

Penis In Furs

by

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"Rule number one," said Lady Mistress Godiva. "Don't touch my ferret."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, kneeling naked in front of her, staring into the hypnotic laces snaking up her black patent boots.

"If you even think about touching my ferret," she said, "I'll knot that pale, scrawny, little, chicken-wrinkled cock of yours into a noose and hang you with it, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." My penis hardened from her threats alone. My penis craves threats. My penis would have forced me to agree to anything to be allowed to bask in her troubled, touchy, unpredictably violent glow. My penis is

shameless.

"If you are to be my slave, then your obedience will obviously be unconditional, unquestioning, and utterly complete."

I nodded, but she paid no attention. What more agreement was necessary beyond my eager presence?

"You're new, of course, so you'll need a safety phrase, something -- "

"Please don't sue me." I blurted out the phrase I'd used so often before with women.

She glared at my interruption.

I hung my head even more abjectly. My breath fogged the patent mirrors of her saliva-polished boots. "Forgive me. I'm a lawyer," I said, radiating shame.

There was a moment of silence, which stretched to two long years, then three longer ages. I balanced on the edge of despair, thinking she would refuse my slavery. I kept my head bowed, touching my forehead to her pointy, pointy boots.

She shifted her weight from one hip to the other, her boot leather crackling with a low, throaty crunch like my testicles being crushed by a lesbian, a sound I knew all too well.

"Look into my eyes," she finally said.

I looked up.

Mistress had shaved off all her hair, replacing it with waist-length steel wires implanted through her scalp and directly into her skull. She now possessed a head full of steel whips, clicking and tinkling like wind chimes in a coming thunderstorm. Steel devil's horns were implanted in her temples. Her eyebrows were gone as well, replaced by curving rows of two-inch-long steel spikes, also implanted into her skull. A single, four-inch spike as delicate as a hypodermic needle rose from between her eyebrow spikes. Steel blades, like rows of razors on-edge, were implanted in her cheeks. More spikes protruded from her sternum, clavicles, elbows and knuckles.

She had modified her body into a living instrument of punishment, a stainless-steel goddess, sharp-edged and spiked and honed, her every touch a torture.

I knew that body modifications were a tribal ritual, an attempt to bring the primitive to the surface, a search for meaning in our impersonal modern world, a --

-- oh, tolerance for alternative lifestyles be damned! She was stark, raving, bugfuck crazy, and I loved her for it; I loved her deadly barbs, her gleaming blades, her psychotic twitches, her obsessive bloodlust and every little idiosyncratic insanity in between. I wanted to

screw her implants in and out until they squeaked for mercy.

I looked into her eyes.

"I have to finish with another slave," she said.

"Wait here until I return."

"Yes, Mistress," I said. My penis wept for joy.

She pivoted, her steel hair swirling like a music box, and stalked to the door, grinding her heels into the fortunate carpet.

My mouth hung open, drool rappelling from my chin to the floor. I longed to lick my own blood from those heels.

"And remember," she said as she opened the door.

"Don't touch my ferret!"

I trembled under the impact of her words, my spine swaying like a feather with each breath.

She slammed the door, and I was alone, and I could only wish that my genitals had been caught between the door and the doorframe.

"Yes, Mistress," I said to no one.

She already knew me so well. In truth, I had thought about nothing but touching her ferret for months, ever since I had seen her picture on her website -- an animated, black-latex-clad fury lashing a hooded slave with the steel whips of her hair, more and more blood splattering across

the screen with each slash of her hair.

Daydreams about her furry crotch pet had hypnotized me in my office. Stray references to her lovely sleek pelt of sexual promise had found their way into my cross-examinations. Dreams of her magnificent ferrety patch, all nestly and warm between her legs like a mink-lined nutcracker, had soaked into my mattress every morning. I imagined her pubic coiffure, her glistening curls woven through with sharp-edged wires, a pad of steel wool in which to grind my naughty nose to a nub.

"Squee, squee."

I heard a faint squeak, and I noticed a doggie-door was installed in the dungeon, and was still swinging back and forth after my Mistress' exit. I longed for her command to crawl through that door, even though it seemed much too small for any slave. I knew, however, how powerful my desire to please Mistress Godiva already was. And I knew that failure to negotiate the door would only provoke Mistress into punishing me. My penis lived to provoke punishment.

