapely calves were arrow straight. Daphne wore a tight ivory suit with a short fitted skirt and a fashionably flared blazer. Her white high-collared blouse was starched stiffly. Daphne's dark hair was twisted up in a tight bun that was impeccability itself. Daphne's alluringly petite figure and sweetly innocent face belied a heart that delighted in the humiliation and discomfort of the helpless.

Daphne Blaine's size five feet had the highest arches that Edgar Wrightwell had ever seen, and her toes looked exquisite, ensconced in the daintiness of their sheer nylon embrace. Daphne swung her left foot on the carpeted floor of the big automobile and wriggled the pert little toes of her coyly arched right foot scant inches from Edgar's nose!

"What's the matter, Edgar, sweetie?" Her voice dripped sweetness and mock sympathy. "Did you expect your ride to tour The Research Institute to be different?" Edgar Wrightwell couldn't answer. A black rubber ball-gag filled his

mouth and was fastened about the back of his head far too tightly for him to reply. Edgar was a wealthy tabloid publisher well past middle age. He was used to being treated with deference and respect - at least by his underlings in the multimillion-dollar publishing enterprise.

Edgar Wrightwell was shocked at the particularly nasty turn events had taken in the last several hours. There he squatted "bottomless" and totally helpless. The utter indignity of his predicament was not lost on him at all. His straitjacket pinioned his arms so tightly, he could barely breathe. The straitjacket's bottom was fastened with leather straps to two steel rings. One steel ring was built into the limousine's floor, the other protruded from a recessed fixture in its ceiling. When Edgar struggled in his bonds, the creaking of the leather snaps was an audible testimony to the futility of his efforts. To add insult to injury, he was acutely aware of his nakedness. His knees had begun to ache.

"Is his penis haul Daphne?" inquired a smug conceited voice from behind Edger Wrightwell. Anna Masters, the director of The Research Institute, was seated immediately behind him on the plush tooled-leather elegance of the limousine's forward-facing rear seat. Daphne Blaine sat in front of Edgar on an equally luxurious rear-facing jump seat. Edgar was naked below the waist, absurdly helpless and surrounded. The dark-tinted windows of the big automobile assured the complete privacy of its passengers. Communication with the driver in his forward compartment was by phone only. There was no window between them at all. Edgar's heart sank. Every mile that fell away beneath the tires of the big limousine was taking him farther from the world he controlled and the circles in which he moved - toward the unknown.

"His penis is soft and limp!" Daphne replied, more than a trace of scorn in her voice.

"Perhaps he is nervous and needs time to be acclimatized to his new surroundings. Rumor has it that he has sampled several of the pretty young underpaid female employees who slave away in the offices of his tabloid. Of course he's the one calling all the shots there, isn't he?"

"I'm sure you are correct, Daphne," Anna Masters observed. Her voice was clinical, indicative of her advanced education. "Indeed, his lack of control in this situation is responsible for his temporary lapse in sexual vigor. Of this I have no doubt!"

Dr. Anna Masters wore black-leather patent sling-back pumps with pointed closed toes and very high heels. Her flesh-tone stockings were seamed and complemented her red floral-print dress. She wore a black velvet blazer. A pair of dark-rimmed glasses completed her authoritative ensemble. Her blond hair was worn in a short bob which added sensuality to her look without in any way diminishing the severity of her demeanor. Dr. Masters personified the scientific curiosity of a stern and dedicated researcher.

"Perhaps if you manipulated his sexual organs just a bit, Daphne," Anna Masters suggested maliciously. "It might help him relax, and we could see what he is made of - in a manner of speaking. I think we both might forgive him if he developed an erection under the encouragement of a little genital stimulation."

Daphne Blaine was happy to comply with Dr. Masters' suggestion. She uncrossed her pretty legs and sat forward on her jump seat, both ankles together, her stockinged feet deliciously arched on the carpet. She bent seductively at the waist and took Edger Wrightwell's soft penis gently between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. Daphne smiled knowingly and began stroking Edgar's penis lewdly. Her strokes were skillful, light, and rapid and the motions of her fingers on his penis made his low, dangling scrotum flop and bounce in rhythm. Edgar gulped



behind his gag and began breathing heavily through his nose. Daphne giggled "Oh, he likes it when I do naughty things to him between his legs!"

Dr. Anna Masters took the opportunity to give Edgar Wrightwell a lecture as Daphne Blaine continued her gentle manual stimulation of his sexual organs. "Tabloid publishers can be so irresponsible." Her voice was smug and matter-of-fact. "The stories about The Research Institute that you published are not only shocking and libelous, but lacking in depth and vision. They are based solely on hearsay from two disgruntled nurses who left my employ some time ago. Of course, we were obliged to set you straight sooner or later!"

Edgar's penis was now erect. His balls swung to and fro between his legs as Daphne Blaine fisted him, his penis sliding through the warm, compelling clutch of her palm with each stroke. Despite his helplessness and the abject humiliation of his predicament, Edgar found the pleasures of the masturbation-inflicted on him against his will - to be most intense indeed!

"That's right Dr. Masters!" Daphne said firmly, nodding her head in emphasis while maintaining the unrelenting rhythm of Edgar's masturbation all the while. "The terrible things that he published about us! And I simply can't imagine who would ever believe it all!"

Dr. Anna Masters thanked her pretty associate for her support while retrieving a rolled copy of Edgar Wrightwell's tabloid from her leather attaché case. "I have the article here and I'm going to read just a bit to refresh your memory."

"A female doctor and her nurses at a plush institute - secreted deep in the countryside - subject wealthy old men to degrading experiments that involve

bondage, foot fetishism and hours of prolonged masturbation. The wealthy old men are told that they can sign away their fortunes and live out their lives carefree in surroundings of the utmost luxury. The brochures that promote The Research institute also imply that there are lovely young women on staff who will see to their every sexual need as well. When they arrive at the institute, they find things to be very different and often not to their liking at all. They are sexually relieved all right, but the nurses subject them to a very degrading form of slow masturbation that utterly robs them of dignity. The legal documents in which they signed over their entire fortunes are all ironclad, so there is no means of escape. Even if they succeeded, they would be destitute."

Dr. Anna Masters' smug conceited voice paused from her reading. "And then, Mr. Wrightwell, you go on to quote the spurious allegations of my fired ex-employees - Nurse Inga and Nurse Sally. Despite my many loyal employees, there are always one or two in any large group who try to spoil everything. Well, we simply won't allow it!"

"Yeah, we have other plans, don't we?" Daphne Blaine giggled. Edgar was at the end of his tether, and she had found it necessary to stop stimulating his penis for a bit. Instead, she contented herself with holding his scrotum and kneading his testicles lightly. Daphne snickered. "We would never masturbate old men at The Research Institute. Would we, Dr. Masters? Of all the ridiculous ideas!"

"Precisely!" Dr. Masters exclaimed. "And that's where our little friend here comes in. After an abbreviated treatment of re-educational therapy at our Institute we will have him so addicted to both masturbation and fetishism that he will be totally under our control. Our plaything and pawn, if you will. Then we will release him, and he will write a retraction to his offensive article. He will say he went undercover and penetrated to the source of the story at the institute itself. And of course he found that both nurses were lying through their teeth. He will go on to

write such a glowing review of our efforts that our enrollment prospects will increase tenfold. So you see, Daphne, even the most difficult individuals can be retrained and made useful with a little honest scientific effort on our part."

Daphne agreed wholeheartedly. "And I think your idea was brilliant, too, Dr. Masters! Imagine offering him a nice limousine ride to our facility and plying him with drinks and appetizers the night before at a reception held in his honor. And of course he was thinking all the time that we were just bribing him and that it would do no good. And then you had me slip that little surprise into his drink and presto! He wakes up naked and straitjacketed. And before he knows it, he's getting his limousine ride to The Research Institute, all right, but it's not going exactly how he expected." Daphne giggled. "Not what he expected at all!"

Daphne had now resumed Edgar Wrightwell's slow masturbation. His hard penis had drooled a string of pre-come into her palm and its swollen head was turning a bloated, strangled purple from her expert manipulations. Daphne Blaine considered herself to be an artist when it came to the manipulation of the male sexual organ. And she considered her expertise to be an art form in itself that could be made either punitive or pleasurable depending on the whim of the masturbator.

