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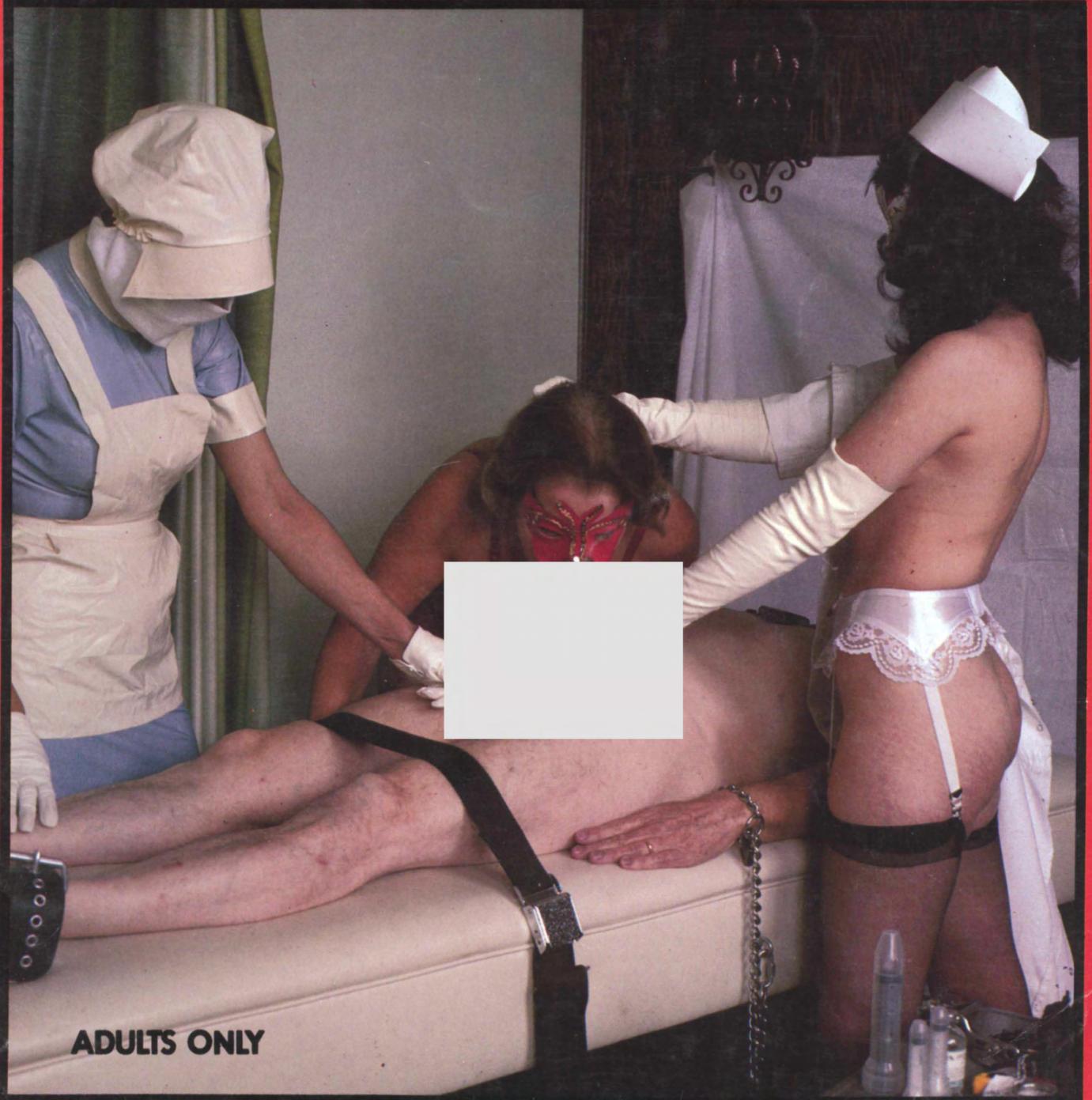
CLINIC OF PAIN



AN ERIC GOLDSTRIFE PUBLICATION

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 5



ADULTS ONLY

THESE BITCH GODDESSES SPECIALIZE IN DOMINATION & DRIVE THEIR MEN TO AN ECSTASY BORN OF AGONY!

