

Night Scripts

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Andrea barely raised her eyes from her clipboard but was nonetheless acutely aware that several newcomers had arrived in the waiting room. She really didn't care if they read the ancient magazines or simply stared at the four pale walls. Their time didn't matter; in fact, the more time they waited for her, the happier she seemed to become.

What they needed was within her power to bestow.

Men shifted uncomfortably in orange and blue plastic chairs. Leftovers from the early 80s, the seats were not only harsh but also were rather backbreaking for any significant duration. Andrea was certain that at least half of the men in the waiting room sported aching asses. The thought of their bottoms almost numb from hard chairs made her giggle.

Two more males entered and she did a fast head count. An even dozen was her cutoff and by her estimation the group was full. This class would be her best yet, she vowed, and might even become the source of a new journal article she was considering. The perks of working with Dr. Caruso were significant and abundant in their intrigue.

"I trust you and like your style," Dr. Caruso remarked a few months ago. "With our new work in male impotence, it's quite critical that my staff be trustworthy... especially my charge nurse."

Andrea recalled those words with a certain warmth and comfort. With her promotion to charge nurse, she no longer had to endure those white nylon pants and tunics or those dreadful white shoes. The charge nurse, Andrea always believed, was like a plainclothes cop.

She dressed with care. Always looking incredibly professional and her blonde hair in a shoulder-length bob, Andrea mingled a few of her favorite fun items into her business wardrobe. When she wore black pants, she always added in a suede vest under a leather blazer. A little bit kinky, a little bit rock and roll. The juxtaposition of the two worlds always made her grin.

Dr. Caruso sensed Andrea's assertiveness and appreciated that quality in her head nurse. With the new impotence project, Dr. Caruso sensed that her nurse's ability to organize and keep things in place and in line would be an invaluable asset during the project's duration. Besides, Andrea's wardrobe always made the doctor re-think what she would wear to the office each day. Andrea kept her young - - alive - - and feeling just a little bit sexy.

The twelve men fairly jumped out of their seats when Andrea stood and called them to order.

"Up, gentlemen," she placed heavy sarcasm on the second word, "and into that room." Pointing with a mere pencil, she held their happiness and their futures in her hands and on her clipboard.

Twelve pair of eyes stared at the unmarked door through which they knew they would tread in search of the magical solution to their lives' dilemmas and their agonies. They sensed that inside that small, antiseptic and uncomfortable cubicle was the answer to their prayers. Between their hopes and dreams stood one short slender nurse who relished the power in her control.

The men plodded in single file into a rather plain examining room and noted the surroundings. Finding no chairs, they stood staring at one another uncomfortably, as if sizing up the other man's dilemma. They all knew why they were there, but so did the only female in the room. The fact that *she* knew was worse, each man figured out for himself.

Ignoring them completely as she gazed up and down the almost-empty clipboard, Andrea caught glimpses of their discomfort and smiled condescendingly at each discomforted male. After an excruciating silence, she looked over her glasses and began speaking without introduction.

"You're here for tests," she explained unnecessarily as each man hung onto her every word. "We are going to determine the extent of your impotence and whether it's physical or psychological." She allowed every word to hang in the air as the men stared at her mouth, as if they could not take in her words as she spoke them. Feeling their incomprehension, Andrea spoke clearly and simply, as if she were an elementary school teacher addressing her charges.

"We start with physical tests," she continued, "and if the results are satisfactory, we move on."

Every male's understanding stopped on the single syllable, `if.'

She watched their eyes glaze over as they imagined the `if' she put between them and the clinical trials for the magic medication everyone was talking about. The only way into the testing program was through her, and they all knew it. What was worse was that Andrea knew it and used it to her advantage at every moment.

Without a word of warning, she uttered the single command, "Strip."

No one moved or even breathed. Twelve men stared into nothingness and thought about the scope of her order. They expected some degradation, but not one anticipated *this* kind of embarrassment. Andrea stood silently and stared at the agonized males tightly grouped in front of her. A small smile curled her lips.

She would not repeat the command and everyone in the small examining room knew it. They believed that their failure to obey now would drop them from the program automatically. That much had been made clear in the pre-exam literature she had so much fun in writing. Andrea counted silently from ten backward towards one. When she reached three, she saw the first set of fingers begin unbuttoning his shirt.

Andrea had to struggle to keep from breaking into a huge smile, but she succeeded.

As she watched the eleven others join in the disrobing parade, Andrea debated silently if she would exert more power by watching the show or if leaving the room while it played itself out was a more assertive role for herself. Perhaps she would display more control by indicating to the undressing men that she had more valuable things to do with her time. On the other hand, watching men strip had

been one of her passions for a long time and she hated not enjoying every succulent moment of their distress.

She elected to stay. To a man, each avoided her stare as he removed his clothing and crept closer and closer to bare skin. Her pre-exam directions had been clear: wear few clothes. Because their accommodations at the clinic were sparse, there was neither room nor need for much clothing. She instructed them to wear simple khaki slacks, a polo shirt and sandals or sneakers. Nothing else was required. Nothing else was desired. Failing to mention underwear was intentional and Andrea was curious at how many men followed her instructions.

Shirts and shoes were easily removed and Andrea tried to appear nonchalant as twelve pair of fingers fumbled with belts and buttons. The room's silence grew to a deafening crescendo as the men struggled with their disparate emotions and threatened egos. As they groped and floundered with their clothing, Andrea stood perfectly still and smiled.

She refused to speak again until every stitch of clothing was removed and her singular command was obeyed and she was confident that every male in the room knew it. There would be no cajoling, no reminding, and no encouraging. Obedience was all she wanted and it was exactly what she expected to obtain.

"Everything?" a meek voice stuttered from somewhere.

If possible, the silence was even louder than before. It took balls, she figured, to ask her that question but she also recognized that the most assertive of any group was a potential leader - - and a potential troublemaker. He had to be dealt with immediately. Striding over toward him in two steps, she stared into his deep-set black eyes.

"Exactly what did you *not* understand?" she asked without answering his question.

Instinctively, his hand reached for his genitals either out of fright or the need to postpone fear-induced urination spasms. It didn't matter to Andrea - all she wanted was an even dozen naked males as well as the establishment of her complete authority over all of them.

He opened the button, unzipped and dropped his pants to his ankles. Smiling, she returned to her position at the front of the room.

He had worn no underwear. The taste of victory was always sweet and Andrea licked her lips.

Her uniform was one of her favorite toys, Andrea mused, as she unhooked the 12-inch ruler from her belt. Holding both her clipboard and the ruler, she viewed her charges.

"First, I need measurements," she told the dispirited group and walked toward the former leadership candidate as if to humiliate him out of any further thoughts of that role. Without a word, she reached for his penis and held it flat against the cold metal stick.

"Four," she spoke aloud for the sole purpose of embarrassing him even further. "Next," she commanded.

Without any further instruction, a nearby male presented his penis for measurement and shuddered slightly when she took the proffered shaft and slapped the cold metal ruler against his skin. Stretching his cock a little more tautly than necessary, she uttered the measurement aloud and jotted it on her clipboard. "Five point three," she noted.

Every man faced his statistical analysis with dread and hung his head sheepishly as she called his size aloud. Writing on her chart with flair, Andrea made the most of their predicament.

"Three point seven," she noted and smiled as that particular man lowered his shoulders visibly prior to making room for the next. "Five point two," greeted the next man.

The naked men stood silently and held their clothing and shoes as she continued down the line. As she reached the final candidate, her ears drank in his admonition.

"It's cold in here," he muttered as if to excuse his small size yet she offered him no room for explanation and intentionally measured his organ on the small side, but wrote down the accurate measurement. "Three," she gloated aloud but wrote, "three point eight." Every moment was a victory for Andrea and every male who trudged toward her a potential conquest.

As she regained her front-and-center station, Andrea pulled back her lab coat to hook the ruler on her belt but displayed a glimpse of her low-cut white spandex neckline that showed off a lovely cleavage that was enhanced by a carefully selected push-up bra. Every male saw it and reacted yet it was unusual for the nurse not to notice a hardened penis or two. Usually, her patients erected when she showed off her breasts, but these were special men. And they posed a special set of enjoyment for her.

Eager to tantalize them, she began her next set of instructions.

"Cleanliness," she began, "is a rule. In order for you to be clean, you will have your pubic hair removed and there will be daily enemas."

Andrea allowed her words to sink in as she busied herself with her clipboard. Shuffling papers, she glimpsed several furrowed brows.

The men heard her words with resigned understanding and never uttered a syllable of protest. They wanted to be in the pilot group and her word, as the pre-exam literature explained so carefully, was law. "Questioning, complaining or not obeying test group procedures is cause for immediate expulsion from the program," was printed on every page of the literature and was signed by each candidate.

Their collective sigh was both silent and palpable. Andrea could feel their uneasiness as if it were in her hands. Using their embarrassment to create even more control was her first order of business. Glancing at her watch, Andrea noted that it was 9:45 and they had been there merely three-quarters of an hour. Pleased with her success, she moved on to the next task.

