



“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.

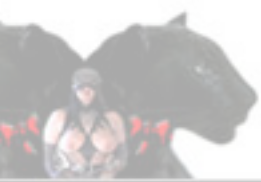
"Well," she said, "I've been asked to break you. What do you think of that?"

"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.

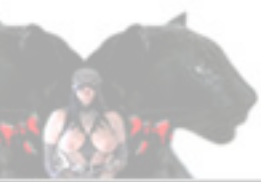
"Do you consent to become my possession? Do you agree to become just a 'thing' that I keep or throw away as I see fit?" she asked. I hesitated. This was the most important decision I would have to make in my life. Mistress Jane had been right in her letter. There were limits that I just couldn't see 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.

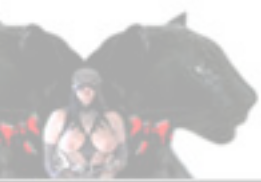
I began to panic. "No, no, no ... please Ma'am, no!"

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.



“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.”



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.

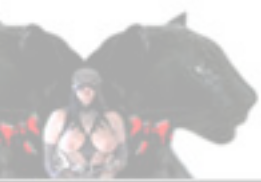
Mistress Enya's eyes opened and she glanced at me, but showed no interest. She lay back and stretched her arms above her head. Her breasts jiggled enticingly. The Mistress placed her hands on the bed at her sides, pushed herself into a sitting position, and stretched once more. She moved towards the 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."

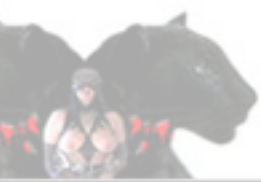
From my position in the corner on my knees, with my forehead on the floor, and my wrists handcuffed behind me, I struggled to crawl behind her. But because she had also clipped my ankle restraints together, I could barely move my legs. I scurried like an insect across the carpeted floor. The rough fabric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

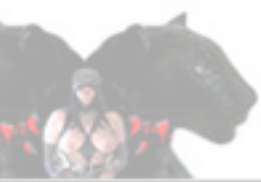
Mistress reached down again and lifted up a rectangular black box with two wires sticking out of one end. She set about connecting the wires to the clamp and the sound that stuck out of the end of my cock. Finally, she lifted up another small wired device with a row of buttons on it and attached it to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



“Some of them want to be abused ...”

Part 3

I struggled, almost gagging. I tried to push my tongue forward to empty my mouth, but Mistress Enya's grip on my jaw was like a vise. After a moment, I surrendered and struggled to swallow as quickly as I could. I was so focused on resisting this invasion that I didn't pay attention to the taste. Immediately, she gathered up more semen. Again I pressed my lips closed. Again she cut off my breathing until I was forced to open my mouth. This was repeated for about 5 minutes, until the load that I had shot had been cleaned up by me swallowing it.

It wasn't pleasant. But it wasn't as terrible as I had feared, and I didn't gag or vomit. And when it was done, I felt a small feeling of triumph. Maybe I would overcome this limit, and if I could I would become a better slave.

Mistress Enya left the room for a moment. I lay there on the table, exhausted from the torture and the struggle. When she returned she had put her top and skirt back on. She quickly went about releasing me from my captivity and told me to get down on my hands and knees. Reaching down, the Mistress grabbed me by the hair and made me crawl to a bathroom just outside the door to the torture chamber. “You have 5 minutes to shower and dress.”

When I was dressed, Mistress Enya made me follow her out of the apartment and into the parking lot behind the small apartment building. She unlocked her car and told me once again to climb into the trunk. I obeyed, and in a few minutes she pulled out of the lot and we began the drive to her house.

During the next few days I saw Mistress Enya very little. I returned once again to the pattern of my earlier training with her. I would arrive at her house after work. The Mistress, or one of the sissy male maids that served in her household, would let me in. I spent the evenings, naked, cleaning her house and doing other odd jobs, stopping only to eat some food from a dog bowl on the floor, until I was dismissed late in the evening. Then I had to return to my own apartment and get up the next morning and return to work. The pace was exhausting and I was constantly tired. I knew that this was intentional on Mistress Enya's part. It is a basic principle of torture that fatigue breaks down a victim's capacity for resistance.

My obedience to her was becoming unquestioning. When I had arrived, it had required a vicious beating to get me to accept being pissed on. Now, whenever Mistress approached me and snapped her fingers, I knew that it was the signal for me to run into the bathroom, kneel down, and stretch backwards to position my head over the toilet bowl. Mistress Enya would step over the bowl and lower her body to urinate into my mouth.