"Don't you think that a man's scrotum is both disgusting and silly at the same time?" Daphne Blaine asked Dr. Anna Masters as she continued Edwin's genital stimulation. "I mean, the testicles - the source of their manhood - are just vulnerably dangling there in that ridiculous little wrinkled bag, almost out in plain sight, but ever so easy for women to use in controlling a man and giving him either pain or pleasure, whatever they feel like doing!"

'The scrotal sac is one of many silly things about men in general," Dr. Masters

observed, a scornful note in her professionally modulated voice. "I find it absurdly simple to twist a man about my finger in a very short period of time. The ridiculous equipment that hangs between a man's legs is every woman's aid in this respect. And I do find it advantageous to keep the males in our institute shaved around their penises and scrotums. It helps make them more docile and ashamed. Of course, slow masturbation training is best in this respect," she continued. "I find prolonged masturbation the best tool to make men obedient and weak-willed - just as they should be at all times!"

Edgar's body tensed abruptly in his straitjacket. Daphne smiled to see his Adam's apple bob up and down convulsively. Dr. Anna Masters had reached through between his legs and beneath his bare bottom from behind to grab his scrotum. She squeezed his testicles gently for a bit and then pulled downward on his scrotal sac - not enough to cause real pain, but it increased the intensely shameful pleasure of the masturbation that Daphne subjected him to gleefully.

Edgar Wrightwell realized instinctively that he was in the hands of a master in the art of manipulating a male's private parts. Daphne herself was a consummate expert in this, but now he was experiencing the handiwork of her mentor and teacher. His heart thudded and his brow glistened with perspiration as both women manipulated his sexual organs.

"Be ready with the penis-squeeze technique, Daphne," Dr. Masters warned a trifle bossily. "I'm not prepared to put him out of his misery and let you finish him off - not just yet! To really addict a man to masturbation, women need to play with his sexual organs for an extended period of time before permitting a climax. That way, when he is allowed to climax, the intensity will be such that he will find it addictive."

Daphne knew all the signs of an impending orgasm in male masturbation subjects. As a nurse at the institute, she had participated in hundreds of sessions of slow masturbation training. She and a partner had once kept one old fellow on the verge of sexual release for three continuous hours. She loved to watch their penises twitch after the few final pulls and tugs that were designed to bring them over the edge. Their penises would twitch spastically and then erupt in gooey cascades of thick white semen.

Daphne Blaine felt Edgar's penis spasm in her hand. She changed her grip immediately to cease the stimulation and squeezed the base of his penis firmly. Edgar's penis reared between her fingers. For a moment, she thought she had gone too far and had swept him over the brink. But then Edgar's penis reared again and only a single gob of sperm appeared, as if by magic, at the vent of the gasping slit in its tip. Just one single gob. Daphne giggled. She loved stopping their climaxes in midstream. Edger Wrightwell moaned pathetically. He tried to speak too, but the ball-gag muffled his words beyond comprehension.

Anna Masters had handled Edgar's scrotum until his climax was narrowly averted. Then, as Daphne continued his masturbation - after waiting a few moments for the danger of full ejaculation to subside – Dr. Masters re-crossed her legs and raised the pointed patent leather toe of her right high-heeled shoe up under Edgar's buttocks to prod his scrotum. She wiggled her foot, dangling his big testicles gently on the fastidiously polished pointed toe of her pump. Edgar moaned again at the humiliating intensity of these new sensations.

Poor Edgar! His slow masturbation was continued for the duration of his ride to The Research Institute in the limousine. Daphne had to employ the penis squeeze technique to avert his orgasm - over a dozen more times.

Finally Edgar heard Dr. Masters' smug voice ask Daphne to let go of his penis for a bit and let her have a turn. As Daphne did so, his momentarily abandoned penis throbbed noticeably with every beat of his pulse. The bloated tip of his sex organ oozed a quivering string of pre-come down onto the carpeted floor of the limousine. But then he felt Dr. Masters' warm knowing hand steal between his legs from behind and reach through under his buttocks. She pulled his penis back at an unnatural angle until its swollen gasping glans pointed toward the toes of her fashionable high-heeled shoes.

Dr. Masters twisted his foreskin a bit to give him maximum friction and sensation while holding his penis between the ball of her thumb and her index finger. Then she worked him lightly and rapidly with short strokes, masturbating him in a way that he had never experienced before. The poor fellow was panting through his nose now and drooling from the agonizing pleasure of the sensations that were mastering him. The cramping pain of his knotting thighs - a side effect of his uncomfortable squatting posture - and the tight misery of his straitjacket were all forgotten. His penis moistened Dr. Masters' palm liberally with gooey drops of pre-come that formed with increasing regularity at its gasping, tormented tip.

Then Dr. Masters changed her grip and took his penis in her fist, still holding it pulled back under his bare bottom at an unnatural and uncomfortable angle. "Make love to her fist! C'mon, Edgar, be a good boy and fuck her fist! Wiggle your bottom and fuck her fist like a good little man!" Daphne's voice dripped with scorn as she ordered Edgar to participate in his own masturbation. Dr. Masters even laughed herself as he complied. The straitjacket and the leather straps that connected it to its steel rings allowed him just enough slack to wiggle by raising and lowering his buttocks over and over again. Of course, this added to the cramping pain in his thighs but Edgar Wrightwell no longer cared.

He was simply desperate not to have the lewd sensations that he experienced as

his bare excited penis thrust through Dr. Master's warm skillful palm ever end - not until he achieved his humiliating sexual gratification and had his messy climax. Dr. Masters held her hand still and Edgar fucked it, his drooling penis with its strangled, bloated head sliding in and out of her fist as he bounced his bound squatting body up and down absurdly. He hoped desperately that she would not take her hand away before allowing him his sexual release.

But Dr. Anna Masters had no such plans. She smiled as she spoke to her assistant. "We'll have no trouble making this one eat out of our hands now, Daphne. Look how easily he debases himself in order to experience a little fleeting pleasure - intense as it may be!"

Daphne was laughing openly at Edgar, abandoning all pretense of sparing his wounded pride. "He's drooling, Dr. Masters, and his face is turning all red! Let's finish him off and drain him dry!"

Dr. Anna Masters cupped her free hand just under where the sliding tip of Edgar's tool came thrusting out of her grip at the downward termination of each plunge. Daphne raised her delicious little tiptoed feet and rubbed their stockinged soles all over Edgar's sweating, straining face to inflame him. Edgar kept thrusting madly, fucking Dr. Masters' fist like an animal, mindless in its helplessness and its desperation for whatever form of release it was allowed.

A second later Edgar's penis reared and spasmed in Dr. Masters' fist as his eyes closed in response to an agonizing crescendo of pleasure. His breath fairly whistled out about the edges of his ball-gag as his orgasm began. The powerful searing squirts as the jets of Edgar's sperm spurted into Dr. Anna Masters' palm - over and over again - were actually audible in their intensity.

Edgar's climax was prolonged beyond all endurance as Dr. Masters intensified it skillfully as she squeezed his penis rhythmically, milking him in time to the spasms of his sex organ.

At last he sagged in his bonds, drenched in perspiration, exhausted beyond belief, drained of his manhood and nearly senseless. Suddenly shame overcame his pleasure. The totality of his degradation knew no bounds. He knew then that this smug young woman whose hand was full of his carelessly wasted sperm had defeated him utterly.

Fifteen minutes later, the limousine was admitted through a wrought-iron gate and purred up the long private drive to The Research institute. Daphne Blaine and Anna Masters left the limousine, smirking. Edgar was placed in the charge of two sternly pretty nurses in tight uniform dresses, high heels, and black rubber aprons.

Fifteen days later, Edgar Wrightwell's tabloid printed the only retraction in its history, and The Research Institute's clientele surged accordingly. Dr. Anna Masters became very wealthy indeed!