"We'll begin with hair removal," she instructed and marched toward the exam room's side door. Every man moved out of her way and diffidently carried his clothing as they all formed a single line behind

her. By now, they were concerned only with obeying her directives and tried to exclude their mortification from their thoughts.

It wasn't until each man reached the hallway that he realized where he was being led. The door didn't open into a private room, as he had expected. Instead, it led into the back corridor of the clinic - right in the middle of the business offices. The antiseptic feeling that the exam room generated was gone. In its place were the warm and inviting textures of Dr. Caruso's clinic. They didn't see the lovely salmon wallpaper or the deep gray carpet; instead, they noticed only the sounds of ringing telephones and muted discussion. They didn't notice the soft lighting; rather, they felt only the stares of the office workers who noted their passing with upwardly curled lips.

Each man attempted to cover himself with his pile of clothing, but Andrea was one step ahead.

"Hang your slacks and shirts on the hooks to your left," she prescribed. "Place your shoes on the floor beneath your belongings." It was not a question and every man realized it. Simultaneously, a dozen males shed their last vestige of dignity and ceded their clothing to the simple plastic hooks on the salmon-papered wall.

It wasn't by accident that Andrea stopped the naked procession and bent low to chat with the appointment scheduler. In fact, she bent low enough to display an even meatier view of her ample breasts that peeked from the curve of her white spandex neckline. The men noticed her splendor yet tried to look elsewhere. The problem was that they saw office workers staring right back at them and the entire ludicrous situation gave the dozen no where to turn for privacy.

It was exactly as Andrea had planned.

After an excruciatingly long discussion with the appointment secretary, Andrea returned her attention to her group.

"Come," she ordered and noted with pleasure the easy misinterpretation of her pun.

As if they were schoolchildren, the men followed her. Eager to leave the open area, they didn't care where the next door led - they just wanted to get through the portal as rapidly as possible. Andrea walked slowly and deliberately as the office staff thanked her silently for their early-morning treat.

"Eye candy," the appointment secretary commented to the nods of several other women.

"Chosen that way," the billing clerk offered.

"Sounds like Andrea," a voice offered and the entire staff nodded gravely before giggling as one.

On the other side of the door, twelve naked men who no longer felt capable of being surprised gathered into a circle to listen to their next set of instructions. Andrea shuffled with the papers on her clipboard, raised her head and watched their faces over her half glasses.

"Hair removal," she commented fairly quietly. The men grouped together more tightly as she spoke so they could hear every word. Not one man wanted to miss a single syllable and risk expulsion. Soon they were shoulder to shoulder and hip to hip. Their proximity caused more than a little individual

petulance but Andrea had planned it that way and reveled in their anxiety.

"Shaving isn't suitable," she informed them, "because it leaves stubble and needs constant attention. We've found that depilatories are more satisfactory; however, they can irritate the skin." By now, the males' ears were almost too full to comprehend the extent of her next directive.

"We use electronic means," she finished as twelve men squirmed visibly.

Her excitement was so overwhelming that Andrea could almost feel their dread as she pointed above their heads and behind them. They turned as one and saw the goal of her gesticulation. A single long wall stood like a monolith and was decorated with eyebolts that were obviously well set and permanent. Its function was apparent yet the methodology escaped their instantaneous comprehension.

"Gloves are at the base," Andrea pointed out and each man took a pair and slid his hands easily into them. Locking them carefully about the wrists, the men raised their arms at her single finger point and allowed themselves to be locked dutifully to the overhead hooks. When they were in place, an orderly came in and ran a single padded cord around 24 consecutive ankles and hooked it in place.

It was all she could do to keep her composure as she surveyed the lineup of 12 bound men who were as astonished as she was excited at their predicament. Desperate to rub her wet palms along their sinewy bodies, Andrea struggled to keep her aplomb in the face of one of her fantasies coming true. Instead, she pressed her finger to the intercom.

"We're ready," she directed to the electronic box and within minutes, twelve technical assistants entered. Each woman carried a small kit that every bound man eyed with apprehension mixed with a healthy dose of alarm. As the group settled into place with a tech assistant seated on a wheeling bench in front of one male candidate, Andrea nodded and the hum of 12 electric depilatories coalesced into a single whir.

A scream punctuated the voiceless ministrations. Several more followed quickly.

Andrea stared with sensual rapture as every strand of pubic hair was removed at the root and a cacophony of male guttural shrieking filled her ears. Holding onto her clipboard with sweaty fingers, Andrea leaned against the cool wall and tried to calm herself down. She was desperate to reach into her bra and stroke her nipples to calm their excitement, but she had to maintain her professionalism in front of the patients. With their backs to her, the workers never saw her excitement. And she was pretty sure the men were incapable of noticing anything except their own needs.

Soon, the bulk of the hair lay in small tufts on the floor and the males shook uncontrollably in their bindings as the workers aimed for recalcitrant hairs and orphans that needed removing just for appearance. When the final hair was gone and every pubis clean and smooth, the men began collecting their emotions. Andrea noted with glee that every face was wet with tears. She loved watching men cry.

"Turn them," she ordered and twelve tech assistants unhooked their charge's hands, turned him against the wall, and reattached his wrists to a single overhead eyebolt.

"Legs," she commanded and as the single padded cord that connected was loosened and retied, their ankles were spread.

The assistants reclaimed their padded stools and poised their weapons, awaiting the command.

"Get it all," she enjoined them and twelve electric motors droned on. The screaming began anew as every ass was spread and every strand of hair was pulled out from the root.

Andrea was almost beside herself with a morbid joy. The sound of men putting up with every indignity and every machination she had put them through filled her with a sense of sensual excitement she had come to love. Power and control, she mused, were what she wanted. As the whirl of the tools subsided, Andrea's ears drank in the few remaining whimpers and sobs. They were music; they comprised her symphony.

Her nod generated a flurry of movement in which the 12 workers packed up their gear, unhooked their patients, and left the room. As the 12 sunk to their knees, and one or two completely to the carpet, Andrea glimpsed the 12 stains of perspiration along the wall. It excited her and she tightened her thighs to deal with it.

"We'll move on to the next item," she spoke aloud and drew a large check mark on her clipboard. By now, the men were uncomprehending, unable to fathom another word or follow a single direction. Some held their genitals and asses lovingly as if to soothe their pain. Some rolled on the carpet and others sobbed silently as they gripped their asscheeks. Andrea smiled sarcastically and raised her voice.

"Next or out," she directed and twelve men raised to their knees and then to their wobbly legs in a valiant attempt to follow her orders. Struggling to maintain their balance, they tried to create a single-file line and continue toward their goal. A few of them made it and gripped their comrades to pull them to their feet. A sort of camaraderie had developed and Andrea noted it mentally. She would take care of that male bonding when they all trudged through the next door.

It was almost as if they expected it. Coupled with their physical exhaustion and emotional degradation, the men entered the attached room and waited in a circle for directions. Each man noticed the twelve exam tables crowded into the antiseptic room as Andrea noted the severe overhead lighting. The males tried not to discern the wristbands or stirrups, but Andrea had them installed specifically for her needs - - and wants.

They were about to learn what her needs entailed. And she was pretty sure they would not enjoy her wants.

"Up," she ordered. She left out any further directions as to position and watched with excitement as the men plodded each to an exam table. They couldn't help but notice, she figured, how well positioned the wrist restraints were and how metallic and shiny the stirrups glowed in the harsh overhead lighting.

"Let's see if they can figure it out," she mused as they each inspected the apparatus.

The males followed each other instinctively toward the tables and climbed on them. Some sat, awaiting orders, and others spread their legs into the stirrups. A few dropped their arms to the handrails.

Andrea had yet to utter a second word.

As they squeaked and crinkled the waxed exam table paper, the men seemed almost resigned to this portion of the pre-trial testing. Figuring that nudity and humiliation were not quite enough, they seemed almost glad that the anticipated medical exam was finally underway. As of yet, they hadn't laid eyes upon the doctor who had received the grant to conduct the tests. All they had to do was qualify. And the stakes were very high.

Many of the men seemed to foresee the impending exam to require their posteriors on display, so they organized themselves on their chests and knees, with their hands gripping the handrails that Andrea had set particularly low that morning. Several men predicted that they should lay supine and rested their feet in the metal stirrups. To a man, they were almost shivering from the air conditioning, another of Andrea's small gifts.

Taking a telescoping pointer from her belt, Andrea drew it open and pressed the tip against the closest male's upraised posterior.

"Gentlemen," she laced the word with sarcasm, "assume the position." Her smile belied the fact that she **still** hadn't given them enough information to ascertain if supine or prostrate were called for. One of Andrea's biggest thrills was giving men too few instructions and making them guess at what she **really** wanted. She enjoyed watching them in their dilemma, unsure and tense. They stumbled over themselves and stammered as they tried to speak. Their fumbling posture always made her giggle.

