

Genesis

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PART 1

He wasn't sure how long he had been standing there. Time seemed frozen as he felt her circle him, her eyes working up and down his tall frame and resting intermittently on various parts of his body. Although she never touched him, she stroked and patted him with her stare. At least that's what he felt. That's what he **knew** lay in store for him.

The order had arrived with clear instructions: what time to show up, through which door to enter, how to present himself and what to wear. In fact, he was pleasantly surprised with the fastidious details included in the e-mail. Because this was his first time, he appreciated every particular she included. Every e-mail was addressed the same: William Charles. Somehow, she had learned his name, yet her knowledge didn't frighten him; instead, it filled him with a sense of safety.

When she spoke to him electronically, she always referred to him as William. He never corrected her and never imagined informing her that his family called him something else. No, this is what **she** called him and that would do just fine. He would be William from now on.

He called her, "Ma'am." That's what she told him to use as her address. No "Mistress." No "Goddess." Nothing but "Ma'am." He had typed "Ma'am" so many times in the past many months that he came to consider it her first name. And her last name. That's the entirety of what she was to him: Ma'am.

Days are ordinary, most of the time. Not today. Today's morning was filled with bathing, shaving, checking and re-checking, stopping the mail and newspaper, kenneling the dog, dressing in the required, provided clothing, locking the deadbolts, and waiting outside. Waiting for the journey to the next portion of his life. Not a morning... it was a genesis. He would become something new, better, greater and more fulfilled than before. At least that's what he kept telling himself. The sun beat down pleasantly on his carefully combed hair as he waited outside for his ride to arrive. The e-mail, a printed copy of which he held tightly in his hand, had been painfully clear: stand at the street and you will know when I arrive to collect you.

Waiting on the sidewalk by the street wasn't much of a problem, yet the outfit she had selected for him made the wait a little uncomfortable. The directions told him a small box would arrive and that he was to dress in the clothing it contained. Nothing else. That point was made in capital letters, so he paid careful attention to it. Nothing else. He almost tore it from the FedEx guy's hands. Never glancing at the return address, he ripped into it with fervor.

The contents were almost disappointing. He assumed there would be some sort of g-string or sexy underwear yet the only components of the selected ensemble were flimsy cotton drawstring pants and a loose matching cotton overshirt. It was certainly a little too cool outside for that summery an outfit, but he read the e-mail one more time and figured that when she said, "only what is in the box," she meant *only!* As he stood by the street and the springtime sun shone to warm him, the light breeze picked up and whistled completely through the somewhat sheer fabric.

Damn, he thought, anyone walking by could see right through it. He waited as the sun shone and the brisk wind tantalized his skin with alternating warmth and coolness. Smiling at his exercising neighbors, William tried not to reflect on his nakedness or his rather unusual outfit. They returned his smile, and when they passed, turned their heads toward one another to remark on the odd outline under his shirt and pants. Not too many of them recalled seeing him outside much. He was a sort of loner, they concluded, and was happier talking to his computer than he was conversing with them.

The sun dipped slightly as the hour wore on. Standing less and less comfortably in the sheer cotton fabric and the slip-on sandals on the pavement, the shadow of doubt began to intrude into his brain. What the hell was he doing?

The answers, contained clearly and dutifully in the now-sweat-stained e-mail in his right hand, were worth repeating, almost aloud. He found comfort in her words.

"William, you will falter and hesitate. You will believe that this is a dream. Or a nightmare. You will begin to think that I am not coming to collect you as promised. You will doubt." Her words tore into him. That's exactly how he felt.

Yet she assuaged his conflicting feelings. "Stand tall. Stand proud. I will be there, as I promised, and will take you with me. Trust me. I won't let you down."

He had been surprised that he *did* trust her words. After all, they had never met; their only conversation had been through e-mail and voice phone. But there was something inside her voice, under her words, beneath the promises and phrases that made him believe in her. He couldn't explain it. If he could make any sense out of it, he would never be standing on the street, almost naked, and now, feeling very very chilly.

Her mail predicted his fear.

"I imagine you are clinging timorously to my words, William, for they are all you have of me. Hold onto my promises, and I will make your desires come true."

Those words warmed his heart. Only his ass was cold. His once stiff penis was now as limp as the rose bush whose infant branches were attempting to emerge and perform their seasonal duty. Feeling his shoulders slump, he considered returning to the house and

admitting that he had been victim to a cruel, but clever trap. The sun dipped a little more and its rays cut a gruesome line across the horizon.

He turned to walk up the driveway and felt defeat wash over him. The shadow overtook him before he managed two complete steps. He saw the huge semi slow down and park literally at his feet. Its enormous length covered not only his own driveway, but most of his front yard. Odd, he thought, there were no markings on the truck's trailer.

