



“Some of them want to be abused ...”

Part 1

I had been sent to Vancouver to work on a company project. My boss, Victoria, explained to me that it would be a good opportunity, a chance to work in a great city, and the disruption to my life wouldn't be nearly as drastic as if I were married and had a family. All I could do was smile and nod in agreement. I couldn't really tell her that I had been accepted about a year and a half before into the stable of slaves of Mistress Jane. Mistress Jane was now my owner. She had always re-assured me that her slaves' health, welfare, and career should never be neglected, and she told me that I had permission to take the assignment. But I was very disappointed. It had not been easy to find a Mistress who would accept me as her property and I was only at the very beginning of my training in her service.

At the end of my last session with her before leaving, she ordered me to kneel at her feet. We talked about my progress as a slave in her stable and she told me which areas of submission she expected me to improve. For several weeks, I had begged her to set up an arrangement to dominate me from a distance. I was hoping that this night she would reveal her plans for that. Instead, she told me that she had a surprise for me and handed me an envelope. On it was written the name 'Mistress Enya' and an address in the Vancouver area.

She explained that this was her plan to continue my training. I was to be given to a "very beautiful and very strict" Dominatrix named Mistress Enya for the duration of my stay in Vancouver. Mistress Jane explained that the first Friday after I arrived – about 6 days away – I was to go to the address on the envelope and ring the buzzer on the apartment number indicated, precisely at 8pm. Once I was allowed to enter, I should walk up the stairs to the apartment and knock on the door. When I heard the door unlocked I was to wait 30 seconds and then open the door, enter the apartment, and close and lock the door behind me. Next, I was to strip completely in the front hall and finally, I would enter the living room, kneel with my forehead on the floor and the envelope balanced on the back of my neck. Mistress Jane told me to hold this position until Mistress Enya arrived to take me over.

Six days later found me sitting in the back of a taxi looking out at the dark streets of Vancouver on my way to the address on the envelope. My mouth was dry and my heart was thumping in my chest. I had had a taste of life with a lifestyle Dominatrix and I knew that I would be tested. I knew that in the next 15 minutes I would get out of the taxi and once I was behind the doors of the Mistress's chambers I would be naked and almost certainly in pain.

The taxi pulled up in front of a small, well-kept apartment building on a quiet street in a suburb of Vancouver. As the car pulled away, I stood on the sidewalk under the streetlight both excited and frightened. The instructions that Mistress Jane had given me were perfectly precise. In a few moments, I was nude and kneeling submissively in the candlelit living room of Mistress Enya's chambers with the precious envelope balanced on the back of my neck. I held that position for several minutes before I



heard a door open and footsteps approaching. Someone reached down and removed the letter. I heard the sound of the envelope being torn open.

A commanding, sexy voice said, "I'm going to read something to you. Listen carefully because when I am finished you will answer a very important question."

"My Dear Esteemed Colleague Mistress Enya,

Let me suggest to you my dear Mistress Enya that you read this note aloud to the slave who should now be kneeling at your feet. I think that you might be amused by his reaction to my request.

The creature that has handed you this note is one of my possessions. He came to me as a client originally, and then petitioned for a place in my stable. I granted him that privilege. I have sent him to your doorstep because his work has taken him to Vancouver. I would like to loan him to you for two reasons. First, he has the potential to be a very amusing possession and I would like to offer him to you, as a gift, for your enjoyment. Second, while he has potential, he is not nearly adequately trained in obedience. And I know that I couldn't think of a more appropriate person to advance his training.

The best thing about the slave is his compulsion to serve women. You will find that he is one of the most genuinely submissive males that you will ever meet. He truly loves to have a woman take control of him and the more you abuse him, the more devoted he will become. We have had many nights when I have left his bottom black and purple from my cane and listened to him howling in pain, only to find his cock stiffly saluting me and his mouth ready to eagerly worship my pussy.

