**Caduceus Club**

by C. Lakewood

"So, what do you think?" Carol grinned at me while the waiter was still serving us the entrée.

I waited until he'd gone back to leaning against the wall and looking bored. I sipped my wine.

"Well, I'm not really interested in that sort of thing...."

"By 'that sort of thing' I suppose you mean public nudity, embarrassment, voyeurism, exhibitionism, humiliation, dominance and submission, bondage and discipline, etc., etc., etc." She chortled. "Don't forget I know what you download from the Internet; that's exactly the 'sort of thing' you're actually most interested in."

Carol Willis is my best friend, but she's 4 years younger than me and much more of an uninhibited free spirit. She can be quite annoying at times -- especially when she's right. I could feel myself blushing.

"Be that as it may, I've got my reputation to consider. I mean, there is a Morals Clause in my contract, and I'm sure school officials wouldn't tolerate a teacher who v-volunteered to...model...for this...um...this...."

"Caduceus Club." Carol finished my sentence, as she often did. "Selected medical students and their advisors, interns, residents, etc., as I said. All quite respectable...well, maybe a little risqué, but basically respectable. And you know you're dying to do it. Aren't your nipples stiff? Isn't your pussy drooling at the very thought?"

I squirmed in my chair and looked around the restaurant nervously, hoping no one was eavesdropping. Carol did keep her voice reasonably low, but she went on and on and on in the same vein, until I finally agreed just to shut her up (as she knew I would).

She even stuck me with the check.

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Several times during the following week, I thought about calling Amy Robyns, my 20-year-old niece, to see if she knew anything about this Caduceus Club. But she and I had not been on good terms for more than a year, ever since she'd announced she was going to forego college and enroll in nursing school instead. (I'd disdained the idea as foolish, and she'd retorted by characterizing my alma mater as a "third-rate teacher's college.") In the end, I decided just to let sleeping dogs lie.

At last I was called in to the Caduceus Club headquarters for an interview. It was conducted by a nice looking young man in his mid-20s, wearing a white lab coat (of course). He introduced himself as Guy Guisburn, current president of the Club.

After I filled out a questionnaire, he looked it over and smiled. "'Constance Leland Moss, divorced, age 34....' I see you had a complete physical exam less than 4 months ago, so we can waive most of the standard tests. However, there are a few things we'll need to do today. So, if you will please take off your clothes...."

"But, Dr. Guisburn, why...?”

"Please don't quibble, Connie. I don't wish to be impolite, but I do have a busy schedule. We can take care of these formalities much more efficiently if you just go ahead and do as you're told."

I guess I blushed, but I nodded and stood up.

"Where? I mean, a changing room...or at least a screen? Please?"

"That's hardly necessary." He made an impatient gesture.

I didn't argue. Red-faced, I took off my shoes, blouse, and skirt, hesitated a moment, and then stripped off my pantyhose, too. After that, I just stood there, nervously, half-hoping I'd be able to keep my underwear on....

He looked up from his desk, raised his eyebrows, and gestured again. I felt like a dilatory adolescent, but did manage to whine, "A gown...?" He merely looked askance and shook his head. So I hurried out of my bra and panties -- now unable to hide my stiffening nipples and moistening pussy....

First, he told me he was recording the interview and exam so he wouldn't have to bother taking notes. (Naturally, I assumed he was referring to audio tape.) Next, he had me sign a contract and a waiver of confidentiality. Then he measured my height (5'6") and weight (131 pounds) and blood pressure (normal). Finally, I had to crouch on the examining table while he put on a latex glove, greased me up, and took my temperature -- with a fancy electronic rectal thermometer. By the time the thing finally beeped, I was so turned on that my pussy was a swamp. I was surprised the thermometer didn't show I was feverish.

And then I had to wipe the excess lubricant off my bottom, while he supervised.