CLINIC OF PAIN



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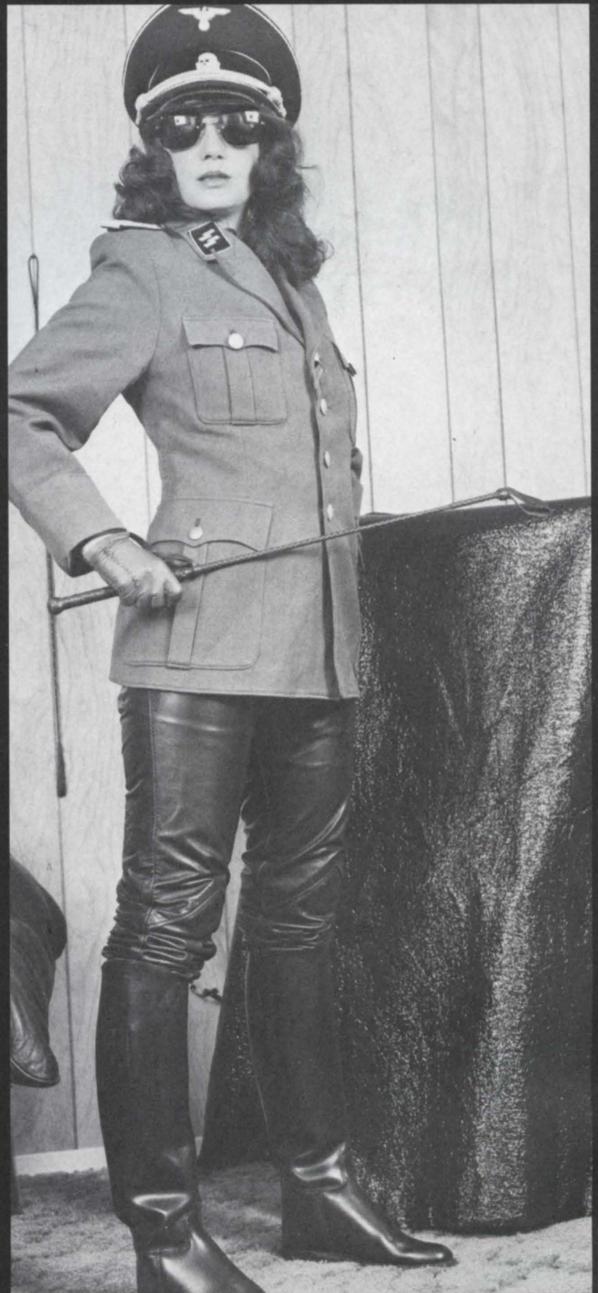
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Mistress Monika

"Some guys," Monika said, "as they're walking through the door, I'm *already* forgetting them." Mistress Monika took no shit. Not from any man. She played from a full deck: long, silken, raven-black hair; strong, slender body; voluptuous boobs; and an insatiable cunt that juiced up fast at the mere thought of a man crawling toward her submissively across the floor of her discipline chamber. "There's something about me," she said, "that connects it all together in my head. When I have a man servicing me, I ooze. When I have a man tied and in pain under my whips and high-heeled boots, I cream. When I have a man ready to go his limits, and especially ready to have his limits expanded, I cum." Monika took a satisfying, thoughtful hit off her cigarette. "I cum. Yeah! Cum! Cum! Cum!"

Monika's hand moved down to her leather-covered twat. She groped herself, her strong middle finger teasing her pussy through the secret opening in her furry crotch. "This is," she said, "my secret access to my pleasure. My private pleasure. This is the Slit for my Clit." Her finger pressed deeper. Her tongue licked around her wet lips. "I'm in heat," she said. "I'm always in heat. I am a bitch in heat."

Monika masturbated herself while thinking of Steve. Good ol' boy. One of the best. Steve's love for pain sent

quivers through Monika's breasts. Her ripe nipples rubbed against the silk lining of the heavy gray wool Nazi SS jacket, tailored for her at Steve's expense. Steve needed the pain that only she could give him. She smiled to herself. One of her hands massaged her cooze. Her other hand cupped her Amazon-like breast. Her riding crop lay across her thighs; waiting.

Monika crossed her knee-high booted legs. Her body flushed in her self-induced foreplay. She was prepping herself to receive Steve. She was making herself hot and juicy waiting for the man-slave she despised. With the full passion of a Mistress waiting to be serviced by an asshole, Monika readied her body: hardening her nipples, juicing her twat, feeling the warm, wet sweat of her crotch steaming inside her leather britches.

Mistress Monika rose from the chair and stubbed out her cigarette. Slowly and deliberately, the way she slowly and deliberately took men apart piece by piece, she buttoned up her SS jacket. Her cap rode with authority atop her gorgeous hair. Her tightly-gloved hand stopped buttoning her jacket between her breasts. She looked at herself in the mirror.

