



This ebook has been digitally marked by Digimarc Corp. If you purchased this title from a source other than Ellora's Cave, Inc. or one of its legal affiliates, contact [legal@ellorascave.com](mailto:legal@ellorascave.com) immediately. Please note that reading this ebook without first purchasing it through legitimate means is illegal and can result in heavy fines. As always, our authors thank you for your support and patronage.



## **THE SPARTACUS CLUB**

**An Ellora's Cave electronic publication in association with author  
James Miller**

**MS Reader (LIT) ISBN # 1-84360-184-2**

**Mobipocket (PRC) ISBN # 1-84360-185-0**

**Other formats (no ISBNs): Rocketbook, HTML, & Adobe**

**All Rights Reserved. <http://www.ellorascave.com>**

**© Copyright James Miller, 2002.**

**Ellora's Cave, Inc., USA**

**Ellora's Cave, Ltd., UK**

**This book/e-book may not be reproduced in whole or in part by email forwarding, copying, fax, or any other mode of communication without author and publisher permission.**

**Edited by Brandy Overton.**

**Artwork by Daio.**

## Warning:

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. "THE SPARTACUS CLUB" has been rated Hard NC-17, extreme erotica, by two individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic book in a place where young readers not meant to view it are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

## Chapter 1: The Show

I felt pretty smug about the meeting at Megatech. Before it even started, I knew that several executives had expressed reservations about my proposals. For the first hour or so my chances looked pretty slim, but then two of the younger managers, Allen Williams and Rick Logan, spoke up in my support. They really helped some of the managers understand the concepts and persuaded them to accept my ideas. In the end, Megatech agreed to all of my proposals with only a few minor changes. Wow! I was stoked! The contracts would be signed the following Monday.

As we left the meeting, Al and Rick invited me to celebrate the deal at a private club with them and their wives. They seemed pretty enthusiastic about a party. I didn't quite feel up to one, but I did want to do something. I was also grateful for their help at the meeting, so I accepted the invitation.

That evening we got together at Al's house. Al's wife Lauren is a 26-year-old brunette who could be a top model. Well, except at 5 feet 4 inches and 110 pounds (my guess), she might be considered too short for modeling. Her face is naturally beautiful. She had used a minimal amount of makeup to emphasize her flawless features, and her body only added to the overall effect. She wore a blue evening dress, which clung sweetly to her body and was cut just low enough to reveal a modest amount of cleavage. As she walked, it was obvious that her slender body was firm, but softly rounded in all the right places.

Rick's wife Tracy is a 30-year-old blond (bleached, I thought) who is nearly as beautiful as Lauren, although in a different way. At 5 feet 9 inches and 135 pounds (more guesses) she towers over Lauren. Tracy's strong point is her killer body. She appears to be about 38-26-36 and tight as a drum. She also wore an attractive evening gown, but hers was red, strapless, and more daring than Lauren's. Her breasts were nearly pushed up out of the dress, revealing everything down to the tops of her aureoles. The dress ended at least five inches above her knees. Her legs were long and beautifully proportioned. The skin looked smooth as silk and nicely tanned. Tracy was

proud of her legs and enjoyed showing them off. And she used a little more makeup than Lauren did.

Incidentally, I didn't notice how Al and Rick were dressed, and I can offer no guesses about their height, weight, or measurements.

We entered Club Spartacus through a small outer room. Several large posters on the walls promoted special theme nights at the club. Mondays were "gladiator night." Tuesdays were "slave night." And Fridays were "ladies' night."

In only a minute or two the hostess greeted us warmly. "Good evening, Al. And everyone. I'm glad to see you back again." Then she looked at me, extended her hand, and said, "Hi, I'm Gail. Is this your first visit to our club?"

"Yes," I answered as I took her hand. We exchanged greetings as we shook hands.

"Gail," Rick quickly explained, "this is Jim Miller. He's from out of town. He just got the best of Megatech for *big* bucks, and he's our guest tonight to celebrate."

"Well," laughed Gail. "I certainly agree with your reason for celebrating. It's not often that anyone gets the better of Megatech. And, of course, you couldn't have chosen a better place for your celebration, especially since it's ladies' night. But you members already know that. You do seem to enjoy ladies' nights."

"Best night of the week to be here!" offered Al. He paused a moment and added, "Gail, you look lovely tonight, but I'm surprised that you're not in the usual ladies' night costume. Will you be joining in with the other ladies tonight?"

"No, not this time," answered Gail. "But don't worry, you won't miss me. There's a nice assortment of attractive ladies here tonight. It promises to be an exceptional ladies' night." Then, looking at me, "I think Club Spartacus can give you a very unique and exciting experience tonight. I hope you enjoy yourself."

"Thank you," I replied. "Nobody will tell me exactly what to expect, and your comment about there being an attractive assortment of ladies here has me . . . puzzled. But from the hints I've heard, it does sound like a really special evening is at hand."

A waitress came into the outer room and spoke briefly to Gail. She wore a costume that made her look like a female gladiator or maybe like Xena, warrior princess. I

assumed that it must be the “usual costume” that Al had mentioned. “We have a five-top set up for you now,” said Gail. She led us to a long, narrow table and seated us on a comfortable bench facing the center of the room. Al and Rick took seats at one end of the table and I wound up at the other end, sitting between Lauren and Tracy. The seating arrangement seemed a little odd, but I didn’t mind being seated between these two lovely women.

I looked around the room, which was unusual because it was circular. There were twelve elongated tables arranged in a ring about fifteen feet in from the cylindrical wall. The wall was completely covered by thick, plush, red curtains. The floor inside the ring of tables sloped down gently toward the stage, like a giant funnel. The large stage was about three feet lower in the center of the room. And there was a gap through the ring of tables where a sloped access ramp extended from a doorway in the wall to the stage. The ramp was used by performers going to and from the stage and by prop people who changed things between acts.

A small combo and a female vocalist performed on the stage. She had a sweet, feminine voice and was singing some blues numbers. People were seated at every table with everyone facing the stage. I didn’t take special note of it at the time since it was ladies’ night, but there were at least four or five times as many women in the club as there were men.

We began the first course of a delicious late dinner around 8:30. Dinner was followed by a steady supply of drinks. The real entertainment started at 10:00. It was what followed the entertainment, however, that really blew my mind.

The first act was a slow, sensual dance performed by two very pretty women. I was a little surprised when, piece by piece, they started stripping each other. I’d never thought that I was a prude, but when I was married, (My wife divorced me after only three years together, no children.), I would never have taken my wife to a place where the entertainment included stripping. Yet, I was here with two couples that really seemed to enjoy just that kind of entertainment. The dance/strip was very erotic. It didn’t take long for me to grow about 8 inches in front.

The pressure building up inside my pants made me a little uncomfortable and I guess it showed. Lauren and Tracy moved in a bit, and I became very aware of their soft hips and legs as they pressed against me. The women on stage kissed and caressed soft, newly exposed skin as they removed each item of clothing. After about fifteen minutes, they were both totally nude. Al leaned over his wife toward me and said, "Good thing this is a private club. We even pay membership dues. They wouldn't be able to go totally naked if this place was open to the public."

After more deep kissing and titty sucking, one of the women laid down on her back in the center of the stage. The second woman lowered her lips to the woman's right breast and started licking slow circles around the nipple. The licking got faster and faster, and the circles got smaller and smaller, until she was licking and sucking the nipple itself. The first woman moaned and grabbed the head of the second woman, pressing her head hard against the soft tit flesh. Then the second woman put her right hand over the first woman's left breast with the nipple precisely centered in her palm. For a long moment, the second woman pressed her open hand down against the breast, and then she squeezed the breast firmly.

The hand slowly drifted down the body of the first woman, caressing and squeezing the naked flesh as it went, until the hand was on her pubic mound. The hand paused to massage the mound and gently pull at the thick hair growing there. Then the hand went between her legs, and the index and middle fingers of the hand found her outer lips. The lips were hot, swollen, and very wet. For a long moment the fingers rubbed back and forth, back and forth, along the crease between the lips, and the first woman's nectar flowed freely to coat the rubbing fingers. Then the fingers gently opened the lips and pressed in between them.

The first woman's clit was swollen and throbbing, and the fingers found it immediately. When the fingers stroked the clit, the first woman moaned and began to writhe uncontrollably against the stage. The second woman pulled her sucking mouth from the first woman's right breast and moved it down to her crotch. The mouth blew a stream of warm air over the clit and then began licking firmly against it. The first

woman moaned, "Uh huh! Uh huh! Do it to me. . . . I want it so!" As the mouth licked the clit, the fingers suddenly plunged deep into the first woman's hole. The walls of her pussy clamped down tightly onto the fingers and poured sweet cum over them, as she convulsed repeatedly.

The women kissed and held each other briefly while she recovered from her shattering orgasm. Then the second woman lay down on her back, and the first woman shifted around over her until they were in the classic 69 position. With tenderness and knowing beyond the range of a man, they licked and sucked at each other's pussies until they both were moaning loudly, writhing against each other, pressing eagerly against the stimulating oral assaults. The word orgasm seems inadequate to describe the violent convulsions that simultaneously swept over the bodies of the two women. They rested briefly in each others arms after the cataclysm subsided. Then they stood, still naked. The audience applauded and the first act was over.

As the two women picked up their clothing and left the stage, I leaned toward Al and asked, "I know this is a private club and I'm *not* complaining, but is that kind of entertainment the norm here?"

Al thought briefly and replied, "That might have been a little milder than most. Usually there are three or four acts. That was pretty normal for the first act."

The second act, as Al had implied, was at a higher level of erotic intensity than the first act. Two young women and a young man performed it. Both women, dressed in dominatrix costumes, were a little bigger and maybe a little younger than Tracy. But in terms of overall beauty, Tracy had them beat. Their costumes were made entirely of soft, black leather and hard, shiny metal. The costumes also included gloves that covered the palms and backs of the hands but left the fingers and thumbs bare; collars and wrist bands with metal spikes; thigh high boots with spiked heels; and garter belts with crotchless panties to which various accessory items were attached. The young man was dressed in a T-shirt, blue jeans, and tennis shoes. His hands were handcuffed behind his back, and there was a ball gag in his mouth.

The two women led the young man down the access ramp and onto the stage with

leashes that were attached to a leather collar around his neck. They ordered him to stand in the center of the stage without moving. One of the women removed the collar from his neck and took off his tennis shoes. The other woman pulled a straight razor from a pouch attached to her garter belt and cut off his T-shirt. Then she cut the buttons off his fly and freed his erect cock. Lauren and Tracy gasped when it leaped into view. I couldn't blame them. His rigid cock looked to be a very impressive ten or eleven inches long and was as thick as one of Lauren's ankles. The woman with the straight razor cut through the man's woven belt and pulled off his jeans. Except for the ball gag and handcuffs, the young man was now totally naked.

At that point, my involvement with Lauren and Tracy became a little more heated. They each slipped off a shoe and started rubbing my legs with their feet. And Tracy, the bolder of the two, put her hand in my lap and started secretly stroking my hard-on through my pants. *At least Al and Rick are far enough away, I thought, so they can't see what Tracy is doing now. I hope Lauren doesn't notice.* From that point on, my shallow, labored breathing was caused by more than just watching the erotic performance on stage.

One of the women on stage covered the man's head with a black hood. Both women then produced riding crops and started to beat his naked ass and back. They taunted him. "Asshole braggart!" they said. "That fucking thing looks like a salami! How did you glue it to your crotch?" they demanded. The young man's ass and back were turning a bright pink under the beating. The women told him to prove that his cock was real by making it soft. They allowed him about one minute, without beating him, in which to lose his erection. But during that minute, they fondled his cock and gently tickled his ass and balls with their fingernails. When he failed to lose his erection, they increased the intensity of his torture.

They started shocking him with electric prods.

ZAP!

Groan.

"Asshole! Dickhead!" the women screamed at him. "If it's real, make it soft! . . . Now!"

ZAP!

Groan.

Now and then, the young man was pushed off balance and had to move his feet a little. They really went at him then.

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

Groan! Groan! Groan!

I guess I was a little concerned at this type of “entertainment” and my face gave me away. Al leaned toward me again and said, “Don’t let it bother you, Jim. They’re just acting. The guy on stage loves it, and besides, the beating and electric shocks aren’t nearly as nasty as they seem. The riding crops and the electric prods are specially made to produce more noise than damage. Just forget about feeling sorry for him and enjoy the performance.”

I relaxed a bit and decided to follow Al’s advice. After all, if that guy really wanted to get away from those women, he should have been able to do it with all these people around, right? Lauren and Tracy chose that moment to get frisky again. They were really getting into this part of the show. Their shallow breathing and glazed eyes betrayed their arousal. Lauren grabbed the back of my head and twisted, so that my face was turned toward her. She planted her soft lips on mine. She quickly opened her lips and slid her tongue into my mouth.

“Gahh! Mmph! Mmph!” I said. I was totally taken by surprise. My first reaction was to kiss her back, but that only lasted a second. Then I pulled back. *My god*, I thought, *what could she be thinking?* Her husband was sitting right beside us, for god’s sake! As I pulled back from her kiss, she gave me a kind of smile. Al just kept sitting there, watching the show like nothing was happening except on stage. *What was this?* I was beginning to wonder about these people.

