



To have and to hold

"Do you think she enjoys it?" I asked.

"Enjoys being a doctor?" said Mistress Enya.

"No. You know what I mean."

"Why don't you tell me what you mean?"

I was sitting behind the wheel of Mistress Enya's car, as I pulled out of the parking lot of the medical building and into the rush-hour traffic on our way to her home. The November sky was streaked with pink and orange and the streets were still slick following a late-afternoon rain. Mistress Enya sat in the back seat with her notebook open on her briefcase, as she worked with the soft light falling over her shoulder, reflecting the highlights in her rich, dark hair. As I spoke to her, I looked in the rearview mirror to see her face, but she rarely looked up. In public and sometimes when I was chauffeuring her she allowed me to speak to her in a way that was almost like a normal conversation. I could speak without asking permission and I didn't have to address her as "Mistress Enya" each time.

"Do you think she enjoys doing to other men what you had her do to me?" I answered.

"I don't think she cares. I know from personal experience that she doesn't like men very much, if that's what you mean." I could see her still concentrating on her work, but smiling slightly. "It's not that she dislikes men, it's just that she hasn't much use for them. She did you as a favor to me. I expect she probably enjoys working on women a lot more."

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, as I changed lanes and plunged into the heavy Friday evening traffic heading out of the city. We were still about 25 minutes from Mistress Enya's house, and I was anxious to get out of the downtown traffic snarls, but I couldn't seem to let this go.

"It's just that you would think that she must get something out of ..."

"Why don't you just gag yourself for a while, and let me finish working," Mistress Enya snapped.

"Yes Mistress Enya," I whimpered.

Mistress Enya was going out that night and it had been a busy week for her. I had driven her into the city in the morning, so that she could do some shopping and meet friends. This was a regular routine for the end of the week. Tonight's routine had been interrupted by my appointment with the



doctor. Mistress Enya had called me to pick her up at one of her favorite fetish stores and from there we had driven straight to the doctor's clinic.

Liz Finlay had been a friend of Mistress Enya's for a number of years. Her clinic was on the 17th floor of a medical building located in downtown Vancouver. It was still raining when we arrived, so I drove to the entrance to the building, got out, and walked around to open Mistress Enya's door. I hurried over to open the glass door into the lobby and then returned to the car and went to look for a place to park. I finally found a parking space, but I had a long walk through the rain to get back to the front door. Mistress Enya had already taken the elevator up. I pushed the button and looked at my watch. We were about 5 minutes early.

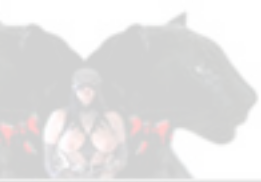
When I entered the doctor's waiting room, Mistress Enya was already sitting reading a magazine. Although there was no one sitting beside her, she motioned to an empty seat on the other side of the room. I walked over and sat down. There were several magazines on the table beside me, but I knew better than to pick one up.

The waiting room looked like the lobby of a smart hotel. Reddish-blond wood paneling reflected the glow from spotlights in the ceiling. Fashionable wooden tables with cream-colored porcelain lamps were interspersed among the chairs that lined the wall. Liz Finlay (or Ms. Finlay as I was instructed to address her) appeared to have a very successful practice.

I watched Mistress Enya reading. I was sorry there were no men in the waiting room. The only other patients were two young women who sat together quietly chatting. I loved to watch Mistress Enya's effect on men. She wore rimless glasses as she concentrated on the magazine and was gorgeous in her tailored burgundy suit with a white blouse. Her tanned legs were crossed in that way that only women can do, where one ankle is tucked behind the other. How any man could not be intimidated by her presence was beyond me. Her sensual beauty was undeniable.

It had always been a source of amusement for many of my friends when we happened to meet them on those occasions when Mistress Enya permitted me to accompany her in public. I was a never-married, 50-year old man with a secure but unspectacular career in banking. Mistress Enya was a stunning woman who turned heads wherever she went. More than one of my colleagues at the bank had said, only half-jokingly, "I really don't know what she sees in you." "It's my 'special charm' that some women just can't resist," I told them.

