



The Price of Failure – Part 2

I had served as Mistress Enya's pony for more than an hour. She had ridden around the lake on a rough path and then up the lawn to the pool. My legs ached and I was sweating profusely as I stood on the pool deck looking at the unusual object that sat at the end of the pool.

Two rectangles of steel tubes at either end were joined together by parallel tubing about 3 feet long at the top, bottom, and middle, supported by cross beams, forming a 3-dimensional rectangular outline. An angled pad was welded into the middle of the frame, supported from the bottom and the sides. Above the high end of the angled pad hung a heavy chain and another hung down over the low end.

Mistress Enya rode me up to the pool deck and then made me walk all the way around the pool. With so many beautiful naked women, this was a torment. As we completed our tour of the pool deck, Mistress Penny approached. Her naked body looked muscular and powerful. Her leg muscles were beautifully sculpted and her firm breasts were accentuated by the development of her chest muscles. By this time my cock was bulging through the metal rings of the cock harness.

Mistress Enya dismounted. She walked around in front of me and lifted my harnessed dick with the tip of her riding crop. "You are betrayed by your pathetic purple worm. You know the rules. And yet when you are put in a situation where you know the temptation is the greatest, you are too stupid and undisciplined to realize that this is the moment to resist your natural male weakness to leer at women. I am going to teach you a lesson that you will never forget." With that, she began to remove the bridle and saddle. Mistress Enya was handed a hose, and once again I was sprayed clean with icy cold water. "Walk over here with me."

I followed Mistress Enya to the metal contraption that I had seen when we first arrived. By now a number of the Mistresses at the pool had walked over to watch my punishment. I was told to stand at the end of the device facing the angled pad. Mistress Enya snapped handcuffs on my wrists behind my back, and proceeded to put leather ankle restraints on me, as well as a collar. She ordered me to lean over onto the pad and spread my legs. Two women attached my ankles to hooks in the base of the frame. Mistress Enya stood in front of me. My cock strained against the harness as she stepped forward and clipped a chain to my handcuffs. She pressed her firmed tanned thighs against my face, knowing how my cock would react and the pain that would cause. She then attached the second chain to my collar. By shortening the chain attached to my cuffs, my arms were pulled upwards behind my back pitching my body forward



as I tried to ease the pain from my strained shoulders. Then she pulled up the chain attached to my collar lifting my neck and head into a very awkward and uncomfortable position.

I was left this way – attached in the metal frame – for several hours. Finally, I couldn't bear it any more and I began to moan and plead for mercy from the women at the pool. At first this was greeted with amused laughter. But the pain was excruciating, and I couldn't control my cries for mercy. Thankfully, I saw two women approaching me. At the last moment I saw that one was holding an inflatable gag, like the one that Mistress Enya had used on her victim on the first day. I clamped my mouth shut. The woman who was not holding the gag reached her arm around my head to hold it so I couldn't squirm – her naked breast pressed against my cheek – and with her other hand she pinched my nostrils closed. I held out for a few minutes but eventually I had to open my mouth to gasp for air. In an instant the gag was forced into my mouth. The two women expertly strapped it in place before I had time to think. One of the women grabbed the inflation bulb and pumped up the gag until it filled my mouth and my jaw began to ache. My whining and pleas for mercy had only made me worse off.

They left me this way for probably another half an hour. Then I noticed that the women left the pool area all at the same time. That seemed odd. A few minutes later they returned and I realized that my torments were about to get worse. Under most circumstances, seeing a naked woman wearing a strap-on cock would make me wildly excited. But seeing 8 women approaching me, each wearing a strap-on harness with a huge plastic cock bouncing in front of them as they walked caused my dick to shrivel. For the first time as a sub I was truly afraid.