However, he is still not fully broken. He continues to insist on limits that cannot be tolerated by a lifestyle owner of subs. It is here that I ask your help in completing the work I have begun. The slave does enjoy pain; however he is still too timid. I would suggest that his nipples, his ass, his balls and cock should be tested to their physical limits with whips, wax, electricity, and fire. Take him to a place where he is mad with pain, so that in future the mere threat of a punishment makes him immediately obedient.

His biggest weakness is that he does not have a strong stomach. The greatest gift of submission and humiliation that a slave can offer his Mistress is the use of his mouth to piss in, the use of his tongue to worship her asshole, and the use of both of them to clean up the mess that is the disgusting male orgasm – his own and others.

I ask of you, my dear Mistress Enya (because I know that there are only a few like you who are capable of it) to send me back a completely broken male creature, who is compelled to submit to women. Destroy what is left of his idea about himself as a man. Make him understand that to satisfy his compulsion he



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will have to gladly, enthusiastically, do things that he now finds disgusting. Let him know that the price of his compulsion to submit to a Dominatrix is the complete abandonment forever of himself as anything other than an object for the amusement and service of his Mistress.

I know that you will not see this as a chore, but as an amusement. A gift that I am honored to be able to bestow upon a most beautiful and brilliant Mistress.

Your affectionate and admiring colleague,

Mistress Jane"

Mistress Enya finished reading the letter and carefully folded it. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her walk to the kitchen of the apartment that served as her chambers. She carefully laid the thick, cream-colored sheet of paper on the table. The Mistress slowly walked back into the room and stood close to me as I knelt on her carpet with my forehead pressed to the floor.

"Kneel up," she commanded, and I pushed myself into position holding my body erect on my knees with my eyes still looking at the floor.

"Look up at me," Mistress Enya said. I raised my head. She stood directly in front of me, inches from my face. I had the chance to look at her closely as I raised my eyes. She wore black patent leather boots with spike heels and dark stockings. Her body was encased in a vivid red leather corset that pushed up and accentuated her full breasts. She looked down at me with her hands on her hips. Her thick dark hair fell luxuriantly about her shoulders and her beautiful green eyes looked at me severely.

"Well," she said, "I've been asked to break you. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know, Ma'am," I stammered.

She raised her gleaming black boot and placed the toe just under my ball sack. Slowly, she raised her foot and increased the pressure on my scrotum. I grunted from the pain and bent over trying to ease the pressure, but the Mistress pushed harder.

"You will address me as 'my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya,'" she said as she lowered her boot to the floor, "until I tell you otherwise.

"I have told Mistress Jane that I would be pleased to turn you in to an absolute submissive. But, you must understand these things. First, I intend to 'break' you. That means that I will crush every aspect of you except your compulsion to submit to women – your natural superiors. You will spend your days away from me, dreaming of ways to get back under my control. When you are in my control, you will be obsessed with serving me in any way ... any way ... that I choose. The second thing that you must understand is that I will not take possession of you without your consent. Listen carefully to me. If you do not consent, you are free to go on your way this evening, or



at any time you withdraw your consent. But ..." she hesitated to make sure that I fully grasped what she was about to say, "If you choose to go, you are not free to return. Nor can you return to Mistress Jane. Nor will you be able to go to any of the dominant women to whom Mistress Jane and I will send your picture and your name, and any of the women that they send that information to. In short, if you choose to go you should forget about ever serving a dominant woman again. Do you understand what I have said?"

"Yes I do understand, my beautiful Mistress Enya," I replied. The Mistress grinned slightly and then kicked me hard in the balls. There was a sickening "thwack" as the polished leather of her boot hit my bag. I collapsed on the floor holding my cock and balls and feeling like I was going to throw up. Mistress Enya put her foot on the side of my head and pressed down hard. I could feel the grit on the bottom of her boot scraping my face. "My beautiful OWNER, Mistress Enya," she hissed.

"Yes ... my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya," I managed to gasp.

