

THE WEIGHT LOSS PROGRAM

Chapter 1 - I Sign A Contract

My name is Peter Mann. I used to live in Minneapolis, back in 2006. You can find my address from the phone book. The 2006 phone book, I mean. I may not be in the later phone books.

I was always a chubby boy. Just a bit too much weight to be fashionable. Not like the skinny rock stars on TV. I so envied the thin boys in school. They always attracted the girls. I endured this all through my teens. But after college, I was earning a really good salary, I decided I had the resources to change my life, and really lose some weight. I tried! But I never had the willpower to carry through with the diet and exercise.

Eventually, I retired, relatively young, having been very successful in my career and investments. I then had unlimited leisure time, and lots of money. My story begins here.

I was determined to lose some weight. After breakfast, I scanned the advertisements in the local newspaper, looking for fitness courses. Most weight loss offers were obvious cons, offering “magic” weight-loss pills. But one offer caught my attention. It was different. It sounded genuine. It read: “Weight loss guaranteed! We offer a scientifically designed, proven fitness course, guaranteed to provide a healthy weight loss, together with healthy fitness improvement. MONEY BACK if agreed weight loss and fitness goals are not achieved and maintained. Full, complete, unconditional guarantee” There was a phone number and a website too.

It sounded very good. I called the phone number.

“Hello” a lady answered “How may I help you?”

“I’m interested in your fitness program” I said.

“Thank you, sir. We offer a program guaranteed to improve your fitness and reduce your weight to a healthy goal. The weight loss goal will be agreed in advance, and your fee will be refunded in full if this is not achieved, and maintained for the agreed time. May I ask if you are interested in this?”

“Um, yes, I think so.....” I said.

“And do you hold a major credit card?”

“Yes, I do.....”

“And are you able to devote your time to this course, for an agreed period?”

“Yes, I have plenty of free time” I said.

“Thank you, sir! You are suitable. I suggest that you now log onto our website, and select an interview time and place. Please enter code 2799 when you log on. Thank you, sir. We look forward to hearing from you”.

Click.

I let it lapse for a few weeks, but eventually, I did log onto the website. I entered the code number I had been given, when I was prompted. I was astonished by the welcome screen that appeared. I was instantly welcomed by name. Somehow they had found my name, from my phone call. These people were efficient! I was then asked to select a date and time for a ‘personal interview’. I did that. It was immediately accepted. Very smooth! I was however very suspicious about this. It sounded a bit too good to be true. But an interview could do no harm. I would be careful.

Next week, I arrived for the interview. The office was the entire third floor of an expensive commercial building in Minneapolis, a few miles southwest of the airport. Very classy. How could they afford such a large space in this building and offer such a deal? This had to be a con! I must be cautious!

I was ushered into an office. I waited. A young woman came in. I stood up when she entered. She smiled and said “thank you, Peter, I like that. But please be seated”

She sat at the desk and opened a file. I looked at her as she read the papers. She had dark hair. Black hair, I’d say. But very clear skin. When she looked up at me, and I saw her eyes were very dark too. She was so beautiful that it made me uncomfortable.

“I am Ms Wilson. I’m the Company Legal Administrator, and also the Company Secretary. We share work here” She smiled “Now, to business.....thank you for contacting us. We have made enquiries about you, and consider you suitable. We offer you a 52 week introductory course, which we guarantee will achieve full results. We then offer follow-up time extensions, during which we will guarantee maintenance of all results. The guarantee period is extended without additional fees, as long as you are with our Program. The guaranteed result for you.....let me see.....is a 20lb weight loss.”

“And what’s the cost?” I asked, trying to sound business-like. Although my mind was consumed with her beauty.

She looked at the papers. “It’s pretty reasonable. Just \$300 a month. We’d need this set up as an automatic bank draft, so we don’t need to bother asking you to write a check each month. You can of course cancel the automatic bank draft at any time simply by telephoning your bank. That monthly cost will include all meals, all required clothing, all your training materials, all transportation, all our fees, and full accommodation. Health care is also provided free, by our own qualified staff. Whilst you are with us, we will take care of all your needs, and you won’t have any additional expenses, none at all. We can charge this low rate, since as part of your exercise program, we use you to provide useful work for us”.

“That really sounds very reasonable” I said.

In fact it sounds too good to be true, I thought to myself. I decided I need to ask more questions. There had to be a catch, somewhere. I would have to ask more questions.

“And if I don’t manage a 20lb weight loss, or if I don’t maintain it, will you keep the guarantee?”

“Yes. The full guarantee will last indefinitely, so long as you stay with our course”.

“But what if I just decide to eat excessively?” I asked. There really had to be a catch somewhere. I would find it!

“While you are with us, we assure you that our proprietary methods will maintain your health and fitness. Of course, if you leave our program, the warrantee is naturally void. We can’t be responsible for what you do afterwards”.

“And I can cancel payments anytime? For any reason?”

“You may cancel payments anytime, with a phone call to your bank. Yes, for any reason, You will just need to get to a telephone.”

It all seemed reasonable. In fact, it was a really good deal. There was no catch. But I would ask more, to be absolutely sure.

“Where is this course? And if I decide to leave, do I get my money back immediately” I asked.

“The training course is on our health farm, outside the Twin Cities. Yes, your money will be refunded within 10 days, if you leave the course” she answered.

“What’s this farm place like? And can I just do part of the course” I asked.

“It’s a beautiful place. Yes, it’s possible that you may not complete the full course, but that has never happened yet. None of our inmates has ever left a course once they have begun. But, if you do leave, all your money will be refunded. But our extended guarantee would not be available after you leave. But I’m sure you won’t leave.”

“You mean that, if I sign now, I’m guaranteed to get all my money back if I don’t complete the full course?”

“Yes, sir. But as I said, I can’t think of any inmate who has ever left early!”

I had run out of questions. It all sounded completely ok. A 20lb weight loss, with a full money-back guarantee, that would last as long as I wished! I could cancel with just a phone call, and I’d get my money back. It was obviously an extremely good deal. I would be a fool to refuse this.

“Ok. That’s what I want. I’d like to sign. Right now, if I can” I said. I didn’t want to miss this excellent deal!

“Then please read this....this is the formal agreement”. She gave me a thick document.

“It’s just as I have described. But please read it carefully before you sign, because this written agreement is a legally binding contract. I have explained our offer, but what’s written in the contract is what counts, contractually speaking. Note that you commit to an initial one-year training period, and time extensions after the first year are at our sole option. There is a guarantee of a minimum 20lb weight loss during the first year, or you may discontinue the Training with full money back. Note that it will require you to make a phone call to discontinue the contract. Please note that you are agreeing to complete the first year, and also any and all extensions that we choose to offer. Note that if you leave our farm, all your moneys paid to that date will be refunded. We guarantee that you will maintain the agreed weight loss of 20lbs as long as you are with us, or all your fees will be refunded. Again, we offer a full money back guarantee if we fail in our contractual obligations. Note that you will be held to your contractual obligations, as defined in this written agreement! Note that you are agreeing that your precise weight-loss training will be determined solely by us, using our proprietary methods.”

I scanned the first few pages of the document. It was too much to read in detail. It had about 100 pages. And it was written in legal language, which was very hard to understand. It seemed to be as she had described, but was hard to understand, with the legal style. But it all looked in order, just as she had said. I gave up reading. It was clearly ok. I flipped to the very last page, and signed and dated it, with a flourish.

I put it back on her desk. She picked it up, and also signed it.

“Thank you, Peter. I have countersigned it. This documents is legally valid, and enforceable, now. You have 24 hours to cancel the agreement, if you wish, as required by Minnesota State Law. But, with your permission, we will proceed with your processing.”

Chapter 2 - The Farm

She walked around the desk. I stood up.

“Please come with me, Peter”.

I followed her out of the office.

She led me to a small room. It was like my doctor’s room.

“Please remove your clothes, Peter. Here is a gown for you. Our doctor will need to give you a short medical check, and measure your present weight without clothing. The doctor will be with you in a few minutes”.

She left the room. I undressed, and put on the gown. I sat on the bench, and waited.

The doctor came in. She was a powerful-looking woman with short blond hair. Another woman came in with her. She also looked strong.

“Good afternoon, Peter. Please step onto the scales. And you will need to slip off your gown too. We need your exact weight, without clothes”.

I was embarrassed by this, but did as she asked.

“Very good. You may put your gown back on. Please sit on the bench”.

She gave me a short medical examination.

“That’s all good” she said at last. “Have you had a tetanus injection within the last five years?”

“No, I haven’t” I answered.

“Then I recommend that you have one, since you will be on a farm for your training. I can give you one now, if you wish”.

“Ok, thanks, let’s do that” I said.

She prepared a hypodermic needle.

She looked at me, as if she was trying to say something.

“This also contains a sedative, Peter. Is that ok? You can still refuse if you wish. You still have 24 hours to change your mind, so you may want to wait before getting this shot. So if you don’t want the shot, just say, and I’ll tell them you declined.”

“I don’t understand. Why would I refuse? I want to do this” I said.

“So you request to continue?”

“Yes! I want to do this!”

“Very well”.

She gave me the injection. I immediately felt the effect. I felt sleepy.

“There. No turning back now! Not for you! Lie down on the bench and rest. You’ll be asleep in a few seconds now. We’ll take care of you from now on, Peter” she said.

I lay down. I suddenly felt enormously tired. “Good luck with your new life, Peter” I heard her say. She seemed to be a long way away.

I was not aware of falling asleep, or of sleeping at all, but I must have, because I suddenly woke up.

I was in a different room, which I did not recognize. Time must have passed. I was lying on a stretcher. A Lady I hadn’t seen before stood before me. I had some kind of jacket on. When I tried to sit up, I found I was held down. And my arms were held across my chest by the jacket. I realized it was a strait jacket, strapped tight. I realized I was naked under the canvas jacket.

“Relax, Peter. You have been asleep for 24 hours. We have put you in a lunatic restraint, a strait jacket, as a precaution.” said the Lady “You are perfectly safe, but you won’t be able to get out of that restraint, so don’t bother fighting against it. It’s just a standard precaution. We put you in it while we were transporting you here, while you were asleep, just in case you woke up early. I’ll take it off in a few minutes. Just relax”.

I stopped struggling against the straps, and lay still. She looked down at me, and smiled.

“Good boy!”