These particular 12 men also made a smile rise on her lips. No matter what direction she tilted her eyes, she saw wide spread legs or asses up in the air. What more could a girl hope for, she asked herself.

"Dr. Caruso will be here in a moment," Andrea reported in a matter-of-fact voice. "The exam will determine the participants in the study. As the literature stated, you may have no other medical conditions except your inability to erect."

She allowed those painful words to sink in. Every man knew what his problem was and each was so desperate that he would do almost anything to participate in the study. Every time she could, Andrea loved reinforcing their desperation onto the applicants. It made them a little more submissive and docile, just the way she liked her patients.

Almost as one, the 12 men inhaled a huge gulp of air and exhaled it as if relieved to learn that the doctor would arrive and save them from any further sadistic machinations of the charge nurse. As Andrea stepped toward each table and noted the male's name and ID number from his ankle bracelet, she made sure each could view her hard nipples as they poked over her demi-bra and through her shirt's white spandex. She bent slightly to read their bracelets and made certain they were able to glimpse her breasts as they attempted to spill out of the U-shaped neckline. Her pushup bra had been no mistake.

She moved very close to each man's face as she spoke to him individually. Each heard the same instructions.

"Be a good boy," she hissed into each man's ear, "and I'll help you get into the program." As each male smiled, she moved even closer and forced him to drink in the heady fragrance of her perfume. "If you don't cooperate, I'll make your life a living hell." With that almost silent threat, Andrea brushed her warm skin against each man's face and simultaneously ran her palm across his lower belly as if to calm him, but just about grazed his pubis with her fingernails.

To a man, each one shuddered yet there wasn't an erection among the dozen; not even a tremor.

She touched a few limp penises, just to make sure they were soft, and carried on her business. As she read the papers on her board, she caressed yet another mushy shaft absentmindedly and walked from patient to patient to check each man's condition.

"Soft," she muttered quite loudly and checked something on her clipboard. "Pliant," she mumbled, just loudly enough for everyone to hear. "Flaccid," she reported under her breath. At each patient's bedside, she noted his condition on her report.

Almost unnoticed, Dr. Caruso walked in through the side door. The scene she witnessed almost overwhelmed her, but then she recalled Andrea's style. This nurse would make sure that the doctor's time wasn't wasted. It was part of her charge nurse's style that Danielle Caruso had come to appreciate over the years. Every male was prepped and ready. Their nakedness was an added touch she appreciated because it would save her a great deal of time. Besides, she rather enjoyed the spectacle.

Andrea called across the room, "Dr. C, I think we should begin with strength and control. Do you agree?"

Danielle looked at Andrea and smiled warmly. Every exam would have two parts and she could count on Andrea to choose the more demanding part first. That way, the final portion of the exam would be easier for the doctor. Smiling, she addressed the group.

"Gentlemen, we will test for muscle strength and fitness first. You may feel some tugging or a slight strain at times; however, this is normal. If you become uncomfortable, speak to the nurse."

Dr. Caruso smiled benignly at her nurse as Andrea's face broke into a wide grin. Twelve men grimaced simultaneously.

"On your backs!" she directed as half the patients struggled to turn themselves over on the narrow tables and deal with the sticky exam paper. She waited silently as they got into position.

Speaking into the intercom, Andrea ordered the twelve assistants into the room and assigned each to a patient when they arrived.

"Strap them in carefully," she ordered, "we don't want anyone hurt - unnecessarily," Andrea added the final word with an almost-evil tinge in her voice that made several assistants giggle.

Using wide webbed straps, each assistant bound his patient to the exam table across his forehead, chest, under arms, upper abdomen, stomach, groin, upper thighs, upper calves, and lower calves. Even

though faces and genitals were exposed, the men were so firmly bound into place that each noted a little difficulty taking a deep breath.

"You don't need to breathe for this part," Andrea noted ruefully.

As the assistants raised the exam tables, each male realized why the tight binding was so important.

Raised 90 degrees, each table stood upright and with their legs strapped to the metal stirrups, each male assumed a very odd vertical squatting position; however, their squatting seemed to float in mid air. The groin straps kept them from falling, yet each man had a sense of levitating in space.

A thin metal curved bar was wrapped behind each soft penis and snapped shut. Then a small padlock was added to keep the strap from opening. The men could see the assistant's actions but not one could move a finger or arm to interfere with the process. What they couldn't see was the small O-ring that extended from the bottom of the strap.

Andrea could see every one of them as she had the tables rotated to face her. She nodded and twelve small surgical trays were attached to the O-rings.

Without a word, the assistants added a small metal item to each tray as their bearers felt the weight of their individual trays increase. Andrea nodded. Twelve men groaned softly.

Another weight was added. The pulling pressure increased. Aside from the clank of each additional weight, the room was silent. Andrea adored the silence of obedience. More and more weights were added to the shiny tray and with the addition of each in rather rapid succession, the men moaned silently at first and then audibly as they endured the genital strain. Andrea stood silently and checked invisible boxes on her clipboard.

"Uhhhh," one male expelled through his lips in a great gulp of warm air that rushed into the otherwise chilly examination room. Andrea walked quietly in his direction and moved the weights around in his hanging tray as if to ease his burden with a more balanced load. Of course, she managed to press her hand slightly onto the tray. His discomfort was perceptible. As he shuddered from her hand's weight, she pretended to ignore his plight and record even more data onto her clipboard.

Quickly, the agonized male ceased his complaint. Fearing expulsion from the trial study, he bit his torment off in mid-plight. More than anything, he wanted to participate in this study. More than anything.

Soon, another voice joined the first and before long a chorus of complaint echoed into a cacophony of agonized bedlam. It was music to her ears. She glanced around the room and noted the rather lengthy genital extensions of her charges and she smiled at the length that some men sported. If the drug worked as well as the previous studies indicated, Andrea was pretty sure she might just enjoy the totality of some of those organs.

"Gentlemen," she began loudly to regain their attention. She had never lost it. As they peered with one eye toward the assistants who were adding more and more weight to their individual misery, they kept one eye peeled specifically on the head nurse. They weren't sure yet if she were diabolical or simply

professional. Their needs overtook everything else as they focused on her lips first and then on her hard nipples that continued to poke through the white spandex.

"Gentlemen!" she repeated more loudly. The room hushed.

"After this strength test, we will move toward physical examination conducted by Dr. Caruso." She didn't have to say any more. They knew what was ahead; each man was given clear instructions. The medical exam would be thorough. Complete.

As the silver surgical trays filled with painful weights hung silently from their distended organs, the males attempted to focus their remaining concentration onto her words. As fear gripped more than a few of them, Andrea signaled almost silently and the exam tables were returned into a flat position.

"Turn them," she instructed.

Twelve assistants sprang into action and unhooked weights, web straps and locks. Prodding their patients into moving more quickly, the twelve men were flipped ungraciously onto their backs. As the waxed exam paper was ripped from their sweaty skin, Andrea welcomed the crinkling noise she had come to enjoy. Watching twelve full-size men struggle with the narrow examination tables made a grin decorate her face. As they climbed onto their hands and knees, Andrea added the finishing touch.

"Get their ankles secure," she ordered, "and set the wrist straps after they grip the handles."

Each man closed his eyes tightly and conjectured what final horror lay ahead. Trying desperately to focus on the goal of their struggle, they regarded the medical probing as the final stone to turn over on their journey. At least the doctor would put an end to their misery and anxiety, each believed. Soon it would be over and soon the next part of their lives would begin. They hung onto those ideals tenaciously as if to steel themselves for what lie ahead.

Andrea smiled because she knew what was coming.

Twelve upraised backsides greeted her. Supporting them were twelve pair of sturdy legs, bent and kneeling, with ankles strapped firmly into stirrups. Twenty-four hands were encased in metal rings locked snugly around sweaty skin. Every one of twelve faces was bent low, both out of humiliation as well as out of fear. With the twelve assistants excused, Andrea was alone with the titillating show.

She saved the best part for last. Choosing every word carefully, Andrea relished her role as she had never done before.

"The medical exam requires clean bowels," she spoke matter-of-factly. Pausing deliciously, she watched her patients shudder from the knowledge of what was in store for them. Individually and as a group, they had no choice but to submit to Andrea's pronouncement.

"Please wait until each bowel has been filled before any of you attempts to relieve himself," she concluded.

Without another word of either medical direction or of human support, Andrea gloved both hands and ripped open sterile enema tubes in a rapid fire litany of frightening speed. Unscrewing twelve caps

from a dozen tubes of lubrication, she lined up twelve pair of gloves on the rolling medical cart. Checking the numbers one last time in an unnecessary display of overly-meticulous care, Andrea smiled.

Without a word, she began.

Filling a gloved palm with semi-solid goo, Andrea pressed the lubricant into the first anus that greeted her. Dipping first one finger, then two, into the orifice, she smeared the concoction generously around the subject's rectum and traveled deep until his sphincter greeted her probing with an involuntary spasm. Removing her fingers rapidly as if to challenge the sphincter to perform an embarrassing act to its owner, she grinned as she heard the male subject grit his teeth and breathe deeply.