Mistress Enya stood in front of me. The neck harness was very uncomfortable and painful, but it did force me to have my head up. The sight of her naked body thrilled me. The nipple rings glinted in the sun as her breasts bounced and shook when she walked. Suspended from a harness between her legs was a huge cock. She stepped forward, teasing me with her body, and then grabbed the bulb of the gag and pumped it until I thought my jaw would break. She kept the bulb in her hand. I could feel the end of the first strap-on push against my hole. Slowly it was eased into my ass, stretching it painfully. My gasp of pain was smothered by the gag. I heard a giggle behind me. It was the sound of the Mistress who had buried her plastic cock in my hole. She pulled it back and then slowly pushed it back in. She repeated this, gaining speed all the while. Before long, the young woman was pounding the dildo into my ass.

I could see a slight smile form on Mistress Enya's lips. And then suddenly the dick was pulled out of my hole. A few seconds later another woman pressed her



strap-on into me and the fucking was repeated. When the second woman had finished, the third stepped up. This time I could feel that the dildo was noticeably bigger. My hole was stretched even further, and the pain returned. The women repeated this until all were done. Every other woman used a bigger strap-on until the pain was so great that I thought I would pass out. Finally it was over, and all of the women who had fucked me stood in front of me smiling and laughing. Mistress Enya let go of the bulb and began to slowly walk behind me.

The gigantic dildo – with its massive cock head and thickly veined shaft – swayed menacingly from side to side as she walked. I closed my eyes and held my breath. The heat and the physical abuse that the women had inflicted on me left me once more dripping with perspiration. My eyes stung with sweat as I held them tightly shut.

Mistress Enya began to push the head of her dick against my hole. It felt like it was the size of a baseball. I could feel her reach out to grab the metal frame with both hands to pull herself towards me, forcing open my rectum as the gigantic cock slid further and further inside me. I held out as long as I could but the pain was like nothing I'd ever felt before. I tried to shriek but the gag muffled almost all sound. I opened my eyes to see some of the women still watching me, while others had walked around beside me to watch the insertion of this huge cock. Mistress Enya continued to push it forward and still it stretched me. At last she stopped and I knew that she had pushed it all the way in.

My entire body felt like it was filled completely with this monster dildo. I prayed that Mistress Enya was satisfied, but in a moment I realized that there was more to come. She began to withdraw it. Pulling back until it was almost all the way out, then she threw her hips forward and began to fuck me violently. The pain was never-ending. Just as with her whipping victim, Mistress Enya seemed possessed. I was sure she had torn me apart. But there was no mercy. Until finally I passed out.

I was revived by a spray of cold water from the hose held by Mistress Enya. But my ass still felt full.

“Did you enjoy that?” she taunted. “I’ve left a plug in you to help you remember this.”

“What would you like to have done with him?” I recognized Mistress Penny’s voice.



"Leave him there until night, and then put him in his stall. No food for the rest of the day," was the reply.

The next day, when the morning trough of food was put down in the stable, I scrambled to eat. Usually in the morning one of the senior slaves blew a whistle and we were required to run outside and kneel in a line for inspection. This morning while we were kneeling, Mistress Enya stood with the senior slaves. During inspection she pointed to me and a senior slave grabbed my ear and pulled me to my feet. The others were taken off to work while Mistress Enya used her crop to direct me over to the main building.

We stopped outside a side door. Near the door was a post cemented into the ground. Hanging down from the top of the post were two chains with wrist restraints. Earlier in the week, I'd seen naked Mistresses giving punishment canings to slaves, so I tried to prepare myself for a beating. But to my surprise, Mistress Enya handed me a short chain with a clip at each end. I was ordered to attach one end to the Prince Albert ring in my cock head and back up against the post and put my hands in the air. She fastened my wrists into the restraints and then stepped behind me. Mistress Enya reached between my legs and pulled the end of the cock chain tight, clipping it to a metal ring on the post. I was left with my arms in the air and my cock pulled tightly backward between my legs. Mistress Enya stepped in front of me.

"You were brought on this trip because you have failed as a slave. You are about to be given your last chance. Later this morning you will appear before 'Mistress Court' where the extent of your guilt will be established and your punishment determined. This is your last chance to remain in my stable." she said.

