

Boy & His Mistress by Chris Bellows

From the Novel **Lady Constance** by Chris Bellows, © 2001, all rights reserved

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Story takes place during an interview of Lady Constance with the author...

A knock and the door to the room opens. In steps Boy, naked as always, followed by Jasmine. His entrance is slowed by tiny steps, and I look down to spot a very short chain connecting two ankle cuffs. His flaccid penis swings with each tiny step, its pendulous ark highlights the shiny jewelry of which Lady Constance is so fond. Behind, Jasmine slowly follows with leash in hand. As the procession nears the center of the room, I can see that the leash is attached to Boy's genital clamp, that cruel instrument of persuasion used so effectively on the male gender.

“Goodness, Jasmine. Has Boy misbehaved?”

“I prefer to be very cautious at the hotel, ma'am. Management is circumspect about having naked males loose in the hallway'.

“Well, I'm glad to see you, Boy. Has Jasmine been good to you this morning?”

Lady Constance speaks to Boy as if addressing a child, her voice having a soothing, pleasant cadence in a high pitch. Boy immediately goes to his knees upon hearing his Mistress' voice. His training mandates that his head always be below the level of her waist. Jasmine reaches down and removes the ankle cuffs. Boy begins to crawl toward the sound of his Mistress' voice before the genital clamp can be removed. He yelps when Jasmine yanks the leash as a reminder. Boy stops and waits patiently while Jasmine loosens the clamp.

A simple device, said to have been developed in Medieval times, the clamp is simply two flat pieces of wood, hinged face to face at the top edges. The hinged edges have a semi circle cut into the middle of each to form a circle when the boards lie end to end. Boy's testicles are slipped through this circular hole. Thus it is worn just under the penis with one board hanging over the front of the scrotum, the other over the back. Two bolts are threaded through holes in the bottom of the boards. Wing nuts allow Boy's trainer to tighten the boards together, which as one can imagine, closes the space between the hinged boards and pressures the gonads. Jasmine added another hole in the bottom of each board through which her leash is

threaded. This additional feature allows her to sharply tug on the leash and temporarily squeeze the boards and his testicles even more. As Jasmine demonstrated, Boy's reaction to tension on the leash is immediate and most servile.

"He gets excited. So happy to see Mistress," Lady Constance cooed, in her baby voice.

I will pause here to explain the epistemology of Boy's care and treatment. Jasmine's duties include, not only cleaning, feeding, and training, but also to assure that Boy is kept in constant torment or heavy bondage when not in the presence of Lady Constance. When in her presence, all bonds and sources of torment are removed, except of course for his collar and wrist cuffs which are worn at all times and removed only for morning cleaning and stretching.

Thus, as a result of the years of repetitious, long term bondage, pain and humiliation, Boy knows that serving Lady Constance and being in her company affords the only relief possible from the daily rituals of torment and toil exacted by Jasmine. As the reader will learn from her interview, the powerful African woman is relentless, and Boy's tears and groveling never earn a minute of mercy. Only Lady Constance provides such, and she extracts a price for it.

Jasmine's fingers quickly remove the genital clamp. As she opens the hinged boards, I notice that layers of soft foam have mercifully been glued to the inner surface of the boards. At first, the modification appears to be an uncharacteristic concession toward moderation. But after further contemplation, I realize that the addition of the foam merely allows the clamp to be tightened and worn for extremely long periods, providing constant pain and discomfort without causing permanent damage.

With the removal of the evil device, Boy crawls toward his Mistress's voice. The contact lenses limiting his vision are still worn, and from my position at the desk I am afforded an unimpeded view of the naked buttocks and scrotal sac, swinging with each movement of Boy's thighs. Occasional changes in position also reveal the sizable, flaccid penis, with the various attached ornaments glinting in the room's bright lights. Jasmine exits to an adjoining room wearing a smile of self-satisfaction. The rustling sound of her starched, white uniform causes Boy to freeze in fear. Lady Constance snaps her fingers with the additional command of "come!" and Boy resumes his awkward crawl to Lady Constance's chair.

