

The Audition

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Part 1

It was an inspiring and somewhat titillating piece of e-mail. The request was simple: she needed boys to serve in Austria. Everything that followed was just details.

I hadn't gone shopping for Lady Willamette, or Wilma as we all had come to call her after her first stateside visit, for a couple of years. On her last visit to the States, we took her to an auction and she was so entranced with the process that she did **all** her shopping on this side of the Atlantic from then on. Once in a while, she e-mailed me a specific request and I tried to fill it. But it's hard trying to figure out what a Domme wants from words and descriptions on a monitor.

Imagine: she asks for a "tall, muscular boy who can work outdoors and has enough stamina to entertain at late-night parties." Now, really! Suppose I find a fair-haired European and she had a dark-skinned mid-eastern sub in mind? It's a process of finding out **exactly** what she wants, interviewing boys and then more e-mail until I'm sure and she is sure that we have the right candidate.

And what about asses? I'm very particular about subs' asses. I like them tight and relatively flat but with the slightest curve to them. Wilma prefers the rounder backside. She says it shows they can lift more and I have no idea where she got **that** from. Once, I sent her a roll of film of nothing but subs' asscheeks and let her develop it and choose.

It's an expensive process sending boys to Europe. You want to get it right the first time.

After a series of e-mail that indicated her current needs, desires, specifications and criteria, I was ready to interview subs who were eager to go into service in Austria. Finding them was an arduous process, but I had trimmed the list down to four. I figured I had to find one or two good ones in this group; after all, my instincts were usually very accurate.

The four boys she outlined needed particular skills: endurance, obedience, body shape and "special talents." One was to be her upstairs maid and I was absolutely sure she was embarking on a forced feminization so that particular candidate had to be **very** special. It's a rather permanent process and I'd hate to think what would happen if a boy changed his mind partway through the procedure.

Two of the boys were destined to be her primary toys. I knew what that meant. You just have to go to **one** of her parties to understand what Wilma thinks a toy should be willing and able to do. First, they'd be responsible for servicing the staff and that's a very accountable job. Second, they would perform at her parties and that meant being able to move from owner to owner and meet every

expectation each held. A toy needed to be athletic, accepting, obedient and most of all, comfortable with what any and all situations demanded.

Toys got only one chance to excel. If they performed poorly, they were usually dismissed outright. Wilma had very high expectations. And that left me with an awesome responsibility.

I found these four boys mostly on recommendations from friends but one was a direct applicant. In the search process, I discarded what seemed like an endless stream of wannabees and concentrated on hearing just the right words in their telephone conversations and our meetings for coffee. I always meet subs in public places prior to auditioning them.

Glancing at the clock, I noted the time because I had them staggered. I don't like four boys showing up at once; rather, I prefer them to arrive in 10-minute intervals. That helps me determine how punctual they are and if they can follow directions.

It takes a lot of planning to inspect four at a time, so I had spent a good part of the afternoon arranging cuffs, locks, spreader bars and short chains and then laying out a variety of instruments to test their skills. All that paraphernalia is great, but it doesn't tell me **everything** about a sub. Sometimes, I know as soon as they say, "Hello," if I'm going to keep them or throw them back. Sometimes you just know.

I told them not to ring the bell but instead to simply stand at the door at the proper time. When the grandfather clock bonged, I opened the front door.

A tall brown-haired male stood stiffly on the front porch. He didn't shuffle his feet or inspect the surroundings. With his eyes pointed forward, he met my glance and lowered his gaze. I gave him a point for that.

Reaching for the handle, he opened the glass door and stepped inside. The clock uttered its last of eight bongs and I spoke my first word to him.

"Inside," and I pointed toward the den with my eyes.

He walked a little stiffly, but that was to be expected. Then he stood there, immobile, and waited for instructions. This was one of my favorite parts. To own a male totally, you have own his mind first. All the kink you need will follow.

I found a comfortable chair and sat, but never allowed my eyes to leave his form. He shifted under the intense scrutiny but never spoke. I wondered how long he would stand there soundlessly. I loved this game and never tired of playing it.

Then a magical thing happened: he turned around. Silently and with a drop of grace, he spun on his heels, as if to show himself off to me. What a lovely touch! I added another point in the plus column on his scorecard.

"Name?" I inquired.

His response was immediate and brief, two qualities I've come to expect in trained males. "James," he replied in a deep sotto voice that seemed to fill the room with a resounding echo of intensity. Checking his crotch under his khakis, I saw the slightest bulge but wasn't sure if he were hard or merely large.

The clock indicated the next arrival was due, so I headed for the door and swung it open. This boy had blonde hair and bright eyes, but I couldn't determine their color in the darkness. His punctuality earned him a point, too, and I ushered him into the big room with an unspoken tilt of my head.