“I welcome you to your new life, Peter. 24 hours have elapsed, so your contract is now fully in effect. You can't cancel it now. I am your Supervisor. You are now at our Farm. This is where you will serve out the terms of your contract. As you recall, you agreed to the training course that we have devised. Our course is designed to harden males physically, reduce their weight to a value proper for a healthy male, and to modify their male impulses as required for the service of women. For new entrants, this means we need to use methods which require some degree of compulsion. And that includes you, Peter! You probably didn't realize it, but the contract you signed contained your agreement to be committed here for the term of the contract. We therefore have the legal right to use enforcement. And we intend to!”

She continued “I see you are a well-fed male. And have not been exercising much. All our inmates are overweight and unfit when they arrive. We remedy that gradually, and with care, so that our men become as lean and strong, as males are naturally intended to be. But our Society provides more improvement than purely physical. We modify male attitudes, and make males into good slaves of women. I emphasize the word “good”. Any male can be a bad slave. We train males to be good slaves!”

I still felt sleepy. I must surely be hallucinating from the drug. I could not believe what I was hearing. What on earth was she talking about? Male slaves? She obviously hasn't heard about gender equality! Time for me to straighten this out.....

“Excuse me? Miss? Miss Supervisor? You are making a mistake, I'm not here for....” I started to explain....

“Be quiet!” she shouted. I was immediately silent. She was quite frightening when she spoke like that! She was very angry!

She took a breath. I did not dare move. I could not, anyway, in the strait jacket. She was clearly angry.

“Alright Peter. Please excuse my anger. I’m calm now! Please understand that I am not used to a male telling me that I’m making a mistake! And it’s been a long time since a male even spoke to me without permission! But of course you are new here, and do not know our rules. So I won’t punish you! But, please, just be quiet. I will give you a chance to speak later”

She went on. “This farm is owned by a private group of Ladies, who wish to hold men as slaves. We mean real slaves, not pretend slaves. We therefore seek out suitable men, men who are able to make the needed financial and time commitment, and we then train them to be slaves. REAL slaves. You have been selected, Peter. You are now an inmate, and you will now, in your turn, be trained to be a slave. Your weight loss will be attained, although it is just a small part of your training here.”

I opened my mouth to speak, but then shut it again when I saw her expression. She obviously had some big hang up with me speaking. I did not wish to chance my luck about that. I would wait until I was out of this strait jacket, and this mistake was sorted out. Something very strange was going on here, or maybe I was still dreaming.

She continued. “This is real, Peter, not a dream, not just another of your story-fantasies! We have read your stories, of course! They are amusing stories. But now, you are about to experience the reality! This time, it’s not a story! This time, you find out what it’s like, to be a slave, for real!”

“Now. Listen up. You need to learn the facts of life here. Women are in charge here. You, as a male, have no say. None at all. This is a private organization of dominant, sadistic women. Our primary purpose is to find suitable males (like you, Peter), make them into slaves, and keep them to suffer for our enjoyment. But, we are also practical.....this place needs a lot of work and upkeep, so we also use our male slaves for the labor we need. The arrangement works out very well! This is NOT one of your foolish fantasies, Peter! This is a real, working farm, with REAL slaves doing REAL work”

She laughed at my expression. “You no doubt thinking that you are not a slave. Is that right? All men think that! It’s no problem! We have developed methods which efficiently transform any man, even the most arrogant, self-willed ones (like you, Peter!) into good slaves. Our methods are very simple: we keep our

slaves chained, and we enforce our strict rules with severe punishments. Our methods have worked on every man who has ever come here. Our methods have never yet failed to make a man into a slave!”

“Our standard punishment is a hard leather strap, applied to the slave’s buttocks until he is red and sore. Our approach might seem cruel, but we have tried other methods, and find ours is the most efficient. We have found that a heavy leather strap, used firmly and strictly, without regard to begging, produces total obedience in a very short time. The use of an individual chain for each prisoner prevents escape, eliminates the need for constant supervision, and allows our slaves to work at their individual work places without any possibility of escape. So we have a very practical system, as you will find out”.

“We have rules, some of which you should know right away: you may not speak without permission. You must obey orders from any free person without hesitation or comment. When you are in the presence of a free person, you must kneel and keep your eyes down. That is all you need to know for now. You can learn our other rules as you go along. Once you have heard a rule, be aware that you will be severely punished if you disobey!”

“You will also have weekly strappings, as a routine matter. All our slaves are strapped, every Sunday afternoon. Only 20 strokes, not too many. These weekly strappings provide a regular reminder of your status here, and a reminder of the penalty for not being a good slave. If you are a good slave, you will probably not get any more additional strokes. You will just get your usual 20 every week. But if you choose to be a bad slave, you will find that each of your errors will be noted by a black mark in the Punishment book, and you will receive fifty additional strokes for each black mark. After you have felt the strap, you will be completely obedient, I assure you! And if not, we will be happy to repeat the lesson!”

I was quite scared by this tirade. It sounded exactly like one of the mad fantasies I had written. Was this woman insane? Nothing like this could really exist. And I had come here to lose some weight, not to be a slave. What in hell was going on here? Why was I in a strait jacket?

“Now, you may speak, Peter. But be brief! I honestly do not have a lot of patience with male slaves” she said hotly.

“Thank you, Miss. I don’t know what to say! I think there’s been a mistake. This has nothing to do with my stories. I’m just here for a weight loss course. I don’t know anything about what you....”

I decided I should stop there. She was staring at me, and she did not look pleased.

She was indeed angry. “I don’t care what you ‘thought’, Peter! This is real! You signed the contract! A legal contract, and you SIGNED it! You probably didn’t read it, but that’s your problem. So forget what ‘you thought’! You are an inmate here now! You are a male slave! You had better learn the rules here, and fast! I don’t have any more patience with you! You must start to learn, or you must suffer the consequences!”

She was flushed, and angry. I was afraid.

“Let’s get on with this!” She said. She turned to the tray beside my stretcher.

She took what looked like a miniature steel bracelet up from the tray. I was naked below my waist except that the strait jacket had a strap passing under my crotch, and my ankles felt like they were strapped down. I felt her pick up my limp penis, and close the steel bracelet around it. It closed with a metallic click. It was a snug fit on my penis. It felt cold. I felt a slight pricking feeling as it snapped shut. The feeling quickly faded.

She dropped my penis, with the bracelet device locked on it. “This is your Kali Bracelet! All initial slaves have to wear these. It prevents masturbation. It has many small spikes on the interior surface, so that you will experience increasing pain if you begin to get an erection. You will find that this will immediately stop any erection. It will be unlocked for cleaning once each week. You will only be allowed to masturbate once each week, under close supervision. You’ll learn all about these rules later”.

Chapter 3 - I Am Assigned To Gate Duty

“Now, since new inmates are never very physically fit, we start you off with easy work. We assign new inmates to be the Gate slave. Do you think you can handle that?”

I gaped at her. I could not believe this was happening. She laughed at my expression.

“I am being very tolerant with you Peter, since I know this is new to you. But you are beginning to try my patience! So wake up! This is real! A question means you have permission to speak. And in fact, you must speak! You must answer, briefly, to the point, and without using it as an excuse to say anything else. That is not permitted!”

“So, once again. Do you think you can handle the duties of a Gate slave?”

“Yes, Ma’am, I think I can” I answered. I had instinctively realized I should address her as “Ma’am”. I of course had no idea what the duties were.

“Good. We are making progress. Your duty will not be difficult. Your duty will be to open and close the gate, as Ladies require. Any fool could do it. Even you!” She laughed at her joke.

She methodically undid the straps around my ankles, until I was only left in the strait jacket. She helped me sit up, then to stand. I was naked from the waist down, my arms still tightly strapped into the strait jacket. The Kali bracelet was locked tight around my penis. I was in some kind of weird place. But there was nothing I could do.

She picked up a black plastic baton, about 24 inches long. It had a rubber handle and pushbutton at one end. I could see small steel electrodes on the other end, covering the last few inches of the baton. She came over and pressed the electrode end against my balls. I tensed with fear. “You had better pray you never find out how this feels, Peter” she said. It’s an electric shock baton. We carry these whenever we take a slave off his chain, to move him around the compound. You will always be fully restrained, when you are moved, until you are safely locked back on a chain again. This is in case you try to give any trouble! Be

warned. I'll use it on your balls, immediately, if you give me the slightest trouble whilst I'm escorting you! It will drop you in your tracks!"

She laughed at my expression. "Don't worry! I won't use it! Not unless you make me, of course!"

She took the baton away from my balls, and clipped it to her belt.

She walked to the door. "Do exactly as I say, Peter! Go out here"

I obeyed immediately. I was really scared by the baton.

She followed behind me.

I was still in the strait jacket, but naked from the waist down.

She prodded me with the shock baton. I shuddered.

"You won't get a shock unless I press the button" she said. "Turn right here".

I obeyed. I was so very afraid of the shock baton!

Once outside the house, I could see it was an elegant country house. A wide gravel road led from the house, around the lawn. A high stone wall surrounded the lawn, with dense trees beyond the wall. I had been told one true thing, I thought: this really is a beautiful place.

She directed me across the lawn towards the wall. As we approached the wall, I saw the gravel road, which circled the lawn, lead to a heavy wooden gate. I realized this was the gate I was to operate.

She directed me to go to the side of the gate. I saw a steel ring was bolted to the wall, and a chain ran from the ring, down into the grass. She bent and picked up a steel collar that was lying in the grass, attached to the chain. Turning to me, she closed the collar around my neck, and locked it with a padlock.

"This is your chain, Peter. You will get to know it very well. Every slave here is locked on his own individual chain, which secures him to his workplace. This relieves us of the need to keep watch on each slave. Your assigned work is to open this gate whenever a Lady wishes to pass. You will kneel whenever a Lady

passes, then will immediately close the gate again. The gate may only be opened when a Lady requests it. Any questions, slave?"

"No, Ma'am" I said.

"Good" she said. "It's not hard. Even you can do it. Let's get you started. Turn around".

I turned around, and she started unbuckling the straps of my strait jacket. In a few minutes I was out of it. I felt very naked when it was off. Because I was in fact naked, apart from my padlocked collar.

She walked back towards the house, taking the strait jacket with her.

"You are on duty, now, slave" she called back.

I was left naked, on my chain.

I pulled the chain up from the grass, to see how long it was. It was about ten feet long. Just long enough to allow me to perform my assigned duty.

The gate was made from heavy wooden beams, with a large sliding bolt at the far side. I walked to the bolt. The chain was just long enough. I saw that there was a small peephole in the gate. I looked out. Beyond the gate, the gravel road led away between the trees for about 100 feet, and then turned. I could only see as far as the turn in the road. The trees prevented me seeing further. I listened. I could hear nothing except some birdsong from the trees. Clearly we were far out in the countryside.