And true Bitch that she was, Mistress Monika, the First Lady of Pain, liked what she saw. Men, she

knew, were created to worship at her booted feet. Men, she knew, needed her pain. There was nothing phoney about Monika; she was a true Mistress. She was born to dominate.

She pulled her SS jacket into place.

She was ready for Steve. She was hot for Steve's clinic of pain. "That sonuvabitch," Monika said, slapping her riding crop firmly into her leather-palmed hand, "better be fucking ready. Fucking ready!"

Steve drove toward Monika's Discipline Chamber. He knew the streets the way his hand knew his dick. His cock rode hard in his slacks. His foot pressed the accelerator of his hot, new car. By day, Steve was successful enough to have everything he wanted. Or almost everything. His life was stuffed with the kind of goods advertised in the slickest magazines.

He had everything, except the one thing he needed most: submissive pain.

His hand stroked his dick in anticipation. He looked down at his crotch. A Polaroid of Mistress Monika lay in the bucket seat of the car between his legs. "God! She's a bitchin' beauty!" he said. And he pressed the accelerator harder. Every rpm of the engine carried him closer to the Mistress he adored. Monika was what heaven will look like if the Lord does a good job.

"Are you fucking ready?" Monika demanded.

"Ready for pain, Mistress. Ready for torture. Ready for your pleasure in watching me squirm."

"Are you ready to be tied, hooded, whipped? Are you ready for some good cock-and-ball torture? Are you ready to kiss ass? Are you ready to lick ass?"

"Anything. Beat me. Bruise me. Even . . .," Steve hesitated, "if it makes you hot, b-b-burn me."

Mistress Monika slapped her leather-gloved hand across Steve's face. "Listen, asswipe," she commanded. "Stop leading me along. I lead all the fancy 'dancing' you and I are going to do." She slapped him again. "Don't ask me for anything you can't handle, baby-cakes, because you just might sure as shit get it." She slapped him again. "Mistress Monika gets off on your pain." Another slap of the leather against his cheek. "Let's remember why we are here. You exist at this time in and in this place for my pleasure. Your only pleasure is to

serve me. Your only 'right,' pignuts, is to thrill me."

Monika forced Steve to his knees. Slowly he dropped from his full height down the voluptuous length of her sweet-smelling body. His eyes moved down her face. He looked into her icy eyes. He ached for the taste of her perfect moist lips, her commanding chin, her soft column of milk-white throat. Monika's gray uniform jacket warmed her body. The fragrant smell of her sweet breasts, rounded and full-nippled, drove him wild.

"Please, Mistress, give me a hit of your sweet tits. Allow me a lick of your noble breasts. Let me sniff the warm sweat of your boobs. Let me lick that special juice from under your proud tits. Give me a sweet, sweet hit."

Monika ignored his pleading and pressed him down toward the floor. She pressed his cheek against the gray wool of her flat belly. His face scraped down lower until he was whiffing her leather britches. His dick hardened. He was hung with a cock suitable for torture. He was born with a cock meant for pain. The smell of her warm cunt through the kidskin leather drove him wild. She was torturing him with temptation. She was letting him get a good close-up of her body. She was letting him smell her flesh top to bottom. She was driving him to the brink of letting go of everything. She was pushing him down her slender thighs. She was a hard-hitter. She let him lick his way down her boots. She knew how to build hunger in a man. She knew how to stimulate Steve's appetites. She knew how to raise his lust to make him ready to receive the pain that she needed to give him to get herself off.

"Give me some tongue," Monika ordered. "Hit on those boots. Lick my boots and love 'em." She snapped her riding crop across his shoulders. Once. Twice. Three times. He felt the burning crack of her whip. He felt the sheer power of her graceful arm translate into the whipcrack across his back. The sting ran deep into his body. The red flash of pain sparked an electric arc straight to his dick. His rod hardened more. He admitted, right there, with his tongue on her boots and her whip

on his back, that what she had to dish out, he needed, yeah, really and truly, honest-to-God, *needed!*

Monika felt the resistance flow from Steve's body. She sensed his open and honest new attitude. At her feet, this man was coming to grips with a true revelation about himself.

He was the kind of man, the special kind of man, who needs, who lives for, when he finally admits it, the kind of pain that only a strong woman can give!

Steve sucked the toes and heels of his Mistress's boots. His tongue tasted the smooth leather that cased

her splendid feet. His lips rasped across the soles of her boots. His face was made for adoring in this woman all that he wanted from all women. Monika was the essence of the ultimate woman in ultimate control.