"Excuse me," said a young woman standing in the doorway to the hall leading to the examination rooms, "the doctor will see you now." Mistress Enya looked up and smiled. She stood up and glanced at me. I quickly stood up and followed her down the hall to an examination room.



"Please wait in here," the woman said, and then closed the door and left. The room was equipped like any other doctor's examination room. A solid metal table with a padded black vinyl top stood in the middle of the room, covered by a sheet of hygienic paper extending from a roll suspended at one end. Two metal stirrups stood up at the other end. A small counter held a sink, paper towels, and various bottles of clear liquids and creams. A box of Kleenex and an open box of latex gloves had been placed on a narrow stainless steel wheeled table, about waist high, that had been pushed against the wall. Two comfortable-looking navy blue chairs, which seemed a bit too luxurious for their purpose, sat against the wall facing the examination table.

Mistress Enya immediately sat down in one of the chairs. This was my fourth visit to Ms. Finlay's office and I knew the routine. I took off my shoes, socks, jacket, shirt, slacks, and panties, folded them neatly next to Mistress Enya's chair. Then – naked – I walked over and knelt down facing the wall.

After a moment, the door opened and I heard Ms. Finlay say, "Enya, it's good to see you again." Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mistress Enya get up to greet the doctor. They embraced and kissed each other tenderly on the lips. The doctor wasn't as tall as Mistress Enya, and the difference was exaggerated because Mistress Enya wore black high-heeled shoes. Ms. Finlay was dressed in black slacks and a crisp blue blouse that reminded me of a man's shirt. Her short blonde hair gave her a slightly boyish appearance.

"Any problems to report?" she asked.

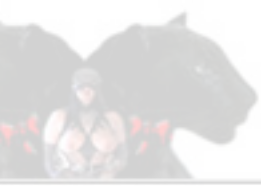
"No," Mistress Enya said, "there is no swelling or redness and he is not reporting any pain or discomfort."

"I'm sure you'll fix that," Ms. Finlay laughed. "Okay, let's have a look."

"Get up." Mistress Enya said to me. I immediately stood up and walked to the table. I lifted myself up and sat down, then swung my body lengthwise onto the top. I lay back and positioned my heels in the stirrups. I felt more relaxed today than for any other visit to this office. Ms. Finlay pulled on a pair of latex gloves and stepped between the stirrups. With her left hand she lifted my limp penis out of the way and examined the thick metal ring that she had pierced into the front of my scrotum about a month before. With the back of her hand she kept my dick from interfering with the examination of my piercing. She held the ring between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand and rotated it, so that it slid through the hole that she had put in the front of my ball bag.

"You're right," she said, "it looks clean and the ring slides smoothly."

Then she lifted my bag and performed the same examination on the ring that she had put into the back of my scrotum. "Yes, this one looks good too."



Finally, she held my limp cock between her fingers like the stem of a wine glass and looked at the Prince Albert piercing of a slightly over-sized ring through my pee hole and out of the top of my cock head. "Well, I've done good work here, if I do say so myself."

"Yes," said Mistress Enya, "I only want the best. And the Prince Albert works perfectly. When he's hard, he's uncomfortable but not so uncomfortable that he loses the erection. So he can get it up, but he can never enjoy it the way he used to."

"If that's what you want," said Ms. Finlay.

"That's exactly what I want," laughed Mistress Enya.

It was difficult to get used to the metal that had been implanted in my genitals. As I drove the car, I struggled to find a comfortable position. "I can't wait until you have to go through airport security," Mistress Enya had said the day we left the doctor's office after the surgery. She had made me return to work that day, and every day since.

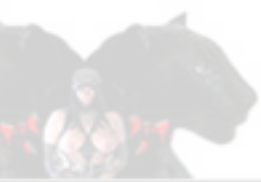
Now, as we sped along the street only a few minutes from Mistress Enya's home, I thought about her reasons for ordering the piercings. Partly it was because she wanted to constantly remind me of the fact that she owned me. Partly it was just a matter of practicality. She now had all kinds of ways to immobilize me, just by locking a chain onto my cock or balls.