I could not move more than ten feet from the gate before my chain pulled me up. I sat down on the grass next to the gate. I was naked, and I realized there was no shelter provided for me. It was a sunny day, but the occasional breeze felt cool on my skin. The Lady was now nowhere to be seen. I realized that I wanted to pee. I was in full view of the house, and had absolutely no privacy, but I had to pee urgently. So I stood and peed against the stone wall. I did it as quickly as I could, embarrassed to be doing it out in the open, where anyone could see. I also wasn't sure if I was breaking a rule, but I couldn't see what alternative I had.

I sat down on the grass again. Hours passed. Time went very slowly, tethered in place, with nothing to do. The sun started to go down. It became cooler. I huddled on the grass, my arms around my knees. It grew darker. It's an indescribable feeling, to be on a chain. I felt free of the usual responsibilities and stresses of modern life. The people here had to take care of everything now, not me. I had no more worries. There are some benefits to being chained, I thought.

I wondered where I was expected to sleep. I assumed my supervisor Lady would come out and take me somewhere to sleep. I realized that the style here was not to explain much. I had been simply put on my chain, then ignored. Essentially no explanations had been given of what I should expect.

Lights started to come on in the house. But nobody came out. I pulled on my chain. The chain was a heavy logging chain. The collar was thick steel, and fitted snugly around my neck. I could not see the heavy padlock, but I could feel it with my fingers. I tugged at it. It was securely locked. She had chained me well. Escape was impossible. I realized that security had been very effective. I had been completely helpless from the moment I had been put in restraints after my interview.

Then I heard the sound of chains, in the distance. Faintly at first, then louder. The sound came from behind the house. It sounded like several slaves were being marched along in chains at the back of the house. I heard a Lady's voice giving an order, then the sound of a heavy door slamming shut. There was silence again.

About another hour passed. It was almost fully dark now. I was cold. I lay down on the grass and shivered. Surely she would come and get me soon!

I must have fallen asleep. I woke in complete darkness. I sat up, my chain clinking in the night air. All the lights were now out in the house. The compound was completely dark. There was no moon. Although it was a summer night, and probably about 75 degrees, I was shivering. It's hard to keep warm when one is naked and not moving, unless the air temperature is up near the 94 degree temperature of the human body. I got to my feet. I beat my arms against my chest to try to get some warmth. It didn't help much. I walked to the extent of my chain, and back to the wall again in the darkness. My chain clinked softly as I walked. The exercise quickly made me feel warmer, so I kept walking. I walked back and forth for hours. Occasionally I would lie down, but then I started to feel

cold, so had to get up again. The heavy collar and suspended chain had made my neck sore, from the rubbing as I moved. I supported the weight of the chain with one hand, and the weight of the collar with the other. That helped.

The night seemed to last forever. But at last the sky lightened. I was so thankful when the sun finally came up. The wall was in shade where my chain was bolted to the stone, but the chain was just long enough to let me get into the morning sunshine. I rapidly warmed up. I was exhausted from the night with so little sleep. I lay down at the extent of my chain, in the sun, and fell asleep.

Chapter 4 - My Life As A Gate Slave

I slept. But in my dream I heard a bell ringing. What could that be? I wondered, in my dream. I lay warm and half-awake in the sun. I heard a Lady's voice calling. "Hello.....hello....open the gate!"

I jumped to my feet! Someone was waiting at the gate! I immediately ran to the gate, pulled the bolt, and swung the gate opened. A car had pulled up outside the gate, and a dark haired Lady stood by it. She did not look pleased. I immediately knelt, and put my head down. I heard her steps, and saw her feet before me.

"You are the new one, aren't you? You have a lot to learn, I can see! I'm going to report you to your Supervisor, for keeping me waiting!" she turned and went back to her car. She drove fast through the gate, and up to the house. I got to my feet, and closed the gate. I knelt on the grass again. I kept my eyes down. I heard Ladies voices up by the house. I heard a door close.

I had not made a good start at my duties! I didn't like what she had said about being punished! I hoped it would not be too hard! I could not stand a lot of pain, I hoped they understood that!

I was still very tired, but I forced myself to stay awake. I waited all morning. Nothing more happened. It was hot in the sun, and eventually I half dozed, but would not let myself sleep, just in case that Lady wanted to go out again.

I was dozing like that, when I realized the Lady from the house was standing before me. I was lying down, but I scrambled to my knees. She looked incredibly beautiful, in her leather clothes. I began to get an erection. I instinctively covered myself with my hands.

"Don't cover yourself" she said.

She watched my erection start. I immediately felt a sharp pain, as the Kali bracelet's teeth bit into my swelling penis. The pain grew in intensity. It became agonizing in just a few seconds. The pain caused the incipient erection to stop, then rapidly subside. The pain immediately stopped as the erection ceased. It was very effective feedback, training me not to have erections, I realized. I definitely could not bear to think about masturbating, not until she took this bracelet off.

She stood and watched the process happen.

“Yes, the Kali Bracelet is very efficient, isn’t it” she said with satisfaction.

“For your own protection, try to keep your mind off sex. As much as you can! Try to think about baseball, instead” She laughed.

She held a plastic gallon jug of water in one hand, and a paper bag in the other. “Come over to the wall” she said. She poured the water into a hollow depression cut into the stone wall. She shook the contents of the paper bag onto the grass. Three apple cores, half a slice of bread, some scraps of meat.

“This your water for the day. And these are the only scraps I could find for you today. We don’t have any guests, so there aren’t many scraps today” she said.

I was hoping she would ask me if there was anything I needed. I wasn’t allowed to speak, unless she asked me a question, or even look up. If she would only ask me if I needed anything, I could ask for a blanket. But she didn’t ask. So I knelt in silence, my eyes on the ground.

“Now. I have just heard a complaint about you, from a Lady that was very annoyed with you. Apparently you were tardy in your duty to her this morning. I don’t accept poor performance from any slave that I supervise. You may have gotten away with slacking in your previous life, but here, you will not! All errors here earn consequences, which you will not like! I will give you a black mark in the punishment book. This means you will get 50 extra strokes on Sunday.”

“It’s your first day, and you already have earned yourself a punishment! For your own good, I suggest you try harder. Strappings here are intentionally very severe. Apart from the fact that we enjoy it, we find that this produces much better service from slaves. Hard strappings quickly make men into good slaves! So be a good slave. If you are a good slave, you will avoid additional punishments. It’s completely up to you. I have no sympathy for you”.

To make sure you realize I’m serious about discipline, I am also going to punish you myself. I have decided to put you in a Cravat tonight. I’ll put you in it later”.

She turned and left me kneeling on the grass. I had no idea what a Cravat was. I think it's some kind of medieval restraint. And so I was going to be strapped. I had hoped the Lady in the car would have forgotten about it.

I gratefully drank some of the water she had left me. Then I ate the bread. The apple cores had hardly any fruit left on them, but I ate what little there was, then threw them over the wall. It wasn't anywhere near enough. I was very hungry.

I still felt exhausted. I was scared to sleep in case I missed a visitor. But I literally had to sleep. I would have to take my chance. I went to sleep, lying naked on the grass in the hot sun.

When I woke up, it was getting dark. I sat up quickly. There was nobody in sight. To my relief, no one had needed the gate opened. I adjusted my collar to be more comfortable, since it was sore where one edge had been pressing on my neck as I slept. I drank the last of the water from my bowl. I regretted throwing the apple cores over the wall. I would have eaten them now; I was so hungry. I looked around. There was of course nothing to eat, and no chance of getting anything. I was tethered by my chain.

The evening sun had been on the wall, so I went over and sat with my back against the wall, my arms around my knees. The wall still retained a lot of heat, far into the night. My supervisor had said I was going to go into a Cravat tonight, whatever that was. But she didn't come. Another example of the style of slave treatment here, I thought: I was just left on my chain, totally ignored. Nobody seemed to care that I was hungry and bored and cold. They were in the house, and I was stuck out here. I sat and dozed, waking frequently. At last I did really sleep.

I woke at sunup. That night had been much better than the first. I was getting used to being naked outside. I need to go to the lavatory. I crawled as far from the gate as my chain would let me, then did it, in the grass by the wall. I crawled back to the side of the gate. I was totally humiliated, chained like an animal, naked, out in the open in full view of anyone. I was dirty and sweaty, and probably smelled. My knees were filthy from crawling on the grass. Then I looked at my hands and arms and chest, and I realized I was dirty all over, from sleeping on the ground, naked.

Shortly after daylight, the Lady with the car came out of the house. She looked at me for a moment, then jumped into the driver's seat. She immediately accelerated the car down the driveway. I got to my feet, ran to the gate, and swung it open. I managed to get it open just in time. I fell to my knees. She didn't slow at all, but roared through the open gate. I just got a glimpse of her face as she passed. She was blowing me a kiss! Her car vanished down the road. She just made it around the turn. She must be insane! I think she had intentionally driven down the driveway as fast as she could, just to try to get me another punishment! I was shaking. Some Ladies here were obviously mad. And I was on this damned chain, at their mercy! But my Supervisor seemed reasonable, and hopefully would protect me.

I got to my feet, and closed the gate again. I sat on the grass by the gate, and adjusted my steel collar to be less uncomfortable. The constant weight and rubbing of the collar had made my neck quite sore, and it was hard to make the collar comfortable. It was best if I lay down, so the weight of the chain hanging from the collar was lessened.

My Supervisor approached. I noticed she was carrying her electric shock baton. I immediately knelt and looked at the ground. That baton really frightened me.

"Peter! Now I see you, I realize I completely forgot to put you in the Cravat last night" she said. "Lucky you! And today is Sunday, so I can't do it tonight. Never mind, I'll try to remember to do it tomorrow evening" She laughed.

"Now, stand up. Face away from me, hands behind your back. I'm going to cuff you for movement. It's Sunday, and you are going for your first strapping!"

Chapter 5 - The Sunday Pillories

I stood and faced away from her, my eyes down. I put my hands behind my back. Although I was much stronger than she, I was obedient and docile. I had no choice. I was still on my chain. I felt handcuffs snapped on my wrists. She tightened them. Then shackles were snapped on my ankles, and also ratcheted tight. "I want these tight. You'll get them off again in a few minutes, Peter" she said. "Now turn around, please".