The women on stage gave up trying to make the young man prove that his cock was real. Instead, it seemed, they decided to make good use of it. “I guess you know now that bragging about a cock like that can get you into trouble,” they told the young man. “Now let’s see if you know what to do with it.” They removed the hood and

ordered the young man to lie on his back in the center of the stage. He had a little trouble because his hands were still handcuffed behind his back. One of the women pulled a small can of shaving cream from her garter belt and covered the young man's thick pubic hair with a heavy coating of foam. The women knelt down on either side of his groin. Then, passing the straight razor back and forth, they took turns shaving off his pubic hair. Within minutes the young man's cock and balls were hairless.

One of the women sat across the young man's chest, while the other woman played with his monster cock. The first woman slowly inched her way higher and higher, until her pussy was nearly against his chin. She reached behind his head, unclasped the ball gag, and pulled it out of his mouth. Then she grabbed his head between her gloved hands and scooted up the final inch to press her steaming pussy against the young man's eager lips. "Eat me," she commanded.

He started licking at her outer lips, slowly and gently at first, then faster and faster and harder and harder. He found her clit and licked at it repeatedly. Then he stuck his tongue as far up into her pussy hole as he could. The woman groaned and pressed her cunt onto the young man's face. She rubbed her cunt up and down his face, until he was coated from his chin to his forehead with her sweet cream. Faster and faster she rubbed, harder and harder he licked. Suddenly he thrust his tongue as far up into her as he could, and he pumped it in and out of her pussy. She groaned and flooded his face with her cum.

Meanwhile, Lauren and Tracy were revealing a level of female lasciviousness that I had never seen before. Their obvious lust, apparently triggered by the events on stage, was at the same time exciting, appealing—and more than a little intimidating. Of course, Lauren noticed immediately when Tracy started stroking my erect cock through my pants. She did nothing for a while. Then she reached over and unfastened my belt. At the same time, as if planned in advance, Tracy pulled the zipper down. My pants flopped open and my cock made a tent of my briefs in the opening. Lauren pulled out the elastic waistband and Tracy reached inside to grab my cock.

I groaned involuntarily and shuddered at their touch. I looked to the left to see how

Al and Rick would respond to my groan. They didn't. I joined more actively in the fun by reaching under Tracy's short dress, but she pushed my hand away and glared at me angrily. *Damn, Lauren and Tracy are good!* In a flash, they had taken complete control away from me. I tried to sit quietly and watch the show. But it wasn't easy with my pants flopped open and two beautiful women fondling my cock and balls.

On the stage, while the first woman worked her way up the young man's chest, the second woman licked at his dick until it gleamed with a heavy coating of spit. Then she straddled his hips and pressed the tip of his prick against her pussy hole. It was almost funny. She just sat there, suspended, as though sitting on a chair. Suddenly, her lips parted and the tip of the monster prick was inside her – not the whole head, just the tip. She moaned as she was opened up. With determination, she wiggled her ass back and forth and pressed downward, trying desperately to impale herself further. Slowly, bit-by-bit, she sank down onto him. As big as that guy's cock was, the way that she was able to take it into her pussy was just as impressive. In, in, in it went, inch by inch. Finally, she had it in to the hilt.

She rose back up, but only about three or four inches. Then she sank back down. She repeated this until she was loose enough, and the monster cock was slick enough to enable her to slide up and down easily. After that, she rode the cock hard. And as she rode him, the young man began groaning into the sweet pussy that covered his face. He began thrusting his hips upward, propelling his cock into the juicy cunt that so sweetly tormented it. Inevitably, the young man's moans were accompanied by violent shuddering, as his cock started spurting out thick jets of cum. Until the pussy fucking the cock was filled with thick white goo. The second woman groaned loudly as her pussy evened the score by covering the monster cock and hairless balls with lady goo.

The women recovered quickly. The young man still looked shaky. They put the gag back into his mouth, the hood back over his head, and the leather collar back around his neck. Then they pulled on the leashes to lead him from the stage. The second act was over.

There was a third, even more intense act. The two women from the second act

performed again in the third act, still dressed as dominatrices. A very large man and another woman, who was much smaller than the first two, joined them. The third woman wore a skirt and blouse, and comfortable-looking shoes with flat heels. She looked like a college student on her way to class or a young wife out shopping. The large man wore a harness of thick leather straps and metal rings around his upper body. He also had a metal ring around the base of his cock with two leashes attached. Other than that, he was buck-naked.

Before the third act began, one of the women came out onto the stage alone. She spoke to the audience, describing what was coming in the third act. She said that some of the material in the third act might be too violent, too intense, for some members of the audience. She warned that oral and vaginal rape and forced sodomy would be depicted in the third act. She said that an adjoining lounge with a complimentary bar was available for anyone who wanted to skip all or part of the third act. She pointed out a section of wall where the curtains had been pulled back to reveal a doorway leading to the lounge.

As the third act began, the two women led the third woman onto the stage, pulling her by a rope that was tied around her wrists. They made her stand in the center of the stage, trembling, while they walked slowly around her. They slapped her face and poked her body with their gloved hands and with their electric prods. "Little miss sweet cheeks! Little miss never-been-fucked!" They spat the words at her. One of the women grabbed her by the throat, pressing so hard that the third woman was nearly pushed off her feet. "Okay, bitch! We'll soon see what kind of slut you really are!" They untied the rope from the third woman's wrists and handcuffed her to one of the props on the stage. Then they left her alone. She leaned heavily against the prop. Her knees gave way and, weeping softly, she slowly sank down onto the stage.

The women returned with the man, pulling him along by the leashes attached to his cock ring. His hands were handcuffed behind his back. They ordered him to stand facing the center of the stage with his back pressed against another of the props. They removed the handcuffs from the third woman and ordered her to kneel in front of the

man, facing him.

"Okay, sweet cheeks," one of the women said, "since you're so sweet and innocent, I'll explain things to you. See those things hanging down in front of his body? They're his cock and balls. His cock is soft now. Use your hands and mouth to make it hard."

The third woman seemed reluctant, but after a moment she reached up with both hands to fondle the man's cock and balls. As she began licking the cock, starting at the tip and working down toward the base, she shifted his balls from one hand to the other and squeezed them gently. The man moaned softly and almost immediately his cock swelled up to full size. It was about 7 inches long and a little over an inch thick. It drew no gasps from Lauren and Tracy. Besides, they had already been playing with a cock and balls for some time. The third woman sucked the head of the cock into her mouth. She pushed her head forward, gradually swallowing more and more cock as she went, until her lips were pressed against the man's cock ring.

She paused for a moment then pulled back slowly, swirling her tongue around the cock and sucking as she withdrew, until only the head remained in her mouth. She sucked hard on the head and licked along its underside. Then she pressed her head forward again. She repeated the forward movement and withdrawal several times. The man started moaning in pleasure and pumping his hips, pushing his hips toward her during her forward movement and pulling back as she withdrew.

One of the women suddenly stopped it by grabbing the third woman's hair and pulling so hard that the third woman was pulled off her knees onto her back. "That's enough, bitch," the woman said. "Shit! The way you love to suck cock, I think we'll have to call you slut cheeks instead of sweet cheeks!"

"Stand up, bitch," the other woman ordered. "Strip for the nice man now, honey. Let us all see that precious pussy of yours."

She slipped her shoes off first. Her hands trembled and tears filled her eyes as she unbuttoned her blouse. When the last button was opened, one of the other women ripped the blouse from her shoulders, letting it fall to the stage behind the third woman. The third woman was ordered to take off her bra next, so she reached up behind her

back with her right hand and opened the clasp. She slipped the strap off her left shoulder then her right, and the bra fell on top of her bare feet. Her medium-sized breasts were exceptionally firm and her nipples stood out straight to the front. She reached back and opened the buttons at the back of her skirt and pulled the zipper down.

“Stop!” ordered one of the women. “You’ve got to do this part right. Turn around and bend over.” The third woman complied, now thrusting her ass toward the man. “That’s right. Now, in order to pull that tight skirt down properly, I’m sure you’ll have to wiggle that ass back and forth quite a bit.”

The third woman was weeping openly as she complied with her latest instructions. She slowly pulled the skirt down and wiggled her ass back and forth. It took nearly two full minutes to get the skirt off. She was then forced to remove her panties the same way.

When the third woman was completely naked, the other two women made her lie down on a specially made footstool. There were clamps near the bottom at each end of the footstool. They made her stand against the higher end of the footstool and spread her legs wide apart. The clamps on the stool were then closed around her ankles. When she lay down on the stool her head was positioned several inches below her exposed ass. Clamps at the lower end of the stool were closed around her wrists. Fully restrained with her head low and her ass high, she was defenseless against whatever the dominatrices would do to her.

One of the women ordered the man to stand behind the third woman and rape her beckoning pussy. He tried to resist, but the two women attacked him viciously with their electric prods. In the end he was forced to comply with their orders. When he stuck the end of his pole into her cunt she screamed. I mean she REALLY screamed. She struggled against her restraints and screamed repeatedly.

That’s when I lost it. I forgot what Al had told me before. Worse, I forgot that my pants were open and my erect cock was sticking out. Maybe I was vulnerable because I was pretty drunk at that point. Anyway, for a moment I believed that the rape was real.

Far too loudly, I said something like, "We have to stop them!" And I tried to stand and go down to the stage. Fortunately, the bench was pushed in a little bit under the edge of the table, so when I tried to stand the edge of the table hit my belly and knocked me back down. I was momentarily disoriented. Al and Rick finally responded to something that was happening at my end of the table. They came around behind me and grabbed me before I was able to stand up again. They held me down on the bench.

"Hold on, Boy Scout," said Rick. "That's not a good idea. Like Al told you before, they're just acting. She doesn't really need or want our help." Then he laughed. Everyone near enough to know what I had said and tried to do, in fact, started to laugh. Then I recognized my mistake. I had believed too easily. They were just pretending. I was just sober enough to blush deeply. Lauren and Tracy were laughing both at my mistake and my embarrassment. Everyone in the place, even the performers, must have noticed the laughter at our table and at the two tables on either side of ours. It couldn't have come at a less appropriate point in the show. I had been really enjoying the evening, but now I briefly found myself wishing that it would just end soon.

"Okay now?" asked Al as I became calm.

"Yeah," I replied miserably. "Boy Scout will behave now." My response caused a little extra laughter at our table, but it was better now because it was with me and not just at me.

Al and Rick returned to their seats chuckling. For the next several minutes, Lauren and Tracy suffered intermittent attacks of giggling. I scowled; they giggled. They even giggled as they helped me tuck my deflated cock back into my briefs and readjust my clothing. "Don't worry, Jim," Tracy gleefully reassured me. "None of the people sitting at the other tables could have seen your pretty cock sticking out of your pants. And don't worry about Rick and Al. They really don't mind." Then Lauren and Tracy excused themselves and left. I looked around the room as they left. Most of the women were no longer seated at their tables. I assumed that they had chosen to go into the lounge. Later, I realized that they had actually gone out to put on their costumes.

On stage the man had his rigid cock completely embedded in the third woman's

steaming pussy and he was pumping his rod into her hard. She was still weeping but less and less as the rape continued. And she was no longer screaming. One dominatrix was wearing an 8-inch, strap-on dildo. She walked up to the third woman's face and poised the dildo at her lips. "You did such a good job with his cock," she leered, "let's see what you can do with mine."

"Oh, no! Oh! NO!" the third woman cried.

"Oh, yesss!" said the dominatrix as she slapped the third woman. Then she grabbed her throat just below the jaw, forcing her mouth open. The dominatrix viciously thrust forward, driving the artificial cock painfully deep into the third woman's throat. The third woman gagged and her body shook violently from the pain being inflicted from both ends. After the woman had recovered a bit, the dominatrix picked up the man's rhythm. Now, the third woman's throbbing pussy and mouth were being raped at the same time with the same rhythm.

Ever since dinner, servers in gladiator costumes had moved back and forth among the tables to deliver drinks. Now our server returned to our table, but without drinks. "The third act will be ending soon," she said, "and each of you will be asked if you want to join the ladies in one of our chambers. For that purpose, you have each been assigned a number. Mr. Miller, you are number four. Mr. Williams, you are number five. And Mr. Logan, you are number six. Please remember your number. Enjoy the rest of our show and the rest of your evening." Then she left.

"Okay, you guys," I said, "now it's time to tell me what ladies' night at Club Spartacus is really all about. What did she mean about joining the ladies in a chamber? And what are these numbers about?"

Al and Rick were still reluctant to come clean. "Look," Al replied, "you've been having a good time haven't you?" I nodded, having already nearly forgotten the sting of my embarrassment a few moments before. "Then don't worry about it. The rest of the evening will be even better. Trust us. You'll love it." They would say no more so I turned my attention back to the stage.

