



## The Price of Failure – Part 1

It was dark when I got off the bus about 6 blocks from Mistress Enya's home. One of her house slaves had left a message on my answering machine the week before, telling me that I was to immediately notify my office that I would be starting a month's holidays the following Monday morning. It also said that a package would be left at my apartment containing clothes I was to wear. I was to bring nothing else with me and I was to arrive promptly at Mistress Enya's chambers at 5:30 on Monday morning.

My boss, Ms. Grossman, wasn't very pleased when I asked to take the time off. "Is this an emergency? I would have preferred that you had given me more notice."

"Well, I have been planning to take a month's holidays but I have had to wait for someone else to finalize the plans. And I just learned last night." I pleaded.

She sighed and pursed her lips. Patricia Grossman was younger than me. She was not a pretty woman, but she would still be considered attractive by most men. Her features were rather mannish, but she had a slim, athletic body. She wore her light brown hair cut short. She dressed conservatively. Skirts, blouses, and business suits were her standard uniform. It always surprised me that Ms. Grossman's most appealing feature was her physique, but she never dressed to show it off. She looked irritated with me. I had been asked to work for her about a year before, and I had not found it an easy assignment. She was very demanding and direct. I had the impression that I had been imposed on her, and that she wouldn't have chosen me as an employee if she'd had her own way.

Ms. Grossman had once met Mistress Enya and me when I had been allowed to accompany the Mistress on a shopping trip. I had been walking behind her carrying her packages. The next day at work, Ms. Grossman had asked me if I was dating the woman that she'd seen me with the day before. Since I couldn't explain our true relationship, I simply said, "Yes." "Oh," was all she said, but seemed slightly surprised.

"I apologize for the inconvenience, Patricia. I would have given you more notice if I could. I can make it up when I get back."

She looked up at me and asked, "Are you going on holiday with your girlfriend?"

"Yes," I said.



She betrayed just the trace of a smile. "Well, I suppose I can't stand in the way of 'true love'" she said with just a hint of irony.

The package had arrived on Sunday afternoon. I answered the buzzer to my apartment and man's voice told me to come down and pick up a parcel. When I got out of the elevator in the lobby, a very attractive young blond woman in a tight red skirt, white sweater, and spike heels was standing there waiting with a brown paper package. I was a little confused. "Here, this is for you," she said, her bright red lips formed a sexy, flirtatious smile. Her voice had a husky, seductive, feminine tone, but there was no mistaking that this was the same person who had summoned me down to the lobby. "Thank you," I managed to stammer.

When I returned to my apartment I opened the package. It contained a shapeless pair of pants and a short-sleeved shirt made of a thin, khaki-colored fabric, as well as a pair of thick rubber-soled sandals with rope straps. Neither the shirt nor the pants had any pockets. And instead of a belt the trousers had a drawstring made of thin rope.

I laid out the clothes to be ready for the morning. It was a 40 minute bus ride to Mistress Enya's house, so I would have to get up early. I slept fitfully that evening, worried that I would sleep through the alarm. At 4 o'clock I got up and had something to eat and then showered. The message I had received had also instructed me not to shave. This seemed unusual since Mistress Enya was very strict about slave cleanliness. No one was to enter her chambers without being cleanly shaved – face, cock, balls, and ass. I worried that the slave who had left the message was trying to get me punished for one of the worst crimes against Mistress Enya's rules. But I also thought that if this was truly Mistress Enya's instruction, I didn't want to risk being punished and then rejected by her for disobedience.

She had given me no hint of what I was to do for her during this "holiday." About a month before she had told me that she had selected me to spend a month with her during her summer vacation. I had been thrilled to be chosen and looked forward to 30 days of attending to her in her chambers and running errands for her. Just to be able to spend an uninterrupted month under her daily command was a privilege that I hardly dared dream about.

At 4:30 I left my apartment and walked to the bus stop. And the shirt and pants gave me no protection from the cool, damp morning air. The sandals were rough and painful to walk in. I only had a single bus ticket in my hand. Luckily, I only had to wait a short time for the bus. Even at that hour there were already 2 passengers on it when it pulled up. The driver looked startled and a little suspicious when I climbed aboard and dropped my ticket in the box. I must



have looked unusual in this outfit, which almost looked like an inmate's uniform. I went to the back of the bus and sat down. The ride seemed to go on forever. And without a watch, I was in a panic that I would be late.