After I'd done that -- to his satisfaction -- and deposited the tissues in a "hazardous waste" bin, he had me stand next to his desk and answer some additional questions. I was very self-conscious about all this. But he was an authority figure -- and I was naked -- so I felt compelled to obey and to tell him the truth. Besides, I HAD volunteered..., and I did find it exciting.

"Before your divorce, Connie, how often did you have sexual intercourse in an average month?"

"I-I suppose...um...8 or 9 times. My husband -- ex-husband -- often...um...couldn't get an erection...."

"And since your divorce?"

"Oh, well...none.... I haven't been...um...'intimate'...with anyone."

"No men, no women?"

"No."

"While married, did you engage in anal intercourse?"

"Oh, no, neither of us wanted to do that.... Well, he didn't."

"Oral sex?"

"Yes."

"Was it mutual?"

"No, I just did it to him...."

"And did you swallow or spit it out?"

"I...um...s-swallowed...."

"You always swallow all of it?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you like the taste?"

"I-I don't see why you n-need that...."

"Please don't be childish. Just answer the question."

"Well, n-no.... It really didn't have much taste, but I-I didn't like what it did have."

"Then why did you swallow it?"

"Well, I just...thought I should."

"Did you engage in extra-marital sex?"

"Oh, no."

"Did you ever fantasize about having extra-marital sex?"

"Y-yes."

"Often?"

"Yes."

"What else do you frequently fantasize about?"

"Oh god...about...being forced to do...th-things...humiliating things...made to m-masturbate while people watch and not being allowed to cum...or having to cum over and over and over...being naked and d-disciplined...and...and...oh god...." I climaxed, just talking about it. Caught on tape.

"Do you 'surf the Net' and download pictures and stories?"

"Yes."

"On what subjects?"

"Ex-hibitionism, humiliation, bon-bondage, s-spanking.... Um...um...wa-water-sssports...."

"While married, did you masturbate?"

"Y-yes."

"How often?"

"Maybe...um...half a dozen times...or so...a w-week...."

"And now?"

"More...probably 12 to 15...possibly...um...20...."

He regarded me for a moment, then nodded. "Good," he finally said. "Now, stand over there against that blank wall, and we'll take some "Posture" photos for the file."

Oh, god...naked pictures of me....

He positioned me with my back to the wall, arms at my sides. "Stand up straight, but relaxed, natural. Face me. Right." He spoke peremptorily while smoothly setting up tripod, camera, and lighting. "Now, a neutral, passive expression...no smile, no frown. Okay, that's good."

I marvelled that I could stand up at all. And then....

CLICK! Full frontal.

CLICK! Again.

"Now a quarter turn to your right."

CLICK! CLICK!

"Turn again, so your back is to me."

CLICK! CLICK!

"Another quarter turn."

CLICK! CLICK!

Then he did a number of shots, full-length and medium and close up, in various poses: in an "X" position, in a "T," squatting, and, worst of all, "bending and spreading." (I wondered how many sets of these pictures would be printed....)

And then it was over, at last.

"You'll be assigned a supervisor, who will meet you here, latish Saturday afternoon -- about 4:00, okay? -- to finish prepping you for your debut. She'll also work out the scheduling. The Caduceus Club thanks you for what I'm sure will prove to be a mutually satisfactory experience," he said, as I was getting dressed again.

"She...?"

"Oh, yes, a female...of course." He gave me a look of dismissal, so I stuffed my pantyhose into my purse and left.

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On Saturday, I made a point of being exactly on time. I was promptly escorted to another, similar, exam room and told to undress.

It was a little easier, stripping when I was alone in the room. I found exhibitionism just as exciting in real life as it was in my fantasies, but also a lot scarier. I sat on the exam table, the stiff paper liner crinkling under my bare bottom, and, after a few minutes, began to fidget. At last, the door opened, and there, complete with lab coat and clipboard, was my niece, Amy.

I just sat there, stunned.

"Good afternoon, Connie," she said, briskly.

"Omigod, Amy, b-but...."