I shuffled around to face her. I kept my eyes down. "You may look up, Peter". I looked up. She held out a small key. "This is the key to your collar, Peter. I'm going to take you off your chain. But don't try anything. You are cuffed and shackled, nice and tight, and I have my shock baton ready for your balls! So don't try anything! You won't stand a chance! Escape is not possible here! Now, eyes down, and turn around again."

I obeyed. I felt her hand lift up the padlock at the back of my neck. She unlocked the padlock. She opened the heavy collar, pulled it off me, and dropped it onto the grass. I was so happy to get that off!

I felt her push something between my legs, against my balls. "This is my shock baton, Peter! I always carry it whilst I'm escorting a slave. Don't give me any trouble, or you will regret it! I'm going to take you for your first strapping. The first of many!"

I trembled with fear. She pulled the baton away. "Good boy! Walk up towards the house. Keep your eyes down on the grass, straight ahead of you. No looking around! I'll be right behind you!" she said.

I obediently turned and shuffled across the lawn towards the house. My wrists were tightly cuffed behind my back. She had locked the cuffs and shackles on me so tight that they were hurting me. I was completely secure. A child could have supervised me.

"Faster, please, Peter" she ordered. I tried. I couldn't walk at a normal pace, since the shackles only allowed me to take very short steps. The tight shackles hurt my ankles. But I'm sure she knew it. She followed behind me.

She directed me around the side of the house. I had not seen this area before. At the back of the house was a raised stone patio, surrounded by another large lawn. On the patio was a row of pillories, side-by-side, each with a naked man locked into it. The men were held facing the lawn. All had steel tubes enclosing their cocks. On the lawn in front of them were about fifteen chairs and tables, under an awning providing shade. Most of the chairs were empty, but three ladies were seated around one table, in the shade of the awning. They were talking to each other. They turned and looked at me, then resumed their conversation. I saw that they had iced drinks and fruit on the table.

“Up here, slave” said my Supervisor. She pointed her baton at the end pillory, which was empty. The Ladies on the lawn watched.

I shuffled up to the pillory, went around it, and stood facing it. As I did this, I was able to take a glance at the man already locked in the pillory to my left. I was horrified to see rows of welts and bruises crossing his buttocks. The welts looked only partly healed. He had obviously been recently strapped, without mercy! I also saw a tattoo on his right thigh. It read “I.R.S” with a number below.

The Lady saw me looking. “Keep your eyes forward and down, slave” the Lady said sharply.

She said to me quietly “If you are wondering about the tattoo, that’s what we put on our permanent slaves. It’s their identification number, registered with the International Registry of Slaves. We tattoo it on their asses! It’s permanent! You don’t have an IRS number, since you are in your initial training period here. But we’ll get you one, after your first year here!”

The lady lifted the heavy top beam. “Put your head in” she said. I obeyed. I was still handcuffed, and shackled. I could do nothing except obey. I just wanted to get the tight cuffs and shackles off. They were biting into me. I had to lower my head to fit into the neck slot. She pushed my head further down, and I felt the beam descend. It fitted my neck tightly. I heard a padlock being fastened. Then the lady walked behind me, and unlocked my handcuffs. I was so pleased to get them off!

My neck was securely locked in the pillory already. “Now put your hands in the pillory” she ordered. I put my hands in each of the wrist slots at the lower edge of the beam. She lifted each lower beam up in turn, and padlocked each, securing each wrist separately in the pillory.

My ankle shackles were then unlocked. "Put your feet in the stocks". I obeyed, and my ankles were locked in the stocks at the bottom of the pillory. My legs were held well apart. I was held naked, fully exposed to the audience on the lawn.

She spoke quietly, into my ear.

"Are you ok Peter? This is your first time, I know! Just relax. You will be ok!"

"Please Ma'am" I moaned "I want to cancel my agreement! I want to leave!" I moaned.

No Peter! You signed the agreement! You can't leave! I have to leave you now, Peter. Don't embarrass me! Take the strap like a man! If you embarrass me, I'll make you very, very sorry, when I get you alone afterwards!"

She walked around in front of me and spoke aloud, so the Ladies seated below could hear.

"Slave: you are to receive your regular 20 strokes, then 50 extra as a punishment. Do you have anything to say?"

The Ladies on the lawn were all watching and listening.

"No, Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am" I croaked.

"Then you will be silent, and wait here your punishment" she said.

My throat was so dry now. I desperately wanted some water. I should have asked for water whilst I had permission to speak! I had lost my chance. I was not permitted to speak without permission.

"Good, Peter" she said quietly to me. "You will now be punished. Try to take it like a man! You will get it, anyway!"

She turned and walked behind me. I could not turn around. I was held in the pillory, facing the lawn and the chairs, alongside the other slaves.

The Ladies down on the lawn resumed talking amongst themselves. Evidently I had done ok, so far.

I twisted my wrists and neck in the heavy beams. The pillory fitted tightly. I could feel my sweat running down my neck, under the beam. I was in the full sun. Although it was only mid-morning, it was already hot. The ladies at the tables down below the platform had shaded tables and iced drinks, I noticed. Occasionally they glanced up at the men locked in the pillories.

I stood locked in my pillory, in the afternoon sun. It became increasingly uncomfortable, being rigidly held fixed in almost any position causes discomfort. I was tightly secured by the wooden beams, standing almost upright, legs apart, slightly bent forward at my waist, as if perpetually bowing, since the pillory was slightly lower than I would naturally stand. The neck beam kept my head down, so that I was looking at the stone floor of the patio directly before me. I could only look forward by straining to look up under my brows. With effort, I could just see the Ladies in the front row of seats on the lawn.

I was more easily able to look to the side, because I could turn my neck, with some difficulty in the tight beam. I was able to do this, and looked at the slave locked in the pillory on my left. He looked about thirty. He was lean and fit-looking, browned from the sun. He was staring at the stone floor straight ahead. I saw that he was crying quietly.

I twisted my neck in the tight beam, and looked the other way, to my right. I was in the end pillory. There was a table to the right, and I saw that a thick leather strap lay on the table. I shuddered, and quickly twisted my head away.

I hung in my pillory. I was rigidly locked into my thick, heavy pillory, alongside the other slaves. We were all completely helpless. We just had to try to endure.

A Lady walked up to me. She bent forward and unlocked my Kali bracelet with a small key. She put it on the patio stones at the side of my pillory. My cock started to harden. It felt so good to get the KTB off! But I could not touch my cock! I longed to touch it!

She looked at a notebook, then said "Poor boy! I see that you have a black mark, so you get 50 extra strokes today" She looked down at my erect cock. "And you don't get to masturbate this week! Too bad! Maybe next week!"

She walked on to the pillory on my left. The slave there was still crying. "Crying won't help you here" she said coldly. "You know that, Geoffrey! You know our rules!".

I turned my head to watch. She repeated the same procedure with him. He had a different type of chastity device, a steel tube, with a locking pin that passed through his penis, obviously with a piercing. She unlocked it and took it off him.

She then asked him "Ok Jeff, which hand do you want this week? Right or left?"

"Right, please Ma'am" he replied.

The lady unlocked his right wrist. "You may start" she said. "You have one minute. Make the most of it!".

He immediately began to frantically masturbate himself with his free hand. The Lady watched him, a stopwatch in her hand. The ladies sipped their cold drinks and watched him frantically rub himself. In less than 30 seconds he achieved a huge orgasm, spurting out onto the stones. He immediately started over again. But before he could reach climax a second time, the Lady said "Stop. That's all your time for this week. Put your hand back in the pillory!"

He reluctantly put his right wrist back in the pillory. The Lady swung the heavy beam shut, and padlocked it. He was fully secured in the pillory once more. He still had a raging erection, completely unsatisfied. "Sorry, Jeff" the Lady said, as she locked his right wrist back in the pillory and stood back. "It's a pity to waste a nice hard cock like that, but our rule is 1 minute per week. I know you still want to wank, but you will have to wait until next week!". She walked to the next pillory, leaving him helplessly secured, unable to satisfy himself. He started crying again. Some of the ladies laughed.

The Lady worked her way down the line of pillories, removing and cleaning each chastity tube, and allowing just one minute for each slave to masturbate. I was jealous of the other slaves, being allowed to masturbate. Even 1 minute per week sounded good to me, since I had been allowed nothing at all. I desperately wanted to, but evidently was not going to be allowed to. I would have to wait until next week!

We stood locked in the pillories. Most of the others had been allowed one minute to masturbate. I had not. Our chastity devices were now off, but we could do nothing to satisfy ourselves, our necks and wrists locked in the pillories, our legs spread apart, locked in the stocks. At least my Kali bracelet was off, so I could at least have an erection without pain. That was such a relief! I had been forced to think about baseball so much! I was so very horny after a week with no masturbation. I had a rocklike erection. But I still couldn't touch myself. I still couldn't get any satisfaction! It was so frustrating! I so needed to masturbate! At least I could now allow myself to think feely about my Lady Supervisor. I no longer had to keep myself thinking about baseball! That led to an almost continuous erection for hours. Most of the other slaves also had erections. We stood on our platform, a line of men, exhibited, naked, secured, before women, completely controlled by our raging, unsatisfied sexual desires, but helpless to satisfy them.

After about an hour, we were each shaved. When it was my turn, the Lady used an electric razor to shave my head, and then my pubic hair. She did it roughly. Finally, she hosed me down, with very cold water. I hated the feel of the icy water. She hosed me down very well. She then played the hose on the stone patio floor directly in front of me. She stopped and laughed. "I forgot.... you weren't allowed to masturbate this week, were you?" She moved on to the next pillory and shaved him, then hosed him down, washing his spunk off the stone patio.

Six or seven Ladies were now seated on the lawn before the row of pillories, under the sunshades, with fruit and iced drinks on the tables beside them. They seemed slightly drunk. They had laughed as we were shaved, and even more as we were hosed down. They seemed mostly interested in one slave, who they evidently knew well. They laughed hysterically as that particular slave was washed, as the hose played over his private parts. One lady yelled something at him, something about taking him to her private room that evening. That started him sobbing. That just made the ladies laugh even more.

Hours passed. I did not really know the time, but judging from the sun, it was about mid-afternoon when I heard women's voices and footsteps coming from the house behind me. The seats on the lawn started to fill up as Ladies came out of the house.

The man on my left began sobbing again.

I could see the Ladies in the front seats. Those seats were within my limited range of vision. I could not look up more than that, but I guessed that all the other seats were also being filled, judging by the number of voices. The Ladies in the front seats were looking up at me, and the other slaves, sipping drinks and talking. I turned bright red with embarrassment. I still was erect. I tried to hide my erection by bring my knees together. It was impossible, the stocks held my legs apart. I was totally exposed to the women. I grew even harder.