**The Rubber Sanitarium**  
**by Titian Beresford**  
**from "Chidewell House and other stories"**

**Chapter I**

The two pretty women minced down the corridor in their seven-inch high-heeled patent leather pumps. Their heels clicked precisely on the tiles below their feet as they walked. Both were very regal, and both wore their hair pulled up in a perfect blond swirl. Their high heels forced their steps to be short and dainty, and their walk was halfway between a prance and a hip-wiggling strut. Both women were clad in scandalously short dresses fashioned from gleaming black rubber. The rubber dresses clung smoothly to the generous feminine curves of their hips, bottoms, and breasts. The seamless rubber dresses had high proper collars as if to offset the boldness of their indecent hemlines and both dresses sported built-in rubber gloves - also of the same gleaming black. The women's shapely legs were bare, and their naturally fair complexions enhanced the smooth curves of their calves and flexing thighs. The effect of their entire ensembles was at once both domineering and provocative.

The Gräfin was escorting Dr. Gerda Harm on a tour of her facility, of which she was rightfully proud. Dr. Harm was impressed and had every expectation of obtaining lucrative and fulfilling employ at the Gräfin's Rubber Sanitarium. And even though the lovely young doctor was unused to the bizarre uniform required of the sanitarium's all-female staff, she rather enjoyed the sexual power that it gave her - not to mention nearly seven inches of extra height! The prospect of being staff physician - with generous backing from the fabulously wealthy Gräfin's nearly unlimited research budget for medical and scientific equipment - lured her as well.

The Gräfin had just finished explaining to Dr. Gerda Harm some of the unusual treatments to benefit her patients. Some of them were at once so innovative - yet so bizarre - that the fascinated young doctor could hardly wait to see them exhibited. And that is where they were heading now - to the experimental treatments research wing of the Rubber Sanitarium! The Gräfin had explained that the stress of hectic modern life had taken a terrible toll on the health of her

patients and that desperate and sometimes strange methods were necessarily employed to relieve them of their negative effects. Soon, Dr. Harm would be deeply involved with the implementation of these treatment regimens herself - and the Gräfin hoped she too would be innovative in the design of her own new treatments as well.

They paused briefly in the corridor outside Treatment Room A and then stepped inside. A male patient stood on tiptoe, naked below the waist, clad only in a shining black rubber straitjacket! A hook dangling from an overhead wire engaged a metal ring on the shoulders of his straitjacket, forcing him helplessly into his unnatural posture. The only furniture in the brightly illuminated room was a high stool. On the stool sat one of the Gräfin's most experienced sanitarium nurses, a young woman named Prudence. Prudence was clad in a head-to-toe full bodysuit of featureless - and ever so smooth - gleaming black rubber. It resembled a wet suit because it covered her completely. Yet, unlike a wet suit, the suit that Prudence wore was so snug that it both emphasized and enhanced the curves of her femininity, adding perfection of form without a trace of bulk or thickness. She appeared as a smooth, flawless being from a bizarre and beautiful planet. The only gaps in the suit were two rounded eyeholes and a narrow mouth opening that went from the base of Prudence's nose to her chin.

Dr. Gerda Harm was both fascinated and repulsed by her helpless patient's large, slowly thickening sexual organ. The Gräfin explained that Prudence was going to relieve this patient's stress by relieving his sexual tension and that, in the draining of his sexual fluids, his tension should be released as well. The Gräfin went on to say that Prudence was an expert in a unique and novel method of relieving patients sexually. Dr. Gerda Harm stood leggily - yet still somehow primly - in her indecent rubber dress and her high heels to watch the process, her curiosity at its peak. The Gräfin told Prudence to begin.

Prudence raised her smooth rubber-clad legs in the air, bending her pretty knees and supporting herself with her rubber-clad hands on the rear of the stool's seat cushion. She crossed her lush rubber-clad thighs and swiveled toward the patient with a smug smile on her full lips. In a moment, his thick, excited penis was nestled indecently between Prudence's crossed rubber-clad thighs. Prudence was

a very strong and healthy young woman. As she began wiggling her legs, shifting her weight to and fro, she was virtually masturbating the straitjacketed patient with her thighs.

"My dear, see the poor fellow's drawn face and all the tension that his expression exhibits!" the Gräfin cooed. I am sure Prudence will have him feeling much less constrained in a very short while.

"Prudence does seem to take pleasure in her duties as a nurse in your Rubber Sanitarium," Dr. Gerda Harm observed. "I shall look forward to working with her!"

As the women watched, Prudence continued milking the patient's trapped penis between her athletic rubber-clad thighs. The patient's excitement mounted quickly. He began breathing heavily almost at once, although his face was flushed crimson at the humiliation of what was being done to him and the fact that it was being done in front of two lovely, scantily clad young women who had strict institutional authority over him. However, Prudence was an expert. She prolonged the patient's arousal by slowing the tempo of her milking motions whenever his crisis seemed imminent.

"We find that the tension release from a male orgasm is more beneficial and pronounced if the treatment is continued for quite some time and a premature climax is prohibited," the Gräfin explained. "And that is what Prudence is doing now, moderating the extent of his arousal and using her thighs to control him as well as to stimulate him."

Dr. Harm found her fascination with the entire procedure mount as she watched the nurse's rubber-clad thighs exercise the patient's now hugely excited sexual organ.

The straitjacketed patient's ordeal was drawn out expertly for nearly twenty minutes until at last he was allowed his climax. Prudence's athletic rubber-clad thighs wrung an intense orgasm from him, and he jiggled his hips forward and backward shamelessly to intensify the addictive sensations as he ejaculated. His entrapped sex organ spasmed between Prudence's thighs for a very long time indeed. He produced an enviable quantity of seed that drooled and spurted all

over the tiled floor at Dr. Gerda Harm's feet.

As the patient sagged weakly in his bonds and Prudence dabbed her thighs with a soft cloth, the Gräfin and Dr. Gerda Harm were already on their way to the next treatment room. The Gräfin explained that her research budget was enormous and that one of her scientists had invented a drug called Orgasm gas. This was a specialized central nervous system stimulant that induced tremendous feelings of sensual excitement. Dr. Harm was delighted to hear that Treatment Room B was used to subject patients to Orgasm gas therapy and that a demonstration was just now being prepared for her to observe.

Dr. Harm gasped in anticipation as she and the Gräfin stepped into Treatment Room B. It was a much larger room than Treatment Room A. The Orgasm gas chamber itself dominated the center of the room. It consisted of a plexiform semicircle that reached from floor to ceiling and was attached to the walls behind it by airtight rubber seals. Admittance to the chamber was through an airtight door from another room behind the wall at the rear of the chamber itself. The door sealed tight when it was shut. A large reversible rubber glove protruded from a sealed rubber gasket in one side of the plexiform chamber wall. The reversible glove was similar to those used in airtight laboratory glove boxes and was constructed such that someone standing outside the chamber could reach into it without being exposed at all to the gas inside.

A nearly naked woman stood at a small control panel outside of the chamber at one side. A rubber hood covered her face and obscured her identity. The only openings in the hood were the two small eyeholes and a tiny round hole at her mouth. Her only other garment was a pair of black rubber elbow-length gloves. She stood on tiptoe barefoot, bent at the waist, her bare buttocks emphasized by her indecent posture. The nipples of her large breasts were held in suction nozzles with hoses attached to a pumping device on the floor at her feet. The pump was running on low with a muted rhythmic hum. The Gräfin introduced the nearly naked woman as Liesl and said she was an expert at controlling the precise flow of gas to the Orgasm gas chamber. The Gräfin also said that Liesl was lactating - hence the breast-milking device that was attached to her nipples. Liesl's rubber-clad fingertips were poised over the dials that would soon control the gas

flow and its proper mixture with oxygen. Several gauges on the control panel would allow her to calibrate the modulation exactly. Dr. Gerda Harm's fascination with the bizarre regimens of the Rubber Sanitarium deepened.