I have a great deal of fun watching two subs eyeball each other, especially when they know that they're in competition with each other. Males have this thing about competition. They struggle against each other, even when they can *both* win. I just never told them exactly how many slots were open. Watching them contend with each other is so much fun that I rarely allow them to know either the details or the criteria of the competition.

The struggle is what turns me on. The results are being shipped overseas.

The third was punctual and the fourth was obviously early, but I ignored his standing on the front porch until it was his time. With four fully dressed males in my den, I was ready to begin. What they didn't know was that a good deal of the contest was already decided.

I can't, in good conscience, send an ego-impaired male to Europe. One of the boys seemed so reluctant, so shy, so timorous in his stance that I was ready to send him home before the fun unfolded. After all, I asked him merely to stand still while I inspected the four of them fully clothed. He shifted on the balls of his feet, swayed back and forth and threw at least two hostile glances at his counterparts.

Can you imagine the havoc such a sub would wreak in a European household?

At 8:45, before I had the first boy over my knee, I sent that one home. Never having touched him or laid more than a glance on him, he was dismissed. That left three males for the evening's entertainment. Sometimes I have so much fun with the auditions that I have to remind myself what my real job is.

They were dressed appropriately as I had ordered in button-down shirts, khaki pants without belts, and shoes. Hopefully they had followed all my orders and what I could see on the outside was the only items they were wearing. If any one of them had underwear, he would also be dismissed outright. It's not a sexual decision; instead, it's simply a question of following orders.

It was time to see if they could do that small task.

"Drop your pants," I said softly and watched to see how fast and how skillfully they would obey. After all, I did not say, "Step out of your slacks." The only command I gave was to "drop them."

Two boys, the big one and the dark-haired James, performed expertly and stood naked from the waist down awaiting further instructions. The third, I think his name was Kevin or Stephen, shifted his feet and kicked his slacks behind him. I know what he was thinking - that it would give him better balance or a larger space in which to stand. But it wasn't what I told him to do.

That wasn't enough to send him home, no, not yet. But I was going to keep an eye on him.

A sub has to be able to think - to understand what you mean and perform accordingly. No one wants an idiot for a sub - one that you have to tell to stand up or sit down or breathe. It's tiring to deal with subs that cannot think for themselves.

But a willful sub is another whole story. They usually turn into challengers, the boys who want to take exception to or question everything you order. That's simply intolerable and I knew better than to send any male with that proclivity to Wilma. Hell, she'd kill him before she'd ask him his name.

It's important to tell a sub that he's displeased you; otherwise, he'll misbehave again.

"Look at your feet," I instructed the nameless blonde, "and then look at theirs." I wondered if he'd understand. I rarely tell an applicant the names of the other contestants. It's more anonymous to use pronouns, and of course, just a little more confusing. I love it when my boys aren't exactly sure who or what I mean. It helps me figure out if they can think independently and follow multiple orders.

Because they were so unsure of themselves, three pair of eyes inspected three pair of feet and the miscreant finally figured out that I was talking to *him.* I swear I saw him blush and make a hesitant move toward his rumpled slacks on the floor behind him.

"Freeze!" I barked.

Three rather nicely developed males stood quiescent as they focused on the rather loud and monosyllabic order they had been issued. Even a stupid male would realize that I was displeased and I hoped the blonde one would figure out what he should - and should not - do at this moment.

"Come here!" I declared in a medium voice that contained no emotion, a voice I developed carefully over my years of dealing with malesubs. You have to learn to talk without judgment; to issue orders without emotion - to speak without implication. It's a learned and useful skill.

The dark-haired male walked slowly to my chair and stood before me. From my height, I had a clear view of his organs, but that wasn't the locus of my interest.

"Turn around," I dictated from what was a series of inspection procedures I usually adhered to, and when he revolved, I took a mental snapshot of his rounded asscheeks and his firm upper thighs. He was hairless - a good sign - and his aroma was sweet. No sub comes to my service wearing cologne. I want to be able to inhale *him,* not Brut or cheap perfumes.

I could feel his heat. This boy was in that feverish state of tension where he wasn't sure if he were in the place his heart had always longed for or if he had slipped into his own personal hell. I like the boys there - the stress and unease they display is exciting.

When my fingers touched his skin, the warmth generated an exciting glow on my hand.

"Turn," I ordered and once again he faced me. This would be a very telling inspection.

Males who start to drip when faced with almost no stimulation do not bode well to live in a style that Wilma enjoyed. She was absolutely evil if males erected or even dripped profusely without orders and rather than send an untrained boy to her for what would probably be an immediate and severe round of 'correction,' I always checked to make sure these boys were well-restrained. A male who can't control himself is useless.

He was dry and he earned another point.

