

The Chair: Part 1

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1 The Chair: Part 1

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Introduction

“John,” the warden said, “I am impressed, Mike was a discipline problem all five years. Twelve months of supervised release with you have done wonders.” The warden was looking over a well groomed, and well behaved, young white-man.

“Thanks warden,” I responded, “the real test will be how he does in the real world.”

The warden paused for a moment and then looked over at a shackled 18 year-old prisoner sitting in the corner. “This one should be a challenge,” the warden said referring to Timothy.

“What was he in for?”

“Murdered his parents,” the warden said, “at age 14. But tomorrow he turns 18 and we have to let him go.”

“I thought juveniles were not subject to supervised release?”

“Normally, but his bad behavior has him off the normal course.”

I noticed that Timothy seemed to snort like a proud stallion in response to the warden’s comment. I smiled broadly to the warden, “As you know prisoners placed here have a 100% success rate of making it to full release.”

“True enough,” the warden said. The warden stood up to leave, Timothy was shackled and under Mike’s supervision still. I walked the warden out to a waiting sedan and watched him head off down the road.

I returned to my office and excused Mike. I poured a drink for myself and asked Timothy if he would like a drink. He nodded, I poured him a shot of vodka with a sleep inducing drug. I placed the shot glass on the table in front of him and then unshackled him.

“Timothy, there are usually ten to twelve young men here at any one time, the warden knows I only take his most difficult cases and only one a month. How you are treated here will depend entirely on your behavior here.”

He snapped up the shot glass and drank it in a single glass. “Would you like another shot?”

He nodded. I poured another shot with a hint more of the sleeping drug, Timothy swallowed it down.

“Do you have any questions Timothy?”

“What do I have to do here?”

I smiled, “well Timothy after some orientation sessions you will be working the farm here and doing household chores with the other boys. After a year of good behavior you will be eligible for unsupervised release.”

The drug began to have an effect and he started to get drowsy. I lifted the younger boy up. Still in his orange prison jumpsuit, he followed me willingly. I lead him out the back of the farm house towards the barn. At the barn, another shaved, young, white, male prisoner was standing politely. Like Mike, the prisoner was wearing Levi button-fly jeans and a white T-shirt.

If Timothy had been less drugged he would have noticed that the fields were being tended to by half-a-dozen similarly situated young men.

Orientation

“Sir,” Tom said addressing me.

“At ease,” I responded as I eased the newly arrived prisoner to him.

“I am looking forward to helping you out today,” Tom said eagerly. However, his body language belied that eagerness. Tom had just finished orientation. He knew that Timothy was about to spend the next three to four weeks strapped to a devilish robotic chair-like device. He also knew that like the other prisoners before him he was responsible for preparing the new prisoner for the chair.

I left Tom with the drugged Timothy and headed towards the chair chamber that lay below the barn. The word chair is a bit of a misnomer. The actual device is a series of actuated supports for a human body on a gyroscopic platform. As such the restrained victim of the chair can be placed in any orientation. Further additional robotic probes can be used to stimulate the victim in a number of locations.

I headed up to the chair control room and began the system activation procedures.

Prisoner Preparation

Tom used a knife to cut the jumpsuit off Timothy. He then affixed Velcro restraints to Timothy’s arms and pinned them above the boy’s head on a meat hook.

I watched Tom hose Timothy down and then insert an enema tube. The next step were depilatories to remove all hair. The only hair allowed on the slaves trained at my ranch is on their eyebrows.

After all, that is what I run. A slave training facility. My prisoners have a zero-percent recidivism rate because after twelve months of training they are sold into slavery. Within twelve hours of Mike's court hearing tomorrow he would be on a plane to Japan for his new life as a slave. He had fetched three million dollars at auction.

On the camera, I saw that Tom was making quick work of my newest addition. Tom brought the naked and denuded Timothy to the chair chamber. He was shaking slightly as he attached Timothy to the chair.

As he finished, I called down to the chamber over the microphone, "Good work Tom, you can return to the fields." Tom left the room quickly, without running. Running would have earned him a whipping, but he was eager to be away from the chair chamber.

I went down to the chamber and made the final adjustments. I attached the visual and aural hood so that everything Timothy would see and hear for the next few weeks would come from the chair's equipment.

I attached the EKG leads and then left the chamber. The computer would automatically begin a very gentle programming cycle. The really interesting parts would start when Timothy became conscious again.