As he stared at the mammoth truck, he felt warm. The uncomfortable chilliness was evacuated and replaced by a peculiar sentiment that he could describe merely as relief. Its silver sides naked except for ICC numbers, the truck groaned to a complete stop. After several silent moments, a small rear door opened. Unseen hands lowered a small set of steps and without equivocation or vacillation, he climbed them toward what she promised would be his new beginning.

He entered blackness, and the door behind him slammed shut. His ears heard a bolt slide into place. His eyes saw nothing. His skin, although warm, felt nothing. Darkness surrounded him and warmth overtook him. As if in a cocoon, he felt the need to shed his life and discover a new one. That had been her promise: a new life was his for the taking. He would have to *choose* to take it, but it was there, like a brass ring, his for the taking.

Desperate to reach out for the golden ring he visualized, he had to force his arm down, next to his side. He had no instructions to read in the darkness, no voice to comfort him, no reality to fall back into, no idea of what he was expected to do next. He hadn't counted on this. He expected her to lead him every step of his way toward a new life. Hold his hand.

He heard his name.

Are you "William?" the unseen female voice asked.

The spotlights seemed on a single switch as their brilliance obstructed his eyes and clouded his sight. The suddenness of their glare dazzled him and he raised his arms instinctively to shield himself from their onslaught. What had been night was transformed into daylight and for a moment, he wasn't sure what day - - or time - - it was.

Inch by inch, millimeter by millimeter, he regained some of his visual acuity and searched the tiny cubicle for any hint of his promise-keeper. Stretching his arms wide, he felt the tiny room's walls and low ceiling. Had she chosen to enter this stall with him, they wouldn't have had room to breathe. He knew he was alone; he felt the loneliness all around him.

He managed one syllable through his fear. "Yes," he replied and immediately felt more foolish than he ever had before in his life.

Then her voice filled his ears. And his heart.

"Welcome William," her throaty whisper greeted him, "I'm glad you were waiting for me. I promised you that I would arrive. I always keep my promises."

PART 2

His heart felt her voice and his nostrils tried to fill themselves with her absent aroma. The warmth was almost overpowering. He felt like dropping to his knees from the sheer power of her words.

"Strip!" her voice ordered.

"NOW!" the voice added, almost evilly. Almost. He wasn't sure **what** he heard in her new voice. He knew what he did **not** hear: his name.

The orders flew in bundles.

"Clothing: drop it in a pile. Shoes: in the corner. House key: in the wall box." The voice called out instructions like rapid-fire shots from a semi-automatic. Overpowered by his vulnerability and completely overtaken by his situation, he chose to follow the commands. Clothing: pile. Shoes: corner. Key: box.

He was naked. No money, I.D or house key. He had followed her orders to the letter. And she owned him. He had already given her his soul. She now staked out full claim on his body.

Without warning, the front panel of the small cubicle opened and spilled him into a somewhat larger and better-decorated common area. The cavernous center of the tractor trailer had been outfitted with one large upholstered chair and several straight-out-of-the-dungeon-books implements of torture. And bondage. As his eyes drank in the hooks, rope, X-beams, rack and horse, he saw other men emerging from what were apparently similar cubicles that surrounded the perimeter of the common room.

He wasn't alone.

Unsure whether to shout for joy or run for cover, he stood silently and took in his environment as well as his colleagues. Naked men, some of whom seemed desperate to cover their nude genitals with flat palms, teetered aimlessly while the big truck started its engines, shifted into first, and began moving. No one seemed to have any instructions nor were there any orders to follow. Having no direction, the men tried valiantly not to look at each other's nakedness, but each felt his eyes travel to every man's genitals and estimate their comparative embarrassment. It was as if he had no voice. He had given up his clothing, identity and house key. Now he had yielded his ability to communicate. All willingly. No one had forced him; no one had twisted his arm or attacked him or threatened him. He amazed himself at his compliance and failure to resist.

Each man seemed to grapple with that realization and each seemed humiliated and self-conscious that every other man knew it, too. Ashamed that they had given up so easily, they found comfort in each other's degradation.

From behind a curtain, she smiled.

With no pronouncement, she entered the common room and sat in the over-sized chair. As they stood, wobbling with the truck's turning and changing speeds, she crossed her legs and took in the nakedness that greeted her.

It was a lovely sight.

A silent finger twirled and male after male spun at her soundless command. Two fingers pointed upward and multiple pairs of hands reached for ceiling rings. Her two hands feathered apart and man after man shifted his legs wider and wider on the cold floor. She loved this part. And this group was relatively easy.

Clearing her throat almost daintily, she spoke to her guests. "Each of you is here to start a new life," she began, using the exact words that were contained in her careful and detailed e-mail. At least two men closed their eyes, as if to drink in her voice and find comfort in her words. "I promised you a new beginning. This is the start."

She sat silently and allowed her portentous offer sink into their brains. Man after man seemed to relax, seemed to feel her presence inside him, seemed to recognize that he was, after everything he had just experienced, in the right place. Their hands grasping the overhead rings with a fervor unmatched in their recent pasts, the men shrieked silently at her pronouncement.