Finally, I recognized the stop closest to Mistress Enya's house. I got off the bus and I began to run the 6 blocks left to go. I kept trying to find some way to check the time, but it was impossible. When I reached her house, I took a deep breath and pushed the doorbell. After a moment, the door opened and a naked young slave answered the door. I'd never seen him before. He was about my height, but looked like a body builder. Like me, his cock had a Prince Albert piercing. In his hand, he held a riding crop. I recognized that he was a 'senior slave' by a small tattoo above his cock in the shape of a pair of handcuffs. And only a senior slave was allowed to hold an instrument of corporal punishment in his hand.

"You're early," he said without any expression. "Ten minutes early to be exact." Without being told, I stripped and folded my clothes. "You may leave them on the bench." I leaned over and put them on the bench in the front hall that also served as the container for all of Mistress Enya's slaves' clothes. "Put your hands on the seat," he ordered. I bent over; in the absence of Mistress Enya all other slaves had to obey the commands of a senior slave. "Count them," he ordered. With that, he brought his arm back above his head and struck my ass hard with the crop.

"One!" I gasped. I counted out 10 strokes. When he finished the tenth, I started to straighten up. Then an eleventh stroke stung my ass.

"I didn't say 'Stand up'" he almost shouted.

"Eleven!" I said. Finally, after 30 strokes, I was given the order to turn and kneel at his feet.

"That's 3 strokes for every minute you're early. You should know that by now," he said. "Kiss the hand that beat you." And he held out his hand in front of my face. I leaned forward and put my lips to the back of his hand. "Kiss my cock and balls." He set his feet slightly wider apart and I leaned forward once again and opened my mouth enough to hold his shaft between my lips, as Mistress Enya had trained me to do. "Now my balls," he said, reaching down to lift his dick out of the way so that I could do the same to the ball sack hanging between his powerful thighs. "Now go into the garage, where you will find another slave kneeling beside Mistress Enya's car. Kneel beside him."



I hurried down the stairs and into the garage, where I found a young slave about 25 years old kneeling on the concrete floor. I knelt beside him, knowing that I shouldn't speak.

After about an hour, Mistress Enya, the slave who had beaten me, and another senior slave entered the garage. Mistress Enya knelt beside us on one knee, with her face close to ours. "You two have been chosen to accompany me on a holiday at a camp in the mountains this summer. But this isn't a privilege. I have judged you to be the worst slaves in my stable. In the next month you will be punished for your many shortcomings, trained severely, and tested to see whether you shouldn't be banished from the stable," she said. "From this moment on, you are not slaves. You are not even animals. You are nothing."

I had never heard her use this tone of voice before. Mistress Enya sounded cold and angry. "Okay," she said to the slaves, "get them ready. Stand up you two!" We jumped to our feet. Mistress Enya placed slave collars on our necks, while the senior slaves attached leather ankle restraints to our feet and handcuffed our wrists behind our backs. Mistress Enya then fastened a spring clip to the Prince Albert ring in my cock head. She slapped my ass and told me to follow her. We walked to the back of her large SUV, which stood open. "Get in," she said "and lie on your side." I climbed in and lay on the floor. A moment later the other slave victim climbed in beside me, and was directed to lie on his side facing me. One of the senior slaves climbed into the back. He attached our ankles together with short chains and then attached the chains together. Then he leaned down and roughly grabbed the other victim's cock by his Prince Albert ring, clipping it to the other end of the clip on my cock. Finally, he knelt beside our heads -- his large limp cock swung down and brushed my cheek -- and took a short chain and attached it to each of our slave collars. We lay there, attached by our feet, cocks, and necks, with our faces almost touching.

Mistress Enya walked over to the car and looked at us. "That's good," she said. "This will be a 4-hour trip. Let's see if you end up like every other slave who travels with me. Within 2 hours you'll be grinding your cocks together and have your tongues down each other's throat," she laughed. The door slammed shut, and in a moment we were on our way.

We drove out of the city in the early morning hours and headed into the mountains. As time went on, the sky became lighter but we couldn't see much from our position on the floor. We stopped only once on the way. And after only a short time the discomfort of the position we were in became almost intolerable. The months of chastity Mistress Enya had imposed on us, the eroticism of lying tied and humiliated by this cruel, beautiful goddess, the anticipation of the pain to come, combined with the natural rolling of our bodies



as the car traveled down the highway excited us both. And by the time we arrived, Mistress Enya's prediction had come true.

