

# A Host's Ordeal

## CHAPTER 1: Arrival and Capture

Friday, 7:30 P.M.

The hallway clock sounded the half hour, and Robert was irritated. Alex was an hour and a half late. He didn't want anyone to spend more than the minimum time required on food and drink. The majority of the food was prepared and needed only to be warmed and put out. But if Alex didn't arrive soon, the guests would beat him here, and dinner, scheduled for 7:00, would be delayed at least an hour and then socializing and play wouldn't get started until 10 or later. The scenario of wasting play time was close to his definition of misery.

Robert poured himself a glass of diet soda, considered sitting down to do a little work but realized he just had to wait. He had been hosting weekend parties for friends in the scene for close to two decades, but he still suffered a bout of nervous energy in the days leading up to one. He had a state of the art dungeon filled with custom-made equipment and devices, many of which he had rigged up himself, equipment that provided unique torments and pleasures, and he was very generous with his dungeon, introducing new players, providing space and opportunities for friends in the area as well as those visiting. His weekend parties took place three or four times a year and the group of members include people from out of state.

He was also generous with his time, often assuming the dominate role to give his guests wonderful experiences. But while he enjoyed playing the role of Master, he also hoped his guests would occasionally offer to take control of him. He seldom got the kind of long, strict play he liked best. And besides, since he was the host, there always seemed to be some 'emergency' or other requiring his attention. He had even followed his usual practice of going on a liquid diet a few days before the party, just in case someone wanted to top him for an extended scene.

Robert was just about to check the phone again for messages, when his front doorbell rang, and in swept Princess Eva with an entourage of two additional Dommies and a barefoot male submissive.

"The weekend has begun," said Eva as she leaned into whatever personal space he might have imagined he owned and kissed both cheeks. A friend and

occasional play partner of Robert's for years now, she was an attractive, slender woman with shoulder length blond hair and a self-acknowledged exhibitionist. Today she was wearing a leather bodice dress and thigh high boots. It was great to see her, Robert said, giving her a big kiss, and it was. But he had no idea who these other women were. Eva had not RSVP'd for friends. And they were definitely not on the guest list.

Eva read his expression and her eyes sparkled; in a moment it became clear to him that something was definitely out of the ordinary.

"I brought along some friends," she said. "I assumed you wouldn't mind meeting one of Baltimore's most notorious Dominants--" She indicated the woman next to her--"Lady Jocelyn."

The mistress held out her hand, with the wrist bent. She was larger and likely stronger than Eva, dressed in a deep purple corset and leather cincher from which her voluptuous cleavage bloomed. Either she was notorious enough to surpass affectation, Robert thought, or a tremendous egotist. But what could he say? "Welcome." He took the hand and gave it a kiss as indicated, but his eyes moved, first to the odd slave in a tuxedo at her side, and then to the striking woman behind her.

"This is Mistress V.," Eva said, eliciting a smirk from the black-haired woman closest to the door. "V is for Vixen," but we don't call her that, do we?"

"No," said the mistress, gently shaking her head. "We never do unless we feel like being punished. Because it's also for Vicious." And she stepped forward for a better look at Robert. He was instantly flustered. She had the most unbelievably long legs, in high pirate boots, and was wearing an elaborate black corset with a short ruffled skirt. He smiled, but she didn't return the favor and instead met his eye with a determined, cold stare.

"Ms. V. is in training," said Eva. "Jocelyn and I thought this would be a good opportunity for her to experience an...educational weekend."

"Maybe," Robert said. "It's not one of the larger parties, and my kitchen slave is really late which is fouling up tonight's schedule. You know Alex, right?"

But instead of answering, Eva continued: "And I think you would be the perfect victim for her to practice on. You are happy to volunteer, aren't you, Robert"

Mistress V. looked Robert up and down. "Oh yes, I think he will do nicely. "

Robert found himself surrounded by the three Dommies as they began to encircle him, touching him sensuously from all angles, his arms, face, ass. When Eva began to rub his crotch, she got an immediate reaction; meanwhile, Mistress

V. began unbuttoning his shirt, and playing with his chest hair and sensitive nipples. Lady Jocelyn went behind him and gently scratched his back. Robert let himself relax into the moment, enjoying all the attention. So when Lady Jocelyn suggested removing his shirt, he thought nothing of it.

After a few more minutes of this, Mistress V. asked “But the question is, how flexible is he? I especially want to practice using rope. Can he get anywhere near touching his elbows behind his back?”

“Well let’s find out,” Lady Jocelyn answered, pulling his elbows together as close as they would go behind his back until Robert winced. “Six inches apart, not as close as you might like,” she said, continuing to hold his arms tightly.

“At least his nipples are sensitive,” Mistress V. replied, circling one with her finger tip and pinching the pink bud sharply between two fingers.

Eva stopped rubbing the crotch of Robert's pants; the bulge beneath her hand had grown very, very hard, and said, “Perhaps this will help,” as she joined Jocelyn behind Robert and applied a strap between his elbows which she then tightened to bring them an inch closer together.

He had no idea where the strap had come from, or who was touching him where, for that matter as his eyes were only half open at this point.

“Only five inches apart now. Much better,” said Jocelyn as she shifted her grip to his wrists.

“Do you think he's flexible enough to escape from the elbow strap?” asked Mistress V. with her hand cocked on her hips. “I prefer my victims to be totally helpless...”

Ever so casually, Eva reached into her purse and pulled out a pair of professional handcuffs. “If he were wearing these, I'll bet he wouldn't be able to escape.”

Robert had remained passive during the Dommies' inspection up to this point, but when he saw the handcuffs, he began to put up a bit of struggle to get loose. This was all incredibly sexy and fun, but he had a lot of guests on the way, and until Alex arrived at the very least, he had to be on call. “Not now,” he protested. “Can we schedule this a little later? I have host duties—”

Lady Jocelyn maintained her firm grip on his wrists, however.

“Robert, calm down,” said Eva, “and let us show Mistress V. how these work.” She handed the handcuffs to Mistress V. who stepped behind Robert and locked them on in an instant. “Am I doing this correctly?” she asked in a voice that sounded to Robert far too innocent, given the speed with which she'd snapped on the cuffs.

Robert gave the dark haired mistress a sidelong, nervous look.

Without removing the handcuffs or the elbow strap, Eva told Robert that Mistress V. and Jocelyn should be given a dungeon tour, since this was their first visit to his space.

"This way," said Eva, indicating the back hallway. The prospect that all three Dommies might be taking him downstairs for play sent a shot of excitement up the back of his spine. But where the hell was Alex? This seemed such a rare opportunity to play. Robert was really torn. When he was pushed roughly forward, though, he began to wonder how much choice he really had. "Princess, may I leave the front door unlocked?"

"Don't worry," Eva said, "Jocelyn's slave will tend to the door."

Yet just as Robert entered the dungeon, Eva paused and turned around. "Actually, Robert," she said, "I'm just going put you into the cell while I gave these ladies a dungeon tour. Afterwards, perhaps the three of us will give you some special attention while we wait for more party guests to arrive."

Robert did not resist as he was guided into the dungeon's jail cell, the heavy door of which was quickly shut, locking him inside. He began to get excited that he just might get some submissive play time after all. The cell's curtain was pulled closed, blocking Robert's ability to see what the ladies were up to. He could make out whispered conversation but not what was being said. His imagination, however, was going at a hundred miles an hour as he fantasized about the chance to submit to all three of these Dommies. After perhaps 15 minutes, the curtain was pulled open, and Eva said, "Good news, we have decided to give you a scene. But first we have to get you properly prepared for it. Back up to the bars, so I can adjust your restraints."

Robert pressed his back to the cell's bars as ordered, and Eva locked a metal collar around his neck. She then used a short length of chain from the collar's ring to the cell's bars, which prevented Robert from moving away. Next she slightly loosened the handcuffs, so they would slide just a bit up his arms, making room for bondage mittens to be placed over his hands. After she clipped the mittens together behind his back, Eva removed both the handcuffs and the elbow strap and placed a capture hood over his head.

His next thought--though it wasn't a thought but a primal experience--was the feeling of a thousand sharp points piercing his cock. One of the Dominants had entered the cell, and after removing the rest of his clothing, placed a KTB chastity device on his now flaccid cock. The device was then allowed to spring closed and was securely locked. The ingenious plastic cylinder, lined with tiny

sharp spikes, now covered his shaft painfully. The mere thought of it, or of the mistresses' hands pulling the device open, placing his member inside, was causing Robert's cock to swell--and be met instantly by the tiny biting plastic teeth.

As the sharp inward facing spikes begin to dig painfully into his shaft, Robert moaned and called out to be released.

"If you make too much noise, we will have to gag you. If you want us to play with you, you need to accept the scene we chose to give you." This, from Mistress V., who leaned forward, holding his hooded head in her hands." "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress" Robert answered.

He felt the chain from his collar being disconnected from the cell's bars which allowed him to take a step back, and the next thing he heard was the unmistakable 'clunk' of the cell door being relocked.

## CHAPTER 2: What It Means To Submit

Friday, 9:00 P.M

Sometime later, from outside the cell, Robert heard another voice. "Are you having fun, Robert? Are you ready to be our play toy for a bit?" "Do you understand how helpless you are now?" The menacing voice was Eva's. "Actually I think you no longer have a choice, since we can just force you to obey our every command."

Another woman spoke loudly, "Yes, you're going to suffer for our amusement, and you will be punished if you disobey us."

"Or resist us."

"Now come over to the bars so we can adjust your restraints again."

Although somewhat disoriented, Robert found his way to the bars at the cell door. His head was pulled sharply by the chain at his neck and held. Robert felt the speaker press her mouth close to the leather hood. "That cock you are so proud of, that you have used so often for pleasure, will become an instrument we will use to torment you..."

His growing sense of excitement was met with the beginning of an erection, which was noted by the Dominants at once, appreciated, admired, and teased. *"Look at him...hard already....Won't even give us time to set up....Well, that's a good slave. Your dick is going to get the workout of its life."* But as the spikes of the KTB bit into his shaft, the erection quickly faded.

Next, Robert felt cold metal around his ankles as leg irons were applied. Held this way--cuffed, hobbled, hooded, cock pressed in the spiky chastity device--he was more helpless than he could remember being, in years. It was an exhilarating feeling, but also somewhat frightening. Why were they doing this? What were they planning?

The lock around the capture hood's chain was snapped open. "Now, just to be clear"—a voice said, as the hood was pulled up off of his head—"Nobody else will be coming to your front door this evening, Robert." It was Eva, who handed the hood to the slave, No Shoes, then eyes still on Robert, extended her palm into which No Shoes placed a ball gag. It's gotten so late that we've called the other guests off for tonight. So you can forget about yelling for help. The torments you're about to experience are for your own good. But in the event yelling occurred to you, here's a little disincentive." She gagged him, then buckled the strap tightly around the back of his head. This was followed by a blindfold, held against his eyes and similarly buckled in back. "Now, you have a lot to think

about, don't you?" Eva said. "I would recommend you take time to consider what it means to truly submit. You should spend some time kneeling, we might just take it easier on you if we see a demonstration of you surrendering to our control.

Robert felt his way to the center of the cell as best as he could gauge it and assumed a kneeling position, as he heard the sound of high heels walking away.

### CHAPTER 3: Spanking Bench

Friday, 9:30 P.M.

About twenty minutes later, Robert was startled by the sound of the cell door lock being unlatched. Before he could react, strong hands beneath his armpits pulled him up to a standing position. Robert was pretty sure it was the slave. Next, he felt the leg irons being removed and heard a woman's deep throaty voice. "Bring him out of the cell, but keep a tight rein on him." The blindfold and gag were removed. As his eyes adjusted to the dim light, Robert took in the appearance of Lady Jocelyn standing before him, her large breasts, half moons cresting above the top of the purple corset. She then said in a no-nonsense manner, "If you want that device off your dick, you'd better cooperate."

"Make sure he is kept under tight control, do not give him even one opportunity to escape."

He turned to focus on Princess Eva, lounging on the couch in a dramatic pose. During his brief time kneeling, she had changed into a full-body latex cat suit. She was beautiful to look at, but he would have appreciated the eye candy a lot more had he not been wearing the erection-tormenting KTB.

Lady Jocelyn used the tunnel key to unlock the chastity device, and with one skillful movement of the thumbs and palms, pulled it open like a tropical fruit, and lowered it away from his cock. Robert would have given anything for the use of his hands, just for a moment to massage the skin on his sensitive member. Even better would be to have one of the Dominant's hands or mouths on him, as a reward for his suffering. Hadn't he earned it?

"Now, your cock is free temporarily. But if you misbehave, you will be punished severely," Lady Jocelyn said.

"In fact," added Mistress V., as if taking her cue, "we have decided that you need to experience one of the ways you might be punished."

"So you can see for yourself," added Princess Eva from the couch. "And take us at our word."

Thankfully, the women had dimmed the lights in the dungeon; nonetheless everything appeared bright and he felt ultrasensitive. The skin on his body, the very hairs on his arms were electrified. No Shoes approached and took hold of the short chain at his collar. Robert took a moment to appreciate him. He was a good looking man in his 50s perhaps, with salt and pepper hair and well-defined build. He wore a tuxedo shirt, unbuttoned half-way down, a bow tie, cummerbund, and a leather thong...well, more like a codpiece, which held his



package tightly in check. A slave's take on a Chippendale dancer, perhaps, except for his curly hair, which needed trimming and was just a bit wild. Of course, he was barefoot.

Mistress V. now stood a few feet away at the spanking bench. She patted the leather cushion. "Come on, now, bring him over here. Don't waste our time..."

Robert bent over the spanking bench, mittens clasped behind him, while Lady Jocelyn and Mistress V. ran several leather straps around his torso and buckled them underneath the bench. The slave was then ordered to unclip the mittens from behind his back and clasp each one by the ring at the wrist to the lower front of the bench. Once Robert was secured, his legs were pushed uncomfortably far apart and his ankles similarly strapped to each leg of the bench. In this position, Robert's bare ass, cock and balls were fully available for whatever torment or impact the Dominants might desire. But just as this vulnerability flashed across his thoughts, Lady Jocelyn asked, "Are you good with numbers?" She tapped a thin cane against the palm of her hand. Then she smiled broadly, both menacing and warm. He feared that the beating she was about to give him would be similarly beautiful and horrible at once. "Yes, Mistress."

She brought the cane down sharply on his buttocks. "Lady Jocelyn, not Mistress." She pointed at V. with the tip of her cane. "*That* is Mistress."

"I understand, Lady Jocelyn," Robert said.

"Or you may call me Ma'am. I'm not asking you to count strokes anyway. No, I'd like you to rate them. And he felt another sharp hot cane stroke across the tops of his legs. "How would you rate that, on a scale of 1-10?"

"A seven, Ma'am."

"Seven?" She leaned in and frowned at Robert. "We need to toughen you up more. You're going to suffer, and you need to be able to take more than that." Slowly she rubbed the tip of her cane against Robert's exposed cock; she tapped, tapped, tapped against his cock head, readying to give it a strike. He was by no means a religious man, but a blow to his sensitive cock would end him for the night, he feared. "Let her go easy" he prayed.

"Let's go easy on him," Princess Eva directed, rising from her perch on the couch. "This is going to be a long, extended session, and we can't wear him out too soon."

Lady Jocelyn delivered the strokes to his ass and sweet spot deliberately, while Princess Eva alternately aroused him with warm caresses. "You're doing very well," she might say, after Jocelyn delivered what felt like a searing 8.

"What a beautiful back. Eva, you didn't tell me what a beautiful body he had." This, followed by a 3...maybe a 6...would it ever end? From across the room, Mistress V. and the slave watched.

Robert pressed his cheek against the leather of the bench. He had stopped rating the strokes in his mind and was instead focusing on his breathing, or the sensual ministrations of Princess Eva. "I am not being injured," he thought to himself. "Princess would make sure of that. And the caning would stop soon." Robert wasn't a pain puppy by any means, and the impacts were indeed challenging. After a final light stroke to the sweet spot, the caning concluded. Lady Jocelyn moved around the bench to see his face and put her palm under Robert's chin.

"You know why I had to give you this punishment, don't you?" She caressed his chin. He noticed that her eyes were an uncanny emerald green, certainly a feature he should have noticed earlier. The endorphins he was feeling no doubt made everything shimmer. He watched her lips as she spoke. "Do you know?"

"I don't know...that I'm entirely sure, Ma'am," he said.

Mistress V. joined her mentor, facing Robert. "We're going to teach you the meaning of real submission. You will be begging for mercy more than once, before this session's over." The young Dominant lifted her hair and dropped it to one shoulder. It was beautiful glossy hair, so black it seemed blue lights shimmered on the surface. She lifted her leg in a tall red boot and stamped it down, like a cowgirl, on the arm rest of the spanking bench beside Robert's arm. Then she leaned forward so close to his face that he could feel her warm breath when she said, "Women often suffer for the benefit of you men and your cocks. Now it's your turn." She gave one final slap to his cock and balls. Then, Princess Eva said she'd finish up.

The two Dominants walked away in tandem, Mistress V. leaning in to say something almost audible into Lady Jocelyn's ear. He strained to hear what she said, but only caught phrases "...and tell him...or a couple of the straps...after you take him out of the cell..." and then the whispering dissolved into conspiratorial laughter.

All but one of the leather straps were removed from around his waist and ankles, Robert was left on the bench, still attached by his clipped mittens and the remaining strap, to recover--or so he assumed. The back of his legs and his ass burned from the strikes of the cane. He felt his blood pumping and focused on encircling the pain, pulling it into his body. After a few minutes, Princess Eva

approached him, a leash extended in her hands like a gift. "Have we got your attention yet?...You'd like some recovery time, wouldn't you?" Robert nodded yes to both questions.

She clipped a leash to Robert's collar ring. "Yes, Princess is the appropriate answer... But you know that, don't you?" she said, and gave his sore ass a hard clap with her open palm. Pain radiated from the hot slap. He began to consider what the Dominants had said to him. That the caning was just a warm up. Mild compared to what might happen. And the thought circled back: why would three talented, beautiful Dominant women coordinate a gang up on him? Who had organized this? Hijacked the evening. The thought of such enticing victimization excited him beyond belief. But whose idea had this been?

"Don't fall asleep on that bench. Were you told you could take a nap?" Robert was startled to attention. In a minute, his nose and mouth were pushed--smashed really--against Princess Eva's breasts, which she had pulled out of their bindings; their warm skin smelling of powdery perfume. As she leaned over him, he was commanded to lick, and his tongue moved into the crease between them. He licked slowly and pleasingly, tasting the salty warmth of Eva's décolletage, gently sucking on each of her small nipples. "Mmmmm. She let out a soft moan. "But don't get any idea your scene is over. We're just getting started with you." She pulled back from Robert's mouth. "In case you are wondering, you're going to be kept totally helpless until we are all three satisfied that you have fully accepted your submission."

Robert's mittens were unclasped from the lower rings of the bench and refastened behind his back. After escorting him to the cell, where he was permitted to pee, Princess Eva tipped a cup of water to his lips and allowed him to drink. She next instructed No Shoes to ask the other Dominants to return. Then she took hold of the leash and led Robert across the carpeted floor, where he was commanded to kneel and then to lie on his stomach. The short chain from his collar was then locked to one of four floor rings mounted in a four-points spread eagle pattern. After a while, Eva removed the leash and sat beside him on the floor, petting his hair.

## CHAPTER 4: Hog Tie

Friday, 10:30 P.M.

Robert heard the dungeon door open and slide across the carpet. Princess stood. "Jocelyn, let's do a little rope work, shall we?"

Lady Jocelyn hefted a rope bag over her shoulder and joined her cohort beside the submissive on the floor. His head was turned to the side and while he could raise it a little, the chain was too short to allow much movement. He felt a rope moving between his ankles, snugly but not unbearable. Next, the mittens were unlocked and his arms released from their tight position behind his back. Robert extended his arms, eager to stretch the cramped muscles in his shoulders. The release was brief, however, for in just another moment, his wrists were bound tightly behind his back in a figure eight tie, then joined to his ankles by a separate rope which was pulled unbearably tight, straining his body into a tight backward arch. Next a small rope was wound between Robert's toes and attached to the back of his collar. So tightly was that rope secured that Robert strained his neck upward as far as his short chain would allow--and could lower it no farther. He knew this position would become unmanageable and then agonizing before very long.