Following the session of electro-torture, Mistress Enya had never asked me to lick up my cum. But that also meant that I was never allowed to cum. Spending any time with



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STORIES FROM THE EDGE

her made me extremely horny. I spent many hours mopping her floors, or kneeling in front of her couch as her footstool with my cock erect and aching for release.

One Friday evening I arrived at her house and she met me at the door. "Keep your clothes on and come with me," she said. We walked to her car which was parked on the street in front of her house. In full view of the street, I meekly stood behind it, waiting for her to open the trunk so that I could take my place. When we arrived at her chambers, I stripped and took my regular position kneeling on the floor facing the corner. In all the time I had served her, I had never been given any "corner time" as a punishment. That was for her clients. Slaves were always punished physically and punished severely, and then usually left tightly restrained in the dark. As I waited, I could hear the Mistress busying herself in the kitchen, the dining room, and from time to time leaving to go into her torture chambers. After about an hour, she walked up behind me and ordered me simply to "Come."

I followed Mistress Enya back into the chamber. As we entered, she turned on the light and told me to stand up. As I did, I saw that there was a naked man strapped into a crouching position and hanging suspended from a heavy wooden frame in the middle of the room. He hung there silently.

To get him in this position the Mistress must have made him kneel, probably on a table, and put him in the large harness made of thick leather straps that wrapped around his body and bound him tightly in this position. Thick sturdy metal rings were attached to the straps across his back, to which a heavy chain suspension device had been secured. Then I imagined that she had probably pulled the table away, leaving him hanging helplessly in mid-air. His arms were handcuffed behind his back. It looked like a very uncomfortable position.

As Mistress Enya busied herself on the other side of the room, I looked closely at this unfortunate slave. I noticed that he was gagged and that his eyes were closed. At first, I was afraid he was unconscious. A hose stuck out of his asshole and hung down behind him. On the end of the hose was an inflation bulb like on blood pressure cuff. I realized that Mistress Enya had plugged his hole with an inflatable plug. And as she walked back toward me, she reached out and pumped the bulb three times. The slave winced and moaned in pain.

I began to tremble in fear when I saw that Mistress Enya had a harness and chain in her hand that she had picked up from the table. But this harness was different. It consisted of a single wide leather strap and a chain that was not as thick as the one that held the plugged slave.

She approached me and handed me the leather strap, telling me to hold it in front of my hips with the two ends behind me. She stepped behind me and fastened it securely. "Bend over, keep your knees straight, and grab your ankles," she ordered. I obeyed. I held that position for a moment, as the Mistress brought over a small stool. She stood on it and pulled hard on the chain. "Get up on your toes," she said. Once again, I quickly followed her command. I could feel her attach the end of the chain to the beam in sturdy frame she used for suspension purposes. "All right, straighten up."



Then she instructed me to hold my arms out in front of me while she put leather wrist restraints on me. Next she attached similar ankle restraints. "Grab your ankles." And I returned to the previous position. Mistress Enya knelt beside me and clipped the each ankle restraint to the corresponding wrist restraint with a small padlock. The she stood up and stepped in front of me. I was left with my wrists tightly secured to my ankles, doubled over at the waist, and forced to go up slightly on my toes because of the chain and suspension belt. The Mistress stepped out of my view. A moment later, I felt her spread my ass cheeks and push a thick butt plug into my anus. I moaned in pain and discomfort as my hole was stretched and my bottom was filled with the plastic toy.

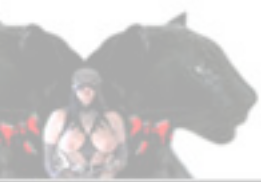
She stepped behind me, and I heard the sound of her heels as she walked to the other side of the room. In a moment, I heard her return and I also heard the unmistakable sound of a cane being whipped through the air to test its flexibility. Instinctively, I tried to turn to see the Mistress. The suspension and restraints she had put me in made my movements clumsy and slow. Without warning, I felt the sharp sting of the cane on my ass cheeks. I hobbled away, trying to escape. But that was impossible, I was trapped and helpless. She struck me again and again.

I had always liked the idea of a caning. To see a beautiful, powerful – fully-dressed – woman wielding an instrument of corporal punishment that has traditionally been used on "naughty schoolboys," has all the ingredients to excite a submissive. The power of the woman, combined with the helplessness of her bound naked male victim, and the pathetic vulnerability of his exposed genitals are intoxicating to me. Even when I was the willing victim, the scene was very erotic. But I had learned that imagining a caning and receiving a caning were two very different things.