I sent him back to his place across the room and ordered the next one over. One of the most fun experiences I have with new boys is to watch them walk across the room within the confines of their downed trousers. They are forced to take small shuffling steps and by the time they reach me, they've almost fallen at least twice. It's enjoyable watching them struggle just to approach me.

Checking the blonde boy out at close range, I noticed a firm but soft organ and a nice set of rather flat cheeks. Clean and sweet-smelling, he passed round one but when I had him turn once more to face me, I was certain I noticed a single drop at the tip of his shaft and I moved him toward me for a closer look.

There it was: a single dollop of moisture decorating the tip of his organ.

This wasn't a good sign and I made not only a mental note, but I decided it was better to test him now rather than wait for later. Who wants to expend all that effort on a male who is undesirable anyway?

It's easy to bring a male to erection and only the very best can withstand the sum total of my techniques. I test them first and last. Why bother with a male who cannot control his own organ?

In anticipation of this evening's fun, I spent the morning at the salon doing the hair and nails thing that I so enjoy. That gave me the power of ten long, French-manicured nails with which to stimulate the naked penis at which I was looking.

One fingernail glanced against the tip. I wanted him to know that I saw his misbehavior and even more, I wanted to see his reaction. There's this grimace that males make when they're stimulated. It's a cross between absolute pleasure and the strain of self-control. Watching them struggle within themselves to contain their desires or restrict a physiological reaction to a single finger stimulus is rather amusing to witness.

His face was a canvas of color while he danced between heaven and hell. Part of him wanted to erect and show himself off to me; the other part realized what *that* behavior would engender. Just one fingernail circled the tip and flicked the errant drop to the floor. His eyes widened, then closed. His mouth opened, then shut. His cheeks lifted, then tensed.

I enjoyed every moment of his silent struggle.

To his credit, he remained only semi-hard and I dismissed him to the other side of the room. That left only one; the boy named James.

"Here," I pointed with the same finger to the floor in front of my feet. Males have such an interesting battle of wills when they have watched you caress a counterpart and then touch them with the same

finger. If they're homophobic, I can't deal with them. This is the first test of that kind of idiotic thinking.

James waddled over, diligently trying not to trip over his khakis, and stood in front of my chair. His tiny penis seemed to shrivel from the cool air conditioning and his testicles were a rather odd mixture of red and purple. They looked extraordinarily soft yet his shaft seemed covered with a leathery skin. His asscheeks, however, simply glowed.

I had to touch that organ and when I spun him to face me again, I reached out with two fingers and ran them down the long side of his short shaft. His reaction was immediate.

First, his face tightened and second, his shaft jumped to greet me. Amazing! I love subs that do penis exercises and this was living proof that he worked out regularly. Trying hard not to smile, I lingered and fondled him for a moment before sending him back to his place across the room. I could smell the remnants of his fragrance as he waddled back to position.

Part 2

They had all passed so far, but I was curious and just a little skeptical about the dripper. But it was time to go to the next step - and meet each of their asses a little more personally. Wilma loved to give severe spankings; however, she bordered on the cruel when she was disciplining. I figured it was better to find out how these boys dealt with my style before they met her powerful right hand.

If they couldn't take what *I* could offer them, then they certainly would never be up to receiving what the Europeans consider a "good time." Wilma and I shared a few pointers when she was here for the last auction and I hoped we'd do the same thing this time. Her technique was caustic and serious while I had always assumed that a spanking was a good introduction to a sub.

Wilma taught me otherwise.

I called the first boy over to my chair and positioned him carefully across my knees. His ass was high while my knees gripped his shaft carefully and firmly. Wilma had shown me a little trick and it was certainly useful. A wet dick will slide against silk, so I was sure to surround his organ with an absorbent and rough fabric to keep him from moving about.

The little bench under his hands gave him something to grip and his toes barely glanced against the hardwood floor. All in all, he was just a little off balance, but he was definitely not going anywhere.

The other boys seemed fascinated by the position and I figured they were useless across the room, so I beckoned them toward me. One of the best training techniques I've learned is to make sure that the boys are forced to watch each other. It engenders a healthy fear and makes sure that none of them build attachments toward each other.

In fact, I think malesubs *enjoy* watching each other receive punishment, but that's another story altogether.

The blonde between my knees and across my lap shivered a little and I felt the concomitant excitement flow through me. When they're frightened, they're at their peak. This boy was certainly peaking. It's another reason that I keep the air conditioning so cool when I'm playing. It helps keep them chilled and more alert.

Pointing at a lovely paddle on the coffee table, I instructed James to fetch it while the other was directed to hold the blonde's hands against the bench. With the firm leather handle happily in my fist, I raised my arm, lowered it once to tap it against a firm cheek, and brought it up high once again.