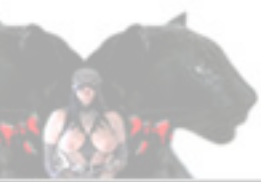
"Do you consent to become my possession? Do you agree to become just a 'thing' that I keep or throw away as I see fit?" she asked. I hesitated. This was the most important decision I would have to make in my life. Mistress Jane had been right in her letter. There were limits that I just couldn't see myself going beyond. But at the same time, I had been a submissive all my life. I could not imagine not being able to submit to a Dominatrix. That prospect truly terrified me more than anything else. I swallowed hard and said, "I consent, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya." As I said this I tried to comfort myself by thinking, 'how bad could this really be?' These were words that I would bitterly remember often in the coming months.

Mistress Enya turned abruptly, walked back to the kitchen, and said "Follow me," over her shoulder. I crawled quickly behind her. "Come over here," she said. I crawled to the table. She unfolded the letter from Mistress Jane and handed me a pen. I knelt on the cold tile floor at the edge of the table.

"Write your name, address, and write that you willingly consent to be owned by Mistress Enya. Sign it and date it." I quickly obeyed. "Get back in the living room. Kneel up, with your back to that wall."

I scurried over to the wall and knelt, with my body straight up and my arms at my side. My face felt flushed and my body was covered in goose bumps from the cool air in the room and my excitement. I was conscious of my swollen cock sticking straight out from my crotch. Mistress Enya left the room and entered – what I was soon to learn – was her torture chamber. She returned with a camera and stepped in front of me to snap a picture. Then she approached more closely and focused on my face and took another. Finally, she said, "Turn your head to the right," and the camera flashed, and then "To the left" and the camera flashed once more. "Okay, follow me," she said, as she walked back to the room where she had retrieved the camera.

On entering the dimly lit room, she told me to stop and kneel up. "Get over here!" she said, pointing to a device that looked like an old-fashioned wooden deck chair tipped on



its back. From the side, it looked like a sturdy L-shaped wooden frame that had a short "back" that lay flat on the floor and was attached to a vertical rectangular frame. It was about the height of a dining room chair. At the top of the upright were two hinged wooden pieces that formed "stocks" or a pillory with 2 holes, which I assumed were for my wrists. But Mistress Enya directed me to lie on my back on the horizontal piece on the floor and put my legs up so that my ankles went through the holes. Then she set about fastening my wrists to the sides of the lower frame, and attaching my hips to the same piece with a wide leather strap so that the upper part of my body was secured to the part on the floor, which extended up to my shoulders so that my head fell back onto the floor. All the while she did this I found it intoxicating to be so close to this beautiful, sensual woman. The sight of her body, the leather, and the beautiful fragrance of her perfume made my cock stand stiffly at attention.

Finally, she took my ankles and secured them in the holes in the thick frame and locked it in place. I was left lying on my back unable to move, with my legs up and the soles of my feet pointing at the ceiling.

Mistress Enya then walked to other side of the chambers out of my view. When she returned I began to panic. She held in her hands something that I had seen in BDSM magazines, websites, and in Mistress Jane's apartment. It was sometimes described as a 'slave toilet.' This one was made of clear Plexiglas. It had an opening at the front for the victim's head and a padded seat at the top surrounding the toilet's hole. Wordlessly, the Mistress leaned down and held the box near the top of my head. She reached through the top hole and through the hole in the front and firmly grasped my hair. Then she expertly guided the box over the top of my head and placed it on the floor. I lay there, secured to the wooden frame, staring up through the toilet hole.

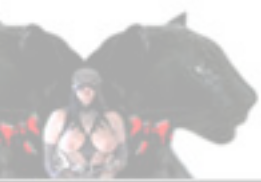
I began to panic. "No, no, no ... please Ma'am, no!"

Mistress Enya squatted beside me and looked at me through the top of the toilet. "Well now. My name is not 'Ma'am,' it's 'my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya' and you don't have permission to say 'no' to me. You have a long way to go before you're broken." She stood up and walked out of my sight again. I was almost frantic with fear. 'Toilet play' was well beyond my limits. When she returned she was holding a thick cane.

"I'm going to start tonight with a first lesson in pain and in humiliation. You're going to learn about a new kind of pain that I guarantee you will remember for the rest of your life. You're also going to start to learn that no one can ever become a slave unless he can demonstrate his utter submission to a woman by gratefully having her piss on him – and ultimately worshipping her by drinking her piss. But we'll start slowly tonight."