He was working hard to maintain his composure at her violation of his body. By the time she finished twelve, Andrea figured, at least one of them would lose that composure and be unable to prevent physical self-humiliation. As she absent-mindedly changed gloves and moved to her next patient, Andrea repeated the process so that twelve asses finally wore the glow of munificent anointing. It was the twelfth man who could not control himself.

As if gearing up for a final display of power, Andrea reached deeper and deeper inside each man as she moved her way down the line. Using two, then three, then four fingers, she filled every anal cavity with a heaping dollop of greasy ointment as if to force the male's body into reaction. Sometimes, she dipped four fingers quickly and other times she rotated them in huge circles. Once, she pumped them in and out and felt the sphincter spasm at its anticipation of her entry. When she felt like it, Andrea fondled the male's cheeks with one hand while her other probed his deepest recess. But the final male experienced her practiced hand.

Resting her clean-gloved palm on his belly, she pressed up hard while she inserted four fingers into his tight rectum. He had no chance. As she pumped upward, he was forced to expel gas loudly. Even though his humiliation filled the entire room with awkward silence, Andrea wasn't satisfied. She did it again. Like a marionette on a string, the male responded as she intended.

Trying her best to sound shocked, she uttered to no one in particular, "My, my!"

Eleven men sympathized as the twelfth man wept but their commiseration was directed more at themselves for being able to withstand the nurse's scrutiny. They were almost gleeful that someone had broken the silence and they were thrilled that it was someone *else* -- and not themselves. Andrea had broken their camaraderie hours ago, but this served to further prove her skill.

After they were lubricated, she reached for the first hose that had been arranged by the assistants prior to their departure. At the end of each hose was a large rubber bag filled with cool antiseptic solution with just a pinch of cinnamon for both fragrance and stimulation. Through her years of nursing, Andrea had learned that enemas spiked with a touch of stimulating natural ingredients performed best. Not only were they quick, but also they were thorough.

Both aspects were important to her. There was nothing more boring than waiting for a patient to expel an enema completely and she was well acquainted with her doctor's distaste for unclean patients. Figuring that solving one problem solved two, she studied the correct amount of herb to add to the solution and

bring about the best and safest results. The first time she used it proved that her time and effort were worthwhile.

The current dozen males could not predict the rapid effect that the herbal enema solution might have so it was with a certain amount of verve that the nurse inserted all twelve tubes into their well-oiled housings and then in a rapid assembly line fashion, she opened the valves - a small portion. As twelve males grimaced with shock as the cool water entered them, Andrea walked the line in front of them and spoke to them in a voice that commanded they look up to greet her as she passed by.

The picture was as arousing as it was exhilarating. As the men struggled to raise their heads respectfully and not give away their personal mortification at the abasement each was enduring, Andrea spoke gaily to them about the promise of the upcoming study. She spoke positively of the research's early positive signs and reported that those whose medical exams were acceptable might be given the test version of the new drug. They tried desperately to smile, even just a bit, as the cool solution ran deeper and deeper into their bowels and filled them more and more completely with the onerous liquid.

Understand too well their plight, Andrea delighted in their attempts to be friendly and sociable as she watched their backsides jiggle as the hated liquid ran earnestly throughout the twelve. Occasionally, she spoke to individuals.

"Keep your legs taut," she instructed and smiled as she bent low to whisper encouragement to one man. Of course, she also offered him a glimpse of her generous breasts that were struggling to free themselves of the insufficient lace cup. There was no way he could have missed neither the dark hue of her expansive nipple nor the closeness of her skin as she pressed his face toward her bosom in a sort of macabre hug of support. His senses were overwhelmed with her fragrance.

All the while, the herbal potion continued its steady assault.

When she finished her walking tour of her patients, Andrea returned to their posterior view. The males must have received almost the entire solution by now, she noted, and her records were updated with the new information. It would be soon, she mused. She waited for it and knew it was coming, but the sound always filled her with a strange sort of joy.

There was nothing that quite compared to the first bite of cinnamon bark essence in an enema solution. The guttural utterance that greeted it was unique and in all of her experience, Andrea had never heard anything quite like it. The sound triggered an almost primal reaction in her that felt good beyond comparison. It was almost her favorite part of any full medical exam.

It was the noise of urgency mired in desperation.

Nothing made her hotter than having her ears drink in the deep guttural sounds of first one, then more and more deep-throated voices of agony first stifled then rising, as if of their own will separate from that of their owners, inch by inch - note by note - into a primal groan of horror that carried with it more and more panic. There was something special about that noise and Andrea had come to crave hearing it.

And she knew it was just around the corner - - a small but resolute turn that every one of her patients would soon make. No one could fake it and no one could even imagine it until it was voiced. Andrea's

nipples stood firmly awaiting the first onslaught that she was absolutely certain her boys would soon utter in a rising crescendo of simple terror. She stood still and waited.

Her watch showed five minutes. As she remained stolid, the seconds ticked off until a full eight minutes had passed. It was time.

Moving from rectum to rectum, Andrea removed the enema tubes mercilessly quickly and watched twelve full bodies writhe in desperate attempts to control their involuntary spasms at her intrusion.

Five seconds. Ten. Fifteen. Her watch ticked mercilessly onward.

The first noise broke through. Without recognizing or even caring about its owner, Andrea's ears drank in the rising panic that one throat emanated throughout the otherwise silent room. As if that were the cue they had been waiting for, eleven other males perceived permission to join the agonized patient in his expression of growing hysteria at the prospect of releasing the enema before instructions were issued. Each man, desperate to be selected for the pilot program, uttered panicked grunts and groans of sheer terror at the thought of being expelled after having gone through so much to gain, as yet, nothing.

Andrea simply smiled and listened.

Twelve sets of asscheeks danced under her watchful eye as their owners struggled to control the stimulating liquid's frantic effort to exit. They wobbled and shuddered as she smiled behind them. Their throats expressed what their bodies feared and the single female audience member was entertained by their plight.

There was only one thing left in her bag of torturous tricks and Andrea stepped in to add it to their suffering.

Taking a sterile white cloth, she wiped the excess ointment from their cheeks and allowed her gloved finger to penetrate each anus just a bit, as if to assist in the wiping procedure.

The patients were approaching an incomprehensible level of physical exhaustion mired in primal dread. Their fear was set aside as their bodies became an instrument with a single purpose - - to prevent the inevitable from befalling themselves. Their strife was apparent as they gritted teeth, groaned, trembled, squeezed and worked ceaselessly to emerge victorious from the lopsided contest.

After 20 minutes of agony, Andrea moved the procession along. The drops of cinnamon, she realized, would be equally stimulating on the way out as on the way in and it was time to visit that small torture on her charges.

Working her way from patient to patient, Andrea wrapped an adult diaper around each male's backside and encased his organs in the tightly taped package. Unlocking their ankles and wrists, the men remained at first unaware of their release; however, Andrea soon informed them of their moment of freedom.

"Gentlemen, let's expel the solution," she spoke firmly amid their consistent moans and groans that still danced in her ears.

Only a sadist could have been equally as misleading as Andrea had just been. Deliberately not informing them of their freedom to move to the bathrooms for expulsion, Andrea watched twelve eyes stare incredulously at the idea of expelling a full rectum into a diaper. Twelve heads sank to the exam tables and tried to take comfort from the unforgiving waxed paper that covered each padded tabletop. There was no more dignity left for Andrea to attempt to take away; they had reached the depths of degradation in a few short hours with this simple charge nurse.

"The bathroom is this way," she pointed quietly.

The frenzy that overtook the dozen patients was almost too delicious for Andrea's eyes to take in. In their desperate realization of freedom, several males rushed toward the facilities but instead managed to relax their sphincters just enough to make the entire process one of dreadful consequences. Only those who moved slowly and deliberately could survive with any shred of self-respect intact. After all, the diapers were a mere preventive, not a solution.

The bathroom was equally sterile and the white tile shone brightly under the antiseptic fluorescent lights. The males rushed each to a commode and struggled to rip the diaper from his person; instead, they discovered the quality of the tape Andrea has utilized. Screaming and ripping at their sides, the men pushed and pulled the plastic and padding to shed it from their bodies. Moaning and sobbing, several simply bounced quietly up and down as they discovered the extent of their personal helplessness.

Standing less than 18 inches from a toilet, they were unable to sit down.

Andrea stood unnoticed off to the side, tape scissors firmly grasped in her fingers. She waited to be asked yet no male approached her. Remaining at the ready, she watched them frolic in front of her, afraid to request help or blind to her ability to assist.

Nothing entertained her more, she glowed, except what would happen later.

By now, several were on their knees on the white tile floor pleading and begging, shrieking, crying, sobbing silently but nonetheless reduced to whimpering in the unforgiving antiseptic bathroom. Bending low over each one, Andrea again brought their nostrils to her bosoms and forced them to drink her fragrance and feel the comfort of her touch.