One man groaned and she made a note on the clipboard. A second moaned. Another note was written. Yet all kept their tight hold on the overhead rings.

Silently, she smiled.

The truck headed dutifully north on the interstate and no one passing its lumbering hulk would have been able to imagine the naked and savage cargo it hauled toward what was certainly a new beginning for each of them.

The males were lowered to the floor and ushered back into their tiny cubicles. His arms aching from their ordeal, he tried to rub some feeling back into them, but was enjoined from doing so by one quick glance from the seated woman's unhappy eyes. Following the others, each returning to his own cell, William found himself back in the small cubicle he inhabited upon his arrival. His clothes and sandals were gone.

Once the door shut, William stood silently in his small holding cell and waited for instructions. For the longest time, there were none. Bitter, cold silence surrounded him, much like the sterile walls girded his naked body.

Then the speaker crackled. His ears drank it in, hoping for words of comfort or merely the sound of her voice to ease his aching arms once again. More static. His ears tried to make out words yet there were none. Another spell of silence followed and was interrupted by yet another round of garble from the invisible wall speaker.

Finally, he heard voices. Female voices. Unclear but definitely female, he struggled to listen to the words and make out any syllables he could interpret. The conversation was almost inaudible and undecipherable, so he rose to his tiptoes to press his ear closer to the recessed speaker. He managed bits of the discussion.

There were several female voices asking and answering questions. He heard her voice clearly. He knew her voice, even with the bad speaker.

"These six are interesting," she related, and he heard several females respond almost at once.

"Mine is skinny," one complained, and another added, "Mine is tall." Yet another voice observed, "Mine has stubble. I saw it," and voice after voice continued its apparent assessment of the males.

William wondered which one was talking about him.

Her voice interrupted them. "Monica, did you have the electrician here as I instructed?"

Whoever Monica was, William was sure he was hearing her voice answer. "Yes, Ma'am," was the immediate reply. "He was here twice, Monday and yesterday. He checked all the systems, including the speakers. The lights work much better now and he told me that the speakers were fixed, too."

"He TOLD you?" her voice demanded and William was sure he overheard a fair amount of sarcasm underlying the question.

There was no immediate response, yet in a few seconds he heard what he assumed were Monica's words. "Yes, Ma'am, he told me." William was certain he heard female voices snicker.

"Did you CHECK?" she demanded and there was no response. William waited, his body pressed against the cubicle's cold wall, his ear pointing upward toward what was apparently the telltale symptom of a broken speaker. He took advantage of his situation and continued his eavesdropping.

"No, Ma'am," were the only words he heard until a sound *crack* penetrated his brain. Someone had just been chastised. He assumed it was Monica.

A plea for mercy interrupted the silence as another *crack* filled the errant speaker in his cubicle. Apparently Monica was being disciplined for carelessness. William had no idea what the method of discipline was, yet he could almost feel the palatable sting of whatever implement greeted her body. Was it her ass? Was she being spanked? Beaten? Whipped? Flogged? His brain reeled at the possibilities and his body responded to his excitement. He was getting hard.

Pressing his body more firmly into the cubicle's wall, William smashed his penis into the coldness and then relaxed a bit, pressed again and relaxed. With his ear tuned to the voices in the next room, William humped the sterile wall and allowed his shaft to harden and fill. He heard more words.

"Unacceptable!" was followed by a third *crack* and "Follow my orders!" preceded yet one more. William felt his penis engorge and he was certain he had left a telltale trail of precome on the cubicle's bare wall. Yet he didn't care. Humping and eavesdropping, William continued his dance of pleasure.

PART 3

"Clips!" he heard clearly and then a loud moan and a plea for mercy. His penis continued to dance wildly against the wall and his ear seemed glued to the speaker.

It must have been Monica's voice that sounded both fearful and eager at the same time. "Oh, no! Please, no...." he heard clearly, "not clips... I can't take more... oh please, I won't do it again... oh no, please...." the voice trailed off.

Into silence.

Cursing his inability to see beyond the cubicle's bare wall, William pressed his flesh more tightly against it and forced his ear higher toward the obviously broken speaker. Her pleading seemed to have ceased and he was afraid that the speaker had somehow repaired itself. He wanted to hear more. What clips? What was Monica afraid of?

The woman's voice broke the silence, and William heaved a joyous sigh that he could overhear more of this fascinating discussion. His hairless penis was smashed between his body and wall, and he backed off for a moment before re-pressing himself into the hardness.

"Raise your breasts to me," the voice ordered, and William could only imagine the kneeling Monica, pleading and tearful, holding her breasts in some sort of offering. She probably held them high, he imagined, and his penis twitched at the thought.

Screams filled his ear and made the speakers crackle.