When we arrived, the back hatch of the vehicle was opened by a tall, attractive woman with bleached blond hair, cut very short. She was dressed in jeans, a halter top, and sandals. Without saying a word she reached in and undid our neck chain and undid the handcuffs. "Undo the clips and get out," she said. We fumbled with the cock clips and then sat up and hurried to undo our ankle chains. "Get out and kneel." We climbed down and dropped to our knees. "I am Mistress Penny," the woman said. "While you are here you will obey any woman who speaks to you. But for now, you will listen to me. Stand up!" She motioned to me, "Get behind him," she said indicating Mistress Enya's other slave. "Put your hands on his shoulders." I reached out and placed my hands on the slave's bare shoulders. "Get moving."

We were hurried toward a large house. It stood in among the trees in an idyllic setting in the woods. The house was huge. It was two storeys high, with a steeply pitched roof, and was covered in richly colored red cedar. It looked like a small resort hotel. By now it was noon hour and the day was clear and warm. The sunlight filtering through the trees gave the whole scene a beautiful, restful feeling. But, knowing Mistress Enya, I suspected that before my stay was over I would not have good memories of this place.

Mistress Penny marched us to a side door of the building that led into the basement. We entered a short hallway, and then into a room with tiled walls and floor. Four naked slaves knelt on the floor. Their heads were shaved, including their eyebrows. And there was no hair on their arms, legs, or anywhere on their bodies. Mistress Penny brought us into the room. She ordered the naked men to stand. I was told to stand with my feet apart and my arms in the air. Mistress Penny nodded to the kneeling slaves, and they proceeded to shave my body, first with electric razors and then with lather and safety razors. In a matter of moments every hair had been removed from my body. I was told to kneel, and Mistress Enya's other slave was shaved. Mistress Penny told us to stand in the middle of the floor with our arms above our heads. She then took a hose that hung on a hook on the wall. She turned on the water, and we were sprayed with a high-pressure jet of ice-cold water. We were told to bend over and the spray was directed at our assholes and balls.

Before we left the shaving room we were chained together by our slave collars. I was ordered to stand in front of the other slave and a chain was clipped to the ring pierced into the head of my cock and then attached to the ring in his cock. Then we were hobbled by short chains attached to ankle restraints. Mistress Penny walked beside us carrying a riding crop which she used to keep us moving



as quickly as we could. We shuffled forward, trying not to fall, down a short hallway and then out into the bright sunlight of the lawn.

As we emerged into the heat of the summer afternoon, we could see a group of women standing in a crowd about 30 yards away. They were surrounding a structure of roughly cut beams bolted together into a scaffold. It reminded me of a hangman's scaffold. Two parallel pairs of posts rose out of the ground about 12 feet, a thick wooden beam joined them at the top. From where we were, I could see a heavy pulley hung down from the crossbeam and chain ran through the pulley. One end of the chain hung straight down while the other had been pulled to the side and disappeared into the crowd of women.

Mistress Penny marched us down the slope of the lawn to the crowd of women. As we approached we could see that the base of the scaffold was contained within a low, circular concrete wall about 18 inches high and about 10 feet across. The sound of our clinking chains attracted the attention of a number of the women on the edge of the group. One of them, a slender young bare breasted woman in shorts said, "Mistress Penny. Two more victims for this afternoon's show?" and walked over to Mistress Penny. The two women greeted each other by embracing and exchanging an open-mouth kiss.

Mistress Penny smiled and answered, "No, these are new arrivals from Mistress Enya's stable. They haven't even had their orientation yet."

"Well," said the young woman, "This is a good place to start. Let's give them a ringside seat. Mistress Enya will give them something to think about."

The women standing nearby laughed and made room for us to stand next to the low wall surrounding the scaffold. When we took our places we could see that the wall enclosed an area that was filled with rough gravel.

In the middle of the pit stood Mistress Enya. Her dark hair was tied back. She was dressed in a way that I had never seen before. She wore a tight sleeveless, white t-shirt. Her full breasts amply filled the shirt. She wore jeans and heavy work boots. On her left hand she wore a thick work glove and held one end of the heavy suspension chain that hung down from the pulley. Even dressed in this way, she still looked elegant. The rough clothes only brought out the danger and eroticism of her nature. In her right hand she held a vicious-looking dog whip.