Lady Jocelyn pressed his thighs apart, as far as she could in their bonds, and wound a small CBT rope around his balls several times, pulling them into a tight engorged package, which she then anchored to the ropes at his ankles. Any movement of his legs and arms, had it been possible, would have tugged his ball sack wrenching it nearly off his body. Finally, the women became creative, adding ropes around his knees, elbows and any other locations they could use to further restrict movement.

The minutes moved slowly in a hot, fluid manner. Robert focused his attention on specific points, where the ties most strained his muscles and joints. Princess Eva, meanwhile, ran her fingertips along his skin, wherever she could find places unencumbered by rope.

"You can give us 15 more minutes in this tie, can't you, slave?" Lady Jocelyn spoke in a low, sleepy voice. "You can suffer for me."

Robert nodded, knowing he had no way to tell time or escape on his own. "Yes, Lady Jocelyn, if you want me to." He held his head to the side, tethered between the short chain at his collar and the rope woven through the hog tie to his toes. Relaxing his now intensely cramped neck muscles meant putting additional pressure to each of his toes, which were webbed painfully apart.

In an act of excruciating kindness, Princess Eva positioned herself behind him and reached between his pressed thighs, until she found his cock. She licked the tips of two fingers then and began circling the head of his cock. Over and over she repeated the circles, licking her fingers and wetting the head, circling gently over the sensitive skin ever so slowly. He closed his eyes, felt one drip of her spit slide down his cock to his tightly bound balls. But they were not exempt from the Dominant's attention either.

He heard the snap of a latex glove, and after a moment Eva slid two lubed fingers into his anus and left them there, causing him to contract within with pain and pleasure. In another moment she slid her fingers gently out and reinserted, this time with a third finger. Robert felt he might ejaculate instantly, despite the pain shooting through his knees, neck, balls, and shoulders. He had not cum in almost a week, waiting for this weekend party, extending his horniness and the anticipation of sexual release. God he did not want to cum right now, on Friday night, but Eva's slow penetration, widening and filling his compressed asshole, was too much.

"Sensing Robert was near his limit, Eva said, pulling out. "Times up. You've earned a short reprieve."

But the touch of her fingers sliding out also earned him a ruined orgasm. He lay, pinioned on the floor, while a few drops of wasted ejaculate accumulated, then slid down his penis.

Princess Eva brushed her hand through Robert's hair, then grabbed a handful at his brow and tugged, possessively. "Just because you've had a ruined orgasm doesn't mean you're permitted any leeway in your submission, Robert. You are to obey us and whether you cum once or twelve times. Do you understand?" She bent forward to look him in the eyes. "This is not all about you and your cock. Besides, now that some of the back pressure has been relieved, your real submission can start."

"You know where he's to be held next," Eva said, "but better put those mittens back on." And she left the dungeon.

From her position near his head, Lady Jocelyn nodded to Mistress V. and in a moment the young mistress assisted Jocelyn in untying Robert--first the head and toes rope, and then the rope from his balls to his ankles, and so on. Each easing of the rope sent a painful surge of blood into the restricted cramped muscles, and he could not keep himself from moaning as the ropes were removed and his limbs set free. He was permitted to extend his sore arms over his head onto the rug, and lay outstretched for a few moments. Soon the bondage mittens

were reapplied, but not clipped behind his back this time. His neck still chained to the floor, Robert was relieved to feel a warm blanket placed over him. Both mistresses ran their hands over the blanket, caressing his body. He closed his eyes and indulged a few moments of unrestrained relaxation.

## **CHAPTER 5: Bondage Box**

Friday, 11:30 P.M.

Silently, as Robert lay extended on the carpeted floor of his dungeon, hands still enclosed in locked leather mittens, Lady Jocelyn unclasped the metal chain which held his neck securely to the floor ring and, after he stretched, turning his head from side to side, led the reluctant submissive across the dungeon to the bondage box. This device was a beautifully designed wooden box almost coffin-like, approximately 7' in length, and detailed with removable dividers at the head, knees, and ankles. A person could lie within the box, further immobilized by the dividers, or upon a bed of soft pillows, which when the lid was pulled closed compressed the person--pillows beneath, wood on top, in intensive bondage. A fan had been installed in the base corner of the box, near the head, and it blew fresh air up into the box. When the pillows were in use, one placed a tall cylinder over the mouth of the fan to ensure the airflow wouldn't be blocked. Lady Jocelyn plugged in the fan. Clearly enchanted with this entire elaborate bondage device, Jocelyn opened the lid and helped Robert inside. She slid the three dividers in place. "It's time to rest now, slave. You have a very long night ahead." Then she closed the lid and latched it at each of the ends and in the middle, securing the middle latch with a padlock.

## CHAPTER 6: Hospital Bed / Recirculation

Saturday, 12:30 A.M.

Half an hour or so later, when the lid was opened, Robert squinted instinctively though the lights in the dungeon had been dimmed. Even muted, light and music from the sound system were an onslaught to his senses. He wanted to be hooded, blindfolded, or put back in the peaceful blackness of the bondage box. But...he was also unbelievably horny, and this arousal was magnified, once his eyes adjusted, by the figure of Mistress V. leaning over him. She had changed into a red Renaissance period blouse and shiny black cincher which encircled her tiny waist. "Time to get out slave," she said in a soft, menacing voice. "You're mine now. For the rest of the night. You're going to obey my every word and command, or the suffering will be intense. I assure you."

V. leaned into the box and connected his mittens together. She then fastened a belly chain around his waist and secured it with a lock, then locked the mittens to the belly chain and told him to get out of the box. "It'd be nice if you could be trusted to walk across the dungeon and into the back room," she said, "but I'm told I can't take any chances with you." She raised the dividers and helped him get out of the box.

He stood eye to eye with the young mistress--or, well, she stood several inches above him. She was perhaps 5'8 or 9" naturally and wearing boots with five inch heels which gave her a significant height advantage over Robert, and this pleased him. "Back here," she said, pulling him by the belly chain. "I'm going to prepare you for the next torment."

As they crossed the dungeon to the back, industrial room, Robert looked around, but neither of the other two mistresses was there. He surveyed the large dungeon. Much of his BDSM equipment was unique; he had designed it, built it, or modified others' designs. It was a state of the art dungeon and artfully appointed. The walls were done in a charcoal grey with a slightly lighter wall to wall carpeting that gave the room warmth and comfort. The room was lit by sconces suggested of torches, positioned at regular intervals around the main room. There was also track lighting around the perimeter of the ceiling. The dungeon was spacious, running the full length of Robert's house, and divided into stations by pieces of equipment—a large wheel upon which victims could be strapped took up a significant area of the back wall. And to its left a pair of stocks, several cages in different sizes—a large bird cage, a bamboo cage, and two standing cages. Next two pillars with capitals and hard point rings had been



positioned to accommodate a person standing spread eagled and ready for a whipping, flogging, or any other standing scene. A rack, or rope bed, was positioned beneath a winch. This bed was perfect for tying someone in any number of positions, given the rope weave upon which a person rested, and the many rings at its perimeter. At the other end of the room, sat a spanking bench, a floor frame for tying someone on his hands and knees, and then cases—beautiful cases featuring Robert’s collection of toys and decorative items—silver butt plugs and hooks, nose rings, several chastity belts, and a wide range of CBT toys—cock rings and parachutes, weights, jars of clothes pins and nipple clips. Against other walls, shelves with drawers contained collars, cuffs, and various hoods, gags, and harnesses. And there were drawers of keys and keys, and more keys; vibrators, dildos and plugs. In the far corner, the room’s most elaborate feature was a jail cell, with a steel door which had once stood guard at a bank vault. Inside the cell, one small cot, a sink and toilet. Robert had friends who particularly loved the jail cell and traveled distances to spend a weekend locked up. He was generous with his space and toys, and happy to accommodate the kink and interests of his friends, serving as a top to unattached submissive men and women, setting up elaborate group scenes (which he loathed) when asked to do it, serving as host at his quarterly weekend BDSM parties. But in all of his years as a host and friend, this was the first time someone had organized a long scene with three female Dominants, just for him. He was honored but equally mystified.

Now, the youngest of the three led Robert back into a room which was sparse, with a cement floor upon which a few small rugs had been organized, and unfinished walls. In its center stood a hospital bed fitted with industrial-grade restraints which ran the full length of the bed. The restraint system used a magnetic key. Seven straps held the ‘victim’ at points up and down his body. Mistress V. instructed Robert to lie down on the bed, which he did, placing his head between the two foam cushions of a head and neck stabilizing device. A computer screen had been mounted on a pole above the bed and could be swung above the victim's face. From his prone position, Robert would be able to watch hundreds of nude and pornographic photos, programmable by topic. V. locked his ankles, calves, thighs, wrist, and mid-arms. At each end, she ran the strap through a metal opening on the female side, pulled it back on itself to a buckle, and locking it with a circular magnetic top which clicked in place over the buckle's projection. Once she had belted his arms, she removed the leather mittens and the belly chain, and then strapped down his wrists. Robert was impressed. Clearly while he was involved in some other scene, the mistress had been

instructed--no doubt by Eva--on the use of the hospital bed. Next Mistress V. pulled a very wide strap over Robert's chest and fastened it to the opposite side of the bed frame, and last, secured his head with a Velcro strap across the forehead, thus completing the restraint system. He was as captive as a patient in an asylum.

"This will keep you from trying to run away," Mistress V. said, checking the restraints. It was evident she found the strapping, buckling and locking process extremely satisfying and was proud of her efforts. Between clasps, she would stand up straight and smile. The gesture endeared her to Robert, as there was something almost child-like about her accomplishment and satisfaction—though he knew he would do well to avoid romanticizing this woman, for it was more akin to the satisfaction of a kid with a pointed magnifying glass, burning the wings off of a captured butterfly. Wasn't it amazing how strong the sun's rays could be, when harnessed?

"Now you will have a chance to learn why I am sometimes referred to as 'Mistress Vicious'. The others are sleeping at the moment and will not be coming to rescue you from my clutches. I think Eva is *way* too easy on you, Robert. And since this room is mostly sound proofed from the rest of the house, you should be prepared for me to enjoy myself at your expense." She narrowed her eyes and let out a short laugh.

"For our evening's first activity, you are going to be electrified. But before that, some tease and denial for my amusement and your suffering." She lifted his cock with one hand and delivered a series of playful but extremely painful finger flicks to the balls. Faster and faster until he groaned loudly. She then slapped the head of his cock for good measure. Robert grimaced in pain. "Not a thing you can do," Mistress said. Turning now to sensuous stroking of his shaft. She dipped her fingers into a jar of lubricant she had opened and set on the console near the bed and applied the cool, wet lube to his dick. "Not a thing..." she said, teasing her thumb up and over his cock head, 'not a thing you can do about it.'" She mounted the bed and straddled him, her knees on either side of his legs. She could relax into her efforts this way, sitting back on her heels whenever she wished. Mistress V. slid her fingers up and down Robert's cock, ever so gently around the head, with just enough pressure to make his desire pure agony. For minutes that stretched out long and liquid, into a half hour, close to a full hour, she worked his cock with slow stoking, alternated with head polishing and a more intense, pressured jacking with his cock's head in the palm of her hand. Periodically, she would replenish the lube which made a creamy sucking sound

when applied and worked up and down, slowly up and down his steel hard shaft. The teasing sent him spinning into a head space of deep pleasure and torment. Feeling his entire body bound tightly and his cock left entirely vulnerable to the beautiful Dominant's manipulations was often more than Robert could bear. Several times he felt himself on the verge of cumming, but then Mistress V. would back off just enough to prevent that from happening. When he looked at her face and saw the concentration, the total involvement with which she set herself to the task of teasing him, he felt a heart-breaking wash of gratitude and devotion for this woman, her youth and determination—all bent on him! In this moment, he would have done anything she asked.

She leaned forward and spoke close to his ear, muffled by the head restraint. "Be prepared to cum as hard and as often as we want you to--Eva, Jocelyn, and I. We're going to drain you, every drop of your precious manly fluid, slave. Be prepared to be used as our private dildo. Your purpose is nothing but to please us. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Robert said, his eyes shut with the intensity.

"And I have a voracious appetite for enjoyment, and for pain," she said, rearing back to an upright position and delivering a stinging blow to his engorged package.

Robert screamed out in agony, felt blackness enclose his field of vision. He wondered for an instant whether he were passing out, but the glow of the computer screen captured his attention, and he realized the mistress had attached the blackout curtain around the screen's perimeter so that it hung down around his head, and then tucked it around his head restraint.

Sometime later—twenty minutes, half an hour? He was losing track of time—the mechanical head of the bed was raised. The curtain parted, and Princess Eva leaned in with a glass of diet soda. She placed a straw in his mouth. "Drink."

Princess Eva would be teaching the lovely Mistress V. how to use the electrical and suction equipment. The women applied a cool conductive jelly around each nipple and lowered two suction cups fitted with spring loaded electrical connections over his nipples. These cups were attached to a vacuum pump by clear plastic tubing. Mistress V. turned on the pump. Instantly as the correct fit was achieved, the skin surrounding his nipples puffed up, sucked into the cups. The cold metal contact points pressed against his sensitive nipples. Princess Eva next attached the cups to an eStim unit, with electrical cords and adapters that plugged into the cups.

“Tell me when you start to feel the increased charge,” she said, demonstrating use of the controls to V. up. He knew that setting the waveform, amplitude, and speed were interrelated and could be tricky to set for the desired effect. But he wasn’t sure how much Eva herself knew—in fact, he was amazed the princess remembered as much as she did about the bed, the vacuum pumps—come to think about it--where the eStim units and other electrical toys were stored at all. He realized then. He must have pointed Princess Eva to the write-up he’d done of his fantasy weekend, being controlled by multiple Dominant women over several days, forced to experience the activities he most fantasized about. But he could not remember when he shared the write-up with her. He felt the electricity, a mild and pleasant fluttering against his nipples and raised one of his fingers to signal. She turned the level some more. “How is that level, 1 to 10?”

“It’s about a seven, Princess.”

“Good. Get used to that for a few minutes and we’ll increase it.”

He concentrated on the sensations, the pulsing, sometimes stinging feeling that coursed through the circles of his sensitive nipples. It was intensely erotic and a challenge to take on that site, though the spring loaded metal coils dispersed the charge across the full of the areola.

“And what have we here?” Mistress V. pulled down a long clear tube. Her eyes glittered. Like the nipple cups, this tubing was draped across pipes along the ceiling. One end attached to a vacuum regulator, for adjusting suction pressure, and the other end brought the vacuum in contact with the tube. “It looks perfect for stretching out a greedy cock like yours,” she said. “It could use a few more inches, don’t you think?” She held his semi-hard shaft and lowered the tube to the base of his body. Then she turned up the vacuum control. Instantly his cock was sucked upright, tight and intensely into the tube, pulled as if by a large deep mouth and throat, covering the member from base to head. It was one of the most erotic feelings he could imagine, to be strapped down, pinioned to the bed and vulnerable, his cock being stretched to greater lengths, the skin on his shaft and head prickling with sensation. He imagined it growing to near enormous proportions, aching with the urgent need to cum hard. The prospect of these lovely Dominants taking advantage of his enlarged cock drove him nearly insane. Eva adjusted the amplitude on his nipples up a notch; V. played with the pressure adjustment to his cock, lower and higher, then higher to the point of intense discomfort.

Princess Eva moved into the adjacent room, his work room, and was preparing some new ordeal or other. He lay there, his cock being sucked upright, nipples pulsing with the difficult electricity, when Lady Jocelyn came into the room and stood with her arms akimbo. "Isn't this a pretty sight?" She lowered the vacuum control on the cock device and placed one finger against the tube's rim, releasing the suction and raised the tube up over his now very long, very erect cock. "You realize, don't you, that you're entirely at our mercy." Jocelyn narrowed her eyes. The look was fearsome and wiped the fun of his fantasies out of his mind. "You need to learn to suffer with grace." She snapped on a latex glove and gouged out a sizeable scoop of the lubricant jelly. With her ungloved hand, she began to masturbate Robert, her strokes much more forceful and rhythmic, not the tantalizing teasing of Mistress V. The Dominant meant business. The pressure never let up; the jerking was intense and rough. Then with her gloved hand, she reached down and inserted several fingers into his anus and held them there.

"What he needs is a good fisting." This, from Princess Eva who had entered the room and stood at the side of the bed watching her cohort. "We ought to get him in the sling and fist him until he sees stars."

"Show him the way it is for women," said V., who came to stand opposite the bed. "When you're not in control of what's done to your body." Robert saw in her hands two of the straps for snap-on electrodes. "For after," she said, dangling them. "To energize your spent cock. It's going to hurt so good, especially post-orgasm," she added with a knowing smile.

Robert felt like a spectacle, an exemplar to a group of medical students. All they needed were lab coats (*And this is how you administer a ripping orgasm to a helpless victim.*) He looked at their faces, from one woman to the next and was astonished to take in their expressions of intense focus, as they gazed at Jocelyn stroking his cock with near agonizing gusto, closer and closer to ejaculation. The gentleness was in her right hand, and the slow, teasing way she slid her fingers in and out of his ass, pushing in the fourth finger now, holding them close together. "Now you're going to cum, slave. You have no choice in the matter." Robert simply could not believe that three Dominant women were standing over him, three sets of eyes fixed on his engorged, deeply colored cock, and it was this realization as much as the mistress's incessant pumping that caused such a quantity of hot, creamy ejaculate to rush from his cock, and because Jocelyn continued her manipulations, to splatter all over his abdomen, her hand, the bed.

“Good slave,” she said, removing her hands from his body. She rolled off the glove. “Give him five minutes to recover, then plug him in.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Everyone has a fantasy, or several. And if you're kinky and imaginative, the fantasies may spawn branches and offshoots, tendrils and myriad buds and leaves. You can live your life from within the dense forest of your D/s fantasies, peering out at the vanilla world. The acculturated person walks and interacts and succeeds in various ways in the day to day clearing. It is best to live this sort of life, “healthy” to move between realms. You're apt to go farther, make more friends, have a chance at building lasting happiness, or the sorts of situations and relationships that are more likely to last. And bring happiness. In his demeanor, in his mind, on his online profile, Robert thought of himself as a kinkster whose avocations, though deeply intertwined with his sense of identity, were occasional. “I live the lifestyle when I can.” In his heart, he knew the yearning to submit was present, glowing at a low burn that could fuel itself to a difficult, paradoxical burn when given insufficient opportunity. It was a need that could feed on itself if there was no one to submit to. When that happened, he would feel glum and discouraged. He tried to sublimate the desire into reading erotic literature or visiting one of several chat sites to which he subscribed. And of course playing with himself using bondage items and various sex toys. These things helped but were not the same. So eager for occasions to express his pent-up need. Just to live a little, to play!—Robert was generous about hosting parties and small gatherings. He had the dungeon; it was often so hard for people to find a decent place to play. And though he called it service topping, it gave him great satisfaction to top a lone submissive; give him or her a great rope bondage, tease and denial, impact, or sexual scene. He was skilled and experienced, and good play was rare as one got older. Skilled play but even more so, energetic or approaching the level of desire he felt. Robert was a generous man, craving the chance to submit. Subjugate himself deeply. He had always assumed that if an opportunity arose where, say, two or three female Dominants offered to top him for a day, there'd be no limit to the depth of his submission.

These were Robert's thoughts as he lay bound by his own hospital restraints, soaking in the fact that he was living one of his utmost fantasies, he felt his cock being handled yet again, as Princess Eva placed the two blue elastic conductive bands around his cock onto which snap adaptors had been fastened.

With her hand still on his cock, she leaned over the strapped up host and gave him a long deep kiss, which concluded with her teeth on either side of his lower lip. She bit down softly, pulled until his lip slid away, then sat up. Their eyes met, and the cool authority in hers gave him every assurance that she was in complete control.

The blue bands were slightly wet, to encourage conductivity. There was nothing worse than poor conductivity in electric play. It focused the pulse onto a narrow area of skin which stung badly. Given a choice—which he was not sure he would be getting today—Robert preferred thuddy rather than stingy sensations, with electricity as with any flogger or impact implement. Eva attached the adaptors and cords to a free channel on the eStim unit; next Mistress V. approached with his electrified butt plug, which had been lubed up. As she slid the plug in with a gloved hand, her hair fell to one side, and the low ceiling light illuminated her face. Robert was surprised and endeared once again to notice her expression of intense concentration. It was clear to him that she was an apprentice at electric play. Cords with banana plugs were inserted into Robert's power box. The mistresses stepped back and surveyed the scene.