Certainly I had been to other Mistresses in my life. Reichsfuhrer Ilsa von Stern had nailed my scrotum to a block of wood and then set the block of wood on fire and then given me nothing but a fire-ax with which to free

myself; or to do anything else I thought might be appropriate to do with a fire-ax in that situation.

And Baroness Cassandra Whippington-Kane had suspended me upside-down by my testicles and then catheterized me and forced me to urinate down a hose into my own nose.

And Dragon Mistress Midori Innakuchikuchi had pierced my penis-head with a knitting needle and hung half-a-dozen cinderblocks from the needle and commanded me to perform jumping jacks on a bare metal box-spring to which she applied electrical current while simultaneously flicking droplets of hydrochloric acid on me with her six-inch-long blood-red fingernails; but these things were just the simple application of pain. None had transformed their bodies into the pain itself, as Mistress Godiva had done.

"Squee, squee."

I heard the squeak again, louder this time, but the doggie-door had long since stopped swinging.

"Squee, squee."

I looked around. The dungeon was lit by nothing but red candles. The walls were covered in black leather, with ring-bolts every few feet to chain slaves. A massive wooden rack crouched in one corner, a St. Andrews cross in another. Black leather straps and whips swirled like sadistic graffiti on the walls, with buckled harnesses in

between spread like black blood-splatter. A gynecological table was piled high with illegal, vaguely Stalinist medical equipment: something that looked like a shark's mouth made out of steel; gleaming, snaggle-toothed, chrome catheters like forceps gone feral; and a strange device made from a collection of spiked wheels, gears, claws, jaws, ratchets, buckles, blades and dangling electrical connections like a tumor removed from a robot.

And there, in the furthest corner of all, I saw a collection of small cages, too small for even the most contortionist slave.

"Squee, squee."

I heard a rustling sound in one of the cages. I shuffled on my knees to the corner and looked inside.

"Squee, squee."

A ferret.

And then I realized: Mistress had meant for me not to touch her actual ferret, not her glorious female euphemism ferret. I laughed, because not touching her actual ferret would be no problem at all. What sane man, after all, would want to touch a ferret? Ferret-touching was nowhere on my list of sexual experimentations to experience. No, I would absolutely never, ever, in a million billion years, touch an actual ferret.

And yet --

And yet why would Mistress think it necessary to tell me specifically not to touch her ferret? True, a Mistress knew a slave better than the slave knew himself in some ways; but as far as I knew, I harbored no secret proclivities for ferret-touching. I had certainly never touched a ferret before.

The ferret squinked and squinched its nose at me, and I stared back, mesmerized. It made little huffing noises as it examined my scent. Old Spice. Mistresses had always come to appreciate the scent of my Old Spice.

Was Mistress testing me? I considered my situation. I was here to be punished, so logic dictated that I needed to do something worthy of punishment. Mistresses craved disobedience as much as I craved punishment, and I always managed to do the wrong thing around women. So I was clearly expected to do the wrong thing now. In fact, I had to do the wrong thing. It was the only right thing to do, and in this case the wrong thing was touching the ferret.

Why else would she have specifically warned me not to touch her ferret, unless she actually wanted me to touch her ferret? The logic was clear and inescapable. I had to touch the ferret.

The ferret backed away into the far corner of its

cage.

Ah, but no simple touching would do. For bad punishment, bad touching was necessary. Fortunately, there were many devices completely devoted to the practice of bad touching hanging all around me: cold-steel extreme puncturey things; involuntarily invasive inflatable sucking latex things; and full 360-degree rotating ratchety clickety clackety exsanguinating things.

But -- how best to bad-touch a ferret?

My penis quickly formed a cunning plan. I grabbed two leather wrist-cuffs, then unlatched the cage.

The ferret hissed like five pounds of mean wrapped in fur. It hunched and coiled in its corner. It bared its needle-like teeth.

I flung the cage open.

