

Ball Shackle Story.

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It had been a wonderful evening. I really liked this woman, I was sure about that already, even though we had just met that day, at the conference. She was kind and intelligent, but obviously dominant, which I like in a woman. And she was very nice looking. Older than me, but very good looking. A good quality woman.

It was a fine restaurant. The meal was great. We were drinking coffee, and she was talking. I was half-listening, mainly just watching her, and thinking. Why was she interested in me? I was much younger than her, and not that good looking. I was too quiet, and too shy, to interest someone beautiful like her, surely.

We finished our coffee and I called the waiter. I paid the bill, and looked up at her. She smiled back at me.

"Peter, I'm so pleased we have met. You are a good man, I can see. I'm surprised that no woman has captured you already! You say you've been divorced for three years? Why do you not have a new girlfriend now? You are nice looking. You are kind and gentle. You should belong to someone! Why do you not?"

I smiled and shrugged "I'm too quiet and shy....I don't meet new people easily.....and women like men who are assertive....." I said.

"Some women like obedient men, Peter" she said, smiling at me.

She looked me directly in my eyes. "Would you like to belong to me, Peter?"

She asked this suddenly, and directly. I could tell it was a serious question.

"Yes, I would" I answered immediately, without even thinking.

I blushed. I had not meant to blurt out the truth like that. But she smiled.

"Good, Peter. I like a direct answer. I always say that when someone answers directly, without hesitation, it comes straight from the heart!"

She looked directly into my eyes.

"I am not looking for an assertive man! A wild-stallion quality is quite attractive in a man.....but personally, I find it even more exciting to have a man who is.... completely..... under my control"

She said this quietly, looking me in directly in my eyes..

" Now.....let's leave...I'd like you to come back to my hotel room.....we need to talk privately.....and I have something for you, a special gift for you. I think it will be a perfect fit for you! I know it will!"

Back at her room we had more coffee. Strangely, I suddenly felt very tired, I could hardly keep my eyes open.... "I must get back to my hotel now" I started to say. "Its very late, and I'm just exhausted....all of a sudden....I'm so sorry....."

I tried to stand up, but could not. I lay back on her leather sofa. I could hardly keep my eyes open.

My vision was starting to get blurry, but I saw her smiling at me. "Its ok, darling....its the drug I put in your coffee.....it's harmless, it will just make you sleep.....just relax and go to sleep.....you are quite safe.....I'm going to take very good care of you, I assure you. When you wake, you will have my gift!".

I slept.....blackness....

Then I heard a faint voice speaking to me, from a long way away.....

"Are you awake?" the voice asked.....I saw light.....then I was suddenly awake.

I found I was lying on her couch, fully dressed, with a blanket over me. My eyes would hardly stay open, and my vision was blurry. I rubbed my eyes, and began to see better.

She was sitting opposite me, holding a cup towards me, smiling.

"Here....its coffee again. But no sleeping tablet in it this time!.....its morning. Time you were awake and on your way".

I sat up and pushed the blanket aside. As I sat up, I felt something pull downwards on my balls. A firm, heavy pull. Not painful, but like a heavy

weight of some kind. It must be my imagination, I thought. I took the coffee. I tried to ignore it, but I still felt the dull heavy pull on my balls. What was it? My shorts must have got twisted in some way while I slept!. It was embarrassing! I did not want to have to fumble with my balls in front of her!

"You must leave after your coffee, twenty six, I have to get to work. But I want you to return to this address each month, from now on" She said, still smiling at me. She gave me a card, with an address printed on it.

"Excuse me?" I drank my coffee. "I don't understand. You want me to come back...here... in a month? And what is twenty six?"

She laughed out loud. "You are twenty six! That is your number. You will understand soon. I want you to refer to yourself as twenty six from now on. Yes, I want you back each month from now on! For your training and discipline! Last night you agreed to belong to me, and I accepted. So, now you do! You are my slave now! You will not be allowed to play with other women from now on, twenty six, not without my permission anyway. Even if you tried to make out with some other woman, you will find that no woman will play with you, not once they see that you are ball shackled and are not a free man. The shackle will always show that you are the property of another Lady."