"He's all yours," Eva said, and then to Robert, "It's time for more intense suffering. You know this is what you need, and it's what you want." She held his face between her palms, forcing him to look directly into her eyes. "Take as much as you can for us. We know it's more difficult to submit after you have cum, but that is exactly our point here. We are forcing you to submit even if you do not feel horny at the moment."

"Yes, Princess," he said.

Eva remained in the room, overseeing the setup and adjustments made by Mistress V. After a while, the systems at his nipples, cock, and ass were buzzing with electricity. The dark haired mistress paid strict attention to Robert and the devices. Eva left the room, closing the door behind her.

The next hour or two were devoted to intense stimulation, both erotic and painful, and electric play. The suction and electrics at his nipples were kept at a constant, while the pulses on his cock and in his ass varied from uncomfortable to pleasurable, to the threshold of pain he could handle. Mistress V. was creative, cranking up the electricity in his ass while she applied a CBT rope to his balls and tied its end to his toes, anchoring the rope painfully between them.

Focusing his attention between these various sensations—the buzzing at his nipples, his charged cock, ass, or the tug on his balls and the painful spreading rope between his toes—exhausted Robert to the point that before long, he was in

a fog of endorphins, floating from his position on the hospital bed. He moaned as the amplitude on the plug was turned up one notch to his threshold. "You just need to adjust to it," V. said. "The pain is for your own good." And a few minutes later, he felt her caressing the head of his cock, stimulating it to gentle erection. It was impossible to know what to expect.

After a long while, he noticed light slice the darkness across the room, as someone opened the door and entered. It was Princess Eva again, who mumbled something inaudible to the apprentice. He could not tell what time it was, but late in the night or early in the morning certainly. Someone else entered the room, the slave No Shoes.

"You need to pee now. This is your final chance." Princess Eva turned off the eStim pulses to his cock and inserted Robert's penis into the mouth of a hospital urinal. She tilted the bed, to raise his head and lower his feet, to make it easier for him to urinate.

As instructed, Robert urinated into the container, which Eva then handed to No Shoes. She then forced Robert to drink several long draughts of diet soda through a straw. He was grateful for the cold liquid as he swallowed.

Eva rewetted the electric bands and moved them down the shaft closer to his body. After this, she rolled a Texas catheter on to the head of his cock, attached plastic tubing to the recirculation system, and adjusted the drip on a flask of fresh water, suspended like an IV bag from a hard point on the ceiling, to one drop per second, or thereabouts. The bands on his shaft were corded to a level control device mounted above the bed, which itself was attached to a system of springs and counter weights, such that as the water flask grew heavier, the electrical pulses on his shaft would grow stronger. Finally, V. approached the bed and leaned in. "Open your mouth," she told Robert.

He did as instructed, and she strapped a feeding gag around his face. The mouth piece of the gag was rubber with two holes in it, like a pump gag, that pressed tightly against the roof of his mouth. One tube ran from the mouth gag to the Texas catheter, and the other from the water flask to his gag. Once Princess Eva had inserted the tubes, she created a circuit from his cock to his mouth and from the water flask to his mouth. The water was dispensed from a large five gallon container resting on a platform overhead. The smaller canister lowered, ever so slowly, drop by drop, until its weight caused the electric stimulation to his cock to become unbearable. Robert's only option for relief was to press the canister release valve, which drained some of the water into his



mouth (increasing his need to pee). This lifted the canister and reduced the electricity—for a while.

Robert could not think of a time when he'd had this number of devices operating simultaneously—the electric pulses to his nipples still filling the large suction cups; electric shocks to his cock, catheter from cock to mouth, and electrified butt plug still humming away in a wave pattern made up of alternating sharp and teasing oscillations, thrumming through his skin. “Now, try to get some sleep,” Princess Eva said, covering his lower legs with a blanket, a gesture of almost pointless tenderness. In the dim light, he could see that her eyes were very dark; the makeup she wore had smeared a bit in her heated exertions. She was tired. “Rest up, do you hear me? You're going to need it for our activities later.”

Robert wanted to let out a protest—how could she expect him to stay here like this in the clutches of ‘Mistress Vicious?’ At least remove the nipple cups, or give him an hour's break in the jail cell, he wanted to say. But the feeding gag was buckled sufficiently tight that he could not expel it, and so he had no option but to remain silent, enduring the overload of torments, and watch Princess Eva walk out the door once again.

Suddenly, as if the onslaught of devices and machines were not enough, he felt a sharp pain on his scrotum. Gently, Mistress V. was applying small clothes pins to the tender skin pouch. Against the feeding gag, he called out in pain, just as the canister filled to capacity, triggering painful electrical stimulation to his cock. Robert released the valve, sending a stream of water through the tube and into his mouth. He gulped with focus. They had lowered his head just enough to ensure the free flow of pee once he could no longer prevent recirculation.

Mistress V. checked the drip rate into the canister, and leaving the clothes pins attached, she turned to go. Again, Robert made as loud a sound as he could manage through the gag. He did not want her to leave. The thought of being alone with this overwhelming intensity was too much. In fact, what he wanted was to be let out. This had been an amazing day, a dark dream come true, and he was furthermore amazed at how proficient the women were with his industrial room equipment. But it was time to wind things down for the night. He relished the thought of a hot shower and a few hours' sleep between his own sheets, but as he heard Mistress V. exit with a distinct click of the door latch, he knew this was going to be a very very long night.

Over what seemed like several hours, Robert lay in a fog that sometimes approached delirium. After enduring the pain of a carelessly-monitored electric shock, he would press the release valve, and gulp the water that streamed down

the tube and into his gag port. He would then try to rest a little, hand on the release, while the canister dripped to a new fill point. After an hour, hour and a half—he wasn't sure—he had to pee so badly, he couldn't hold it. But a focused check determined that none of the mistresses was in the room, and Robert was thus forced to let loose the surge of urine and drink it down, releasing the level for a mix of fresh water from the canister. How long before he would be water-logged? At intervals between this dizzying cycle of drink, pee, shock, drink, focus, the door would open and one of the Dominants would entertain him (or more likely entertain herself) by tormenting him. Lady Jocelyn was the first to arrive, fifteen minutes, perhaps, after V. had assaulted his scrotum with the clothes pins. She took an executioner's delight in removing the pins, one by one, letting Robert recover from the bright flash of pain that accompanied the blood rushing back to the affected area. Or was it that she enjoyed extending his suffering? Once free of the clips, Robert's balls and scrotum were subjected to a massage with vampire gloves. The mistress used gentle force, punctuated with sharp squeezes. The gloves' metal points seemed to pierce his flesh, and he let out as much of a yell as he could through the pee gag.

Later in the evening, Mistress V. returned for a lengthy session of torment. First she tied the already mightily encumbered package to a pulley overhead, tightening the rope until he gasped. With some surprise, Robert acknowledge his own resentment. 'Of course she's going right for the cock; that has been their focus.' But where was this irritation coming from? he wondered. He reminded himself that the three women had made special efforts to provide him with this extraordinary experience. There was no place for resentment.

The young Dominant had stripped down to her corset and thong. She leaned over Robert, her hair falling down against his torso, and delivered a series of excruciating nail flicks to his overly-sensitive balls. Over and over she flicked the surface of the balls, scrotum, even the lower area of his dick. Of themselves, each flick was not unusually powerful, but accumulated, they built up unbearably. "Stop!" he tried to yell, but the word was just a muffled noise.

"A little sensitive, are we?" the Mistress said. She began rooting around in a toy bag placed on the floor and emerged with a small cane. "This might be more to your liking, then." The prospect of getting struck on the balls with this miniature device of torture caused a wave of dizziness to wash over Robert. He watched her pull back the head of the cane, aiming for a snap. But at the 12<sup>th</sup> hour, she moved to the foot of the bed and let it snap against the bottom of his right foot. He screamed.

Mistress V. continued snapping Robert with her little cane, against various soft parts of his body—both feet, his thighs, and yes the base of his cock. She varied these impacts with alternations in the amplitude of his butt plug. When the electricity was cranked up high, the cane snaps would be lighter, stingy but not burning. But when the pulse in his ass was lowered to a throbbing purr, the small cane bit viciously.

“Time for an offload.” It was Mistress Eva, looking rested and luminous. She was wearing an aquamarine colored corset, satin perhaps, that shimmered in the low light in hues of blue. On her legs, purple stockings attached by garters to the corset, and at her throat she had fastened an ornate choker that featured a cameo. “He needs an opportunity for a good long pee to keep him from getting waterlogged.” With medical precision, she disconnected one of the plastic tubes—from the Texas catheter to his mouth. She held the tube end to a bucket on the floor and instructed Robert to pee. After a moment, he was relieved when a surge of hot urine streamed steadily into the bucket and the pressure in his abdomen was relieved. By this time, sufficient pee had been consumed and water flushed that the process of drinking and expelling was happening almost in a continuous cycle. The pee no longer tasted strongly, but he hadn’t realized until this offload how saturated he really was. Once the process was complete, Eva reattached the tubing to his gag, swung the computer screen over his head and attached the drape. The images of naked women and men engaged in various scenes of bondage or sexual play rotated at 30 second intervals overhead. And the drape kept him warm. He felt another blanket thrown over his body, though he could not, of course, see anything. And he assumed after a silence that the women had left the industrial room.

## CHAPTER 7: Breakfast and Rest

Saturday, 12:30 A.M.

When Robert was a young teenager, he had been rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The pain in his lower back had been so intense that afternoon in school that he fainted in the locker room, while changing for sports. A routine procedure, but his first time overnight in a hospital, and oddly memorable. What he remembered was not the shock of the pain or even the curious monitoring that accompanies the body after a traumatic procedure—looking at the stitches, noticing how it feels to digest and pass food in the ensuing days—but the oddities of the pediatric ward itself. For example, though exhausted and drugged, he was unable to sleep through the night. Pains from the incision site, for one, bothered him as the anesthetic wore off, but he was also keenly aware of not being in his own home, in his own bed, and that disconcerted him. The sheets had a different smell that he mentally labeled as industrialized laundry; they were stiff and scratchy unlike the sheets and bedding his mother purchased for the family, one of the luxuries upon which she insisted. And there was always the pervasive sound of motorized humming and beeping as different monitoring machines, EKG or blood pressure, were employed in the ward. The ward itself was a very large room, with patient sleeping cubicles created by framed dividers, tall but not to the ceiling. So what he remembered most strongly about his hospital visit was the halo of light around the tops and the framing of the panel that served as his cubicle's door. He was very lonely and worried that night, hazy from the painkillers and in considerable pain; and he didn't want to be alone. So whenever the cubicle's door opened and light rushed in, he felt tremendous relief. Whoever it was, whatever test or IV check, or prodding the nurses might subject him to, Robert would willingly have accepted the discomfort. He just wanted them to stay.

So it was that night. When the door would open after what seemed several hours of recirculation and endurance, Robert felt elated. It could have been the young minx with a bull whip, and he'd gladly have taken his beating. But this time, Lady Jocelyn entered, set down a plate of food, and disconnected the recirculation. She held the tube into the bucket for a much-needed offload. Removed the gag, washed his mouth with a warm wash cloth, and tilted up the head of his bed. The pressure off his lower back felt so incredibly good.

"Good morning," Mistress Jocelyn said. She sat in the chair beside the hospital bed and reached for her plate.

“Good morning, Ma'am,” Robert said. “What time is it?”

She held a small piece of English muffin to his mouth; he took it and chewed the buttery bread. “Does it really matter?” She fed herself a forkful of food. “You are entirely in our control, so what meaning does time have? Eat up,” she next fed him a bite of bacon. “I’ll allow you a bit of my breakfast, but lunch will be denied you.”

Robert swallowed. He wanted to ask why, though long conditioning as a submissive prohibited him from questioning a Dominant. He also wanted to know what the plan for today was. Would the women be staying past morning? Would they let him up soon and was anyone else expected?

Lady Jocelyn finished her breakfast, allowing Robert a few more bites of egg and bacon. She then began the tender task of removing the Texas catheter, which had made such a strong bond with his shaft that it had to be rolled, gingerly, the skin pulled away from the catheter. Once off, his well-used cock was subjected to yet more intensity. Jocelyn opened a jar of lubricant and rubbed some between her palms, then massaged his shaft and cock head gently, lubing it up. Robert moaned in pleasure as the skillful Dominant next began to stroke his shaft in slow, light movements, thumbing his cock head as her hand slid to the top of her shaft. She would pause with his cock firmly in her palm, then, and run her thumb back and forth across the head. He was intensely erect and so sensitive that both he and the Dominant knew it was taking all of her skill to keep him from cumming. Robert wanted to cum both because he was incredibly horny at this point, but also because he thought the scene might end were he to orgasm.

Yet as her manipulations increased in intensity and caused Robert to arch his hips against the restraints with each stroke, she stopped cold---no touching at all, until his erection began to subside. Jocelyn, meanwhile, had removed her stockings and thong and climbed up to straddle Robert’s face. “Lick me,” she commanded, and she lowered herself, her open thighs at each side of his face, the lips of her pussy brushing his lips. Obediently, Robert began to lick the delightful mistress, wetting her inner labia, and then teasing the nub of her clit with his tongue. He licked rhythmically using the flat of his tongue, and with satisfaction felt her begin to move her hips over him, using his face as a rubbing point, rubbing her pussy back and forth against his mouth and moving tongue. “Suck me,” she ordered, “and lick me until I cum in your mouth, slave.” He did so, closing his eyes and sliding his wet tongue around the opening of her hole, sucking the clit into his mouth, gently rubbing it with his teeth. He wanted to give her an incredible experience; he was so grateful to her for getting up on the bed

and commanding him. Jocelyn was breathing more heavily; she was using him, using his mouth and face for her own erotic enjoyment, and he loved it. She called for him to suck her again, harder. He opened his mouth to cover the entire opening of her hole and sucked deeply until he felt her muscles begin to spasm, and a soft trail of warm liquid run from within her onto his tongue. She clenched his face tightly between her thighs and rocked with the orgasm.

When she had recovered, Jocelyn called for No Shoes, who arrived with a length of chain and handcuffs. Jocelyn undid the magnetic locks and removed the straps from Robert's torso and arms, commanded him to sit up, and locked a belly chain and handcuffs on him. She next locked the handcuffs to the chain, then unstrapped his legs.

Standing, he felt lightheaded. The mistress stood beside him as he reached his full height and got his bearings. "Into the cell with you now," she said. "You're permitted a nap, which I advise you to take. You're going to need it." He walked into the jail cell. The door closed with a heavy metal thud. As instructed, Robert placed his handcuffed hands at the horizontal opening in the bars, and Lady Jocelyn unlocked them, then the lock on the belly chain. She told him to pee and then take his nap. Gratefully, Robert used the cell's toilet and small sink, washing his hands and filling the small cup for a drink. Then, exhausted, he climbed onto the small camp bed and fell instantly asleep.

## CHAPTER 8: Steer Tie

Saturday, 9:30 A.M.

Robert was awakened by the arrival of Lady Jocelyn and Mistress V. who ordered him to come to the cell's front bars. "You must have been tired. You slept right through lunch! But then, we were not going to let you have any, so it didn't matter," said Lady Jocelyn. He had fallen into a very deep sleep. He placed his arms into the metal food slot, and they were quickly handcuffed and secured to the cell's bars with a second pair of handcuffs, such that he was only able to partly pull them back. Next a belly chain was reattached and locked in place. Lastly, the handcuffs on his wrists were secured to the belly chain with an additional lock. Lady Jocelyn and V. then entered the cell, and V. threw a rope around his neck and tightened its slip knot. Thus captured, Robert was led out, into the dungeon and told to kneel down in the center of the floor.

"It's time for a little rope discipline," said Mistress Jocelyn. "But that's all right with you, isn't it?" She ran her palm under his chin and lifted it. "You're a bondage slave. We know what to do with you." She next turned her attention to the slave No Shoes, and told him to collect various lengths of rope.

The two women worked in tandem, lying Robert down on his back and lifting his legs. V. tied each of Robert's ankles in a loose rope sling, then roped these together. Next, the Dominants made a rope saddle to support his hips and tied the three points to a winch hook on the ceiling. Once his legs were secured up to the winch, his belly chain was removed. Jocelyn then secured Robert's hands in independent slings with more rope. She removed the handcuffs, tied his hands together and pulled them up toward the winch. "Go get Princess Eva," Jocelyn told No Shoes, who stood motionless in the corner. "Tell her it's play time."

The ropes were tied together at the hook, and Robert was suspended. He felt a lot of discomfort as the braided hemp pressed intensely into his muscles, but also elation; for it was simply wonderful to be suspended, with his ass, cock and balls so precariously vulnerable.

Princess Eva arrived looking rested and ready to spar. She had changed into leathers, from head to toe, a plunging bra, biker jacket, and tight fitting pants. Her outfit included a thick belt with metal carabineers from which ropes and impact implements were hung. It was a very hot look, a tool belt for Dommies, Robert thought and felt instantly excited once again that all of this extraordinary attention was focused on him.

Lady Jocelyn raised him several feet off the floor. Though the steer tie was about the kindest of all to muscles and joints, Robert still felt painfully stretched, as his ankles were brought up as close as possible to his wrists, and he was left to hang. The three women then drew together and spoke in low voices then, coordinating assignments. Robert looked between his legs at the group. While he was watching Eva remove items from one of the cabinets to his right, he felt cool, gloved fingers slide into his ass and turned, startled, to see the other Dominants intently watching. Mistress V. began with her fingers, inserting three and then four into his anus and leaving them there to stretch until he could accommodate them. "We didn't string you up to be a chandelier," she said, laughing. After inserting all five fingers up to the "ring of fire," she spent the next fifteen minutes, playing with a series of large dildos, each in a graduating size, slowly coating them with lubricant, stroking it on the silicone dicks and then sliding it in and leaving it still while the muscles in his ass expanded and contracted, accommodating the huge toys. One of the women had turned on music, a playlist he had made for parties, and this gave the scene a sensuous, erotic tempo. The anal play was gentle, deep, and pleasurable. Robert's cock was intensely hard. Helpless to move his hands in objection, he had no choice but to accept the series of anal implements and strokes the beautiful brunet applied. His erection grew harder. He might have let fly a shot of hot cum had Lady Jocelyn not done a quick, tight cock and ball tie then stretched his penis painfully by a rope that anchored up with his wrists and ankles.

"What is it that feels good?" Mistress V. said, in a melodic voice. "What hurts like hell?" To punctuate the sentence, Lady Jocelyn put a new CBT rope around his package, slowly twisted it at the bottom and then wrapped each of the balls into a separate tight hard plum.

"Get used to it," said Princess Eva. "And focus on your ass. I guess you could say we're refocusing your pleasure center."

After another half hour of intensive play, Robert was lowered gently to the floor and untied just enough to stand. No shoes and Eva each took an arm and escorted him, hobbling, to the cell. Eva sat him on the bed and placed a blanket around his shoulders then closed and locked the cell door. Robert spent the next several minutes untying the remainder of his bindings, then lay down for a nap.



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Robert was floating in a sunfish, leaning back, his feet comfortable in the well. Just enough breeze in the sale for a slow steady passage...up river. Was it a river, or was he on the bay? Though his eyes were closed, he could see the light of the sun's rays sparkling on the water. Warm gentle winds, and the sounds of tapping. Metal tapping. The rigging tapping against the mast, another of the most relaxing sounds ....Except...the sunny had no rigging. And wondering about this, Robert's thoughts surfaced enough to recognize that the tapping was a key against the bars of his cell.

## CHAPTER 9: Wooden Cross Challenge

Saturday, 12:30 P.M.

"You need a tin cup to run against these bars," said Lady Jocelyn. "To make the experience even more authentic."

How long had she been there? he wondered. These naps were refreshing but sometimes disorienting, Robert thought. He was instructed to approach the front of the cell, where once again his wrists were handcuffed and then secured to a belly chain in front. Jocelyn then unlocked the door and entered, commanding him to kneel. He did so, and she put his favorite leather mask over his head, with the blindfold snapped on, and the mouth gag intact.

"It's time for a little trust walking," the Lady said and then--to Mistress V., "Hold him by the arm, above the elbow, and move at a good pace."

Robert felt the young mistress's cool hand circle his upper arm. She began walking around the dungeon at a fast clip. It was all Robert could do to keep himself from instinctively sinking to the floor, to halt the rush forward. Mistress V. steered him deftly around corners and edges, the bolted floor rings near the spanking bench. She made sure to turn him around several times, so that by the time Robert was delivered to the next station for the Dominants' wicked enjoyment, he had no idea where he was in the play space.