Boy is hairless from the neck down. Years of depilation and electrolysis destroyed most of his hair follicles. Jasmine's morning inspection insures that those few strands that had escaped electrolysis are quickly removed. His appearance is oddly feminine. Whereas Jasmine's forced exercise routines have kept Boy in excellent physical condition, the closely monitored sculpting of his body gives him the appearance of a lithe, female athlete rather than male. The carefully

administered hormones have successfully imbued Boy with a body of firm but modest muscles covered with soft layers of effeminate flesh. Boy's finger and toenails are painted with a thick layer of bright red, acrylic paint. His lengthy hair is trimmed at the jaw line in a "page boy" style, emulating that of a Dickensian choirboy. There is mascara around his eyes which I later learned is actually permanent tattooing. Overall, but for the sizeable scrotal sac and oddly bejeweled phallus, Boy's appearance is very feminine. He is the same age as Lady Constance but appears to be no older than a teenager.

Upon reaching Lady Constance, Boy lowers his head and an enormous, pink tongue begins licking her boots. His Mistress smiles and affectionately pats the top of his head. The warmth and comfort that Boy's servility brings is quite evident as the hand of Lady Constance gently slides from the top of Boy's head, down one side of his neck to his chest. The knowing fingers find his right nipple and casually pinch and toy. A soft laugh evidences Lady Constance's enjoyment as the infibulated penis stirs.

"The hormones have provided Boy with a heightened level of sensitivity. He has the epidermis of a young girl, and the nipples are particularly reactive to the touch. The years of forced chastity have also made his pleasure center incredibly responsive to my presence. Without the infibulating piercing, I could bring him to full erection and ejaculation by merely massaging his skin and kneading his perky, effeminate nipples. He is completely subordinate to my will."

Lady Constance resumes her chronology.

"Well, we stayed and watched as the Director called out to the large African woman who was just finishing with the boy on the treadmill. It was then that we were introduced to Jasmine and Mother was quite impressed with her skills and ability to handle boys even when they were not restrained. I'm sure she will share her background with you when you interview her.

"Jasmine removed Boy from the cage, and we observed his inspection. Mother was impressed with both Boy and Jasmine. I intently watched Boy's initial humiliation at Jasmine's hands, while Mother negotiated a financial arrangement for Boy's procurement.

"And then Mother and the Director discussed Boy's training and development. 'And I want his oral skills honed,' I remember Mother emphasizing. 'An infibulated male must have some usefulness'. The Director nodded.

"He'll be ready for a weekend visit in three months. I like the concept, and if it works we'll be offering it to others'.

“Well, Doctor, I had not been listening to most of the discussion but that concluding statement got my attention. Boy would be visiting us! My own helpless naked male to play with!”

Lady Constance separates her thighs, as Boy works his prodigious tongue up her knee high boots. In a graceful and practiced motion, she lifts her left leg. Her pleated skirt easily yields, as her thigh drapes over the large arm of the stuffed chair, better opening herself to Boy’s oral service. Spurred by her change of position, Boy’s lips become longer and more animated as he approaches the top of her right boot. Lady Constance smiles.

“Such a good boy!

“Three months later, Mother sent the chauffeur to the clinic to pick up Boy and Jasmine. From that point onward, Boy and Jasmine spent weekends at our house. Can you imagine Doctor, being trained in the day to day control and domination of the male by Mother and Jasmine? I learned eagerly and quickly and had a close hand view of the results of the clinic’s behavior modification process. Mother mandated that Boy have accomplished oral skills and that his genitals be much more presentable for the female viewing pleasure. The changes could be detected weekly. He slowly approached complete submission to the female gender and under went physical changes, which any dominant woman would enjoy. You can judge the results for yourself.

