



“Some of them want to be abused ...”

Part 2

The Mistress was relentless. The pain was unimaginable. The thought raced through my mind that this was all a big mistake. That Mistress Jane had sent me to a psychopath and hadn't realized it. That Mistress Enya's beauty had seduced me, but that it disguised someone who would cause me serious harm. My dick, which had been hard since I got in the taxi to come to this place, was now soft. Terror began to grip me. Just at the moment when I was on the edge of panic, she stopped. I lay there with my legs – my whole body – trembling uncontrollably. Mistress Enya walked over to me slowly. I could see now that she had removed her panties, and despite my terror I was excited to be able to see her luscious pussy. She bent over and looked through the toilet hole at me. Despite the fear and the pain I couldn't help but be captivated by her eyes and her face.

“All you have to do to make this stop is to beg me to piss on your face. It's as simple as that,” she said.

With my feet still throbbing, I found myself reacting just as she knew I would. Watersports had been one of my hard limits. But if I had to put up with it to stop the excruciating pain of the beating, I would do it. I simply couldn't take her torture any more, and she had convinced me that the only way she was going to stop was to let her have her way.

I answered, “Please, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya. I beg you to piss on my face.”

Without saying a word, she stepped over the box and sat down on the hole. I was torn between wanting to look at her body and wanting to close my eyes. Instinctively, I shut my eyes tight. I waited. And then, without warning, a warm stream of piss hit my face. I squeezed my lips tightly together. The stream intensified and the Mistress shifted slightly on her seat to ensure that she covered all of my face. The Plexiglas toilet filled with the acrid aroma of her pee. After a few moments it stopped. I opened my lips to breathe and the bitter liquid dribbled into my mouth. Without thinking, I licked my lips and immediately the strong taste of piss stung my tongue. I knew that diseases could not be passed by urine, but the idea of being pissed on had always revolted me. Now with my body trapped on the wooden frame, and my head encased in the toilet box, I was absolutely vulnerable to this beautiful woman. I realized that I was not going to be sick, but the experience was very unpleasant.

Mistress Enya stood up and looked back down at me in the toilet. “Look to your left,” she said. I looked out through the clear plastic side of the box and saw that the Mistress had placed a large mirror beside me. I could see my naked body tied onto the frame and my head disappearing into the box. What I could also see was that my fully-erect purple cock arched backward with my cockhead pressing against my abdomen.

“Get used to the taste,” she said, “because the next step will be to drink my piss.”



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The Mistress then disappeared from view and left the torture chamber. She returned a few moments later and placed two bags of ice on the soles of my feet. Once again, she stepped over the box and looked down at me. "Don't mistake this for mercy. I'm only doing this because I need you to be able to walk," she said. "There will be no mercy in these chambers ... only obedience. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya."

After an hour or so, the Mistress released me from the chambers and told me to dress. Despite the treatment with the ice packs, it was very painful to walk and I was barely able to put on my shoes. Mistress Enya and I left the apartment and she took me down to the parking lot. As we approached her car, she unlocked the trunk, held it open and told me to get in. In this way we drove to her house.

On arriving, I was told to strip and she handed me a cock and ball harness to put on. I crawled behind her to her bedroom and was put in a wire cage. With practiced ease, she attached chains to my harness and to a pair of handcuffs that she had used to lock my ankles together, and then fastened them to the inside of the cage. The Mistress shut and locked the cage, turned off the light, and left the room.

I slept very little that night. It was almost impossible to find a comfortable position. The floor of the cage was covered with a thin blue blanket. The only comfort that it offered came from the fact that it had to be bunched up to fit in the small space and allowed for some cushioning against the metal grille of the cage floor. But it was dirty and smelled like a dog kennel.

Mistress Enya arranged it so that the discomfort of this wire cell was exaggerated by the fact that my feet were cuffed together and chained to one end of the cage, while my cock and ball harness was attached to the floor. I had to remain in one position for almost 10 hours.

When morning came, sunlight began to make its way through the window. The cage had been placed at the side of the Mistress's bed, near the foot. As the room became brighter, I had the pleasure of watching Mistress Enya sleep. She was nude, covered only by a thin sheet. Eagerly, I surveyed her sleeping form. Her lovely dark hair was spread out on the silver-colored, satin pillow. The beautiful, mysterious face that had captivated me the night I arrived looked peaceful and gentle. It was hard to believe that this lovely creature was capable of implementing such wicked punishments on her victims. Although, the contrast of the beauty and innocence of her sleeping expression with the memory of the torments she had already put me through made me shiver with excitement.