"We decided your legs could use a bit of exercise. The voice was distinctively Princess Eva's. "Step up here." She guided his foot up to a step of some kind and helped him up. Then she placed his left foot on a parallel platform. The platforms moved on independent hinges. As his waist and legs were buckled in, he realized he was being put on the cross. To ensure security, his short neck chain was locked to the cross before releasing his arms and belly chain.

This was not a traditional stationary cross, shaped like an X, but instead it was upright with two leg boards, and horizontals for each arm. Hinges at the upper area of the leg platforms allowed movement, so that when a person was strapped in, he could press his legs outward and apart or allow them to come together, and the movement of his legs raised or lowered a rope on a pulley overhead. It was to this rope that his cock was next attached.

Through the muffled padding of the leather hood, Robert heard Eva speak, and then once again, he felt the touch of cool hands--Mistress V's--encircling his cock. She tied a rope to its head. "Push your legs apart as wide as you can," she

said in a loud voice close to his hood. Robert complied, and the mistress pulled his cock rope, stretching the shaft and head to an uncomfortable length.

"Now, try relaxing your legs."

Gingerly, Robert obeyed, but inch by inch the movement of his legs to a closed and relaxed position had the opposite effect of stretching his cock along the rope pulley. He was unable to rest his legs completely together, so painful was the severity of the rope stretch. Holding them open provided the only option for relief. Yet doing so required muscle exertion.

"I want 30 minutes out of you," one of the women said, close against his covered ear.

The experience of being hooded enhanced Robert's time on the cross in an unexpected way. Holding his legs apart was difficult work, and the close darkness of the hood made the effort even more strenuous. He shifted his weight from one hip to the other every few minutes, but after a while, he felt his upper legs start to tremble with fatigue.

He had to relax some, but the tug on his tender cock was brutal. It felt stretched to an impossible length. "Ten more minutes," the Dominant said into his ear. Hadn't it been thirty already? Robert's sense of time was muffled, like the ambient sound; the exertions of the cross hold caused him to breathe rapidly, and the hood soon became hot. This was endurance to be sure. He groaned.

"You can do this," a female voice insisted. "You can handle this suffering because you are a noble slave."

Was that Mistress V? or Eva. This must be Princess Eva. He would try for her. He nodded his head and shifted his weight to the left hip. Suffering. He wondered whether there was nobility in it, or whether (as one of the others had said, Lady Jocelyn, he believed), whether the point was to force him to suffer. To make him know what it felt like on a daily basis-- for women. Women in contrast to men. Robert shifted, to equalize his weight. Another minute or two maybe. His thighs were shaking now. He wondered about how callous he had been in the past. How many women had he victimized or treated unjustly? And maybe that wasn't even the point. The women seemed intent on his feeling *like* a woman, feeling the injustices women experienced in general.

"Time's up now. Well done, slave." Lady Jocelyn said. Hands held his legs apart, relieving his muscles of the burden. The rope went slack.

"Can you give us another five minutes, Robert?" Eva asked.

After Robert reluctantly indicated he could, Lady Jocelyn slowly let his legs resume their struggle against gravity. The extra five minutes pushed Robert

beyond what he thought he was capable of achieving. But with all three Domes likely watching and even occasionally verbally encouraging him to succeed, he somehow managed to endure.

The rope stretching his cock was removed and the belly chain and handcuffs reapplied. Finally, Robert was let down off the cross.

"It might be good to let you go free for a bit," Princess Eva said, close to his ear, "but a man like you can't be trusted."

"A man, period, can't be trusted," came a brassy refrain from several feet away.

This provoked a ripple of general laughter among the three Dominants.

Since he was exhausted and hooded, he was no match for the three women. Whatever ache he felt in his legs would have to work itself out with minimal stretching, he thought as he was led across the room. Robert butted up against something. He felt himself lifted at both ends, legs and shoulders, up onto a table. The lacings at the back of his head and strap of the hood were loosened, but the hood was left in place. Next, ropes were added to his middle and thighs. Thus bound in what felt every way possible, he was left alone, presumably to recover.

A short time later, his hood was removed, pulled from the back forward. His blurred eyes focused on Princess, with the gentleman slave at her side. Princess Eva put her arm beneath Robert's head and took a glass of water with a straw from the slave. She placed it between Robert's lips and instructed him to drink. "You've earned a bit of a snack for your efforts," she said, placing a small cracker and some cheese at this lips.

"What we have planned next for you is going to require stamina--on many levels. So I want you to eat up and drink this water. Robert sucked greedily through the straw, gulping down as much water as he could. He didn't need to be told to eat or drink. He was famished.

It must be late afternoon, he thought. He wished he knew the women's plans for him were--and for his party. Wasn't it time to wrap things up? (No pun intended.) More than a dozen people had RSVP's to the party. Wonderful as this surprise gang-up was, Robert worried about how Princess Eva had notified the guests not to attend last night...or this morning, and who might be coming still. There were a great many preparations involved in hosting these weekends--the rooms arrangements for his, the meal preparations and when food was to be put out. He'd provided a lot of food for the weekend. Not that the women wouldn't be enjoying themselves in between scenes of tormenting him. All of these

questions he wanted to ask Mistress Eva. Certainly, it would not be appropriate for a slave to ask these things of his Dominant, but would she mind? Robert turned these questions over in his mind as he lay on the rack. Eva had finished sharing the crackers and cheese on her plate and handed his cup and the plate to No Shoes, who gave a short bow and left the dungeon.

Robert decided to venture. "Princess, may I ask a question? Are there any other guests coming tonight? I had about fourteen people on the guest list, and--"

"You asked permission to ask a question," Princess Eva said, frowning down at the leather-bound host. "I didn't give permission, and you are not to proceed with a question or statement until one of us gives you explicit approval to do so." She bent down to look more closely at Robert's face. "Do you understand?" It was the censuring look of authority challenged. Not cruel exactly, but not the more compassionate underlay of expression he relied upon in her. What had he done wrong?

"I imagine you need to use the bathroom," Eva said. "But as to any of your other guests, or our plans for you, these things are none of your concern."

Robert looked into the princess's cool blue eyes and felt his heart sink. The affection he felt for her was overwhelming at times, he realized, and the prospect that he had in some way failed to perform his part well was devastating. He looked down, afraid these emotions were evident in his expression, and he did not want the vulnerability of such a demonstration to further her displeasure.

But Eva ran both palms over Robert's face, pushing his head down against the bed and pulling the skin taut. She pushed her hands into his hair, pressing it away from his face, and kissed him deeply. Her tongue filled any want or hope he might have of speaking further. His eyes closed, Robert felt himself submerged in the wash of her domination, the harsh, tender, wrenching control she not only offered but insisted upon.

She pulled back. "You are entirely our slave. You are entirely helpless. Don't fight it. You think you know what submission is." She held his head down. "But I'm here--we're here--to show you what total powerlessness really is. It's what women have to live through every day of our lives. It isn't going to be easy." Her stern expression returned; the blue of her irises deepened. "It's going to involve more suffering. It's what you need, though, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes, Princess."

Eva then escorted Robert to the cell where he was allowed a few moments to pee and freshen up. Afterwards, she took him back to the wooden rack.

## CHAPTER 10: Feminization

Saturday, 2:00 P.M.

Lady Jocelyn, Mistress V., and No shoes returned to the dungeon, joining Princess Eva and Robert at the rack. "My compliments to the chef who prepared the roast," said Mistress Jocelyn. "It reheated brilliantly with the potatoes and carrots." She smoothed her hands over her stomach, now relieved of the corset. Instead, she had changed into a long black flowing top, leggings and riding boots. "No Shoes will prepare a plate for you whenever you're ready to take a break, Eva. Of course, this little wench had none of it," she said, turning to V. who was similarly dressed in layers of all black and high boots. She subsists on air," I think.

"Fruit and water," said Mistress V. "Keeps me hungry." She fixed her gaze on Robert. "And I like to be hungry."

The three women untied the remaining straps from around Robert. Princess Eva marched Robert over to a ceiling ring and secured him to it by his short neck chain. She removed his belly chain and handcuffs and then pulled his arms behind him, circled them tightly in a box tie which she anchored behind the back of the neck and underneath the arms. More rope and cinches applied. Once secure, his ceiling tether was released. Robert was then escorted to the opposite end of the dungeon, where several chairs and a standing mirror had been set up near the couch.

"First things first," said Princess Eva. "V., I want you to pay attention to this device. Eva held forth a translucent rubber cock and balls device. It's electrified." She pointed to the adaptor points. "It can deliver shocks or a more pleasing stimulation. They call it an Oxball because of the way it makes a man feel when he's wearing it."

"As though he is mighty." V. cupped her hand beneath Robert's package and hefted his considerably full balls. "These are some impressive balls already," she said. "They're so big and full. Bet they're just aching to be relieved of all that man cum." She moved to stroke his cock which grew progressively harder with each touch of her hand. "And we do love this big cock. I want another go with this thing on the hospital table." She wrapped the head of his cock in her palm and began to stroke him. "Let me at him for a long stretch of uninterrupted hours." She reared back her hand then. And just as Robert registered what was coming, Mistress V. slapped his balls to the side with such force. The phrase "Slap

you silly" flew through his thoughts, although he was sure no one actually said the words.

Robert bent over in pain. As he recovered, though, his instinct was to stand with his head bowed and ask for more.

"Now we'll have to wait for him to soften up some," Princess Eva said and scowled. "It's far too difficult to put this device on if he's hard." She glanced at V., who gave a little pout in return and moved to encircle Lady Jocelyn at the waist. The mentor then put a hand on her protégé's breast and squeezed, through the fabric, the area of her nipple repeatedly. After a moment, the two women parted, with Lady Jocelyn eyeing V. in a gesture that was surprisingly salacious. This was a new development, Robert thought. The pouting and fondling had made him feel hot.

"Pay attention," said Eva with irritation. "You need to put the entire package into the device here, she said, demonstrating for V. "and it isn't easy." Deftly, Eva maneuvered Robert's balls, each toward its corresponding rubber enclosure, and then with some painful pushing and maneuvering, she inserted and then pulled his cock through the device's opening. She next worked each of the balls, pressing to ensure maximum contact with the conductive rubber tubing in each sack. The more skin exposed to the charge, the less painfully stingy it would feel. So ensuring ample surface contact, distributed along the charge line, was a kindness to the recipient. Once the Oxball device was securely in place, Princess Eva plugged the adaptor lines into a remote e-Stim unit and into the device's ports. "You know the routine of how to assess the appropriate amplitude," Eva said to V. "Go ahead."

With appropriate caution, Mistress V. inched the amplitude higher. It seemed not to be working, as the first clicks elicited no response.

"I feel that," Robert said. Mistress turned the electricity up several levels until he called out, "That's about my maximum, Mistress!"

"Hmm, we'll set your punishment shocks a few numbers higher for good measure." Mistress V. turned down the amplitude to a more pleasant, continuous hum.

While V. was involved with Robert's Oxball settings, Lady Jocelyn and Princess Eva were directing No Shoes to bring down two duffels and set them on the couch. The Dominants removed a collection of women's underwear, heels, skirts and blouses. A round carry-on contained two wigs, a blond and a brunette wig, along with an interior zipper bag and quite a large assortment of make-up.

"We have something entirely different in store for you now, slave," said Jocelyn. "You're literally going to walk in our shoes." She held up a pearl colored pair of pumps by their heels and wagged them. "Maybe not a mile, but you're going to walk. I assure you."

"Do you know what it's like to walk in very high heels?" Mistress V. asked. "I wonder, have you tried it? We have several pair of 4" heels for you to sample." V. hurried over to the clothing and selected a pewter colored pair. She was clearly excited by this activity. "Step in. Let's just see if this is your fit."

"Slow down," said Lady Jocelyn. "I brought some stockings and a shoe horn, both of which will help ease the slave's foot into the pump."

"But aren't we jumping ahead of ourselves?" Princess Eva indicated several matching pairs of brassieres and panties. "I can see him in a 36 D, Joss."

"And if you're wondering," V. held the eStim device's remote control in front of Robert, taunting. "We have the breasts to go inside of the bras, and we're going to glue them on you. We're giving you an entire feminization experience."

And so it was. Over the couple of hours, the three Dominants devoted energy and ardor to Robert's transformation. With the box-tie ropes still in place, the women applied an adhesive glue to two silicone breast forms and adhered them. There was joking about how Mistress V. should have brought along a pair of Spanx with booty pads to give his ass some greater definition—and bigger ass cheeks. This engendered a volley of bare handed spankings to Robert's ass and much cock and ball squeezing through the Oxball device. His persistent erection belied the lacy effects of the bras being held up to his new breasts, or the garters and stockings being held against him for a view, as the women made their selections.

"We're going to take off your rope bindings now," said Mistress V., "but I'm not worried about your compliance in the least because in addition to the Oxball, we're going to secure you to the ceiling ring again."

"No mistress," he said. "I will be obedient."

"Damn right you will," said V., delivering a strong shock to Robert's balls, and then locking the collar chain to a ceiling ring.

He was forced to an upright posture by the short chain. . "I'll do...as I'm told," he said.

A black lace push-up bra was selected, along with its matching pair of panties. Next a garter and nude colored stockings were hooked up. Robert didn't mind the feminizing attention, which surprised him. In a way, he thought to



himself, it was just another form of playing with him, and the excitement of six hands on his body—clasping, hooking, tugging, smoothing—was so sexually arousing for him, they could have dressed him in an evening gown, and he'd have calmly accepted the costume.

“Before we put on high heels,” said Lady Jocelyn, “I want to try him in this.” She held out a crimson corset with black lacings. “I brought several from my dungeon, but I think this one is most likely to fit him.”

“Her,” said V.

“Likely to fit her.”

Despite himself, Robert frowned at that remark, which elicited a series of sharp shocks to his balls. “If we want commentary from you, slave, we'll ask for it!” The glee in Mistress V.'s eyes was disconcerting. Robert thought it might be wisest not even to make eye contact with the mistress while she was holding the power box.

“Have you ever been laced up?” asked Princess Eva, rising from her place on the couch.

“Oh, let me do it,” said Lady Jocelyn. “I haven't had a slave to dress up in months.”

Princess Eva waved her hand, surrendering Robert to her buxom cohort. If anyone knew about corsets and cinchers, Robert thought, it was probably this lady. She was something marvelous, almost literary, a bar maid from an old English tavern, with her wide set green eyes, big smile, and bigger tits. Her exuberance was a high energy that drew one to her, like a light. “Moth to a flame,” thought Robert—which was the final thought he'd have for several moments as the corsets laces were pulled—brutally tight—around his middle, squeezing most air and sense out of his body. When she finished, the corset was locked in place with a belt. Next, Robert was commanded to step into high heels that were fitted with chain and leather cuffs which locked around his ankles.. Robert was then released from the ceiling ring and commanded to walk across the dungeon toward the cell. He tried to obey. Between the locked-on heels and corset, he had no thoughts of escaping. He was instead entirely focused on not looking foolish in the eyes of the women. But the combination of the constricted corset limiting his breathing and the four inch heels on the carpeted floor caused him to break a sweat. He was wobbly, and despite hanging onto the belief that this was a merry, humorous scene, he realized that he was on the threshold of an intensely humiliating experience.

“As of this moment, you have a new identity, as a woman,” said Princess Eva. The three Dominants stood together near the full-length mirror. “Let’s call him ‘bobbie’! Walk to us, bobbie. We know it’s difficult to keep your balance, but that’s what women must learn to do.”

“Heels accentuate the ass and the legs,” said Lady Jocelyn. “They limit mobility, tilt the body and raise up the ass so it’s more visible, more available, and the woman's pussy is more fuckable. Ready to be fucked at any moment. That’s what high heels like these tell a man walking by. Come and fuck me at will. Fuck me senseless. Lift up my skirt and tell me to bend over a little, and give it to me hard.”

“Like this,” said Mistress V., displaying a large black dildo and harness. She handed the e-Stim control box to Lady Jocelyn, but not before turning up the amplitude and frequency just enough to provide his balls a constant thrumming vibration. Then she took off her dress, stripping down to bra and thong, inserted the dildo into the harness and strapped it on.

Robert walked several steps to the full length mirror. Jocelyn put a short blond wig on his head, then, and told him to look at his transformation. He stood there, taking in the scene: himself, waist impossibly narrow, black bra, artificial boobs, stockings and heels. Sexualized but totally awkward. While a few feet away, a dominatrix-in-training with raven-black hair and long legs was putting on a strap-on to fuck him in the ass. She pulled the leather strap tight. She wasn’t going to be easy about it.

From the corner, near the cell, No Shoes watched, expressionless but clearly rapt.

“Bring her over to the spanking bench and pull off her panties,” said Lady Jocelyn. “Maybe we ought to gang rape her. Eva, does he have other harnesses?”

Eva did not answer; instead, she opened a jar of lubricant, put on a latex glove, and inserted several fingers of lube into Robert’s rectum. He leaned over the bench, barely able to catch his breath in the tightly-laced corset. With four fingers in his ass, Princess Eva pressed her body up against him, so he felt the ridge of her pubic bone against his lower back. She bent to his ear. “You need to experience being a woman. Always at the mercy of men, of a man’s horny cock. Your body dressed in the most pleasing manner possible. To draw a man. Always to attract him and appeal to his cock.” Her breath was hot against his ear, while her fingers slipped deeper into his ass. Robert closed his eyes, feeling the electricity from within the Oxball device and Princess Eva’s fingers inside opening

him up like a flower. He was dizzy from the corset's constriction, the spanking bench against his solar plexus, her woodsy-scented hair in his face while she spoke.

Then, Robert felt her fingers slide out; she stepped away, leaving his exposed ass to the younger Dominant. His eyes remained closed as Robert felt Mistress V. insert the dildo slowly, until the broad head eased in and his muscles closed around it. She pushed gently, in and out until she had inserted its full length. "Spread your legs farther apart," she commanded. "You're here for my pleasure. You have no choice but to get fucked or fisted, or maybe I'll make you suck this big cock, or lick my pussy until I cum so hard it runs down your chin. I can do whatever I want to you. Women take it. You're going to take it. That's what women do."

Over the next hour, the Dominants took turns using the dressed up Robert as a fuck toy. No Shoes was commanded to provide iced drinks when needed. After Mistress V. had her fill of fucking him, he was made to give oral sex to the women, one after the other with his skirt hiked up over his hips. Jocelyn and V. each lay down and had Robert crawl between their legs to serve them. They enhanced the experience with the use of a small hand-held vibrator which they pressed against one other's clit while Robert performed oral sex on each of them in turn. Their orgasms came in waves. Princess was the last to command Robert's tongue by sitting on his face.

Afterward, Lady Jocelyn led Robert over to the sling where she subjected him a long, slow, sensuous fisting. The attention to his ass gave him a powerful erection. He'd been hard for such a long time he couldn't say—hours maybe. If anyone had touched the head of his cock during Lady Jocelyn's session, he might have shot a huge load instantly. It was only the shock of looking up at his feet held in the sling's stirrups and seeing the high heels, that took Robert aback, sent a cold rush of embarrassment mixed with hot excitement up his spine. Embarrassed and excited not so much to be wearing a woman's shoes, but to be so...utterly exposed, controlled. Robert loved bondage in any form: rope, leather, rubber, straps. He craved the feeling of being totally tied or strapped up, made immobile, unable to move, raise an objection or say no. But more than any scene he'd experienced before, the feminization, combined with the Dominants' using him as a sex slave, made him more helpless than he'd been, perhaps ever. It was as if they had unzipped the outer layer of his personality—his social persona, masculinity, his role as the generous host—and laid bare something raw and

beating underneath. For the second time that evening, Robert felt entirely submissive.

But lest he romanticize any of this, Robert was removed from the sling, secured in a belly chain and cuffs, and taken to stand beneath an overhead ring. A rope was placed around his neck and attached to the ceiling point; as long as he stood tall in the heels, he'd be fine, but any slouching of his back, let alone trying to remove the locked-on heels, would result in the rope tightening around his neck. For added torment, Mistress V. shocked him, periodically via the Oxball. His package felt extremely heavy and weighed down after hefting the device for what must have been close to two hours.

"Stand up with perfect posture like a lady, or you'll be made to suffer," V. said, holding the control box in her hand.

"You can see how degrading it is to be sexualized like this all day long," said Princess Eva. "Your ass and your tits paraded out for general evaluation,"

"You're in a bit of a predicament, aren't you?" said Lady Jocelyn.