Steve was buck naked. Monika

liked him stripped. For openers.

But Monika always had a trick up her disciplinary sleeve.

Earlier, Monika had ordered her live-in slave, a lady-in-waiting, to prepare a leather slingshot garment; and a tight black hood—for wrapping Steve into bondage.

Monika ordered Steve into the leather slingshot jock.

His shoulders slipped in under the leather straps comfortably enough, but his dick was too hard, too erect, too excited to fit the zippered pouch. He pulled his nuts into the jock, but his cock pronged straight out. "I'm sorry, Mistress, my dick won't fit. The leather makes a very tight cup."

Monika brooked no hesitancy. A man followed her bidding—or he found his ass out in the street. She raised her riding crop and began a small flurry of fire-like whipcracks across Steve's chest and shoulders and belly. She wanted the stings of pain to distract him from his dick. She wanted to prolong the incredible prick-tease of torturing his body. She knew full well that her whip, her looks, her very presence made it impossible for his engorged cock to fold down limp enough to fit into the tight pouch.

This was Monika's secret. This was her charisma. Men found erections in her presence to be immediate, firm, harder than usual, longer lasting. Men's dicks seemed even to increase in size. Her power seemed to bring out the potency in a man. She made men last longer and she tortured them into performing—for her—repeatedly. In her presence, a man could be excused anything; because in her presence, a

man would do anything and be proud of it!

Nothing was uncontrollable for Monika. She knew how to handle dick.

Her riding crop whistled down through the air and cracked across the swollen red mushroom head of Steve's dick. A thrilling red welt rose quickly. Steve groaned in agony, but he said nothing. He could never say No to such a woman. A second time, Monika raised her whip and laid a fresh welt across the wild dick. Steve moaned in pleasure. A third time. A fourth. Monika knew she must tame this man's animal dick. She criss-crossed the head and shaft of his

cock with steadily-paced blows. Steve was almost crying with a mix of pain and pleasure.

His dick would not relax.

Monika pushed him back. Eyeing him carefully, she licked the light leather tip of her whip. She sucked on the leather till it was hot and wet and moist. Steve watched her. He studied how she laid the tip of the whip on her tongue. He liked the way her tongue came out to meet the whip. He adored the way her rich, full lips closed down on the whip. He listened to the quiet sucking sounds she made as she wet the whip thoroughly for what he knew was to be serious discipline for

his disobedient dick.

Suddenly, Monika pulled the light whip from her mouth and in ten deliberately placed flicks, beat Steve's dick into submission. The sharp bites of wet-leather pain turned him on in his head. At the same time, his wild dick knew the lion had met its lion tamer. Monika beat his hard-on until it flexed enough for him to quick-stuff his meat into the leather pouch as she had ordered. He wanted her to be proud of him. He wanted to please her. He wanted her to give him more pain.

Quickly, once he had dropped his dick into the leather, Monika's

gloved hands zipped his dick away into a pouch-bondage that Steve knew so well from the way his hard-on rode in his jockey shorts at work whenever, in his secret thoughts, he was daydreaming about his strong Mistress. His dick, Monika had made it very clear, belonged to her. In any way. At any time, and any place. The touch of her hands on the zipper, and her final grope of his packaged balls and cock, caused his hard-on to come roaring back. But this time, his dick hurt inside the tight bondage his Lady imposed upon it.

"Your face sucks, buster!" Monika said. She took the black hood and pulled it over Steve's good-looking head.

Steve felt the tight pull of the hood slipping over his hair. For a moment, everything went black. Then the contours, the very tight contours of the hood shaped themselves to his face. His eyes could see through small slits. He could hardly breathe at first, then after a few moments, he found he breathed easier through

nostril holes. His mouth was covered. Monika wanted him to see everything she did. Monika wanted him to smell her increasing heat. But Monika was obviously saving his mouth for something else.

Steve was blown away. He had played with Mistress Monika before; but never before had he been in the space to want more and more and more. This woman had bound his cock and balls and then had wrapped his head, hooded him, in the tightest way possible.

In the double-mirrored reflection of Monika's dark glasses, he could see himself. He could be any man. He was faceless. He was no longer in control of his own cock and balls. He had lost control of his own meat and potatoes. He was a side of beef prepped for inspection, for examination, for display, for use, for torture, for pain! He was no longer the man he had to play at being during the day. He was now just a man reduced to the lowest common denominator. He was a man prepared the way a man should be prepared by a woman. He was a man with a dick made extra stiff by the upper hand held by his Mistress.