If I had known then what I know now, I would have reasoned to myself in the following manner: one must have determination and commitment and a fire in the belly in order to bad-touch a ferret. One must have a plan, and a back-up plan, and a back-up plan for the back-up plan, at least one of which should not have been formulated by one's penis. In other words -- one must really think things through before flinging open a ferret's cage.

But most importantly, one must absolutely, positively,

without question, wear thick anti-ferret gloves, a riot shield, and a Kevlar face-visor; and one should preferably not be naked; and of course one should wear a steel cod-piece.

The ferret was fast, uncooperative, irascible, motivated, and it had a very highly developed sense of its own sacred personal space.

Blood flew everywhere, like I'd thrust my hands into a predatory meat-blender. Blood rained against my chest, my face, my penis, as if Jackson Pollack had exploded all over me. My penis, of course, only grew harder, wagging like a veined, pulsating pendulum as I applied a death-grip to the wiggling, boneless, whipsawing ferret. I hauled the ferret from its cage, pinned it to the table, and wrapped it in the wrist-cuffs, drawing the straps tight around its body. I then hooked one of the wrist-cuffs' O-rings around one of the telescoping stirrups extended from the corner of the gynecological table.

Then we stared at each other again. Me -- bleeding, panting, hard. She -- dangling in the wrist-cuffs.

Oh, I had discovered that the ferret was a she, when, during our struggle, my thumb had inadvertently entered her sacred personal -- well, suffice it to say that the bad-touching had already begun.

The ferret swung and twisted, trussed in her black leather cocoon.

I had enough blood left in my body either to keep my brain oxygenated, or to keep my penis hard. My penis naturally stayed hard.

I held a pair of spring-operated nipple clamps in front of the ferret's face. Her tiny eyes stared at the gigantic silver bad-touching device. Finding the ferret's nipples was difficult, but I tongued my way through her silky breast fur until I found them. I had to loosen one of her straps to apply the clamps, but finally I tweezed the tiny nubbins between the steel jaws.

The ferret's shrieking and thrashing promised much punishment from Mistress later. Then I noticed that the ferret had a second pair of nipples, so I screwed a second pair of nipple-clamps onto her, and then a third, and then a fourth. The ferret was a cornucopia of nipples, all now draped with enough hardware and chains for a Judas Priest backstage party.

I giggled with glee for the punishment that eight tortured ferret-nipples would bring down upon my head.

Then I spread the ferret's hind legs, and new vistas of bad-touching opened before my eyes. I continued to lose blood, and I think it was right about then, as I moved on

to the next phase of bad-touching, that my good judgment deserted me.

A word of caution: never menace a ferret with a speculum, because she will not be intimidated, not even if it looks like Hitler's own specially designed speculum for his personal playtime with Eva Braun.

The ferret practically vibrated with radioactive fury. And somehow -- probably because I had loosened her restraints too much in order to access her nipples and euphemism -- somehow the ferret squirmed free. I was woozy. I should have used duct tape, but my penis' irrational fear of duct tape prevented it.

I think I began to hallucinate from blood loss. The ferret broke free and launched herself at my face, and I had a flashback to my recurring nightmare of being chased by a vicious, predatory, flying, four-legged, free-range, fanged and disembodied vagina with a mind of its own.

"No, Mrs. Roosevelt! Please, God, no!" I shrieked, as I always did in my nightmares. And then I froze, allowing the squeaking vagina-substitute to do its worst. Nipple-clamps and chains slapped me in the mouth, splitting my lip. Claws gouged my eyes like hat-pins. Teeth pierced my tongue with no regard whatsoever for appropriate city licenses or proper sterilization procedures.

I flailed and fell over backwards. By the time I had stopped screaming and urinating, the ferret was gone, but at least my Old Spice had done its usual fine job of covering the shaming stench of my incontinence. I thought I heard a scraping of nipple-clamp chains along the floor from somewhere in the dark corners of the room.

"Come on, therret, therret, therret," I cooed, despite swollen lips and a split tongue. "Come on out. No one's going to hurt you."

Chains rattled to my right, perhaps behind the St. Andrew's cross.

