

SHOW HIM NO MERCY

A humiliation fantasy by *Erica*

Part I: Bevy of Beauty

Twenty-something Eric gazed into the “Bath of Aphrodite,” a natural waterfall and pool as well as a tourist attraction located in the northwest region of the island of Cyprus. On that hot summer day, Eric envisioned a naked Jana bathing in the pool; then, he envisioned a naked Sandra doing same. He had never seen either of the young women with their clothes off, yet it was easier to envision them bathing as Aphrodite than it was to envision Crystal doing so. He had seen Crystal with her clothes off and had even lost his virginity to her two weeks previous, but a mental block now prevented him from fantasizing about her for fear of sullyng this special event in his life.

Two days later, Eric was swimming by the legendary birthplace of Venus, “Aphrodite’s Rock,” a massive offshore boulder adjacent to a pebbly beach on the southwest region of the island. Swimming around the offshore boulder, Eric could not keep himself from thinking about the sirens he had met two weeks previous at a classy bordello. He had already accomplished his mission of experiencing (for the first time in his life) a pleasant sexual experience, yet he was exasperating to himself because he wanted more. To further complicate matters, he had been offered a tremendous bargain.

Eric was a good-looking man but not at all macho; rather, he was shy and meek. He had started life out at a disadvantage by being born into a dysfunctional family. When he was a helpless little boy, his older sister put on him a girl’s dress. In that state, the sister showed him to their mother and father. The parents, too far gone in their own declines, shrugged it off, doing nothing about the quirk, not realizing the harm done to Eric at an impressionable age. Eric grew up, graduated from college and landed a good-paying job with lots of leave time. Because he lacked social skills, he had never married nor even had a girl friend.

At age twenty-six, the realization that he was still a virgin had been driving him into a mental obsession. He had talked it over with an understanding friend,

who gave him the following advice: "I've never been one to advocate sex with prostitutes, but if you feel that you are going to go insane if you do not have a pleasant sexual experience, then go someplace where prostitution is legal and have a liaison. But always remember the danger and approach it as though you are mixing nitroglycerin."

After much research, Eric thought he had found the place he was looking for, a classy European bordello called "Bevy of Beauty." The five girls in the photo ads looked nice, and their respective bios claimed they spoke textbook English and were in some cases native English speakers.

At the beginning of the European vacation, Eric had concentrated his efforts on losing his virginity; now, two weeks after having lost losing his virginity, he felt like he needed to go back to the Bevy of Beauty more than ever. He remembered the thrill he had experienced upon first entering into the place. He had been let in by a lovely young woman who had introduced herself as "Crystal." She was a light-brown-haired girl wearing a white blouse covered with ornate designs, a black mini-skirt, nude-tint pantyhose and black high-heels. She smiled as she led him into the main room, where he saw another young woman, a pretty brunette dressed in a sleeveless black mini-dress, tan pantyhose and gilded high-heels. This girl had introduced herself as "Jana."

The girls had presented Eric with something resembling a menu. He opened it and, by golly, it was a menu: a menu of different kinds of sexual acts, each explaining the details so as to justify its cost. Eric read over the items on the menu and chose the one labeled "Sixty-Nine."

The next and even more difficult choice had been between Crystal and Jana, and Eric was still debating in his vacillating mind whether or not he had chosen the greater of the two goods. He chose Crystal, and oh the thrill he had felt as she walked him into the room. Eric paid her the money due to her. She deposited it in her purse and told him to undress and lie down on his back upon the bed. He did so.

Eric watched as Crystal stripped down to her underwear. She then slipped a dental dam prophylactic into place underneath her panties.

Perhaps the “Sixty-Nine” package is not the best way to lose one’s virginity, but Eric cooed with ecstasy as he recalled the liaison: Crystal getting on top of him and, with mouth and hand, slipping a condom onto his penis; licking her pussy through pantyhose and panties and dental dam while she was sucking his condom-enveloped cock. When he was close to ejaculation, she asked, “Are you ready?” He replied “Yes,” and they shifted to sexual intercourse with her on top. It ended with a wondrous orgasm for Eric. Crystal had done a little ecstasy-moaning, too, but Eric didn’t let that go to his head.

They both cleansed themselves thoroughly before exiting to the main room. There, on the sofa couches, Crystal and Jana worked together to sell Eric another session.

There was an item on the menu labeled “Show Him No Mercy” and the two members of the Bevy of Beauty explained its features to Eric. It seemed as though they knew instinctively that Eric was into kinky sex but drew the line at anything painful or unsanitary. The bombshell came when Jana announced: “You can experience the entire humiliation fantasy package for free if you allow us to audio-video record it all.”

Eric was at a loss for words. “Why me?” he bleated out in meekness.

“Because you have the look,” answered Jana, “cute but not macho.”

As they went into the details of this “free” package, some of its drawbacks were revealed: the girls would draw from a credit card “tip fund” of his during the session; the ending of the session with sexual intercourse (that is, if he could make it through the gauntlet without ejaculating) would cost extra; he would receive no payment for appearing in this porno movie and it might follow him around for the rest of his life. But in the end, he accepted their proposal. He had just lost his virginity, and he had to keep exploring this brave new world.