Once more she squatted down so that I could see her. My fear was so great that I was trembling uncontrollably. She showed no interest. She looked at me intently and unconsciously tapped the cane in the palm of her hand. "Do you know what 'bastinado' is, slave?"

I shook my head 'no.'



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"It's a particularly cruel form of torture, very popular in the Middle East. Quite simply, it involves beating the soles of a victim's feet. And that," she paused, "... is exactly what I'm going to do to you. It's often used to punish someone for being a bad boy. But in our case, I'm going to do it for two reasons. Because I like doing it, and I especially like hearing submissives like you scream. And I do mean 'scream.'" She smiled. "But I am also going to do it, so that you will have a good reason to ask ... in fact ... to beg me, to sit on the toilet box and empty my bladder onto your face." I was shaking violently now. My mouth was dry. I felt like I was suffocating. My heart was racing.

Mistress Enya stood up and walked around the toilet box. I could see through the hole and the Plexiglas, her boots and beautifully sculpted legs rising up to her firm silk-covered bottom as she slowly made her way toward the frame where my feet were trapped. As she walked, she whipped the cane through the air and it made that distinctive, frightening low whistling noise that I had learned so well from my first owner.

I could see her standing beside the frame and holding the cane horizontally above my feet and she whipped it quickly up and down. And then without warning, she flicked her wrist and snapped it across the bottoms of both my feet.

"Aaaaaaaagh! No, no, no, no ..." I shrieked, as a pain like I had never felt before drove through my feet and into my legs. I tried to struggle, but my legs were solidly secured.

"What did we say about the word 'no'" said Mistress Enya calmly and snapped the instrument even harder on the soles of my feet.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh! Aaaaagh! Please, please, please! Mercy!" I was already screaming on the second stroke and the sound of my screams was magnified inside the toilet box.

This gorgeous, voluptuous woman stood beside me, completely indifferent to my pain, intently concentrating on her 'work.' It dawned on me that – even though she might be enjoying this punishment – that was not the purpose of tonight's torture. She had already worked out how long and how hard she would have to beat me before I would do exactly what she planned for me to do. She had probably done this to many men before me.

I felt completely helpless and it was frightening how powerful this woman actually was. She had realized that I would consent to being trained. I obediently lay down to be tied into this torture frame. And she knew my body better than I did. She controlled everything. What I would do. How I would feel emotionally. How I would feel physically. She was going to carry out her plan and I was going to obey. It was going to be very painful, but it was inevitable and there was nothing I could do or say that would change her mind.

She struck again with the cane. Now, I made no attempt to control myself. I shrieked and screamed at the top of my lungs. Tears ran down my cheeks and I sobbed in pain. Mistress Enya was relentless and completely indifferent to the noise I was making. This continued for what seemed like an eternity, but was probably no more than 15 minutes.



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I was becoming hoarse from the continual screaming. The only respite came when every few strokes, she stopped to switch sides.

Even in my pain, I remembered a video I had once seen of a naked man being beaten by a beautiful, long-haired, large-breasted woman in a form-fitting, low-cut black dress. The man was tied to a 'kneeling frame.' The upper part of his body rested on a chest-high wooden shelf and his arms were pulled down because his hands were fastened to the base of the device. A second, lower wooden shelf pushed against his hips. His feet were immobilized by two ankle restraints. He was tied into a kneeling position with his ass cheeks exposed, and in the video it was possible to see his balls hanging down between his legs. The woman was giving him a strapping on his ass that became more and more severe. At one point she was hurting him so much that he groaned miserably with every stroke, but there was nothing he could do to protect himself. Finally, each time she struck him the loud "crack" of the thick leather paddle was accompanied by an involuntary convulsive twitching of his feet as his body reacted to the pain. I realized as I lay there looking up at my own feet, sticking up into the air where Mistress Enya had locked them, that each time the cane hit them they twitched just like the man in the video.