The first strokes of the cane sting sharply, but are bearable. In fact, they can increase sexual excitement. As the caning continues, sexual stimulation begins to be overcome by a growing burning in the ass. If the Mistress continues the pace of the beating without concern for her victim – as Mistress Enya was doing to me – it doesn't take long before the sub starts to breathe heavily from the pain and growing fear, realizing that he has no control over the sensations that his body is feeling. A skilled Mistress, like Mistress Enya, knows how to cover the bottom with strokes. By this time, the slave's ass is bright red, with cane marks that are distinct and clearly visible. The victim's flesh is beginning to bruise and is highly sensitive. Mistress Enya was an expert at this form of punishment. She knew how to build the pain. As the bruising continues, the pain of each stroke increases in intensity and spreads over the whole ass as it lands. It is usually at this point when the slaves begin to cry out, or even beg for mercy.

Mistress Enya's diabolical mind had devised a particularly cruel punishment to test me. First she had tied me into a humiliating and uncomfortable position. Next she had graphically reminded me of my helplessness by pushing a plug into my hole. And finally, she had continued the process of punishing me for past shortcomings, while instilling fear and unquestioning obedience to her, with a brutal caning.

I hobbled around her chambers doubled over and firmly secured, pathetically dangling from the suspension harness while she systematically blackened my ass with a merciless



beating. As I had done so many times under her hand, I howled in pain. She was, of course, completely unmoved by my plight. And I realized that I had become so seduced by her domination that I couldn't bear to ask her to stop, for fear that I would be banished from her.

And then as quickly as it had begun, it stopped. Mistress Enya returned to other side of the room and walked to the door. I was instinctively tempted to thank her for ending the punishment but I was afraid, or perhaps too well trained. I knew that I did not have permission to speak to her without being spoken to first. Despite my relief at the fact that she had stopped the beating, I was worried that any word from me – spoken without permission – would start it up again. So I remained silent, doubled over, my ass burning with pain, and my anus stretched. She switched off the light, and I was left – like the naked man suspended beside me – to contemplate my painful and humiliating predicament.

Tied up and in the dark, time seemed to go on forever. I don't know how long it was before Mistress Enya returned. While her torture chamber was well soundproofed, I thought I could hear women's voices in the other room, but I couldn't be sure. When the Mistress finally did re-enter the chambers, she set about freeing my wrists from my ankles, removing the restraints, and undoing the harness from my waist.

When she had finished, I stood looking into her beautiful face in gratitude and – I had to admit – adoration. My look was greeted by a stinging slap to the face from her gloved hand. "Kneel!" she hissed, "Have you forgotten the most basic rule of submission? Get on the floor, now!" Instantly I dropped to my knees, with my forehead on the floor. "Follow me," she said. I crawled behind her into the living room of the apartment.

There, I found a room full of women. In the middle of the floor a dark blue towel was spread. I crawled into the middle of the room and Mistress Enya said, "Head down." I dropped into the basic submission position that she had taught me, on my knees, with my forehead on the floor, and my ass - still filled with her plug - in the air. The Mistress stood directly in front of me and I could see her boots planted just near my head. "I have been telling my colleagues that I have been able to correct a number of your deficiencies as a slave, and that you have now been convinced that it is right and proper that you clean up the mess you make when you are given the privilege of an orgasm. You are now going to demonstrate for these ladies how efficiently and enthusiastically you can do this." My heart sank. "Because if you fail, you will pay for your failure with a degree of pain that you cannot even imagine. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya," I replied, thinking of the session I had endured strapped to the bed with the electro-torture probe in my cock.

"Kneel up." Then she grabbed me by the hair and pulled me over to the towel. "Sit here," she ordered, and I took position in the middle of the towel, with my legs spread.



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Mistress Enya then handed me a bottle of lube and directed me to begin masturbating. "You will be expected to entertain us, and you will ask permission before you will be allowed to cum. Now begin."

I squeezed the lube into my palm and began to stroke my cock. Surrounded by these beautiful, dominant women it didn't take long for my dick to get hard. I realized how far I had come as a submissive. Most men would find it unbearably humiliating to sit naked in the middle of a room full of beautiful women and jerk their cock. Here I sat, stroking myself, thinking that while this was a humiliating experience it was no more than I deserved and that it was in fact a privilege that I should be grateful for.

"Oh come on, do it like you mean it!" one woman said.

"Let's see some enthusiasm," another laughed.

I glanced at Mistress Enya and she looked at me sternly. I pulled harder on my cock and began to moan with pleasure.

"That's better."

I began to stroke my cock harder. I tried closing my eyes and imagining the humiliations I'd suffered at Mistress Enya's hands. I tried to think of the powerful effect it had on me to see the slave who was suspended in mid-air in the next room with his ass filled with the Mistress's toy.