As the Gräfin and Dr. Gerda Harm watched, the door into the Orgasm gas chamber swung open to admit three people. The first was another sanitarium patient, naked like the one in Treatment Room A had been, save for a black rubber straitjacket. Two female nurses accompanied him, one grasping his elbows and one turning to shut the door of the chamber behind them. The nurses were clad exactly as Prudence had been, in rubber bodysuits that covered them alluringly - and ever so smoothly - from head to toe. Each sported a gas mask! Only the straitjacketed patient would be breathing the Orgasm gas. This patient showed no signs whatever of an erection. His testicles were drawn up tight beneath his flaccid penis

The Gräfin introduced the two gas-chamber nurses to Dr. Gerda Harm as Eva and Justine. Then she turned to the pretty young doctor and whispered, "My dear, you will simply adore this particular experiment!" Eva and Justine nodded to Liesl, who looked expectantly at the Gräfin and received the go-ahead. Liesl's rubber-clad fingers fluttered expertly over the dials. Dr. Harm could hear a low, soft hiss as Orgasm gas was introduced into the chamber. The Gräfin smiled. "Liesl is so mischievous when she is lactating! She will probably slow the flow on purpose to make the patient's anticipation level rise before he feels the full effects."

Dr. Gerda Harm stared at the patient expectantly, observing his face and genitals for the first signs that the gas was taking effect. The chamber nurses, now one on each side of him, held him fast. Dr. Harm had not noticed before, but this particular patient was a very small man and the chamber nurses were tall, shapely, powerful women who towered over him.

Soon Dr. Harm could see the patient's chest rise and fall more as he began to breathe more heavily and his face began to flush just a bit. Liesl continued to adjust the dials, standing lewdly on tiptoe as the suction pumps drew rhythmically on her lactating breasts. The Gräfin licked her lips with barely constrained glee. Of all the inventions at the Rubber Sanitarium, this was one of her proudest. She

turned to Dr. Harm as both women stood fetchingly in their tight rubber dresses and watched the experiment proceed. "Orgasm gas has practically limitless applications!" she boasted. "Imagine its application for crowd control. Imagine an entire army contorting on the battlefield, helpless from the intensity of their orgasmic release. You will see in a moment how dramatic its effects are... Look!"

The chamber nurses were holding the patient tightly now. He was exhibiting all the signs of intense sexual arousal. His chest rose and fell rapidly with each excited breath. His face was flushed with both shame and excitement. Even as Dr. Harm and the Gräfin watched, his penis thickened and stiffened convulsively. Soon every vein along its length was standing out in rigid relief.

As the women watched, a small string of clear arousal dribbled from the bloated purple tip of the patient's sexual organ and hung swaying as it slowly lengthened - almost to the chamber floor. The patient's arms moved futilely beneath the tight embrace of his rubber straitjacket. The Gräfin explained that he was desperate to masturbate to alleviate the intensity of his sexual arousal. The Gräfin motioned for the nurses to let go of him so they all could see what he would do. And as Liesl controlled the gas/oxygen mixture, the nurses did so!

Even in his state of tremendous sexual excitement, the patient realized that he would never be able to free his arms and masturbate, so he dropped to his knees and crawled to the feet of the chamber nurses, who stood over him with their hands on their hips, complacently secure in their gas masks. The patient was panting and gasping as he knelt and began desperately trying to rub his sexual organ on the rubber-clad legs of the chamber nurses. They laughed behind their masks and kicked him away, but he always crawled back and tried desperately to release his pent-up passions against the smooth rubber that covered their lovely legs.

Finally he staggered to his feet and Eva decided to help him out - just a bit. She bent her leg and raised her thigh just enough to brush it a time or two across his sexual organ. The patient panted like a rutting bull and ejaculated his copious seed all over Eva's thigh. He would have fallen to the floor had not Justine stood behind him and held his hips to steady him. Then she turned him a bit to better exhibit his

continuing climax to the Gräfin and Dr. Harm, who stood enthralled outside the chamber.

The patient's mouth hung open as the gaping hole in the strangled purple tip of his bloated penis expanded to emit jet after jet of his thick seed. Some of it hit the plexiform wall of the chamber itself and dribbled down to form a gooey puddle on the floor. It took nearly a full minute for his orgasm to subside. Then the patient sagged weakly back into Justine's arms.

The Gräfin told Dr. Harm to watch closely. Eva stepped forward and took the patient's still-erect penis in her hand as Justine held him, his head lolling upon her ample rubber-clad breasts. Just the touch of Eva's rubber-clad hand was enough to send him into another intense climax, again under the influence of the Orgasm gas. This climax was even more intense than the first, and longer-lasting too - though substantially less semen was produced.

The Gräfin nodded to the chamber nurses when the patient was exhausted and seemed spent after his second orgasm. Half-carrying him, they pushed him gently up against the plexiform wall of the chamber where the reversible rubber glove protruded from its gasket at waist level. "Make him have another climax, Dr. Harm. You must observe the effects of our therapy at close range!"

Dr. Gerda Harm reached into the chamber with the reversible glove and grasped the patient's sex organ. He was so weak now that the chamber nurses had to steady him or he would have fallen flat on his face. The pretty young doctor's own face flushed as she felt the intensity of the patient's orgasmic twitches begin all over again just from her gentle touch on his privates. This time he ejaculated a very tiny amount of seed. But his penis spasmed in Dr. Harm's gloved hand for a very long time.

As the Gräfin and Dr. Harm continued to observe his treatment regimen, the chamber nurses subjected the patient to two more orgasms. Between them they lifted him up and held him off his feet while he sagged weakly, his penis still jerking and twitching - constantly on the verge of orgasm. Then one or the other would raise a thigh up between his legs from underneath to prod his genitals, or they would hold his scrotum. Either proved enough to provoke his fourth and fifth

orgasms.

Finally the Gräfin ordered the demonstration to a close and ordered a reluctant Liesl to raise the oxygen level and turn on powerful ventilation fans to dissipate the gas. The patient had to be literally carried from the chamber by his rubber-clad nurses. Dr. Harm noticed that his face was now soft and unlined as that of a young man one-third his age. The Gräfin said that five orgasms were the maximum that a patient should be subjected to unless his heart rate and rhythm were monitored closely with electrodes during the process.

Of course these demonstrations were all it took to finally persuade an already-intrigued Dr. Harm to sign on at the Gräfin's Rubber Sanitarium. She took her stringent duties there most seriously indeed and proved soon to be an expert at relieving her patient's tensions in many imaginative - and quite often bizarre - ways.

## **Chapter II**

The patient sat "bottomless" in a leather wing chair in Dr. Gerda Harm's inner office. His only garment was a black rubber straitjacket that pinioned his arms securely to his sides. His heart beat rapidly in anticipation, for the nurses who relieved him of his clothing and fastened him naked in the straitjacket assured him that Dr. Harm would begin his masturbation therapy in a few moments. The patient was quite infatuated with Dr. Gerda Harm. The fact that this sweet-faced young woman - with wide blue eyes, full lips, and the most curvaceous buttocks and hips he had ever seen - had chosen to reduce the stress of her male patients using sexual-release therapy - truly fascinated him.

Dr. Gerda Harm walked down the white-tiled corridor of the Rubber Sanitarium's central clinic. She paused for a moment as a stern faced nurse in a white rubber uniform dress - so abbreviated that her bottom was half-bare - strutted past in black patent leather high-heeled oxfords. The nurse pushed a reclining wheelchair on which a naked straitjacketed patient was fastened down. Dr. Gerda Harm smiled as the nurse nodded to her respectfully. The nurse and her patient were



headed for the sanitarium's enclosed courtyard garden for the patient's daily constitutional. Dr. Gerda Harm had no doubt that once outside, even this snooty-faced nurse would find numerous excuses to play coy little games with her patient's sexual organ.

Ten minutes later, Dr. Gerda Harm had changed from her high-heeled dress pumps and lab coat and paused for a moment to gaze out the window of her outer office down upon the enclosed courtyard garden of the Rubber Sanitarium. She had made many enhancements of her own design to the Gräfin's Institution, and she was more than a little proud of her efforts - justifiably so. The daily garden "constitutional" was one of them.