One by one, she snipped the tape and her charges dived desperately toward the open commodes. Soon, a chorus of expulsion greeted her ears.

To a man, they looked her in the eye while they sat on the toilets and gave in to their bodies' urges. If they were ashamed, it didn't matter any longer because she owned them. She felt the possession and welcomed the dominion. The men almost took comfort in her resolute stand in the front as she kept a dutiful eye on her boys who were discovering how the herbal concoction continued its stimulation of their rectums long after it had been discharged.

In fact, their bowels were forced over and over again to yield their contents and Andrea was quite certain that Dr. Caruso would enjoy examining such clean patients.

When the final male was done, she ushered them into the shower and called the twelve assistants to insure that the boys were as clean on the outside as they were on the inside. Smiling, Andrea looked at the clock and motioned for her helpers to begin readying the patients for their medical exams.

They emerged from the shower room incredibly clean and smelling from antiseptic. Twelve exhausted male subjects trudged naked and pink from hot water and scrubbing toward the examination room. Re-adjusting themselves on the paper-covered exam tables, Andrea swatted on male's asscheeks and exclaimed, "Bottoms up!"

Eleven other men took their cues from her short directive and climbed onto their knees - - once again placing their feet in the stirrups and grabbing the handrails with their fingers. Silently they waited for the assistants to buckle them in and without a word they waited for further orders. Most didn't expect any. Andrea had trained them to anticipate her commands and wishes without explicitly stating her desires.

The power she had over them was phenomenal as they were simply incapable of disobeying her orders or questioning her authority. The men fell into line and she felt as if she owned them. It had taken her less than four hours.

"The doctor want to make sure there are no physical problems with your penises," she stated matter-of-factly, "that makes it impossible for any of you to have an erection." Repeating once again that they were incapable of achieving a simple male function served to reinforce their desperation and concomitant acquiescence to her instructions.

Andrea knew they would conform to anything she demanded. The power was overwhelming and before long, she felt the hint of moisture drip between her legs.

"Many males have prostate problems that affect erectile capability," she lectured. "If you prove to have prostate problems, you will be referred to a urologist," she concluded.

Almost daring any male to have such a problem, Andrea had the assistants ready the doctor's tools and roll a cart of sterile instruments behind each male's raised backside. They could hear the clatter of the metal cart but they could not view the utensils that decorated them. As if they could fathom no further degradation in their experiences, the men accepted her declaration as a statement of predestination.

"Relax," she ordered and fondled one or two of the closest sets of asscheeks. Allowing a single gloved finger to intrude into their irritated anuses was one of her extra touches. The shudders that greeted her mild intrusion made her aware that she had been successful.

Dr. Caruso entered through the small rear door and noted with a smile that her patients were ready and her time would be spent examining them, not getting them into position. She was becoming happier and happier with her decision to put Andrea in charge of this project.

"The patients are ready, Doctor," Andrea concluded almost unnecessarily.

"I can see that," Dr. Caruso smiled, "let's get on with it."

Wheeling a stool toward the first available patient, Dr. Caruso donned gloves and had Andrea assist. Using a long rounded metal probe, the doctor found the prostate easily and examined it on the television screen to her left. "Very nice," she commented.

Letting go of the probe and allowing it to dangle from the man's rear orifice, Dr. Caruso turned her attention to her nurse. "He's very clean," she mentioned with a grin and Andrea nodded.

"Bend down here and look," the doctor instructed. "When you touch a prostate just right," she paused for a moment, "you can cause an erection in a healthy male. Watch this."

With a practiced hand, Dr. Caruso spread the man's cheeks a little farther apart and inserted the probe more deeply. Glancing the tip of it off his prostate, she had Andrea test the penis for palpable stiffness.

"Hard?" she asked.

"Soft as a baby's butt," Andrea almost giggled.

Both the Doctor and her nurse exchanged knowing glances but neither could witness the male's horrified face that showed his mortification over the state of his soft organ. Fighting the tears that tried to fall from his eyes, the patient lowered his head to the exam table and muffled his sobs. Releasing the probe one more time, Dr. Caruso motioned her nurse to her side.

"Try the tip," she instructed.

The tip test was an old medical school sensation test that Andrea had used on previous prostate surgery patients. When a male regained feeling in the penis tip, she knew the anesthetic was finally wearing off and removing the catheter might be somewhat more painful. Sometimes, the urologists wanted the internal catheters removed and condom catheters installed instead. Other times, the surgeons simply forgot to mention that it was time for the post-surgical catheter to be removed. Andrea knew when the time was proper and always suggested it to the surgeon right after she was sure the painkiller's usefulness was done.

Grasping the soft organ in her palm, Andrea tickled the tip hard with her gloved fingernail. A throaty groan filled her ears.

"My, my," Dr. Caruso observed as Andrea, her back to the doctor, smiled broadly.

The second male posed a different challenge.

"Relax," the doctor ordered to no avail. "I can't get the probe in," she complained as Andrea sprang into action.

"I'll handle it," she declared and motioned for the Doctor to move to the next patient.

Inserting a newly gloved finger directly into the offender's anus, Andrea pressed in and around to ascertain the narrow opening's flexibility. Choosing a medium speculum, she lubricated the cold metal instrument and inserted it in one motion into the man's backside. Adjusting the tool's mechanism, she

spread him wide enough for the doctor's exam - - in fact, he was spread more widely than Dr. Caruso really needed.

Andrea found some pleasure in listening to the male's grunts as the speculum opened him wider and wider. Although she couldn't see his eyes fill with tears, she certainly heard his sobs. Two sobbing males out of two patients made Andrea smile broadly.

"Dr. Caruso," Andrea began, "this one is ready now. However, why don't you continue down the line and we'll catch up with him on the way back?"

"Works for me," the Doctor mumbled as she continued her prostate probing and Andrea grinned evilly as her patient moaned aloud. Only half of his lament was for his discomfort. The other half spoke of his feelings of disgrace. Andrea needed one more act to assure herself that no other male would dare disobey her again.

Stepping to the front of the lineup of naked, kneeling men, Andrea bent as if to comfort the chagrined patient. Instead of holding his strapped-down hand, she walked toward him so that her pubic bone rested against the exam table. Allowing him to drink in her moist scent, she spoke soothingly to him.

"Relax," she cooed and inched her uniform up. "Calm down," she assured him as she worked the white cotton higher and higher. "Take it easy," she assuaged him as the hiked up skirt revealed a completely naked pussy that oozed excitement onto the exam table's edge.

His groan was a new noise to her ears and filled her with a tingle born of power. "You're very good with the patients," Dr. Caruso approved, "it's great the way you help them through this."

Grinning like a cat with the canary between her breasts, Andrea stepped to the rear of the next specimen in her corral.

"Help me here," Dr. Caruso indicated with her shoulder.

Andrea changed gloves and with the instinct of a practiced medical background, understood the need her Doctor had just indicated. Obviously, his chubby backside interfered with the doctor's line of sight. Taking the male's buttery cheeks in her fingers, she spread him wide to increase the Doctor's visibility. As she opened him, she felt his legs shudder and his muscular arms begin to twitch. Damn, she thought, the bastard's excited. It was time to put this one in his place.

"Do you think his size is an issue, Doctor?" Andrea inquired innocently. "Is there a correlation between the size of his buttocks and his penis problem?"

"Penis size doesn't seem to be the issue," Dr. Caruso responded clinically, "instead, there seems to be a relationship between small penises and success with the drug. How big is he?" she concluded.

"Very short," Andrea spoke just short of sarcastically, "the shaft is smaller than my palm. And very thin," she added just to make him even more miserable.

Even though his muscles were well developed from continued workouts, he fell victim to the short charge nurse's power. His excitement metamorphosed into chagrin, as he understood her personal

jurisdiction over his self-image. He also learned, as had the others, that he would play it her way or he wouldn't be allowed to play at all.

Three in tears, she counted and grinned. Nine more to go.

So it went. Down the line of spread males, Andrea and her Doctor inspected each one, palpated each prostate, checked for any physical signs of erection and found none. Tip tests indicated that nerve endings were sound and shrieks of sudden pain told them that a sharp implement would bring about pain. Andrea masturbated one or two of the more interesting penises to prove to the Doctor that even physical gratification had no effect.

After exhaustive tests, Dr. Caruso concluded that there were no medical reasons to deny any male entry to the program; however, there were two tests yet to be conducted.

"I'll get them ready," Andrea commented as Dr. Caruso exited the exam room. "I'll signal when it's time."

With that, she licked her red lips, massaged her erect nipples, and ran one finger through her hot moist slit. Of the twelve patients whose vision allowed them to see her little scene, at least half moaned aloud at the sight of the woman who held their futures in her hand masturbating in front of them and offering her finger to each man to inhale.