“But imagine having a completely subservient male available when a girl’s monthly curse manifests itself, and available for those unpleasant duties in the bathroom. Yes, those years were heavenly. Having my own play toy gave me self-confidence. My friends envied me. In summer days, we moved to the country house where in the seclusion of the well protected estate, Boy became the object much outdoor amusement.”

Lady Constance paused and lifted the front of her pleated skirt. A well trained Boy edged forward. His face nuzzled between Lady Constance’s thighs. With a smile, Lady Constance released the skirt to cover the top of Boy’s head.

“So eager to please.”

Occasional sounds of a wet tongue caressing moist flesh broke the brief silence, as Lady Constance gently patted Boy’s and encouraged closer proximity.

“The process of his complete subjugation was slow, steady and thorough. I remember the first time Jasmine masturbated him for me. I was excited. But I was also a little apprehensive. Mother told me that my participation was mandatory. So I put aside my reservations and adorned the clothing suggested by the clinic

guidelines, a very brief halter-top with a very short pleated skirt, like a tennis outfit, but with no undergarments.

“It was a Saturday morning and Boy had spent the evening in extreme bondage. Hogtied on the special table with ankles drawn up behind him and attached to his neck collar. Jasmine is very strict, as you have seen, for when she utilizes such a restraining position, she also slips wooden dowels behind his knees. They are secured to ropes to keep the thighs widely separated and also serve to painfully stretch the ligaments in the knees. When in such bondage, Jasmine also binds the scrotum and stretches it downward and clamps the tongue to stretch it outward. Boy’s hands remain cuffed behind him, and a bar is placed under arms at the elbow. When all the restraints are secured with cords properly tightened, he is completely immobile with pressure on his tongue, scrotum, knees, legs, arms and back. It’s delicious to view. Very long and slow torment, which of course is the objective, and to which Jasmine aspires wonderfully.

“Jasmine casually sits nearby, occasional tightening the restraints as deemed necessary and dabbing away the steady flow of tears. And Boy cries and whines. Speech is impossible with the tongue clamped and stretched and is forbidden in any case.

“Well, Doctor, the hours take their toll. Jasmine is relentless. Her extensive training provides for the maximum prolongation of the torment, knowing just when to temporarily release a limb or appendage that is becoming numb, providing the modicum of water needed to prevent dehydration, holding the receptacle for his excretions and monitoring his flow, offering the soft words of encouragement so necessary to complete the mental subjugation.

“‘Lady Constance will have you released soon. But you must show your gratitude....,’ or words to that effect.

“And then I enter at the appointed hour, expressing words of sympathy, examining my toy very closely, smoothing my hands over the well restrained arms and legs but waiting as suggested by the clinic’s guidelines for any offer of relief. Boy’s contact lenses are still in place mind you. But he can individualize my voice, and when I move to stoop near his head I make sure that the short front of my skirt flaps about enough to provide a good whiff of my feminine scent.

“Then I dry away some tears and pat his head.

“Good boys get a special reward.”

“He knows the signal, and I turn to Jasmine.

“Has Boy been good?

“Where upon Jasmine reports his conduct and the number of hours spent in the excruciating bondage, which I may add Doctor, over the months the time spent built to quite an impressive period.

“I then instruct Jasmine to release him. It’s crucial that he know all relief is at my whim and jest. That a young girl his own age is in control of his body and over time also his mind, of course.

“The subtlety of who gives the command is important. Over the months he learns that I am the sole source of relief from the torment..., and source of any pleasure, what little he receives.”

Lady Constance pauses. Her attention moves to Boy, as the fingers of her right hand gently toy with his left nipple. The sensitive, pink areola hardens and turns to a pencil point. Boy’s penis twitches and stirs. From my viewpoint, the head, which had been dangling loosely between the thighs, begins to become engorged as the shaft firms itself.

“Careful, Boy. You don’t want to hurt yourself.”

Lady Constance coos in her soft, feminine voice. Her wicked smile reveals that her concern is feigned.