"What do you mean? Owned? What shackle?" I asked, bewildered.

"You'll understand, when you try to stand up".

She stood up.

"Get up, twenty six.....but I suggest that go slowly!"

I stood up. But immediately, I bent over, as I felt the heavy weight pull even more strongly downwards on my balls.

"Straighten up....that's your ball shackle that you're feeling.....it's about half a kilogram. You'll get used to it" she said, smiling.

I found I could stand up straight, so long as took it slowly and gently. Something heavy was dragging at my balls. It was so embarrassing! I saw that she was staring straight at me.

"It's a steel collar! I put it on your balls while you were asleep! And its locked! It's to make sure you can't renege on your promise to be mine. It won't damage you. You'll soon get used to it. I make all my slaves wear one..... it keeps them obedient!".

She took me by the arm, and pulled me towards the hallway. I walked unsteadily. The weight on my balls was heavy, but I could walk. I could feel the weight swinging as I walked.

She pushed me out of the door. "I want you back in a month . The address and time are on the card. And every month after that. And when you come in future, make sure your cock and balls are shaved clean and smooth. I'll call you if there is any change in the schedule. Don't call me, not unless it's something urgent" She said.

She shut the door firmly, before I could think of anything to say.

I walked carefully down the hall way of the hotel, and out to my car, in a daze. I needed to try to take in what she had said. Was I dreaming? No, it wasn't a dream, because whatever it was that she had put on me, was still pulling heavily down on my balls. And now I could hear and feel a short chain too, as I walked. It was so embarrassing! I got into my car. It was a relief to sit down and relieve the weight on my balls. I made sure no one was around, then I quickly unzipped my pants, and felt in with my hands. To my surprise I felt a steel ring running around the top of my balls. It was heavy, smooth metal. I tried to slip it downwards over my balls.....but it was too snug. It was heavy, smooth steel. And it fitted snugly! It could not be slipped off! There was a short chain attached too, leading to something flat and metallic.

I had to cover myself up, because I saw somebody was approaching on the sidewalk. I decided to drive home and examine myself carefully, with more privacy.

When I got back to my hotel room, I stripped, and examined the device that had been put on me. It was a steel oval, about 1 inch thick, fitting snug around my testicles, above the balls. A steel chain was welded the back side. The chain was about 6" long, and at the end of the chain was flat steel tag with embossed lettering. I pulled up the tag on its chain and examined it.....it was about 2" diameter. I read the words embossed on the tag: it had the same

message on both sides. It was "Slave #26, Property of Ms Spiteful" and her phone number.

I tried again to slip it off my balls, but only managed to start my balls aching. It fitted to well. I could not slip it off. I examined it again. It was about 1" thick, heavy steel. It weighed about a pound I'd guess. It was made of two thick steel bars, one at the front and one behind my balls, with shorter steel bars joining them together. My balls were neatly enclosed by the solid steel bars. I found small circular keyholes at the center of the longer bars, clearly for a high-security cylindrical key. The lock was obviously inside the longer bars, and an internal bolt obviously held the shorter bars locked into place. It had clearly been custom made. It was heavy steel, but smooth and rounded, and I found I could move ok once I became adjusted to the ever-present weight, and did not try to move too fast. It was not painful, but it was heavy, and could not be forgotten. I would always be aware that it was there!

"This must be her idea of a practical joke" I thought.

I tried for several hours to slip it off my balls. No use. I got in the shower, and used soap and skin cream as lubricants to try to ease it off. It was completely useless. I could not get it off. At, with my balls aching from the struggle, I gave up. It was impossible to slip off!

Next, I examined the key holes. The locks were somewhere inside the steel itself. All I could see was the circular key entry. These locks were highly secure, completely unpickable.