There was no reason to play unnecessarily; my purpose was clear. I wanted to know how much he could take.

Ten fast and rather hard strokes met his asscheeks and I felt him shudder under the force and frequency I applied to his single cheek. Without warning, I repeated the action on the other cheek. The lovely pink color flowed over his ass and his skin felt warm to my touch.

Watching the other boys' faces, I discovered their surprise at the number and severity of the blows. When the boy across my knees started to buck, I had James secure his ankles to prevent his movement. It was interesting to see the boys holding down one of 'their own' and I inspected their actions as much as I evaluated the dripper across my knees.

With twenty hard and rapid strokes, I figured he was warmed up and I wanted to test his limits and perhaps stretch them a bit. If he were sent to Austria, he'd have his personal boundaries tested every day so I assumed that I was doing him a favor by letting him know what was in store. Two red cheeks were only the warm-up. The best was yet to come.

With James holding his ankles, I beckoned him to spread them farther apart. I wanted the blonde as stretched as he could manage, given male pelvic structure, and then I wanted him spread just a tiny bit more. A male can always give more than he thinks he can and the boy had to learn that simple fact.

James' maintained a tenacious grip on the boy's ankles and complied unemotionally with my demand. He simply did as he was told and earned himself yet another point. The one holding the blonde's wrists seemed almost perturbed that I hadn't given him a more exciting assignment, and I noted that, too. It was too soon to lift his arms, but soon - soon it would be the right moment.

They thought I was testing the blonde; in reality, I was analyzing their compliance. The blonde was simply the assessment instrument I chose to use.

With his legs spread and his organ firmly between my knees, it was time to decorate a new area of the boy's anatomy. Tapping the side edge of the small paddle against his sweet spot - right under his crack but behind his testicles - I drew the paddle upward and let it flail against his skin.

You would have thought I had attacked him with the reaction he threw. First, he threw his hips high, which I expected, and then he let out a bellow of such proportion that he surprised even me. I do not tolerate screaming subs, so I reinforced my displeasure with four quick identical swats to his sweet spot.

The young blonde was growling and moaning at the same time, but James, to his credit, held those ankles immobile. I'm sure the other boy was working hard to keep his wrists in place, but my attention was focused on James. To get a better grip, he knelt lower, spread his feet and raised his own ass upward. I love it when a sub works hard for me.

The dripper hadn't yet figured out that I wanted a quieter sort of submission, so I applied a new technique that Wilma had shown me last year. It seemed rather innocuous, but I had tried it before and I was convinced of its potential. Lining my paddle up with his inner thighs, I gave him three quick swats: one on each inner thigh and one to the sweet spot.

I felt his maddening horror rise and try to lift him from my lap. The boys held him fast and strong and each earned yet another point on my mental calculator. They were all panting, although the blonde was screaming, too, and the energy level in the room had risen significantly. Even I felt it.

I repeated the series, but in the opposite direction. I had to know what it would take to bring him to tears. If I sent a crybaby to Wilma, she'd never forgive me.

The boy holding his wrists seemed just a trifle bored, but I needed just a drop more before I would raise the boy's hands. He wasn't quite there. He was close; but he wasn't there.

I had James release one ankle and crawl toward the table to fetch my cane. This particular cane had been custom made for me last year by Cane Maker, an old Indian gentleman who worked with custom reed and cane orders. His technique was simply to die for and he had shown me how a cane must caress its target and not simply flail against it.

This seemed as good a time as any to put what I had learned into use. I had James bend the boy's knees slightly but turned my attention to the wrist holder.

"Stand up," I ordered, "and lift his wrists. I want them shoulder height."

I hope he figured out that I meant *his* shoulder height. That would lift the boy and force his back to arch. An arched back yields a wonderful target for an effective spanking. If Wilma didn't know about this technique, she was going to learn it during her next visit.

I don't think the two boys had ever seen a sub stretched out quite like that. With his penis still firmly planted between my knees and held tightly with the coarse fabric and his arms raised mercilessly high, his entire body was a tense rod of jittery excitement. I'm just not sure that the blonde was more - or less - excited than the two boys who were holding him.

There's no time like the present. I brought the cane to his tightly extended asscheeks and waited for the outcry that I knew would ensue. I watched the cane become part of his asscheeks.

I wasn't disappointed. The blonde shrieked as if he had never been spanked before, but I suppose he'd never met anything like my cane, either. All in all, it made me smile.

Watching the two boys closely, I was impressed with their ability to hold the dripper steady. Their faces were another story. James seemed rather studious about the entire episode while the other male seemed more, well, concerned.

As well he should be.

When I felt the tears fall from the blonde's face, I had him kneel between my legs.

"Why are you crying?" I asked as I grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his face dangerously close to my own. Subs have to realize that when I ask a question, I expect an answer.