"Yeah, that's it pig. Pull that dick!" said one of the women.

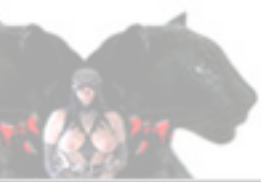
Now I was beginning to get hot. I imagined my beautiful boss, the tall, willowy, blonde Victoria, standing there watching and laughing at me. My hand was pumping my dick furiously. Slowly I began to feel my orgasm building. I opened my eyes and looked around the room. Nothing in my imagination could be better than this. A roomful of beautiful, powerful women. I wanted to please them so much. I wanted to please Mistress Enya so much. The only way I could do this was to humiliate myself in front of them by shamelessly jerking my cock. I looked at each one. Each was exquisite. I could smell the unbelievably erotic combination of perfume and leather. I was so close to shooting my load that I lost all sense of self-consciousness. I was moaning uncontrollably. As I sat in the middle of the room, the motion from stroking my cock kept pushing the butt plug buried deep in my ass against my prostate. I desperately had to cum. Finally, I realized that I had to beg for release, and quickly.

"Please, Mistress Enya, may I cum?" By now I was desperate. I was on the verge of cumming and I was terrified I was not going to be able to hold it.

"Who are you talking to?" the Mistress replied sternly.

"Oh, ... oh, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya ... oh, please, may I cum!?"

"What do you think, ladies?" she said.



"Well it was a pretty short show," said one.

"Reminds me of a husband I had once," laughed another woman. "Ultimately, I gave him to a Master as a gift. Now he's only allowed to cum when he has a massive cock up his ass. That's cured him of premature ejaculation."

"Oh, all right," said another, "I want to see the second act, anyway."

By this time, I was desperate. Pre-cum was already leaking out of my dick, and I didn't want to think what would happen to me if I came without permission. Mistress Enya stepped in front of me and said, "All right, slave. You may cum."

No sooner had she finished speaking, than the cum shot up like a fountain, almost hitting me in the face. Just like the time I was tied to the table, I produced an enormous load that ran down my cock and over my hand, and onto the towel. I sat there in the middle of a room full of women with my cock in my hand, not moving. Mistress Enya walked over to her couch where one of her guests handed her a very cruel-looking single-tailed whip. The Mistress snapped it menacingly and stepped behind me. "Just to make sure you clean up every drop," she said.

"Now, lick your hand clean. Then wipe the cum off your cock and thighs and lick that clean," she continued, pointing to the towel.

Slowly I raised my hand to my mouth. Without warning, I felt the sting of the whip on my back. I closed my eyes and pushed my hand into my mouth and frantically licked it clean. Then I wiped my cock and my legs. Licking my hand and swallowing as fast as I could. After a moment, Mistress Enya said, "Let's have a look." I raised my hand for her inspection. Then she pushed the whip handle against my chest. I leaned back and she examined my penis and my thighs. "Good," she said, "now clean my laundry."

I took a kneeling position with my badly bruised, plugged bottom sticking up for all the women to see. Furiously I rubbed my tongue against the rough fabric of the towel until it was clean. "Very good," said the Mistress, "now, come with me." She grabbed me by the hair and pulled me back into the torture chamber. With the help of another Dominatrix she handcuffed my ankles together, handcuffed my wrists behind my back, and then attached my wrists to the suspension chain, pulling it tight. My arms were forced up behind my back painfully, with my upper body bent forward. Once again, Mistress Enya turned off the light and left me.

Later that night at Mistress Enya's house would prove to be a very important step for me in submission. I was told to shower and clean myself. When I crawled out of the shower, Mistress told me to kneel up. She collared me and put a cock and ball harness on me and clipped my ankles together. Then she pulled a rubber hood over my head. I began to suspect what I was being prepared for. That was confirmed when the Mistress attached the stainless steel pail to the front of my collar. I was to be her "Morning Dog."



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Mistress Enya pulled me by the D-ring in the top of the hood, and I crawled along behind her down the hall. She brought me just outside her bedroom door. I was told to assume the kneeling position with my head down, and the pail pushed to the side of my neck.

"You will remain here until you are needed in the morning, when I call for you. You will come immediately. If you are late, or if you are early and disturb me, you won't have to worry about cleaning up your cum for quite a while. I'll torture your cock so that you won't want to touch it for months. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my beautiful owner Mistress Enya," I whimpered.

The Mistress then left me, went in to her bedroom, and closed the door. While I was surprised and thrilled to be given this great honor, I was terrified of the challenges ahead of me during the night. I would have to stay awake for hours, and I would have to be ready to respond to the Mistress's command instantly.