Without the key, I would have to file it off! Since the collar was snug around my balls, it was going to be very difficult to file it. But I had to try. It would be a long and difficult job, I realized, since the steel was so thick and fitted so closely around my balls.

I got a nail file from my bathroom, and managed to find a way to hold it so that I could use it on the steel without damaging myself. But the file simply slid uselessly on the metal surface! The file would not even scratch the steel! The metal was obviously case-hardened steel, a specially hardened steel that could not be filed or sawed. No file or hacksaw would cut steel that was case hardened! The only other thing to try would be a bolt cutter! But it would have to be a very large bolt cutter to cut the thick steel! And I realized that

since the device was locked rigidly into one solid band of steel, I would have to make a minimum of two cuts to get it off.

It was still early in the morning. But I drove down to the hardware store, and waited impatiently outside in my car until the store opened opened.

"I want the most powerful, biggest bolt-cutter you've got" I told the assistant. She brought it to me. "This the biggest available, sir" she said, looking at me, clearly wondering why I needed it. I was sweating, and must have appeared very suspicious. Whenever I moved, I could hear the chain attaching the tag to my ball shackle jingle quietly. It sounded very loud to me, but the assistant didn't seem to notice. She probably assumed it was some coins in my pocket.

The bolt cutter was an enormous professional model, about 4 ft long, very heavy and cumbersome....I immediately realised that it was going to be very difficult to use it, with the shackle in such a delicate position! But I had to try!

I bought it. I drove back to my hotel, and stripped before the mirror in the bathroom. The ball shackle hung mockingly on my balls, in the mirror. I read the instruction booklet that the bolt cutter came with. "This bolt cutter will cut soft steel up to $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick, and hardened steel up to $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. The jaws will open to a maximum of $\frac{3}{4}$ ". That didn't sound promising!

I lifted the heavy bolt cutter with difficulty. It must have weighed about 30lbs. I opened the jaws as far as they would go, and carefully eased the open jaws towards the ball shackle. I held the jaws with one hand, the ball shackle with my other hand, and balanced the heavy bolt cutter handles on the bathroom sink with my elbows. At last I managed to get everything aligned. But then.....I found that I could not get the bolt cutter jaws around the shackle! The jaws would not open wide enough! The shackle was slightly over 1" diameter! The jaws of the bolt cutter jaws would not open wide enough. The bolt cutter would not work!

The only other alternative would be a diamond power saw. But I could not possibly use a power saw so close to my balls! One slip would be disasterous! An oxy acetylene cutting torch was also completely out of the question!

I realized that I could NOT get the collar off my balls! It was on until Ms Spiteful agreed to unlock it! I could cut the chain to Ms Spiteful's tag with the bolt cutters, but that would not help get the shackle off my balls. If I cut the tag

off, I would still be locked in the shackle. Cutting off the tag would only infuriate Ms Spiteful, I realized.

I sat down on the bathroom floor, shaking. I stared at the ball shackle. I tried to collect my thoughts. I tried to think logically. This shackle was locked on my balls. I could not get it off. I broke out in a cold sweat. This was clearly a practical joke. It had to be. I had to think of some way to get this shackle off!

At last, I finally admitted to myself that I would have to call Ms Spiteful and beg her for the key. But, I could not bring myself to call her. I hated the thought of having to plead for release. It was too humiliating. I decided to wait until the next day.....perhaps she would call me that evening and tell me she'd had enough of her little joke.

I attended the conference the next day. I could feel the weight of the steel around my balls all the time. After a while, I realized nobody could tell I was wearing it. So long as I didn't move suddenly, it was reasonably comfortable.

The next day, when I woke up, and immediately felt down at my balls. The shackle was still there! It had not been a dream! The ball shackle was still locked on! And Ms Spiteful had not called me! She must know that I could not get it off! Why hadn't she called?

It was now 9am, and I had to fly home.

I decided to rent a car and drive home. I could not face trying to explain why the metal alarm went off at the airport!