The first dominatrix was still steadily pushing the dildo into the third woman's

face, pulling it out, then pushing it in again. The man was panting hard and there were heavy beads of sweat on his forehead. He was close to cumming. The second dominatrix commanded him to stop and pull his cock out of the third woman's pussy. When he pulled out, a loud, wet, sucking noise was heard throughout the room. The third woman, who had stopped weeping soon after the rape of her mouth began, moaned at the loss of the cock.

The second dominatrix then ordered the man to continue raping the third woman but to use her other hole. "You've had her hot pussy. Now it's time to get her tight ass," she ordered.

The man paused briefly to rub his cock up and down the crack of the third woman's ass, coating it with fresh juices from her cunt. Then he pressed the head of his cock against the helpless woman's asshole. She was startled by her unexpected willingness to accept this new violation of her tormented body. In fact, she was EAGER for it. At first, the thought of being raped had filled her with fear and outrage. But as she felt the man's hard cock pumping in and out of her increasingly wet pussy, a different feeling had grown within her.

A deep fire of lust had started low in her belly. It grew quickly and spread throughout her body. Her nipples were fully erect and tingled with pleasure as they were pounded into the top of the footstool from both ends. She even started to like the feel of the dominatrix's dildo sliding back and forth in her throat. She wiggled her ass at the man in encouragement and relaxed her asshole as much as she could. After a moment, the head of the man's cock slipped into the third woman's anus.

The man soon had his prick embedded to the hilt in her rectum. She moaned into the dildo as the invading meat stretched her bowels. At first, the man pumped her ass gently because he didn't want to cause her any more pain than necessary. But then, the stimulating massage of his cock and the sweet, wet heat of her bowels, took over. The man lost his self-control and started pumping his cock into the woman's ass violently. But he didn't need to be concerned about hurting her at that point. She was moaning

constantly, desperately wanting the orgasm that was getting closer and closer. She wiggled her ass at the man, encouraging him again to fuck her harder. Faster and faster, harder and harder, he pumped his cock into her ass.

The second dominatrix came up behind the man. She reached in between his legs and grabbed his balls, squeezing them none too gently. Then she reached further and started rubbing her fingers over the third woman's pussy lips. She pushed three fingers into the third woman's hole and started pumping them in and out. In moments, the walls of the third woman's pussy began to spasm against the pumping fingers, coating them with hot feminine cum. At the same time, the third woman's bowels closed tightly around the man's pumping cock, squeezing it again and again, pulling the cum from his balls. He shuddered violently and pumped his load into her ass. Seeing and hearing the intense orgasms of the third woman and the man, the first dominatrix thrust her dildo viciously forward one final time, and then she too achieved her release.

I think the performers felt drained. The third act was over. The audience, nearly all men now, applauded as the performers left the room. The lights were gradually turned up, and people began to talk. "All right," I began, "let's try again. Do Lauren and Tracy come back now, and we go home? Or is there something else still to be done?"

"Yes. No. *Yes!*" Al.

Just then doors opened behind the red curtains and the women returned. My jaw dropped when I saw that they were all dressed in dominatrix costumes! Lauren and Tracy came back to our table. In their costumes, which weren't quite as revealing as the ones on stage, they looked even hotter than before. My soft cock began to quickly swell again.

"We're back, guys," said Lauren. "It's time to start the last and by far the best part of ladies' night. Jim, Tracy and I are both going into chamber number four along with two other women."

Lauren stopped talking as one of the performers, the one who played the submissive woman in the third act, walked up to our table. She wore a short bathrobe

with nothing underneath. It was thin enough that the outline of her breasts and firm nipples were clearly visible. My cock was back out to its full 8 inches. The woman spoke to me. "I understand you wanted to come down and rescue me when I was about to be raped," she said.

*Oh, no! Tell me you didn't come over here to talk about that!* I thought. "Yes," I glumly replied. "I'm sorry for the disturbance I caused."

"No problem," she laughed. "It was sweet. Besides, I'm flattered that you thought my acting was so believable." She walked up close to me and put her arms around me when I stood. She placed a warm, wet kiss on my lips and briefly stuck her tongue deep into my mouth. When she ended the kiss and released her hold on me, she asked, "What number are you?"

"Four."

"Well, maybe later I'll come by chamber number four to rescue *you*. If you want to be rescued that is." Al and Rick laughed at that last part. She gave me a sexy look and left.

"Jim," Lauren continued, "Tracy and I really hope that you will come to chamber four with us to play the role of our submissive male. Please come. I promise it will be a lot of fun for everyone."

I think I was a little apprehensive because of the show that we had seen. "I don't know," I said. "What kind of stuff will you ask me to do? And what kind of stuff will you do to me?"

"Don't be such a wimp," chided Al. "Listen, Rick and I do this as often as we can. It's great! We love it. And you will too. Like Nike says, 'Just do it!' for god's sake!"

How could I ignore wisdom from Nike? "Okay, I'll go with you to chamber four and play your submissive male, but I better love it!"

"Put your hands behind your back, dog!" ordered Lauren. Tracy grabbed my arms and held them behind my back. Lauren snapped a pair of handcuffs onto my wrists and a leather collar with two leashes attached to it around my neck. "Okay, dog, now you're ready to come with us," said Lauren. Although I was placing myself at their mercy, I

was not concerned. I could see no threat in the way Lauren was talking to me. She smiled when she said the word dog. It seemed like a fun bit of role-playing. So when Lauren and Tracy pulled on the leashes, I willingly followed them to an elevator.

We went up two floors, and then walked down a short hallway to a large metal door with a 4 on it. Someone on the inside opened the door. I couldn't see anything inside the room because it was totally dark. "Enter, dog," ordered Tracy as she pushed me hard into the darkness . . .

## Chapter 2: My Submission

I stumbled into the dark room. Lauren and Tracy quickly followed, and the heavy, metal door clanged loudly shut behind them. My eyes tried to pierce the darkness without success. My handcuffed arms were grabbed from behind, and I was pushed forward about ten stumbling steps. Four shadowy female figures surrounded me. Hands, this time from the front, pulled my shirt up out of my pants. The shirt was pulled up under my armpits, exposing my skin from my pants to just under my nipples. I felt something being tightly wrapped around my body over my bare skin, and then I heard a padlock being snapped closed. The leather collar was removed from my neck. "Stand still," I heard Lauren's voice command. Then, the dark, shadowy female shapes around me moved away.

For a few minutes there was nothing. No sound, no movement, no light. I simply stood in total darkness listening to my own breathing. My cock was erect when I entered chamber 4. But as I stood there in the darkness, it went soft. Then a dim blue light came on over my head. Most of chamber 4 remained invisible to me, but I could now make out a small part of the room where I was standing. A female figure appeared in front of me at the edge of the blue light. It was Lauren. She broke the silence.

"Chamber 4 is a new reality," she said, "much different from the world outside." One difference that I noticed immediately was Lauren's voice. Before when Lauren spoke, there was always a hint of girlish playfulness in her voice. Now, her voice sounded flat and businesslike. "You can forget about being Mr. James Miller. That sort of name does not apply here. You need a new name, one more suited to the new reality. Here, your name will be—Spot."

*Shit!* I thought. *Now I'm a dog with a dog's name!* Unfortunately, my new name struck me as funny. I grinned and maybe even chuckled softly. That was my first mistake.

Anger immediately covered Lauren's face. She stepped forward and slapped me hard. "You think that's funny?" she shouted. "Get that stupid, fucking grin off your face!"

*What is going on!?* Her anger was real. She stood there for a moment, breathing hard and glaring at me. I was startled by Lauren's stinging slap, but I was far more startled by her manner. *Who is this angry woman?* I was confused, and I was more than a little concerned about what I'd gotten myself into. This Lauren was *not* the woman I had been with for nearly five hours. It was definitely not the Lauren who had gently fondled my stiff cock and balls during parts of the second and third acts. This Lauren was very dark, very threatening, and the opposite of the real Lauren.

Slowly, the anger on the new Lauren's face lessened. She continued, "We are Mistresses Lauren, Tracy, Shannon, and Amy. You are here for the sole purpose of giving pleasure to your mistresses. You must realize that we have all power here. You have none." She held up a small plastic box in her gloved right hand. She pushed a button on the top of the box.

*SHIT!* I was immediately hit by an intense, burning pain that went through my entire middle! My legs buckled and I fell onto the floor hard. I groaned loudly and gasped for breath as I writhed on the floor in pain. For a few moments (but it seemed much longer!) the pain tore at my guts. Gradually, the pain lessened. Finally, it stopped completely. I stayed on the floor, gasping for breath and trying to recover.

"Stand up now!" ordered Lauren. I stood with some difficulty. My legs wobbled, and I was trembling and panting hard. Lauren continued, "The belt that has been locked around your waist delivers a powerful electric shock. It is like the belts that are used in prisons to control violent convicts when they are out of their cells. We use the belt because it gives us power without actually harming our slaves. It causes great pain, but no actual injury. Each of us has a control box that can make the belt deliver a shock to you."

"You were not shocked because it pleased us to shock you. Nor was it a punishment. You have done nothing to deserve a punishment that extreme. But, since this is your first time, that demonstration was *necessary* so that you will understand the reality of chamber 4. You will not do what you want here. In fact, you have no wants here, except to give pleasure to your mistresses. You will do nothing here except what

we tell you to do. We, on the other hand, will use you in whatever way we choose . . .”

As Lauren spoke, I began to understand. I was not expected to “play” a submissive male. I was in chamber 4 to *be* a submissive male! I was truly at the mercy of these four women. I was not afraid of being at the mercy of the first Lauren. But I was afraid of being at the mercy of this new Lauren. She had already demonstrated her willingness and ability to hurt me. I knew nothing about how I should behave. I tried frantically to remember a couple of adult stories that I had read about dominant women and submissive men. I tried to remember so that I would know what to do. I didn’t want to make this Lauren angry again. Before, I had trembled from the shock that I was given as a demonstration. Now, I trembled in recognition of my helplessness and in fear of what might be done to me.

Lauren continued, “You will keep your eyes lowered to the floor in front of you at all times unless one of your mistresses orders you to look up. You will not speak or make any kind of sound unless one of us orders you to do so. You will not move or do anything unless one of us orders you to do so. Do you understand and accept this new reality, Spot?”

Maybe it was a trick question. “Yes,” I answered.

Again, a dark cloud of anger covered Lauren’s face, and she aimed a slap at the left side of my face. This time I saw it coming and ducked just before it landed. She hit the top of my head instead of my face. Ducking her blow was my second mistake. No that was my third mistake. My second mistake was answering the question before I had been given permission to speak. But ducking my punishment (a simple slap) was a really big mistake.

All four women converged on me at once. They grabbed my arms and legs and pushed me roughly down onto my knees. They pulled my shirt up over my head and down to the handcuffs that were on my wrists behind my back. Then they started to beat my naked back, chest, and arms with riding crops. I closed my eyes and winced under their sharp blows. As they beat me, I began to feel real anger toward these women. After all, Lauren had promised that I would have fun in chamber 4. Maybe I

wasn't playing the game right, but I saw no fun in being beaten. But I didn't show my anger. I held it inside. They stopped after each had given me three or four hard lashes. I felt little relief when they stopped. I knew that I could make some simple mistake at any time and trigger another attack. I trembled as my uncertainty and fear grew rapidly inside me.

"I will try again," Lauren said. She spoke slowly and placed strong emphasis on certain key words. "This time—you *must* learn. You do not speak until one of us tells you to speak. You do not move at all unless one of us tells you to move. When you speak to one of us, you address us as Mistress." She paused. "Do you understand and accept this reality, Spot?"

This time I did it right. I knelt in silence with my eyes lowered to the floor directly in front of me. It was unnatural for me to be submissive like this, and doing it made me feel pretty uncomfortable. Like most men, I was used to taking the lead with women, used to playing a dominant role. But my submissiveness had a great effect on Lauren. She sighed and spoke softly for the first time in chamber 4. "Okay, Spot. That's right." She pulled the glove off her right hand and came up just in front of me. She gently touched the left side of my face with her soft right hand . . .

*What is going on!?* She was barely touching my face. But her gentle touch and soft words hit me like a Mack truck! I had been feeling so alone, so helpless, since coming into chamber 4. I was in desperate need of a little tenderness, maybe even a little affection. Lauren's touch suddenly filled my need. It immediately lifted the fear from me, and it released a flood of emotions within me. I had been having some pretty strong feelings, but I had erected a mental dam to keep them under control, secret, inside myself. Lauren's touch broke my dam, and my feelings came rushing out to overwhelm me. My eyes started to fill with tears of emotion. I trembled harder and pressed my face against Lauren's hand, trying to get as much of her touch as possible.

When Lauren saw what her touch was doing to me, she stroked the side of my face with her gloved hand. "Look at me, Spot," she softly said as she turned my face upward toward hers. When I looked at her face—I saw that she was the first Lauren again. God!

I was so happy to see her! I couldn't deny the powerful release that I felt at seeing the first Lauren again. Tears started streaming down my cheeks.

Lauren continued in her soft voice, "Now, that's not so hard, is it? Why do you make us keep punishing you? If you just accept the rules and obey them, there won't be any need for us to punish you. That will be up to you though. When you disobey, you are denying us *our* pleasure, and for that you will be rightfully punished."