There was no real shame in his

position. Instead, ready to crawl on all fours to her severe disciplinary chambers, he realized a self-pride that he could be called upon to serve, and perhaps, if he was very obedient and accepting of pain, to service this raven-haired Goddess of Pain.

He loved to feel her knee push into the back of his neck when she laced him into the hood. He loved to feel the heat of her cigarette lightly singeing his neck—the way she had so often used it to singe, without any burning, up and down the shaft of his cock. Those times, she straddled her thighs across his legs, and dragged on the cigarette to heat its tip up red-hot; he could feel her thighs tighten across his legs as she brushed the tip of fire along his vulnerable cock. She spit into her leather glove and wet down the length of his prick. Then she moved her cigarette in close enough to hear her spit crackle on his tender skin.

Tied down in bondage, he

squirmed under her warm weight. The more he squirmed, the more she liked it. His own moves caused his dick, standing straight up, to swing back and forth. Hooded and gagged, he tried to shout out: "Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!"

Instead, he heard his own voice betray his dick.

He shouted into the gag: "More, Mistress, *more!*"

A man, Mistress Monika always said, who has never had his dick tortured, is a man who doesn't know shit!

Steve opened his eyes and peered through the eye-holes in the hood. Monika slowly stripped off her SS uniform. She peeled down, like sin itself, all flesh against black leather, black hose, black garter belt, and tight, black leather corset. Her gloves rode nearly all the way up her arms. Her eyes were masked.

Monika had stripped for the kill.

Steve moaned. He knew what could happen. He half-feared and

half-embraced the terror of what this woman could do to him, because he remembered her past tortures of his body. In many ways, Steve thought of himself as an ordinary guy; but in this secret way, Steve knew he was different. He knew he was living out something other guys wouldn't even do more than dream of—and jack off to.

Steve knew he had the guts to go out and find the woman who could top him the way he needed to be topped.

Kneeling before her, he remembered how he thought of past scenes with her; how he thought of her at work and in the car; how whenever he thought of her, he could see his body reflected in her discipline chamber mirror. He sometimes had to pull off the road, and head into a gas station john, just to jack off the full head he got remembering Monika in tight leather, sitting on his face, whipping his butt, and stomping, yeah grinding, her stiletto heels into his chest.

No bitch ever felt so good, smelled so good, tasted so good, or looked so good as his special Mistress.

He adored her. She demanded adoration. Theirs was a perfect relationship.

Monika was always one jump ahead, ready to screw him into place.

This time out, Monika had plans to cage Steve in a steel-barred cell. To Steve's surprise, he was not to be bound and gagged and left in solitary confinement. Monika had other ideas. She ordered him to strip off

the vee-shaped leather jock pouch. He peeled out of it slowly. His cock hurt from the binding pressure and jumped up at its first shot of freedom. The head of his dick dripped with clear pre-fuck fluid. His balls, hot and sweaty, swung loose under his cock. It was just like he remembered when he had played a little ball in high school, and his jock had pulled up snug and tight, and bound his cock that always got a hard-on looking at the jiggling cheerleaders who were always good for quick feels behind the bleachers.

But Monika was no high school cheerleader.

Monika was tough shit. She meant business. That's what Steve liked: he understood his business. He got pleasure from his hard work. He got off on the fact that Monika's business was, in fact, her pleasure.

Naked and hooded, he was lead with a chain around his neck into the cell. Monika laughed. Even though she could not see his face under the mask, she knew she had surprised him. Waiting for him in the cage was Monika's lusty lady-in-waiting. Balanced against Mistress Monika's dark hair, this girl was blonde. She was strapped into an open-tit, black bra. She wore thin panties made of tongue-thin mesh. Her black garter belt held up the sheerest hose Steve had ever seen. Her feet were ankle-strapped into black high heels.

"This lady," Monika said, "is Pamela. You will like Pamela. Pamela will like you. I intend to make you and Pamela suck and fuck each other on command. When I order Pamela to suck your dick, Pamela will deep-throat you like you've never been serviced. When I order Pamela to sit on your prick, Pamela will squat over your hips and fuck herself until you're teetering on the very brink of coming. When I command you to kneel and adore Pamela's ass, you will get down on your knees and suck her butt through those thin, panties. Nothing is too good for the two of you. Nothing is bad enough either, not for you and Pamela. You will suck and fuck and sniff and rim on command. When you are in my cage, you are my animals. Stud-cock and bitch-in-heat; that's the pair of you. I'll have you mounting each other like jungle beasts."