This one didn't know that - not yet - and he knelt and sobbed quietly. Crying subs bore me and this one, even though he was pretty enough to consider feminizing, didn't want to stop blubbering. I gave him one more chance.

Holding his hair tighter and pulling harder, I stared into his eyes. "Tell me why you're crying," I demanded. It was **not** a question.

"Oh god..." he began, "my ass...beaten...legs..." He made no sense but I didn't expect him to be totally coherent at this point. I turned my attention to James.

"Why is he crying?" I inquired rather lightly, challenging the male to speak intelligently in an almost senseless situation.

To his credit, James didn't answer at once; instead, he seemed to mull over his thoughts before replying. He received yet another point for that.

"You beat him well," James began, "and he learned something new." I knew James would continue if I allowed it but I wanted to hear from the other male.

"And you?" I asked. "What 'new thing' do you think he learned?"

I had to wait just a few seconds longer than I wanted for the boy to reply, but his answer was worth waiting for.

"He learned that he's never been spanked before," the boy intoned, "not **really** spanked."

It was an "A" answer and I gave him two points for it.

The blonde shook his head up and down, confirming the wisdom of the male's response. I also nodded, motioned for him to kneel at my feet and turned my attention to him.

What struck me upon close inspection was his beautiful face. His black hair fell into his eyes and the workout he had just received caused the sweat to plaster it against his dark skin. I hadn't really regarded his face until this moment.

"Name?" I asked bluntly.

"Richard," he replied and then quickly added with a hint of shame, "Ma'am."

"Richard," I announced to the trio, "have **you** ever been spanked before? Really?"

He studied the question a trifle too long a time before responding.

"I thought I had, Ma'am," he began, "but now I'm not sure."

Damn, he gave good answers. There was no point in applying a similar spanking to Richard at this point. There's really no test involved if a malesub knows what's going to happen. What he'd face in Wilma's home would be a constant series of new situations and that's what I had to offer him if I were going to call this a *real* test.

I glanced around the room and settled on a series of clips and chains that I had collected for play times just like this. I wanted something different, something unusual, and the clips and chains seemed perfect for the situation.

It was a time for my favorite nipple clips. I love the little darlings and I just don't use them enough. Besides, what I had in mind would be a fair test for both Richard and James as well. I motioned James to move next to Richard and watched for any signs of reluctance to be so close to another male.

With their shirts almost touching one another at the shoulders, I had them both unbutton and then discard them. Their chests faced me and I drank in their scents.

Sweating males excite me. For the life of me, I don't know why, but I always allow myself to enjoy it.

Nipple clips cause as much horror in a malesub while I hold them in my hand as they do when I apply them to tender flesh. The boys eyed me and then the clips and Richard closed his eyes for a moment. In that instant, I knew I had selected the correct test for him. He gave it all away with his eyes.

Starting with James, I pinched a large amount of nipple and flesh between my fingers, pulled it sternly and applied the clip. Without waiting, I administered the second one as well. With small but serious motion, I tightened the screws, waiting for that single wince that told me I had reached his first threshold.

Males have several thresholds and the first is rarely severe. Turning the screw another twist, I watched his eyes steel against the pain and his chest heave slightly, just enough to bounce the end of the chain that dangled against his skin. With his attention fully involved in my fingers, James never anticipated what was going to be attached to the other end of the short chain.

But Richard saw it. There was no question that he knew full well what I was going to do with nipple clip that now dangled almost against James' stomach. When he shut his eyes for an instant again, I felt him shudder, then stiffen.

Lifting one of the dangling chains, I took the clip in my fingers and brought to bear against Richard's left nipple. As I studied the clip's adjustment, I likewise studied Richard's reaction to his new attachment. The boys were locked, left nipple to right nipple, and one chain remained.

This was going to be fun! Grasping the remaining clip tightly, I opened its jaws and ate a large chunk of Richard's other nipple. The boys were locked intimately together, with less than 18 inches of chain

between them. Their faces were forced to stare at one another and I knew they could feel each other's hot breath on their cheeks.

One more step remained. I wanted them to stand up. Grabbing their organs, one in each hand, I helped them to their feet.

Their moaning filled the room with a cascade of symphony as they struggled to rise. As one stood, the other groaned. As the second male rose, the first felt his nipple ripped from his chest. It was music to my ears.

As they stood motionless before me, I had the blonde fetch two parachutes from the table. When the males caught a glimpse of what I held in my hands, I saw their legs quiver in that delightful little dance of dread that I so love.

I ordered Richard to install one parachute on James and then I reversed the order. Needing to see if they were compatible playmates, I took advantage of their physical closeness. They would have to touch each other to make the parachutes fit tightly and I wanted to see how reluctant - or eager - they were to do just that.