At home, and back at the office, I could hardly think of anything except the ball shackle. But I realized quickly that no one in the office could know what I had on my balls. I could move normally, with no discomfort as long as I made no sudden movements. No one seemed to notice that the chain jingled slightly when I moved. They obviously assumed I had some coins in my pocket.

At last the work day was over, and I came home. I took a shower. That eased the slight ache I had got from the day-long weight of the heavy steel on my balls. After my shower, I examined my ball shackle again. It was still just as snug and secure. I realized now that I could never get it off without the key.

I sighed, and reached for the phone. Since I could not get it off, I would have to humble myself and ask Ms Spiteful for the key. I dialed her number.

"Hello" I heard Ms Spiteful answer.

"Hello dear, its Peter" I said, trying to sound casual. I did not want to let her know I was worried.

"Yes, what is it, twenty-six? Something important, I assume!"

"Well.....I need the key to this..... um.....thing.....you know....." I said

"Twenty-six, I told you that I don't want you calling me without a good reason. And you must refer to yourself as 'twenty-six' whenever you are allowed to speak to me. I will punish you, to help you remember my rules. But since you have already broken my rules, I may as well answer you. The answer is 'no'. I plan to keep the key here, somewhere where you can't get at it. If you want that ball collar unlocked, you will have to come and see me next month, as I asked you to".

"Can't I come today. Please? I want it off....." I mumbled.

She laughed. "Try to remember the rules, twenty six! No. If you want it unlocked, come next month at the time I said. And be clean and nicely shaved, as I ordered. If you don't appear exactly at that time, and do everything I say, I will destroy the key! You don't want that, do you, twenty six?"

I was speechless.

"And don't think about cutting that chain and tag off! I know you can cut that off, but you WON'T get the ball shackle off, so think carefully before you anger me!"

"And don't call again! Or you will regret it!"

Click. She put the phone put down.

Somehow I got though the week, then the month. The heavy ball shackle was constantly on my mind the whole time. I could not forget it. Not even for a second. I could feel its weight all the time. And whenever I moved, I was immediately reminded of it, by the tug on my balls. I learned to make no

sudden movements, and to sit and stand carefully, to avoid any sudden jerk on my balls. The chain to the tag jingled when I moved, but I guess people thought it was coins in my pockets. I reduced the jingling, by tucking the chain into my jockey pants. Jockey pants also helped support the shackle and eased the weight on my balls. I found a hot shower each evening, followed by working skin cream around the shackle, relieved the mild irritation that the steel produced during the working day. By the end of the week, I was getting used to the weight and my skin seemed no longer irritated. But I desperately wanted to get it off!

At last, the month had passed, and it was time came to go back to Ms Spiteful. She lived in a city about two hours drive away. I arrived early, and sat in my car counting down the minutes. I had shaved my pubic hair, exactly as she had ordered. I wanted to give her no excuse not to unlock my ball shackle! I could not wait to get it off. And once she took it off, I would get away as fast as I could! I did not want another month with this shackle on my balls!

At the exact minute she had specified, I rang her door bell.

She opened the door.

"Come in, twenty six" she said "I see that you are punctual.....that's good! I do require strict punctuality...it's one of my rules.....you will get to know all my rules.....!"

I stepped into her house, and she closed the door. I looked at her, hoping to see a key. I hoped to grab the key as soon as she produced it. I wanted to get myself free as soon as I could. But she had nothing in her hands. And she was wearing a light dress. I could see no key!

When I was inside, she stepped back, and spoke sharply.

"No speaking. Keep your eyes down! Look at the floor! You may not look at me without permission. Go along the hall, into the back room, strip, then kneel! Get along. Be quick! Or you won't ever see that key!"

I quickly did as she ordered. I dared not disobey her! Not until I got out of my ball shackle! Once she unlocked it, I would be out of here so fast! I had learned my lesson!

I stripped, and knelt, naked, waiting. I so wanted to get the key! But I had to wait.