She then walked away. I stood there attached to the pole and thought about what Mistress Enya had said. After spending many years visiting pro Dommes I had always wanted to serve as the personal slave of a lifestyle Mistress. When Mistress Enya agreed to train me, I was overjoyed. She was the most beautiful, sensual, skilled dominant that I had ever met. During the year I spent as her slave, I had tried to follow her rules of slavery. But eventually I did start to question whether I could truly accept being owned by someone – even someone as beautiful and powerful as Mistress Enya. The difference between being a client and a personal slave was that as a client I was always the center of attention. As a personal slave, my pleasure was of no consequence. My responsibility was to do anything and everything that Mistress Enya wanted to keep her happy and to accept correction punishments as well as torture designed to amuse her. I had been told that I was not allowed to think like a man any more. The piercings in my cock and balls were a symbolic castration. Mistress



Enya had demonstrated her ownership of, what had been, my cock and balls by having them pierced in a way that pleased her.

As I stood there, tied to the post, I questioned whether I truly did want to be a lifestyle slave. But I came to realize that I needed to be a slave. My compulsion to visit Dommies and to apply to serve Mistress Enya was an important part of me. I had to serve a beautiful, powerful woman. That was something that was essential to my nature.

I had been extraordinarily fortunate to have found Mistress Enya and to have been accepted into her stable. I accepted the fact that I loved her – not as a man loves a woman, but I loved her passionately as a being who embodied female beauty, eroticism, and strength in a way that connected to a part of my character that no one else could. I also realized that in my first year in her service, I had been afraid to submit fully. She had offered without qualification to satisfy my need to submit and all I had to do was surrender completely to her will. But I hadn't had the courage. I still failed to follow even the simplest of rules, pretending to myself that they demanded too much from me. In reality, I just didn't have the courage to give myself completely to Mistress Enya.

She was right. I was guilty of failing as a slave. The court would be right to find me guilty. I vowed that, if I was ever to live out my nature as a submissive, I had to accept whatever punishment the court gave me and dedicate myself to serving Mistress Enya unquestioningly in every possible way.

I could see through the window of the Mistress courtroom that people were entering. A long table was set at the end of the room where the court would sit and women were taking their places. I could see Mistress Enya sitting to the right of a woman I took to be the presiding judge. Other women stationed themselves at different points around the room, each standing with a cane in her hand. Finally, one of the women came outside, released my wrists and ordered me to undo my cock chain. She then explained that it was an honor to appear before the Mistress Court and that I had to ask permission to be judged by the women. I would enter the room on my hands and knees. There would be 6 "bailiffs" – the women I saw standing – I was to crawl to each and ask for 10 strokes from her cane, making my way from the entrance to the table where my judges sat.

All of the women wore riding boots and breeches with sleeveless white t-shirts. I crawled to the first woman and, without raising my head, I said, "Please, Mistress, give me 10 of your hardest strokes so that I may be judged for my crimes."



"Put your forehead on the floor," was the reply. I leaned forward so that my forehead touched the floor and my naked ass was thrust up into the air. Then, without warning, the cane whirred through the air and struck. There was nothing playful about this caning. It was intended to hurt. After the 10th stroke, I thanked the Mistress and crawled to the next. Once again, I said "Please, Mistress, give me 10 of your hardest strokes so that I may be judged for my crimes." This time I immediately assumed the position, and the beating was repeated. By the time I reached the sixth Mistress, I knew that my ass was a mass of bruises and that this would hurt the worst. I vowed that I would hold the position and not flinch. I succeeded, but I couldn't help yelping in pain with each stroke.

After the final caning, the woman who sat in the middle of the table directed me to crawl in front of her and kneel up. "I am Mistress Chief Justice. You will address me as such, but you will not speak until you are told to. You have been brought before this court because you have been charged by Mistress Enya, your owner, with being a disobedient and dishonest slave. The Justices of Mistress Court have examined a long list of crimes committed by you, including lateness, incompleteness of tasks, lack of proper respect of your owner, unwillingness to submit to punishment and correction, and dishonesty.