I sometimes did wonder what Mistress Enya saw in me. I had met her one night when I arrived at a session with a pro Domme I had been seeing. Mistress Enya had been visiting the Domme. I was more than a little embarrassed when I was told to strip and kneel in the room where the 2 women were chatting. But Mistress Enya didn't seem to be the least bit put off by the circumstances.

A couple of weeks after that she called me and invited me to meet her for a drink. It was more like a job interview than a date. She hadn't wasted any time asking questions about my passion for submission and punishment. As time went on we met several more times until finally one evening Mistress Enya ordered me to stay at her house for a weekend, where I was initiated into her service.

As I pulled the car into the garage, Mistress Enya put her notebook in her briefcase. I parked the car and hurried around to open her door. "Don't forget the packages in the trunk," she said over her shoulder as she headed inside. I opened the trunk and removed the shopping bags.

"Shall I take these down to the playroom, Mistress Enya?" I asked. Once inside the house, I had been trained to follow strict rules of behavior.



"No," she said, "the bags are to be put in my bedroom."

I set the packages down in the front hall and immediately stripped. There was a small bench in the hallway with a hinged seat that hid a storage box. The lid could be locked shut with a padlock. I folded my clothes, and set them neatly in the box. Then I closed the box and locked it, and handed the key to Mistress Enya. Her rules prohibited me from being more than 3 feet from the front door while wearing any article of clothing. If I was discovered anywhere in the house and I was not completely naked, the punishment would be severe.

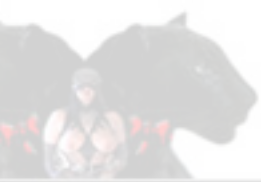
"Take the bags upstairs and place them on my bed. Then start my bath."

I ran upstairs and carried out her orders. I knelt in the bathroom while the tub filled, making sure it was the exact temperature that Mistress Enya required. When the tub was full, I shut off the water and remained kneeling waiting for her. She entered the room wearing a white silk robe.

"Stand up," she commanded. I stood and stared at the floor. She tested the water and said "Take my robe." I reached carefully to catch the robe as it slipped from her shoulders. I had to make sure that I didn't look at Mistress Enya. Once before I had given in to my desire, and had caught a glimpse of her beautiful breasts and pierced nipples as she stepped into her bath. Mistress Enya had seen me in the mirror. When she had finished her bath that evening, she told me to face the dressing chair in her bedroom and bend over and put my palms on the seat. She then proceeded to stripe my ass and the backs of my legs with a brutal whipping. Since that time I had perfected the technique of catching her robe before it fell to the floor without looking at her nude body (allowing it to fall to the floor was also punishable by a beating).

"I will be going out to dinner tonight, so I will not require you to prepare any food. You may have the remains of last night's dinner, which you will find in your dog bowl in the kitchen. You may also have some water. Kneel down!" I quickly obeyed. "Crawl to the toilet." I hurried across the floor on my hands and knees. "Lift the seat." Again, I obeyed. "Stick your head in the bowl and take 3 gulps of water." I plunged my head into the toilet and began to swallow as fast as I could, knowing that I wouldn't be allowed anything more until Mistress Enya had returned from her evening out. "That's enough. Now, go and eat. Then clean your bowl and yourself and wait for me in the front hall." I crawled from the room and then hurried downstairs. If I took too long to eat, Mistress Enya would take away the bowl and flush away the rest of my meal.

Mistress Enya was planning to go out on a date that evening. She saw very few men socially, and then only men involved in the BDSM scene. Earlier in the day she had told me she was going out that evening with Master Peter. I



had first seen him once before at a fetish night. I didn't like him very much and he frightened me. That first night I'd seen him, I was on Mistress Enya's leash and kneeling at her feet for the evening. Master Peter barely glanced at me. He was about 10 years younger than me, with black hair, and about six feet two inches tall. His complete indifference to me put me off; he never acknowledged that I existed. But his size and his powerful build was what really frightened me. I didn't envy the slaves who kissed his boots.