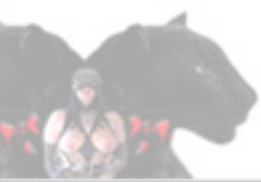
It was to be the longest night of my life. It was cold and uncomfortable in the hallway. Trying to hold my kneeling position was agony. It was an agony like I had never endured before. Even though I knew it was unlikely that the Mistress would be able to catch me during the night, I was still so intimidated by her that I struggled for 8 hours to maintain my submissive position. But as time went on I realized that it was finally approaching the hour when Mistress Enya would need me. I knelt, scarcely breathing – now fully awake – listening for her call. Finally I heard the voice that had become so important to me. "Dog!" I heard from behind the door.

Quickly I knelt up and opened the door and then crawled across the floor to her bedside. She was just as I had seen her the night I spent in the cage, naked and sitting on the edge of the bed. I crawled over to her, knelt up, and held the pail under my chin. She pulled me closer by the ring on my hood. Without being ordered, I opened my mouth and cupped my tongue as I had seen the other slave do. Before I knew it, I was gulping down a stream of her piss. I opened my mouth wide and it filled with urine. I swallowed as quickly as I could. As I closed my mouth to swallow, the piss sprayed all over my face and into the pail. Eventually she stopped. But I stayed between her legs with my mouth open wide, leaning forward to catch any drops that might fall.

Then she said, "Show me." I held up the pail for her inspection.

"Finish," she commanded. I tipped up the gleaming pail and gulped down the remaining piss. Suddenly I realized that I was kneeling at the feet of a beautiful, desirable woman and that I had eagerly opened my mouth for her to piss in it. And after I had drained the remaining pee in the pail, I knelt up, more proud of myself than at any time in my life.

Mistress Enya reached down and unclipped the pail. My penis was absolutely rock-hard and I was afraid I was going to cum. I had never had the unbelievable pleasure of being so close to her naked body and kneeling at her feet in her bedroom. It was partly



her beauty, partly her delicious nude body, but mostly her aura of power that excited me in a way that I had never experienced before. I realized that the feeling of being so close to such an unimaginably desirable creature - knowing that I was absolutely subservient to her and almost delirious with the idea that I had to find some new way to serve her and humiliate myself before her - was a feeling that was achingly painful and completely fulfilling at the same time.

"Lie down on your back beside the bed," she said to me. I crawled beside her bed, lay down on my stomach, and rolled onto my back with my legs straight and my arms at my sides - just as she had trained me to do.

Mistress Enya stood up and walked over to where I lay. She stepped over me and stood astride my head. I couldn't comprehend what I had done to deserve such a reward as to lie between her feet, able to look up at her beautiful legs and her succulent pussy, and at the same time to see her spectacular naked breasts jutting from her chest.

She put her hands on her hips and looked down at me and asked, "Are you utterly devoted to me?"

"Oh yes, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya," I said.

"Well your devotion is going to be rewarded this morning with a privilege granted to very few slaves."

"Oh, thank you, my beautiful owner, Mistress Enya."

"Get your tongue ready," she said as she knelt over my head, "because my asshole needs some very tender care." With that she lowered her bottom over my mouth. I pushed my tongue out as far as I could and instinctively closed my eyes. I searched with my tongue for her anus. When I found it, I gently licked around her hole, flicking my tongue as I tried to tease and stimulate the tender flesh.

"Ummmmm," I heard her say, "oh yes!"

Her obvious enjoyment pushed my excitement to new heights. Now I frantically kissed her asshole and feverishly pushed my tongue against the tight ring, straining to get that part of my body into her. Finally, her hole yielded and I struggled to push it in and withdraw it in a series of rapid thrusts, hoping to arouse her even more.

"Come on you ass-licking pig! Show me what you can do!"

Despite being out of my mind with sexual excitement, I realized that I was lying underneath a woman that most men would be aching to fuck. But I was lying under her knowing that the greatest intimacy she would ever grant me - and one that was a privilege beyond imagining - was to push my tongue into her asshole. For these few moments I was in heaven, but I knew that there was no guarantee that this honor might ever come again.



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STORIES FROM THE EDGE

When she was finished with me, Mistress Enya stood up. She stood beside me – towering over my body as I lay on the floor. She looked down at me for a moment without saying a word. And then she said quietly, almost tenderly, “Remember this, slave ... no man can be broken by a woman, unless he desires with all his heart and soul to be broken.”

With that, she walked into the bathroom and started the shower.

END