“The new one has a very nice cock! He’s pretty! And look...he’s shy! He’s blushing!” exclaimed one Lady, amused.

“Never mind his cock. That’s nothing. All slaves have cocks. Who cares about that? I want to see a hard leather strap on their asses, that’s what I want! I want to hear them yell! Let’s get on with the strapping! What’s the delay? He’s just standing there, all nice and comfy! Let’s get his ass reddened up!” said the Lady by her side. She was obviously slightly drunk.

“Hush, dear. The strapping will start in a few minutes. And he’ll be the first. Look at the program. He’s got seventy strokes coming, and it’s the black lady today. She really uses the strap hard!” said her companion.

I turned ever redder. I looked down at the stones and tried to pretend this was just a dream.

“It’s 3pm, time to start the fun” I heard a Lady call out. There was a thin round of applause from the audience of Ladies, and some chatter.

I heard footsteps to my right. I twisted my head, and saw a muscular black lady pick up the strap from the table. She cracked it a few times. It was a heavy strap. More of the slaves to my left started sobbing.

Chapter 6 - My First Strapping

She walked around behind me. I felt her hand on my buttocks. "This one is new! He's not yet marked. Not at all!" she called out to the audience. My erection became harder. The Ladies sitting on the lawn stared up at me. The drunk lady laughed.

"This is a new one. His ass is unmarked! How many does this one get?" said the black Lady, standing behind me, pressing the strap to my buttocks.

"He's got one extra punishment today. So he gets 70" a Lady called. It was my supervisor's voice. I could not see where she was.

"Very good. 70 it is. That's a good number, for a first strapping! He will remember this!"

She called out to the audience. "I'll give him his standard twenty strokes, then I'll move on down the line. I'll come back to him after all the others are done. He can listen to the others being strapped, while he waits for his second set! Once he knows what twenty feels like, he won't look forward to me coming back to give him another fifty!"

The audience laughed and applauded. Then they became completely quiet.

She moved the strap softly up and down my buttocks for a minute.

She spoke quietly to me, so only I could hear.

"I like to use my strap on white boy's asses! I enjoy it! You have seventy coming! There will be no mercy, white boy!"

"But you will beg me for mercy anyway" she said softly, into my ear.

Then she took the strap away.

I heard her take a step backwards, and then the sudden rush of the strap.

CRACK!!!

A broad band of white-hot fire seared across my ass. It was unbelievably painful! Much, much worse than I had expected! More than I could bear!

I jerked as hard as I could, but the pillory would not let me move an inch. My mouth opened, but no sound came out. I was in too much pain to make a sound.

The audience was still completely quiet. The pain gradually started to fade. The shock of the first stroke had made me stop breathing. I started to gasp for breath, and my gasps seemed loud in the silence. At last, I could speak.

“Owwwww ...!!!!” I moaned “That really hurt!” It was a really stupid thing to say, I know.

Someone in the audience tittered.

“Oh... really? did that sting your pretty white ass?” said the Lady with the strap, mockingly.

She waited a few more seconds, then I heard her swing the strap again. Even harder.

CRACK!!!

I wanted to scream! But I just managed to hold it back.

CRACK!!!

God! I could not take this! I could not stand this!

I heard her laugh. “White boy!” she said, as she swung her strap again, hard and accurate.

CRACK!!!

This time I screamed out loud. I could not help it. That stroke was even worse than the others! And I had seventy to take! I hung in the pillory, my legs trembling. I realized that I had an erection. I could not endure the pain! I moaned in desperation. I could not possibly take seventy like that! I could not take them! I could not!!!!

But I stayed silent. I did not beg. The audience murmured.

“Did that one hurt too?” asked the Lady with the strap, sarcastically.

“I think so! Let’s get you reddened up! Here we go.....”

CRACK!!!

Finally, I had to beg.

“Pleeeeeease!!! Pleeeeeease!! Pleeeeeease stoppp...Please don’t go so fast!!! Please so slower!!!”

She took no notice. She swung the strap at a steady pace, each stroke delivered accurately across my lower buttocks. Each stroke was delivered hard. She didn’t vary the pace, or the intensity, no matter how I yelled.

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

I hung sobbing in the pillory. I yelled uncontrollably at each stroke. I begged for mercy. I was crying and babbling. I was totally humiliated. I had been taught to beg, at last.

I was screaming now, at every stroke.

“Please!!! Please !!!!! Please !!!!! Please!!!! No More!!!! Please!!!! Please!!!!”

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

The Lady pressed her hand on my buttocks. I was burning.

“His ass is reddening up nicely” she called out to the audience. “Now I’ll move down to his thighs.....”

She stepped back, and I heard the rush of air again.

CRACK!!!

She struck me across my upper thighs this time. If anything, it hurt worse there!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

I was gasping and slobbering, tears running down my nose and chin. I could not bear it! I could not bear it! Noone could take this! I could not take any more! I descended into blackness, and the pain faded. I heard applause from the audience, faintly, from a long way away. I swam in a dream. The world suddenly rushed back to me, and the pain across my ass blazed up again! I was still in the pillory, my ass completely on fire! I gasped and tried to move. I could not. I dreaded another stroke! I started to babble again.

“Hush.....hush.....you have had your first twenty, now, boy! You sure are red! That must be really sore! Relax....relax....that’s all.....for now. But I’ll be back later.” the black Lady said. She was breathing heavily from her exertion. She pressed her hand to my buttocks, and down my thighs, and felt the welts. I was burning from my lower buttocks down to my mid-thighs.

I quietened down, sobbing and gasping, tears flowing down my face, locked in the pillory, the Ladies staring up at me.

“Hush now.... that’s good. You won’t get any more for a few minutes. Now I’ve got you nice and sore, you can wait and listen whilst I strap the others! As I strap them, listen well to their screams! When I’ve finished with them, I’ll come back to you, white boy, and I’m going to give you another fifty! Think about that!”

She moved away from me. I heard her step to the slave on my left. He was already crying. He knew what was coming. He had been here before.

“How many for this one?” the Lady called out.

“Just twenty for Jeffrey” was the answer. “he doesn’t get black marks anymore! He’s learned to be a good slave!”

The audience laughed.

The man sobbed even harder.

“So you are a good slave, are you? Then why are you crying? Don’t you want to be strapped by a black woman? You have something against black women?” The lady with the strap asked sarcastically.

“No Ma’am. I like black women! I’m a good slave Ma’am! I obey all women. I respect all women! Especially black women!” he babbled.

The audience tittered.

She held the strap in front of his face. “Weren’t you the CEO of IM Industries? I think you were! But that was before you were brought here. Now, you’re just a white-boy slave! And now you’re going to be strapped by this black woman!”

“Please, Ma’am....please....” he said weakly “Please don’t strap me this week! I’m still sore from last week! I can’t take this anymore! I’ll do what you say! Please! Please don’t strap me this week! Not this week! Not again! Please!!!!!!”

“Oh, be quiet, Slave” the Lady snapped “Slaves get strapped every Sunday, you know that! There are no exceptions! Not even for you, Mr Important CEO! You’re

just a slave now! If you didn't want that, you shouldn't have signed your contract, should you?"

She stepped back, then swung the thick leather strap with all her strength. And she was a muscular woman.

The man screamed when the thick strap landed on his buttocks. And again, and again, and again, as the Lady relentless swung the strap. I stood helpless in my own locked pillory, listening to his screams. I could imagine his pain with every stroke! I was so thankful that it was him being strapped, and not me! It was even pleasurable, to hear him screaming, because it was him screaming, and not me! As every stroke landed, I was so grateful it was him, and not me!

She gave him twenty fast strokes. I think he yelled even more than I did. She must have laid it on especially hard. I think that faster strokes are harder to take. But his ass was also sore from his previous weekly strappings. He took it hard, crying and sobbing. No one can really know what going on in the head of a slave, being strapped. I've seen many slaves being punished, now I've been here so long. Some men can endure it better than others, but I don't know why. They all beg in the end, however. No one can endure the strap. They think they can, but they can't.

The Lady inspected his ass, and made some crude comment to the Ladies watching. They laughed. Then she moved to the next pillory, and repeated the strapping for the next slave. Then to the next slave. Then the next. Each got twenty. Except for the men in the fifth and eighth pillory, who each had a black mark for some offence in the last week. They each got seventy strokes, straight. They took the first twenty strokes as well as the other men, but after that, they yelled so much that I could not bear it, even just listening. I hung in my pillory, listening to their screams, as each hard leather stroke landed on their sore asses. I knew what 20 strokes felt like. Even one stroke of the strap was too hard to bear! I could not imagine what seventy strokes was like! Actually, I could! As I heard each stroke of the strap, and heard them scream, I tensed in my pillory. I was so thankful that it wasn't me!

But as the Lady worked further down the line, I got increasingly scared. I knew she'd be back for me when she'd strapped all the others! I could not take another fifty! But I could not move! I promised myself I would make sure I never made any

errors in future! I would remain close to my gate, and would never be late in opening the gate in future! I realized that these strappings were designed to ensure complete obedience from the slaves. And they were very effective! None of us would dare be intentionally disobedient, or do anything displeasing, when we knew that it meant an extra fifty strokes! The strappings were designed to keep us good slaves. And the heavy chains ensured we had no chance of escape! Not ever!

At last, I heard the Lady walking back to me.

“Ok white boy! It’s time for you to pay your dues for not being a good slave! You will now have your fifty extra strokes! To avoid this, in future, you will need to be a good slave. It’s completely up to you, whether you are a good slave or not! But be sure that I’ll be here next week, and I’ll be more than happy to strap you again, just as much as necessary!”

I then got another fifty strokes of the strap. She had been right; they were much worse than the first. I can’t even say how bad it was. Words can’t express it. I did not take it well. I disgraced myself, before the watching ladies. I could not help it. The ladies just laughed, when the urine ran down.