Back in the house, I checked in the kitchen. Two late-stage slaves in white T-shirts and jeans were preparing dinner. Both saluted me as I entered.

"At ease," I said. "Have you seen Mike?"

"He is upstairs waiting for you."

I left the kitchen and headed to my bedroom. Mike was naked and kneeling at the foot of my bed.

I unzipped my pants, pulled my cock out and walked over to him. Mike quickly began to suck my cock eagerly. I relaxed and enjoyed the young, formerly, heterosexual boy's affections.

"Have you been studying Mr. Sato's instructions?"

Mike nodded and grunted while continuing to suck my cock.

"Good, he is looking forward to receiving you. Anything you want to do here before you go tomorrow?"

Mike shook his head.

I pushed Mike off my cock and onto my bed and fucked his ass. As I did I remembered the first time I fucked Mike fresh off the chair. He had made the mistake of trying to fight me and found himself tied to a post in the field for a whipping. Then the other eleven other slave-trainees fucked him before I fucked him. As I shot a load into his ass, my pager buzzed. Timothy was waking up.

I loved watching prisoners struggle against the chair. I excused myself and headed back to the barn. From the control room I could see that Timothy had woken up.

I spoke into Timothy's ear. "Timothy, we are going to begin your orientation now." One

robotic probe was sliding a vacuum tube over his cock while another was inserting an electrode into Timothy's ass.

"There are two buttons one on your left hand and one at your right. Press them both now." He was still very disoriented but managed to press the buttons.

"Good," I said as the chair reaffirmed with a generous pleasant suction action on his cock. The visual on the glasses faded away to the first gay porno. During a prisoner's first week they are shown gay and heterosexual pornos. During the gay pornos, pleasant stimuli are applied to the prisoner's body. During the hetero pornos, ever increasing painful stimuli are applied.

Just a short way into the process, the gay pornos have image manipulation done so they are showing the prisoner himself as the bottom in the videos. During the heterosexual pornos, a slightly different approach is taken: the prisoner is shown as the top.

Various body readings show that by four hours into the process, the aversion elements set in firmly. The prisoner is then given an option to avoid some, but not all of his heterosexual experiences by pressing the button under his right hand. The cutoff occurs just after prisoner sees himself penetrating the female in the porno and the application of a severely painful electroshock therapy.

After twelve hours the first "rest break" arrives. The pornos stop and the prisoner is fed by a tube and his bodily fluids emptied. Then the pornos end and the programming voice kicks in as the prisoner is allowed to fall into a restful state.

Mike to Japan

The court hearing was brief and Mike headed back to the farm with me. I was anxious to tend to Timothy in the chair, but the computer would tend to him. During the second day, the chair would manipulate him into the sexual positions shown on the gay pornos. Additionally, the heterosexual aversion therapy pain levels were increased even for simple kissing.

At the farm, Sato-san had already arrived and was getting a blowjob from one of the other boys. Mike quickly kneeled and the smaller Japanese businessman approached his newly purchase slave.

"Very nice," Sato said to me as he slid his cock into Mike's eager and waiting mouth. "I'll be taking him with me on a flight that leaves tomorrow."

I offered, "you can stay here the night if you like."

"Thank you," he responded, "I would also very much like to see your training facility."

"Of course," I said as I walked out towards the barn with Sato following and chatting with me about the programming techniques.

We reached the control room during the start of one of the heterosexual pornos and the

monitor showed what Timothy was seeing, him kissing a naked woman. The screams from the bound prisoner were intense. As the woman began to go down on the video-Timothy's cock the screams from the chamber increased. This time he was offered the ability to switch to a gay video and took it within 1/10th of a second of being offered the option.

The computer was careful if a prisoner hit the button before it was ready to permit a choice the choice would be delayed. It was a subtle penalty but one prisoners quickly adapted to after just one or two mistakes. The effect was important as well because it forced the choice to switch the video, or the soon to be introduced option to make the gay video go longer one of "free will."

"Sato," I explained, "the training is quite laborious. Severe aversion therapy to even mild heterosexual contact is supplemented with slave conditioning as a gay sex slave."

Sato nodded approvingly. The control screen reflected that he was going to start being given full control of what type of video he watched. Over time only watching hardcore BDSM-videos with himself as a sex slave would earn sexual arousals.