"You came to Mistress Enya because – you said – you wanted to become a lifestyle submissive and submit to a beautiful Mistress. Yet it is clear to the court that you still think of yourself as a man. Even in this camp, while being ridden by your owner, you had the nerve to leer at Mistresses at the pool. For that, you were summarily sentenced by Mistress Enya to be fucked.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" she concluded.

"Yes Mistress Chief Justice, I would like to speak," I answered.

"Go ahead," she said curtly.

"I wish to plead guilty, Mistress Chief Justice. I wish to apologize to Mistress Enya. I have been dishonest. She offered to take ownership of me, and I have failed to surrender to her in the way that she deserves. I do not wish to ask for mercy. I am guilty and I deserve to be punished. I only beg that I still have the chance to prove myself to the beautiful Mistress Enya."

"The court accepts your plea and finds you guilty. You will be punished and your devotion to Mistress Enya will be tested. This is your last chance to prove yourself to your Mistress. You are sentenced to 3 hours of intense pain. You will then be asked whether you still wish to submit to Mistress Enya. If you fail this, you'll be set outside the gates of the camp in the clothes that were given to you.



And you will be free to find your own way home. If your promise of dedication is accepted by Mistress Enya, you will spend the next year living as a female slave until you return to the camp next year for re-examination." She looked at me, smiled slightly, and said, "This concludes the court's proceedings. Take ... HER ... away."

No sooner had Mistress Chief Justice finished speaking than two of the "bailiffs" each grabbed one of my arms and pulled me to me feet. A third quickly placed a leather blindfold over my eyes and buckled it into place. The two women then hurried me across the room and outside, while a third flicked my bruised ass with a whip to help hurry me along. We ran across the lawn. I stumbled and tried to keep my balance. In a few moments we slowed and I could hear the sound of other people. I was brought to a stop and the blindfold was removed. I was standing outside of the low concrete wall surrounding the punishment scaffold, where I had witnessed Mistress Enya break the slave the first day I arrived. My mouth went dry, and my heart began to pound.

I was directed to step over the wall onto the gravel and then lie on the top of the wall with my upper body extended outside the ring and legs inside. My wrists were put in restraints that were attached together with a short chain, which was then attached to the scaffold chain. I could feel hands on my legs, as leather restraints were fastened to my ankles and then connected together with a short hobbling chain, just as I'd seen on the day of my arrival. Finally, I felt a greased butt plug being forced into my ass and I knew that it wouldn't be long before Mistress Enya would begin the process of breaking me.

A moment later I heard the sound of the chain rattling through the pulley, and I was yanked to my feet. I stumbled into the middle of the ring as the chain pulled me. But unlike the slave I had seen the day I arrived, I was pulled into the air immediately. The leather wrist restraints bit into my flesh as I hung suspended by my arms under the scaffold, my fingers desperately grasping the chain to try to ease the strain on my arms while my body swung back and forth slowly. I was left there for a few moments, surrounded by the women. Finally, I could see Mistress Enya arrive. She was dressed in a short black skirt, stockings, black patent leather boots, long black leather gloves, and the t-shirt she had worn before when she had last used the punishment scaffold.

She was carrying the dog whip in one hand and in her other hand I thought she had some kind of flogger. It had a long thick handle and a single flexible main strand that branched into two smaller strands. As she approached the scaffold, the spectators began to applaud. She stepped over the low wall and walked toward me. Mistress Penny entered the ring with her. Mistress Enya handed the dog whip to Mistress Penny. Then she walked directly in front of me. She reached out and lifted my dick out of the way and took one of the strands of



what I had thought was a whip. I could see now that this device had a small metal clip on the end of each of the strands, which looked like electrical cords. She took one of the strands and clipped it to the ring pierced into the front of my ball sack. Then she clipped the other to my Prince Albert ring and let go of the thick handle. It dropped and pulled down my cock and balls. I groaned in pain. Mistress Penny handed Mistress Enya the thin, flexible dog whip and then left the ring.