She released my face and stepped back. She started using her chamber-4 voice again. "Eyes down, Spot! If you are always obedient and if you pleasure us well, then we will show you our appreciation. That will be your only source of pleasure here, so you must learn to value it. I now give you permission to answer immediately whenever one of us asks you a question."

With my emotions back under control and with my eyes again lowered to the floor, I answered, "Yes, Mistress."

Then Lauren gave me an important test. "Now, tell me who you are and what you will do."

A few minutes before, I had resigned myself to the idea that I needed to obey the rules of these women to avoid punishment. But Lauren's touch gave me a new reason, a much better reason, to obey. I could accept the new reason much more easily than I could accept the first one. If that touch was her way of showing me her appreciation, I sure as hell would try to get more of it. I wanted to be touched like that—I *needed* to be touched like that—again and again.

I spoke slowly and softly. "Mistress, I am Spot, slave to mistresses Lauren, Tracy, Shannon, and Amy. I will keep my eyes lowered at all times unless one of my mistresses orders me to look up. I will not speak or make any sound at all that I have not been ordered to make. I will not move in any way unless I am ordered to move, and then I will move only as I have been told. My only want is to give pleasure to my mistresses. My only pleasure is in earning the appreciation of my mistresses." As I finished speaking, I knew that I had sold out completely. The women had total control. And since Lauren had relieved me of my fear, I didn't care.

The new Lauren looked at me skeptically. "You say the right words, Spot. Let's see if you really mean them. I promise that you will regret lying if you don't mean them. Your first task is to strip yourself naked. You don't need clothes here, and we require immediate access to your genitals. Mistress Amy will now remove your handcuffs. As soon as they are off, you will remove your shirt and leave it behind your feet."

The thought of being naked in a room with four women was making my cock swell rapidly again. Mistress Amy came up behind me, opened the handcuffs, and removed them from my wrists. My hands were free for the first time since they had been handcuffed behind my back at the end of the show. But as long as I had that damned electrified belt locked around my middle, free hands gave me no power. I pulled my shirt off my hands and dropped it just behind my feet. I returned to my kneeling position with my eyes lowered and my hands down at my sides.

"Without getting off your knees," Lauren ordered, "remove your shoes and socks. Leave them on top of your shirt."

I had to drop back from my upright posture to reach my feet. I rested my butt on my heels, but I stayed on my knees. It was more difficult than I thought it would be. I almost lost my balance a couple of times as I reached back to work off the shoes, and then the socks. I dropped them on top of my shirt. I again returned to my upright kneeling position.

"Stand up now, remove your pants, and drop them on top of your other clothes. Then remain standing," ordered Lauren. I complied.

By the time I was standing there wearing only my briefs (and that damned electrified belt), my cock was fully erect. The four women converged on me again, but this time it was not to administer punishment. They walked slowly around me, evaluating my body. "When one of us tells you to move," said Lauren, "you will execute the required movement at once."

After a moment, Tracy told me to raise both hands and interlock my fingers on top of my head. I complied. The women started touching, squeezing, and poking various parts of my body. They concentrated on the bulge in my briefs and on my ass. I began

to pant softly as their probing increased my sexual arousal. Then one of the unfamiliar women told me to remove my briefs and drop them on top of my other clothes. I complied and then returned my hands to the top of my head. It was embarrassing—but also extremely exciting—to stand there wearing only the electrified belt, my dick sticking straight out, while the four women continued their examination.

“Spread your feet apart until I tell you to stop,” ordered Lauren. I started slowly spreading my feet, and Lauren told me to stop when they were about thirty inches apart. “Now put your hands on your knees and lean your head down until I tell you to stop.” She told me to stop when my head was even with my knees. Different pairs of hands took turns pulling my ass cheeks apart. Fingers traced my crack, probed my asshole, and reached between my legs to squeeze my cock. I felt totally humiliated as they used me like that. It was especially humiliating when one of them forced a finger into my anus and probed my rectum. The women seemed to enjoy themselves. “He’s so hot inside,” one of them observed. “And so hairy outside!” added another, followed by a brief chorus of giggling.

I must admit that I was enjoying myself too. As I was poked and probed, I came to realize that being treated like a piece of meat increased my sexual excitement to a fever pitch. Even when someone reached between my legs and pulled my stiff prong painfully downward, it just increased my sexual arousal. Maybe it was because I had never had sex with more than one woman at a time before. Maybe it was because I really enjoyed being sexually used by women. At this point, I was completely into this new erotic adventure. I was panting with lust, and my cock felt like it was on the verge of shooting my load just from their touches. Their examination finally complete, the women moved away into the darkness.

“Get back on your knees, Spot,” ordered Lauren. I returned to my upright kneeling position with my eyes lowered and my hands at my sides.

Female voices came from the darkness. The women were discussing their impressions of my body. “I guess I can play with his ass and some of his muscles, but shit, his thing won’t be worth a damn! He better have one hell of a tongue!” complained

an unfamiliar voice.

Then I heard Tracy suggest, "Maybe we can have him wear one of our strap-ons and push his out of the way."

This idea was greeted with general enthusiasm, and then another unfamiliar voice suggested, "Maybe the best thing would be to just turn him around and use his hole instead."

I blushed as they ridiculed my most important organ. But their ridicule only increased my lust. I don't know why being degraded by them made me feel hotter, but I realized that it did. The four women gathered in front of me just beyond the range of the dim blue light. I could see them only as dark shapes, now and then faintly illuminated by a bit of blue light. I could tell, though, that they were removing various parts of their dominatrix costumes. They all uncovered their breasts and their pussies. Tracy and one of the unfamiliar women removed their thigh high boots.

Suddenly, Lauren appeared right in front of me, and she was angry again. "Eyes down, Spot!" she shouted. "Shit! Why won't you obey?" Knowing that they were revealing their bodies more fully, I had been unconsciously peering into the darkness in their direction. I admit it; I was trying to see as much as possible. Lauren simply caught me. She continued, "We are not dressed this way for you to stare at us! Nothing here is for you! We are dressed this way for our own convenience and comfort."

Lauren trembled with anger as she spoke. I trembled with suddenly renewed fear as she spoke. I hated the feeling of my returned fear. I wanted to plead with her, to ask her to release her anger so she could be the first Lauren again. I needed to be with the first Lauren instead of this angry, chamber-4 Lauren. I guess the look on my face disclosed my desire to speak.

"Do you wish to speak?" Lauren angrily demanded.

"Yes, Mistress. Please," I softly replied.

"Very well. You may speak."

"Please, Mistress, punish me at once," I softly begged. "I am truly sorry for my disobedience. I do not mean to deny you pleasure. Please, punish me now so I may try

harder to earn your appreciation.”

*What is going on?* Even as I spoke, I couldn’t believe the words that were coming out of my mouth. Maybe it wasn’t really my mouth anymore. Maybe Mr. James Miller was no longer in chamber 4. Maybe there was a new “chamber-4 Jim” who was doing the talking, or had Mr. James Miller truly become Spot? Even though I was astonished by my words, I knew meant every one of them. I *had* to get the first Lauren back!

“You understand you must be punished at a higher level. You have had enough chances to learn. Do you still wish to be punished for your latest disobedience?”

“Yes, Mistress, please,” I whispered fearfully.

“Very well. Lay flat on your belly with your nose to the floor and your arms extended straight out over your head.”

I assumed the position she had given me. As I lowered myself, I had to press the head of my still erect cock against the floor to make it lie upward against my groin. Lauren raised her riding crop high and quickly gave me five hard lashes across my naked ass. I winced as each blow landed. But this time I felt NO anger toward the woman beating me. It was, after all, my own fault. I made her beat me by disobeying the rule about keeping my eyes lowered. My ass felt like it was on fire, but I held the position and my cock remained stiff under my belly.

After the last blow fell, Lauren stifled an abrupt gasp. “Amy, bring the salve,” she said. In a moment, one of the women knelt down beside my burning ass. She wiped my ass with a cool cloth and then she gently applied some kind of cream to my flesh. The cream immediately stopped the pain. It made me feel pretty good. The beating was over, and now the pain had been taken away.

“The salve will stop any bleeding, prevent infection, and help the broken skin to heal quickly,” explained Lauren. “Okay, Spot, the debt for your disobedience has been paid.” She disappeared into the darkness for a moment. She returned and dropped a small cushion on the floor beside me. “By admitting to your disobedience, and by accepting responsibility for it, you have earned a bit of comfort. Kneel on the cushion,” she said.

"Thank you, Mistress," I breathed softly as I gratefully knelt on the cushion.

Tracy came up behind me and put a clamp around each of my legs, just above the knees. A very short length of chain connected the clamps, making walking impossible. Tracy moved away, and then Lauren came up in front of me. I knew that her breasts and pussy were exposed. It was hard to keep my eyes lowered to the floor. But then Lauren went down on one knee in front of me. Her firm tits were suddenly right there in front of me! I could look at them even while keeping my eyes properly lowered! They were perfect. About 36C with no sag at all. Her nipples were firmly erect. God how I wanted to caress and suck those beautiful tits! Lauren snapped a leather ring, with three long leashes attached to it, around the base of my cock.

"When we tell you to move," she said, "you will crawl on your hands and knees. You will put one of the leashes across your left leg, one of the leashes between your legs, and one of the leashes across your right leg. You will drag the leashes behind you as you crawl. Do you understand, Spot?"

"Yes, Mistress."

After a moment of silence, a dim red light came on over another small area of the room. It was about thirty feet away from where I was kneeling under the blue light. One of the unfamiliar women was under the red light, reclining on a low futon with her back toward me.

"Pick up your kneeling cushion with your teeth. Crawl to the red light and learn from Mistress Shannon," ordered Lauren.

First I arranged the three leashes as Lauren had told me, and then I picked up the cushion. To crawl, I had to lean forward from my knees, extend my arms, and put both hands together on the floor. Then I shifted my weight onto my hands and pulled my knees forward until they were just behind my hands. It was pretty clumsy and slow, but I crawled toward the red light. As I reached the edge of the area lit by the dim red light, the leash that dragged between my legs was suddenly pulled back and up, hard. My erect cock was pulled painfully downward. My legs, which should have been coming up behind my hands, were instead held back by the leash. I lost my balance and

fell, jamming my cock into the floor. I was hurt and startled. *What the hell am I doing wrong?*

I resumed my crawling posture, but the leash was held firmly. I was not allowed to crawl under the red light. *Why am I being prevented from approaching Mistress Shannon?* I needed to figure it out as quickly as possible to relieve the pressure on my cock. Then I thought I felt a light pressure on the leash that lay across my right leg. I thought I understood. Instead of crawling directly toward Mistress Shannon, I turned to the right and tried to crawl around the area that was lit by the red light. *It worked!* The tension on the center leash relaxed and the pressure on my dick lessened. I was allowed to crawl as long as I didn't try to crawl directly toward Mistress Shannon. Apparently, I was only allowed to approach a mistress from the front.

When I had crawled around the lighted area so that I was directly in front of her, I was allowed to turn to the left. "Leave your cushion here," ordered Lauren. I dropped the cushion and then started crawling toward Mistress Shannon. Without seeming to look up at her, I was able to see that she was covered with a red shawl from just below her exposed tits to the tops of her feet. When I reached a distance of about six feet, the center leash was held again, and I had to stop. I knew that I needed to wait for her permission to approach any closer. I hoped that she would give her permission soon. I tried to back up a little to ease the pressure on my cock, but that didn't do any good. In fact, the leash was pulled back harder and the pain inflicted on my cock increased.

Finally, Mistress Shannon spoke. "What is it you wish, Spot?"

"Please, Mistress, may I approach so that I can please you and learn from you?"

Mistress Shannon replied, "When I say 'now,' you will approach only far enough so that your mouth is able to touch my pussy. You will use your mouth for my pleasure. Have you ever licked and sucked a woman's pussy before, Spot?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Have you ever pleasured a woman with an orgasm by doing it?"

"No, Mistress," I truthfully replied.

Mistress Shannon responded with strong contempt in her voice. "That is usually the

case with men. You have to learn to do better!" She pulled the shawl from her lower body and dropped it onto the floor beside the futon. She was then fully exposed from the bottom of her black bustier to the bottoms of her feet. "Now."

The tension on the middle leash relaxed, and I crawled forward until my head was between Mistress Shannon's widespread thighs. One of the women came up on my right side until her face was just a little above and a little behind my right ear. When she started whispering into my ear, I knew that it was Tracy.

"First, gently kiss up and down all along her outer lips," Tracy whispered. "Don't let her feel anything but your lips and your hot breath teasing her cunt."

As I started kissing Mistress Shannon's outer lips, she moaned softly and pressed her thighs against the sides of my face. Her cream started leaking from the slit between her lips. I started kissing harder, trying to gather as much nectar on my lips as possible. Then I eagerly licked my lips to get a taste of her. Her juices were hot and sweet. *Damn! This is getting good now!* I thought. I was starting to have some of that fun that Lauren had promised.

"Now, extend your tongue just a little and lick up and down where you have been kissing," whispered Tracy.