As the gay porno began it was simple enough, but barely thirty seconds in the screen paused. In order to continue Timothy would have to first request the continuation and second maintain a high level of sexual arousal. He passed and the video proceeded through heavier petting towards the video-Timothy kneeling to give a blowjob. The video paused again. This time although he requested to continue his sexual arousal was deemed inadequate.

The chair began the correction. The screen went completely black and then a monotone voice explained the necessity of maintaining sexual arousal to be permitted to experience sexual pleasures. After ten seconds he was given a choice between correction with a bullwhip and an razor strap. He selected the bullwhip. The chair rotated him into position and the back supports moved aside as a robotic arm administered three lashes.

Between each lash, the computer intoned "Understanding is not required, only obedience. Disobedience must be punished."

The gay porno was then started from the beginning. The device carefully monitored vital signs during this process. Most victims to the chair took fifty-plus lashes before they made it too orgasm from a gay porno. Every prisoner reached orgasm that second day though.

After the orgasm the programming mode reactivated and emphasized that punishment is the way that you know you were bad while feeding and voiding the prisoner. Sato watched the entire sequence with a mixture of awe and terror.

When we left Sato said, "impressive, and this continues for how long?"

"At least a month," I said, "and there are many important lessons on slavery along the way. By the end of the fifth day the prisoner has completely lost their old identity and is quite malleable as a gay sex slave. The remaining three weeks intensify the conditioning and are followed by 11 months of gay-slave living here at my control."

"Three million," Sato said wistfully.

"Well spent," I responded. There was always some sticker shock, but the chair equipment

alone had been close to five million. Further finding a ready-supply of youthful white men who spoke flawless English was not easy. By feeding off the prison system I took mostly forgotten youths. Early in the process at the request of a Saudi prince I had taken one black youth. But overall the slave market prices were highest for 14-25 year old white males.

The fact that some of my slaves were “reformed” murders and were straight was a huge price premium. The training I provided supplemented that premium.

We left the chair chamber and Mike was kneeling on the dirt outside the barn waiting for Sato. “Where is your whipping post John, I wish to see how obedient this slave will be.” I pointed to a post in the middle of the field and then to the barn to indicate a whip was inside.

Mike remained perfectly still on the ground as Sato fetched a whip. He then dutifully followed Sato to the whipping post and stripped himself naked and then helped Sato affix him to the post.

As the whip struck his muscular back I could hear Mike say, “Understanding is not required, only obedience.” Ten lashes in, Mike was stoic and Sato stopped and held the young slave boy tenderly. I left the two to be alone.

Proving Test

The next morning Mike left me. I spent most of the day with the ten slaves-in-training working the farm. The slaves were trained to enjoy their master’s attention. So they had little choice but to appreciate that I was spending time in close proximity to them. But I also suspect they hated the extra whippings that accompanied my “supervision” days.

It was five in the afternoon before I returned to Timothy. As I entered the chair chamber a whipping was being administered. I reviewed the logs, he had been foolish enough to request a heterosexual porno. So aside from suffering aversion shocks before he could watch a gay porno, a whipping was administered.

Today though he got through the tenth gay video of the day without further discipline. The mode switched to a 1950’s style Army briefing video on grooming and dress habits. Detailed explanations were programmed into him on how to stay hairless from head to toe except for eyebrows and eyelashes. Standard dress of a white T-shirt and Levi’s buttonfly jeans with no underwear were explained. Along with a reminder that nudity was perfectly appropriate as well.

As the instructional video ended the reinforcement came. Pictures of him in various outfits and states of shaving were shown. Left button to indicate acceptable, right button for unacceptable. Wrong answers resulted in a mild electroshock, right answers in a pleasant arousing sensation. Fifty questions later he had only gotten 5 wrong. He was praised and got to be fucked on a video as a reward for his “hard work.”

The video was repeated along with the identical quiz. 100% right. This time he got gang-banged in the locker room by three hot guys as a reward.

Now the more interesting and virtual reality part, the computer set it up. “Timothy, you are going to be in charge of disciplining yourself as a slave. You are about to be shown yourself in various situations if you feel your attire or grooming is inappropriate in any way you *must* hit the left button to receive a strap with the belt. If you fail to appropriately discipline yourself you will receive a much more severe punishment. Let’s practice.”