She came in a few minutes later. She walked around me as I knelt naked, my eyes on the floor. She halted in front of me. "Stand up" she ordered. I obeyed. She lifted my balls with her hand and inspected my ball shackle. She checked that it was still securely locked. It was, of course.

She felt around the shackle, and when she was satisfied it was secure, she let my balls drop. She lifted the tag and tugged on the chain. I winced. She smiled, then let it drop.

"Nothing subdues a male more than the captivity of his balls! And this is exactly how you will be kept, from now on" she said calmly.

I swallowed, and tried to think of something to say. I looked up.

"Look at the floor, boy!" she said sharply "I had told you that rule, so you will be punished for disobedience. You will learn to obey my rules.....I promise you.....".

I lowered my head.

"Now.....do you want to have your ball shackle unlocked, twenty six?" she asked mockingly.

"Yes, please, Ma'am" I said, keeping my eyes on the floor "Please unlock it, please!" I had to be obedient and humble while she had the key, but once it was unlocked, I would immediately leave, I decided!

"Very well. I will, in due time. But you must do exactly as I say....any disobedience..... any at all..... and you'll never see the key!"

"Now....go to the pillory!" She pointed to two oak posts at the side of the room, with a metal beam extending between them, formed into loops for the neck and wrists.

I reluctantly walked over to it. She lifted the upper metal beam, and I put my neck and wrists into the lower part. I had no choice but to obey! I felt the heavy cold steel descend and fit snugly around my wrists and neck. I heard the click of a padlock being locked.

“There. Did you think that I’d simply hand over the key to your ball shackle? That’s not going to happen!” she said.

I pressed upwards slightly. The pillory was locked. My neck and wrists were completely secured. I tried to ease back a little. I could not move an inch. There was a similar pillory beam near the floor for my ankles. She locked my ankles into it. “And now you can’t kick! You will try to kick, when I start to work on your balls!” she said, with satisfaction, as she locked my ankles into the pillory.

She stood back and inspected me. She laughed. She walked around behind me.

I felt her cool hand lift my balls. “Now you are totally helpless! I can do anything I want to your balls, can’t I? You can’t do a thing to stop me, can you?”

Then, she squeezed!

I yelled in pain! I couldn’t move at all! The pillory held me securely in position. She laughed, and relaxed the pressure on my balls.

“Yes, you are completely at my mercy!” she laughed.

She took her hand away, so that my balls swung in the heavy shackle, aching.

“Now, let’s get to work on those balls!” she said cheerfully.

She gave me a hard slap on my balls! It was agony! I yelled in pain. I could not move, I was totally secured in the pillory, completely at her mercy! I heard her laugh merrily. Then I felt another hard slap, from her other hand! I yelled again. I was frantic! This was agony! She was a sadist! She just laughed! My balls were aching! Then another hard slap! I yelled and sobbed. All I got in response was yet another hard slap! Then another! And another! I heard her laughing as she steadily and mercilessly slapped my balls, hard slaps, first one hand then the other! I yelled and screamed for mercy, but she didn’t stop. It was agony, and I could not bear it! But I was helpless, and she would not stop! My nose started to run and tears began to stream down my cheeks. I knew she could slap my balls just as long as she wanted to! I could not endure it another second! But she just kept on, laughing at my screams!

At last she stopped. She walked around in front of me. I was shaking, locked helplessly in the pillory. I was crying. She put her finger on my cheek and felt my wet tears. "Good! Those are real tears! I don't show mercy until I see real tears! Be warned, don't ever try to fake crying! I want to see real tears! If you ever fake crying with me, I'll start again, and I'll slap your balls for another hour!" When she said that, I knew she meant it! I shook with fear and pain. She had stopped the torment, but my balls were still in agony. It had only been a few minutes, but it had been total agony! I realized that I was helpless in the hands of a complete sadist!

She wiped my face clean with a handkerchief.