All but one man. With the speculum still deep inside him, Andrea offered her re-wetted finger to his nose but pulled it back as he reached his face toward her. Playing cat and mouse with him, she offered again then withdrew when he leaned inches forward. He strained against his bonds toward her, desperate for the aroma of her scent yet she pulled it away and he strained even harder against the bondage. As she offered and retracted, he strained and relaxed.

Within moments, he was humping against the straps to reach her tantalizing finger. She kept the digit just inches out of his reach, yet close enough to encourage him to seek more. The sound of his body slapping against the straps was amusing to her ears.

"What would you do with this if you got it?" she asked and pulled her skirt high enough for him to view a pair of absolutely naked lips from which oozed Andrea's heightened excitement. His motion ceased and his agony drew across his face. As he sobbed, Andrea moved in for the kill.

Reaching for his flaccid organ, she touched his sensitive skin with her white nails. His shudder brought him to tears. Twelve out of twelve, she smiled, was a very good batting average.

Andrea smiled and announced, "Let's get you all hooked up to the Peter Meter."

Maybe it was the evil tone Andrea had in her voice when she uttered the two words, or perhaps it was the fear she felt within her patients that further frightened them so much; nonetheless, every one of the dozen captive patients trembled when they apprehended those four syllables: the Peter Meter.

Andrea simply smiled. Allowing the corners of her lips to turn slightly upward, she revealed a hidden glee at the prospect of hooking up 12 limp penises to the night-time monitoring device. Although the machine wasn't at all threatening, there was something about it that afforded Andrea the ultimate control she so craved.

She loved using the Peter Meter, especially this time when the males were so desperate for inclusion into the test program that she could force them to do almost anything without so much as asking twice. No, these males would obey every whim of hers and she knew it. So did they.

"It's been a long and successful day," she commented to the silent and bedraggled group. "You all need rest because we complete the tests tomorrow."

Having an end in sight filled the candidates with a sort of macabre glee. They were thrilled at the prospect of finishing this particular nightmare and removing themselves from this dreaded nurse's clutches. On the other hand, Andrea was filled with another emotion and it excited her.

"Follow me," she ordered and twelve naked, sore and exhausted males fell into place single file behind her. She walked briskly while they trod heavily.

She led them through the hallway of the business office where the evening shift smiled at their plight. Although they tried not to share glances with the office staff, Andrea made sure the single file procession halted twice on their journey. The first time, she paused for conversation.

"The group is going to their quarters," she commented loudly, "and I'll have the Peter Meters installed within two hours." She took what seemed like their last ounce of dignity with that comment. By now, the entire staff, including the custodians, knew what their affliction was. It seemed to them that they were almost non-existent - - that they were mere fodder for Nurse Andrea's bemusement.

"Send in the technicians in two hours," she ended that particular conversation and marched the bedraggled group farther into the recesses of the clinic. As they turned down monotone hallways and continued toward their evening's respite, the patients tried valiantly to stare at their own naked toes. But Andrea had other plans for them.

"Dr. Caruso!" Andrea called too loudly down one particular off-gray hall. "Dr. Caruso!" she repeated and the young physician turned and answered with a glance of recognition.

"I'm taking them to the meters," she offered to the doctor's smile of approval. "Do you want to check the meters before I put them to sleep?"

Not one of the males missed that particular metaphor and they all winced at the comparison.

"I'm sure you'll do fine," Dr. Caruso evaluated, "and I'll check on them before I leave for the night.

The twelve patients cringed when they learned that the doctor would be exiting the clinic for the evening. In fact, one of them began to tremble and his shuddering was contagious as the entire group began to vibrate in turn. If the doctor were leaving, they figured, that meant that Nurse Andrea would stay.

"Oh, please do," she invited the doctor. "I'll see you in about," she stopped for a moment and then continued, "say, three hours?"

Dr. Caruso nodded and the men knew that they were without an ally for 180 minutes of what could be torturous activity inflicted by the sadistic nurse. One male grasped his organ and testicles in an apparent attempt to forestall imminent fear-induced urination. Andrea noticed his movement and made a mental note to deal with that behavior soon. There were a few other things to do first.

Andrea turned to the line of men following her and announced, "You're mine, gentlemen, for three hours. Let's go to the dormitory. I have a lot of work to do."

As one, the men sighed silently and trudged heavily behind her with the knowledge that their fate was not only signed and sealed but would be delivered through this nurse. And not one of them believed any good would come out of the next three hours.

After leading the men into the spartan dormitory, Andrea pointed out that each male was allotted one bed, one stool, and one set of bedding to use for the evening. There were no other accoutrements in the dormitory except for highly visible video cameras and speakers that decorated the walls and ceiling. No matter what was in store for them, the men calculated, it would all be observed quite handily by whomever was in the control booth. Not one man doubted who that might be.

They had neither luggage to unpack nor bags to unload so they settled in rather easily. By now, they figured that without specific instruction, they would do nothing until ordered. Twelve grown men stood clumsily in the dormitory both afraid and too terrified to move.

She waited until they had to be uncomfortable, bored and without a doubt, needing to pee. As they milled about speechlessly, she ascertained this discomfort before deigning to give them instruction.

"Sit on the stools and spread your legs," she commanded. Twelve grown men leapt toward the short seats and deposited their naked backsides on the plastic covers. Not even the shortest man was comfortable; in fact, the stools were so low to the ground that when the males planted their feet firmly on the tile floor, they couldn't help but dangle their organs over the edge. Until they sat down, not one male realized how small the seat cushions were.

Lifting a surgical cloth off the first small table, Andrea rolled a taller stool in front of the man's organs and bent low in order to take his soft shaft in her fingers and pull it toward her. The suddenness of her motion surprised him and he uttered a small 'mmmph' sound in response to her firm tug, although he never took his eye off the implements on the surgical tray.

Every male studied the apparatus that stood next to his bed. The electrical contraption frightened some and intrigued others. The small box resembled an IV monitor - - that horrid little box that beeps when an IV gets clogged - - and each man recognized it as what Nurse Andrea must have had in mind when she declared it time for the Peter Meter. Their eyes darting from meter to nurse, the males watched her wrap a diabolical device around the first male's shaft.

A small electrode rested against his skin just below the head and Nurse Andrea wrapped a rather large strip of tape over it and around the entire shaft. She repeated that action twice more, wrapped

electrodes tightly against the man's soft cock. Even though they longed to be touched by her, they feared her malevolent intention.

"No!" she declared. "I don't like that."

As if speaking to no one but herself, Nurse Andrea found a loose end of the first tape wrap and pulled it without hesitation from the male's flaccid penis. His scream of agony pierced their ears.

Then she did it again. And again.

Finally removing all three strips and electrodes from his penis, the male slid to the floor in tortured agony. Screaming and whimpering, holding his organs as if in defense of the sadistic nurse, the male sunk first to his knees and then collapsed in a heap on the tile. Seeking its coolness for comfort, he pressed his stricken face into its hard comfort.

Eleven other males moved their hands instinctively toward their crotches in a useless effort to protect themselves from her torment. Sighing, Nurse Andrea moved to the second male and ordered his hands to his sides.

"Either you do it or I cuff you," she threatened and the horrified male patient reluctantly swept his hands behind his back in an act of absolute submission that the nurse drank in with pleasure.

She bent low to take his shaft and pull herself on the wheeling stool toward his stationery position. As she did, he glimpsed down her low-cut spandex top and noticed her breasts peeking out at him. Her brown nipples stood out in an erotic shadow under her semi-sheer shirt. Incomprehensibly, the patient felt himself shudder at the sight.

As she wrapped the first electrode tightly and securely around his cock, Andrea noticed his trembling legs and felt herself moisten. Figuring it was time to play with the boys a little, she spread her own legs and pulled his cock to draw herself nearer. Moving her feet to the stool's legs and resting them on the round bar, she offered him a private view of her wonderfully denuded pussy. The twitching legs gave away his excitement and she wrapped the second electrode tightly around him.

There was only one more.

The third pad rested against the bottom of his testicles and she held them together while she wrapped adhesive around the pair. The patient's conflicting perceptions astounded him. On the one hand, he dearly loved the security that the tightness around his balls afforded him; however, he was horrified that he was excited by her almost taking his most private organs away from him. He felt free while they were wrapped and he couldn't understand why.

Andrea drew herself even closer to him as she pulled his organs. Her wheeled stool move inches toward him and he drank in her scent. Resting his wrapped cock and balls against her bare thigh, Andrea smirked as the patient moaned softly.

With a single glance, she sent him to make up his bed.

Turning to the rest of the group, Andrea wrapped each penis expertly and placed three electrodes on each. Every man was teased with glimpses of her naked lips, her eager breasts or her overpowering fragrance. In some cases, she placed organs against her leg; in other cases, she petted them fondly as if to reassure their bearers through professional comfort. Still other males were pressed backward and lifted by their organs as if to afford her a better angle of operation.

Several times, she ripped off errant tape and reapplied the electrode to meet her own satisfaction. The males reacted to her agony by screaming, yelping and shrieking under her touch. The sounds of their tribulation were music to her ears.