Slowly eating Mistress Shannon's juicy twat this way had me panting with lust. My cock was so swollen that it was a little painful. I extended my tongue until the tip went into the crack between Mistress Shannon's outer lips. I licked up and down, up and down, her crack. Mistress Shannon was moaning almost constantly now, and she started to slide her ass back and forth on the futon. Her juices were flowing more freely, and I eagerly lapped up as much as possible. I began to think that maybe what Lauren had said about my having no power was not quite true. After all, I was making Mistress Shannon moan and move her ass back and forth. I relished this bit of control, this little power, which I still had even after my surrender.

"Now," whispered Tracy, "explore her cunt gently with the tip of your tongue until you find her clit."

This is the part, I knew, that I hadn't been any good at before. But I knew that I had

to give it my best shot. I stuck my tongue into her a little deeper, and then I pulled back a little and started licking upward. I probed gently back and forth as I licked upward. Then I felt the tip of my tongue press against Mistress Shannon's clit. It was swollen and fully extended from its fleshy hood. I pressed my tongue against it and Mistress Shannon gasped.

"Hold on, Spot!" Tracy ordered. "You're going to work on her clit, but you have to do it gently. Don't rush it. You can gradually lick a little faster and harder."

I started licking slowly up and down Mistress Shannon's clit. On the third slow lick, she suddenly thrust her hips upward, pressing her cunt into my face. But her movement made me lose her clit. My tongue was still pressing into her labia, but it was no longer on her clit.

Mistress Shannon growled angrily and pulled her cunt away from my face. "Clumsy male oaf!" she accused.

The center leash was suddenly pulled hard, and I had to quickly back up a little. "Come on, Spot!" scolded Tracy, no longer whispering. "When she moves, you move your mouth with her! Now you'll just have to wait to see if she's willing to let you try again."

I waited on my hands and knees with my head bowed low. Tension was maintained on the leash, so my cock was held painfully downward again. After a few very long moments, Mistress Shannon spoke.

"This will be your last chance with me, Spot. If you fail again, you will be punished." She spread her knees so that I could again service her cunt. "Now."

Tension on the center leash was relaxed just enough so that I could crawl forward to press my face into Mistress Shannon's cunt again. Tracy came back up to her coaching position. "Start over," she said. "Just like before. Do the kissing, then the gentle licking. When you find her clit, concentrate on keeping your tongue right over it."

I began kissing Mistress Shannon's outer lips. This time, she did not moan. And her outer lips were dry. *Shit!* I thought. *She's going to make it harder this time.* I'd have to

make her start responding to my oral efforts. I gently sucked on her outer lips as I kissed them. I kissed and sucked, and sucked and kissed, until her sweet cream leaked out through her crack again. I was encouraged. I felt like I was starting to win some sort of contest. And I started having fun again. Finally, after I had teased her sensitive tissue for several minutes, she began to moan softly again. I was getting to her!

“Now,” whispered Tracy, “find her clit again and concentrate on it so that you don’t lose it.”

Again, I gently probed Mistress Shannon’s cunt until I found her clit. It was just as firm and swollen as it had been the first time. She was moving her ass around again, and her movements were rapidly becoming a threat. I focused on her clit and tried to concentrate, so that her movements wouldn’t make me lose it again. As I licked up and down along her clit over and over and sucked it in between my lips, she began to tremble and massage her own breasts with her hands. I was pushing her rapidly toward a powerful orgasm. *Cum for me, woman!* I thought. *Let it take you!* Fortunately, I was able to keep my tongue over her clit, even as her movements intensified.

Then Tracy hissed urgently, “Now give her hole the attention it craves! Push your tongue into her until your jaw aches, then push it in some more! Pull it back a little, then push it all the way in again! She’s close. Make her cum now!” Tracy’s directions were now frantic, betraying her own enjoyment of what I was doing to Mistress Shannon’s pussy.

I was enjoying the effect that my cunt lapping was having on Mistress Shannon and on Tracy too. I stiffened my tongue and thrust it as far as I could into Mistress Shannon’s pussy. My nose pressed against her clit as I wiggled my tongue back and forth. I wiggled my tongue back and forth again, and then I pulled it all the way out. I quickly sucked in a deep breath of air, and then I thrust my tongue back into her as far as it would go. Suddenly, Mistress Shannon shuddered violently as her orgasm swept over her. The walls of her cunt squeezed tightly down onto my tongue again and again, pulling it even deeper into her, as her cum poured out over my face. I gently licked up and down her crack as her trembling gradually weakened and finally ended. As I raised

my head over her thighs, Mistress Shannon sighed and pulled her cunt away from me.

The center leash was pulled again, and I had to crawl backwards a few feet, until I was just at the edge of the red light. "Stop," commanded Tracy. She reached down under my groin and squeezed my stiff dick. Her squeeze made a little clear pre-cum shoot from the end of my rod. "Hey, Shannon," she said loudly, looking toward the futon. "You must have one hell of a sweet pussy! Eating your hot cunt has this poor dog so excited, he almost blew his wad right onto the floor!" The women all laughed at my overheated condition. Tracy was, of course, right. I did almost shoot my wad when Mistress Shannon came on my tongue. "You must not cum, Spot," warned Tracy. "If you cum without permission, you will be punished." *Shit!* I thought. *Is there no end to the list of things that I can be punished for?*

Tracy moved away into the darkness. When she came back, she placed a small plastic bucket on the floor directly under my cock and balls. "I'll help you cool off a little," she said. She reached down behind me and removed the clamps from my legs. "When we tell you to move from one place to another, you must still crawl on your hands and knees," she warned. "Raise your right leg like a boy dog taking a piss." More humiliation. I raised my right leg up and rotated my pelvis to the right. I was balanced on my left knee and hands—exactly like a boy dog taking a piss. My cum-filled balls hung low, and my rigid dick stuck out from my body at an unusual angle.

Tracy reached under my right leg and sprayed cold water onto my genitals with a spray bottle. When the cold water first hit me, I jumped so hard I almost fell down. But as Tracy quickly pumped more cold water onto my genitals, I got used to it and it actually felt pretty refreshing. The water ran down over my balls to my cock. Then it ran down the shaft and poured off the end of my dick into the bucket. I guess I did look a lot like a boy dog pissing into the bucket. Of course, that made my mistresses laugh at me again. After Tracy had sprayed nearly the whole bottle of water onto me and it had run down into the bucket, she picked up the bucket and told me to put my right leg down. I was back on my hands and knees. Then Tracy moved away into the darkness.

The red light was turned off. I heard a little noise and knew that the women were

removing the futon. After a few minutes, the dim red light was turned on again. There was a small, wheeled cart where the futon had been. From my hands and knees, even though I had gotten pretty good at sneaking looks without being caught at it, I couldn't see what was on the cart. Then Lauren said from the darkness, "Your cushion is just behind you and to your left. Kneel on your cushion, Spot." I complied. When I was up on my knees, I was able to see that there was a selection of hand-held and strap-on dildos on the cart. Lauren continued, "Now, learn from Mistress Amy."

Mistress Amy walked in between the cart and me. I stole a glance at her and then had to struggle to keep my eyes down. She was almost naked, wearing only her fingerless gloves, a leather collar with metal spikes on it, and a leather garter belt. Facing me, Mistress Amy said, "We'll start with an easy one. I will choose a cock, and you will deep throat it." She turned her back toward me and started searching through the dildos on the cart. With my head turned downward, but my eyes as far up as possible, I was able to enjoy the view of Mistress Amy's pretty ass for a few minutes as she searched for just the right dildo. Finally, she selected a hand-held, red, jelly cock that looked about five inches long and an inch thick. She turned back toward me.

I got another quick, secret glance at her naked tits and pussy, but then I had to keep my eyes really lowered. As she walked up right in front of me she said, "Look at me, Spot." I turned my face upward and looked at her. "I hope you appreciate the value of what I will teach you. If you are able to deep throat their cocks, many of the mistresses here at Club Spartacus will appreciate you." I didn't think having the red, jelly cock down my throat would be any fun, but it didn't look too bad. I thought I could do it just to gain Mistress Amy's appreciation. *Pretty soon, I thought, I'll have them appreciating me so much that they'll let me start fucking them!*

Mistress Amy held the dildo to my lips. "Start with a good licking," she said. I stuck my tongue out a little and licked the end of the rubber dick. I guess my lack of enthusiasm was pretty damn obvious. "I said a good licking, not a fucking dead licking! Put some life into it!" she ordered. I tried harder. I started licking the end of her little dildo vigorously, and I swirled my tongue all around it several times. Then I licked

back and forth along one side, down to the base. Then I licked over the top of the shaft, and back and forth along the other side, until I had worked my way back to the tip.

"Open," commanded Mistress Amy. I opened my mouth to let her push in the dildo. I had to open a lot wider than I expected. Then I felt the dildo sliding into my mouth. "Keep using your tongue. And suck on it," she said. I moved my tongue all over the tip and then sucked on it loudly, as she slowly pushed the dildo in deeper. My mouth felt more and more full. My tongue was getting cramped, but I did manage, for the most part, to keep it moving over the surface of the dildo. When a little more than half of the red, jelly cock had been pushed into my mouth, it reached my throat. Mistress Amy pushed it in gently just a little further . . .

*Shit!*

In an instant, my throat closed tightly around that innocent-looking piece of rubber. I gagged violently. I had too! My body shook violently with the sudden sharp pain. As I gagged, I reflexively raised my right hand and grabbed Mistress Amy's wrist. I pushed her hand away and pulled my head back to get the damned fake cock out of my throat and mouth.

Even as I did it, I knew that it was a big mistake. The other three mistresses immediately converged on me. They grabbed my hands and held them behind my back as the handcuffs were put on again. Lauren stood in front of me and glared at me. The scorn in her look really hurt me. She reached down, pulled the cushion out from under my knees, and flung it away into the darkness. I closed my eyes and hung my head in abject misery. The women moved away and the red light was turned off. From the darkness behind me I heard fragments of conversation as the four women discussed my punishment. I trembled with fear as I wondered what sort of punishment they might choose.

After a few minutes, the dim red light over my head was turned back on. Tracy came up beside me and covered my head with a black hood. Now I couldn't see anything. *Shit!* I thought. *I'm trying to do this their way, but it looks like they're never going to appreciate me enough to let me start fucking them!* That was it. The handcuffs and the

black hood. Maybe they'd decided not to punish me for pushing Mistress Amy's hand away because they understood that it was a reflex. I didn't really choose to do it. I had to do it.

Mistress Amy came back and stood directly in front of me. *Damn hood!* I didn't like the way she was using me, but at least I had been enjoying stealing glances at her body. "Come on, Spot!" she said. "You must concentrate to control your gag reflex. We'll start again, and this time you'll do better." She shifted the hood around a little so that my mouth was centered in a large hole. "Open." She pressed the tip of her red, jelly cock against my lips again.

Damn! I couldn't believe how hard it is to take something into your throat like that! Before I married, a couple of my girlfriends were able to deep throat all of my 8-inch cock. I suddenly had a much deeper appreciation of their ability to do that. As Amy pushed the dildo between my lips again, I was determined to take it without gagging. I tried to concentrate on relaxing my throat and fighting against the gag reflex. As the dildo reached my throat, I was almost successful. I changed my impulse to gag into a painful moan and a cough. But as she pushed it in just a little further, I lost control. I gagged violently again, and my body shook with pain. This time, though, I didn't pull my head back.

Amy left her cock in place. "Fight it! Fight it!" she screamed. As I struggled to maintain my upright kneeling posture, tears filled my eyes and started running down my cheeks under the hood. I couldn't help it. Her damned fake dick was killing me. I was sweating heavily, my body was trembling, and I was breathing frantically through my nose. She left the cock in place for a few moments, and I gradually adjusted to feeling it in my throat. The pain subsided and I no longer felt the urgent need to gag. As I became calmer and more in control of myself, Mistress Amy gently pressed her left hand against the right side of my face.

"Good, Spot," she said. "You're starting to get the idea. Rest a minute, and then we'll finish with this one." After a couple of minutes, she moved her left hand to the back of my head. "Okay, Spot, it's time for you to take the rest of it. Remember, you

must concentrate to relax your throat and control your gag reflex." She started slowly pressing her cock deeper into my throat. Surprisingly, I took the last half of her red jelly cock into my throat without too much difficulty. I guess my gag reflex is triggered mostly at the entrance of my throat. After that was passed, the rest was down hill.

After she had her red, jelly cock in to the hilt, Mistress Amy pulled it slowly back out until my throat was empty. She left the head of her fake cock in my mouth. "Now, again," she said as she began to slowly push it back in. When the head started to go down my throat, I again felt a powerful urge to gag. But I concentrated hard and was able to bring it under control. She slowly pushed her little, red, jelly cock in again to the hilt. Then she slowly pulled it out and pushed it back into my mouth using an even rhythm. Her rhythm got faster and faster, until she was pumping her little dick into me as fast as she could.

She pumped my face rapidly for several minutes. Then she said, "Okay, Spot, that's all with this one. Remember everything you've learned for the next one." I heard her turn away from me and go back to the wheeled cart. She rummaged through the dildos for a minute, and then she came back directly in front of me. "Look at my beautiful cock, Spot," she said as she pulled the hood off of my head.