His mind winced at her obvious pain, but his penis was overjoyed at the sound of her torture. He backed off the wall slightly, then humped it again.

Another noise. The same voice. "Spread your knees," was the simple command.

William felt precome drip steadily from his penis and he gave into his delight. Humping more frantically against the wall, he was a picture of rhythm and motion.

"I do so enjoy the clit clip," the voice spoke and continued in a sort of running commentary. "I'm pleased with the craftsmanship, the quality and the sturdiness." The voice stopped for a moment and William assaulted the wall once again. There was more.

"See these tightening screws?" It seemed a question that did not require an answer. And none was given. "The adjustment levels are broad and can vary from loose to..." another moment of silence was followed with, "*very* tight." She was giving a lesson - - instruction - - to the kneeling women and Monica was the guinea pig for the demonstration.

A scream ensued. It had to be Monica. William's motion was frantic and his ears drank in every syllable of pain he overheard.

Whimpering. Crying. Heaving. He heard every ounce of her suffering and he delighted in her agony. His penis responded in a way that almost frightened him, but he overcame his fear and took active part in his frenzy. By now, he guessed, she was writhing on the floor.

He heard a muffled sound that was similar to the moan he felt rising from his own throat. The speaker crackled several more times before fading into almost silence but William's heavy shaft oozed glistening drops in a small circle on the cubicle's cold wall.

He didn't know how many minutes - - or hours - - it had been since he had returned to his cell, but William didn't think that time was going to matter very much to him today. He had no chores, no tasks, no to-dos on his list. At work, they knew he was taking vacation and couldn't be reached for two weeks and his family, what was left of them, never got in touch with him anyway so there was no reason to leave an emergency number with them. Her e-mail had included a phone number that she promised would be answered with some hotel's name, but he really had no one to send it to. Aside from the people at the office and barring an unforeseen glitch in the project, William doubted anyone would need him in the next two weeks.

What would happen after these 14 days would be another story.

That was one thing he especially liked about her program. The 14-day trial period seemed a good idea. If he didn't like her style, she emailed, he could leave at the end of two weeks. No one, and she repeated this several times, NO ONE would leave before then. It seemed reasonable to him.

His feet felt the vibration of the truck barreling down the highway, although by now, William had no idea which highway they were on or in which direction they were

heading. He knew only that HE was venturing onto a new path, and taking a new direction that would lead him toward something he had always wanted. Something new. Something exciting. Something...

The crackle from the wall speaker interrupted his daydream. Straining his ear toward the flat metal grill that covered the faulty electronics, William reached upward with his entire body to overhear whatever syllables he could detect through the static.

He wondered about Monica and then brushed that thought quickly from his mind.

"I saw one that was really well hung," a female voice offered, and William ran a memory check to determine just who that one was. Could it be him? Hopeful wishes ran through his mind as he listened harder.

"One's dick was so tiny, he could hide it with one hand!" a voice squeaked and the sound of female giggling pulled at his penis until he felt the physical strain all over his abdomen. "I mean, that dick was so puny that he doesn't have to tell a tailor which side he dresses on... the answer is NEITHER ONE!!" And great gales of laughter penetrated the errant speaker and filled William's ears with dread. Were they talking about him?

Almost frantic, he pulled his penis's tip from his body and extended it to its full length. Staring at it, he tried to measure it mentally. Six inches? Seven? Was *he* the puny penis they were giggling about in the other room? He wanted to shrivel up, to find his flimsy pants and cover himself to hide from the women's piercing stares. Feeling unworthy, William felt his penis wither until it seemed almost an internal organ. Only the cold did that to me, ordinarily. Now he learned that something else could cause that reaction, too.

Garbled noises ensued and the cowering man was unable to detect any meaningful conversation. Odd combinations of women's voices filled his cubicle and his brain. Tittering. Giggling. Smirking. Snickering. His precome ceased and he felt very alone.

A loud crackle woke him from his sea of self-pity.

Her voice. He heard it and recognized it immediately. Apparently, she had been out of the room and while she was away, the women gossiped. He wondered if they were still on their knees and if Monica still wore the painful clit clip that had been designed, he guessed, especially for her.

One word from her brought the women to immediate silence.

"Position," she declared.

Oh god, he thought, they're probably springing into some sort of subservient posture and he couldn't see any of it. Damn! He was so eager to witness the transformation from giggling schoolgirls to obedient slaves that he forgot who - - and where - - he was. The excitement overtook his senses. His penis responded before his brain engaged.

His ears filled with static, William cursed the wayward wall speaker for not providing him video as well as audio images. Forced to imagine when the aberrant speaker would not provide clear sound, he was forced to fill in parts of the women's conversation.

Snatches. He could manage only snatches of the conversation.

"... one too many..." "... one has to go..." "... we don't have enough staff for all of them..."
"... miscount... who was responsible for counting?" "... keep the well-hung one... get rid of the puny ..."