After two-and-a-half hours of preparation, Dr. Caruso entered the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," she began, "the meters will determine which of you achieves morning erection." Her tone was professional and cool. "The nurse will observe you tonight and if you erect, she will be forced to exclude you from the program. Our medication works only for those who cannot physically achieve erection - - not those who have psychological," she paused, "conflicts."

Dr. Caruso wasn't terribly happy with that word choice. She was silent for a few moments while she tried to think of another. Her nurse came to her rescue.

"Psychological impotence is common in males of your ages," the nurse began without mercy, "and we can't help you. You need a psychiatrist for that problem. Morning erection excludes you," she finished.

The males weighed her pronouncement carefully and now understood the purpose of the video and audio monitoring equipment. They would be observed and if their own bodies gave them away, they would be tossed out of the program. Fear filled them and anxiety was visible on every face.

"Get into bed," she ordered.

"Good night," the doctor ended her conversation and left the room.

Andrea had one trick left up her sleeve. Signaling for the technicians, she had every male's right ankle locked to the bedpost and prepared herself to leave the room. She expected it and waited for it.

"Ma'am," one of the males began tenuously, "I need to pee."

Eleven males nodded and Andrea smiled.

"Do you?" she asked innocently.

"I do," another male interjected. "Me too," yet another offered. Soon, a chorus of semi-pleading male voices filled her ears.

"Well, you're all locked into place now," she observed, "and unlocking you is inconvenient. Wait a moment - - I'll get what you need."

Perplexed, the males lay in their discomfort, waiting for the next indignity she could inflict upon them. She didn't disappoint them.

Wheeling her stool to the bedside of the first male, she unveiled a urination flask and drew the head of his penis into it.

"Pee," she ordered.

Eleven males turned to stare at the displayed male as he struggled to relieve himself. He closed his eyes, strained, breathed deeply and strained again.

"I can't," he replied meekly. "Not in front of them."

"I guess you really don't have to pee," she concluded and moved toward the next male. Placing his shaft an inch into the bottle, she ordered him to relieve himself as she held his taped cock in her hand. He grunted and groaned, moaned and sighed, breathed and held his breath before a single stream of pee exited his body. She held his penis the entire time and commented upon the strength of his flow. Every male tried to look away but the sound of urine hitting the flask reverberated throughout the room.

"Good boy," she cooed, bent over him and showed him her large nipples. Brushing his cheek with her hand, she ordered him to sleep. Then she moved to the next male.

Ten other males were all ordered to pee on her command and received comments on the success of their efforts. His stream quantity and quality was discussed and compared to another male's and the nurse petted each wrapped cock prior to leaving his bedside. A strange sense of comfort covered every patient.

Except the first male - - his full bladder spasmed in agony as she appeared to be done with the group.

"Please, Ma'am," he begged, "I need to pee."

She stared at him in disbelief. "Why, I just offered you that opportunity," she reminded him. "You chose not to take advantage of it."

As if ending their conversation, Andrea turned to walk away.

"PLEASE, Ma'am," he begged louder and with more force, "I NEED to pee!"

The sound of his begging brought the room to silence and a hint of moisture to Andrea's inner thighs. She stood still and watched him moving his free leg apart from the bound one and offered his penis to her for relief. She took one step away.

"PLEASE! PLEASE!" he was shrieking and begging, "PLEASE! I need to PEE!"

Andrea smiled and walked toward him.

"You're making too much noise," she commented. "These men need to rest."

"Oh god," he cried as tears fell from his eyes, "I have to pee...oh god let me pee...I have to...I can't hold it...I'm going to..."

Smiling, the nurse watched his penis dance under the fluorescent lights and the absolute highest degradation overcome him. As he whimpered from humiliation, she stood silently and watched the urine pour over his legs, down to his toes and soak the bedding beneath him.

"Good night," she declared as she walked away, turned out the lights and closed the door.

The real issue wasn't the middle of the night, Andrea knew, but was the early morning hours. She had a technician wake her at 6 a.m. so she could shower and dress for the day's events. It was going to be a big day, so she dressed carefully.

Choosing a tight white top, Andrea decided that wearing even a demi bra today wasn't going to be necessary and her short white skirt flattered her tanned legs. Draping a lab coat around her shoulders, she drank the offered coffee and sat in the observation room. By 7 a.m., she figured, they'd start waking up and any erections would be detected by the Peter Meters.

She leaned toward the observation room's glass and watched the sleeping males. Raising the lights only a few lumens, Andrea watched every one of them carefully. One silent technician slid each male's sheet from his organs so they could be observed carefully. Andrea inspected each one from afar.

Almost simultaneously, the technician pointed and Andrea turned her attention to one particular male. There was the hint of hardness - - the giveaway of erection.

Within a few moments, the Peter Meter's alarm clanged loudly.

Twelve sleeping males were startled into awaking. They tried desperately to run from their beds. The alarm frightened them and gave them no opportunity to reacquaint themselves with their surroundings. Trying to run with a shackled leg landed most of the males in a heap on the tiled floor. Bedding was strewn around them as they flailed for security or cover.

Some were shrieking in fright; others were beginning to remember where they were.

Andrea entered the dormitory and walked directly over to the clanging machine. Without turning off the alarm, she stood silently and stared at the errant male whose morning erection had caused the current turmoil.

"You're hard," she commented. No one heard her above the din.

The technician moved toward the alarm to disengage it and Andrea repeated her accusation.

"Your penis is erect," she yelled loudly, almost chastising him for a biological response, and stood the male up as she held his thick penis aloft for all to see.

"A hard cock indicates that you are suffering from a psychological disturbance," she announced clinically. "In fact, we have learned that males like you are probably nothing more than masturbators. Yes, you can erect," she continued without mercy, "but you prefer your own hand to a woman. You've learned to jerk yourself off so well that you can't get erection normally anymore."

The male fell to his knees in horror and ignominy as her litany exposed him in front of his eleven fellow sufferers. Yet Andrea's grip on the erect penis never loosened, and as he fell, she held his organ steady. His humiliation was worsened by the agony he had inflicted upon himself.

"You will leave now," she commented, "and we'll send you to Psych." A technician came to unshackle him and lead the sobbing and naked male away. Before he left, Andrea stood in front of him, forced him to take his own cock in his hand and ordered him to masturbate.

"You're the reason we're all awake," she declared, "now you can at least entertain us."

The horrified male stood shaking and sobbing, his semi-erect penis filling his palm. She wouldn't, he believed. She couldn't.

"Masturbate for us! Show us how good you are!" she ordered and stepped away so that everyone could view the event firsthand.

The disgraced male stood helplessly and gripped his wayward organ. Ashamed of himself and degraded by the nurse, he stood immobile as tears welled in his eyes.

"Now!" she hissed.

The male shivered as Andrea reached behind him and delivered a single but firm swat to his asscheeks. Feeling as if he were a child caught with his hand in a macabre cookie jar, the male rubbed his cock aimlessly.

"Do you need a better lesson?" she demanded.

Without waiting for an answer, Andrea seated herself on the low stationery stool and, shooing his hand away, pulled the errant male toward her by his organ. In his surprise, he followed her without complaint. It was as if there was nothing further she could do to him to increase his embarrassment. Her intent was obvious to everyone except him; however, no one could believe she would go through with it.

They didn't know her well enough yet.

Pulling him down and laying him across her firmly planted knees, Andrea placed him in perfect position and allowed herself easy access. No one realized that she had placed his rapidly softening cock between her naked legs. All they saw was his backside raised up and her hand ready to strike.

"You can't!" he screamed. "You CAN'T! I'm a company president!" he bellowed. "I won't allow it," he ranted. Andrea smiled.

She landed one hard blow on his left cheek and he sputtered another round of complaint.

"I run a business, for god's sake!" he roared helplessly, "and I won't LET you!"

She landed a rapid series of slaps against his naked buttocks and grasped his flailing arm in her powerful hand. Bending it upward and backwards, she locked it against his back.

"No!" he screamed, "NO! NO! NO!"

With every syllable, Andrea landed a concurrent blow and each one was more determined than the previous. She spanked him in rhythm with his complaint and the arrogant executive shook in both anger and humiliation.

"You CAN'T!" he bellowed again and she landed five blows on his naked backside to repay him for his recalcitrant attitude. Continuing in an asynchronous rhythm, Andrea added slap after slap and wrapped her right leg around his ankle. Pulling it toward her, she spread his legs dangerously far apart.

"I-WON'T-ALLOW-IT!" he shrieked in agony and despair.

Andrea added several more blows in response to his ultimatum and reached between his legs for a final organ-numbing stroke. As he howled in pain and disgrace, she held her hand high and poised.

"One more word," she warned, "and you won't forget this for a long time. That's a promise."

The squirming male shifted his weight, tensed his legs, fought against her controlling posture and made a final demand.

"I INSIST you stop!" he declared.