Robert held his back straight—The corset, which caused his lower back to ache intensely, also helped him stand erect. He remained in this position for as long as he could, focusing on the rope at his throat, trying not to let his ankles wobble. Eventually, he began to feel light-headed and called out to Lady Jocelyn.

She removed the rope and the corset—but the remaining feminine items were to stay on—then took Robert to the cell, where he was given a glass of ice water and allowed to rest. The cell's curtain was closed, so Robert was unable to see as the dungeon furniture was rearranged and a dinner table set up.

## CHAPTER 11: Dungeon Dinner

Saturday, 7:00 P.M.

Robert was ordered to remove the Oxball device, once the belly chain and handcuffs were unlocked and removed. Princess Eva then handed him a narrow ball collar and instructed him to put it on. This took him several painful attempts—his own natural balls were as full as a bull's, and the collar pinched badly going on. He secured the device with the locking pin and handed the pin to Eva.

"Very nice." She beckoned with her hand. Robert stood against the bars so that she could examine and finger the collar. "But you're hardly secure. A dangerous creature like you requires more intensive restraints." She stepped away for a moment then returned with a large metal fiddle which she handed him through the cell bars. This was a triangular-shaped manacle with three openings, a hole for the neck, and one for each wrist. When all three were in a closed position, an integrated lock just below the neck secured the entire device. Robert put on the Fiddle with the help of Eva, who was reaching through the bars. Finally she opened the cell door, hooked a leash to his ball collar, and led Robert out of the cell to the dungeon dinner table.

"Mind the carpet in those heels," Mistress V. called up to him.

It was the first time he had been sat down for a meal since the women arrived—well over twenty-four hours ago. It was jarring to him, but being on the leash actually helped. As Princess Eva led Robert to the table, the room lights were dimmed and he noticed the tapered candles and the elaborate spread. The other women sat quietly, as Eva and her pet approached. She then attached the leash to Robert's chair and allowed him to sit. "You may feed yourself, but you are not to speak unless spoken to."

No Shoes put a plate before him—pork roast all cut up, mashed potatoes, and peas. Then he set a glass of diet soda with a straw beside Robert's plate. It occurred to Robert that No Shoes must be under the same orders. Robert had not heard him utter a word the whole time he'd been there.

Eating with the fiddle on was very difficult. Infantilized as the cut-up meat made him feel, he was grateful to No Shoes, or whomever had cut it, so that he could use his fork to bring up a single piece of meat, and place it into his mouth. The potatoes he ate similarly, but the peas were almost impossible to get into his mouth. He would successfully spear a few on the tines of his fork, only to have them usually drop off.

The Dominants meanwhile were discussing rope. Lady Jocelyn had some experience, she said, but in the days when she was a Pro Dom, none of her clients had ever asked for it, so she'd let her skills lapse and only lately become interested in learning. Princess Eva had been taught rope by none other than Robert himself, so while she was humble about her ability level, she enjoyed rope and wasn't afraid to tie someone up or join in a suspension scene. Mistress V. knew about breast bondage, she said, and the occasional hog tie.

Always attentive to talk of Rope, Robert listened to the women while attempting to spear a pair of peas on his fork. Mistress's V.'s mention of breast bondage naturally caused him to glance away from his plate. But the instant he turned his head, one of the peas slid from his fork, bounced off his plate and rolled to the floor.

"Excuse me, ladies!" called Mistress V., raising her palm in protest. "Is this the way a lady behaves at the table?"

"What did she do?" Jocelyn asked, in mock horror.

"Mistress V. pointed at bobbie. "For one thing, she is playing with her food, and also, her posture is terrible."

"She even made a mess by dropping some of her food on the floor." Princess Eva grinned and ordered bobbie to pick up the dropped peas, which he did with considerable difficulty, negotiating the restrictions to his movements imposed by the fiddle. Eventually, he finished, returned to his seat, and attempted the utensils again.

But Princess Eva was instantly at him: "Now, bobbie. Sit up straight," she said. "At the edge of your chair. That's right. With a good spine." Robert obeyed, abandoning his fork since sitting upright also required him to raise his attached hands.

"Thank you for the correction, Ma'am," said Robert.

Now Mistress V. stood, came around the table, and shook her head in disapproval. "I don't recall that sitting with one's legs cocked open as ladylike posture either."

All three Dominants bent to look under the table.

"A lady sits with her knees pressed tightly together," said Eva.

"Clearly, this slave needs a lot of remediation," said Jocelyn. "I suspect she'll need regular, strict etiquette lessons if we're ever going to make headway."

"Strict, strict etiquette," V. echoed.

The ordeal of trying to feed himself had taken far longer than the Dominants' dinner. And unfortunately, Robert's plate did not contain nearly enough food to satisfy his hunger.

He was taken from the table and attached by one ankle to a length of chain, itself anchored to a floor ring. Mistress Eva unlocked and removed the fiddle, then handed Robert the key and commanded him to remove the ball ring. Eva and Lady Jocelyn then helped Robert to remove his high heels, garter belt, and stockings. The wig came off, as did the bra and panties. Last to be removed were the silicone breasts which had been glued to his chest with surgical adhesive.

"I wonder what it feels like now, without the women's underwear and tits," Eva said, snapping her fingers and pointing to her feet. He'd be allowed to sit down for a moment.

Robert didn't answer. He was taking an inventory, trying to assess the answer to her question.

"Do you miss the lingerie, or the breasts? Maybe it's like removing a chastity belt you've worn for several days. You're dying to get out of it, but after five minutes, part of you wishes you could have it back on. Is it like that?"

"I suppose so, Princess," said Robert. "I know your objective was to teach me a lesson about the indignities women suffer. You certainly accomplished that." He rubbed the skin around his breasts, somewhat raw from the adhesive glue. The truth was, it *did* feel odd for his hand to hit the flat of his chest. Amazing how quickly one adapted. There'd been a definite lull in the energy since the dress-up scene, he acknowledged. Perhaps the women were preparing to go home. This thought elicited both exhausted relief and intense worry—they couldn't possibly leave him alone on Saturday night after so much intense play, could they? He felt he would need epic after care to prevent sub drop. Or maybe in fact his other guests were arriving tonight. Though they'd likely have been here before dinner. The questions tangled themselves, resolving into dread. As difficult as their scenes were, he did not want them to go. "May I ask--?" Robert met eyes with Princess, who was seated in one of the two throne chairs near the cross."

"What is it, slave?"

"Are other guests going to arrive tonight—or, at all?"

Princess Eva met eyes with Lady Jocelyn and Mistress V., both of whom were seated across the room on the couch. He saw the look pass between them but couldn't read it."

“You really have no idea, you poor slave,” said Mistress V, rising. “You’re in for so much more torment. I like my slaves groveling for mercy, and you’re nowhere near there yet.” She crossed the room and began examining Robert’s collection of floggers and paddles. She selected what looked like a cricket bat and took it down. I propose we do a gauntlet,” V. said. “He crawls through our legs and has to withstand impact from all three of us. It’s time the slave had a few good cracks on the ass.”



## CHAPTER 12: Bondage Contest

Saturday, 8:30 P.M.

“I propose another contest,” said Princess Eva. “A tying up contest. The medium will be rope, and the goal is to tie Robert up in as inescapable a position as you can in 15 minutes or under. Then, we’ll time how long it takes him to get out. If he can, that is.”

Mistress V.'s eyes darkened. “We haven’t done any impact at all that I can think of. Aside from the little caning scene yesterday.”

It was all Robert could do to keep himself quiet. What about the caning V. administered last night in the hospital bed? he wanted to protest.”

“House rules,” said Jocelyn. And anyway, Eva had already unzipped a large blue duffel and taken out several tied bundles of rope.

Jocelyn was the first to go, with a simple steer tie. Four long ropes tying the legs together—at the hips, thighs, just below the knees, and at the ankles. Beautifully symmetrical and cinched in the middle. Next, she bound his wrists, using a figure eight tie, then pulled that rope up until his chest was as close to his thighs as possible. Then she tied the lead rope off at his calves.

“Eleven minutes,” said Mistress V.” Now go to it, slave. Try to get out!”

Robert began to struggle, but he already knew this was a very good steer tie, and with the wrists so tightly tied to his legs, there was no way he could free his arms. He was able to reach for the ankle rope, but wasn’t flexible enough to get at the knot. The Dominants watched with intense interest as he pressed and twisted and tried every option available to escape. After about ten minutes, Princess called it a victory point for Lady Jocelyn.

Next was to be Mistress V.’s turn, but the young Dominant’s lack of experience was clearly a sore spot for her. “I told you, I don’t know that much about rope yet.”

“Well, this is a good time to learn,” Eva said. You can turn this position into a good hog tie if you undo the wrists and flip him on his stomach.

With unnecessary force, Mistress V. released Robert’s wrists, turned him onto his stomach and pulled his arms behind his back. She sat on his ass while she did a very snug wrist tie, then rather expertly attached that lead as far back as his shoulders spine would allow, and anchored it to his ankles. The position was difficult, and Robert groaned in pain as she finished her knot. He was a flexible man and a pretty good escape artist, but this hog tie made his joints feel as if they were grinding. She stood back to appraise her tie. He focused on his breathing.

“You can do something with the head too. Sometimes I use a hood and tie a rope to the back of that. Or sometimes a ball gag,” said Princess. He’d been grateful that she diverted the young sadist from paddle impact. Could she see how hard this tie was for him now?

“Honestly, he isn’t even trying to escape. You’ve got ten minutes,” said V., brushing her hair back behind her shoulders, but the clock doesn’t start until you begin to try.”

Robert rocked his body slightly from side to side, attempting to loosen the ropes’ grip. The movement made the tie more impossible feeling, and he began to moan.

“That’s at least five minutes,” said Princess Eva. “And I’m willing to concede you’ve won your point. Maybe two.”

“He has five more to withstand.” Didn’t you say the point of this weekend was to make him understand what real submission feels like, in his body and in his mind? To let him know what it feels like to suffer like a woman for once?”

“But you have to encourage a slave if you want him to suffer for you,” said Princess. “Suffering is a submissive’s greatest gift. A Dominant has to acknowledge that.”

Mistress V. did not answer. Two more minutes were permitted to pass. Robert felt his shoulders would pull too far from their sockets. He might have preferred the wooden paddle.

At last Lady Jocelyn called time. There was a pause. Mistress V. was supposed to untie her rope work. Instead, she said something under her breath and walked quietly from the room.

## CHAPTER 13: Holding Station

Saturday, 9:30 P.M.

Princess Eva untied Robert after re-securing his ankle to a floor ring. He was then permitted to lie on the floor, with a blanket thrown over him, while she and Lady Jocelyn prepared the next scene. This would be time spent in the holding station. This large piece of equipment was made of two metal beams with rings to hold a person in place by the wrists, ankles, and neck. But what truly pinioned the victim was a low crosspiece fitted with a large anal plug and a cock and ball press. After his short rest, Robert was allowed some diet soda to drink through a straw. His hands were then cuffed behind his back, and the chain at his ankle released. The two Dominants steered him by the elbows to the holding station, lubed up his anus, and assisted with the intricate task of spreading his legs and inserting the plug. The crosspiece which moved on a horizontal axis, was positioned directly under him, and the rings affixing the metal bar tightened. Now, nothing left for him to do but climb up on top of the big stiff plug and lower his ass onto it. Robert did so slowly, feeling the huge plug fill and stretch his ass. When it was fully inserted, the women locked his wrists to the attachments along the upper horizontal bar, then locked on the metal ankle cuffs. Last, the cock and ball press was opened, and his package inserted. As the movable part of the press was lowered, his package was held tightly, making it impossible to escape from the device's grasp. They decided not to lock the neck ring so that Robert could have as full a range of motion so he could watch the torments that would be applied to his cock and balls.

The women took turns. First, Jocelyn used vampire gloves to "tenderize" the sensitive skin of his cock and balls. Gentle strokes of the spiky gloves were followed by more abrasive passes of the metal spikes. She squeezed his shaft painfully, causing Robert to call out. She then looked through her toy bag and removed a small bamboo skewer, perfect for holding a few inches from his balls and snapping. This spurred on another creative idea. Jocelyn took out a package of thick 1/2" rubber bands. The sort used for bundling broccoli stalks. She held one of the bands open, moved it up and around his shaft, then let it snap closed. He called out. This rubber band, however, was followed by a series of others, one after another, snapping in place on his cock. Together the thick bands squeezed him tightly. Jocelyn cupped her hand underneath his balls and hefted them gently. This caused his cock to stiffen, painfully stretching the skin beneath the

rubber, and once his erection was at full tilt, he knew it would take a very long time to relax, the blood being constricted as it was.

"How will we get them off?" Lady Jocelyn said. Robert knew one scenario would involve rolling the bands up off his cock, which he feared would do him in. The stiff plug in his ass was beginning to feel too much to bear. He imagined the rings around his wrists and ankles as the tight manacles in the hold of a slave ship.

"I believe a man's penis should be tightly controlled and tormented," said Lady Jocelyn. "You're in my control now, and there's not a thing you can do about it. When Mistress V. re-entered the dungeon, Lady Jocelyn said, "Mistress V.-- come and hold onto this man's wood while I figure out a solution."

Mistress V. made a show of wrapping her fingers elegantly around Robert's shaft and holding it upright. He admired the large onyx she wore on her right ring finger.

With two hands, Jocelyn stretched the uppermost band over his cock head and paused at the ridge. "Tightly controlled." She hovered there and looked at him, teasingly, menacingly. Would she snap it? Would she roll it up the delicate skin? She let go the back side of the band with a light snap but held the front stretched out. Then, with her free hand she stroked the tip of his cock in slow circles. It was one of the most intense feelings he had known, made even more aching by his raging erection. He knew he had to brace himself for whatever came next, and then for the rubber band after that, and the one after that as each was separately snapped or rolled up the shaft, over the ridge and finally over his hypersensitive cock head. By the time the last band was removed, Robert was breathing in rhythmic moans, an unending sound of suffering that came in waves.

As a reward of sorts, Jocelyn next applied a generous coating of lube to Robert's shaft and cock, and ran her hands expertly, with precision and the most delicate touch—barely brushing his sore head, circling the hole at its tip with her thumb. His erection throbbed with pain and overwhelming desire to cum. The teasing was unbearably good, unbearably hot. He could have stayed there, skewered up the ass, his cock in the well-lubed hand of this professional cocktease for hours and hours and hours. Yet just as he felt an enormous swell of cum rising up from the root of his balls, she dropped his cock and stepped back, palms up. "This isn't about your enjoyment, slave." Lady Jocelyn narrowed her eyes. "Don't forget we control you. If we want you to feel hot, that's what you get--because it's our pleasure that matters. If we want you to feel pain, then that's what you're in for. Because *that* is our pleasure too!"

This put him right over the edge, but without her ongoing touch, the orgasm was badly ruined.

Lady Jocelyn stepped away and let her cohort have at Robert next. And what a torment Princess Eva held in her hands. It was a bag of clothespins. Eva remarked, "I wonder how many of these I can put on his scrotum." She began applying them one at a time, carefully measuring the amount of skin under the jaws of each one. When she ran out of skin, she counted them and made sure to move them around a bit. "You are wearing 31 clothespins, Robert. Congratulations."

Robert had little interest in the number, but he hoped she was gentle when taking them off and started that process very soon. But instead of doing that, Eva picked up a couple of the dinner candles and began dripping hot wax on his shaft. She eventually covered the entire top surface of his cock with wax. Robert squirmed from both the wax and the clothespins, but with his package held fast by the stock, there was nothing he could do to avoid her torments.

"This is going to hurt a lot, slave," Princess said. "But you need to know what true suffering is. What utter helplessness feels like." Eva dripped more wax right on the head of his cock, causing Robert to scream. The pain was so intense, he couldn't even feel the clothespins on his balls for a time afterward. He was afraid to look down, certain he'd see something gruesome. There were few words adequate to describe what he felt.

Finally, he opened his eyes and looked. Bright red wax covered the head of his cock, but as it cooled, the pain became much more bearable.

Princess Eva then turned her attention to the clothespins. She selected a riding crop and swung it teasingly as if preparing to knock off the pins one by one. Robert closed his eyes in fear. He knew how painful such a cropping would be. But Eva soon put down the crop and gently took off the pins one by one. He felt enormous relief and gratitude for this kindness, even while realizing the irony in his gratitude, considering she put the pins on him in the first place.

## CHAPTER 14: Hospital Bed - Redux

Saturday, 11:00 P.M.

After he recovered his wits and the wax had been removed from his shaft, Robert's wrists were released from the metal rings, and his hands placed in leather mittens. His ankle were next released and then the anal crosspiece was lowered with care out of Robert's ass, a relief and cause for momentary concern, or it might have been had Robert not been totally exhausted. Lady Jocelyn clasped the mittens together with a double headed\_clip, and led Robert into the back room where Princess Eva had prepared the hospital bed for his arrival, along with a snack. He was told to sit on the edge of the hospital bed. Princess Eva then fed him crackers with cheese and sips of diet soda through a straw. He was ravenous. He ate and drink everything offered him. While he ate and drank, Lady Jocelyn massaged Robert's shoulders, and Mistress V., seated cross-legged against the bed, gave him a sensuous foot massage, paying attention to each of the toes and the muscles of his instep.

"We'll let you rest a bit," said Eva, "before your overnight program begins."

"May I ask what time it is?"

The women lifted his legs up onto the bed and helped him lie back, careful to avoid the computer monitor and to place his head between the large pads of the neck stabilizer. "Does it really matter?" Eva said? She lay his arms against the canvas straps and began to fasten the magnetic buckles. "Your desire to know the time is just another attempt at control, isn't it? Time is a construct we use to divide and measure our day, to perpetuate the illusion that we have the least bit of say about what happens to us. In your case, slave, you don't." She pulled another canvas strap tight and locked it down. In the blue light of the monitor swung sideways, her eyes appeared to sparkle. "Whether it's five o'clock or eight thirty, or eleven...what does it matter? What exactly are you trying to get a hold of in finding out what time it is?"

As she spoke, Eva continued working each of the magnetic pegs, buckling the restraints at Robert's wrists, arms, thighs, calves, and ankles. Dim light radiating over the transom behind her gave Princess Eva a near halo. It could be that, or the residual adrenaline coursing through Robert's body. He was still flying from their torments on the holding station. Similarly, her words had an ethereal wisdom that made absolute sense, and none at all. As she tightened the last of the canvas straps, what stuck with him was the surety that indeed he had *no say* in what would happen to him. Not one bit.

Princess Eva wove a small rope between Robert's toes tightly and tied the end to the bed frame pulling both feet at a backward angle. She then stuck his cock in the large overhead tube and turned on the suction. "Not too much," she said, pulling slightly to gauge the tube's adhesion. But we want to work that slave cock continuously. Remember—it's ours to own." She positioned the computer screen over Robert's head, adjusted the drape and turned on the slide show she'd prearranged: lots of photos of men in bondage, Femdoms, and images of water play. Music from his party Pandora station played in his ears. Princess left Robert with his toes tightly bound and his cock perpendicular to his body, being elongated by the sensuous, persistent suction. As a finishing touch, she covered him with a blanket, which she tucked down to cover his feet. Then she left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Robert would have liked to doze off, but the rope between his toes was uncomfortable and annoying. The suction, on the other hand, felt good on his much-abused penis. It was mildly erotic without being taxing. He did cat nap but mostly watched the pictures and tried to relax his muscles from his head, downward.

Mistress V. came in through the door to change all that.

She was wearing a beautiful black top, decorated with brocade and some sort of little silver beads or tiny sequins here and there which caught the light. She wore leather booty shorts and thigh high boots. Her hair was down at her shoulders, and her eye make-up was done very dark, almost wickedly Goth. Silently, she released Robert's toes and turned off the suction tube on his cock, then removed it. No pictures and music for her, V. pushed the monitor on its swivel mount away from Robert's head, and paused the music at the laptop.

"I see that we meet again...." She leaned down and looked searingly at him, then mounted the bed, reverse cowgirl, and sat on his abdomen facing away. This position blocked Robert's view of his cock, hips and legs. In fact, all he could really see was the mistress's back in her ornate clothing, rocking as she began to masturbate his cock.