I remembered how the slave that she had beaten had tried to follow Mistress Enya as she approached. As if he could have done anything to escape! She stepped out of view behind me, and I frantically tried to jerk my body around to face her. But each time I lurched, the weight on my cock and balls strained and pain shot through my groin and into my ass. Then without warning, the beating began. Mistress Enya was not going to show any mercy. She snapped the whip hard against my bruised ass and I squealed in pain. She continued to attack my bottom, and my squeals became shrieks of pain. Mistress Enya concentrated on my ass and then stopped. Then she started again on my feet. This was the pattern of her torture. She would attack a part of my body continually until I was shrieking and almost mad with pain. Then she would move on.

As had often happened when she punished me, I began to cry like a child. My body hung under the scaffold, lurching and jerking with each stroke of the whip, and then shaking violently with sobs as she moved to a new target. Finally, my arms were aching, and my body stinging with pain in every area she had attacked, I was lowered so that my feet could take most of my weight. Mistress Enya stepped in front of me without a word and picked up the thick handle of the device that was attached to my cock and ball bag. I realized, too late, that there were a series of buttons on the handle. And I knew now that it was filled with batteries. Mistress Enya stared into my eyes and pushed the first button. An electric charge like I had never felt before knifed through my genitals, and I screamed "Mercy Mistress, please mercy!" Mistress Enya didn't even pretend that she heard me, and sent another charge through me. "Ooooooh, mercy, mercy, mercy ..." I whined. This continued until Mistress Enya became bored with my response and she resumed the whipping.

The pain was unending and I was beginning to feel faint. Finally, I was driven to desperation and I sobbed, "Mistress please stop! Please, no more!" To my surprise, Mistress Enya stopped. She grabbed the electrical torture device and walked up to me. She brought her face just a few inches from me and said, "If I stop you'll be placed outside the gates. Do you want me to stop?"

I tried to gather my thoughts. I wanted to give up. But as she stood there, I was once again captivated by her beauty and the powerful erotic hold she had on me. Still sobbing, I looked at her and noticed through her t-shirt that her



beautiful pierced nipples jutted out and displayed her sexual excitement at the torture she had inflicted on me. I struggled to catch my breath and to bring my sobbing under control, I took a deep breath and finally said, "No Mistress Enya, please continue my punishment."

"Beg me to continue."

"Pleeeeee Mistress Enya, please continue my punishment!"

Instantly she pushed the button and an even stronger charge was sent through my cock and balls. And the torture began again. This went on for an eternity. Each time I was near to losing control or passing out I was sprayed from the hose to revive me. Each time I was asked the question, and each time I was forced to beg my Mistress to continue my punishment.

The sun rose higher in the sky as the morning wore on. My screams could be heard all across the compound. Most of the women who had been there when the session began had left. Mistress Enya, assisted by Mistress Penny and some others, was relentless. She knew how to drive me to the edge of madness with pain and then stop and tease me into begging for it to continue.

Finally, Mistress Enya changed her pattern. The beating and the shocks didn't stop and my body jerked continually from the pain, and then it stopped abruptly. Through the sweat and tears in my eyes, I could see Mistress Enya and Mistress Chief Justice approach me. Mistress Chief Justice spoke to me. "We are satisfied that the punishment portion of your sentence has been carried out satisfactorily. Are you prepared to carry out the second portion of your sentence? Are you prepared to live the next year as a female slave? You will take a year off from your work. You will dress as a woman every day of your sentence. You will be used sexually as a woman by Mistress Enya and by anyone Mistress Enya designates, including public humiliations. Are you prepared to do this?"

I raised my head and looked at Mistress Enya and Mistress Chief Justice, knowing that this was the ultimate test of my desire to be a submissive. The fury of the torture that Mistress Enya had subjected me to had convinced me that if ever I was to become a lifestyle submissive this was the woman I had to serve. Quietly, I said, "I am prepared to obey all of Mistress Enya's commands."

Mistress Chief Justice said simply, "Fine. Bring him down and put him to work." My body ached and I couldn't stop trembling from the pain. But I was given a pair of sandals and sent to work for the rest of the day.