"Relax, you have cried, and I'm satisfied. For this visit! You can expect this treatment every session! Every session, as a warm up, expect to have your balls slapped. Until you cry!"

She walked to a wall safe, and turned the combination lock. She pulled the small door open. Inside the safe, I could see about thirty keys, each hanging on a numbered hook. I pulled at the pillory. I could not move. I pulled as hard as I could. No use. She had me helpless!

"Here's your key" she said, and dangled a small key in front of my face. The key had a metal disk with #26 stamped on it. "Wouldn't you so like to have this key! You can see it, but you'll never get it!"

She walked behind me again, and I felt her hands lift my balls again. I tensed, expecting another slap, but instead I heard a click as she unlocked my ball shackle. She pulled the heavy steel shackle off my balls, and put it carefully on the floor in front of the pillory, when I could see it.

At last it was off! After a month, it felt so wonderful to have it off! She massaged my balls with her fingers. It felt so good without the weight!

"There, dear.....does that feel better? I bet it does! I know that ball shackle was heavy.....I have them made of heavy steel intentionally.....a month is a very long time, with that locked on your balls, isn't it? Ha ha!"

I was in bliss....the ball shackle was off at last!.....and my balls had almost stopped aching, and felt so free!

"This is your reward.....to be let out of your ball shackle once each month. But..... whilst your balls have a nice rest, I'm afraid you will be made to suffer in a different way! You will be caned!"

She walked to a cupboard, and swung the door open. Inside I saw a rack with about a dozen canes. Some were plastic, most were rattan, but of varying thicknesses. She selected a thin rattan cane and took it out, flexing it and swishing it in the air.

"We'll start you off with this one, twenty six!" she said "It's a real stinger, this one! I'll move on to the heavier canes later!".

She walked back behind me, swishing the cane.

She put her hand on my bare buttocks. I tensed, but I could not move.

"You will now have six strokes of the cane. Hard strokes! You'll have that every month from now on. That's my standard monthly discipline, for all my boys. You will find that six hard strokes are very hard to take! But this month you also get three extra for telephoning me without permission. And another three for not using your slave number. And another three for keeping your eyes down when you entered! That means you get fifteen strokes, this month. I'm very strict about discipline, and you can expect to be get extra strokes for any errors from now on!".

She swished the cane again. Then I heard her take a step, and a rush of air.

CRACK!

The first stroke was a line of fire across my ass! And it kept burning!

CRACK!

CRACK!

Each stroke seared across my buttocks! She gave me them at a steady pace. I jerked under each stroke, but was securely held across the bench. After three, I was yelling. After five, I was sobbing and begging. I pleaded for her to slow down. But the pace of the strokes didn't vary at all. She gave me all fifteen, never varying the pace, each stroke hard and accurate! She was clearly an

expert with the cane! And I now knew that I could never expect any mercy no matter how I begged! I would simply have to be obedient from now on!

At last, it was over. My buttocks were striped, the red weals on my skin still burning hot. With a caning like that, I knew the pain would last for hours. I stood sobbing in the pillory, naked, my sweat running down my neck and the pillory, joining the sweat stains of the many men she had made suffer in this pillory before me.

She ran her hand over my buttocks. "Nice weals! I'd like to give you more, but I'll have to wait until the next session! That was fifteen, did you enjoy them? I did! This is a lighter cane, so those weals will fade in a few days. My heavier canes will hurt much more, and will mark you a lot longer. We'll get to those later!"

"Stop crying, boy! It can't have hurt that much! You must get used to the cane! You will find that I'm very hard to please, and also completely strict, so you will have plenty of opportunity to feel the cane, as the months go by!"

Through my tears, I saw her hands pick up the heavy ball shackle. She walked back behind me.

"Time to lock your balls up again!" she said.

"No! please!" I sobbed "Please! Please don't put it back on me! Please!!! Please!!!!!!!!!!".