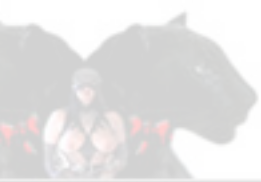
When I finished the scraps in my dog bowl I washed it in the downstairs toilet and then put my face in the bowl and scrubbed it clean, as Mistress Enya had trained me to do. Then I returned to the front hall and knelt to wait for Mistress Enya.

After about an hour I heard her open her bedroom door and walk down the stairs. I could hear her footsteps behind me and then I felt her grab the hair on the top of my head roughly. "Up!" was all she said. "Come with me to the basement."

We went down to the basement dungeon. As soon as I entered through the doorway I immediately dropped to my hands and knees and crawled behind her. Although I couldn't see any more than her feet and the hem of her dress, I knew that she was wearing the tight-fitting black dress that showed off her magnificent body, a dress I had seen in photographs once before. I followed her across the room to the wall, where she turned and put the toe of her shoe against my mouth as a sign to stop. I knelt up but kept my eyes on the floor. I heard her moving about the room and the sound of what I thought were windows being opened. In a moment I could feel the cold night air on my naked body.

"Stand," she ordered. She then pulled three chains down from pulleys in the ceiling beam. "Attach them to your Prince Albert and your scrotum rings." I quickly clipped each chain to the rings. "Put your arms straight behind you." I held that position for a moment, and then I felt Mistress Enya slipping an armbinder on my arms. She quickly tightened it and locked my arms into position. Then she stepped in front of me and began pulling the chains through the pulleys. The tension in each chain pulled my bag and my cock up. She kept pulling them until I just had to get up slightly on my toes to relieve the strain. I was close enough to the wall that I could rest my back against it, but it provided precious little relief. She locked the chains in place and tested the tautness of each one. When she was satisfied, she walked over to the door, turned off the lights, and went upstairs. I stood there in the cold night air, with a dim light coming in through the basement windows, trying to ease the pull on my genitals. A few minutes later, I heard the doorbell and Mistress Enya left for her date. I knew this would be a long night.

I later learned that I had spent 4 hours in that position. As time went on discomfort led to panic. I could overcome my panic, but it would always



return. The pain was tolerable, but the psychological torture that Mistress Enya was inflicting was agonizing. I was in terror of falling, or fainting. I finally realized that Mistress Enya had left the windows open mostly to make me suffer in the cold, but partly to keep me awake. By the end of my torment, my arms were numb, as well as my feet and legs. I was overjoyed to finally hear movement upstairs. But it was still almost another half an hour before I heard footsteps on the basement stairs. My relief was spoiled when the lights went on and I saw Master Peter approaching me. He said nothing. He walked over and released the chains. I couldn't contain myself and said, "Oh, thank you!"

"What?" he said sharply.

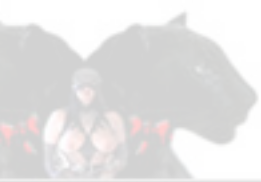
"Thank you, Master Peter." I answered meekly. He stepped behind me and released the armbinder. My arms fell limply to my sides. He roughly grabbed my balls and undid the clips. Then he pulled on the chain attached to my Prince Albert, straining my cock and forcing me to stumble forward. Then he unclipped my cock head.

"Get upstairs to the bedroom" he ordered.

I hurried out of the dungeon and ran up the stairs to Mistress Enya's room. I remembered to crawl into the bedroom. Mistress Enya was in the bed. Her clothes were scattered on the floor. "Lie face down on the floor beside the bed," she ordered. I lay down with my arms at my sides. A few moments later Master Peter entered the room. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he took off his clothes. Then he walked to me, stepped on my back, and got into bed beside Mistress Enya. For the next hour I listened to them making love. That was true psychological agony. To be so close to the most desirable woman that I'd ever seen and to have to listen to her having sex with another man was more painful than any beating I'd ever received from her hand. Finally, I could hear their groans of joy as they both climaxed.