"Let's get started off on the right foot, shall we? I'm your supervisor, and, as long as that's so, I'll call you 'Connie,' and you'll call me 'Miss Amy.' Okay?"

"O-okay, M-iss Amy, but...."

"Things will go much more smoothly if you will just pay attention and follow orders. You will be 'modeling' a device first developed as a possible means of controlling dangerous prisoners in transit. (There is a male equivalent.) But its usefulness in the study and treatment of orgasmic dysfunction quickly became apparent. What you need to know will be explained to you in due course. Now, the first thing to do today is to get rid of all that hair between your legs."

No. This was just too much. I slid off the table and started for my clothes. "I'm sorry, AMY, but I've changed my mind."

"Well, that's not a decision to be made lightly. You realize that there are SEVERE financial penalties for breach of contract -- not to mention the bad publicity...."

"What?"

"Oh, yes -- compensatory damages, punitive damages, legal fees, court costs..., and, of course, the media will lap it all up. What will the school board make of it, I wonder?"

Oh, god. I could envision being ruined -- assets, reputation, and career destroyed. But I could prevent that if I just obeyed orders. How bad could it be?

And I might even enjoy it some. Oh, god! How could I even think that?

"Okay, NOW shall we get on with it?" Amy sneered.

Outwardly, she was businesslike, but it was clear she was thoroughly enjoying our reversal of status, as she marched me through a number of preliminary steps.

She proceeded to trim my pubic hair quite close with scissors, and ordered me into the adjoining shower, with instructions to scrub my crotch clean. Then she shaved me close, afterward applying some sort of thick green goo (an "inhibitor," she called it). While the goo was working, she gave me two large enemas -- a soapy one followed by a saline rinse. Then I had to shower again, to wash off the green goo. Next, she found my "G-spot" and carefully noted its exact location. (I hadn't even been sure that I had one -- but was convinced when she put her fingertip on it.) And, finally, I suffered through the rather complicated process of having a urinary catheter installed. During this entire time (well over an hour), my clitoris was fully erect, and Miss Amy, who had her fingers in the vicinity continually, often "accidentally" brushed against it, nudging me to the brink of orgasm, again and again -- but never quite over the brink.

(That was the laundry list of what happened physically. But it doesn't even hint at how devastating it all was. Little Amy, my big sister's child, whom I baby-sat for years, was now in authority over me -- and exercising that authority with relish -- rendering my pubes as bald as a pre-adolescent's...preparing me to receive my enema by giving me a "lube job," goosing me more than thoroughly with her damned greasy fingers...watching with a smirk as the water flowed s-l-o-w-l-y into me and I labored to retain it...later, essentially finger-fucking me to distraction...and then, merrily worming that catheter tube up my pee-hole...little Amy, precocious and disdainful, my supervisor.)

All the preliminaries at last concluded, she set a slim cardboard box on the table beside us, opened it, and took out a thick, flexible piece of transparent plastic, shaped much like the crotch-piece of a thong bikini. Its inner surface was covered with an array of nodules (of various sizes and shapes), as well as a prominent probe both fore and aft. The front probe was a slightly contoured cylinder, about 4" long and almost 2" in diameter; the rear one looked like a standard flared butt-plug design, also about 4" long, more than an inch in diameter at the flare, and then necked down to half that.

"The Mark 2\* Retainer," she beamed. "You'll be demonstrating this tonight. The original...."

"T-tonight?"

"Yes. Shhh! As I was saying, the original 'Retainer' was developed by a group of doctors and engineers, under the direction of Prof. Nevada McMasters. The Mark 2 version was refined and significantly improved by Dr. Arthur Leven. McMasters' device was opaque, for example, but this is quite transparent, as you can see. That not only makes it easier to fit the device properly, but also allows us to monitor physiological changes visually when it's in operation. Dr. Leven also re-designed the electronics and incorporated additional functionality. In turn, we've made a few relatively minor additional changes in this Mark 2\* model (which I'll explain at the proper time, as needed)."