The other end of the pulley chain disappeared into the crowd of women on the opposite side of the circle. We could see that a naked slave was lying on his stomach on the low wall. His chest and head extended outside the pit and his legs on the inside. Two women had just finished lubricating and inserting a butt



plug into his ass. Then they brought his legs together and attached a very short hobbling chain between his ankle restraints – much shorter than the ones we were wearing.

Mistress Enya asked, “Are we ready?”

“Yes, Mistress Enya, we’re ready” answered the woman who had just finished with the hobble.

With that, a cheer went up from the women. And Mistress Enya reached up and pulled hard on the chain. That quickly pulled the slave into a standing position and dragged him – with his arms forced up over his head – into the middle of the pit. He was immediately in a great deal of pain as the sharp stones dug into the soles of his naked feet. His face was contorted in pain and he groaned. His groans were muffled by an inflatable ball gag that had been forced into his mouth and strapped in place. A rubber hose hung down from his face and the inflating bulb on the end of the hose bounced against his chest. His groans provoked laughter among the women, followed by applause.

The slave struggled on his hobbled feet to try to move away from Mistress Enya. But she pulled on the chain, giving him nowhere to go. Slowly she moved in and unleashed the whip on his ass. He jumped from the pain and groaned from the sting of the Mistress Enya’s strike and the pain of the gravel. She circled him with the chain in her hand. He tried to turn away, but struggled helplessly because of his arms being trapped in the air and the difficulty of walking barefoot on the stones. Mistress Enya moved quickly and stepped in front of him, smiling. She unleashed the whip again; this time hitting him fully on his cock head. His hips lurched backward and a muffled groan could be heard despite the gag. The women cheered, laughed, and applauded.

This continued for almost 10 minutes. Mistress Enya was merciless. She would attack his ass and then his cock. Then she would use the whip on his nipples, armpits, feet, and arms. By this time the slave was moaning, and a muffled shriek could be heard every time the whip found its mark. Mistress Enya approached him – by now he was too exhausted or too broken to make much effort to escape from her – she reached out and took hold of the bulb attached to the inflation gag. She pumped the bulb and the slave’s cheeks began to expand as the gag grew bigger.

For another few minutes, Mistress Enya continued to use her whip on the naked victim as he struggled feebly to escape from her. With each stroke her breasts would shake under the thin t-shirt. Then she stopped and – still holding the chain – walked to one of the upright posts of the scaffold. With the help of another woman they pulled hard on the chain, lifting the slave a few inches off



the ground. He hung in the air directly below the pulley. The two women slipped a link of their end of the chain over a sturdy hook drilled into the upright. A spectator held out a cane to Mistress Enya, who shook her head and kept hold of the thin flexible dog whip. She walked back into the middle of the pit and circled her victim checking over the marks she had left on his naked body. The pulley creaked as his body slowly turned in the wind. From where we stood, we could see his cheeks puffed out by the inflated gag and there was terror in his eyes as he turned his head frantically to try to keep Mistress Enya in view.

And then in an instant, Mistress Enya unleashed a furious attack on the slave. A cheer went up from the women who were watching. The Mistress flashed her whip like she was possessed. No part of his body was spared ... his back, his ass, his legs, chest, cock, and balls; all were subjected to a continuous reign of cruel strikes from her whip. The slave's body twitched and convulsed from the pain. A low, continuous moan, like a cow, could be heard coming from his gagged mouth. After what seemed like an eternity she stopped and quickly walked over to where she had attached the chain. Again with the help of another woman, they lowered the chain just enough for the slave to touch the ground and then re-attached it to the post.

All through this attack, Mistress Enya had never changed expression. She looked determined, serious. Now, after lowering the slave, she turned and looked at us, her personal slaves. She didn't smile, but she had a look of total satisfaction on her face. Through her t-shirt I could see her fully-erect nipples signaling her arousal.

"All right, you two. Get moving" ordered Mistress Penny and she expertly aimed a stroke of her crop at each of our cocks. And we marched as best we could across the lawn in the direction of a one-storey building that we could see in the trees.

We arrived at the building which had a small white sign over the door "Stables." Mistress Penny told us to kneel and wait, and she left. Kneeling was not easy to do when we were linked by cock and neck chains. After a few minutes, Mistress Enya arrived. "Unhook your chains," she ordered. We unclipped our cocks and our hobbles. "Follow me ... you may walk," she said. Mistress Enya led the way into the building. The interior of the building looked like a stable, except that each of the stalls was no more than six feet long and 18 inches wide. There must have been 30 stalls lining the walls of the building. The floor was concrete, and each stall was lined with a thin layer of straw.