The satin sheet that had covered her during the warm night had been pulled down so that, as she lay on her side facing me, her magnificent breasts were visible. Her perfectly formed nipples – accented by her nipple rings – were tantalizing. My cock hardened as I imagined myself licking and sucking them to erection under her whip. From where I was caged I could see the outline of her hips and legs under the luxurious sheet. Her body was a magnificent example of female beauty. And as I shifted



uncomfortably in her cage, I was aware of the hunger I had to surrender to the power of such a woman.

Despite the extreme discomfort of my position, the opportunity to watch my Mistress sleeping made the time race. As the room brightened even more, Mistress Enya began to stir. I instinctively felt a pang of fear and excitement. The discipline and torments that she had put me through in my first day of her ownership of me had left its mark.

Mistress Enya's eyes opened and she glanced at me, but showed no interest. She lay back and stretched her arms above her head. Her breasts jiggled enticingly. The Mistress placed her hands on the bed at her sides, pushed herself into a sitting position, and stretched once more. She moved towards the edge of the bed in a sitting position and the satin sheet fell away revealing her beautiful tanned body. I lay there thrilled to catch a glimpse of her inviting, shaved pussy as she moved to the edge of the bed and put her feet on the carpet.

"Dog!" she said loudly, tossing her hair and bringing her bottom to the very edge of the bed. I heard movement in the hallway outside her bedroom and the door opened. A naked male slave crawled on all fours into the room and over to her bed. His ankles were hobbled and a shiny stainless steel chain hung below his chest as he moved nearer the Mistress. One end of the chain was attached to his slave collar, while the other was fastened to his cock and ball harness. He was wearing a tight-fitting black rubber hood. A "D-ring" – about the width of two fingers – stood up at the top of the hood. The opening for his mouth seemed unusually large and his lips protruded in an almost grotesque way. The hood made his face look clownish. Hanging down from his collar on another short chain was a gleaming stainless steel pail.

The slave crawled across the floor to where Mistress Enya was sitting on the bed. He positioned himself between her legs and crouched with his face just below the Mistress's pussy. He took the pail with both hands and positioned it just below his chin. From my position in the cage I had a clear view of this ceremony.

"Open your mouth," the Mistress said, yawning. The slave's mouth opened wide and his tongue extended out slightly upturned, forming a fleshy cup. He held this position for a few seconds while Mistress Enya moved forward slightly. She grabbed the D-ring and pulled his face toward her. Then she released a strong stream of piss into the slave's mouth. He hurried to swallow as his mouth filled and the liquid bubbled out of his lips. Then he quickly opened his mouth once again to make sure he continued to capture the Mistress's "golden nectar." When he closed his mouth to swallow, the piss would hit his lips and splash into his eyes and nose, and into the stainless steel pail. He was frantic to take as much as he could in his mouth, and he made a slight groaning sound between gulps.

The fountain of Mistress Enya's urine continued for about 20 seconds and then stopped, with the slave continuing to move his mouth thirstily to take all that he could. When she stopped, the Mistress said simply, "Show me." The slave bowed his head and held the pail up for her to see. Mistress Enya glanced casually into the container and said, "Finish." He immediately brought the pail up to his lips and tipped it back finishing its



contents in one gulp. "Out!" ordered the Mistress. The naked man crawled from the room.

I later learned that this was a position of great honor, known as the "Morning Dog." It was also a very demanding one. The slave knelt outside Mistress Enya's room all night waiting for her command. He had to try to stay awake throughout the night and he had to be alert to hear her call. Any slave who was given this honor was aware that if he failed to respond instantaneously to the Mistress's call for her "Dog" – for any reason – the punishment would be severe.

The first weekend of my ownership by Mistress Enya involved hours of domestic service to her, accentuated by sharp strokes from her cane, crop, whips, and gloved hands. This treatment stretched out for three weeks. I was expected to appear at her house or her chambers every night after work to continue my training, and all weekend. The pattern of my lessons always involved me lying underneath her whenever she needed to urinate. And gradually I came to take some of her piss in my mouth.

One Sunday afternoon found me in the living room the apartment where she maintained her chambers. She had brought me there and directed me to strip and kneel in the corner. The Mistress then disappeared into her torture chamber. Before long, Mistress Enya came back into the room. "All right, I'm ready for you now," she said, "Come with me."

From my position in the corner on my knees, with my forehead on the floor, and my wrists handcuffed behind me, I struggled to crawl behind her. But because she had also clipped my ankle restraints together, I could barely move my legs. I scurried like an insect across the carpeted floor. The rough fabric of the carpet burned my knees, as I strained to move and keep from falling down.

Mistress Enya stood in the doorway to her torture chamber. She leaned against the doorframe and extended one arm above her head. The fine grained black leather of her elbow-length gloves caught the red light from the chamber. With her other hand she slapped the end of her riding crop impatiently against her booted leg.