Part 3

But I had one more game to play with them. The blonde, whose name turned out to be Stephen, was ordered to hook the remaining chain between them. If Wilma were going to feminize the blonde, he'd be responsible for working with the males. This was a good test of his ability to do just that.

When I watched him work, I knew he needed work but he never hesitated. Taking one end of the chain and a single padlock, he inserted the hasp through the link and then locked it to James' parachute. Without instruction, he ran the other end of the chain through Richard's o-ring and before locking it in place, turned and asked me a question.

"Shall I shorten it, Ma'am?" he inquired.

I loved it! The boy knew where I was going with the game and I nodded approval to him. Their organs were drawn delicately close together.

Standing up, I pressed James' shoulders backward and held them there, then did the same to his partner. I could see the flesh of their nipples strain against the pull and the penis chair jerked tight. With their hips thrust forward, I was ready.

"Bring him to erection," I said to neither of them in particular. I wanted them to believe I was speaking only to *him* and I allowed the words to fall into the room's powerful silence.

"The winner goes to Austria," I added and they both lunged for one another.

I watched in silence as the boys thrust and pressed their penises one against the other, trying to stimulate each other into erection. As they pulled back, their nipples were wrenched in the clips' teeth and their faces reacted to their physical pain.

It was a delightful show.

I handed Stephen my favorite leather strap and pointed with my chin toward Richard's ass. Wanting to evaluate the blonde a little further, I sat back in my chair and inspected the three of them in action.

As the boys engaged in combat, Stephen offered a moderate slap against Richard's ass and I was temporarily disheartened by his effort. Frowning, I indicated, "Again," with my chin and was rewarded with a slap that echoed in the silent room. Save for their panting, no one said a word.

Every time Stephen swatted Richard's backside, I watched a rosy glow overcome his dark skin. He grimaced as he plunged his hips forward, as he felt the clips teeth pull and as the leather landed on his lower cheeks. How much could he take, I wondered. What was his limit? Would he move beyond it for me?

Did he want this badly enough?

I allowed them to play for a few minutes when I saw the first tear well up in his eye and in another short moment, it ran down his cheek.

James, for his part, was a valiant combatant. Although he was obviously eager to please me, he allowed himself to venture into deep sub space and enjoy his adventure. There would be only one more test for him. I needed to know if he wanted the position badly enough. I rose and gathered a thin reed from the table. There's nothing as exciting as the sound of a bamboo reed against a boy's soft ass and I readied the instrument for application. James was so involved in his struggle than he had momentarily neglected to consider where I was and what I was doing.

Using every technique that Cane Maker had shown me, I swatted James' backside with two quickly applied strokes that raised immediate white welts surrounded by lovely red heightened skin. The boy literally yelped his surprise mixed with pain.

By now, the two boys were being swatted as they fought each other and the purpose the game, to bring the other to erection, was forgotten. The real test was their ability to deal with the situation. Winning took a secondary seat.

I called for them to cease, removed one nipple clip from each, and rubbed their aching chests firmly between my fingertips. That's the most fun of nipple clips, I've learned. When they're removed, they are more onerous than when they're applied.

The boys groaned. Stephen grinned through his earlier tears, James panted as if he couldn't catch his breath, and Richard sobbed through his pain and anger. I had three boys brought close to their pain limit and it was enough to convince me I could send any - or all - of them to Wilma when she arrived for the auction.

But I had one more test to administer. Without their passing it, I couldn't give them my full-hearted recommendation. Because Wilma was such a good friend, I felt that I needed to run them through it.

It involved obedience, strict obedience. I know how Wilma plays and she is very demanding. Further, she doesn't expect to have to discipline males for failure to perform, lack of endurance or reluctance. She likes them ready, willing and able. I had to find out if these boys were all of the above.

Wilma rarely allows her subs to service her but she uses them all the time as rewards for special guests and to keep the rest of the staff, well, happy. I didn't know if these boys were trained sexually. Their owners who recommended them to me didn't share that tidbit; in fact, I think they were kind of eager for me to find out for myself.

And that's exactly what I was going to do.

It takes technique, practice and skill. It requires a special understanding of anatomy. It needs a practiced approach.

And could they do *that* while not turning themselves on? Could they satisfy another and be satisfied without personal climax? Would they balk at male gratification when they knew they would not achieve their own?

I had so many questions and only these three boys had the answers. It was my job to find out.

As a gift during the time I was hobbled with a broken ankle, I had been given a young woman whose job it was to attend to my personal needs. Ordinarily, I'm not big on female subs, but this time was special. I needed help doing almost everything and a femsub seemed like a good idea. Besides, she was a gift and it was almost rude to say no.