The Ladies got up from their chairs, and went back into the house, chatting and laughing. Some Ladies came up to different slaves, and comforted those, giving them wine or water to drink, and wiping the sweat from their faces. The slaves in the fifth and eighth pillories, the two who had received 70 strokes, were immediately taken out of their pillories, and were taken away in chains by two different Ladies. I assume that these were the favorite slaves of those Ladies. I was cleaned up, then left in my pillory. A few of the Ladies who had been watching the punishments came up to inspect me more closely. They prodded me, ran their gloved hands over my buttocks, and commented on my marks. One older Lady was especially richly-dressed. She took my damp hair in her gloved hand, and pulled my head up. She stared into my eyes. She ran her other hand over my shoulders, then my chest. She felt my buttocks. She put her hand on my cock. Yes, quite nice. Two more weeks in the pillory and you’ll be ready” she muttered. “Make a note of this one’s number” she called to her assistant “Put him on my watch list. Let me know where he’s kept, and when he’s to be punished. I’ll want him brought to my private room, when I decide he’s ready!” Then she let my head drop, and walked away. I had no idea what she meant. The

other Ladies continued to prod and examine me. They did not seem at all concerned about my suffering. I realized that they had been perfectly happy to see me being strapped. It was clear that, as far as they were concerned, I was an animal, a slave, and my strapping had been a natural treatment for me.

Finally, the Ladies left, and we were left alone, still locked in our pillories. We stood there for the rest of the afternoon. A row of naked men, locked in their pillories, side by side, our asses red and striped from the strap. None of us dared speak. Speaking was a strapping offence! It grew dark. I wanted to shout, to call for help, but I realized that was useless. And I realized if I was caught speaking without permission, I would certainly get extra strokes next Sunday! So I stood quietly, with the others. I realized that these Ladies' methods ensured complete obedience! And they handled us very securely, I had been locked up every second.... escape was simply not possible! The thought of what they would probably do if they caught me trying to escape, made me tremble with fright. I was too scared to even try to escape! I had been made a slave!

It grew dark. I occasionally heard women's' voices and footsteps, but they were just passing somewhere. We stood there, locked in our pillories. Except for occasional moans, we were silent. We knew what the punishment was for speaking without permission!

I heard cars start up, and drive away. I wondered if they opened the gate for themselves. The lights gradually went off in the house behind us. It was late at night. I had been expecting to be released from the pillory, but clearly we had been left here for the night. I sighed and tried to make the best of it. I clearly could not sleep. I was able to doze, half awake and half asleep.

At last, it started to grow light. I heard the other slaves start to stir, groaning and coughing, but not speaking. After several hours, the Lady who had removed our chastity devices came out, and went down the line of pillories, locked the chastity devices back on each slave in turn. When she came to me, I still had an erection. She had a small ice pack with her, which she wrapped around my erect cock. My erection immediately started to ease. She took the ice pack off. My erection immediately started to return.

"You really are horny, aren't you?" she said. "But I can deal with that!"

She took a small leather whip from her belt, about 10 inches long, and lashed my cock. It stung like hell! My erection faded rapidly! When I was soft enough, she quickly locked my Kali bracelet back on, before my erection could return. When her hands touched my cock, my erection started to come back again, but now the Kali was on, and started to do its painful work. My erection vanished immediately. "If you don't get any black marks, you will be allowed to wank next Sunday" she said. "For one minute! Would you like that, slave?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" I said. She walked away, leaving me helpless. I looked down and tried to put her out of my mind. I desperately needed to wank! Now the KTB was back on, I had to try not to think about sex.

After another hour, Ladies started to come back to collect the different slaves. They put each man back in wrist and ankle shackles, and led him away, with a shock baton held ready for his balls. Every slave was completely obedient and docile as he was led away. They all knew that escape was totally impossible, and any disobedience would only earn them a shock on their balls, and undoubtedly a black mark also. I realized that the women here had developed methods which held their slaves inescapably under absolute discipline.

Finally, my supervising Lady came for me. She briefly checked my Kali bracelet was locked in place, then inspected my buttocks.

She sighed as she inspected my buttocks. "That was a hard strapping! I hope you have learned your lesson! You will be red and sore for the rest of the week! Monica is very good with the strap!"

She stroked my cheek. You did very well, Peter, for your first time. It took three or four hard strokes to make you yell! I'm pleased! I like men who try to take their punishment bravely! I'm proud to be your supervisor, Peter. And all the Ladies thought you did so well. They are all talking about you".

"But don't think that this means I'm going to be easy on you, Peter! I maintain strict discipline! I won't hesitate to order an extra strapping for you, for the slightest infringement of the rules! You would be wise not to test me on this!"

"I'm going to put you back in shackles now. But look at this first. Remember that I'll use it if I need to!" She took the shock baton from her belt, and pressed it between my legs, against my balls. I moaned. She laughed and clipped it back on

her belt. I would never dare resist her whilst she had that, and she knew it! And I could never be disobedient, ever again, now I knew what the strap felt like!

She unlocked my wrists from the pillory. I stiffly moved my arms, able to move them for the first time in hours. "Hands behind your back, please!" She handcuffed me tightly with practiced ease. She was obviously very used to handcuffing men. My ankles were next released from the stocks and the shackles put back on, tightly. Finally, when I was cuffed and shackled, the upper beam was unlocked and my neck was released. I could finally stand upright again. It was the reverse of the method she used to put me in the pillory. I realized that the procedure was designed to keep me totally helpless at all times. I was never free, even for an instant.

Chapter 7 - The Cravat

I was marched back the way I had come the following day, back to the gate. When we stopped, I immediately knelt on the grass, as was expected. My steel collar was closed around my neck, and then padlocked. My handcuffs and shackles were at last removed.

“There. You are safely back on your chain again! You’ll be here on your chain all week. You can spend the week thinking about your next punishment. I’ll think of you here, Peter, on your chain, while I’m taking my bath. It will give me a lot of pleasure, I assure you. But I’ll be sure to be back here next Sunday morning, to take you for strapping again! I don’t want you to miss that! I really enjoyed watching you being strapped today. Some men are better to watch than others. Most new slaves are such wimps when they first feel the strap! You were really very good! You endured bravely! We value slaves like you! I’ve heard that some of the more sadistic Ladies said they considered bringing you to their rooms, even after your very first strapping. You are getting quite a fan club! Quite my little strapping boy! But let me caution you: if you ever get taken to a Lady’s room afterwards, don’t expect it’s for consolation: it will be for private torture! All ladies here are sadists, but some have unusual and extreme torture methods, which they enjoy using in private on selected boy-toys! I assure you, they will be completely merciless, if they get you alone in their rooms! You really don’t want to find out about that!” She laughed.

She continued. “This week, I want to see you do your job well, with no errors” the Lady said. “You don’t want extra strokes next Sunday, do you?”

“No, Ma’am” I said, kneeling I meant it. I could not possibly take any extra strapping! I could not even bear the regular 20! I had to escape somehow, before next Sunday!

“Then learn to be a good slave. This is your life now. There is no escape from your chain. So get used to being a slave, and make the best of it. Get used to being on a chain, because this is how you’ll be kept from now on. It will be better for you, if you don’t fight this. You saw that most of the other slaves didn’t get any extra punishment, didn’t you? They all were headstrong, powerful, disobedient men, when they first arrived here, and they all needed extra punishments for the first week or two. But the strap quickly made them change! They are all very good

slaves now! Every one! That's how I want you to be! If you are good all week, you'll only get twenty strokes next Sunday, and if you have no black marks, you'll be allowed to masturbate for a few minutes. Won't that be a nice treat? I'll leave you to think about it! Think about the strap! Have a good week, boy!"

She walked back to the house, carrying the shackles with her. I was left on my chain. I knew by now that I could not get off my chain. I was here for the week. Then another strapping! I could not bear it! But I couldn't do anything about it. Nothing at all!

The day passed slowly. I had nothing to do that day. I saw Ladies walking in the distance, from time to time, but none needed the gate opened. I was given scraps and a bowl of water at midday. Apart from that, I was totally ignored. I ate all the scraps, every piece. I was able to catch some extra rainwater in my bowl when some showers came through, and I tried to use this to wash. But there wasn't enough, and I simply ended up smearing the dirt over myself. I had no mirror, but I knew I must look awful. I was dirty. I was naked. I smelled. I had a week's beard. My hair was matted and filthy from sleeping on the ground.

In the late afternoon, I saw my Supervisor Lady coming back towards me. She was carrying something that looked like a set of metal bars. I knelt and kept my eyes down on the ground.

"You will spend a night in the Cravat, Peter, as I promised last week. Then you will have expunged your tardiness, and you will have a new chance to be a good slave. Sit down on the grass, please".

I sat down gingerly. My buttocks were heavily bruised.

The metal bars had a collar which closed around my neck, then other bars closed around my wrists about 12" below my chin. The bars then extended down my ankles and closed around them. A single padlock by my ankles locked the bars closed. I was held rigidly in a sitting position, with a steel bar extending from my neck to my wrists to my ankles. It was very restrictive, but didn't seem too bad. I had been afraid it would have been some kind of torture device.

She locked the padlock, then stood up. "You will stay in the Cravat tonight. I'll let you out in the morning. Are you comfortable so far?"

“Yes, I’m comfortable, Ma’am” I answered.

She laughed. “I think you will not say that in another hour, Peter. And you have all night! I’ll see you in the morning! Have a good night!”

She walked back to the house, leaving me locked in the Cravat. I sat where she had left me. I quickly found I could not move.

After 30 minutes, I found it was getting irritating to be held so rigidly in position. I wanted to move arms, but I couldn’t. I also wanted to scratch my nose, but I couldn’t do that either. My bottom was getting uncomfortable from sitting on the same rough grass. I found I couldn’t move much at all. My discomfort got slowly worse. After a few hours I was moaning, and struggling against the rigid metal bars. The discomfort got worse and worse. By morning, I was moaning with agony. I had not been able to move for ten hours.

At last, I saw her coming back. I was on the point of begging for release, but managed to stop myself from speaking. I knew that was forbidden!

She stopped a few yards in front of me, and smiled down at me.

“Still here, I see! And just as I left you! You haven’t moved at all, have you! How do you feel now, Peter? Still comfortable?”

“No, Ma’am....this is agony now!! Please.....let me out! Please!” I moaned.

“Yes, it is agony, isn’t it! The Cravat is a delightful punishment I think! It’s gentle at first, and builds up gently. But you have done your time. Let’s get you out of it.”

She unlocked the padlock, and the whole device immediately released me from its iron grip. I was so thankful. I knelt and kissed her shoes.

“There, there, Peter! Back to your gate duties, please! Be a good slave from now on! You know the alternative now! It’s your own choice whether you are good, or not!”

I crawled back to the gate, my chain dragging in the grass. She picked up the Cravat, and walked back to the house. I so longed to touch her. But she had left me chained.