For a few moments, all I could hear were the soft sounds of gentle kissing and licking. Then I thought I heard Mistress Enya say "Get him." A moment later, Master Peter reached down and hooked his finger in my slave collar. "Your Mistress needs you for some cleaning" he said.

He pulled me into a kneeling position facing the edge of the bed. Mistress Enya sat up and moved to the edge of the bed, putting her feet on the floor with her legs on either side of my head. "Clean my pussy," she commanded. She grabbed my hair and pulled my face into her beautifully shaved pussy. My tongue eagerly pushed into her, as I licked up Master Peter's cum. She grabbed my ears and roughly pressed my face closer. Almost frantically, I licked and sucked the flesh of her pussy trying to remove every bit of Master Peter's semen. Finally, she pushed me away and felt herself with her fingers. "Not bad," she said "but you're not finished."



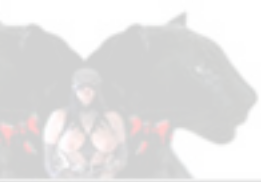
With that, she pulled my head by the hair over to Master Peter's crotch as he sat beside her on the bed. His cock was limp, but was still massive as it hung down over his balls. Mistress Enya reached over and lifted his dick and fed it into my open mouth. I licked his cock and balls, and then sucked the remaining cum out of his penis. Finally he said, "That's enough."

I stopped immediately and resumed my kneeling position beside the bed, with my head down. "Peter," she said "there is a pair of handcuffs on my dressing table, as well as my new paddle and gag. Would you please get them and bring them over to the bed?" I was slightly shocked. I had never heard Mistress Enya ever say "please" to a man. This was a courtesy that she extended to Master Peter because he was – like her – an owner of a stable of slaves. The Master padded over to the table and returned with the toys. He placed the cuffs and the gag on the bed. "Hands up," Mistress Enya said and I immediately responded to this well-drilled command. I put my hands in front of my body, chest-high, with the palms facing upward. Master Peter placed a huge paddle in my hands. It looked like it was the size of a cricket bat, but with quarter inch holes drilled through it in a rectangular pattern. I'd had paddles like this used on me but never one this big. The holes served two purposes. They allowed air to pass through as it was swung to keep it stable to make it easier to land accurate strokes, and they also increased the pain the instrument inflicted.

"Put your chest on the bed, with your arms straight up over your head," she ordered, and Master Peter took the paddle out of my hands. I moved forward and put my upper body onto the mattress so that my ass and legs hung down from the side. The bed was too tall for me to continue to kneel and I had to bend my legs and get up slightly on my toes to keep my ass level with my back. Mistress Enya then moved over and sat on my neck and shoulders, forcing my face down into the sheets and pinioning my arms with her legs. "Now," she said to Master Peter, "let's see what that paddle can do." I closed my eyes and held my breath, but nothing could prepare me for the force of the first stroke. Even though I was trapped under Mistress Enya, my body was driven forward and the pain in my ass was intense. I barely had time to catch my breath before he hit me again. Ten strokes, then fifteen strokes and the pain intensified. Soon my legs would give out with each stroke and my ass would drop down. Master Peter waited patiently for me to re-position myself so that my cheeks were back in position before he once again took aim at the target. The beating seemed to go on forever, but finally it stopped. By this time my tears were flowing and I was sobbing uncontrollably.

Mistress Enya shifted her weight and freed my head. "Kneel up," she said. I backed away and knelt beside the bed, my body shaking with sobs.