The tube had kept him pretty hard, but the instant V. swung her leg over him and mounted his body, his erection grew threefold. She'd placed her toy bag and a container of lube beside the hospital bed for easy access. Slowly she started her session of edging; she moved her hands up and down his cock, toying

with him, massaging his skin with her slick thumb. She would settle into the rhythm of a particular pattern, repeating it slowly and even more slowly until he raised his hips in anticipation of each stroke. Then one hand moved down to his balls and began to massage them gently, while her other hand brushed his head with a light, feathery touch. She went on this way for half an hour—forty-five minutes easily (though he reminded himself that he was not supposed to think about time)—when abruptly she stopped the teasing and began to polish his head vigorously. She moved her palm in rapid circles at the tip of his cock, for one of the most exquisite torments that could be done to a man's dick. Robert grimaced and pressed hard against the restraints, but he was so completely restrained by the canvas straps that it was useless. Over and over the mistress alternated hot sessions of teasing with head polishing. Over and over Robert felt himself worked up to such a sweat. He desperately wanted to cum. But such was the mistress's witchery—whatever uncanny skill she possessed in her talented hands rocketed him into an agonizing paradise but prevented the release he craved. He could not have wished for more, except perhaps, that she move herself backwards a bit more, and sit on his face. She returned to the unbearable polishing, forcing Robert to jerk up against the canvas bonds and cry out. Then the gentlest of teasing, so light he was not sure sometimes whether she was actually touching him or whether he imagined it. And then more polishing until he felt he could not possibly be kept from cumming. Yet somehow she sensed this and stopped cold. Removed her hands from his package entirely and let him calm down, untouched. Robert's hips continued to pump against the restraints, an involuntary movement that he focused very hard to quiet down. Eventually, the throbbing subsided enough that he could lie still.

Mistress V. left the back room while Robert cooled down and returned with the large case of electrics. A good student, she had watched Princess Eva hook up the devices the evening before. She applied conductive gel; soaked the two conducting bands in the small dish of salt water that sat on Robert's workbench, and then tightened the bands around his ever-so-tender shaft. Finally she snapped on the adaptors, which were plugged in two bananas and their leads to an eStim unit.

Robert was relieved she hadn't thought to put him in a blindfold or hood, so he could watch to ensure she was setting everything up correctly. He took comfort in the fact that she was evidently a quick study, but it remained to be seen how vicious she'd be with the shock.



"Let's see how this goes, shall we, slave?" She brushed her long hair away from her face. "Has your cock quieted down for the moment? She lifted his member, which was soft now that the cool conductive gel and cold damp bands had been applied. And yes—there was a bit of fear factor as well. She clicked on the eStim unit and adjusted the setting, starting with a low level of stimulation as Princess Eva had instructed. Then slowly increased the amplitude. "Tell me when." Her eyes moved from the box to Robert's face.

"I feel it now," he said, squinting for a moment as his cock adjusted to the poignant fluttering of the electricity. She turned it up quite a few more notches and the amplitude grew exponentially. "That's about--an eight." His voice sounded with distress. He wanted to ask her to stop there to let him adjust. But he knew it was not a slave's place to request, only to react.

She watched Robert manage the rhythmic surging of electric current that lobbed through his cock. "Maybe you need something to help take your mind off that discomfort," she said, her eyes glittering in the low light.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Eva told me you're not a fan of needles, or I'd pierce a couple through your nipples. That would be a distraction, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes it would, Mistress."

"You are to answer every question I ask in a complete sentence." She picked up the eStim unit and leaned over him. "Do you understand?" She kicked the amplitude up a notch.

"I understand Mistress!" He clenched his teeth, the strength was at his limit. He wasn't sure he could adjust to this level. Especially in this atmosphere of harshness. If only she would encourage him, tell him his taking the pain was for her.

"I'm someone who knows what absolute powerlessness feels like," she said. "And it isn't pretty. So many guys get off on treating women like shit. Like their sole purpose on this earth is to serve a man's cock. And you can sugarcoat that with as much seduction as you want, but in the final analysis, it's always about you men, isn't it?"

"Yes it is, Mistress."

"About getting your needs met, sexual or otherwise. And really, the woman is pretty damned dispensable once that happens."

“I don’t think that way, Mistress.” Robert said. If she cranked the amplitude again, he was afraid he’d have to call Red. It was a point of honor for him not to—if there was any way to avoid it.

“You don’t?” she questioned. “Do you mean to tell me you have *always* treated women with utmost respect, put their wants and needs first? Instead of your own? That you’ve never used a woman just to get off? This attitude is exactly why you’re being disciplined.”

“I’ll try not to be selfish in the future, Mistress,” he said, talking through deliberate breathing.

Light spread across the ceiling as the door from the outer dungeon opened and Lady Jocelyn appeared at the side of the bed. “Quite a lot of intensity going on here.”

“Just using the eStim on his cock,” said V. “I’ve been trying to think of something else to add, besides needles, something really nasty to take his mind off the electricity.

Jocelyn looked closely at the eStim controls. “Better not cook him, or Eva won’t like it. She has a special thing for this one. Wants him rehabilitated, but kept alive.” The women laughed as Lady Jocelyn turned the amplitude down, considerably to about a three or four. Robert’s relief was palpable. His entire body relaxed. “Go get me a couple of ropes from my bag,” Lady Jocelyn said to V.

The mistress did as told. Lady Jocelyn took the chair beside the hospital bed. “I heard the tail end of your conversation,” she said. “V. is an exceptional Pro Domme in training. She’s got a mean streak, but channeled, that’s going to be one of her assets. Phenomenal CBT, and if she likes you enough to give you oral sex, it’s out of this world.” Jocelyn leaned back and gave Robert a smile. If facial expressions could convey multiple states of emotion as well as information, he thought, Lady Jocelyn’s smile just communicated an entire novel: pride in her protégé, sexual fascination, and fierce protectiveness.

She crossed her arms over her chest. “I think it’s time for recirculation to begin. That’s a difficult scene for you. I know that, and this is exactly why we’re forcing it on you. We like our slaves to suffer, and anyway, as V. told you, your ass is ours.” She turned off the TENS unit, but not before ramping up the voltage for one last pitch of electricity. Robert cried out in surprise when with a click, Jocelyn turned off the unit and set it down at his feet.

Robert lay in his restraints, feeling more helpless than he wanted to. Feeling, in fact, a certain amount of dread. Princess Eva would not leave him in the care of unreliable sadists, he reassured himself. A part of his mind turned that

phrase around, thinking that really, it was a paradox to be an *unreliable sadist*. Wasn't a sadist by definition relentlessly just what they wanted to be? Whereas, wasn't unreliability the sign of someone who could not make up their mind? How could one be both? But another part of Robert's mind entertained the fear that when it came down to it, maybe Lady Jocelyn and Mistress V. didn't really like submissive men at all! He'd seen disrespect for submissive men seep into the hearts of seasoned Pro Dommies. It was one of the difficulties submissive men faced—they were plentiful as a group, with too few attractive female Dominants to serve. He'd recently read a profile piece on several Pro Dommies in New York who burned out after seven or eight years in the business. It required so much energy. No doubt they'd become tired of the exertion, irate with their clients; then it was just one more step until they became disdainful of submissive men all together. That could be the case for Lady Jocelyn, certainly, but not the younger Dominant. Mistress V...she was the walking definition of a tropical storm, a hurricane. Immensely wild and hot, strict, potentially destructive...unpredictable. As Lady Jocelyn began hooking up the electric shock unit for the recirculation scene, Robert circled back to his paradox. Unreliable sadists. It was possible that both Dominants were unreliable sadists, for different reasons. This put an alternate spin on his excitement about being locked in a Seguflix restraint system, at their total mercy.

"You need to know this is going to be a particularly long scene," said Lady Jocelyn, feeding Robert a tall glass of water through a straw. Drink as much of this as you can." She was joined by Mistress V. with her CBT bag. "Six or more hours. So pace yourself." She instructed Mistress V. to separate each of Robert's balls and tie them to the corresponding foot using parachute string. This left his cock free for the Texas catheter, which was rolled, an unwitting condom, down the length of his shaft, from the pee tube at its head down. Next a new pump gag, different than the gag of last night, thicker and wider, was inserted into Robert's mouth. Lady Jocelyn stretched the back strap of the gag as tightly as it would go—so tight he felt the leather stretch. She did the buckle. No chance of spitting out this gag. For good measure, she also buckled on a head harness which added an extra layer of security in keeping the gag firmly in his mouth.

Water in the suspended holding canister was filled to the capacity line so that testing for the highest electric amplitude Robert could tolerate on his sensitive genitals might be determined and the recirculation system commence. Mistress V. was permitted another chance to operate the eStim device, as Robert's sensation level was assessed. Under the supervision of her mentor, V.

handled the equipment with such finesse and nuance that Robert realized her vicious clumsiness with the controls earlier had likely been faked. A trick! It was a point of honor for him to take as much of the electric amplitude to his cock, balls, and ass as he could. He announced the discomfort level, starting with “about a six,” and gradually accepted incrementally higher levels until he hit an eight or nine—his outside limit. Lady Jocelyn then pushed the lever near Robert's left hand, emptying water from the canister, which raised it up on its pulley and reduced the stimulation. After all tubes, adaptors and devices were examined, Lady Jocelyn twisted the drip spigot above the canister and allowed new water to begin dripping slowly. She excused herself then to get something to drink.

“Don't get the idea that you're repeating a simple overnight scene,” said Mistress V. a few moments later. “That's hardly our idea of punishment.” She began flicking his tightly harnessed and separated balls. Compressed by the rope, the skin was pulled taut as a drum. He felt each nail flick with the intensity of a sharp punch. “And no, your guardian Princess Eva isn't here to save you now. She's sound asleep upstairs and has left you in my capable hands.” She used her fingernails now to dig into his balls, not sharply enough to pierce the skin, but enough to cause Robert to gasp. “A slave like you needs a lot of punishment, isn't that true?”

“Yes, Lady Jocelyn.”

“Excuse me? What was the instruction about responding to questions?” Her painful squeezes replaced by a sharp slap to his tied left ball.

He inhaled short, huffing breaths to manage the sensations. “Yes, Lady Jocelyn. I need a lot of punishment.”

“Why is that?” she said, caressing the tip of his cock.

“Because it's your wish, Lady Jocelyn. And I have a lot to atone for in my treatment of women.”

Each subsequent word of her reply was punctuated with a slap: “That. Is. Correct. Slave!”

Mistress V. lowered the head of the hospital bed, reattached the drape around the monitor, and selected among the slide show options, pictures of extreme bondage, Femdom, and water sports. Last, she un-paused the music. With his head thus enclosed in a padded neck brace, surrounded by a drape, listening to the music through the brace's ear phones, and looking up at images on the screen, Robert was entirely isolated and controlled. For the next five or six hours, he would manage the mechanical steps in the cycle, between drinking water to relieve the weight of the canister—holding his pee for as long as he

could and then peeing into the catheter, which fed the urine into his gag tube. As he contemplated his helplessness, Robert experienced periodic waves of distress, fear, irritation, boredom, and intense sexual craving. He also just wanted to pee. All his life he'd craved absolute helplessness combined with overbearing sexual play, but having restraints imposed on him for such an extended period of time was becoming more than he wanted to take. Yet what choice did he have? The rubber gag dried out his mouth. He pushed the lever at his side, releasing a trickle of water which fed into the mouth tube and moistened the gag. He had been given dinner and a snack. But he was exhausted and hungry, grateful for the incredible output of energy on his behalf, but apprehensive about what could possibly be next. All he could hope was that Princess Eva would reappear before long, and that the women would think to break the monotony of this lengthy scene by paying attention to him—applying delights as well as their skillful torments. Or just the torments...applying anything at all.

Eventually, Princess Eva did reappear. She disconnected the recirculation for a time, allowing Robert to “offload” into a bucket. And boy did he pee like a race horse. Without a word, she then removed the gag and sat in the chair beside him, breaking off pieces of oatmeal cookies and feeding them to him with her fingers. She also offered him more soda through a straw. Robert was reluctant to ingest any liquid, in case the recirculation was merely paused for a while, but the soda tasted so delicious, cool going down his sore throat, and he wanted the caffeine. All the while feeding and tending to him, Princess Eva kept her gaze intently fixed on Robert. He was so tightly bound by her controlling stare, so completely hers in this moment, attuned to every movement she or the other Dominants made, any sound of their coming in or going out of the room. Strapped down on the bed like this, his whole life was in their hands. If they decided to pack up and leave his house, he would be down there forever. All alone.

Thoughts like these were mind-fucks. Very Edgar Allan Poe. God, if Mistress V. or Lady Jocelyn weren't going to terrorize him with a thought like that, why should *he* adopt the role of self-tormentor!

Princess pressed a mechanical button which raised his knees and relieved pressure on his lower back. She ran her palms over his cheeks and along his forehead, bent down to kiss him on the lips, and commenced to reattach the recirculation system, turn on the eStim to an intense level 8. She reattached the fabric curtain and left the room. Again.

Again! What time was it? How long was this scene going to continue? If Princess Eva wouldn't even speak with him or help him gauge the time...he felt himself slipping into a panic. He had to focus on calming down, focus on the electrical stimulation, the pictures, the music, the array of sensations he was being forced to endure.

Suddenly, he felt an intense pinch on his foot. He moved it back and forth. Then another, more intense pinch. Clothes pins. One strategically, painfully placed between each of his toes.

He could not have been more grateful.

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There was the signature rip-sound of Velcro separating from its base, from the strip which ran around the perimeter of the monitor. Robert had trouble adjusting his eyes to the dim light in the room as the curtain surrounding his head was removed. He made out the form of Princess Eva, adjusting the bed's angle—knees a little lower, head slightly raised. She turned off the electricity, unbuckled his gag, and began the painstaking task of removing the Texas catheter by rolling it ever so carefully down while separating it from the sensitive skin of Robert's shaft. It had been about half an hour since Princess disconnected the recirculation tubes, allowed Robert to offload again, and then repeated the silent ritual of feeding him—this time some toast with butter and ice water. "You're lucky to be getting solid food at all," Eva said as she wiped the crumbs from her hands. "This is the only breakfast you'll be getting today.

She mounted the bed, straddled Robert, and set to work with this morning's tease and CBT session. For the first half hour or so, she focused on gentle, persistent stroking of his cock, sometimes a kneading pattern, varied with gentle stroking up his shaft and over the head; over and over she reapplied a silky silicone lube so that her movements were wet, smooth and agonizingly seductive. It felt she was drawing the cum up from the root of his balls. Once again, he wanted to ejaculate so badly he couldn't stand it. His cock had been teased or tormented nonstop for the last forty-eight hours, and it took minimal stimulation to give him an instant hard on. Now Eva fingered the ridge and squeezed his head in the cup of her hand as she stroked, until she worked some pre-cum to the opening. Then she took her thumb and smeared the liquid down along the sensitive front ridge. He began to moan loudly, and to grunt. He was beside

himself with need. He was going to cum in an instant, and what he wanted more than anything in the world right now was to be forced to it at the hands of this beautiful blond princess. Painfully worked into a frenzy until he ejaculated right in the palm of her hands, if she'd permit him.

Immediately, though, Princess Eva let go of his cock, moved off from on top of Robert, and went to her toy bag. A few minutes later she returned with her favorite tie-up rope. After circling his package, she wound his package into a tight bulge. She then crossed the two strands of rope at the base of his shaft and wove them up around, about half-way, and tied off the knot. Squeezed like this, Robert felt his erection increase in size. His tightly wound package was wildly sensitive, pressed at full capacity. His balls were beet red and heading toward purple when Princess Eva pulled out a series of small clothes pins, which she fed onto Robert's cock, and then a Wartenberg wheel. Slowly and mercilessly, she rolled the spiky metal wheel along his super sensitive skin, moving lightly but painfully along the contour of his balls.

"You know this cock needs to be disciplined," she said, setting down the wheel and giving Robert's shaft a smart slap. "You know it's necessary, and you know you need it."

"Yes. I need it, Princess."

"Very badly," she said, slapping each of the throbbing balls in turn. Robert arched up in painful protest, but to no avail. He was held down by the vertical straps that ran from his shoulders to the cross strap across his chest.

The next sensation he felt was her wetly sucking his left ball into her mouth. The sudden force caused him to gasp. Princess Eva sucked on, stretching the already taut skin without pity. She moved to the other ball next and gave it equal attention. Meanwhile, she slid two moistened fingers into Robert's well-lubed ass, still sensitive from the electrified butt plug, and massaged the hyper sensitive hole. Her mouth came off the right ball, and immediately, she laid in with a sharp slap across the full scrotum. The narcotic sensations of pain mixed with extraordinary pleasure kept Robert totally hard, whimpering, and begging. "Please..." he begged.

"Not on your life, slave," she said, once again mounting Robert's strapped and locked body. She lifted her short leather miniskirt, to reveal pink pussy lips adorned with a well-manicured landing strip. "You're not to cum until I am good and ready to let you," she said, "but that doesn't mean you can't make me have a big orgasm." She grabbed Robert's shaft and used the head of his cock, like a dildo to rub her own clit. With her other hand, she opened the lips of her pussy.

She stroked herself with measured, light touches. Her hips began to grind forward, rocking as she brought herself gradually to a full orgasm. The thrusting of her hips, combined with being used like a sex tool, made Robert delirious. When the princess came, she arched her back and let out a satisfied sigh.

Eventually, after regaining her composure, Eva dismounted Robert and began to release the magnetic locking system that held the restraints in place. Still unsatisfied, blue in the balls and entirely exhausted, he was led to the cell for a nap wearing handcuffs and a belly chain, which were removed only after he was safely locked inside.



## CHAPTER 15: Final Challenge

Sunday, 9:00 A.M.

Hardly any time had passed, as far as he could tell, before Robert was startled awake by the cell's loud buzzer. It was a magnified, annoying sound meant to harass an occupant at will, should his captor elect to engage in sleep deprivation. Robert roused himself and focused on Princess Eva at the cell door. Behind her, the other Dominants were seated comfortably in the dungeon. Eva commanded him to kneel.

"We have worked very hard to design a group challenge just for you. But first, you are to have something to eat and drink. She passed Robert a sandwich wrapped in a napkin and a bottle of water. He couldn't remember the last full meal he'd had. He gulped down the water, unwrapped the food, and ate it rapidly. He could easily have devoured another two sandwiches.

As he ate, Robert watched the three Dominants conspiring over by the rack. He could not make out what they were saying, but he noted that an array of toys and supplies had been laid on the rack, along with several large duffles. The promise of a group challenge involving all three women was extremely hot, and with the brief nap and meal, he felt revived and eager to try it.

After a while, Princess Eva approached with a belly chain and lock, which she commanded him to put on. She then showed him a pair of hinged handcuffs, his most secure and heavy duty pair, and gestured for Robert to approach the cell door and present his wrists at the small opening for cuffing. He did so, and she locked the cuffs to the front chain links of his belt, then opened the door and hooked a leash on his collar ring.

Eva's prisoner, Robert was pulled over to the two pillars. Without a word, the women fastened cuffs around his wrists and ankles. He was directed to spread wide, and did so, while each ankle was connected to the cuff was hooked by an extension of chain, to a hard point on the base of each column. The ankle cuffs and related chain connections were then locked in place, making escape impossible. His wrists were next locked to the posts, leaving Robert naked and spread-eagled, his back to the dungeon and full body available to their every whim. The women's stern expressions and silence as they bound him to the pillars weighed down Robert's elated mood.

"This is going to be the most difficult challenge yet." Eva placed her hands on either side of his face and looked at him squarely. "An endurance challenge that is cumulative."

“We’re going to pile it on.” Mistress V. stood with hands on her hips, chin cocked up. “Anything you’ve experienced this weekend has just been preparation for this scene. Right now. Think of it as the reason we are all here. The reason you were meant to be here. To suffer for us, courageously.” She gave him a wry half smile. “Noble slave.”

God, she was gorgeous, in her extremely cinched red corset and shiny black boots; her long black hair, breasts pressing fully against the fabric of her corset, pussy barely covered by the thin triangle of a black thong. He felt his knees go soft and his cock stiffen. Anything. Anything.

“And my challenge is the first one.” Mistress V. stepped over to the rack. Robert strained to follow her movements by turning his head. She unzipped the smaller of the black canvas bags. But it was a roll, not a duffel; more like the carrying case for chef’s knives, with compartments. Whatever instruments of pain she planned to reveal from her bag, however, were delayed as Mistress V. first picked up her 4’ single tale and cracked it in the air beside Robert.