I was startled to see that Mistress Amy was wearing a leather panty to which a fearsome looking black, jelly cock was attached! It was at least nine inches long and almost two inches thick! I pulled back a little and shook my head no. "Yes!" corrected Mistress Amy. "You will deep throat my cock for me! Start with the licking." She poised her huge cock in front of my lips.

I knew that I wouldn't be able to do any of the rest of it, but maybe just the licking wouldn't be too bad. I started licking all around the head of her over-sized dildo. When I pressed the dildo strongly to one side with my tongue, Mistress Amy gasped and her hips quivered. I looked closely at her panties while I pushed my tongue against the fake cock. I discovered that the dildo was connected to a clit stimulator, which was connected to a pussy plug. Any force I applied to the dildo was passed to her clit and pussy! I started to lick all over the black cock with increasing enthusiasm, pushing it

this way and that with my tongue. I was enjoying the effect that it was having on Mistress Amy. She was getting very wet. The odor of her sweet juices was very clear.

Of course, Mistress Amy did not know that the licking was all that I intended to do. All too soon she put her gloved hands on the back of my head, just behind my ears. She pulled her dildo back from my lips and said, "Open!" She pressed her thumbs against my throat, just below the jaw on each side, and I was forced to open my mouth. It was not enough to get the dildo in. "More! Now!" she fiercely growled.

*Hell no!* I replied in my mind.

But my resolve collapsed immediately. She pressed her thumbs in harder, and I kept straining to open my mouth wider and wider. There was a cracking sound and pain shot through my jaw. Finally, the huge piece of rubber slipped into my mouth.

Mistress Amy gave me no chance to adjust to the feeling of having her new cock in my mouth. She pushed her dick quickly into my mouth until it was filled like never before. As her dildo entered my throat, my eyes bulged from their sockets and my body shook violently with pain. "No gagging! No gagging!" she screamed.

My nostrils flared wide open, and my chest heaved with my frantic efforts to breathe. I groaned in pain and tears again filled my eyes. But I *didn't* gag. As her dick entered my throat, Mistress Amy paused only a moment. Then she pushed at least two more inches into me. My eyes rolled wildly. I was pretty sure that I was about to be suffocated by her huge, black cock. Mistress Amy pressed forward again. I felt like I was going to pass out. She continued mercilessly pushing her cock into me. Incredibly, she finally had it in to the hilt.

For a moment, she held the back of my head and simply wiggled her hips to push her cock back and forth against the walls of my throat. Then she moved her hands to the sides of my face. "Look at me, Spot," she said. I lowered my shoulders a little so that I could turn my face upward to look at her. She looked me straight in the eyes and coldly said, "Now I'm going to rape you. You're going to watch me the whole time. And before I stop, you're going to make me cum harder than I've ever cum before!" A sharp chill ran down my spine, and I trembled with the greatest fear I'd felt that night.

She pulled her hips back a little, and three or four inches of rubber cock slipped out of my mouth. She immediately pushed it back in to the hilt. She repeated the short withdrawal and reinsertion until she was rocking her hips back and forth with a slow, steady rhythm. Thankfully, I felt less and less pain. My throat and jaw quickly became numb under Mistress Amy's relentless pounding. I was also able to get deep breaths of air now and then as she pulled her hips back far enough to leave only the head of her cock in my mouth.

She no longer paid any attention to me. I was just a hole that she was using. But as my throat became completely numb and I began to feel a little better, I watched her closely. Her head was thrown back, her eyes were closed, and she was moaning as the clit stimulator and pussy plug did their work. She kept at it, forcing her cock into my face and pulling it back out, gradually getting faster and faster over many minutes. I didn't feel too much pain as she continued raping my mouth, but I did start to feel seriously tired.

Then Mistress Amy leaned forward a little with her head over mine. Her naked tits hung down just in front of my face. Somehow, though, I didn't really feel like looking at them anymore. She was trembling and moaning loudly. I actually did start to enjoy her savage, uncontrolled lust as she neared her orgasm. I hoped that she would cum harder than she had ever cum before. She rocked her hips far back, pulling her dick nearly out of my mouth. For an instant she simply froze with every muscle tensed. She was moaning and panting like a bitch in heat. I could tell that her orgasm was at hand. She suddenly thrust her hips viciously forward, jamming her cock into me as far as it could go, and she shuddered violently in the grip of a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Aaahhhhhh!" she screamed as she pressed her pubic mound against my face. I have to admit it; I enjoyed Mistress Amy's tremendous orgasm. I felt like I had a share in it. *That had to be her hardest orgasm ever!* I thought. *If she ever came harder than that, it would have registered as an earthquake!*

When her violent shuddering finally passed, Mistress Amy pulled her hips back from my face and her huge black dildo slipped out of my mouth. I was a little

disappointed that I did not feel greater physical relief when the thick piece of rubber was at last pulled from my throat. My throat couldn't even tell that it was gone. My throat and jaw were completely numb for many more minutes. After she came, Mistress Amy no longer seemed to know that I was even there. She said nothing to me. She didn't even look in my direction. She simply moved away into the darkness.

Tracy came up behind me and removed the handcuffs. A moment later, Lauren came up in front of me. "Look at me," she said. Panting slightly and trembling with fatigue, I slowly looked up at Lauren's face. She put her bare right hand on the left side of my face again. My cock had remained soft while Amy raped my mouth. The feeling of Lauren's skin against mine immediately made it swell and it jumped up toward her. She smiled and softly said, "Good job, Spot."

Mistress Amy had used me harshly, but Lauren gave me instant peace. I was rapidly becoming more and more devoted to Lauren. Her soft words and gentle touch did it to me again. I sighed deeply, and my body shook with a strong shudder. Tears immediately filled my eyes and started streaming down my cheeks. For me, being appreciated by Lauren was simply the best. It made all the other things seem unimportant.

"Rest a bit," Lauren softly continued. "You may lie down if you want to." I was very tired. Gratefully, I lay down on my side. Lauren disappeared into the darkness for a moment, then came back and placed my kneeling cushion under my head. The dim red light was turned off and chamber 4 was again in total darkness.

After a few minutes (*Not enough time for a decent rest!* I thought), another dim red light was turned on over a different part of the room. "Get up on your hands and knees now, Spot, and pick up your cushion," ordered Lauren from the darkness. Easy stuff. If she had asked me to flap my arms and fly around the room, I would have tried my best to do it for her. "Crawl to the red light to please Mistress Tracy."

I carefully glanced toward the red light. Tracy was under the red light, resting on the low futon. She was facing me. As I had done before, I started slowly crawling toward the red light.



### Chapter 3: They Sort of Do Me

I felt so tired; I trembled as I slowly crawled toward Tracy. At least I could crawl normally since she had removed the leg clamps. It was less tiring than the peculiar crawling that I had to do when the leg clamps were on. Without obviously looking up at her, I was able to see that Tracy was indeed reclining on the same low futon that Mistress Shannon had used. She was covered from just under her chin to the bottoms of her feet with a large red shawl. There was a low, one-step footstool in front of the futon.

When I reached the edge of the red light, Lauren told me to drop my kneeling cushion. As I continued to crawl forward, I expected the center leash to be pulled back to signal me to stop. I began to feel nervous. The center leash was not pulled and I was getting pretty close to Tracy. *Why am I not being told to stop? I can't stop without being told. Can I?* I was starting to be really concerned. *Where are my damn instructions?*

Finally, though I felt really nervous about doing anything that I had not been specifically ordered to do, I stopped. I had to stop even though it probably meant being punished again. I was only two feet from the little footstool, which was about two feet from Tracy's legs. I remained motionless with my head bowed low, fully expecting to be punished for stopping without being ordered to.

In a few moments, Tracy spoke. "What is it you wish, Spot?"

After a brief hesitation, I answered, "Please, Mistress, may I approach to please you?" I guess stopping without a signal was the right thing to do. Maybe the signal that I was given before, when I was crawling toward Mistress Shannon, was supposed to be enough. Now, I was expected to behave in the same way without the need for another signal. I guess. I wasn't sure about anything in chamber 4.

Tracy suddenly pulled off the red shawl and stood up. "Look at me, Spot," she said. I raised my head and gasped loudly. I couldn't help gasping. She was wearing only a red bustier, red fingerless gloves, and a spectacular pair of red pumps with four or five inch spiked heels. Her red bustier and red shoes seemed to shine with a light of their own. They glowed and glittered far more brightly than anything else under the dim red

light.

But it was not how she was dressed that made me gasp. It was her incredible body. Her perfectly formed 38C breasts were fully exposed and were pushed up slightly by the top of the bustier. The nipples seemed to glow with a red fire, just like the bustier and shoes. Her thick pubic hair was a light blonde color, and the thin, delicate outer lips of her cunt were clearly visible between her slightly parted legs. Her legs were magnificent. Long, firm, and beautifully sculpted. After a couple of minutes (I think Tracy liked the way I was looking at her, so she let me do it for a while.) she said, "Look at my pretty shoes, Spot. Do you like my pretty shoes?"

I knew, of course, what to say. "Yes, Mistress, I like them very much."

"Would you like to please my pretty shoes?"

*My god!* I thought. *She's going to tell me to do her shoes!* I didn't feel enthusiastic about the idea. How could it be fun to kiss and lick a woman's shoe? But I answered, "Yes, Mistress, please."

She took two small steps toward me, then sl-o-w-ly turned around in a complete circle. She was teasing me with her body and I loved it. I forgot all about being tired. I started panting with lust. My cock was hard as steel as Tracy let me stare at her tits and pussy, then her high, firm ass, then her tits and pussy again. If she had started turning around a second time, I might have jumped up, grabbed her, and raped her. But she didn't. She took two steps backwards and sat down on the futon. Then she put her right foot up on the footstool. "Eyes down, Spot. Crawl up beside the footstool, and then kneel with your hands behind your back," she ordered.

I complied, kneeling beside the footstool with my eyes lowered and my hands behind my back. Lauren came up behind me and snapped the handcuffs onto my wrists again. Then she reached around my waist and took off the cock ring and, surprisingly, she opened the padlock and removed the electrified belt. "You will still obey. Won't you, Spot?" she asked.

I felt kind of funny to suddenly not be wearing that control belt any more. But I didn't think that taking it off changed anything. "Yes, Mistress. Thank you," I replied.

"You must please my pretty shoe with only your mouth," Tracy said. "You may begin now."

I leaned down to kiss her shoe. Fortunately, one of the adult stories that I remembered reading was about a dominatrix who had her male sub kiss, lick, and suck her thigh high boots. I remembered that the dominatrix wanted him to turn his head so she could see his lips and tongue at work. I turned my head to the side so Tracy could easily see my mouth. Then, with my lips extended out in an exaggerated way, I kissed the outside of her shiny red shoe.

"Wait a minute!" said Tracy. I came to an upright kneeling position with my eyes lowered. "Spot, have you ever kissed and licked a woman's pretty shoe before?"

"No, Mistress," I answered.

"Then how is it that you already know the right way to do it?"

"I once read an erotic adult story, Mistress, that described how it should be done."

"Spot!" she playfully scolded. "I didn't realize that you are the kind of horny dog who reads stories like that! Did you whack yourself off when you read that story?"

"No, Mistress."

"Why not? Didn't reading that story turn you on?"

"Not the boot licking part of it, Mistress."

"Oh," she laughed. "For some men, boot pleasing is not nearly as exciting as shoe pleasing. I like to wear my boots sometimes. But boots aren't pretty and they cover too much. You will be turned on by pleasing my pretty shoe. Won't you, Spot?"

Again, I knew what I had to say. "Yes, Mistress, I will be *very* turned on by pleasing your pretty shoe," I lied. At least I thought I was lying.

"Continue. And let me see and hear how turned on you get."

I leaned down, turned my head to the side, and kissed the outside of her shoe again. Then I stuck my tongue out a little and slowly dragged it along the outside of the shoe, licking back and forth as I went, toward the toe. *God, this is so nasty!* I thought. *She wants me to give up my last bit of dignity for her pleasure. And I'm fucking doing it!* I was surprised. Doing her shoe was turning me on. It was so degrading and so nasty, and I

was so very close to her beautiful leg and other parts. It was deliciously exciting.

I began to get into it more and more. Tracy saw that I was enjoying it and that turned her on. We started feeding on each other's excitement. She gasped in response to my moan. I groaned in response to her sigh. It was definitely fun. When I reached the toe I scooted around on my knees, keeping my tongue pressed against the shoe the whole time, and licked up onto the top of the toe. The shiny red leather covered only the ends of her toes. I licked down off the leather and pressed my hot, wet tongue against the cracks between her toes. Tracy gasped and pulled her foot away from me. I thought I had made her angry. I slumped down a little and bowed my head down low. After a moment, Tracy simply said, "Not yet," and put her foot back in place on the footstool.