"Not smart," she countered, and leveled a rapid series against his naked ass, his testicles and shaft, his inner thighs and grasping his ankle and jerking it toward her, against the bottom of his foot. By now, the executive was wailing in an odd combination of pain and abasement. No longer able to control his emotions or his horror, he stiffened against her discipline.

Unforgiving and simultaneously making her point clearly for the remaining eleven males, Andrea continued her spanking using her open hand mercilessly against him. Raising her arm high and landing each blow with determination and eerie accuracy, she established very clearly that he could not fight her successfully. She controlled him. In this position, she owned him.

"Do you understand?" she asked quietly.

"I HATE YOU!" the male spit back at her.

Sighing, Andrea had the technician help flip him over and place him over her knees on his back. "Don't say I didn't warn you," she observed as he was bent backward and totally exposed to her stringent strokes.

Using her open hand, Andrea landed the first blow against his unprotected penis. His shrieks filled the dormitory with a cacophony of horror mired in torture.

Then she did it again.

The male's eyes dripped tears and his lips opened to emit a silent scream. Holding his testicles in her palm, she began closing her hand around them. As she squeezed harder and harder, his soundless cries grew eerily louder. His agony captivated the voyeuristic observations of his former comrades. In spite of himself, each observer felt himself smile in joy that the abused wasn't himself.

Gratefully, they counted their blessings as Andrea's grip on the president's testicles tightened and the color drained from the few parts they could still see. His head was thrown back in agony and his lips spread wide but uttered no sound. Andrea smiled. She knew that the worst was yet to come.

After what seemed like an eternity, she relaxed her hand. As the blood rushed back into his tortured organs, Andrea listened to him cry aloud in intense pain. It's one thing when your foot goes to sleep, she smiled silently.

"Do we understand each other?" Andrea quizzed him.

Almost no one heard his response except the woman seated under his outstretched body but his words were clear to her. "Yes, Ma'am," he mumbled.

"Louder," she commanded.

"Yes, MA'AM!" he growled through a hoarse throat and gritted teeth.

"Fine," she concluded and rolled him from her lap onto the tile floor where he hugged the cold marble with outstretched hands and tried to recover both his senses and the ability to breathe.

"It's time to move on," she commented and eleven remaining male patients jumped at the opportunity to fall into line behind her for their trek to their morning toilet permission and shower.

The group emerged from their group shower a dazed and bedraggled lot. Their bodies were scrubbed and cleaned, as they expected, but no man could have imagined what the final examination would entail.

Andrea had to be absolutely sure that the males she was producing for the drug testing were positively unable to erect. The medical testing had been done; however, she needed to convince herself that their plight was real. She needed to be sure.

After observing them urinate into plastic jugs one at time as she held them and directed their still taped penises into the bottle, Andrea began removing the adhesive tape and the electrodes. Now detached from the Peter Meters, the males found the removal process as arduous this morning as one of their group had learned the previous evening. She showed no mercy; in fact, she enjoyed her job immensely.

Every male had a small strip of adhesive that peeled easily. It was how she wrapped a wound, especially one that wrapped around, and Andrea made certain that the removal process would be easy for her to accomplish in a hurry. After all, the testing program began right after breakfast.

Herding the men into the shower and strapping their ankles to the walls to allow easy access, Andrea had them scrubbed and cleaned with medicated soap. As the technicians performed their work, the charge nurse reached for two loose adhesive ends on two adjacent males and yanked the tape off in a small circular movement. Then she removed the second circular strip and when they finished screaming, she ripped off the third - - the one that encased their testicles. Every head turned to witness their torture; however, the attendants merely scrubbed the raw area to insure its cleanliness.

Then Andrea marched toward the second set of men. By now, they were quivering and trembling in fear of what they knew would happen and were powerless to prevent. Unable to run or even step away from her advance, they stared at her hands as if to will them away from their securely taped cocks. She walked relentlessly toward them, aimed perfectly, and gripped the tape's edge and pulled almost in one motion. As she removed every remnant of tape from their genitals, their screeching filled the shower room. One fell to the floor and his arms were shackled in webbing and he was lifted back into place. Andrea smiled as she watched the spread-eagle male pinned to the tile wall and grinned as the technician performed her duty.

Down the lineup of naked men, Andrea removed strips of tape and testicle bondage in swift and painful movements. Without so much as a thought to their discomfort, she cleanly stripped the adhesive from their bodies and drank in their howls with a sort of glee. The eleventh man was alone - - and stood between her and moving along to the next task.

"Attach them," she commanded the squatting technicians who were inspecting their work by lifting the males' genitals, checking for cleanliness and then later spreading their asscheeks to insure that nothing had slipped by their gaze. The technicians broke into small smiles as the males moaned in anxious expectation.

One after one, rings were fastened behind the men's scrotums and a short chain was attached to each. Having created a long line of connected men, the technicians were dismissed as Andrea enjoyed the task of hooking the long line to the remaining male.

"Be still," she commanded and reached for the tape as ten horrified males realized what was going to happen if the final patient moved noticeably when she ripped the tape from his body. If he jerked his body, his movement would punish every set of genitals.

Andrea grinned happily as she tore the first strip from the male's penis. Even though he had steeled himself, there was nothing he could do to protect his fellow patients. Involuntary spasms greeted her action and every male in the macabre lineup felt his organs being wrenched away from his body. And there were still two more strips to go.

She was having too much fun, she concluded, as she tore the second strip in a small circular motion. Again, ten males had their genitals wrested from their groins and their screams of pain filled the small room. Grinning broadly, she reached for the final strip - - a long wrapping that covered the male's testicles in a gruesome package of potential pain.

"One," she counted slowly and then took a deep breath.

"Two," she enunciated clearly and felt the tremors of horror behind her.

"Three," she concluded and ripped the strip ruthlessly from his person.

Perhaps it was the extra effort she put into it and perhaps it was merely her joy in accomplishment, but the male fell to his knees, writhed in a ball on the floor and sobbed in pain. His action had a rather deleterious ripple effect as ten chained males fell in rapid succession to the same wet tile floor and allowed the streaming hot water attempt to wash away their tribulation. It was a heady feeling for Andrea to bring eleven men to their knees - - and beyond - - with a single silent motion.

She just loved her job.

"As long as you're down there," she observed, "stay there. Crawl behind me and we'll have breakfast," she concluded.

Seeing no alternative to their predicament, the men scrambled behind her on their hands and knees. Like the Pied Piper, Andrea brought the line through the business office hallway and much to the amusement of the office staff, slapped one or two backsides to hurry the group along.

"She has too much fun," Andrea heard a co-worker comment jealously.

The cafeteria was spare in furnishings and food was chosen carefully as to the males' diets and needs. Checking their ID tags for cholesterol, fat and caloric requirements, Andrea moved the plates around on the table to insure that the appropriate meal was set in front of each seated - - and chained - - male. The staff barely glanced twice when they served the coffee, juice and condiments.

The main course was fruit and cheese. Some men were served cereal. At the same moment, they all realized the horrifying final straw she imposed upon them.

"Hold your organs with both hands," she commanded. "Now, eat!"

It was clear to them that her admonition to 'hold their organs' was a dictate that they were not to use implements, including their fingers, for eating. In other words, if they were hungry - - and to a man they were - - the only way they could ingest food was to lower their heads to the table.

Her cold stare seconded their guess and in spite of their high-powered positions and corporate status, each male knew he would eventually open his lips and chew directly from his plate. In frustration, one voice uttered, "Damn."

Andrea's face clouded with a visage of pure astonishment that anyone would contradict or complain about her order. Without a word, she removed eleven plates of food from the table and placed them on the floor behind the seated men.

"If you're hungry, you know where it is," she concluded and sat in the single chair facing the group.

Too exhausted and hungry to fight the inevitable, the group nudged their hips against one another to signal the first male to stand and move inches from the seat. As each male scooted his bare ass against the Formica seat and inched toward the end, the sound of plastic against wet skin greeted Andrea's ears. Finally, the group stood and marched single file to their plates. Without a word, they attempted to orchestrate a kneeling position and their grimaces informed their keeper that they were merely marginally successful.

Eleven kneeling men knew they had one more step to go. Putting their hands on the tile floor, they bent low, scooted backward and brought their faces to the food. Feeling the almost absolute loss of control, several men cried as they ate. Within minutes, the food had disappeared and Andrea moved behind the lineup of upraised backsides.

They knelt silently as she spoke.

"The first dose of the drug was in your breakfasts," she informed them. "If it works, you'll be hard within the hour. Now follow me into the exercise room." Eleven males crawled behind her with seriously conflicting emotions emerging from various parts of their bodies.

"Your first erection after all these years needs to be studied scientifically," she spoke clinically yet with a certain hint of merriment. "I will keep those records," she concluded.

Eleven males crept silently behind her as she felt the wetness tingle between her thighs.

"I hope you enjoy being masturbated," she grinned evilly and led the eleven volunteers across the hall. "Unless you'd rather entertain me," she cooed and led them into the dark room.