She had been with me almost three weeks now, and we had gotten into a routine. A smart girl, she figured out what I needed almost before I realized I needed it and she was comfortable in a home with malesubs who came and went. As a personal helper, she was very good and heaven knows, I needed one.

But I hadn't given her any *real* reward for work and this seemed as good a time as any. She was also a real pain slut, something I enjoyed in any sub, regardless of gender. She would be my test case for the boys.

I had Nikki dress in a rather Victorian outfit, replete with a flowing dress, appropriate shoes and stockings, a demi bustier that forced her ample breasts out of the low cut bodice and revealed her nipples. The skirt portion of the dress was cut in overlapping strips so she could sit on a chair and any sub could spread the strips and have unimpeded access to her lower lips. In fact, if my dressmaker had done her job right, a reasonable sized sub could be almost totally hidden within the folds and overlays of the fabric.

She didn't need panties, not for what I had in mind. I know Wilma's parties and they tend to get somewhat raucous with subs attending to a variety of guests' needs, whenever the guest feels that particular need. The old aristocracy with whom Wilma parties seem to come up with some of the most challenging peccadilloes that I've ever enjoyed watching.

That added up to a really challenging test of the boys' skill, willingness and competence. They didn't have to be good; rather, they had to be great.

With her breasts topping her bodice, I had Stephen kneel at her side and James bend low enough to crawl into the open slits of her dress. Richard was placed kneeling behind James. Their instructions were simple and clear.

"Nikki requires service. Bring her to climax within 10 minutes without using your hands." I watched their faces search mine for a reason or an explanation or a hint of something *other* than what I just said.

"If you fail to do so," I studied their eyes while I spoke, "Richard will service *you.*" Allowing the power of those words to sink in, I waited for the little light bulb to click above their heads.

Did Stephen have the technique to really worship her breasts and bring her to orgasm? Did James have the talent to adore her lower lips so she would be writhing and screaming from his work? Was Richard obedient enough to perform with another male when ordered simply because he was ordered to do so?

I had questions and now it was time for answers.

The boys knelt quietly for a moment and I perused their body language to determine which one would take command, or at least be the first to move toward the half-naked young woman seated in front of them. There's always something special about a male who has the self-confidence to take the first step.

Counting silently, I reached "7" when James made his move.

Using his face and head, he wriggled the slits of her long dress apart and crawled in. He inhaled her aroma deeply and drank in her perfume. Because her flowing dress hid his undertaking from me, I reached in and pulled apart the long slits for a better look.

I was impressed with what I saw.

James's lips were his first weapon and he used his own to spread hers. Nikki startled from three weeks without release, but quickly recovered from his initial touch. Turning his head sideways, he managed to open her with a combination of lips and teeth working together. His technique was masterful, if just a little sloppily applied.

Stephen stared at his partner's backside as he serviced the young woman's sweet lips. Every time James moved in, Nikki moaned her delight and her quivering caused her overly ample breasts to jiggle loose of the hint of fabric that served as a bodice to that dress. Her bouncing and twitching white orbs finally caught Stephen's attention.

It was about time, if you ask me.

James continued his loving assault on her hairless lips while Stephen appeared mesmerized by the show performed in front of him. Frowning, I thought he had watched quite enough but he was answering one huge question that had been troubling me since he first oozed that slight dribble onto my fingers.

I would deal with him later; right now, I wanted to see James work.

An imaginative sub can do more than simply lick and suck a woman; in fact, a truly great sub should have in his arsenal of training at least five different methods of satisfying a woman without using his hands. That was my minimum rule, and I'm sure Wilma agreed. After all, if she invites ten couples to a party and has a boy service the women, he ought to be able to vary his technique. Nothing's more boring than watching the same thing over and over again.

When I was at Wilma's, I recall observing a huge malesub manage seven women into delirium and he never used the same body part twice in his repertoire. He was a marvelous boy, a true European trained male who understood his role and took his job seriously.

When he accomplished his function, Wilma rewarded him with a rather extravagant flogging in which the women's partners participated. The men were eager to test his backside, legs and thighs. I wanted those asscheeks for myself and when the men were done taking turns, Wilma caught my eye and inquired if I'd like a chance at him.

I couldn't say, "Yes," fast enough.

Seven gleeful men bound the boy's wrists to the table legs and I showed them what my Cane Maker had taught me about the proper use of bamboo. To his credit, the boy didn't scream. Well, not too loudly, anyway. It was a delightful evening.

James impressed me with every move he made. Darting in and out with an exceptionally long tongue, he flicked every square millimeter of Nikki's sweet skin. He paid as much attention to her lips as he did to what was between them. Drinking her nectar, he brought her to the edge.

The entire time he dazzled me with his proclivity, Stephen watched the show as if it were a private performance. Lazy subs, and males that have no original ideas of their own simply bore me.