I pressed my lips against the leather over the ends of her toes and loudly kissed it. Then I extended my tongue and licked down to the inside edge of the shoe. I licked back and forth, back and forth, as I worked my way toward the heel. Tracy started giving me little directions. "Please that part again," or, "now a little more to the front." Things like that. Then she said, "Now let me hear you please the sole."

She was going to make it nastier and nastier for me. I loved it. She pointed her toe upward and rested the back of the shoe on the footstool. I pressed my lips against the sole of the shoe, giving it a loud smack. Then I stuck out my tongue and licked back and forth across the sole, slurping as loudly as I could. Tracy moaned softly and her right leg trembled. After I had worked on the sole for a few minutes, she said, "Now, the heel." She raised her foot so the heel was two or three inches above the footstool.

I turned my head fully to the side and rested my right cheek on the footstool. I took the tip of the spiked heel between my lips and sucked on it loudly. I started slowly pressing forward, sucking and slurping the whole time, swallowing more and more of the heel. I felt a surprisingly strong urge to gag when the heel started going into my throat, but I was able to bring it under control. I took the heel into my face as far as it could go and sucked on the whole thing for a few moments.

"Now take my pretty shoe off, Spot," ordered Tracy.

I slowly pulled my mouth off the heel, sucking frequently as it emerged from my face. I stiffened my tongue as much as I could and tried to push the shoe off. It didn't work. The shoe was on too tight. My tongue wasn't strong enough. Realizing that I wouldn't be able to get it off with just my tongue, I lifted my tongue out of the way and pressed my lower front teeth against the top edge of the shoe. This time when I pushed down it worked. The heel of the shoe slipped off of Tracy's foot. I scooted around on my knees until I was facing away from the futon. I stuck my tongue into the shoe between the shiny red leather and Tracy's toes. I lifted the shoe completely off her foot. With the shoe carefully balanced on my tongue, I leaned down and set Tracy's pretty shoe on the floor between the footstool and the futon.

Tracy put her bare foot on the footstool, with her toes pointed upward. I scooted around the footstool so that I was again facing the futon. I leaned down, turned my head so that she could see, and pressed my lips against the outside of her foot. Then I started working on her foot just as I had done with her shoe, licking back and forth, back and forth, working my way along the outside of her foot to her toes. Did I already mention how degrading and nasty it was, and how I loved doing it? I was surprised by how much I had enjoyed doing Tracy's shoe. But I could already tell that I would enjoy doing her foot very much more.

I carefully licked the top of each toe, then stuck the tip of my tongue down into the cracks between her toes. I sucked each toe individually into my mouth, and sucked and licked on each one. Then I took the whole end of her foot into my mouth and sucked hard on all her toes at the same time. Suddenly, she pulled her foot out of my mouth and said, "Lay down on the mattress, Spot, on your back."

I had concentrated so much attention on Tracy's shoe and foot that I hadn't noticed Lauren putting the narrow foam mattress onto the floor behind me. I was confused for a moment. But when I looked back and saw the mattress, I complied with Tracy's instructions. To make it a little more comfortable I had to bend my arms up to get the handcuffs into the small of my back. My stiff cock lay down against my groin.

Tracy slipped her foot, still shining with a coating of my spit, back into her pretty

shoe and stood up. She walked to the mattress and stepped across my waist with her right foot. She quickly sat down on my belly and lay down onto me. She scooted her body down a little, catching the end of my stiff cock in her crack and pulling it straight up. I felt the shaft of my rigid cock pressing against the slit between her pussy lips. Her hot juices flowed out between her lips to coat the shaft of my cock. *Put it in! God, put it in!* I begged with my eyes. *Let's fuck each other's brains out!* But Tracy didn't look at my eyes. And she didn't put it in.

Instead, she pressed her mouth to mine. She alternately fed me her tongue and feasted on my tongue, as she pumped her ass up and down to rub her cunt lips along the shaft of my cock. She moaned into my mouth, and I moaned into hers. The way her hot nectar was pouring onto my cock, she must have been almost as excited as I was. She sat upright across my belly with her knees pressed against the floor on each side of me. She scooted higher and higher up my body. When her cunt was almost up to my chin, she stood up.

My view was—extraordinary. I looked at her with deep appreciation, starting at the red pump on her left foot. I hadn't tasted that one yet, but it looked just as good as the shoe on her right foot. Then I looked up along her shapely left calf to her left knee, up the inside of her magnificent left thigh. As my gaze approached the top of her leg, I saw that there was a thin stream of her hot juices running from her cunt down along the inside of her right leg. Her cunt lips had looked thin and delicate before, but now they looked hot and swollen and delicious.

Tracy moved up a little and quickly squatted over my face. She pressed her juicy cunt directly down onto my mouth. She moaned and I groaned when her cunt lips pressed against my face lips. I kissed her cunt and sucked eagerly, pulling her lips into my mouth, along with a mouthful of her sweet juices. Tracy shuddered and almost fell off her pretty red shoes onto my face. I pulled my head back a little, pressing it hard into the foam mattress, and stuck my tongue out as far as it would go. I moved it down to just in front of her asshole and licked hard all the way along her crack. Her juices poured down my tongue and into my mouth. There was so much that I pulled my

tongue back into my mouth and swallowed. Tracy started rubbing her cunt up and down over my face. She rubbed and rubbed, until my face was covered with her nectar. It was great.

Then she positioned her cunt an inch over my lips. "Tongue! *Now!*" she groaned. I stuck my tongue out as far as I could and stiffened it. It was sticking straight out from my face. Tracy lowered herself down, taking my stiffened tongue directly into her pussy. Our excited moans filled the room. I unconsciously pumped my hips up and down, in my mind thrusting my steel-hard cock into her steaming pussy.

I had never felt anything like this. Her throbbing pussy was squeezing my tongue again and again. She rose up a little, and then thrust her pussy back down over my tongue. Again. Then again. Slowly getting faster and faster. Tracy was riding my tongue like a woman rides a man's cock. My mouth was filling with her juices, but I knew better than to pull back my tongue to swallow this time. I just let her cream fill my mouth until it started leaking out over the side, running down my cheek in a little stream.

I was getting a little tired, but I loved what Tracy was doing. I strained to keep my tongue out as far, and as stiff, as possible. She didn't want me to do anything except what I was already doing. She discovered that when she pressed all the way down onto my tongue, my mouth and nose were both covered. I couldn't breathe until she rose back up a little. She started pausing on the down stroke, waiting for me to start squirming in a quest for air. When I had squirmed to her satisfaction, she would rise up on my tongue again and I would gasp for air. She moaned in response to my gasps. It was a little hard to go without air until she was satisfied, but I loved what she was doing.

Then she stopped pausing on the down strokes. She was going up and down on my tongue fast. There were no more games. She was fucking my brains out on my tongue! "OOOHHHH! SHiitt!" she suddenly groaned as her orgasm hit with full force. She pressed down onto my tongue and her whole body shuddered violently. The walls of her pussy squeezed down tightly onto my tongue, and her outer lips spasmed against

my chin, as she flooded my tongue and face with her sweet cum. For a while, I couldn't breathe at all. But I didn't care. She was awesome.

When her strongest spasms passed, I pulled my tongue out of her and gasped a lungful of air. She pressed her cunt down against my cheek. We stayed like that for several minutes, panting and slowly recovering. She got off my face and told me to roll over onto my belly. She removed the handcuffs again. "Crawl to the mattress and lay down on your back spread-eagled," she ordered. A brighter red light was turned on, illuminating a larger part of chamber 4. I saw that Tracy and I were about twenty feet from a large mattress surrounded by metal loops and rings, which were embedded in the floor.

When I was lying spread-eagled on my back, Lauren tied my wrists to metal rings near the top of the mattress. Tracy tied my ankles to similar rings near the bottom. Tracy (on my right side) and Lauren (on my left side) started kissing and licking my naked flesh everywhere. I groaned and pulled against my restraints. I twisted my body back and forth a little as they pressed their hot lips and tongues against my skin. But I couldn't really move. Their kissing, licking, and sucking was delicious, exciting torture that had me panting for more. They covered my hairy legs, my balls, my cock, and much more, with their spit. Lauren slowly slurped her way up from my waist to my left nipple. She licked a few slow circles around it, sucked it into her mouth. She suddenly bit *hard* into it.

"OOWWWW! Fuck!" I screamed at the sudden, sharp pain, and I jerked hard against my hand restraints.

Lauren smirked at my useless effort to break my hands free. I couldn't even move my hands, let alone hope to free them. "Awwwww!" she mocked me. "Is poor itty bitty dicky Spotty-wotty all tied uppy-wuppy?" or some goofy shit like that. She slowly leaned down, watching me as I watched her, and bit my nipple again. But this time, she bit gently. She was just showing me that she could chew the hell out of me if she wanted to. God, it was exciting to be completely at her mercy like that! I did hope that she wasn't going to chew the hell out of me though.

Lauren stood up beside the mattress and looked down at me for a few moments, enjoying my helplessness. She slowly removed the remaining parts of her dominatrix costume. Her body, though smaller than Tracy's, was every bit as beautiful. The smooth skin under her firm breasts angled down to a tiny waist and curved out over her smoothly rounded hips. Her thick, brown pubic hair was neatly shaved into an arrowhead shape, pointing down to her cunt lips. When she was totally naked, she laid down on top of me. The top of her head was just under my nose. Her tits were pressed against my chest. Her firm nipples felt sooo hot against my skin. My erect cock was trapped between her pubis and my groin. For a while, she rubbed her body back and forth and up and down over mine. Then she moved up and pressed her left tit against my lips.

I had been imagining this and wanting it, ever since I first saw Lauren in her blue evening gown. I moaned loudly. I kissed hard against her soft tit. I opened my lips just enough to suck hard on the erect nipple and aureole. Then it was her turn. She moaned loudly and pressed her tit harder into my face. I opened my mouth a little further and sucked in a bit of the soft tit flesh around the aureole. Then more. And again. Until my mouth was opened as far as I could get it and was filled with as much of her left tit as I could suck into it. I sucked and slurped. Then she pulled back until her nipple was just over my lips. I licked all around her nipple and breast until my tongue began to get tired.

She rose up a little more and pressed her tits together with her hands. I licked all over her left breast again, and then quickly moved to her right breast. I pressed my tongue hard against her right nipple. I licked from the bottom of her right tit to the top. I sucked the nipple back and forth, in and out of my mouth. I was in sexual ecstasy. She liked it too. We continued for many minutes, moaning, panting, and pressing our naked flesh tightly together.

She moved down a little and reached to my groin for my cock. But it wasn't there any more. As I sucked and slurped her tits, getting more and more excited, my cock had engorged with so much blood that it was sticking straight up. Lauren was surprised

when she didn't find my cock against my groin, but she smiled when she realized where it was. She moved her ass back and forth a little until she caught the shaft of my prick between her cunt lips. I felt her hot lips throbbing against my cock, and her cream poured out over my cock and balls. *Put it in! God, put it in!* I begged with my eyes. *Let's fuck each other's brains out! Please!* But Lauren didn't look at my eyes. And she didn't put it in.

Instead, she pressed her face against my chest and moaned deeply. She started pumping her ass up and down, dragging her lips sweetly along the shaft of my cock. She was jerking me off with her cunt lips! God, it was hot! Our moans got louder and louder, and her ass pumping got faster and faster. I had been damn hot before, especially with Tracy. But this time I had reached such an intense sexual peak, I expected to cum at any moment. Then suddenly she groaned, "Oooh goddddd. Jimmmmm!" She clutched me tightly and shuddered violently. As soon as the violent shuddering began, she stopped pumping up and down. My cock felt her cunt lips spasming against it, as hot cum flooded out over my cock shaft and balls. She was awesome, but I didn't cum. I was so hot and so close, but I didn't cum.

After Lauren recovered from her orgasm, she stood beside the mattress and looked down at me again. I was moaning constantly and unconsciously writhing back and forth on the mattress. I had never reached such a level of sexual excitement before. Normally, I would have cum long before reaching that kind of peak. But Lauren and Tracy had a special knack for getting me more and more excited without making me cum. I was still at that incredible peak, out of control. I guess my body wasn't going to let me have control again until after I actually came.

Tracy, now completely naked, came up beside Lauren. They both looked down at my pitiful, moaning, out-of-control form. "We better let him finish soon," said Lauren. "I've never seen a man so in need of sexual release."

"I haven't either," agreed Tracy. "Should we use some cold water again?"

"No," answered Lauren. "We'll have to be really careful with him, though, so he doesn't shoot too soon."

They both moved away from the mattress for a moment. Tracy came back first. She covered my head with the black hood and said, "You don't need to see any more." Then she released my wrists and ankles from their restraints.

"Stand up, Spot," ordered Lauren from right beside the mattress. I stood up. Lauren took my right hand, and Tracy took my left. "Come with us," said Lauren as they gently lead me forward. They pulled my hands out to the sides. And Lauren said, "Stop, Spot. There's something right in front of you now. Move forward carefully until you press against it. Then lean forward a little onto it." I moved forward carefully as they held my hands out to the sides, until something hard pressed against my belly, just above my navel. I leaned forward from my waist, laying my upper body onto a hard, padded surface. There seemed to be nothing there, though, from my waist down.