The chastity belt goes high-tech.

Amy made some adjustment to the vaginal probe and applied a lubricant to the inner surface of the device and to both probes. She told me to stand, with my legs spread, knees slightly bent, and feet well apart. She knelt and eased the thing into position, threading the end of the catheter through a small hole in the front panel.

Lining up the probes properly required some dexterity on Amy's part. But the vaginal probe slid into me quite smoothly, and the clitoral stimulator settled into position. Next, she had to fiddle with my vaginal lips to make sure they were well-separated and slotted into their intended grooves on the inside of the device. This was the worst yet. I blushed hotter and trembled. I was so humiliated...and so aroused.

Amy sniffed loudly and smiled. The smell of my heated pussy drifted up to me.

She then pulled up the back-strap and pressed the tip of the anal probe against my cringing pucker.

"Push," she said. "Like you're trying to pass a turd."

I obeyed her and sighed as I felt the probe slither into place and my sphincter embrace it.

After a few minute adjustments, she had me hold the device in place while she removed a heavy plastic belt from the box, slid it through loops on the device (two on the front and one on the rear), tightened it to fit, and locked it closed.

I stood up straight and groaned slightly as I felt the probes shift within me. Even naked, I was less exposed than now. And I was not just exposed...and invaded; I was also subject to the whims of others. How much so, I had no idea, but was about to learn.

Amy picked up a small remote control, pressed an orange button, and the retainer went live.

It suddenly felt as though I were carrying a melon inside me. It didn't hurt, but it just seemed to be touching me everywhere.

Meanwhile, Amy went on, didactically.

"The inside of the device is lined with electrodes. These carry both sensory information to the CPU (located in the anal probe) and stimulus pulses from the CPU to the wearer's primary erogenous zones. You will have felt the vaginal probe extend and open out into a sort of pine cone shape, to ensure close contact with the cervix and other areas within the vagina, including the one commonly known as the Graffenburg (or 'G') spot."

She switched the thing off, and I felt the probe subside.

"De-activated, it's waterproof," she explained. "I won't trouble you with too many technical details, but, if you're wondering, it is quite independent of any external power source. It uses body heat and movement to keep the internal batteries charged.

"It's very flexible now, but it'll stiffen up quite a bit once we're through here. Each person is different, not only in gross size, but also in minute contours, so there is an initial fitting process, and then the device is customized for an individual; the plastic material is 'set' by using the shower spray. As long as you're careful and thorough, it's really not difficult. You just have to get the water temperature over 40° centigrade. That's about 110°F.," she added patronizingly. "And make sure the water gets all over, inside and out.

"So get in the shower again -- you should know your way around it by now -- and I'll spray you down." That shower was very up-to-date; it even had a thermostat to control the water temperature. Amy set it to 45°C/120°F., waited a moment, and started to spray.

She was pretty skillful with that spray -- but I couldn't help wriggling when the hot water flooded my crotch. It wasn't too long, however, before Amy nodded and shut off the water.

Drumming her fingernails on the outside of the device, she was satisfied it was done.

"Hardened nicely," she observed. "Now we dry it off (and you, too, of course). At this point, we could fit a set of nipple stimulators -- there are several different kinds of those -- but we'll leave that until later and just re-activate and calibrate your probes."

I stepped out of the stall, and she played valet, though she seemed a lot more conscientious in toweling the device than in doing me.

"We need to wait a while, to make sure all the water inside has a chance to drain out, so I'll continue your briefing.

"The retainer can be turned on and off either by a switch on the device itself or by this small remote control. On the remote here, the power button is this orange one; the little light beside it is an on/off indicator. There are also six buttons in three rows, each button corresponding to a different level of arousal, 0 through 5." She pressed the orange button, the light began to glow, and I got the stuffed sensation again.