“We’ve replaced his infibulating bar with a very thin but strong wire. Jasmine has the penis head very firmly tucked away under the frenulum. He can just about urinate through the opening she allows. And any tumescence produces pain when the sensitive tip abrades the wire. But sometimes he just can’t control himself. He likes his Mistress so much, he wants to show off. Like a proud Peacock.

“Would you like to show off for the Doctor? Yes, I think you would.”

Lady Constance calls for Jasmine. The powerful black woman enters. She has donned latex gloves and holds in her hands some rubber paraphernalia, which includes tubing. Lady Constance smiles.

“You are a mind reader, Jasmine. Let’s show the good Doctor a very firm stand.”

Boy continues his oral ministrations but obsequiously spreads his knees even further. The amazing scrotal sac almost touches the carpet. Jasmine firmly but gently grips his testicles in a well-practiced move. She uses the sac for control as she inserts an inflatable plug into Boy’s anus. It is evident that Boy has been well lubricated, and that his backside has been well stretched as the sizeable plug is swallowed quickly. When finished, the rubber tubing connected to the plug emanates from his sphincter and attaches to a squeeze bulb. Lady Constance explains.

“With a little pressure on the prostate, Boy will stand for hours.

“Enough. Display position, Boy. Stand for the Doctor.”

The “stand” command refers to Boy’s penis. Boy slides back from the chair remaining on his knees. He rights himself at the waist. Jasmine slips the squeeze bulb between his legs so that the tubing passes to his front and hands it to Lady Constance. Boy then slowly leans back further and further until the back of his head rests on the soft hotel carpet. In this contortionist position, his legs, bent at the knees, are trapped under him as are his hands and arms. It is a most awkward position but assumed so naturally that the observer quickly concludes that years of training have ingrained its assumption upon the “stand” command.

“You like his trinkets, Doctor? Many years of collecting little gifts from friends.”

Here, I will pause to explain. Boy’s penis is adorned with dozens of gold baubles resembling gewgaws worn on a charm bracelet. Each one is attached to a small ring, which pierces the skin of Boy’s penis. Over the years, after friends learned of Lady Constance’s enjoyment of such trinkets, gifts were made with the understanding that the donor could watch while Jasmine attached the offering to Boy’s appendage, sans anesthetic of course.

As a result, Lady Constance’s wicked acquaintances always returned from trips and vacations with a small remembrance of the journey, which would forever be commemorated on Boy’s phallus. With the numerous friends and trips, Boy’s penis, when flaccid, is completely covered with the small offerings, except for the head, which is entrapped by the infibulating wire tightly squeezing the frenulum. Jasmine’s handiwork becomes quite evident in Boy’s position of subservience. The long, flaccid penis glints in the bright, hotel room lights. Small replicas of such mundane items as the Eiffel Tower, numerous classic automobiles, the Statue of Liberty, etc. can be discerned along with cleverly miniaturized bondage and torture devices. As Boy’s penis slowly engorges itself, the tintinnabulation of the stirring trinkets amuses Lady Constance. It seems the mere assumption of the awkward position and the command to “stand” is enough to begin the process of tumescence, and a smile of self-satisfaction steadily grows as she gives the rubber bulb a brisk squeeze.

“Now. Where were we..., ah yes, my first supervision of Boy’s masturbation.

“Jasmine is quite adept with bondage as you have seen. Within a minute, Boy was freed and you can only guess where he chose to manifest his freedom. These boys undergoing hormone treatment are delightful to observe. With his randiness, he could not stop himself from craning his neck forward. His nose exploring my feminine scent, and his tongue offering, in exaggerated gratitude, oral service between my thighs.

“What a feeling of power! I let him explore knowing that my scent would bring arousal. And with arousal the pain of the infibulating bar would soon have him groveling.

The novel *Lady Constance* can be purchased in both paperback and ebooks versions from Pink Flamingo Publications, www.pinkflamingo.com