Monika took the heavy key into her hand and opened the cage door. She pushed Steve inside and slammed the heavy steel closed behind him. This was a different world. He was locked in a small place with a wild woman completely under orders from her Mistress. The look in Pamela's eyes was a dead giveaway. There was nothing the bitch wouldn't do. She, too, was a Pain Slave. He knew that, before the session was over, Monika would torture Pamela. He knew that Monika would plug her and plow her, fore and aft, with heavy butt and cunt plugs. He knew that after Pamela had been fucked juicy, he would be beaten and kicked and tormented into licking her out and cleaning her up.

He knew they were indeed a pair. Two Pain Slaves, abused and degraded, and locked together by a Mistress who laid back on her couch and masturbated herself into orgasm after orgasm, while her two slaves humiliated themselves at her command.

This was an interlude that only a dominatrix like Monika could be

perverse, evil, and inventive enough to pull off. Steve had never before been ordered to fuck on command. Like a fucking dog, he thought. I'm being put out to stud like a fucking stud dog. Fucking this fucking dog-bitch in this fucking kennel cage! Jeesuuzzzzz H. Shit!

Monika lay back in ecstasy watching her animals. "Eat each other," she ordered. "Pain brought you here. Pain will sustain you." She wet her fuck-finger in her mouth and shoved it slowly in her cunt while her thumb played *Bolero* to her clit. "Pain will reward you." She maneuvered her pretty ass around where Steve could see her clit and cunt and butt-pucker.

Her snatch drove him crazy in the cage.

There was nothing he wouldn't do to please his Mistress. He had no choice but to eat and fuck and suck as she ordered. "Make me ooze," Monika ordered. "Make me cream. Make me come."

Steve performed like a prize stud. Pamela made it easy. She was a born slut. White-trash girls like her were his stock-in-trade. Fucking her for

Monika's pleasure was just a bit too much fun for him. He wanted Monika to get off, but he wanted just as much for Monika to get off on his agony, not on his pleasure. Suddenly, he stopped. His dick stayed hard, disobedient, rebellious. It was time for him, he knew, to try and play the Revolt of the Slaves.

Monika noticed immediately. Her own discipline snapped her to her high-heeled feet. She stood at her full height. "You dare, you sonuvabitch, to call my bluff, to interrupt my foreplay with myself before I get to the main event of your pain!" She approached the cage. "It is pain you want, isn't it? Pain. Heavy pain. Clinical pain. Special pain. Pain meant for a man's body." With each pursing of her lips to make the heavy *p* of *pain*, Monika moved closer to the cage. She was like a heavy dark thunderstorm, lightning flashing, thunder rolling, moving in across a wide open plain. Her rage grew with each step. "Pain," she said. Her finger went to her crotch. "Pain. Your pain. A man in pain. All men in pain through your pain. Pain for all motherfuckers. Pain for disobedient pain slaves!"

Monika unlocked the door. "You!" she said to Pamela. "Go! You know what we must do. You know what you are to do. Prepare the examination table!"

Pamela picked herself up off Steve's prick. She had not wanted to let go of such a fine piece of meat. On her Mistress's command, she hurried off to change clothes and make ready the clinical room.

To Steve, it seemed like a moment—one brief moment—from the time he was caged with Pamela, to the instant he found himself chained down and belted into place on a doctor's examination table. His body felt uncomfortable laid out flat, but he had no choice. He had played his hand. Now he wondered if he had won or if he had lost. His fate was sealed. He had crossed Monika. He hoped she knew why. He supposed it made no difference. One way or another, she would have strapped him down this way. One way or another, she had him in her control. He was a born junkie for pain.

The two women stood over him. They were masked. They wore

nurse-white uniforms. The starch crackled when they moved, and every time they moved, they moved in closer. They looked like angels of mercy, but he knew he would receive no mercy from them at all. Directed by Monika, Pamela turned her own love of pain-received into a coldly calculated love of pain-given. The two women intermeshed like professional operating room personnel. They moved methodically through their clinical procedures. They pulled off Steve's mask and replaced it with a simple blindfold. Around its corners, he could see plenty.

They had it in for him.

"Tonight's your night, asshole," Monika said. "I've toyed with you until now. You've been sniffing around the edges. But right now, tonight, this session, babycakes, you're going to learn the essentials of cock-and-ball pain. I'm going to squeeze your nuts till they explode. You'll whimper and beg a little at first. You'll try to take it like a man. Then I'm going to turn the vise tighter."