Lauren and Tracy tied me to the thing (whatever it was) with thick straps that went around my waist just over my navel, and around my chest just under my armpits. Then they pulled my hands down and tied them to the sides of the thing. Tracy told me to step up a little on each side of the thing and then tied my legs to it. I couldn't see myself, of course, but I knew that I must look damn funny: naked except for the black hood over my head, hugging some kind of thing tightly with my arms and legs, and tied securely to it. Maybe it was good that I couldn't see myself.

I knew that Lauren and Tracy were attending to me, but I couldn't tell which woman was doing which thing to me. They pushed my ass cheeks apart a little and added more restraints to my upper legs to hold them apart. Then I heard the sound of a spray can and felt something cold being sprayed all around my asshole. "We have to clear the way a little first," giggled Tracy. Then they started shaving off the hair around my asshole. Soon, they were satisfied that the way was clear enough, and they wiped my ass with a warm, moist cloth. Then I heard them moving away.

After a few moments, soft hands began to gently fondle my cock and balls. My stiff cock was throbbing and ready to shoot my load from the gentle touches. Soft hands began to caress my ass. Fingers gently traced my crack and pressed against my asshole. I felt something cool applied to the outside of my asshole. Soon, it started to heat up,

and the fingers started pressing it into my rectum. The fingers pressed deep and turned all around, applying the warming stuff to every part of my rectal tube. Inside my body, the stuff heated up even more than it did on the outside of my anus. It was getting hotter and hotter. My asshole and rectum felt like they were expanding, opening up, in response to the heat. A pleasant tingling and hypersensitivity to touch followed the opening feeling.

From the front, Lauren said, "Spot, this will be easier and more enjoyable for you if you relax your asshole."

From the front, Tracy asked, "Spot, have you ever had a cock up your ass before?"

*What?!* I thought. I was startled by the question. *What the hell do you mean before?* I jerked reflexively against my many restraints. I couldn't answer right away, but after a moment I said, "No, Mistress. Please, Mistress, I don't want to have anything up my ass."

"Maybe you really do, but you just don't know it yet," suggested Lauren. "Just relax and let yourself enjoy it. It will be much better for you if you don't try to fight it."

It was useless to protest further, and I knew it. But they wanted to hear no more from me, so they raised up the bottom edge of the hood, put a ball gag into my mouth, and clasped it behind my head. Then they lowered the hood down over the ball gag. *Shit. I can't see anything, I can't say anything, and I can hardly move. How am I supposed to have fun now?*

Hands started stroking my cock and ass again. Then a hot tongue pressed against the end of my dick. A moment later, another hot tongue pressed against my anus. I moaned, long and low, into the ball gag. The tongue in front swirled all around the head of my cock and licked firmly along the top of the shaft and all the way down to the base. It slurped wetly over each of my balls. The incredible feelings that the tongue was giving me raced through my dick, through my balls, through my whole body. When Lauren told me that there would be fun for me in chamber 4, this was the kind of thing that came into my lascivious mind. I pulled against the thing that I was securely tied to. A constant, low moan started rumbling in my throat. Yes, I was having fun now.

Intense, incredible, sexual fun.

While the tongue in front was giving my cock its special bath, the tongue in back was—doing things to my asshole. The feelings were totally new to me. The tongue licked across my bunghole, and then licked circles around it. It pressed against the hole. Then suddenly it popped into my rectum. “Gaahh!” I moaned into the ball gag. God, it was exciting! The tongue up my ass felt strange, but extremely exciting. I began to enjoy the sensations in my ass as much as I was enjoying the sensations on my cock.

Then the tongue pulled out of my ass. It was immediately replaced by a thick hardness pressing against my anus. “Gaahh!” I moaned again into the ball gag. I reflexively squeezed my asshole tightly closed, for which I was rewarded with a sudden, stinging blow to my right ass cheek. *Okay, okay! I give up!* I thought. I had already been given enough ass beatings. I slumped down a little against the thing and concentrated on relaxing my asshole. It was hard to concentrate just on my asshole, considering the incredible feelings that the mouth in front was giving my cock. My asshole loosened up enough to let the head of the fake dick slide into me. It hurt some, but not nearly as much as I expected it to.

Just as the fake dick penetrated my ass, the mouth in front swallowed the head of my cock. “Owwwww!” I groaned at the pain in back. “Aaahhhh!” I moaned at the pleasure in front. The hot mouth in front swallowed more and more of my cock as the fake dick was steadily pushed all the way into my ass. Just as I felt hips slap against my ass cheeks, letting me know that my virgin ass was being fucked with a strap-on cock, the hot mouth in front reached the base of my cock. My body started to tremble in rhythm with my moaning. I wasn’t cumming yet, but the intense sensations in front and back were almost too much for me. I was on an incredible sexual high, even higher than before.

My cock was expertly deep-throated, while my ass was being pumped faster and faster. Chamber 4 was filled with the lewd sounds of uninhibited, animalistic sex. There were loud slurping sounds as the mouth swallowed my cock again and again. There was the loud, rhythmic slapping of female flesh against my sweating ass cheeks, as my

bowels were sweetly pumped. And there was the loud moaning of a man (a very lucky man!) in sexual ecstasy. My bowels began to tingle urgently and to throb in rhythm with the pumping cock violating my ass so deliciously. Sweet pressure was building up in my cock. *Will they cum first and simply stop again, leaving me panting and wanting?* I wondered.

My wondering ended abruptly. The throbbing that gripped my bowels exploded into violent spasms. I was cumming hard in my ass. My bowels squeezed down tightly onto the strap-on dick, again and again. The first spasm in my bowels spread through my body to my cock, triggering spasms there. My first wad of cum blasted forcefully from the end of my cock. The mouth recoiled slightly from the impact of my man-goo, and I heard a deep, muffled, feminine moan. There were more moans, and the sounds of slurping and swallowing as more and more goo shot from my cock. I closed my eyes tightly under the hood as my whole body shuddered violently. I came harder, longer, and much wetter than I had ever cum before.

When the spasms in my ass finally ended, and when my balls had been pumped completely dry, I collapsed, trembling and panting, onto the thing. I was totally spent. Totally satisfied. After a few moments, Lauren and Tracy came up near me, one on each side. They gently kissed my cheeks through the black hood. Then they moved away and left me alone in chamber 4.

## Afterword

A little while later, I felt a thick bathrobe being laid across my back and over each of my shoulders. The hood was pulled off of my head and the ball gag was removed from my mouth. A dim white light filled chamber 4. It gradually got brighter until the whole room was lit normally. An unfamiliar woman, wearing a long white nurse's uniform, was attending to me.

"Hi," she said when I looked at her. "My name is Jennifer. I hope the ladies didn't hurt you last night, Mr. Miller."

Now I knew that my ladies' night visit to chamber 4 was really over. I was back in the other reality, the one where I was Mr. James Miller. "Call me Sp . . . Jim," I said. *Shit! I almost asked her to call me Spot!* "No, I'm okay."

Jennifer continued, "Our female members are really nice ladies who wouldn't intentionally hurt anyone. But sometimes a few of them do get carried away. We have two staff physicians, one lady and one man. Either of them would be glad to see you if you'd like to talk to one of them."

"No," I answered. "I don't need to see a doctor."

"Good," she said as she worked on the restraints to release me from the thing. I could now see that it was a heavy metal frame that was bolted to the floor. The adjustable legs left plenty of room for one of my mistresses to be in front, deep throating my cock, while the other was pumping my ass from behind. "I'm glad to hear that you weren't hurt," Jennifer said. When she freed my arms, I slipped them into the sleeves of the bathrobe. "And I hope you enjoyed yourself last night," she continued. The last restraint was untied, and I was free. I stepped back from the metal frame and tied the robe closed in front.

"Your clothes and personal belongings were taken to the shower room over there." She pointed out an open doorway leading into the shower room. "You're welcome to shower before getting dressed. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Logan have already showered and dressed. They're waiting for you now, with their husbands, out front. The other

two ladies left sometime during the night.” I just nodded and smiled weakly at her. She continued, “In about a week, you’ll be getting some items from Club Spartacus in the mail. There’s a questionnaire about each of the ladies you were with last night, and about what they each did to you. There’s also an application form and an invitation for you to apply for regular membership in the club, if you’d like. Do you live in town, Mr. Mill . . . uh, I mean, Jim?”

I answered slowly. “No. But my personal financial situation has recently improved quite a bit. I guess I could afford to move here if I wanted to. What if I just rent an apartment at Club Spartacus and stay here all the time?”

Jennifer laughed. “Good. I guess you really aren’t hurt and you enjoyed yourself last night. Unfortunately, we can’t offer you an apartment here. But we’d love to have you join our club and visit whenever you can. If you need anything more from our staff today, just pick up the intercom phone by the shower room door. Someone will answer right away, and we’d be happy to assist you in any way that we can. I hope to see you again at Club Spartacus, Sp . . . Jim.” She smiled a knowing smile and left.

As I showered, I thought about all that had happened in chamber 4. Strangely, I could hardly even remember the bad parts now. I vaguely remembered being given a vicious electric shock and being orally raped, but now it almost seemed like it happened to someone else. What I really remembered—vividly—was the last two hours with Lauren and Tracy. I knew that I would gladly take that shock again (Hell! I’d gladly take it ten times over!) for the chance to re-live those last two hours. I knew that Lauren and Tracy had given me the most exciting, the most enlightening, and the most intense, sexual experience of my life. I was completely drained and completely satisfied.

I had learned things about sex, and especially about my own sexuality, that I might have never found out if I hadn’t gone into chamber 4. One thing did bother me, though. After what happened last night, I was afraid that the rest of my sex life might be dull and boring by comparison. I knew it wouldn’t be easy, but I made a promise to myself to keep the same sort of fire that had consumed me so completely last night in my future sex life.

As I dressed, I thought about how my new friends behaved last night. Several times during the evening – at Al’s house, on the way to the club, during dinner – they seemed to be laughing at some sort of joke that they were unwilling to share with me. Now I understood. I *was* the joke. They could have told me in advance what to expect at Club Spartacus, but they chose not to. They’d enjoyed my innocence. They’d enjoyed leading the lamb (me!) to slaughter, so to speak.

Well, if they had some laughs at my expense before, maybe I could have some laughs at their expense now. They couldn’t be really certain how I would feel about some of the things that had been done to me in chamber 4. Especially things like that shock. I decided that I would pretend to be angry about those things. Maybe I could make them squirm a little, make them feel guilty about leading this lamb to slaughter! Then, after I had enjoyed watching them squirm for a while, maybe I’d tell them how much I loved my visit to chamber 4. Maybe I’d even admit that I intended to visit Club Spartacus again on Friday night as soon as I could.

I saw them all waiting for me in the member’s lounge. Perfect. Lauren and Tracy were back in their pretty evening gowns. I smiled to myself as I thought about my plan to make them squirm. I had to concentrate to keep from smiling on the outside and to lock my face into an angry frown. As I walked toward them, my plan seemed to be working. Lauren and Tracy, especially, seemed to get increasingly nervous as I neared their table. Before I reached the table, Lauren stood in front of me, blocking my last two or three steps.

“Jim,” she said, “I hope you can forgive me for giving you that awful shock. The club management says that we have to do it to first timers to break them in right.” She had a delicious look of nervousness on her face, and there seemed to be a slight tremble in her voice. *Ha, Ha!* I thought. *Now who’s afraid, my sweet mistress?* My pretend frown was working. She thought I was really mad at her!

“And maybe we shouldn’t have just let . . . let Amy hurt you that way. She’s been on probation for doing things like that to the subs. After what she did . . . did to you last night, I’m sure her club membership will be canceled.” She was starting to have

increasing trouble speaking. She kept her eyes lowered as if afraid to look at me, and she started to shuffle her feet slightly, like a little girl who had been sent to the principal's office. *Rats! I didn't count on this!* Her rapidly growing discomfort was starting to make me feel little sorry for her.

She continued, "I . . . We hope . . ." Her voice broke. She was still looking down at the ground and shuffling her feet. She was so apologetic. *Damn! Maybe my plan is working too well. Make her squirm a little, okay, but I didn't want to make her feel this bad!* ". . . that you finally did enjoy . . . enjoy . . ." Her voice broke again. She sighed and her lips trembled. ". . . something that we did to you last . . . last night."

*Shit! Enough!*

I reached out and took her right hand with my left hand and dropped to my knees in front of her. I raised her hand and pressed it against the side of my face. With my eyes properly lowered I said, "Please, Mistress, use my right name." I looked up at her face. "I am Spot, happy and devoted slave to my wonderful mistresses, Tracy and Lauren." Then I finally smiled at her.

She was startled. At first, she seemed confused by the sudden change in my expression and demeanor. Then, for a moment, she seemed kind of grim as she thought about it. Then she whispered, "You sweet *bastard!*" as she wrapped her arms around my head and hugged my face tightly to her bosom. Just before I lost sight of her face, though, I saw a warm smile rapidly appearing there. And this time it was *her* eyes that were starting to shine with newly forming tears!



## More BDSM stories at Ellora's Cave:



**Ellora's Cave**

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)