Below her second-story window, the nurses of the Rubber Sanitarium pushed their straitjacketed patients about the shaded lawns and past the intricate sun dapple flower beds in the especially designed reclining wheelchairs. For the most part, of course, the patients were not invalids and did not require the wheelchairs from any medical necessity. Rather, Dr. Gerda Harm felt the use of the wheelchairs was desirable to further enforce the sanitarium's regimen of absolute relaxation.

The nurses were clad in form-fitting white rubber dresses with high collars and elbow-length gloves. They wore black leather oxfords with six-inch heels. The heels were so high that they gave the nurses a hip-wiggling, almost lewd gait as they pushed the wheelchairs to and fro, round and round the grounds.

**If a patient showed any sign of an erection his nurse would stop pushing him, pause to stand beside him - bending excitingly at the waist as she did so - and then relieve him through a bit of expert masturbation. Dr. Gerda Harm noted with satisfaction that several of the patient's abdomens were already messy with spilled seed. The nurses were performing their masturbatory duties in most admirable fashion. The smug-faced nurse whom she had just seen in the corridor outside her office had already relieved her patient of his seed for the first time. His penis was limp and his abdomen was gooey and glistening.**

The patient in Dr. Gerda Harm's inner office was beginning to show signs of sexual arousal. His penis thickened a bit. Soon his pretty doctor would come in to

masturbate him! He rather enjoyed his predicament. **A copy of the *Daily Telegraph* was spread out on the floor at his feet. The patient was rather suspicious that it had been placed there to catch his seed.** His penis thickened a bit more. The nurses of the Rubber Sanitarium had shaved his private area bare shortly after his admittance and his genitals were now as hairless as an infant's.

His attention became occupied with a strange device placed on the floor before him. He wondered what it was. The device consisted of a darkly varnished wooden box perhaps eighteen inches square. A narrow rubber hose extended from a fixture in the side of the box to a black rubber sleeve - about four inches long - which rested on a narrow table beside the patient's chair. The top of the varnished wooden box was equipped with a foot pedal and what appeared to be some sort of gauge.

Then the door opened to admit Dr. Gerda Harm!

The patient gasped and his penis thickened and rose until he sported a full erection. Dr. Gerda Harm presented quite a sight indeed! She wore a single tight garment that was part apron, part blouse, and part skirt. It was fashioned wickedly from glossy form-fitting black rubber. Its long sleeves ended seamlessly in matching black rubber gloves. In front, the apron-dress was quite modest - save for its extreme tightness - for it covered her from chin to knee. From behind, however, Dr. Gerda Harm's apron-dress was most scandalous. It covered her only down to the hollow of her back! The broad, full curves of Dr. Gerda Harm's bottom were presented bare to the world! Her tight apron-dress was fastened down to its hem by two straps. One passed behind just below her bare backside. The other ran back just above and behind her knees. Dr. Gerda Harm's prim little feet were clad in stylish black patent leather oxfords with seven-inch heels. The patient marveled at the smooth curves of his doctor's calves and thighs. And the sight of his doctor's big nude bottom practically made the poor fellow drool and swoon. The outrageous height of her heels and the extreme tightness of her rubber apron-dress turned each step Dr. Gerda Harm took into a lewd hip-wiggling prance.

Dr. Gerda Harm took a few mincing steps forward to stand - in a strange way

almost prudishly - in front of her patient with her hands resting authoritatively upon the full curves of her shiny rubber-clad hips. "I see you are ready for your masturbation therapy!" she said sweetly, her eyes appraising her patient's now-rigid male organ saucily. **"I see also that you're intrigued with my masturbation machine. Its use was once demonstrated upon habitually addicted degenerate Onanists on the midway of the Chicago Exposition. And now, some eighty years later, it will be used to drain you of your seed.** Somehow appropriate, don't you think?" She moved still closer to her patient and picked up the rubber sleeve that was attached by the hose to the box upon the floor.

Then, very clinically, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Dr. Gerda Harm reached down to take her patient's male sac. Then, with her other rubber-gloved hand, she slipped the suction sleeve down over the tip of his excited sex organ and worked it back against his abdomen.

As Dr. Gerda Harm straightened up and turned about to strut back to the masturbation machine, her patient's fevered gaze was locked upon her bare buttocks. It was as if he was desperately trying to commit each broad out-thrust curve to memory. Now imprisoned in the tight grasp of the suction sleeve, his penis throbbed, hugely erect, its swollen head now turning a strangled shade of purple-red.

Dr. Gerda Harm stood over the masturbation machine. Now facing her patient, she raised one daintily shod foot - a trifle awkwardly, due to the extreme tightness of her rubber apron-dress - to the masturbation machine's foot pedal. Then, bending forward with her gleaming rubber-gloved hands resting on her thighs for support, she began to work her foot up and down rhythmically. Each up-and-down cycle of the pedal was accompanied by a faint hissing sound.

"The box contains a pneumatic cylinder that I am charging with air pressure now," Dr. Gerda Harm explained to her straitjacketed patient. "When the gauge tells me that the cylinder is fully charged, I'll turn the release lever and a steady stream of compressed air will flow down the hose to the sleeve I have placed about your sexual organ - where, by means of a reciprocating valve, an inner cuff will move back and forth to stimulate you until you emit your seed. I am sure that you will

find the sensations to be most compelling indeed. One charge will operate the suction sleeve for a full six minutes. Most patients never require a second charge to bring them to orgasm."

Dr. Gerda Harm's feminine charms were certainly not lost upon her patient as she worked the pedal up and down. The play of light on the shiny rubber apron-dress and gloves of his lovely doctor captivated him, and the bare curves of her flawless legs enthralled him. Dr. Gerda Harm was a lovely, sweet-faced young woman with an expression both intelligent and fastidious - perhaps bordering on outright conceit. To see such an exquisite young woman clad so bizarrely - and performing such outrageous acts on him - made the patient's head spin.

At last Dr. Gerda Harm finished priming the device and bent forward to turn the release lever before straightening up, her feet together primly, arms folded across her breasts, to watch the effects of her masturbation machine on her patient. Her mien was a trifle self-righteous and accusatory - almost as if she herself was immune to the baser pleasures to which she happily addicted her male patients.

The poor fellow began panting almost at once as the device worked his organ up and down with precisely measured strokes. The only sounds in the room were the patient's heavy breathing and the rhythmic hiss and click of the masturbation-machine itself. Dr. Gerda Harm noted with satisfaction that the masturbation therapy was proceeding most gratifyingly indeed.

**"Are the sensations compelling?" Dr. Gerda Harm asked her patient, her eyes registering the now-drooling tip of his sexual organ. She watched him now as he sat panting and squirming in his straitjacket with no little amusement.**

Her patient finally managed a stuttering reply between panting moans. "the ... sens ... sensations are m-most compelling indeed!" He paused to gasp and writhe convulsively against the bonds of his straitjacket for a bit and then continued. "I have ne-never experienced s-such feelings b-before!"

**Dr. Gerda Harm was secretly satisfied. "Well, sit still then and simply let nature take its course," she said bossily. "I am sure that the *Daily Telegraph* will prove most suitable in protecting my office floor from being soiled with your discharge**

of seed."

Even as a physician of no mean ability, Dr. Gerda Harm was not above acting on an occasional wicked notion. And, she did so now. In order to hasten her patient's orgasmic crisis - and perhaps in so doing prove to herself the mettle of her masturbation machine - she decided that her patient might need a bit of additional inspiration. So, as if bored with the whole process and waiting for it to reach its inevitable conclusion, she turned her back to her patient - thus exposing the charms of her bare bottom - this time for a rather more extended period. Her excuse for this lewdly provocative act was the charade of pretending to withdraw a volume of medical esoterica from the recessed bookshelves in the wall beyond.

Thus bending ever so slightly at the hips in order to present her posterior in the most alluring manner possible, Dr. Gerda Harm opened the glass door, withdrew a volume from a lower shelf, and pretended to study it. The audible gasps and heavier panting of her patient from behind her confirmed to Dr. Gerda Harm that her efforts were well spent.

Dr. Gerda Harm's recessed bookshelf was filled with volumes penned by such sexologists as Moll, Tissot, Havelock Ellis, Kraft-Ebing, Henry Reischler, and Stekel. With their litany of case histories of masturbatory addiction, these volumes had inspired her myriad bizarre plans for the masturbatory training of patients at the Gräfin's Rubber Sanitarium.