Monika placed the cold metal against his cock and balls. Her latex gloves pulled his dick and nuts through the heavy metal. "You've got a hefty pair of man-sized nuts," she said. "It's my pleasure to squeeze the shit out of them. You'll moan and then you'll yell. And I'll tighten it down on you. You'll bite your lips. You'll breathe heavy through your nose. You'll feel the dull numbness creeping into your balls. You'll feel the deep ache travel up to your belly. You'll feel the sharp tear and pull as I clamp the vise down tighter and tighter.

Monika turned the handle like the expert ballbuster she was.

"You'll feel your precious balls and dick start to be squeezed off your groin. I want to watch your face as your dick turns blue and your balls start to ooze juice. I want to feel your balls and your dick grow cold with the circulation cut off. I want to castrate your fucking nuts. Not fast. Just real nice and slow and painful. Not in one quick slice, but in hours, days, of slow pain and agony. I want you to take a good memory-fix right now on what it used to feel like to have your heavy equipment tucked into your jeans. You always were so

proud of that big bulge in your pants. You always liked your big hard-on. So get a good feel of what I can do to your fucking prick. And all the time, you'll be trying to take it like a man, until you can't take it anymore, and you're screaming, and your balls and dick come off, and you're not a man anymore, and you're screaming soprano."

In his pain, in his growing pain, thrashing around as his nuts turned blue, Steve could not believe behind his blindfold that the women were filling up a rubber enema bag with two precise quarts of soapy water. His belly ached from the deep ball-pain. Now they were going to fill up his butt until his belly was aching even more from the inside out. First his balls, and now his butt. There was no stopping these bitches.

Monika laughed at his thrashing on the upholstered table. She had him right where she wanted him to be; in her total control. Once, she knew, you have a man's dick clamped down, and once you've got him by the balls, there's only one thing left to really and truly degrade him and give him the heavy psychological and physical pain he deserves, needs, and wants.

Enema!

Bit, hot, sudsy slow dripping enema that distends his belly and makes him ache.

Monika was an expert at getting a man's attention and even better at holding his interest. "I promised you," she said, "to respect your limits and expand them." She laughed ominously. "Now we're into expansion!"

Steve never paid much attention to his asshole, but suddenly his Mistress wanted to play with his butt. He almost blushed under his blindfold, but his focus was sharply diverted to his ass as he felt the grease-slick nozzle of the rubber enema tube poke up into his butt. The pain shot through him like a rubber bullet entering a tight muscle. It hurt, but it didn't hurt. He felt something crumble inside him as Monika pushed the nozzle in deeper and deeper.

His own asshole was betraying him.

He had protected his butt for years, without really thinking much about it; and now, neglected for so

along, that something like this would happen between them. He wished he'd never met her. He wished he'd never rebelled against her. He wished that the water, as he heard her release the clamp, would run more slowly.

He squirmed, bound on the table. Her rubber-gloved hand held his belly firmly. Her strong pressure pushed down on the pressure he felt building in his gut. His dick seemed to swell up harder, like some sort of exploding pressure gauge, the more the pressure from the deep colonic enema built up in him. Monika's firm hand only made his dick harder. His asshole started to spasm, to pucker, to jump uncontrollably. He tightened down on it. "Hold it," Monika ordered. "Hold it all." He squeezed down on his butt muscles and found unexpected pleasure shoot to his dick. He knew if Monika went too far, he'd shoot. He'd shoot the biggest fucking load this pair of bitches had ever seen. He'd come and come. He held his breath. Pamela was stroking his cock. He thought of baseball scores. He

long, and with the right woman demanding her rights to any and every part of her body, he found that—given no choice—he had to accept the inevitable.

He relaxed.

Monika pushed the nozzle in to the hilt. One of her warm latex-covered hands resting on his belly started a slow massage of his abdomen. His cock grew hard. He doted on her attention; because he knew when Monika paid attention, he received deep gut-clenching pain. He lived for these moments. She was his main adventure in life. Through the crack in his blindfold, he saw Pamela holding the rubber enema bag high over his head to increase the pressure.

It was only a matter of countdown before Monika released the clamp that released the water that surged down the tube and connected to the nozzle that was shoved deep up his butt. Steve was terrified. He knew the burst of water would hit into him like a tidal wave. He knew its steady flow would build pressure, gentle at first, into gut-busting pain. He knew Monika had no limits. He knew, all

thought of miles-to-the-gallon. He thought of anything to keep from coming.