"Until an arousal level is selected, the device will simply collect data; it won't issue any stimuli. Press one of these six buttons, however, and it will take you to the corresponding level -- and hold you there until another command is input.

"Level 0 is really a misnomer; even switched off and completely inert, the retainer is still mechanically stimulating to a degree. Level 1 is "slightly aroused"; levels 2-4 are low, medium, and high plateaus; level 5 is orgasm.

"The only other control is concealed." She opened a sliding cover to reveal a small red button. "This starts the retainer's self-test and calibration routine. You have to trigger this the first time you fit someone new. The process takes about five minutes.

"In the first phase (the 'self-test'), each separate stimulation device and electrode, one by one, will start up at its minimum stimulus setting and rachet slowly up to its maximum. This phase will last 2 minutes and include both positive and negative stimuli.

"In the second phase ('calibration'), the device will bring you to orgasm three times, each time refining its control of your erogenous zones. The first orgasm will be achieved very quickly and will be of short duration, followed immediately by a flurry of small, precise electrical pulses that will drop you back down to level 0. The second 'calibration orgasm' will plumb the depths of your responses -- and it will be incredibly intense. Then back to 0 again. The third one will be the ultimate test of the device's control over you. It will step you through each arousal level, holding you for 10 seconds at each stop from 0 through 4. When it goes to level 5, though, it'll keep you there for a long 30 seconds."

Her tone was dry, but there was an undertone of barely repressed glee.

She paused and smiled sweetly. "Oh, yes. I must also tell you that, once the device is on, it's almost impossible for the user to be affected by any external stimuli -- either positive or negative. Therefore, it will keep you at whatever level and for however long it is commanded to. So my advice is: don't try to fight it; just go with the flow. Now, lie back on the exam table."

She winked at me and pushed the red button.

As she'd said, each separate component activated, one by one, starting at its minimum output and accelerating until the stimulation became somewhat painful. For the most part, I was able to remain stoic, not wanting to give Amy any satisfaction; but when the clitoral and urethral stimulators kicked in, I couldn't help doing some gasping and twitching. All in all, though, the 2-minute self-test was tolerable...barely.

The calibration phase hit me like a thunderbolt. It took me from 0 to orgasm in much less than half a minute, and then it zapped me back down to 0 in an instant. It was a breath-taking experience.

Then it started building toward the second orgasm. This one was more insidious, serpentine, wriggling through the very guts of my arousal. It seemed to go endlessly on and on, though it couldn't have been much more than 60 seconds. I became incapable of coherent thought. The orgasm, when it came, was devastating. If I'd been able to, I'd have pissed myself.

When I bottomed out at 0 again, I felt physically and mentally drained...and totally humiliated. But there was still one more "calibration orgasm" to go.

The retainer held me at 0 for 10 seconds, and that was painful, because the thought of another climb up the scale was itself arousing, and the device had to keep zapping me to keep me down. Level 1 was pleasant, almost idyllic, with an occasional fairy kiss from the device.

Level 2 was more intense, and I began to have some difficulty concentrating. Rational thought started to blur into fantasy.

Level 3 was all fantasy...black, with crimson flames, as an army of sex-fiends attacked me in all the ways I hated...and loved....

At level 4, thought gave way entirely to pure feelings; my formless fantasies overwhelmed me, even more powerful now that I could no longer visualize them....

The 30 seconds of level 5 were heaven and hell in equal measure. When I finally went back to 0 this time, I was dazed, but, even so, I realized that I'd enjoyed the trip...in a perverse sort of way.

Eventually, I sat up, dizzy, and let Amy towel off my sweaty body.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Very tired."

She eased me back down onto the table. "You can sleep for a while."

Was the little bitch concerned...or envious? I smiled...and went to sleep.

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I must have slept like the dead. Too soon, Amy was shaking me awake again. She thrust a large glass of some thick orange liquid into my palsied hands and ordered me to drink it.