Chapter 8 - I Settle into My Life as A Slave

The following week passed slowly. As she said, I was left on my chain, ignored by everybody, the entire week. I seriously wanted to get off my chain. I had spent hours examining every link of my chain. Every link was securely welded. I had carefully explored my collar, and the padlock, with my fingers. They were heavy steel, with no possible way to get them off. The chain was attached to a heavy steel ring, which was bolted into a huge stone block at the end of the wall, by the gate. There was no escape from the chain. They had made sure I could not escape!

I was left to spend the week totally naked, on my chain. I had at most one gate-opening to do each day, and I did them as efficiently as I could. I did not dare get another punishment. Most days I had absolutely nothing to do. I just waited, a slave, on my chain.

The next Sunday, I was taken back to the pillories again. This time I only had twenty strokes. When I say 'only', I simply mean I didn't get additional strokes. I was allowed one minute to masturbate, in full view of the ladies. Then I got twenty strokes from the black bitch with her leather strap. The twenty strokes were still absolute agony, and left me weeping with pain. But at least I didn't get seventy, as one of the other poor slaves did.

As I stood locked in my pillory, listening to his screams and watching the ladies laughing as he was strapped, I resolved yet again to be a perfect slave! I would be content to live on my chain! I would be completely docile and respectful and obedient! I realized that the Ladies here had perfected a method of converting men into total slaves! They used good heavy chains and regular hard strappings! After experiencing the chain, and a good hard strapping in the pillory, none of us would ever intentionally be disobedient, ever again! We each knew we could not ever get off our chain! And we each knew the consequences of not being good! We had all been made into total slaves. Even me.

I think I spent almost three months on my chain by the gate. I lost track of the exact date, but it must have been about three months. I gradually grew very lean and fit. I did have extra strokes on two occasions, by being too slow with the gate.

In my opinion, the two ladies who accused me of being slow, were unreasonable, but I had to accept the punishment. I was simply informed that I would get extra strokes. I was not asked to speak, so I had to accept in silence.

After three or four months, the summer was ending, and I was moved, escorted in tight shackles, to indoor barn work. In the barn, before my shackles were removed, I was padlocked into an even heavier collar, with an even heavier chain. My new chain was longer, about 30 feet long. Heavy thick steel links. There was no escape from this chain. The end of my chain ended in a thick steel ring that slid on a horizontal steel beam bolted to one wall of the barn. I could move along the entire barn on my chain, by sliding the ring along the beam. The steel beam did not extend to the door however, and my chain pulled me up just short of the door. The windows were set high in the wall, and were heavily barred.

My supervisor visited me in the Barn. She gestured to me, to stop work. I immediately ran and knelt before her, the closest to her that my chain would let me. I missed her! She had been strict, but decent. She had been kind to me. I respected her.

She stood before me. I knelt naked, chained, at her feet. I so wanted to touch her. But I dared not. She passed her hand through my hair.

“I’ve come to say goodbye, dear Peter. We must all move on. You could only be our gate slave for a short time. We need our slaves for harder work, to keep the farm going. I managed to get you transferred to a chain in the Barn. I hope you are grateful. The Barn is much easier work than work the fields! You would not like being a chained slave in the fields! You have a new supervisor now. You must obey her as you would me. I hope you don’t think I was too cruel with you. I was strict, as I had to be. But you endured so well! I was proud to be your supervisor. We have a new slave coming tomorrow, and I will put him on the gate, on your old chain. But I wish I still had you! Goodbye, dear Peter.”

She turned and left me. I think she was crying.

My new supervisor was a heavy set blond. She dressed in black leather, and always carried a short, black single tail whip. She liked to use it, hard, whenever she had the slightest reason. It hurt like hell! I disliked her immediately, and she disliked me.

I spent all that winter in the barn, on my new chain, alongside the five other slaves who were already working there when I arrived. The other slaves kept their eyes down and did not stop their work as my collar was fitted and padlocked. We were not allowed to talk to each other. Each of us were naked, collared, and secured to the same steel beam, by an individual long, heavy chain. I saw that each of the other slaves also had an IRS number tattooed on his right buttock. I was so glad they hadn't tattooed me. I guessed that they could not do that for me, since my Contract was only for 12 months. I certainly would not ask for any time extensions! I would be so happy when my 12 months were up and I finally got out of here!

We spent our days on manual labor, mostly threshing wheat, tying straw into bales, and similar work. No thought or skill was needed, just brute strength. We worked naked. We were not allowed tools, so it all had to be done by pure manual labor, with our hands. It was hard, mind-numbing, primitive work of absolute boredom. It probably could have been done by a machine, or by using modern tools, much faster and easier. But the Ladies liked to use slave labor, and it clearly amused them to work us, chained, like animals.

Our supervisor wrote our daily and weekly work quotas on a blackboard on the end wall each morning. She then inspected us. She then made us kneel and kiss her boots as she stood before each of us, in turn. She enjoyed making us do that. My first tentative kissing was rewarded with severe lash from her short whip. It was agony! I immediately kissed her shiny boot fervently, licking and kissing, kissing and licking. She laughed, then passed on to the next slave. After that, I always kissed her boots very, very well. The whip bitch. That is what I started to call her. The name fitted her perfectly. She was exactly that. A blond whip bitch. A vicious bitch, with a whip. With six chained male slaves to whip, just as much as she liked.

After we started work in the morning, the whip bitch mostly left us alone in the Barn. She looked in on us during the day, at unpredictable times, sometimes opening the Barn door, and sometimes using a small peephole in the door. We never knew when we were being watched, so we felt we were being watched all the time. There was no need to supervise us more, since we were each on our chains. If we were not working when she looked in on us, we would have extra strokes. No excuses were accepted or even allowed to be presented. There was no real need to check that we were working. None of us would dare break a rule,

and if we failed to complete our daily and weekly quotas we would have extra strokes.

We worked in silence, naked, on our chains, hour after endless hour. Speaking was forbidden. None of would risk getting caught talking. Even if one of us had spoken, I suspect the others would have reported him to the whip bitch, in the hope of some reward. Good luck to that! Personally, I couldn't ever imagine the whip bitch ever showing any kindness, not to any man, anyway.

We were her chained male animals. We were all wonderful examples of men, physically. I felt strong and healthy. The work and diet had made my body supremely vigorous and healthy. The Company had at least kept that promise to me. But I was not a man. Not a real man. I was chained. I was a slave. A slave to the whip bitch.

At about midday the whip bitch would bring us a bucket with assorted scraps. She would dump the scraps in a stone depression, and our water in a trough beside it. We had to wait until she tapped us on the shoulder, and then we were each allowed to eat and drink in turn. She enjoyed having six strong men completely under her control. And she had her favorites. She allowed her favorites to eat first, and get the best scraps. I was always allowed to eat last. We had to drink from the trough like animals, and had to eat like animals, with our hands clasped behind our backs. We were kept completely naked on our chains, like animals, and strictly allowed no articles or possessions.

After eating, she allowed us to rest for about 30 minutes, and also to relieve ourselves at open concrete lavatory stalls in the corner, then wash at the water trough. She watched us as we did this. We were allowed no privacy. Apart from the mid-day break, we were worked nonstop, from dawn to dusk. Raw materials for our work, corn and straw, and sometimes other root vegetables, were dumped in at one end of the barn by the field slaves, and our completed products were passed out the same way, through a hatch that was immediately relocked.

We had a preset quota of work to accomplish each week. We were punished if we were seen to stop work without permission. And all of us got twenty extra strokes on Sunday, if we collectively failed to meet our weekly work quota. So we all worked very hard.

We were kept on our chains at all times, except when we were taken out in shackles on Sunday to stand in the pillories and receive our weekly strapping.

We were all very good slaves! We had no choice! Only rarely did one of us get more than 20 strokes. When we did, it was always due to back luck, not intentional disobedience. One of us would occasionally have put down some work, to pick up another piece, and would be unlucky enough to have the whip bitch look in, at just that instant. That unlucky man would get fifty strokes extra, for supposedly stopping work without permission. The weekly regular 20 strokes were unbearable, and to get an extra 50 was too awful to contemplate. So none of us dared ever break any rule. We had all been powerful strong-willed men in our previous lives, but now we were each on a chain, and had all been turned into very good slaves. Slaves of the whip bitch. I so hated the whip bitch. I wanted my old supervisor again! And I so wanted to get off my chain! I would have done anything, anything at all, for any Lady who would unlock my collar!

At nights, when the whip bitch had closed and locked the heavy Barn door for the night, and had turned the lights off, we were left to sleep on our chains, naked, as best we could. Normally this wasn't a problem as we usually had plenty of straw in the barn, and could slide our chains up and down the beam to find a place to sleep. So we each found separate places to sleep. I found a place at the far end of the barn, and huddled down in the straw, at the end of my chain. It was warm, and quite comfortable, once I got used to the feel of the straw on my bare skin. Definitely better than sleeping out in the open, by the gate.

We never talked to each other. Talking was not allowed at any time, and none of us would take any risk of being punished. I thought about having sex with my guard almost all the time. She was the only woman I ever saw, and she was very erotic, in her powerful way. I am personally not into sex with men, and I don't think any of the others were either. But sex was impossible between us anyway, since we were each locked into our chastity devices. I could not even masturbate, and I don't think the others could either. My lack of masturbation meant that I was permanently horny, and my dreams were always full of sex. It didn't help my dreams to have the whip bitch charge of me. She was a really good looking woman, even if she was a whip bitch. I both hated her, and had erotic dreams about her.

I spent the first night carefully feeling my collar, the padlock, and each of the links of my chain, using my fingers in the darkness, hoping to find some weakness. I did this quietly, after dark, because I didn't want the other slaves to see this. They might have reported me to the whip bitch, in the hope of some better treatment themselves. I would not have blamed them. I would have turned them in too, in an instant, if I thought that might get me in the favor of the whip bitch. I would have happily listened to their screaming, as they got their extra strokes, if I thought that might get me spared a few strokes.

I quickly found that the heavy padlock was securely locked, and there was no way to slip the steel collar. And the thick links of the chain had no weaknesses. I was securely chained! I knew I could never get off my new chain, any more than I could my old chain.

I could never get off the chain, that was obvious. I realized I had no alternative but to be a good slave. I knew the rules here were absolute, and were strictly enforced. I knew what the alternative was, to not being a good slave.