Now her patient's crisis was imminent. The machine worked him incessantly, its tempo never varying, its hisses and clicks punctuating his pleasure like a metronome. **The patient's eyes were locked feverishly on the broad, full cheeks of Dr. Gerda Harm's bare bottom as his penis spasmed in the suction sleeve of the masturbation machine. The bloated swollen tip of the patient's male organ expanded visibly, and he moaned aloud. A moment later, thick jets of her patient's seed spurted from the tormented tip of his sex organ and spattered the *Daily Telegraph* - liberally soaking the text and picture of the feature article - as well as the headline.**

Dr. Gerda harm allowed herself a satisfied smile as she heard the audible plops of her patient's seed as it spurted down upon the newspaper before him. Each

drop of seed that soiled the *Daily Telegraph* was as much a tribute to his doctor's big, bare bottom as it was a testimony to the efficacy of the masturbation machine.

Dr. Gerda Harm, turned about just in time to see the last weak strings of her patient's essence drool from the tip of his male organ and hang, swaying, nearly down to the newspaper on the floor. She turned the release lever on the machine back to closed, then stepped forward, her high-heeled patent leather oxfords and her rubber apron-dress catching the light most alluringly as she did so. **Once again she bent over and held her patient's testicles, this time to remove the pneumatic sleeve from his messy - and now softening - sexual organ.**

Dr. Gerda Harm left him there, sitting weakly in a daze and all astonished at the intensity of his orgasm. As she strutted through the door into her outer office to summon two or three nurses to clean up and remove him, her patient's eyes were still locked on the broad cheeks of Dr. Gerda Harm's big, bare bottom. The wiggle and sway of her buttocks as she stepped through the door seemed somehow to mock his now-softened penis in a most impudent fashion indeed.

\* \* \*

Dr. Gerda Harm was more than a little pleased with her efforts. When the Gräfin returned, she would have much to show her. Though hardly more than an erotic curiosity from a bygone era, the masturbation machine would fascinate her as would the rubber immersion spa, face sitting therapy performed most suitably by especially selected big-bottomed nurses and, of course, the sensory-deprivation closets, cylinders, and vats (used to enforce the absolute stress-free relaxation of the rubber-enclosed patients) would all impress her fashionable employer. Of this Dr. Gerda Harm had no doubt whatever!

## **The Secret Police Nurses**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

The Changjin Experimental Prison was a vast facility that included huge sealed, windowless buildings with elaborate rooftop ventilation systems, high guard towers equipped with the latest night-vision equipment, electric gates, sunken exercise yards, underground cell-blocks, soundproof interrogation rooms, its own fully equipped research hospital, and luxurious quarters for the guards and Secret Police nurses that made up the staff. Staff quarters on the upper levels of the administration wing were graced with a lovely rooftop garden - with its own swimming pool surrounded by a perfectly manicured lawn - and actual trees.

Secret Police Nurse Cho-Lak wiggled as she walked down the spotless white-tiled corridor of the experimentation wing. She couldn't help the slight flexing twist of her hips and buttocks as she walked, any more than she could help her mincing steps that were accentuated by the measured feminine click of her high heels on the polished floor. Nurse Cho-Lak wore the regulation uniform of Changjin Experimental Prison. All Secret Police nurses were required to wear People's Army uniform - brown pointed-toe pumps with heels of such exaggerated height that they thrust their wearers' weight forward - forcing a wiggling baby-stepped walk and seductively emphasizing the curves of the Secret Policewomen's buttocks, calves, hips, thighs and breasts.

The rest of Cho-Lak's Secret Policewomen's uniform enhanced her feminine curves. She wore a brown skirt so short and so tight that if she were even to bend over in the slightest, the hem would slide up deliciously - almost to her hips. The curves of Nurse Cho-Lak's pretty legs were shown off exquisitely - even without the luxury of nylons - a rarity in Cho-Lak's stringently secure and almost totally sealed country. A matching brown uniform blouse was tucked primly into the

skirt. Despite its proper long sleeves and high collar, its tight fit emphasized the firm points of her pert breasts. A peaked dress cap matched the skirt and blouse, and Nurse Cho-Lak's People's Army red epaulets and collar insignias, along with a black tie, completed her strict yet fetishistic ensemble. Nurse Cho-Lak's jet black hair was twisted up in a tight, perfect swirl. Not a single strand was out of place!

Nurse Cho-Lak pushed a gurney. Though its handles were of normal height for her, they extended downward so low that the cushioned bed portion - with its thick leather straps to hold down unwilling experimentation subjects - was barely six inches above the floor. The gurney was also odd because the cushion that would soon hold her prisoner-patient - though of normal width - was barely four feet long!

As Nurse Cho-Lak pushed her gurney down the spotless corridor she glanced down frequently at her feet clad in the dainty little brown pointed-toe pumps with their bizarre high heels. Without the smooth slide of nylon and due to the cut of her stylish shoes Nurse Cho-Lak's toe cleavage was delightfully exposed. The flirty little clefts between all of her nestling toes were very much on display! The sexy cut of Nurse Cho-Lak's shoes also emphasized the high, wrinkled under swell of her arches.

Nurse Cho-Lak loved her work in the experimental prison. She was so fortunate to have written that essay praising the central government while still a schoolgirl! After that, she prospered mysteriously no matter what befell her peers. So now, instead of bending over planting rice shoots in a terraced paddy with her pretty feet planted firmly in thick black mud, she was making a hundred times the salary of most of her peers and got to wear such lovely stylish uniforms as well! Not only that, she got to take out her aggressions on the patient-prisoners nearly every day. And now, to add to her sadistic delight, just three days ago she had been appointed to work with the most special prisoner of all - the specimen! The state



had no mercy on its enemies, and neither did Secret Police Nurse Cho-Lak. She loved her work!

Nurse Cho-Lak turned a corner and started down another corridor. This one was busier. She passed several other Secret Police nurses dressed identically to herself who nodded and smiled as they minced by in their high heels. The other nurses were pushing gurneys, too - these were of normal size and contained prisoners flesh from the masturbation rooms. The prisoners had been injected with a paralytic drug that left them fully sensate, yet totally helpless, and then were wheeled to the masturbation rooms before being taken to the experimentation wing. The prison's female doctors believed that masturbation robbed the prisoners of their endorphins and left them more "suggestible" in the interrogation/experimentation phase.

Nurse Cho-Lak smiled as she saw the prisoners wheeled by, naked and helpless, their stomachs and abdomens gooey with the sperm that had been drained from them by pretty women in white lab coats in the masturbation rooms. Their penises were limp. Nurse Cho-Lak paused by the open door to one of the rooms to watch a prisoner in the final stages of his masturbation. While his Secret Police nurse stood by smiling, ready to wheel him away to the experimentation wing after the masturbation, a pretty masturbation nurse was working him over. She looked so studious, prim and proper with her jet black hair up in a tight bun. She wore glasses and a spotless white lab coat.

She had kicked off her high heels, and her petite bare feet were arched prettily on the rungs of her stool as she sat above her prisoner's gurney and masturbated him. Her legs were crossed. Her uniform skirt rode high on her thighs. The masturbation nurse held the prisoner's scrotum in one hand and was flogging his penis with the other. Due to his paralyzed state, he couldn't move or even cry out. He just lay there, drenched in sweat, naked and panting out his desperation for

release in his cruel little masturbator's hands.

Nurse Cho-Lak watched as the patient's abused penis twitched and jerked in the little hands that held it prisoner - worked it and pulled on it. Then she watched the semen erupt in a thick gooey spray and the masturbation nurse direct it - as she laughed and kept pumping - so that her prisoner was drenched in his own seed to add to his shame. After the prisoner's gooey penis went limp in her hand, the masturbation nurse looked up and smiled at Cho-Lak. The sadistic pleasure she took in her work was obvious on her sweetly pretty face.

Nurse Cho-Lak smiled back at her colleague and continued pushing her bizarre gurney down the corridors. At the next junction, she turned left and came to the highest security wing. It was reserved for the most secret state-sanctioned experiments. She applied her hand to the palm print recognition pad and the door opened silently.