I patted the floor in search of the speculum with one hand, all the while keeping my eyes on the dark corner. Blood stung my eyes. Blood filled my mouth. "Doeth the therret wanna play park the speculum in the hanger?" I slurred. I reached between my legs and grabbed something which I thought at first was the lost speculum, but which turned out to be my penis. I was thus momentarily distracted when the ferret rushed me, bared fangs white in the candlelight, chains whipping like steel rattlesnakes across the floor. I threw my hands in front of my face.

The ferret charged with a high-pitched ululating war-cry, and she got to my penis even faster than I did upon the arrival of a new Victoria's Secret catalog in the mail.

Teeth and claws clamped to my genitals like a pair of furry novelty testicle-clamps.

I collapsed onto my back, gulping a stunned scream into my stomach. My penis hummed and glowed red from the voluptuous pain. I heard a chorus of chittering squeaks, and a torrent of ferrets rushed through the doggie-door, all summoned by their companion, who was still tightly clamped onto my genitals. All the sharp portions of the new ferrets were aimed straight for my genitals as well. A second ferret slammed into my penis and stuck like a burr, then a third like Velcro, then a fourth like gum in my hair, then a fifth like gum slathered in Velcro, and then a sixth, a seventh, an eighth, and on and on. One burrowed like a diamond-drill-tipped French tickler up my rectum, teeth ripping my tender anal flesh like -- like -- a diamond-drill-tipped French tickler ripping into a watermelon's tender anus. I sprouted ferrets like a strange sexually transmitted fungus.

Too late I realized that these ferrets were trained in strangury: the ancient oriental art of erotic genital strangulation. I tried to pull one off of me, but they constricted en masse like a precision-trained drill team of S&M ferrets. They twisted my penis at its root like a balloon animal.

My penis only grew harder, the pain tipping me towards the edge of orgasm.

I dry-humped the clot of ferrets, but they utterly frustrated my every twitchy attempt at ejaculation. The pressure of my obstructed semen built up until I tasted semen rising at the back of my throat, until my vision became cloudy from the back-pressure of semen in my body, until beads of semen-sweat broke out on my forehead.

My penis swelled to twice its normal size. Semen and blood were forced to mix inside as uneasily as Democrats and Republicans. My hips thrust rhythmically to the bossa nova beat of little ferret hearts. I spasmed inside the interwoven knot of ferrets, but my semen was jammed inside my penis like a knitting needle made of semen jammed inside my penis.

My spine snapped and snapped, flailing my penis like the tip of a bullwhip, but still nothing escaped. My brain drowned in a froth of frustrated orgasms, a degenerating spiral of prolonged pain and deferred pleasure that I feared could only end in at least one of my heads exploding.

And then Lady Mistress Godiva returned.

I lay at her feet, my butt helplessly clenching, my hips thrusting spasmodically, bouncing my genital region on

the floor like an impotent man masturbating on a trampoline as my shameless penis desperately tried to disgorge its massive load. My semen surged and stopped dead, surged and stopped dead, but the follow-on ejaculate didn't get the message. Sperm stampeded for my pee-hole, sperm trampling sperm in their stunted rush to procreate, a million sperm, all crushed in the doorway to festival seating, unable to get through.

Mistress inspected me for a moment, one perfect steel eyebrow arched. "You're wearing fur boxers?" she said, and she rolled her eyes. "Well, whatever."

I opened my mouth to speak, but the furball chittered and contracted around me, so that I felt like a bidet being sat upon and plugged by an incredibly hairy butt.

"Wait a second," said Mistress, her voice low, as her eyes became accustomed to the candlelight. "Are those my ferrets?" She frowned, her face gleaming with spikes and blades, glittering like the inside of a cuisinart.

My mouth opened and closed like a guppy, but nothing came out except bubbly saliva.

The first ferret stuck her head out of my crotch at the sound of her Mistress' voice, then scampered up into Mistress' arms like mink-lined mercury.

"I thought I told you not to touch my ferret?" said

Mistress, stroking the ferret, but never taking her eyes off me.

The mass of ferrets quivered at the sound of her voice, their hearts fluttering against my hyper-sensitive penile skin like butterflies with razors for wings.

I opened my mouth again, to apologize, to explain, to abjectly beg forgiveness, to --

"Ferrets! Crush!" Mistress screamed the command like Xena Warrior Princess, and the ferrets obeyed.