I made my way across the floor of the room and waddled into the chamber, taking care not to brush against the Mistress. "Crawl next to the table," she ordered. I made my way across the hardwood floor to a sturdy padded steel table that had been placed beside the suspended bondage bed. "Put your forehead on the floor."

She walked over to a side table and I heard her remove her leather gloves. She returned and grabbed one of my cuffed wrists, pulling it up roughly. A searing pain shot through my shoulders as she brought the handcuffs up within her reach. In a quick motion, she unlocked the cuffs. Then she reached down and unclipped my ankles before undoing the leather restraints and removing them.

"All right, get up and lie on your back on the table." It was a long rectangular table, padded like the bondage bed. She wasted no time attaching my wrists to restraints that were bolted into the supporting frame of the bed. Then my ankles were immobilized



and the Mistress tied down my legs with leather straps, the ends of which were fastened securely in the table top and which were pulled tight and then buckled to attachments also in the side of the frame below the table top. In a matter of a minute my arms and legs were secured and there was virtually no play in the restraints that would allow any movement.

When I had climbed onto the table I had noticed that there were holes in the table top near where my head lay. Two slots, I found, were used to accommodate a leather strap that was pushed through, pulled tight on my forehead and then buckled together underneath the surface. There were also two rows of three round holes, one on either side of my head. I discovered what they were used for when Mistress Enya brought a small metal "fence" with three upright posts about 6 inches high welded to horizontal pieces and set it the holes. She reached under the table and secured it firmly in place. She placed a fence on the other side of my head and fastened it in place in the same way. But this one could be adjusted, and she slid it against the side of my face so that my head was squeezed between the two sides and it could not move.

Finally, she reached down beside the bed and began turning a crank that I hadn't noticed before. The top half rose up like a hospital bed until she tilted it to the angle she wanted. I was left attached to the bed with the upper part of my body raised to look down on my abdomen, cock and balls, and legs. I couldn't move my head to the side; it was fixed looking forward.

Mistress Enya walked to the other side of the room, where she stood with her back to me. She was wearing a tight black tank top, a short leather skirt, dark stockings that hugged her legs, and polished black leather boots. She busied herself in front of a metal table on wheels that stood about waist-high. After a few moments she turned and rolled the table to the foot of the table where I had been tied. The metal table contained a plastic bottle of lube and what looked to be a fresh white linen table napkin. The Mistress had put on a pair of surgical gloves.

She moved the metal table to the side, near my knees and stood directly in front of me. She grinned at me, reached behind her waist, undid her skirt and let it fall to the ground, revealing a black thong that barely covered her pussy. Then she crossed her arms in front of her chest and grasped the bottom of her tank top before pulling it up and removing it. Her breasts were freed and pushed forward, the nipple rings gleaming in the light. She smiled and taunted me by shaking them from side to side, and grasping each one with her hands and pushing them towards her tongue that she wiggled teasingly. My cock began to harden.

"Very good," she said, as she ran the tip of her forefinger up the shaft of my dick to the cockhead.

She stepped over to the table with the bottle of lube and flipped back the white napkin. A gleaming row of urethral sounds was laid out on the cloth. Without a word, she squeezed sterile lube onto her fingers and rubbed it on one of the instruments she had picked up and held between her thumb and forefinger. She moved up the torture table and stood beside my crotch.



By now I knew better than to say 'no' even though I was very frightened. I realized that I was making a cringing, whining noise completely involuntarily.

Mistress Enya reached out with her right hand – which still had some lube on it – and grasped my cock. She slowly and gently stroked it, getting it even harder. Then she tightened her grip and pulled it up. She slipped her hand up the shaft, still gripping it firmly, but using her thumb and finger she spread open the pee hole. With her left hand she brought the smooth narrow end of the sound to the opening. Mistress gently inserted it into my cock and with firm pressure began to slide it deeper.

I had been prepared for pain. But all I could feel was the coolness of the metal and a feeling of fullness as the rod filled my shaft. Mistress Enya looked into my eyes. Her beautiful green eyes expressed firmness and command. "This is not meant to hurt you. But rather, it is a demonstration of how I possess everything about you, including your penis."

With me strapped helplessly onto the torture table, she proceeded to systematically work through her row of sounds. Each one was just a little thicker than the last. They never caused pain. But as she held up larger and larger ones, I could never get rid of my fear each time. Finally, she reached down and took from a lower shelf on the wheeled table a short black sound. She inserted it and took her hand away. Next she took a metal loop with a small clamp on it and slipped it onto my cock, pushing it down until it gripped my dick at the base just at my balls.