"It's just what you need: fluid, electrolytes, carbs, protein, and a mild analgesic. On your application, you mentioned a Carol Willis as your emergency contact. I took the liberty of phoning her, and she's agreed to attend tonight's meeting and see you home afterward. Okay?"

I finished the foul-tasting drink and nodded.

"Well, speak up. Okay?"

"Yes..., um...yes, Miss Amy."

She smiled thinly, the look of one whose patience is rapidly running out. It was one of my sister's favorite expressions.

The retainer was removed and my catheter drained. I was given a hospital gown and flip-flops and led upstairs. I went docilely, though I was seething with ambivalence inside.

At the end of a circuitous route, we entered a large room through a side door, stage left. The place was filling up fast -- 40 or 50 people (most of them men). A gyno-exam chair was front and center, within a semi-circle of electronic equipment. There seemed to be video monitors everywhere.

Guy Guisburn (the young man who had interviewed me two days and half a life-time ago) stepped to the front and called everyone to order. I stood there passively, only half-listening to what he was saying -- it seemed to be an expanded and jargon-filled version of the briefing Amy had given me. I tried to relax, but that proved impossible, with my fantasies beginning to close in and my pussy already swollen and wet with anticipation.

At last I heard him introduce me as "Connie X," and it was show-time once again, time to turn back into the guinea pig that I'd volunteered to be. And I walked out on trembling legs, my revealing little hospital gown eddying about me, my flip-flops slapping against the soles of my feet with each step.

I looked out at the audience, but couldn't make out individuals -- I just couldn't focus.

I had to take off the gown, give everybody a good, long look (front and rear), and then get into the exam chair. I had to spread my legs really wide to fit the stirrups. I lay there, knowing that at least two video cameras were focused on my throbbing clit and dripping pussy -- no, I guess I should call it a "cunt" now -- and fearing that everyone in the room would soon know all my secrets.

There were only a dozen or so actual students in the audience, and they were invited to come up, in groups of 3 or 4, for a closer look and some "hands on" experience examining my intimate areas.

They each had a turn, 9 or 10 males and 4 females. At first they seemed cool and clinical, but I soon discovered that was a veneer of "Dr. Kildare" over an "Animal House" carcass. In the end, it became a sort of contest to see how often they could ALMOST make me cum without actually allowing me to do so. The women students were worse than the men; they already knew how to manipulate female anatomy to the greatest effect, and I guess they didn't want to seem less "dedicated" (i.e., "macho") than their male classmates. It was very difficult for me to stifle my moans as they played games with my hair-trigger clitoris.

But Act I finally ended, and we moved on to Act II: The Retainer. I was actually relieved to be able to get up and be put back into that fiendish device. It was quicker this time. No need for an enema, shave, or shower, and I was already catheterized. As I settled back into the chair and, ominously, was strapped down, I glanced over at Amy, already fondling the damned remote. I prayed she didn't want to demonstrate the calibration process.

But there was a new element. Dr. Guisburn pointed out what he termed "a Chalfont peripheral." It was a smallish grey box, maybe 8"x 8"x 4" high, sprouting two black rubber tubes, each ending in a shallow socket a couple of inches in diameter. Amy plugged the box into an outlet on the console and flipped a switch. The box began to hum.

"Air is sucked in through the sockets and vented from the control box. The sockets, of course, fit over the subject's nipples."

My nipples, which should have been trying to hide, stayed at attention, instead.

"The sockets are lined with bristles," he said. "Aside from the air suction, these bristles will increase the stimulation by gently oscillating at a variable speed."

Amy proceeded to attach the socket things. A bit of some sort of adhesive on the edges kept them in place. She adjusted a dial on the control box, flipped another switch, and I felt a tug on my nipples. She twisted another dial, and the suction began to pulsate gently. I supposed it would have a cumulative effect, but, at this stage, it was actually quite relaxing. All the same, I was glad I wasn't lactating.