I gagged, as if expelling a hair-ball. My ears popped. My anus bled -- but I think that that was actually from an unrelated condition.

"Don't you remember what I told you would happen if you touched my ferret?" said Mistress.

I couldn't speak, my tongue lolling out of my mouth. I nodded, but I didn't remember. I lied. I couldn't help myself. I still craved punishment. I am pathetic.

"Ferrets! Noose!" she cried, again like Xena, or perhaps Wonder Woman, or even Eleanor Roosevelt.

The ferrets instantly stretched and pulled and twisted and manipulated and masticated my penis around and around and around itself and over itself and under itself and through the loop of itself again and again and then jerked everything tight once, twice, three times, into a shape

which I could not see, but which felt exactly like a noose.

My penis cracked like splintering wood. I knew it was broken. I knew poor Franklin Delano would never spurt again.

Mistress stood over me, booted legs spread to either side of my head. She released the ferret that she cradled in her arms back onto my crotch. She stood, hands on hips, and smiled down on me, a smile filled with incisors, each one of her teeth filed to a sparkling white point. It was the first time she had ever smiled in my presence.

"I told you not to touch my ferret," she said.

"Ferrets! Mercy!"

The ferrets eased their pressure slightly, and my thrusting penis was able to weep a single, pure, creamy, iridescent pearl of semen, the juice of dreams, which pushed its way out like a mailed fist; which hesitated tremblingly at the tip of my penis for an all-too-brief moment; and which then popped like God's own amyl nitrate. I experienced a rush like every other orgasm I had ever had in my entire life had been nailed together in a ball and stuffed back through my penis and body and brain.

The pain!

Oh, the beautiful, ribbed, soothing, massaging, scented, relaxing, frothing, paralyzing, despairing,

therapeutic, sub-zero, dehumanizing, ecstatic pain. I became nothing but orgasm without release, each caged sperm a thrashing barb, floating in nothingness, the tip of my penis poised with perfect delicate torture between an infinite needle and a universal feather.

I stopped breathing. My heart stopped beating. Time stopped, until a second drop of semen began to shoulder its way out of my penis like a three-penny nail giving birth to a litter of straight pins.

"Ferrets! Crush!" cried Lady Mistress Godiva.

The second pearl was sucked back into my penis with a slurp like sloppy utter despair. My body shivered uncontrollably, an overheating pump of flesh in exquisite agony like a million shards of delicate translucent porcelain ripping bloody furrows along the entire inside length of my penis.

I summoned up all my remaining will-power. "Please don't sue me," I drooled, thinking I meant it, but Mistress only laughed.

"Ferrets! Mercy!" she cried. Her dark eyes sparkled, reflecting shards of candlelight, and it seemed as if I could see all the way inside her brain; as if I could see the firing of her rabid neurons crazed with bloodlust. Her serrated smile dripped blood, and maybe it was just a trick

of the candlelight, but I saw the gaping, fanged, vaginal maw of my nightmares made flesh.

She bent over me and swung her head, lashing my chest with her steel hair, raking up blood from my body and spraying it across the walls. The strands swirled around her head, clinking like a crystal chandelier shivering in orgasm.

I realized then that there could be no safety phrases between us.

"Ferrets! Crush!" she snarled, cranking her body up and down, swinging her head in a circle, flailing her hair across my body again and again like a buzz-saw warbling through the air.

Before the mother-of-pearl meniscus of my next secreted drop could even hope to be burnished by the candlelight, the mink tourniquet snapped shut again with the sound of a hundred tiny teeth clicking like handcuff ratchets. I wept joyous tears of blood as I felt the transcendent oneness of sexual compatibility with all living things envelop me. I realized with the horrible finality of a Night Gallery episode that I was to be milked one slow, excruciating, ecstatic drop of semen at a time, like a serial penile amputation.

She was without a doubt totally and completely stark

raving bugfuck crazy, and I loved her more than ever.

She made my torturous orgasm last a month, and I think she could have made it last a year, while she taught me exactly what it was like to be well-hung; and when it was over, I gladly paid extra for the ferrets.

- The End -