Catching Richard's eye, I motioned him to crawl silently behind the wayward Stephen.

By now, James had been at it for at least five full minutes and Nikki's resolve - not to mention her long abstinence - seemed to be breaking. Holding onto the chair's arms as if for dear life, she steadied herself against the impending explosion that was boiling inside her.

I knew she wouldn't last long; in fact, the first time I had a male service her, she reacted in a similar manner. First she moaned, then she groaned, and in a few more minutes, I predicted she'd slide right out of the chair almost directly into James's mouth.

Five. Four. Three. Two. She began to slither downward, her crotch aiming directly for his eager lips. Unable to use his hands on her skin, he shifted and sat beneath her undulating body. Holding her hips with his knees, he lifted them and brought her feast to his dinner plate.

Nikki arched her back and I recognized the signal. One. He drew her toward him, pressed a tongue directly into her femininity and drank her essence. Her howling filled the room with a sweet symphony of delirium. Forever locked together, the servant remained silent and still as wave after wave of

pleasure filled the young woman with ecstasy. Stephen was shocked out of his stupor by her cries and awkwardly reached for her flailing breasts. Pinching one nipple, he seemed to awaken from a coma of wordlessness and embarked on a rather clumsy attempt at stimulating a spent female. I sighed at his oafish effort and I was *not* impressed. "Puh-leez," I muttered, and pointed at Richard. The big man grasped the slender blonde's hips and bent him forcefully forward.

I appreciate males who require little direction, and Richard certainly rated a few more plus points in the positive column of his personal scorecard for his quick-thinking and sensible action. I think only Stephen was surprised when Richard reached between Nikki's legs for a few fingers' worth of moisture and applied the delightful wetness to Stephen's rosy pucker. Without a word, he pressed the blonde boy's face to the floor and drove his rather thick and meaty organ into his apparently tight ass. The sound of Stephen's screech filled my ears with a rather pleasant melody and I observed the technique Richard utilized with earnest enthusiasm. After all, if Richard were going to service Wilma's staff, then he better have a good methodology; otherwise, he'd never make it in her household. Watching him lunge and thrust, then lean back and drive in, I knew that Richard could satisfy the hungriest of malesubs on any continent.

Smiling, I sat down and allowed Richard his culmination. He drew Stephen's hips with him as he retreated, then plunged the boy to the floor as the rammed forward. Repeating the series over and over, Richard propelled himself deeper and deeper between the boy's asscheeks and drove himself closer and closer to climax. It was at this zenith of passion that he won me over. "Per...permission...to...to...come?" he hissed in my direction. Then he added, "Ma'am?"

Game. Set. Match.

I stood up and walked toward the kitchen for a cup of cafe mocha as a reward for the arduous audition I had just completed. Tossing the door shut behind me, I allowed the foursome to gather themselves together before I pronounced judgment on them. A last glance toward the assembled four perspiring bodies, four tense participants, four spent souls, and four exhausted applicants.

The mocha gave me what I needed and for good measure, I added a rather large squirt of whipped cream. I figured I deserved it.

After a few moments alone, I returned to the group to give them the results of the audition.

"You," I pointed to James, "have some talent that needs further development and training. But you also have potential. I'm sending you to Austria to serve."

Moving my glance toward Richard, I added, "And you are the jewel in the crown. I can send you to Austria knowing that you will make a fine addition to the household. If you train well, I imagine you achieve a higher status very soon."

I observed their faces break into huge grins of appreciation for my time. But there was one more male to deal with. Turning my attention to Stephen, I remarked rather coldly, "You're not even close to their caliber. As far as I'm concerned, I'm done with you." He sat immobile on his haunches, and broke down into horrible little sobs of despair. I hate it when males cry like that and I had little time or compassion for his performance.

"You're dismissed," I concluded and pointed toward the door.

At least he had his socks on when he walked into the dark outdoors. I'm not sure he realized that he left his clothing on the floor inside. No matter. He was no longer my problem.

Then I searched Nikki's face for a clue to my final offer. "You have taken good care of me while my ankle has healed," I began, "and you deserve a little vacation when it's completely better."

Her eyes sparkled and her lips smiled upward. She was a pretty girl when she smiled.

"They need an upstairs maid in Austria," I offered. "Would you like the job?"

Her giggling told me what I needed to know.

"Have fun, kiddies," I announced as I retired for more cafe mocha to end my busy evening. As I exited the room, I watched the two males lunge for her nipples, drink in one apiece, and I saw her hands aim for their dangling organs. Let the children play, I figured.

They could not imagine what was in store for them When they arrived in Austria. Wilma had a no-nonsense approach to new submissives and I had seen a few photos of what her discipline sessions with them entailed. Play now, boys and girls. For tomorrow brings Wilma's whip.