A short setup was shown, it was Timothy lounging naked by the pool. The camera zoomed close over his body panning normally hairy bodies. At the ass crack some distinctive peach fuzz was visible. The chair explained, “press the left button now to punish yourself for failing to maintain grooming standards.”

Timothy complied and the chair showed a masked master enter the scene with a belt in hand and criticize Timothy for not maintaining grooming standards. A second later the belt struck. The mics picked Timothy up mumbling, “Understanding is not required, only obedience.”

The next scenario began. Timothy saw himself laying naked again on a beach. Again the camera panned his body in detail. This time though there was no peach fuzz and the chair explained, “press nothing since you are satisfied that you meeting grooming standards.” After ten seconds a masked master appeared and kissed Timothy on the forehead, “Good boy.”

The scene shifted again. The process would continue unabated for the next forty-eight hours with only brief interruptions for food and voiding of bodily fluids. Every two hours if Timothy had correctly disciplined himself a reward session of a video with gay S&M sex was shown with Timothy being brought very close to orgasm.

Additionally, the videos had moved beyond basic grooming issues to obedience: saluting, standing, sitting, walking, talking, and just obeying.

Each subject was introduced lovingly with a 50’s style video. Followed by a simple set of quizzes three times and then more complex role-play scenarios.

Day five was what I liked to call the proving test. If a subject did not pass the tests on day five they posed significant conditioning problems. I loved watching the proving test since it walked the subject through a simulated day. Starting from waking up naked in a small animal cage. Timothy was gradually given options about how to go about his day from a two-button menu system. One button to rotate through options and the other to select.

The chair would walk Timothy through the day. For example, Timothy selected a morning groom of a cleansing enema and the chair followed with an intensely hot enema. He then applied depilatory creams to himself and the robotic arms followed through. He followed that up with a razor to get a few troublesome areas. Lastly he showered himself and then chair hosed him with hot waters.

Twenty minutes in and he had walked himself through a common morning ritual. From a large wardrobe, Timothy wisely selected a white T-shirt and Levi’s with a buttonfly. He then kneeled in the center of the room and waited patiently. The computer allowed an hour of real time to go by to test him. A computerized image of me entered—after all obedience to

me over the next twelve months was key. I was wearing leather chaps with my cock hanging out and Timothy opened his mouth and started sucking as the chair inserted a dildo.

I instructed Timothy to wait for me and I disappeared to change and took Timothy out in public to a mall and a few other locations. He remained docile and obedient throughout even when presented relatively long opportunities to wander or move. When we returned to the house I bent him over the kitchen counter and fucked his brains out. Timothy responded pleasantly to the dildo and when we stopped I gave him a long list of chores. The list was significantly longer than the time available to him but he did not complain.

When the time elapsed and he had only completed three of the ten chores he came over my lap for a strapping quite willingly. The test was passed.

The next few weeks was all training gravy. Acclimating the slave to ever more intense sexual experiences. Further intensifying the heterosexual aversion and more.

This was also when I would try to make the initial slave placement, or perhaps more accurately sale. The advantage of early placement is that a given master's sexual kinks could be incorporated into the training more fully. But Timothy had been presold. One of my earlier customers from Singapore had directed me to Timothy. He was looking for a second slave. I already knew that this businessman had an affection for intense bondage sessions and so I worked Timothy to become incredibly comfortable in extremely claustrophobic situations and even to seek them out to some extent.

My favorite time with each prisoner is when they come off the chair though. Timothy's day was quick arriving. Tom was there to help Timothy off the machine. Timothy was a bit out of it for a while and Tom helped him up to a small holding pen and then we waited for him to wake up.

Weak from a month in the chair, Timothy struggled a bit to stand up but quickly got himself up and went through a morning routine. He was kneeling in the center of the barn dressed in a T-shirt and jeans when I arrived. There had been several "wrong" items of clothing there just to test him subtly. I could see Timothy's heart leap slightly at seeing me. The difference of a month was striking. The cocky, prison attitude was gone. All that was left was a well-honed servile personality. A gay one at that.

I led Timothy out to the field to meet his fellow slaves. On his knees he eagerly gave one after another in order of seniority a blowjob. I instructed Tom to walk Timothy through his initial chores and headed inside.

In another few days the warden would be bringing me, and the chair, a new challenge.

Write the Author

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