He squared his shoulders, hunched a bit forward, and braced himself. Immediately, she let fly three precise strokes. With each, the whip cracked just before its tail hit his back, which made the strike all the more impressive. The impacts were so quick and sharp, yet light; he felt them as a single stinging hit, in waves. He braced for another. Mistress V. delivered two additional whip strokes deftly to each of Robert’s ass cheeks. These she allowed to crack with more force and land with considerable pain; he winced and bent forward.

“How do you like my whip, slave?” she asked. “Will you receive more for me?”

“Yes, Mistress. If it pleases you.” Robert had learned to speak in complete sentences, and the reward for his reply was a sensuous, whispery whipping that felt like a teasing. The soft strokes were punctuated with occasional cracks to the ass, but she never struck his back with force. He would learn soon enough why this was the case.

The young mistress completed her work with the single tail, then ran her hands over Robert’s back, ass, and around to his package. She caressed his skin wordlessly, leisurely toying with his balls, hefting their weight in her hands, then stroking the base of his cock with her middle finger, up to the circle of his anus. “I’d say I have his adrenaline is pumping,” she said to her fellow Dominants. “So let’s begin.”

Mistress V. took out a box of 22 gauge needles and a pack of antiseptic wipes. She cleaned his back thoroughly with the alcohol and then pressed his skin with her fingertips.

“I want to do a vertical series on either side of his spine,” she told Lady Jocelyn.

Robert sought to contain a wash of dread that swept through his chest and made his heart race. Needles had never been his kink, nor intense pain, except for torment to his cock and balls. He was all about bondage and a rope enthusiast. He'd played with needles, certainly, pretty wild scenes with former submissives. Once, he'd sewn a woman's labia entirely together at her request. From above the hood, down to their natural conclusion at the lower edge of her vagina. She said she flew all day and was able to leave the stitches in until evening. And he had experienced needle play to his own chest, after suction had been applied and his nipples electrified. That was one of the most painful experienced he'd known, though, and he'd had to call a limit at not piercing the actual nipple. The back would be somewhat easier, he hoped. But it was a first.

Over the next forty-five minutes or so, the Dominants focused on applying needles to Robert's back. At first, he could focus on nothing but the impending penetration of each point as the needle was inserted. V. was on his left and Lady Jocelyn on his right. The difference between the two mistresses' techniques was apparent. V. tended to go deeper into the skin as she pierced, and this made the penetration much more difficult. Jocelyn had more experience and could apply the needles in a way that was almost not painful—if that was possible. Or maybe her needles went in without suffering as compared with Mistress V.'s which were difficult for Robert to take.

“I tend to lift the skin a little less,” said Lady Jocelyn, pinching, then you cap the through end immediately. Unless you're using a 16 gauge, and then you need to pinch more so you don't rip if there's going to be impact later. But the closer you go to the muscle...”

It was incredible to Robert that the women carried on as if they were discussing half and half versus whole milk in coffee, or salted versus unsalted butter. Their nonchalance should have been comforting perhaps, like the lull of background conversation on a lazy day, but it's disconnect with the pain Robert was enduring felt both surreal...and hot. Much as he had simply to handle, rather than enjoy the onslaught of needle after needle being inserted into his back, he found that the Dominants' relative disinterest in him as a person drove him wild. It amplified his sense of control and helplessness. He could have orgasmed right

here and now--not from the adrenaline or endorphins caused by the needles, but from this over-the-top feeling of being ignored while meticulously tormented. It was almost too heady a feeling to put into language. He was in miserable ecstasy.

But the balance shifted dramatically when the Dominants began to wrap Robert's back and torso in plastic wrap. First his wrists, one at a time, were unhooked from the pillars and raised above his head to a hard point on the ceiling. The wrap was applied tightly, beginning just under the arms and around his chest and back in layers, and then lower across his hips, package, ass, and tops of his thighs. The tight wrap felt good to Robert, even in a standing position like this, though he hoped they would unhook him from the ceiling and allow him to rest cocooned, immobile, and in great discomfort. He would have liked to have his head wrapped too, with a tube applied for breathing, but this appeared not to be part of the plan.

Princess Eva took photos with her digital camera, first of Robert's back—the rows of evenly spaced needles that would amaze him later when he saw them—and then his wrapped body, from several angles. After a few minutes, Robert's hands were released from the overhead point, and he was allowed to lie on the floor, on his stomach, with his ankles remaining locked. Lady Jocelyn brought him a diet soda to sip through a straw. He would have 10 minutes before the second challenge began.

Lady Jocelyn and Princess Eva lifted Robert to his feet, adding handcuffs so they could securely turn him to face the dungeon. Once his leg irons were relocked, they stretched and attached his wrists horizontally to the pillars. From a pouch at her side, Lady Jocelyn removed a medieval looking silver knife and opened the blade from its ornate handle. She approached his cock and began to trace a light pattern on the plastic wrap. "You've got something we want," she murmured. "Right in there." She patted the bulge beneath layers of wrap. "Shall I free it?" She gave him a pirate's sexy smile and deftly cut a circle in the plastic wrap then closed and sheathed her knife. "Here it is." She reached in and pulled out his cock and balls. "I get the treasure." She stroked Robert's cock to an erection. "And what a treasure it is."

The other Dominants, aware of the scene to come, seated themselves regally in Robert's straight backed dungeon chairs.

"My challenge will be focused." Lady Jocelyn retrieved an object from the rack table. It was a parachute, a semicircular piece of leather that encircled his balls and snapped tightly closed. Inside the leather cuff, however, were rows of plastic spikes sharp enough to dig into the skin of his balls but not sharp enough

to puncture the skin. With all of her skill, it still took Lady Jocelyn several minutes to get the parachute fully around Robert's scrotum and to snap the two ends. There was an initial looser set of snaps, but for the scene she had in mind, Jocelyn needed to reach past the first snaps to the tighter second pair. She labored, pulling down on the skin of Robert's scrotum, and working the leather cuff tighter and tighter around them. Of course, with each adjustment, the rows of plastic teeth bit into his tender flesh.

At last, Lady Jocelyn succeeded in snapping the parachute closed, a leather cone---tight at the base and flaring with the wider contour of his scrotum. At three points around this outer circle were attached small chains which met at a dangling central ring. With great care, Jocelyn clipped a two pound weight onto the ring and let it dangle, tugging at the spiky parachute. Robert's body felt hypersensitized at so many points, from the tender bondage needles in his back and shoulders, and his tightly compressed chest, back and torso, to the fiery spikes digging into his sensitive balls. Jocelyn clipped another weight---this one three pounds---onto the dangling package and tapped to make it swing. She then oiled up her right hand and began to tease him with slow, soft, steady strokes. She'd applied a generous amount of lubrication, and so her hand slid with slick sucking sounds. It was this last of the five senses---sound---to be bombarded with sensations that tipped Robert over the edge. In the otherwise silent room, he listened to the wet, ongoing sound of Lady Jocelyn working his cock. He closed his eyes and tipped his head back.

"You're doing so well," Lady Jocelyn said. "Can your slave cock take more weight for me? Can you take one more deep breath and feel your heavy balls accept another load?" He nodded, and she added the final weight, a four- pound leather sack, to the parachute's circle. The accumulated nine pounds of sand hung heavily, pulling, digging the plastic teeth of the collar more deeply into Robert's genital skin. Gently, Jocelyn rocked the leather weights, causing them to sway and pull at his engorged package. Robert's mind floated. Next, Lady Jocelyn tied a rope around the head of Robert's cock and stretched it up to the hard point above, where his wrist cuffs had been attached earlier. She pulled the rope until his shaft was stretched so tightly that he needed to stand on his toes. Robert stood with his cock stretched upwards and his balls weighted down, feeling totally pinned, completely immobilized.

"Now Robert, your challenge is to bear this position for 10 minutes. Good luck to you. I am hoping you will succeed for me." Robert accepted the challenge,

knowing how difficult it would be when combined with the needles scene he'd just endured, and the fact that he'd have to hold this stress for whatever additional challenge Eva imposed on him.

"Looks like it's time to add my challenge to the mix," Princess Eva said after the 10 minutes passed. First she untied the cock stretching rope from the ceiling hard point and looped it around his neck creating a noose and forcing him to bend slightly forward at the waist. At least he could now stand with both feet flat on the floor, Robert thought...though not for long. She steadied Robert's hips and undoing the chain to his right ankle, next circled the ankle with a rope which she then looped around a pulley she'd clipped to the hard point in the ceiling. Slowly she raised his leg. She then used the other end of this rope to encircle his neck a second time, such that if he were to lower his leg, his neck would be squeezed by that noose. The paradox was complete. Robert was able neither to raise his head thus reducing the stress to his cock, nor to lower his leg without risk of choking.

"Steady yourself, slave Robert," she said. "You have one more ordeal to undergo in our group scene." Her voice was stern. "You are to hold your foot still, and take what I give you." Princess selected a narrow cane and struck the raised underside of his foot with 6 slowly paced strokes. "A good slave needs variation, sometimes." She struck his foot again. "And a little Bastinado provides a perfect opportunity to show your willingness, doesn't it?" She next switched to a bamboo shish kebob skewer. This small implement was too light to use for anything but a snap. He yelled loudly, so surprising and difficult was this last device. "I need to make this even," she said, untying the rope from his right ankle and then raising his left leg and tying the rope to it. She then applied the cane strokes and the snaps to his left foot as she had done to right. "We're only doing this for your own good, remember that." Princess circled around to face Robert. "You want this, am I correct?"

"Yes, Princess. I understand." He winced in pain.

"And not because you have so much to atone for, Robert. Frankly, you need opportunities like this to demonstrate your loyalty and your courage." She told him, the final phase of the quest would be an endurance challenge, for as many minutes as he could manage. When Robert was to hold his position with both ropes around his neck until all three Dominants felt he had suffered enough.

Mistress V. and Lady Jocelyn came to stand beside Princess Eva in order to watch this most difficult final challenge. As at other moments throughout the weekend, Robert felt the intense gaze of all three Dominant women on him, and even in this amount of difficulty, their attention thrilled him. More, it buoyed him. They wanted him to suffer. They wanted him to succeed. He tried. Over the next long minutes, Robert steadied himself as best he could on his right leg, while holding his left leg up, his tender arch vulnerable should the impact begin again. His mind raced as he focused—one after another—on the other torments to his body—the heavy parachute between his legs, which bit into him and caused the blood to pool painfully in his throbbing balls; the soreness from the needles and constriction of the plastic wrap. As he exerted his muscles in the foot and noose challenge, Robert began to sweat. The plastic wrap was all the more unforgiving; he felt himself heating up. His right leg began to tremble. He needed a time check, some validation to know he was coming even close to achieving this insane level of exertion.

He did not want to call out anything—he had handled so much up to this final point and was determined to last it out. Yet a loud moan of exhaustion, pain and surrender sounded in the room. He wasn't aware of uttering the sound, but darkness fluttered at the corner of his eyes,

"I'm calling it now. That is phenomenal. What a show of submission. Well done, slave!" Princess Eva loosened the slipknot, releasing Robert's leg to the floor, while Jocelyn moved to steady his body. Next V. and Eva unhooked each of Robert's wrists and very slowly lowered his arms to his sides. The women then walked him over to the Rack bed which they'd cleared of all toys and lifted him onto it, stomach down, while they cut off the plastic and began the slow task of removing each of the bondage needles and cleaning his skin with antiseptic. Sometime during this process, he fell into an exhausted sleep, completely victorious and spent.

## CHAPTER 15: Some Goodbyes

Sunday, 12:00 noon

Robert awoke strapped to the hospital bed, gazing at bondage models displayed on the overhead computer screen. As his senses dawned into awareness, he felt the pulsating buzz of electricity lapping at his cock, ass, and nipples in an erotic step pattern from low to moderately intense, then back down to low. No music. They had left that off in order that he might rest. He remembered that the ladies had moved him here after the rigorous three—part challenge and removal of the needles. He'd been too tired to resist, so minimal restraints were applied. He was only too happy to collapse onto the bed and resume his brief nap.

Now, he felt that electrode pads had been placed on his nipples and plugged into an eStim unit. He felt himself slipping back into a deep fog; he was so very tired. They'd put the electrode bands around his cock, and the plug in his ass. The pulsating, ramping up sensations, though not in sync, were stimulating and fun to lie back and simply *feel*. He wondered how long he had been there...or what time it was for that matter. This had been a weekend with no time demarcations. He could only gauge that it must be Sunday night or even Monday morning by the level of his physical and emotional fatigue. And his hunger. What he wanted right now was a very long hot shower and a steak.

He heard the door to the utility room opened. Mistress V. pulled back the drape surrounding Robert's head. "Your eyes are open," she said. "I expected you to be out still." She removed the drape and turned the computer screen on its swivel away. There was Lady Jocelyn as well, standing at his bedside. She held a tall glass of diet soda with ice and the requisite straw.

"Drink this. I'm sure you're parched." Jocelyn held the straw to Robert's lips. He closed his eyes and gulped down the ice cold drink.

"Thank you, Lady Jocelyn" he said. She was dressed far more conservatively than he'd seen her all weekend, no bust-revealing top, no cincher. Her jacket appeared to be an excellent quality leather. But underneath, a black dress and calf-high boots. V was similarly attired. Black skinny jeans and ankle boots. A jacket with lots of suggestive buckles, but totally vanilla, street appropriate. They were leaving.

This realization hit him with uncharacteristic force, like removing a thick curtain to allow bright sunlight in. The props and backdrop suddenly removed.



Masks off, house lights up and you might as well shake hands with the audience...The role of Mistress V. was played tonight by...

There was absolutely no reason for Robert to experience the stinging feeling of regret at their departure, but he did not want them to go. Much as he needed a break and a full meal with protein, he had partially imagined, he guessed, that somebody would bring him food—even a few morsels—and the afternoon or evening’s play might commence anew.

“So, Robert,” Lady Jocelyn, said, sitting on the bed beside him. “We want to thank you for such a powerful adventure. V. came to stand at his head. With her fingers, she brushed the hair off of his damp forehead, in a gesture that was uncharacteristically gentle for the harsh vixen he’d developed such a hot crush on. “I don’t know many subs who could take the kind of repeated abuse you did.”

Jocelyn pulled back the blanket to examine his cock in the electric bands, and the four leads coming out of the butt plug. “Should we up the amps, do you think V.?”

“Oh most definitely. This isn’t some sort of day spa.” She raised the voltage first on the butt plug, which he felt instantly, then the cock, which took a bit longer to reach their limit and finally the electrode pads on his nipples. “Everything is about a 7 or 8,” Robert said. As always, he wanted to ask for a moment to get used to the new intensity coursing through him, sexualizing him as the women had done all weekend, never allowing him to forget that his cocks and balls were their possessions to punish, torment, or tease as much as they wished. Yet he had followed such a disciplined routine of not asking for anything, training his mind instead to accommodate whatever they dished out. He squeezed his eyes shut and followed the various pulses.

“I would like to see what a 10 actually looks like, Robert.” Mistress V. said and leaned over him, allowing her fragrant black hair to brush his face. “I’m asking you to grant me this parting request.” She stood again, met his eyes, and then Lady Jocelyn’s. The two exchanged a smile of such unbridled, delightfully malicious fun. Then she turned up the settings on all the leads several increments—which did push the levels to 10s. The plug especially, caused clenching spasms in his anus. “A ten. At least.” He grimaced.

The Dominants watched intently. V. cranked the levels down, and then entirely off. “Thank you, slave,” she said. “I have decided I’m going to refer to you that way—as ‘slave robert’ from now on.

“That’s perfect,” said Lady Jocelyn. “I’ll do the same. You do know, slave robert, that everything you experienced this weekend was for you.

“I’m aware, Lady Jocelyn. Yes. I haven’t ever experienced such a level of intense submission and helplessness in my life.”

“That is excellent and as it should be, but it’s not what I meant,” Jocelyn cut in. “The weekend, the scenes, the challenges were all carefully designed for *you*.”

V. took a seat beside Jocelyn on the edge of the bed. “Princess Eva wrote out a very detailed, practically choreographed list of the scenes she wanted done. And a timeline. She’s planned this party for weeks.”

“Dommies like that, let alone friends, are one in a million.” Jocelyn shook her head.

“Well, you’re a wonderful host, and we’ve enjoyed tormenting you.”

“That doesn’t mean we won’t be keeping tabs on you, though, slave.” Lady Jocelyn reached for his package and gave it a pinch. “We’ll be back here to mete out punishments as required.”

The lovely Dominants, first Mistress V. and then Lady J., leaned in to give Robert a kiss goodbye. Then he watched them move regally across the room, grab No Shoes’ leash, and walk out the door.

Robert felt the first pangs of a potentially cataclysmic subdrop.

## Chapter 16: Weekend Write-Up

Sunday, 12:30 P.M.

Not long after the mistresses left, Princess Eva returned to the utility room. With the electricity turned off and the computer screen pushed away, Robert had nothing to focus on but his restraints. Boredom was no friend to his mood, so he was grateful to see Eva come through the door.

She stood just inside, hands on her hips. “What a fine mess you’ve gotten yourself into.” She smiled with mock disdain. “What are we going to do with this helpless prisoner? Hands locked up.” She ran her palms over his hands and arms. “Elbows locked up. Chest.” She traced the wide chest strap with her fingers. “Thighs and calves, ankles. You’re all buckled down, slave Robert.”

“Yes, Princess. I am.”

“How are you feeling?”

“I feel both wonderful and used up. I have never experienced play like this before. Giving up all hope of escaping. Even basic things like time.”

Princess Eva nodded, then she carefully unplugged the four leads and removed the large butt plug from his ass. The absence was immediate, such a relief and such an emptiness. But the Dominant put on a latex glove, lubed up her fingers, and used the opportunity of Robert’s openness to slide three fingers into him immediately, and after several very slow strokes, inserted a fourth. She got up on the bed as she did this, and continued to speak to him in a low voice as she gently massaged and refilled his hole with her fingers, then warmly fisted him. Robert was intensely aroused. If she had begun masturbating him at the same time, he would have cum in an instant.

Instead, she held her fisting hand still and let his body work around it, pull it in.

“I believe Lady Jocelyn and Mistress V. already told you that the weekend was all about giving you the experience of a lifetime. The bit about mistreatment of women was just our theme—an excuse to treat you the way we did.”

Robert replied, “A lot of women are mistreated and objectified, so it all felt very real and justified to me.”

Princess slid her fingers out and removed the glove. “Actually, you are one of the better men in this regard,” she said, disposing of the glove and moving the jar of lubricant over to him. “But it’s important to have an appreciation for the indignities women have to go through.”

“Yes,” Robert said as he felt her remove the two bands from around his shaft and balls, and then begin barely touching his cock with her fingers. How could it be that he felt such a deep craving to have his cock teased and abused when it had been the center of so much devastating attention over several days? But he did. Round-the-clock sexual and pain stimulation had made Robert feel like a beast. He was all want. He groaned and grunted as Princess Eva gave him the longest and most attenuated cockteasing yet. There was no pretense of manners by this point. He wanted her hands on him and in him, and he wanted it over and over again; and she obliged. Working him up to the tightest hard on, followed by a complete withdrawal of manipulation until he lost the erection by half; then she’d start all over again. At some point, she added her tongue and lips to the swirl of activities, so the variations he felt included sucking and licking, each of his balls individually until he felt drips of her saliva slide down the back of his balls to his asshole, and then sucking and licking the shaft and his hypersensitive head. Jacking, sliding her hand up and down repeatedly, to such a hard, throbbing erection, wanting to pulse, wanting to explode in a shot of hot cum; and the pull back—let his hips continue thrusting, beating empty air. He moaned, all animal, all need, uncovered, tender as a raw beating heart.

Princess Eva tied a cock rope around Robert’s package and quickly separated his balls, wrapped each, then the cock in a tight bundle. She wiped her hands of the lube on a paper towel and sat back. “Now there’s even less space to move your cock in.” She circled his head and ridge. “And when the blood rushes in and you get hard...there’s not really anywhere for it to go.” Eva pressed her palms down on Robert’s chest. “So I want you to tell me a high point from the weekend. Certainly there are things you experienced that were more powerful than others.” She sat back, lifted his roped package and gave the balls an open hand slap.

“Like what?” Robert whispered.

“Little epiphanies that popped in your mind while you were getting your ass fucked or your cock tormented or stretched, or needles in your back.” She slapped the tip of his cock and then squeezed his balls together in her palm. The torments were so hot for him, he could barely take it. “The stuff you have to dig deep for,” Princess said. “That’s what I want.”