Amy then demonstrated some of the capabilities of the Retainer and soon had me whimpering and writhing and sweating. After a while, I got a breather during a much too brief question-and-answer period.

Then came Act III, the "climax" (as it were) of the presentation. It turned out to be one last, huge, seemingly endless orgasm orchestrated by Amy, while she smiled down at me superciliously. It would take a total of 20 ghastly minutes -- 3 minutes at level 1, 4 minutes at level 2, 5 minutes at level 3, 6 minutes at level 4, and 2 minutes at level 5!

Her thumb hovering over the 1-button, Amy leaned down and murmured to me, "After this trip, I'll bet you call me 'Miss Amy' for the rest of your life."

She gave me that thin smile again, momentarily, and then thumbed the button.

At level 1, I felt an occasional feathery touch or minute vibration. During calibration, it had been pleasant, though rather distracting. Now, it became maddening, as the device kept me precisely pinned at this opening level. Long before the 3-minute period had expired, I was squirming in frustration.

At level 2, the stimulation was still gentle and intermittent, but less so. It caressed my labia somewhat more urgently; the probes were undulating enticingly; my G-spot began to receive attention. Now the sensations were getting stronger, and I felt myself rising toward orgasm -- and then, I stabilized. I had achieved level 2 and would not be allowed to advance or retreat until the device received a new command. I was totally helpless. I trembled as I felt the device lick my erected clitoris and kiss my burning urethra.

"Oooooohhh!"

At level 3, I became a sweating slave to the machine, utterly helpless to stem the rising tide of my arousal. The fantasies came back, legions of them, and I was the focal point. I wriggled and moaned, consumed by lust and shame. Four minutes of this, and I was desperate, but still almost rational....

At level 4, the stimuli were monstrous and overlapping. Coherent thought was impossible. My mind drifted, the world around me dimmed, and my perceptions were all centered about my crotch and the awful, unsatisfied hunger that now dwelt there. I was vaguely aware that I was grunting and moaning like an animal in heat.

I just hung there, continuously tormented by that merciless device, a prisoner on the brink, never allowed release. Sweat ran into my eyes, and I barely noticed it. In the distance, someone was keening piteously. It was me.

Finally, at level 5, I was helplessly swept up into an interminable, 2-minute orgasm. Not a "serial" orgasm, for that has peaks and valleys, and this was just one continuous peak. As far as I could tell, there were no pauses, no valleys, no respite. I had no breath, even to scream.

And then, at last, I began to drift downward, like snow on a still night. Eventually, I realized that I was feeling pain -- small, painful electrical shocks. It was not like falling snow at all, but like being dragged downstairs by the ankles, your butt hitting each tread on the way. I was being gradually scaled down, descending through the lower levels to a so-called "soft" landing at 0. I saw the light on the remote wink out. I was back among the living.

I heard applause.

When I finally revived enough, they disconnected the nipple stims, unstrapped me, helped me out of the chair, and released me from the retainer. I felt sort of semi-detached -- exhausted and humiliated, but certainly well-satisfied. I glimpsed myself in a mirror with mixed emotions; I was both giddy and dismayed to see the slightly silly, orgasmed-out look on my face. And I was fascinated by the reflection of my nipples. They were red and impossibly erect -- and must have been over an inch long. I was deformed. I giggled.

"Never mind," Miss Amy said. "That's only temporary. They should be back to normal within a couple of hours."

I didn't even notice when she removed my catheter.

After I'd sluggishly gotten dressed, Carol helped me to the car, gushing over the show.

"Wow! What a debut! And you've got another 5 weeks to go...at least."

"F-five weeks? And w-what do you mean, 'at least'?"

"Oh, yeah...the club's got options. You could belong to them for years. It's all spelled out in the contract you signed.... You did read it, didn't you?"

"I m-must have o-over-looked that part.... S-s-so that means that...Miss A-my...she could be m-my supervisor for...oh, god...."

I shuddered...and smiled.