But she took no notice. I felt her take my balls in one hand and stretch them downwards. I felt her slip the heavy steel collar around them, above the testicles, and carefully ease it shut. I heard a dull click as it locked.

"There. Your ball shackle is locked on again. It's time for your balls to feel the weight again, until the same time next month" she laughed.

She released my balls, and I felt the familiar heavy weight of the ball shackle pull them down again. I knew it was locked on for another month!

She walked back to the wall safe, hung the key inside, and locked the safe door. She turned to me to make sure I had seen the safe was locked.

"In case you have any ideas about getting the key to your ball shackle, it stays locked in my safe" she said. "it only gets taken out of the safe after you are secured in the pillory. And it gets locked back in the safe before you are released from the pillory. And only I know the combination. So don't entertain any hopes of ever getting the key!"

My wrists and neck were released from the pillory.

"You can go now. That's all for this visit! I know it was painful, and you have some weals, but you are not damaged! I will never damage you, I will hurt you, but you can be sure that I will never cause you any permanent harm. I want you kept in good condition, because you are going to be a slave for many years to come! Your weals will fade. The only permanent marks you will get will be some tattoos. Be back here next month, at the same time, for the same punishments! Be punctual, clean and well shaved! Next month, in addition to your regular punishments, I will have a professional tattoo artist here to give you your first slave tattoo. Your first tattoo will consist of the word 'slave' and your slave number, on your left buttock. That number will be registered on the International Registry of Slaves website, with me listed as your owner. You will be permanently identified as a slave, from now on, even if I decide to sell you to another Lady slaveholder, she will have your registration number reassigned to her as the owner."

"You will spend the next few months mentally adjusting to your new status as a permanently ball-collared slave. I want to see proper obedience and good slave behavior from now on. You must get used to your ball shackle, and learn to accept monthly ball-slapping and caning. After that, I will begin your real slave training. You will be trained in the art of serving a Lady, as a slave. Your slave training will probably take about a year. When fully trained, I will then decide whether to keep you myself, or sell you. If I keep you, I will have my personal slave tattoos put on you. But I know many Ladies who will pay a high price for a well-trained slave, so I may decide to not put my tattoos on you, so I can sell you. If I sell you, you will be put in the pillory to have your ball shackle changed to a new one, one provided by your new owner, and you will be immediately tattooed in any way she wishes. You will then be her property."

"Now get dressed, and get out. Be back next month!"

I pulled on my clothes, still sobbing. My ass was still hot and stinging from the cane. I followed her to the door.

"Please may I speak, Ma'am?" I asked, as she put her hand on the door.

"I already told you that you must only refer to yourself by your slave number. Because you repeated your mistake, that will be six extra strokes for you next visit! I don't make these rules for my amusement, 26! Learn them and obey them! Or expect the cane!"

"May twenty six speak, Ma'am?" I sobbed. I was on the verge of tears at the thought of being caned again.

"That's better! Yes, you may speak, twenty six. I'm listening" She said curtly.

"Please, Ma'am, twenty six begs to have his ball shackle unlocked for a few days! Please Ma'am?"

She smiled. "No, twenty six! I'm certainly not going to unlock your ball shackle! It will only be removed for short periods, when you are securely locked in the pillory! You will never be free of it! You can try to get it off if you want! You won't be able to! Don't pretend, I know you've been trying to get it off! All my slaves try to get their ball shackles off! No one has yet succeeded! It's been carefully designed so slaves can't get them off, no matter how much they want to!"

"Now get out! Be back here in one month! If you're late you'll be punished! If you decide to not come back, that's ok. But then you'll never see the key again.....your ball shackle will stay locked on permanently, and good luck getting it off!"

I stumbled out, and the door slammed behind me. My buttocks were still burning from the cane. And I could feel my heavy ball shackle swinging on my balls as I walked gingerly down the stone steps to my car.

I knew I would have to be back at the same time next month. With the ball shackle locked on, I had no choice! I was now her slave! I was slave number twenty six!

The End