After the first day and night in the barn, I knew I had no hope of getting off my new chain. It was just as secure as my old one. I was chained, until one of the Ladies would choose to unlock me. And that did not seem very likely. I was a slave, on a chain. I resigned myself to having to complete my 12 months contract. I thought about the contract I had signed: I could not remember the exact words, but I was pretty sure that it specified that I could leave after 12 months. I was almost clear about that, although it's true I was hazy about the other details. Or, did it say I 'might' have to stay longer??? Wasn't there something in the contract about time extensions? I couldn't quite remember! And the Contract had been written in that confusing style that lawyers use. I prayed that I only had to endure 12 months, and then I prayed that I would be let off my chain. I so wished I had read the contract!

Chapter 9 - My Twelve Months Are Completed

One afternoon, in the spring, I was working in the barn as usual, when the dark-haired Lady from the Main Office came in. Ms. Wilson, I remembered her name was. She was accompanied by the whip bitch. I was very surprised. I had not seen Ms. Wilson since I signed the contract. I naturally kept working, and did not look up at her. That would have been punished. The rules were always strictly enforced.

The Ladies approached us. We all knelt immediately, our eyes down on the floor. We were good slaves now.

The other slaves were ordered to go to the far end of the barn and continue their work there. They slid their chains to the end of the barn, and resumed work, keeping their eyes down. I knew they could not work at normal speed, not at that end of the barn. I broke out in a sweat. If we did not keep working, we could not possibly meet our daily work quota! That would mean extra strokes for all of us! But I could do nothing about it. I knelt and waited for instructions.

I was instructed to slide my chain towards the door, as far as the beam would allow, then kneel. I obeyed.

The office Lady spoke: "hello Peter. Do you remember me? Ms. Wilson? I signed you to your contract! I remember you well. You were an important executive then, but you were unhealthy! I see you are on a nice heavy chain now. That is as it should be. And you look much better now. You really look strong and healthy. Just like a real man should look. You look quite attractive, really. Not that I would ever consider a slave attractive, of course!" She flushed bright red.

She turned away for a while, then turned back to me. I had remained kneeling. My eyes were on the floor. But I could take very occasional glances upwards without being noticed. I was well experienced in the ways of a slave.

She walked up before me. I knelt before her, naked. I looked at the floor, waiting.

"I see you are well trained now! Our training methods work well on men! Do you like your work here, boy? It's hard, mindless work, on a chain, with strict strap discipline, as is best for males! Not too much intelligence needed, is there? We like males to have simple work! Men think they are so clever and superior! But

here, males do manual work! Women do the thinking here! It's the natural order!"

"But, I must get to business: I am here to review your contract extension, and to decide how to proceed. This is just routine. I have done this many, many times. It's all pretty well fixed by the terms of the Contract. I don't have much time today. But this need only takes a few minutes. Let's proceed. First, do you have anything to say regarding the extension of your Contract?"

She had asked me a question! Now I could speak! "Yes, Ma'am, I respectfully request to be released, if my 12 months are completed" I said politely.

I was so happy! It had been a long, hard 12 months, but at last it was over!

Ms. Wilson spoke icily. "I didn't ask about your release, Peter. Your off-the point response is an error! I will deal with that error in a few minutes! But first, answer my question, please!"

I shook with fear. I had made an error. She had asked a question, and I had used that as an excuse to say something off the topic. I knew she would have extra strokes for me!

"Ma'am, I do not wish to have a Contract extension, please, Ma'am" I said, as respectfully as I could. I was seething with rage inside.

"Thank you for your answer, Peter. But it is clear that you do not understand the terms of your contract, or you would not have said that. But your answer is understandable, since I recall that you didn't read your contract before signing it. I, however, understand your contract perfectly. We use exactly the same contract for all our slaves. I don't have time to explain it all to you, but I assure you I'm right. Very briefly, Clause 6 stated that you agreed to complete the initial 12-month period, and also any time extension. Clause 10 stated that the Company has the sole right to decide if any time extension should be implemented, and how long this should be. The only avenue for you to cancel the contract is with a phone call. I assume you haven't made a phone call? I'm afraid you foolishly signed a Contract which doesn't allow you any control, Peter. It's completely for the Company to decide how long you stay here! I did warn you to read the Contract before you signed it, didn't I?!"

I was silent. I kept my eyes down. I was angry. Of course I had not made a phone call! I was not allowed off my chain! How could I make a phone call! Yes, I had signed that damned agreement! But it was a cheat! They knew I would be chained and could not get to a phone! They had rushed me into signing it! I was being cheated! I longed to speak, but she had not asked me a question, so I could not speak. I had become a well-trained slave!

She looked down at me, then continued "I am informed that you have successfully lost 28 pounds since being admitted here. Since this is more than the guaranteed weight loss of 20lbs, your option to leave the program because of our Non-Performance is not available to you"

"Do you have anything else to say, before I make a decision?"

It was completely unfair, of course. But it sounded like I would have to serve some extended time! I could not bear the thought of this! I must find some legal recourse to stop this! I obviously needed a lawyer to help me!

"Please Ma'am, I wish to have a Lawyer to assist me" I said, trying to sound as respectful as possible. I knew that if she thought I was being disrespectful; I would be strapped. I shuddered at the thought.

She laughed. "What nonsense! You disappoint me. Perhaps your mind does not match your excellent body"

I flushed. I was very angry now. She was mocking me.

She continued. "You don't have anything, Peter! Just your collar! You are not a powerful executive anymore! Do you have money, Peter? Do you have access to a phone? You can cancel your contract if you can get to a phone! I think not! Do you really have anything, Peter, except your collar and your chain? Can you even masturbate?"

I was beside myself with anger, but I was chained. I forced myself to stay kneeling. "Yes, I have money" I said thickly "I can write a check". In my anger, I forgot to address her as 'Ma'am'. That was yet another offence! But luckily, she didn't seem to notice.

Ms. Wilson smiled. She paused. "Oh, Peter" she said. "That's another one". My heart sunk. She had caught my error. That meant another black mark! Another punishment!

She went on.

"I don't see any checkbook, Peter. Do you have a checkbook? We don't normally allow our slaves to have checkbooks! Or anything! Our slaves are allowed no possessions! We keep them completely naked! They only have their steel collars!"

They both laughed. I was boiling with anger now.

She continued "That's enough time-wasting. My decision is as follows: As Company representative, absent any legally-recognized action of Mr. Mann to terminate the contract, I choose to act on the contractual right of the Claimant per clause 14 to implement a time extension. I elect a permanent extension, as also specified by Clause 14. I also elect to make this disposition effective immediately. Further consideration of additional time extensions is obviously unnecessary. The disposition of this Contract is therefore concluded. No further contractual reviews will be made. The contract will continue as modified and now defined, in perpetuity. I declare this meeting is ended".

I was totally amazed. I was speechless at the unfairness of it all. I think that she had just consigned me to permanent slavery! This was NOT right!

I looked up at her. Yet another offence! I saw the whip bitch standing behind her, smiling broadly. She was enjoying this! She lifted her whip, and quietly pointed to it.

"Get your eyes down, slave!" Ms. Wilson said icily. "That your third offence, boy. Be assured that I will have you punished for each and very offence!"

"We have done here! You are now a permanent slave." Ms. Wilson turned to the whip bitch. "He's permanent now, so please get him registered with the IRS and have him tattooed with his slave number. And have his cock pierced and fitted with a locked chastity tube".

The whip bitch smiled. "Yes, Ma'am. I'll see to it immediately. With pleasure".

Ms. Wilson turned back to me. "As for you, Peter: I wish you well. My advice is to accept your situation, because there's really nothing else you can do. You will now be tattooed with your International Registry of Slaves (IRS) slave number. You will remain on your chain. I'll make a point of calling in here to see how you are doing, when I make my annual visit, next year".

The whip bitch was standing behind her, trying not to laugh out loud. She was looking right at me. Her right hand was stroking her short whip. I knew she was telling me that she would use it on me, just as soon as she had me alone.

Ms. Wilson turned to leave. At the door, she looked back. "Goodbye Peter. I will see that black marks are placed against your name in the punishment book. You will get your punishment for those on Sunday! Now you had better resume your work. I'm sure you don't want to fail to meet your daily work quota!".

I was now desperate. That Contract was completely unfair! I so wished I had read it before I signed it! And I now had three punishments coming! I could not possibly endure that many strokes, not from that strap! I had to get off this chain, somehow!

I called out "No! Please! Please Ms. Wilson...I beg you.... there must be some other way!" I had spoken without permission, but I was desperate. I got to my feet. I tried to move towards her, but of course my chain pulled me up short. I pulled madly at the padlocked steel collar, then the heavy chain. I had lost control of myself, but the chain ensured I was harmless.

The office Lady stood just a few feet in front of me, and watched me struggling with my chain. The whip bitch stood behind her. I could see the whip bitch was still trying not to laugh. That made me really really really angry!

They did not move. They knew I could not get off my chain. Panic and fear and anger rushed through me, all at the same time. I was not going to be released! They were going to keep me on this chain! I began panting with emotion, my face contorted with my emotions.

"You are cheating me!" I shouted. "Get me off this chain! Please! I must get off this chain!"

Ms. Wilson smiled at me. She seemed amused by my outburst. Suddenly I became afraid. I had lost control of myself! I had broken several rules! I fell back to my knees, and pressed my face to the floor. I trembled in fear now. I had made even more errors!

“Well, well” she said “That was a childish tantrum, wasn’t it? Not exactly what we expect from a good slave! You clearly aren’t yet a good slave, as you have been pretending, are you? But we know how to deal with slaves like you! You will be made into a good slave, whether you like it or not! A chain, and sufficient strapping, will make any man into a good slave, no matter how willful he is. And you are not any different to the others!”

She continued. “I counted at least four additional offences there! Four black marks! I will of course note them all in the punishment book!”

She looked down at me. “You will become a good slave, Peter, I assure you! And no, I’m not going to order you released from your chain. You will remain on your chain for the rest of your life.”

“You are now due for a very, very special strapping this Sunday! Very special! I think I will delay my return to Minneapolis, and watch you receive it! I think many Ladies will also want to see this! We’ll very much enjoy seeing you get your punishment! You have a really great spirit, Peter! But I’ve seen many other proud men brought here, and we made them all into slaves! The others were all arrogant and willful, when they arrived, just like you. But they are all now working here as good, docile slaves! A heavy chain and a good leather strap will make any man into a slave! And you will be made into a good slave, too!”

Now, get back to your work! Your supervisor will take care of you”.

The whip bitch smiled. “I’ll take good care of him, Ma’am” she said.

Ms. Wilson turned to the door, then paused and looked back and spoke to the whip bitch.

“I will attend his strapping this Sunday. And afterwards, I want him brought immediately to my private room”.