His ears bristled as he gazed at his own penis one more time. Would they get rid of him because he was so small? As his ears burned with shame, he overheard HER voice. Please, please, please, he pleaded with the inanimate speaker, don't fail now!

Crackling interspersed with her words.

"Obviously, we have only one solution," she began with authority, "and that is to eliminate one applicant. There's no point assigning blame now," he heard her voice drip with anger as she took the single syllable and elongated it into at least three, "we'll deal with *that* later."

William was absolutely sure he heard the kneeling women gasp. If *she* heard it, she didn't stop for it. Without missing a beat, she continued.

The speaker crackled yet again and he missed half of her directive. Cursing electronics, William raised himself even high and pressed his ear closer to the wall. He knew his ass was sweating and felt the droplets ease down his legs.

"... one too many so we'll get rid of ... we'll test ... adaptability ... flexibility ... who really wants to be here ... don't want to waste time ... get on with it ... right away ... no mercy, no compassion ... send one home ... waste of time and money ... will deal with the errant slave later ... " Her voice was angry and she spoke for at least five full minutes.

He listened carefully as she berated her slaves. After all, *she* called them slaves and he had no doubt that's what she considered them to be. So he would too. They were slaves. They were *her* slaves.

As if he had been struck in the face with a hard palm, William realized at that moment something that had not occurred to him until that very moment. He was her slave, too.

And she was going to test him. If he failed, he would be discharged. Dismissed. Sent away with not a second thought and certainly without compassion.

Anger rose like phlegm inside his throat and threatened to cascade from his lips. He didn't want to go home. He didn't want to be dismissed. He didn't want to be discharged.

He had waited too long for this opportunity and wasn't going to give it up without a fight. Even if his was the puniest penis in the truck, he could be everything else she wanted.

Flexible. Adaptable. Energetic. Eager. Those were the words he heard and that's what he would be for her. He could beomr the package she was looking for. And there was something else.

Thanks to the errant wall speaker, no one else knew they were going to be tested. He had the advantage.

Smirking, William pressed his pulsating penis against the cubicle's hard cold wall and humped with all his might. Stretching his limits, he spread his legs wide apart to show off how flexible he was. Turning quickly, he dropped his hands to the floor and rubbed his penis against the wall in long hard strokes to illustrate his adaptability. Splaying his asscheeks against the unyielding wall, he rammed himself into the cubicle to demonstrate his eagerness. He validated his talents to an empty audience.

Alone and unwatched, William displayed his talents to a crowd of invisible onlookers who judged him only in the facade that existed inside his own head.

Until he came. Long and hard, hot come shot from his penis and landed on the desolate tile floor. The warm juice oozed along the tile and the exhausted applicant watched the river run toward the wall. Suddenly, without a second thought, he wriggled toward his nectar, extended his tongue, and drank it in with delight. Remnants of his own fluids decorated his chin and cheeks.

"Pick me," he moaned, and fell on the cold tile. The truck rumbled silently down interstate highways, its naked cargo oblivious to their surroundings, and passers-by indifferent to its contents. He slept the fitful sleep of the troubled. He would awake to the ultimate test of his life.

PART 4 The soft rumble of the truck's wheels on the smooth interstate highway lulled the participants into an erratic sleep. Waking frequently, William had to remind himself where he was and in what sort of bare cubicle he was encased. Once, the cold tile floor against his cheek startled him; its coolness in stark dichotomy to his feverish body.

With no outside light, there was no determining what time it was. William believed it was morning, but he wasn't certain that when he fell asleep it had been night. Things happened fast at times, and at other times, plodded laboriously along in slow motion. How long had he pressed against the wall, humping vigorously and eavesdropping on private conversation among the women? Was it minutes? Hours?

His body slowly reacting to his brain's call to wake up, William rose from the cold floor and felt his way along the walls in the darkness. Which wall was he touching? Almost sheepishly, he felt for telltale stickiness of his own leftover juices. Finding none, he plodded around the tiny room's perimeter. The irony struck him: in the total darkness,

he'd never know when he had reached the beginning of his journey. He could replay the same path forever and never realize where he started.

If his bladder hadn't ached so deeply, he might have laughed. But laughing, he realized, would have brought the ultimate self-insult. He felt pathetic. Degraded.

As the minutes wore on and the humor of his ironic circumnavigating of the little room wore off, William began to fear the worst. Worrying that he had been abandoned, he began torturing himself with the agony of self-doubt.

"Why?" was the only word that echoed inside his brain.

"Why did I allow myself to get into this mess?" he moaned in a half whisper. "Why did I give up my house key?" was the unanswerable question that emerged in a pleading whine. "Why did I walk out empty-handed, almost naked and why did I trust this woman?" he quizzed himself ceaselessly as he paced the tiny cabin's limited floor space.