The corridors beyond the door were painted baby pink and illuminated with softer, more muted recessed lighting. Nurse Cho-Lak pushed her gurney into a room labeled with the sign EXPERIMENTAL PROTOTYPE PRISONER STORAGE ROOM 1-A. The center of the room was dominated by a large pale blue unit that looked like an incredibly complex and oversized one-drawer file cabinet. Hoses, gauges, and dials were attached to it everywhere. Status lights flickered on and off across its control panel. There were three other such units in the room - all arranged in a precise geometric pattern. But the control panels on the other three were blank, and there was no soft hiss of air-regulation pumps from inside them. The other three units were empty - for now.

Nurse Cho-Lak punched her security clearance code on the access pad of the unit's keyboard. Then she stood prettily, her eyes fixed on the drawer door as she

waited for it to open, her face alive with anticipatory delight. There was a soft hiss of compressed air. Then the drawer slid out into the room at Cho-Lak's feet. There on a black pneumatic foam cushion lay her plaything, the prototype prisoner! The specimen! He lay before her naked. No clothing was needed due to the rigidly climate-controlled interior of the unit that served as his cell between experimentation sessions. The specimen was helpless. His big, hard penis was more thick than long. It jutted up from just below his shaved hairless abdomen. His big testicles were clearly defined in his low, dangling scrotum that splayed loosely on the cushion as it hung vulnerably down past his bare buttocks.

But the most unusual thing about this specimen was not the fact that he was naked. Naked prisoners were commonplace in Changjin Experimental Prison. What was unusual was the fact that this prisoner had neither arms nor legs! All four of his limbs terminated in smoothly rounded featureless stumps!

Secret Police Nurse Cho-Lak squatted down by her prey, her face alive with knowing, sadistic delight. "Want to come out and play?" she purred, her voice dripping with mocking sweetness. "Dr. Ling-Yap has another little session in mind for you if you would be kind enough to accompany me to her experimentation room. And Nurse Song-Ni will be there, too. Remember how hard she made your penis get last time!"

The specimen gulped and nodded. He well knew that it was utterly forbidden for prisoners to speak in Changjin Experimental Prison. He swallowed hard as he stared at Nurse Cho-Lak, noting the drum-tight stretch of her uniform skin across her splayed thighs as she squatted above him. He gulped as he saw the delicious display of her toe cleavage, and the lovely arches of her bare feet - highlighted by the low, flirty cut of her fetishistic pumps, and even the trim pretty shape of her bare thighs.

In what now seemed to him like his past life, he had been a powerful minister of state and a district commissar before he fell out of favor with the People's Revolutionary Council and was taken at night, without a trial - and in a closed van-to Changjin Experimental prison. And now he existed, utterly without dignity, yet not utterly without a degrading form of pleasure - one that he now found headily addictive. To be the helpless prisoner, pet, and plaything of the pretty Secret Police doctors and nurses was his only fulfillment now. He well knew that Nurse Cho-Lak delighted in sexually teasing him and making fun of his helplessness, but he did not care. In his suddenly and drastically narrowed world she loomed like a goddess promising delight as well as shame and degradation.

Nurse Cho-Lak saw his penis increase in hardness and circumference in response to her proximity and the sight which she presented to his starved senses. She giggled a sweetly feminine, yet gloating sound. She stood up and pushed the low gurney right up beside the drawer cell on which the specimen lay. Then she squatted down above him again to half-lift, half-roll him onto her gurney so that she could wheel him into the grueling discomfort and indignity of Dr. Ling-Yap's experimentation room.

Of course, Nurse Cho-Lak always managed to touch the prisoner's sexual organs "accidentally" when she moved him from his drawer cell onto her gurney. As she lifted him, one of her hands supported the side of his chest just beneath the armpit of his right arm stump. The palm of her other hand lifted him from between his legs, cupping both his scrotum and his penis! Her armless and legless prisoner grunted in helpless delight and squirmed, trying vainly to wiggle against her teasing hand to prolong the delicious sensation of her touch on his private parts.

His pathetic attempt just made her giggle again. In a moment, he found himself strapped down and helpless on her gurney.

Once again Nurse Cho-Lak minced in her high heels down the corridors of the top-secret wing of Changjin Experimental Prison. This time she was bound for Dr. Ling-Yap's well-equipped suite of highly classified experimentation rooms. This time the low custom-made gurney that she pushed contained the specimen - armless, legless, utterly helpless, and hugely erect. The specimen was so placed that he could look up at her and see her lovely amused face - above and beyond the bloated purple tip of his own tormented sex organ. He could also watch her thighs tense and flex as she walked in her high heels, the strutting wiggle of her hips. The specimen could only imagine what Nurse Cho-Lak would look like from behind, with her bottom wiggling deliciously in the skintight snugness of her Secret Policewomen's uniform skirt

As they reached the electric door that led into Dr. Ling-Yap's experimentation suite, a knot of Secret Police nurses and masturbation nurse specialists passed them on their way to the elevators that would take them up to the garden lunchroom. They nodded and smiled at their colleague Cho-Lak but pointed and laughed mockingly at the specimen that lay snapped down on her gurney, naked and helpless. Nurse Cho-Lak giggled to see that the teasing only made her prisoner's penis swell even larger. A second later, the door swished open to admit them into Dr. Ling-Yap's experimentation suite.

Dr. Ling-Yap was delighted to see the specimen again, and she had her experiments all prepared. Dr. Ling-Yap was a young, pretty, spectacled woman in a tight uniform skirt and a white lab coat. She wore high-heeled pumps with low-cut sides identical to Nurse Cho-Lak's. Her black hair was pulled up in a smooth, perfect bun. Her only insignia was an armband on her sleeve that attested to her status as a senior prison physician and major in the State Security Force. The specimen's penis stiffened even more because Dr. Ling-Yap displayed toe cleavage

as well.

Dr. Ling-Yap asked nurse Cho-Lak to raise the gurney to the level of a wheeled pedestal table that stood in the center of the experimentation room. Nurse Cho-Lak pressed a button on the gurney's handle, and the cushion on which the specimen lay was lifted hydraulically. Dr. Ling-Yap helped nurse Cho-Lak unstrap the specimen. Then Dr. Ling-Yap went to a wall cabinet to get a special harness - designed just for their armless and legless prisoner.

Nurse Cho-Lak lifted the specimen to a vertical position with one arm around his torso and her other hand teasingly supporting his crotch with a firm grip on his private parts! Dr. Ling-Yap fastened the naked specimen in the harness - a thick leather belt connected by straps to a leather collar that she buckled about his neck.

As Nurse Cho-Lak supported the excited prisoner and held him by his scrotum, Dr. Ling-Yap fastened another strap between the specimen's harness and a hanging overhead cable. She checked the cable connection and then stepped to a wall switch and activated the cable's tension, slowly raising the specimen up and out of Nurse Cho-Lak's violating hands to hang in the air - secured only by his harness. Nurse Cho-Lak lowered the cushion of the hydraulic gurney while Dr. Ling-Yap moved the wheeled pedestal table until it was directly in front of the suspended prisoner.

Then Dr. Ling-Yap carefully fastened electrodes to the prisoner's scalp, chest, and genitals -handling his excited private parts perhaps more than was necessary in the process. The electrodes would help her measure his sexual arousal in the experiment to come. The wires from the electrodes ran to a small control console beside the prisoner from which Dr. Ling-Yap would control the experiment and

make notes in her logbooks as it progressed.

Nurse Cho-Lak was delighted. She would be masturbating the armless and legless specimen during the experiments, mainly because the few masturbation nurses with a high enough security clearance to participate in Dr. Ling-Yap's experiments were already scheduled elsewhere.

Nurse Cho-Lak oiled her hands and stood smugly beside the suspended specimen while Dr. Ling-Yap summoned Nurse Song-Ni. Song-Ni was an interrogation specialist well known throughout Changjin prison, for her sadism. But she sometimes did extra duty as a teaser (or a masturbator) in the experimentation rooms.