Monika viewed with pleasure the tightened intensity of Steve's body tied down before her eyes and under her hands. She liked to see him helpless. She liked to have his cock in her control. She liked raping his asshole with the enema tube. She liked filling up his gut. She got off on massaging his belly. She took her slow, sweet pleasure ordering

Pamela to lick, stroke, and suck the dick of this tied-down man. Monika's supreme pleasure was to take a man up to the point-of-come and then sadistically drop him back, not allowing him to shoot.

Monika was a Mistress of Cock. In her power, and under her spell, a man had no choice but to surrender the biggest hard-on he had ever experienced to her will. She knew Cock Control.

"Clamps!" Monika ordered.

Pamela reached to the aluminum surgical tray. She handed the Mistress clamps suitable for torturing Steve's dick. She gave her clamps that attached to his chest. Monika made sure Steve no longer had to think of baseball scores to keep him from shooting. She started in heavier now that his butt was plugged, his belly was full, and his dick was super hard. She laughed, half under her breath. She was breathing heavier now at the



thought of the bound man writhing in pain. She knew she was the Goddess of Pain.

Monika nodded to Pamela. Together, they began their final assault on Steve's helpless body.

The heavy surgical clamps clicked in their gloved hands. Their hands pinched his flesh. He felt the smooth rub of female touch move up from his belly to his chest, and down from his belly to his dick. The clicks of the clamps sounded like ticks of a time bomb in his ears.

Then: *contact!*

The heavy clamps bit down on his nipples. Monika squeezed his chest into twin points of pain. A sharp flash of yellow-red burst behind his eyes and he remembered the brave warrior in *A Man Called Horse* had been tortured with heavy pain on his big broad chest. He was a man, bound, blindfolded, and tortured by bitches panting around his body in heat. He needed the pain. He wanted the pain.

"More!" Monika ordered. "Give him more!"

Pamela clamped down harder on his tits.

He screamed in agony. His chest was on fire.

"More!" Monika's voice quivered with the heat of her own coming orgasm. Nothing turned her on like the sight of a helpless man in pain.

"Pain for his cock," she panted. "Clamp his dick!"

From beneath his blindfold, Steve could see Monika fingering herself. He hung, in his head, from the pain on his chest. He floated, in his head, on the fullness of his belly. He squeezed down to hold his asshole tight. All he had left was a free upstanding hard-on. And his hard-on was about all he had that was not in pain.

Monika built herself up to a fevered pitch.

The heavy clamps bit into his dick. He winced. He bit his lips. His breath became heavy. Sunblasts went off behind his mask. The women clamped his dick repeatedly. They moaned in ecstasy watching him suffer. They had him the way women like a man: in a tied-up situation—and hurting. The needle-like clamps pinched down tight on his dick and chest. His belly was about to explode. His cock was stretching up

painfully, longer and thicker and wilder than ever. His dick was a long shaft of thick, red pain.

Then he heard the command.

"Now!" Monika's voice was husky with lust. "I will make the sonuvabitch shoot! I will make his whole body come!"

With her own hands, she clicked the clamps down tighter another notch.

His chest went crazy. His head rocked side to side. He was screaming now, but he knew in this soundproof room there was no mercy. He knew Monika had him subjugated to her complete control.

In the last instant before her own coming, Monika reached down to his cock and tightened the clamps into a fireworks of agony. Steve thought he would pass out from the pain.

Instead, he felt the tremor begin deep back behind his tortured balls and dick. The cum-quake began to gain momentum in that space right behind his balls and below his asshole. He could feel it beginning, rolling, out of his control, from deep inside his crotch. He could hear the women moaning in pleasure. He rocked and pulled at his bondage. He was in a helpless mix of pleasure and pain, where the pain was pleasure and the pleasure was pain. The momentum, deep inside him grew. On both sides of him, the women were coming.

Pamela was deep in adoration of the pain she had caused!

Monika was triumphant Mistress of the pain she controlled!

And then for Steve came the final exploding body-quake. He shook and quivered under their stares. They studied him as the pain's momentum gathered force, sending red-hot flashes straight to his crotch, straight to his dick, until, screaming in uncontrollable agony, his chest and his belly and his asshole and his dick allied themselves against him, and he started his final blistering plunge through the wet exploding flames of his ultimate orgasm of pain. Everything in his body tightened, flexed, snapped, whipping him around the table. In his head, he could hear nothing but his own voice shouting: "The PAIN! The PAIN! The PAIN! The PAIN! Oh Mistress! Oh Mistress! The PAIN!"