As he moaned and lamented, he felt his urge to pee increase, as if his unhappiness were directly proportional to his need to relieve himself. His entire existence intertwined with his desire to urinate and for the second time in just a few hours, he believed, his life and his penis had become one.

What she had written him was true, he admitted. He was really just a slave to his own penis.

His bladder's urgency increased and relief was nowhere in sight. Afraid that insisting on peeing might be seen as a weakness, and fearing that he would be dismissed from the group, William grasped the tip of his organ in his fist and squeezed it hard in a desperate attempt to quash his physical urge. Standing in the dark room holding his dick in his hand, William felt like a child, dependent on an unseen and frightening force, and he didn't know what to do.

How long did he stand there? Was it minutes? Hours? He felt his legs sway and his body rock in motion to his autonomic response to a bursting bladder. Knowing that allowing a single drop to expel would open the gates of a huge deluge, he fought against his own fervent need and squeezed his penis tip even harder.

Without warning, the slightest moan leaked out of his lips. He wasn't even certain that the noise came from his own throat, but he heard it. Too scared to move out of fear that a panel of judges had overheard him, William stifled his mouth with a flat palm as he continued to crush his penis with an unyielding fist.

In the other room, the women watched the monitors and laughed. Pointing to his obvious predicament, one woman cupped her naked breasts in her hands and rolled her nipples tightly between anxious fingers. "Oh, this gets me *hot!*" she exclaimed to no one in

particular. "Look!" she pointed out to the others, "watch him! He's going to do it... I know he is!"

"Nope, he won't break first," a sandy-haired female countered. "I think this one will." She pointed to another monitor that pictured yet another naked male grasping his penis and humping in a darkened room in a valiant attempt to keep himself from peeing all over the floor.

Yet another woman whose bare asscheeks glistened under the warm lighting disputed her conclusion. "I've got one in room three who looks like he's not going to make it," she laughed quietly under her breath.

It was only a matter of time, it seemed, before one of them would be proved correct.

Unseen by the intimidated men locked in their darkened cubicles, the naked women almost fell over each other in macabre glee over the urinary terror they watched on the monitors. Laughing and giggling, they made verbal wagers over which of the males would humiliate himself first.

Neither did the men see or hear a solitary woman silently enter her servants' world. Nor did they witness 6 strong women fall to their knees in obedience to her unspoken command. They never witnessed the women bowing in practiced unison to their Mistress's single nod.

Instead, they remained inside darkened cells and held their penises as the inspection proceeded in the adjoining room.

PART 5 The large room was silent as she surveyed the kneeling women and inspected every part of their posture. A thin cane prodded and poked each kneeler and urged her in various directions and position to afford a better - - and closer - - look. No one escaped careful scrutiny.

As the truck lumbered along the interstate highway with concomitant swaying in rhythm to the tempo of the pavement, the women vied for conformity with their Mistress's expectations. They pushed themselves to extremes to please her.

Her real power was in her silence. A quick swat with the thin cane was all that was needed to re-position an errant supplicant.

The sandy-haired woman seemed to capture her owner's attention. She spoke a single word.

"Down." And the woman fell flat on the floor. The thud was almost sickening yet no complaint was offered.

Another word. "Well?"

With her face pressed firmly against the truck's flooring, her words were almost inaudible, but years of practice had shown her precisely how loudly she needed to address her superior.

"No, Ma'am, not yet," she offered almost as an apology.

The other five women tensed as if in expectation of unleashed fury - - one they had assuredly witnessed before. The stinging swish of the thin crop preceded the verbal storm. A single stroke landed firmly across the asscheeks of the prone woman and her mouth betrayed her pain as an almost-imperceptible moan escaped from her lips. Her shoulders shook as much as from terror as from agony. If she were forced to stand, she realized that the floor would betray her once again by revealing a small puddle of fear that oozed from her lower lips.

She was in dangerous territory. None of the males had as yet relieved themselves without permission and her specifically-assigned task of overpowering one among them was presently unfulfilled.

And she knew better than to defy her Mistress: the consequences were too severe. She had learned that first-hand and one lesson was enough.

She had been owned long enough to know what to do.

"I can make one of them pee," she announced to the floor yet loudly enough to capture her Mistress's momentary interest. Hoping her bravado would obtain results, she offered nothing else.

"You have 15 minutes," Mistress announced, and abruptly turned and exited to her small private quarters near the huge truck's cab.

As the women rose, regrouped, and approached their comrade, she answered their question almost before it was asked. One managed to query, "Debbie, what do you have in mind?"

"We'll have to stimulate them," she ordered, "they are almost ready. I know it. I can see it." And 6 women who knew it, too, separated, each to approach one cubicle door and do her own form of agonizing stimulation with 6 recalcitrant penises as their targets.

Feeling chastised and needing to make good on her promise, Debbie approached William's cubicle door with firm resolve. Hers would be the one to pee first, she promised herself. No matter what.