The specimen gasped as Nurse Song-Ni strutted into the room. She was even tinier than Dr. Ling-Yap and Nurse Cho-Lak. She was clad in a baby pink, skintight, rubber, long-sleeved micro-mini dress with a high collar and built-in gloves. The pink rubber dress was stretched tight across the curves of Nurse Song-Ni's hips and bottom. She looked so cruel and dainty with her hair up in a tight authoritative bun and her pretty little bare feet displayed wickedly in matching baby pink slides with seven-inch heels. Nurse Song-Ni's walk was halfway between a prance and a wiggle, and she smiled wickedly. She turned about and bent over seductively to display her shiny rubber-clad bottom to the armless and legless specimen as he hung helplessly, suspended in his harness. A tiny portion of the bare curves of Nurse Song-Ni's bottom cheeks were just barely visible below the tight pink hem of her rubber dress. Nurse Cho-Lak knew that the baby pink rubber dress had to be shipped into their country from thousands of miles away and was incredibly expensive in the land of blue green quilted shapeless jackets and baggy pants. But to the elite and well-connected administrators of Changjin Experimental prison, nothing was impossible.

Dr. Ling-Yap explained that the purpose of the experiment was to turn their prisoner into a hopelessly degenerate specimen - so addicted to having pretty women handle his sexual organs, and so subjected to induced fetishistic impulses, that he would be nothing but putty in the hands of a skilled female experimenter. The ramifications of these experimentation methods were almost limitless, and Dr. Ling-Yap was excited by them. She explained to Nurse Cho-Lak and Nurse Song-Ni that political prisoners could be incarcerated, enslaved to masturbation by prison nurses, and then released back into society now totally spineless and unable to bring about political change. These experimental methods could have wide-ranging applications for interrogation and punishment, too!

It was time to begin the experiment. Dr. Ling-Yap stepped to her control console to monitor the dials connected to the specimen's electrodes. Nurse Song-Ni climbed up onto the pedestal table directly in front of the suspended specimen. Her tight proper bun contrasted starkly with the lasciviousness of her pink rubber clothing. Her pink rubber dress had ridden so high on the smooth curves of her bare thighs that she grasped its hem with both her rubber glove-clad fists to tug it down. The only result was an ineffectual squeak of rubber against rubber and Nurse Song-Ni's low giggle as she noticed the specimen watching her efforts and the increased swell of his bare penis because of them.

Nurse Cho-Lak reached down under the suspended specimen's bare bottom from behind to grab his scrotum in her right hand and - still standing sexily tiptoed in her brown high-heeled pumps with her toe cleavage on display - she took the specimen's hard penis in her left fist and began abusing it gently, sliding its loose skin to and fro and up and down. Nurse Cho-Lak savored the expression of helpless delight and humiliation that crossed the specimen's face as she handled his genitals.

As Nurse Cho-Lak smiled and masturbated him, the armless and legless specimen



squirmed in his harness as he hung helplessly and watched Nurse Song-Ni cross her legs and giggle. Dr. Ling-Yap and Nurse Song-Ni watched the tip of the specimen's tormented penis expand and turn a bloated purple under the slow teasing of his sexual organs, administered by Nurse Cho-Lak. All three cruel Secret Policewomen delighted in his shame and degradation.

Nurse Song-Ni crossed her legs and kicked off her high-heeled slides to point her dainty pink bare toes, thus giving the specimen a penis-stiffening show to add to the intensity of the slow masturbation that he was experiencing. As Nurse Cho-Lak continued her expert stimulation of the specimen's genitals and Dr. Ling-Yap observed the progression of her experiment clinically, Nurse Song-Ni raised one pretty leg in the air, all the while keeping her perfectly formed toes pointed rigidly. The specimen's haggard eyes followed the motion of her foot and watched her as she laughed and reached up to stroke the curves of her thigh and calf with her pink-rubber-gloved fingers - almost as if she were inspecting her own flawless legs conceitedly, more to exhibit their beauty than anything else.

By now the specimen's penis was freely drooling the evidence of his helpless arousal in Nurse Cho-Lak's hands. Her palms and fingers were slick with his pre-come. Nurse Cho-Lak loved stimulating a prisoner's bare genitals and making him lose control slowly. The specimen's gooey arousal just proved that she was an expert manipulator. Nurse Cho-Lak rolled the specimen's testicles about in her right hand as she kept pulling on his stiff, bloated tool with her left.

Dr. Ling-Yap monitored the specimen's blood pressure and pulse rate as well as the electrical conductivity of his skin that indicated how much he was perspiring while undergoing his ordeal of shame and arousal. Dr. Ling-Yap said that it was now time to enter the enticement-and-mockery phase of the experiment.

Nurse Song-Ni got up on the pedestal table, kneeling lusciously on all fours with her pink rubber-clad bottom presented almost in the specimen's face and her exquisitely high-arched bare feet on display. She looked back over her shoulder at the specimen who was now practically drooling both from the sight of her and from the skillful way that Nurse Cho-Lak abused his genitals in her cruel, knowing hands. Nurse Song-Ni wiggled her bottom to and fro to entice the specimen all the more.

"Oooh, you poor thing!" Nurse Cho-Lak exclaimed, her voice soft and dripping with mock sympathy. "Imagine if you were a real man... a whole man... Then the lovely young woman before you would undoubtedly let you possess her and ravish her." Nurse Cho-Lak giggled, kept masturbating the specimen, and resumed. "But you are just our plaything, our toy, our specimen, aren't you?" Nurse Song-Ni kept wiggling her bottom alluringly, exaggerating her swelling feminine curves wickedly.

"Imagine as my hands stimulate you - that you are fucking Song-Ni!" Cho-Lak went on, her voice soft, sweet, sympathetic. "Imagine you are thrusting your penis deep inside her. Just think how good it would feel if she was wiggling her bottom while you did it - just like she is now...." The specimen was drenched in sweat and panting, squirming in his harness and wiggling as he tried to increase the intensity of the already unbearably addictive sensations he experienced from Nurse Cho-Lak's masturbation.

Nurse Song-Ni kept wiggling as Nurse Cho-Lak began skinning the specimen's penis back and forth furiously. "Imagine your penis up under Song-Ni's pink rubber dress... thrusting into her... thrusting into her for all you're worth!" A high whimpering moan of agonizingly intense sensation erupted from the specimen's throat as his penis twitched and spasmed in his masturbator's busy hand.

Nurse Cho-Lak cupped her left hand over the tip of the specimen's penis to catch his seed while she squeezed his scrotum hard with her right hand, still gripping him under his bare bottom. Nurse Song-Ni laughed mockingly as the specimen's semen squirted into Nurse Cho-Lak's hand with such force that it oozed out from between her fingers to spatter the tiled floor, far short of its desperate goal of reaching the cruel scornful object of its desire.

The specimen contorted and writhed, panting and gulping as he fired salvo after salvo of his worthless seed into his tormentor's hand, his bleary pleasure-crazed eyes fixed on the teasing pink rubber-clad curves of the luscious temptress before him. At last his penis went limp as he sagged weakly in his bonds, acutely ashamed - now that his pleasure had subsided - of what had just been done to him. Nurse Cho-Lak kept hold of his limp penis in her gooey hand and pulled on it a time or two to milk out the last pathetic drops, the motions of her hand mocking his post orgasmic weakness.

The specimen thought that they were done with him, but they were not. During the course of the next several hours, he was subjected to many more indignities and had his seed drained from him four more times in a variety of imaginative ways.

At last Nurse Cho-Lak wheeled him back to his drawer cell and lifted him from her gurney to its pneumatic foam cushion. He was so weak and tired after his ordeal! Before sealing him in the confines of his high-tech prison, Nurse Cho-Lak smiled as she stood above him. His penis was drained and limp. She kicked off her left high-heeled pump, arched her pretty bare foot, and brought her toes to his mouth. She rubbed her arched bare foot all over his lips and nose and then ordered him to suck her toes. Nurse Cho-Lak sighed with delight as the specimen's obedient tongue probed slavishly between her bare toes.

A relaxing end to a day of enjoyment for a Secret Police nurse!