"This will be your home for the next month," Mistress Enya told us, "unless you are to be punished. Then you will find that the accommodations will not be quite so luxurious. Come this way." She hit us with a stinging snap of the dog whip



she still held in her hand. We were driven out of the building once more, where Mistress Penny was waiting. Mistress Enya gave us to Mistress Penny who gave us both sandals like the ones that had arrived in the package at my apartment. For the rest of the day we worked with about 12 other slaves cutting the lawns around the camp and clearing the brush, under the directions of Mistresses carrying whips and electric prods.

At the end of the day, we returned to the stables where a long trough with food was put on the floor. About 15 slaves were given 5 minutes to eat, supervised by Mistresses with whips. We were then taken outside and once again hosed down. Ten slaves were selected and left with several Mistresses. Those of us who were left had chains attached to the piercings in our cock and balls, which were then padlocked to iron rings in the concrete floor in each stall. We were left for the night.

The next morning we were awakened before dawn, fed from the trough, and sent to work again. This time senior slaves supervised us. We worked all day, with a short break to eat from buckets put on the ground, and then were brought back to the stables for the night. This continued for almost a week.

Finally, one day around mid-morning Mistress Enya arrived at the worksite. She was wearing a black two-piece bathing suit, with high-heeled sandals. Her body was stunning. Her beautiful tanned legs were magnificent and the top of the suit made her delicious breasts irresistible. Mistress Enya – like all women in the camp – carried a riding crop in her hand. She was accompanied by Mistress Penny who was carrying something that I couldn't make out. As the two women approached, I responded in the way that the camp rules required. When approached by a Mistress on a work detail, slaves were required to kneel with their eyes on the ground. Despite the exhausting work in the summer heat, when I saw my owner approaching my cock began to swell. It had been several days since I had last seen her. She walked up to me and greeted me by snapping my cock head with a stroke of her crop. "Stand up."

Mistress Penny then handed me a 7 gates of hell cock harness. I slipped the metal rings over my now soft dick, and snapped the ball strap around my bag. She then told me to kneel and proceeded to place a slave saddle on my back, buckling it firmly in place around my chest and hips so that the stirrups hung down at my sides. With a flick of her crop on my ass, she told me to kneel once again. A bridle was placed over my head and a bit forced into my mouth. She strapped that securely into place, took the reins and held them in her hand beside me. In an instant, I felt Mistress Enya put her foot in the stirrup and swing herself into the saddle. Mistress Penny handed her the reins. Mistress Enya then gave powerful tug on the reins, which jolted my head back. "Up!" she commanded. I struggled to my feet. Mistress Enya told Mistress Penny that she



was going riding for an hour and a half and that she would meet her again at the pool when she was finished. As I stood there with my owner Mistress comfortably in the saddle, I was thrilled to feel her legs tightly gripping my naked body. Now I realized what the cock harness was for. As my cock began to stiffen from the touch of her bare legs, the harness began to bite.

With a sharp stroke of her riding crop, Mistress Enya directed me across the lawn to a path that led down to the lake. I struggled to keep my balance as she urged me on with her crop. I was terrified that I would fall. I wasn't afraid of hurting myself but I didn't want to think of what Mistress Enya would do to me if I allowed her to fall. For the next hour, she drove along a path that led around the lake. The stones on the path bit into my feet, but I did manage to learn how to serve as a pony for Mistress Enya. After circling the lake, she drove me up the lawn to a part of the grounds that held a beautiful swimming pool.

I was surrounded by a broad pool deck with tables, umbrellas, and lounge chairs. About half a dozen Mistresses were using the pool when we approached. All of them were naked. This was very dangerous for slaves at the camp, because if we were caught looking at a naked Mistress, we had been promised that the punishment would be severe. I tried to keep my head down, but at the same time I needed to see where I was going and the temptation to look at so many beautiful naked women was overwhelming. The young woman who had greeted Mistress Penny at the whipping scaffold the first day we arrived lay on the pool deck sunbathing. As we approached it was almost impossible not to stare at her slender, tanned legs leading up to her clean shaven pussy, her firm breasts, and perfectly formed reddish brown nipples.

The only distraction was a rather odd looking structure that sat at the end of the pool deck. It was constructed of stainless steel and stood about 5 feet high. It reminded me of something from a children's playground, but I was to learn that it had a much different purpose.