As her fingers punched in the security number, she repeated her promise: No matter what.

Behind the door, William stood awkwardly with his penis fully hidden by his zealous fist. The only thing standing between his dignity and his total debasement was the strength in his hand - - strength that was being depleted with every passing moment of his torture. Never before had the simple act of relieving himself seemed so paramount to his existence. And never before could he recall being so utterly dependent on someone else for his most basic needs.

Yet underneath his shame and fear of embarrassment, William felt another strong emotion - - one that surprised him: pride. He was too proud to pee on himself. They could not wear him down; they could not force him to befoul himself and be dropped from the program. His pride would not allow it.

As Debbie entered the last number of the security code and pressed the door open, William tensed his entire body and with agonizing strength, released his penis from his fist to face the woman who posed the most significant personal challenge he had faced in recent memory. The lines were drawn; the battle had begun.

PART 6 Debbie surveyed the scene - one she had been through before - but not one that seemed so imperative. She had promised her Mistress that she would break one of them. One would be enough to make good on her promise. Just one.

This one. It had to be this one. She faced him and felt every ounce of his tension. Empathy was one of her best traits and this time she would make it work for her.

William's insides were in agony yet he dared not allow his face to reveal his turmoil. Although he wasn't certain what she had entered his private world to accomplish, he was sure that she provided his only means of relief. What had always worked for him - - his beguiling smile - - just had to work this time. He planned to put it to work.

Without a word of introduction, Debbie reached for her charge's corpulent penis and with a swift motion, circled it with her own strong hand. As she pulled sharply upward, his feet gave way and with a sound thud, William landed unceremoniously on his flat backside. Instantly, she kneeled between his outstretched legs.

It was just the two of them in that tiny room with no manacles, cuffs, rope, bungees, twine or padlocks. She didn't need any of it. While her goal was clear and certain, his was muddled and ambiguous. She knew what she wanted. He had only questions.

William's mind was overrun by uncertainty. Should he try to defeat her? Ought he attempt to overpower her? Was the struggle a plus - - or a minus - - for his chances? Should he cede or should he play to win?

His penis was screaming silently from the pressure his bladder inflicted on it. Unable to release his physical need, unable to determine whether or not the struggle was his to win, William opted for an escape from his mental and physical torture. Biting his lip to assuage his pride, he yielded.

Debbie felt it in her hand. His capitulation. His surrender. My god, she thought, this one wanted it really badly. It was too easy, she evaluated, just too easy. She wanted more. She required more. The struggle was the goal, the gradual acceptance of her superiority the objective. There was no fun in his submission.

Mistress wouldn't like it either, she surmised, and set out to challenge him. If he wanted to surrender so easily, she would give him a higher challenge to surrender to. A magnificent challenge. An ultimate challenge.

Only then would his subordination have meaning.

Her training had taught Debbie to act on her decisions and this situation was no different. Having decided that this candidate required a more rigorous process, she leapt into her work with a new zeal. What she wanted was real submission. Actual physical - - as well as mental - - submission to her will, not a simple bathroom privilege.

A single thought floated through William's mind: relief. Figuring that acquiescing to this woman's corporal prowess would find him physical relief from his agony, his thoughts turned to manipulating the situation to his advantage and to relieve his physical distress. Nowhere in his head was there a thought about anything else.

He would soon find out what more would be demanded of him.

Their goals were simple. Debbie demanded his agonized submission to her will; the breaking down of his pride. William required only two things: first, was bathrooming and second was his inclusion in the training program. Yet their objectives were incompatible and only one of them could win.

The game was on; the challenge remained unspoken. But both players knew that there were no rules. But there would be a winner.

Debbie felt her lips curl and her breath hiss from her mouth as she reached for the corpulent organ that jutted from her prey's loins. It was the entire object of her attention. It was her goal. Although she considered pouncing on her target and forcing the win from him, she held back and aimed for something higher.

She wanted his total submission. And that included something more than a simple physical act. She required that his mind yield... cede to her... declare her superior. No words could perform that complete capitulation; rather, his entire being would have to respond to her and she would feel it through that special empathy she held for those in her charge.

Mistress had often remarked that Debbie's empathy was superior to any trainee she had ever encountered and Debbie didn't want to let her down this time. There was too much riding on the results.

Instead of physical force, she aimed for a quieter, gentler domination. Her gleaming fingernails protruded from her fingertips and aimed toward her quarry. Physically wincing from the effort it took to hold his bladder in spite of his fear, William averted his eyes from Debbie's intense stare.

It was at that moment that Debbie knew she had won. All the rest would follow. She bared her teeth and smiled.

He cowered as he tried unsuccessfully to stand in her presence yet he realized that he could not straighten himself before her. Debbie's eyes pierced whatever shell of resistance he still maintained and he felt himself melt under her gaze.