Mistress reached down again and lifted up a rectangular black box with two wires sticking out of one end. She set about connecting the wires to the clamp and the sound that stuck out of the end of my cock. Finally, she lifted up another small wired device with a row of buttons on it and attached it to the black box.

The Mistress walked up to me and leaned over the table. Her breasts were pressed into my chest. They felt firm and cool. "Today we're going to start on another of the complaints that Mistress Jane had about you. You're going to learn to clean up your own mess." I began to panic. I tried to squirm, but I was completely immobilized.

"As with your earlier sessions I'm going to start by teaching you a lesson. I'm going to punish you for failing Mistress Jane, and I'm going to demonstrate to you what happens to bad, disobedient slaves who say that they want to submit to Mistress but refuse to do it."

With that, she reached out and picked up the device with the buttons. Even though I knew she had made me helpless, instinctively I tried to squirm free. All the time Mistress looked me in the eyes, her expression didn't change. And then I felt a searing pain rip through my cock and into my balls, as she pushed the first button. My erect cock vibrated from the charge.

I screamed in pain. "Turn it off, please! Oh, please, please, please! Turn it off!"



After a few seconds, Mistress Enya released the button and the pain stopped. I lay on the table, panting like I had just run a sprint. Before I had time to gather myself she did it again. Again I hollered. On and on she went, completely ignoring my obvious pain and my pathetic pleas for mercy. The torture continued. Every so often, the Mistress would stop and tease me by gently running her finger along the shaft of my dick, only to jolt me again with the electro-torture.

Finally she stopped. She leaned over once more, still with the device in her hand. "Repeat after me," she said, "I am nothing."

"I am nothing," I repeated.

"I have given my cock and balls to Mistress Enya."

"I have given my cock and balls to Mistress Enya"

"They are hers to play with."

"They are hers to play with."

"I am a worthless male creature."

"I am a worthless male creature."

"I will lick up any cum that I spill."

"I ...will ..." I hesitated. The jolt of electricity down the shaft of my penis was like a punch to the crotch. "Aaaaaaaaaaagh! Please, Ma'am, Please!" I shouted.

Mistress Enya leaned down; the nipple rings in her breasts brushed against my chest, as she stared fiercely into my face with her beautiful green eyes. "I will lick up any cum that I spill," she said again slowly.

"Please, Ma'am, please don't make me," I whispered.

"I don't make you do anything," she said. "You're free to withdraw your consent and go at any time. Now, 'I will lick up any cum that I spill.'"

"I ... will ... lick up ... any ... cum ... that ... I spill," I sobbed.

She hesitated for a moment, still staring into my face dispassionately. Then she turned and in a very businesslike way, disassembled the electro-torture device, and pulled the sound from my penis. She put the articles back on the wheeled table and rolled it to the other side of the room.

Then she returned, carrying the plastic bottle of lube. I stared, as if in a trance. She briskly squeezed some of the gel onto her gloved right hand, reached out, and grasped my stiff cock. Slowly she began to rub her hand up and down the shaft, every so often



gently rubbing the ridge of skin around my cockhead. Knowing what she had forced me to say and what she was planning on having me do; I struggled vainly to keep from getting more excited.

It was, of course, a ridiculous thing to even think about. As I stared down the table – my head locked into position – I saw the most desirable woman I had ever met calmly stroking my, swollen, throbbing cock. Her magnificent breasts swung free. Her beautiful pussy and ass revealed by the thong she wore, with her tanned legs rising out of spike-heeled leather boots. In no more than a few seconds my dick spurted a huge orgasm onto my belly and abdomen. Immediately, she released my penis.

Instinctively, I clamped my mouth shut. With two fingers of her left hand she scooped up a thick gob of my semen. She held her hand out, cupping the sticky fluid. Mistress Enya brought her hand closer to my face. I kept my lips shut.

“Open,” was all she said, but I refused. Her expression was completely impassive. She made me think that no matter what I wanted, she was inevitably going to get her way. Still I pressed my lips together. She brought her hand to my mouth and let the cum drip down onto my lips. Then the Mistress took her fingers and wiped them along my lips, but didn’t try to force her fingers into my mouth.

Once again she reached back and gathered more semen from my stomach. This time she stood directly beside my head. My eyes tried to follow her left hand. I could feel the warm fluid as it ran down my chin and I could smell the distinctive, almost sweet aroma of semen. In a quick and firm motion, Mistress’s right hand came down over my eyes and with her finger and thumb she pinched my nostrils closed. I tried to fight against it, but my head couldn’t move. I held my breath as long as I could, but finally I had to open my mouth to gasp for air. Instantly, Mistress Enya filled my mouth with the cum she held in her left hand and then pressed it firmly over my mouth.

“Swallow,” she ordered sternly, “swallow!”