“Time,” Robert said. “That even time is relative if you are truly submitting. You don’t even own the time you’re in.”

“And did you experience that feeling, slave?”

“I did.”

“What was it like to let go of that? To let it drift away?” Princess Eva stopped moving her hands and listened.

Robert shook his head back and forth as far as the neck restraints would allow. “Princess, I can’t even—I cannot describe that amazing feeling of being so tightly controlled you are forced to yield all of it. Even your desire to know what time it is, or to ask for a drink of water.”

She looked down on him with such kindness in her expression. “But you did. You’ve had all that.”

“I have.”

Eva removed the CBT rope and let his penis rest against his abdomen. She unbuckled the upper restraints and helped Robert to sit up. She gave him more of the drink through a straw. She then took a length of chain from a hook on the wall and wrapped it around Robert’s waist, locked it with a padlock. Next, she placed his wrists in a 2 pairs of handcuffs, which she then secured with two small padlocks to the front of the belt.

With the magnetic key, Princess proceeded to unlock the restraints on Robert’s thighs and legs. He sat up slowly, stretching his legs, getting his bearings. Eva put a blanket over his shoulders and led Robert over to the couch, assisting him by holding his cuffed hands, as he sat down. Then she pulled the blanket close around him and held him tightly. They sat this way silently for a long time, Robert enclosed in the chains and blanket, and in the Princess’s arms.

“It’s time for you to have a hot shower and something to eat.” Princess walked Robert by his chain to an upstairs bathroom and removed her leather bra and skirt. She helped him carefully into the shower and, because he had no use of his hands, washed his hair with shampoo and soaped up his body. Civilizing the beast, she joked. She used a back brush, lathered up, to scrub his back, examining the tiny marks left by the needles, and assured him that the marks had been properly cleaned and were barely visible now. Next, Eva washed his genitals with special, focused attention, and ass, his legs and carefully his feet.

These areas--all of Robert's body--had been the site of the Dominants’ various punishments and challenges. Yes, his whole body felt marked in some way. Yet when Princess Eva washed his face with the cloth and soap, he found this gesture the most intimate of all. Robert closed his eyes instinctively, to protect himself from the soap and water; without the use of his hands, he was forced, once again, to trust her. Using the corner of the washcloth, she washed his nose, forehead, cheeks, chin. When she had rinsed him, Eva helped Robert lean against the wall in the stream of warm water while she washed her own

body and hair. Showering together wasn't something they had ever done. It wasn't generally part of a scene for him. But he understood and deeply appreciated that she was guiding him through a transition, back to the real. A slow-moving aftercare. Robert admired Eva's slender body and firm breasts. Her long hair, as she bent to soap her legs, flowed down to the middle of her back. He thought she resembled a mermaid. He wanted to adore her.

Princess Eva dried off, then helped Robert out of the shower and dried his body. She helped him into a pair of sweat pants, then arduously assisted him in putting on a sweat shirt by unlocking each of the hands and its set of cuffs from the side of the belt, putting his arm into the corresponding sleeve, then reattaching the handcuff to the bellychain. Finally slippers. Princess Eva directed Robert by pulling against the chain, into the guest room where she dressed herself and towel dried her hair.

The meal was a simple grilled chicken breast with salad and a potato. He sat in his chair at the dining room table watching while she prepared the meal, listening to the sounds of the pots and pans, cupboards opening, the ordinary every day. Outside, the afternoon sun was visible between the blinds.

She was telling him how she met Lady Jocelyn at a leather conference back in the nineties, when she was a Pro-Domme. She had one of those huge houses in the Rolland Park area of Baltimore. The lower level had been devoted to an amazing play space with a separate medical room, a number of cages like Robert's, and a couple of areas for suspension...though it seemed to Eva that so many more people were into impact than rope, even then. The Baltimore Playhouse was one active space, but DC was naturally ahead in terms of public play spaces. Anyway, Jocelyn was generous with her dungeon....

He listened as she chatted pleasantly on and into dinner while she fed him cut up bites of chicken and potato, and sips of drink. The clock on the wall showed him definitively that it was after 6 p.m., and the Sunday paper lay on the opposite end of the dining room table. Time to rejoin the world.

"I think we have a bit of unfinished business," Princess Eva said, pushing the empty plates aside. "Come with me, slave Robert." For the last time this weekend, Eva hooked her finger in Robert's belly chain and directed him downstairs to the dungeon again. "I want you on your knees, she said, "Facing the couch." Of course he obeyed, while she crossed the dungeon for the set of keys.

Princess Eva sat on the couch opposite Robert, upright on his knees, hands cuffed in front, head lowered.

"You have given us all great pleasure this weekend," she said. "You surpassed my expectations as a submissive. You never called a scene, even the extreme multi-punishment scene at the end. You focused and dedicated yourself to achieving all of the tasks and experiencing everything we forced you to endure."

"Thank you, Princess," Robert said. "I can't even begin to express how thankful I am to you and Lady Jocelyn and Mistress V. It's been the sort of weekend I fantasized about my entire life. And something else--"

Eva nodded her head, indicating permission to speak.

"Lady Jocelyn said you'd gone to the trouble of--essentially scripting the weekend play. She said you had outlined the scenes, the equipment, even many of the toys. Then I realized you'd probably based everything on the 'Weekend Write-Up' I shared with you a couple of years ago. I couldn't believe it—I wasn't sure you'd ever read through it. What an amazing gift." Robert shook his head in amazement. "The whole weekend went so smoothly. I was never let out of security, never left alone for long or abandoned. I never knew what would happen next. Clearly such a tremendous amount of work went into this." Robert lowered his head to her boots and kissed them.

"You do so much for other people," Princess said, as Robert sat back up. "You're a very generous host, always coordinating play for others, hosting parties, opening your home and dungeon. So I thought you deserved a little dilemma of your own." The teasing, wicked look returned to her eyes. "A host's dilemma, or a host's ordeal."

"I thank you for my ordeal."

"And now it's time to unlock you and give you your well earned reward." Princess unlocked each of the handcuffs from the belly chain, and then unlocked the chain. He felt as though a world or state of being were disappearing as the heavy chain slid down his hips and to the floor. Then each of the handcuffs in turn she unlocked, and at last--or to his ultimate dismay--he was free.

"You haven't had an orgasm all weekend," Princess said, setting the handcuffs on the couch beside her. "Which frankly, I find almost super-human. All that incredible teasing. I'm sure you wanted to cum very badly at times."

"Very badly, yes."

"But as you were not permitted, you didn't."

"I tried to be obedient, Princess."

"Your cock was just so hard and full. So many times, and it was teased and punished over and over and over and over."

"It was the workout of a lifetime."

"Good," she said. "And just look at yourself right now. You may rub that hard cock against me wherever you wish," she said, untying the silk kimono and allowing it to slide off her shoulders. You may caress yourself against my thighs, on my breasts, you may fuck me between the breasts. You may ask me to masturbate you one more time. You may rub your cock against my clit or ask me to sit on your face while you stroke yourself to orgasm. But you must have an orgasm." She gave him a look. "Now."

Still on his knees, Robert sat with a straight back and contemplated his delicious options. "Make your selection," she said, lying back against the sofa and parting her legs. "We don't have all weekend."



## Epilogue: The Weekend Write-Up

2 years earlier

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Dear Princess Eva,

Below is the script we talked about briefly yesterday, I wrote it several years ago. I hope you enjoy reading it. It's really just a fantasy of mine. I doubt anything like this could ever happen, but perhaps you will be able to get some ideas from it.....

Hugs,  
Robert

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**Friday 6pm First Arrival:** The senior Dominant and her helper, if any, arrive early. They make sure they know where all required toys are located and obtain any needed clarification about the equipment for the session.

**Friday 7pm Arrival:** The other Dominants arrive dressed to impress or change upon arrival, and get my help bringing in their luggage. We visit and chat briefly. They ask for a tour, especially they want to see the dungeon and my toys. They ask questions and are very interested in certain toys.

**Friday 7:30 pm Entrapment:** You mention that some items are best understood if demonstrated on someone. You ask to see how the lock works on one of my metal collars, and want to see how easy it is to lock when worn. You tell me I look good wearing it, and ask me to continue wearing it for a bit.

As the tour continues, you find other things you want me to wear: a chastity belt (better remove your clothes first you encourage), locking hand mittens, a leash for the collar, ankle cuffs. Some of the things stay locked on even after the demonstration, others are removed. Now you want to see how the mittens could be locked behind my back. Then you ask if a short metal bar could be used as a hobble, and with a suggestion, you apply one to my ankle cuffs.

Enough of the tour you announce, once you have me helpless enough. You tell me you like how I look and that you want to keep me like this for awhile. When I protest, you add a gag and blindfold. As you lead me to the cell, you tell me that clearly an attitude adjustment is needed, and so you will be keeping me confined until I can get used to you being in charge.

**Friday 8:00 pm Confinement:** You push me into the cell and close the door loudly enough for me to hear it close. You wander away, returning every few minutes to taunt me: “Do you understand how helpless you are now?” “We will force you to obey our every command.” “We are going to make you understand how it is for women in this society.” “We are going to make you suffer for our amusement, but you will be punished if you disobey or resist us.” “The cock that you are so proud of, that you have so often used for pleasure, will become an instrument that we will use to torment you” “We will teach you the meaning of real submission” “You will be begging for mercy more than once, before this session is over.” “Women often suffer for the benefit of you men and your cocks, now it’s your turn.”<sup>1</sup>

**Friday 8:30 pm Punishment demonstration:** You tell me that I will be punished if I misbehave. You tell me that you need me to experience one of the ways I might be punished. The chastity belt, ankle hobble, gag and blindfold are removed. You place me on the spanking bench and strap me down to it. Once I am secure, the lock holding the mittens behind my back is removed and the mittens are then secured to the bench. You use a thin rope to tie my cock and/or balls back so they can be caned should you chose to do so, this gets me very worried. You pick up a cane, and instruct me to thank you for each stroke, but instead of counting, I am to rate the stroke from 1 to 10 for its severity. You deliver the strokes in a deliberate fashion, while arousing me with your touch and your words. You practice until you can deliver the stroke rating you select each time.

**Friday 8:45 pm Contemplation:** After you finish the caning, you leave me tied to the spanking bench to recover. You remind me why you gave me the punishment demonstration and why I deserve to be treated this way. You add a locking hood,

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<sup>1</sup> Taunts, like this, should be used throughout the session.

and leave me to consider that the demonstration of your ability to punish was mild compared to what could happen.

**Friday 9:00 pm Rope Hog-Tie:** You remove me from bench, and lock my neck to a floor ring by the collar or hood with a short chain. You tell me that I will be kept helpless until such time as you are pleased with me and I have fully accepted my position. You tie my ankles together with rope. Next you untie my hands, leaving the mittens on and reminding me that acting up will only result in punishment and that with my neck locked to the floor there is no way for me to escape. You then tie my wrists with rope and join them to the ankles making a hog tie. Next you get creative, adding ropes where ever you want. For example, toes to the hood with some tension such that the head can no longer rest on the floor; knees together for less leg movement, rope tied from the feet to nearby hard points, so I cannot turn on my side; balls to ankles so that relaxing or wiggling is painful, etc. As the position gets more difficult to bear, you use your touch and words to encourage me to continue. The torment comes from the rope and time, this is not an impact scene.

**Friday 9:45 pm Box:** You remove the ropes but leave the neck chained to the floor until you lock the mittens together in front. Then you lead me to the bondage box and lock me inside, plugging in the fan. You add the box wooden dividers.<sup>2</sup>

**Friday 10:30 pm Hospital Bed:** You release me from the box and lead me to the hospital bed securely, still not trusting me to behave. Once in the bed, you apply the leg straps, then unlock the wrists from each other, leaving the mittens on. All the rest of the straps are then applied. Toes are tied and stretched to balls. You insist that I drink at least 4 ounces of Pepsi. Electrics are applied to my cock and nipples (using the vacuum cups). You visit from time to time, changing the electrics, removing the ball stretching rope, adding reduced-tension clothespins to the scrotum, inserting an electrified butt plug. Other visits, you give pleasant caresses or stimulation to the cock, making it erect. You mix pleasant and unpleasant sensations, so I never know what to expect.

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<sup>2</sup> Depending on the hood selected, it may need to be removed to install the dividers.

**Friday Midnight recirculation:** You connect up the recirculation system after one last chance to pee with the pee going over-board into a bucket. After that, you connect the Texas catheter up for recirculation and the drip is adjusted to about one drop per second. The electric output from the recirculation is connected to my cock. You leave me to suffer and get whatever sleep I can. Throughout the night, you return to add additional torments such as tying the balls tightly, or stretching them with cord to my toes. You might cane my feet, or adjust the electricity to my nipples or ass. You again keep me off balance by mixing pleasant and unpleasant sensations. You want me to long for you to visit, even while knowing your visits may result in more pain.

**Saturday 4am Offload:** You disconnect the recirculation for a time, allowing me to pee into a bucket.

**Saturday 4:30am recirculation:** You reconnect the recirculation system, and continue to visit often to add torments or give pleasure. You continue to surprise me with your imaginative ideas. You adjust the bed's tilt features from time to time.

**Saturday 7am Offload:** You disconnect the recirculation for a time, allowing me to pee into a bucket. You bring your breakfast and eat it beside the bed. You occasionally offer a bite to me with your fingers, and some Pepsi using a straw. You tell me that this is the only breakfast I will be getting today, and lunch will be denied to me.

**Saturday 8:00 am Tease:** Still on the bed, you tease my cock to an erection and then a bit longer, being careful to not allow me to cum. No head polishing or even much touching during the cool down. At times you might use my cock head to rub your clit, making yourself cum, but denying me. You might sit on my face ordering me to lick you to orgasm. The stimulation you give me is designed to have me begging you to let me cum. Each time you get me close, you stop all stimulation, wait for the erection to subside by ½ and then repeat. This process is repeated over and over.

**Saturday 10:00 am Cell:** You securely remove me from the bed and transfer me to the cell. I am locked in and allowed a morning nap.

**Saturday 11:00 am Steer Tie:** You take me out of the cell, and tie me into a steer tie with my legs pulled up such that only my shoulders are touching the floor. This position makes my ass very accessible and you take full advantage. You use dildos and fingers, trying to make the anal attention as pleasurable as possible, while at the same time my cock and balls are tortured. You tell me you are refocusing my pleasure center.

**Saturday noon Cell:** My legs are lowered to the floor, and I am untied just enough to be taken back to the cell. Once locked inside, I am allowed to undo the rest of the bindings. I am allowed to nap once again.

**Saturday 1:00 pm:** I am placed in restraints and taken to the wooden cross for an endurance scene. I must hold my legs apart or my cock is painfully stretched. I am not released until I am physically exhausted. You encourage me to continue long past when I think I can go no further.

**Saturday 1:45 pm:** You strap me into a straightjacket, leg binder, and punishment hood then place me on the rack. I have no energy to stop you, but you take no chances. I am secured to the rack with ropes. I am allowed to recover while in this position.

**Saturday 2:15 pm:** You remove the hood, and feed me a few bit of food and some Pepsi to drink, then reapply the hood.

**Saturday 2:45 pm Feminization:** You remove the hood and leg binders. You tie my arms behind my back in a box tie. You apply an Oxball device wired with remote e-Stim. You tell me that I will now get the chance to literally walk in your shoes. Then you begin to feminize me, locking on high heels, gluing on silicone breasts, adding a bra and lacing me into a corset. Once feminized to the extent satisfactory to the Dominants, I am ordered to provide sexual services, such as: giving oral attention to both men and women when ordered, fucked by strap-on, and/or fisted as required. I am told, this treatment is so I can experience some of the indignities that women suffer. The remote shocker is used to force obedience. Eventually I am tied by the neck<sup>3</sup> to an overhead point and forced to stand tall on the high heels.

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<sup>3</sup> The trick to safely tying a neck rope is to keep it either high or low to avoid cutting both blood flow and breathing.

**Saturday 4:30 pm:** I am placed in the cell and I am allowed to rest.

**Saturday 6:00 pm:** I am ordered to remove the Oxball device and put on the ball collar and then the fiddle. You attach a leash to the ball collar and lead me out of the cell upstairs to the dinner table. The leash is tied to my chair. I am allowed to feed myself, but not speak unless spoken to.

**Saturday 7:00 pm Contest:** I am taken back downstairs and chained by one foot to a floor ring with a long enough chain to allow for the contest. The fiddle is removed and I am ordered to remove the ball collar. After that, all of the feminizing items are removed. Each of the Dominants takes a turn trying to tie me with rope such I cannot escape, under rules they establish. The escapes attempts are timed so a winner can be determined. Time permitting; the Dominants can take more than one turn.

**Saturday 9:00 pm Holding Station:** I am placed in the holding station, held by the wrists, ankles, plug and cock. You take turns tormenting my front reminding me why I am being treated this way. The helpless position gives you full access for whatever torments you wish to apply. My cock and balls, which are held so tightly and vulnerably, are the center of your tormenting focus. With my eyes open, I can see every torment even before it is applied. But I can only try to prepare myself mentally since I cannot escape or stop you.

**Saturday 9:45 pm Tip Toes:** Still in the holding station, you remove the cock stock and attach a small rope to my shaft just behind the head. The other end of the rope is attached to an overhead point and the rope is tightened so that I am forced to stand on tip toes.<sup>4</sup> You mention that you prefer it when a man's cock is tightly controlled and punished.

**Saturday 10:00 pm Hospital Bed:** You release me from the holding station and lead me to the hospital bed securely; I have almost no resistance left in me. You strap the legs, add the mittens and add the rest of the straps. You then follow a plan similar to Friday night. You give me a few minutes to recover before starting the next torment.

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<sup>4</sup> It may be necessary to adjust the ankle or wrists restraints to allow me to rise on my tip toes.

**Saturday 10:30 pm Head Polishing:** You alternate teasing stokes with head polishing for one of the most exquisite torments that can be done to a cock. The straps hold me in place and I cannot escape this torment even though it is just barely able to be withstood.

**Saturday midnight:** The head polishing stops, but you reconnect the electricity and add other torments from time to time. Other times, you give pleasant caresses or stimulation to the cock, making it erect. You mix pleasant and unpleasant sensations, so I never know what to expect.

**Sunday 1 am recirculation:** You reconnect the recirculation system after one last chance to pee into a bucket. You use the same setting and timing as was used on Friday night.

**Sunday 4:00 am:** You disconnect the recirculation for a time, allowing me to pee into a bucket.

**Sunday 4:30 am:** You reconnect the recirculation system, and continue to visit often to add torments or give pleasure. You continue to surprise me with your imaginative ideas. You adjust the bed's tilt features from time to time.

**Sunday 7:00 am:** You disconnect the recirculation for a time, allowing me to pee into a bucket. You bring your breakfast and eat it beside the bed. You occasionally offer a bit to me with your fingers, and some Pepsi using a straw.. You tell me that this is the only breakfast I will be getting today.

**Sunday 8:00 am Tease:** Still on the bed, you tease my cock to an erection and then a bit longer, being careful to not allow me to cum. No head polishing or even much touching during the cool down. At times you might use my cock head to rub your clit, making yourself cum, but denying me. You might sit on my face ordering me to lick you to orgasm. The stimulation you give me is designed to have me begging you to make me cum. Each time you get me close, you stop all stimulation, wait for the erection to subside by ½ and then repeat. This process is repeated over and over. At times you take a break as needed of a few minutes or so, and then return to continue.

**Sunday 10:00 am:** By this time, all the hospital play has ended including the teasing and torments as before and I am removed to the cell for a nap.

**Sunday 11:00 am Contest:** I am taken out of the cell and again chained by one foot to a floor ring by a long chain. Each of the Dominants takes another turn trying to tie me with rope so I cannot escape, under rules they establish. The escapes attempts are timed so a winner can be determined.

**Sunday 1:00 pm:** I am placed back on the hospital bed while the Dominants go have lunch. The electricity, pictures, and CBT rope are reapplied.

**Sunday 2:00 pm – 4:00 pm:** As the Dominants prepare to depart, they stop by the hospital bed where I am still bound, and each of them give me around 30 minutes of attention, either pleasure or pain or a mixture as they chose. They re-enforce the lessons learned, and comment on my behavior, good or bad, during the session.

**Sunday 4:00 pm:** The last to come by is the senior most Dominant who subjects me to the longest and most intense departure stimulation of them all. Many of the torment and teasing from before are again applied.

**Sunday 5:00 pm:** I am released to aftercare and a discussion with the Senior Dominant.