Silently, he fell to his knees. In the outer room, Mistress laughed quietly as the attendant women roared in gales of laughter. They knew what was coming. They had all seen Debbie's artful handiwork before. The only clueless participant was the star.

William's chest heaved as he knelt at her feet. His entire being was wrapped up in the pressure behind his penis and he was now fully a slave to that singular organ.

He stared at the bulging shaft and whimpered like a young puppy. An untrained puppy.

Bending his head toward the floor, he watched the steady stream of hot urine drip at first, then gush from deep inside him and fill the stainless steel underpinning with its warmth before cascading down the central drain in the center of the small cubicle's floor.

Childhood memories deluged a steady stream into his brain and he felt somehow outside the mobile room in which he currently knelt silently, obediently and without resistance. The slow gentle rocking of the huge truck's rhythm lulled him into a sort of comfort that he had heretofore not known.

He felt free. He felt child-like. He felt afraid.

Her warm hands circled his neck and locked a wide leather collar. The snapping of the hasp granted him a safety he barely recalled. Her aroma engulfed his nostrils and filled him with a heady scent of nurturing that he finally realized was what he sought. And only now did he realize that he had been seeking.

Five other males waited silently without knowledge of what had taken place in the adjoining cubicle. Holding their organs tightly in their hands, each grew more and more apprehensive that he would expel his stream and fail the test to which he was now subjected. One moaned; another whimpered. Soon, the speaker was filled with a crescendo of agony that filled the women's ears with delight, and each woman, after receiving a personal nod from her Mistress, entered a single cubicle to replicate what had occurred between Debbie and her charge.

Mistress evaluated each scene on the monitor and nodded silently as each man submitted to her trainees in due course. Only one rebelled with a single outstretched arm designed to block the attachment of his collar. She pressed a red button and the huge truck drew to a halt.

Within their individual reveries, the males never noticed the slowing down or stopping of the motion that had become part of their experience. Yet the woman felt the strange cessation of rocking and realized Mistress had chosen the departee.

Smiling, they hurried to the main chamber as the males continued kneeling and taking in their new roles. No one wanted to miss this opportunity.

A single naked male emerged from the truck's rear door and stood on the side of road, staring blankly through teary eyes as the vehicle renewed its trek down the highway. His forlorn eyes spoke volumes.

Debbie spoke a single phrase. "It's so sad," she muttered.

Mistress pulled her collared trainee to her side and then guided the willing woman onto her lap. Her palm rested on the woman's cheeks and with a swift unannounced motion flew crisply onto the now-pink ass that raised under her stroke. Debbie gasped the sound of the truly surprised.

"Uh - - oh - - OW!" she half-screamed into the otherwise silent room.

Mistress stroked her pink backside again, harder and with more determination. The *slap* of hand against skin echoed throughout the room.

Only Mistress's leather pants pressing against her mouth muffled Debbie's shriek. Grabbing her submissive's arm and pulling it tightly behind her back, Mistress positioned Debbie for yet another series of hard slaps. One after another, they rained against her ever- reddening asscheeks.

Her screams resounded throughout the room. "No - - ohmigod - - it HURTS! NO! No more! Please!" she screamed in the voice of one who was both in considerable pain and deeply humiliated.

Unaffected by her trainee's begging for mercy, Mistress continued her assault on the white skin that glistened under her hand. She reached for the nearest object - - a small leather paddle - - and renewed the onslaught. The audience of nude trainees stared in wonder and merriment. Several smiled the joyful grin of those who were glad that the havoc was wreaked on a backside that was not their own.

"No!" Mistress shouted, "it's not *sad* at all!" With a short choppy cadence, she continued, "It's the price a submissive pays for his actions. It is *my* price!"

Debbie's ass grew redder as her pleas for leniency increased in both frequency and volume. The agonized woman drew short breaths of air and managed small noises only in between inhaling. "No! No! NO!" she screeched and squawked as the hand rained down upon her fiery ass. As she cried the tears of one truly shamed, Mistress ordered the cubicle doors opened.

William's stare shifted instantly from his own protruding organ to his tormentor's punishment and his ears drank in her cries for mercy.

Mistress beckoned her new slaves to circle around her feet and witness the consequences they would face for similar transgression. His eyes widened as he crawled into position beneath the frightening scene.

Having made her point, Mistress rolled the exhausted trainee from her lap, and Debbie landed unceremoniously amidst the crawling slaves who stared at her in disbelief. Too debilitated even to stand, she lay there, drinking in cool measured breaths of unrestricted air.

Her ass was on fire and her mouth whimpered small sounds that passed through her lips, unedited by her brain.

William crawled over to her. Quietly, he rolled her on her side, and inspected the red welts that decorated her otherwise pure skin. He opened his lips, bent his head toward the floor, and pushed his tongue toward the damaged area.

Not daring to touch her, he crawled even closer to her restive body. Speechlessly and humbly, he licked her wounds.

Mistress smiled.