Master Peter stepped behind me and handcuffed my wrists together. "Kiss the hands that beat you and thank me," he commanded. I kissed his hands as he held them out to me and I managed to say between sobs, "Thank you,



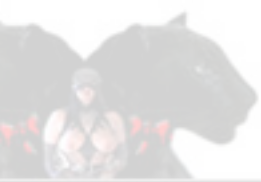
Master Peter. Thank you, Sir.” With that he stepped in front of me with his crotch only inches from my face. “Kiss his cock and balls,” Mistress Enya ordered. I quickly obeyed, pressing my lips to his limp cock and his balls. Then he grabbed my hair and tilted my head back. “Open your mouth.” I obeyed and he took his dick and pushed it into my open mouth. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror – a naked man with his arms cuffed behind his back kneeling in front of this powerful man, with my head tilted back holding on to his cock with my lips. I could see Mistress Enya kneeling on the bed with an amused expression on her face.

She reached down and handed something to Master Peter. “Now I’d like to have some fun,” she said. Master Peter pushed my head away and told me to open up. He pushed a ball gag into my mouth. But this gag had a flat rubber panel that covered the mouth. One side was a ball gag, and on the other side was a massive dildo. Straps extended from both ends of the panel. The gag was forced into my mouth and then the straps were fastened behind my head. In the mirror it looked like a huge cock was sticking out of my mouth. Mistress Enya then ordered me to lie on my back on the bed with my legs sticking out over the edge. Master Peter then bent my legs so that my feet were flat on the bed and for some reason told me to lift my hips so that he could place two pillows under me. I was positioned with my ass slightly raised, my arms cuffed behind me, on my back on Mistress Enya’s bed – a place I had never been before.

Mistress Enya positioned herself over my head and slowly lowered herself onto the rubber cock sticking out of my mouth. While this was very uncomfortable for me, it was also a degree of intimacy with Mistress Enya that I had never been allowed to have before and I was overjoyed. Slowly she began to rhythmically ride my face. My nose and mouth were completely covered every time she lowered herself to thrust the cock deep into her pussy. She stopped for a moment, raised her hips and leaned over. Her beautiful breasts swung free over my body as she reached for something on her bedside table. “Here, use this,” she said to Master Peter, and I could see her handing him a condom. Then she sat back down again on my face.

Soon I felt the tip of Master Peter’s finger lubricating the ring of my asshole. The exquisite pleasure of providing Mistress Enya with sexual satisfaction was now mixed with fear as I thought of Master Peter’s very impressive dick. After a few moments, he grabbed my ankles and put one of my legs over each shoulder. I could feel his rock-hard cock head being pressed against my hole. Soon I began to feel it being pressed with just a little more force each time. Mistress Enya had now increased the pace of her thrusts and I could hear her beginning to moan.

I tried to remember what to do to ease the strain of being ass fucked. I pushed down, straining my rectum as Master Peter began to put his weight behind the stiff rod he was forcing into my ass. A sharp, searing pain burned my hole. Mistress Enya had many times plugged my ass with a butt plug but



this was different. The Master's erect cock was much bigger than what I'd taken before and he had no interest in gently easing it in. He pushed hard as my hole stretched to accept his swollen cock head, despite the pain I could feel his shaft sliding into me and filling my arse. Slowly he began to thrust himself into me. My moans of pain were muffled by the ball gag. Before long he was pounding his cock into me. I could hear the sound of his naked belly and legs as they slapped against me. The pain had eased slightly but with each drive my ass and abdomen seemed to be filled by Master Peter.

And then he made a massive push. He seemed to drive his cock as deeply into me as it would go. At the same time, Mistress Enya raised herself off my face. I could see her lean forward and Master Peter reached out to massage her breasts – those breasts that I so wanted to touch – they leaned toward each other and even in the dim light of the bedroom I could see their tongues meet.

I lay underneath them. My cock and balls still ached from the 4-hour stretching Mistress Enya had given them. My ass cheeks burned painfully from the beating that she had directed Master Peter to give me. My arms were locked behind me in metal handcuffs. Master Peter's stiff cock was buried in my hole and Mistress Enya was using my face as a sex toy.

She had no interest in me except as someone to attend to her, amuse her with my suffering, and serve her and her friends as a sexual device. I lay there in pain, discomfort, and humiliation and thought to myself that I wouldn't trade places with any man in the world.