I worked with the other slaves for the remainder of the month. My bruises slowly began to heal, but by the end of my stay at the camp I was still badly marked.

Finally, one morning when we were awakened for morning roll call, Mistress Enya stood nearby until the morning ritual was finished. I was then taken to be cleaned and shaved. Instead of being returned to the work gang, I was taken upstairs in the main building into a small room with a narrow, iron bed. Laid out on the bed were a pair of pink panties, stockings, a garter belt, a maid's uniform with a very short skirt, and a blond wig. A pair of spike heel shoes sat on the floor beside the bed. I knelt beside the bed and was left alone. A few moments later I heard the sound of a woman walking along the corridor approaching the room.

The door opened and Mistress Enya entered. She stood in front of me, with her feet wide apart, and her hands on her hips. In her right hand she held a riding crop. "Look up at me slave," she ordered. I looked up into her beautiful, cruel face. "You are not going to spend the next year learning to live as a woman. No slave should ever think that they can aspire to anything so exalted. You are going to be a trannie slut. You will serve; you will be punished; you will be tortured. Your mouth and your ass will be available to me, or to anyone I want to give them to, at any time. And I know a number of Masters who would love to help me stretch your hole. In fact, I have promised Mistress Chief Justice that you and I will put on a very entertaining fisting demonstration next year. You have 5 minutes to get dressed. Be ready when I return."

When Mistress Enya had left I quickly took the panties from the bed and pulled them on. Then I pulled the garter belt up over my hips. I sat down on the bed and took one of the stockings. I put my thumbs in it and gathered it up into my hands before putting it on my foot and pulling it up my shaved leg, where I fastened it to the garter belt. I did the same with the second stocking. Then I pulled the maid's dress over my head and straightened it, the short flared skirt just covered my ass. Finally, I sat on the edge of the bed and put on the shoes. Just before I tried to stand, I ran my hands over my legs. The silky smooth feel of the stockings was very erotic and I found that my cock began to harden and strain the thin fabric of my panties. Then I stood up and tried to walk. I moved very slowly and unsteadily, struggling to keep my balance. I reached down and picked up the wig. I pulled it on and tried to adjust in a small mirror that hung from the wall. My penis was fully erect now, and I realized that Mistress Enya had discovered an element of my submissive nature that even I didn't know was there.

I had no sooner finished than she re-entered the room accompanied by Mistress Penny. The women made no comment and barely looked at me. In Mistress



Enya's hand was a butt plug that glistened with lube. "Bend over and put your hands on the bed," she said. She lifted my skirt with one hand while Mistress Penny lowered my panties. Quickly, Mistress Enya shoved the plug into my ass. Mistress Penny then attached a short chain to the ring in my still hard cock head. Mistress Enya reached down the front of my dress and squeezed and twisted my nipples. I moaned in pain, but the tit torture had the desired effect as my cock eventually softened. Then Mistress Penny pulled the chain backward between my legs and attached the other end to a ring in the end of the butt plug. Meanwhile Mistress Enya had removed the mirror from the wall and held it in front of my crotch. "Look," she said, "see, you now have a trannie pussy." My cock had been pulled back so far, that it looked like I didn't have a dick.

Mistress Penny handed Mistress Enya a penis gag. "Open up," she said. The gag was inserted into my mouth and the straps were wrapped around my head and buckled. "The feeling of a hard prick in your mouth is something that you will become very much accustomed to," said Mistress Enya. Mistress Penny laughed. They helped to steady me as I was led down the hall, down the stairs, and out of the building to Mistress Enya's car. Mistress Enya turned to me and said, "You will be the only passenger on the return trip. Your little boyfriend won't be coming with us. He didn't prove to be as dedicated as you. He was put out at the gates two nights ago."

I slid into the back seat of the car. As I sat down my skirt didn't cover my ass and the delicious feel of the silk panties sliding across the leather seat was intoxicating. As I sat there dressed as Mistress Enya's housemaid, I knew that the coming year would challenge me every day in my desire to serve and be owned by Mistress Enya. I vowed that I would not fail this time.