They set a date. The girls explained to him that he had to be there on that date exactly at the scheduled time. Only then, for the next two hours, could he be completely alone with all five members of the Bevy of Beauty. He agreed to everything.

As he was leaving, Crystal admonished, "You're hair is already long for a man. Let it keep growing for the next liaison, and may the Mediterranean waters enhance its natural curliness."

As Eric approached the exit door, he saw a beautiful blonde-haired young woman clad in a long, maroon evening gown that reached to her ankles. She said, "Come again," in an alluring tone of voice. *That must be Sandra*, thought Eric, remembering her from the photo ad.

That had been the special night of lost virginity for Eric. In some ways, the special night had turned out better than expected, but never had Eric anticipated the predicament he was in now.

At Aphrodite's Rock, Eric swam back to the pebbly beach and retrieved his sandals. He returned to his beach towel and dried himself. He sat down on his beach towel and thought of erotic overtures to Greek mythology.

That evening, in his hotel room, in bed trying to sleep, he made his resolution aloud: "I shall allow myself to star in *Show Him No Mercy*."

Part II: Walk of Shame

Everything was set for the hand-held audio-video motion picture camera to begin recording. The young woman holding the camcorder, the pretty brunette named Jana, was wearing an elegant green evening gown that reached to her ankles and revealed her classy high-heels and dark hosiery. She made certain that the camera's perspective was upon the other two people in the room, who were facing each other on the other side of the bed. Jana bypassed the young man Eric, who was standing by the bed, to focus upon Claire, an attractive young woman with light-brown hair. Claire, seated upon a couch, was wearing a pink coat over a beige blouse, a black mini-skirt, tan pantyhose and black high-heeled shoes. Jana clicked a button to begin recording; this also served as a message to Claire, who began her playacting dialogue.

"Take off everything," demanded Claire, smiling as if exuding complete control.

“Everything?” responded Eric in a voice tinged with meekness.

“Everything!” commanded Claire.

With evident humiliation, Eric began to undress. First he took off his shoes, leaving them on the floor next to the bed. Then he removed his gaudy sport coat, setting it down on the bed. Then he removed his tie and set it next to the sport coat. He unbuttoned and removed his shirt and set it on the bed. He undid and removed his pants, setting them next to the shirt. He then took off his socks and put each into its respective shoe. He pulled his undershirt up over his head, removed it and tossed it onto the bed. He had on one last article of clothing. As he slipped out of his underpants, he heard Jana giggling from behind and observed Claire smiling at him. He set the underpants on the bed. Now completely naked, he cringed in his embarrassment.

Claire stood up and removed her pink coat, revealing her beige blouse to be sleeveless. She stepped over to Eric. She fitted the pink coat onto Eric one arm at a time, buttoned two of its front buttons, and from its pocket removed a pair of sex-toy handcuffs linked to a metal chain. Different from police handcuffs, they were disk-shaped; the metal chain was adjustable in length. She handcuffed his wrists with the sex-toy apparatus and locked the device with a key. She then took the hand-cuffed wimp by the arm and led him over to one of the rear bedposts. She chained him to the bedpost. She then gave him a good whack on his bare behind.

Claire collected all of Eric’s clothes. Holding them in her arms, she said with a smiling taunt, “I’m taking all your clothes.”

With all of Eric’s clothes, Claire opened the door, exited the room and closed the door behind her. Eric was all alone now insofar as the story being recorded was concerned. But in reality Jana was standing a few feet away from him, still recording with the camcorder.

Minutes passed with both Jana and Eric trying to remain silent so as not to spoil the sound effects of the motion picture. But as the man felt the embarrassment of being naked from the waist down and confined in front of a fully-dressed woman “filming” him, the Lash of Aidos, Goddess of Shame,

triggered sexual arousal. Eric could not keep from getting a sizable and sustaining erection. Sounds from the unseen woman entered into the audio recording as Jana tried unsuccessfully to keep from giggling.

Finally, Jana clicked off the audio-video and, obviously referring to Eric's erection, declared in a mocking tone, "That's not very nice."

Eric responded: "It's not me who's doing it, Jana. It's you."

Jana laughed. "You are so horny, Eric!"

"Oh, Jana," bemoaned Eric. "The problem with nudity is that it places us males at a distinct advantage. You can tell what we're thinking but we can't tell what you're thinking."

"Isn't life unfair," commented Jana.

Jana heard Claire from the other side of the closed door, saying, "I hid his clothes." Jana immediately turned the audio-video back on. The door opened; Claire and another young woman, Angelina, entered the room, closing the door behind them. Pretty, red-haired Angelina was clad in casual attire: She wore a white top leaving belly and midriff bare, a blue mini-skirt with a white belt, translucent pantyhose with lacy embroidery, and white high-heeled boots. They both stood facing Eric. Claire smiled, Angelina giggled and Eric blushed.

Jana adjusted the audio-video, making certain that the camcorder was taking everything in from proper angles. Jana once again became the silent phantom as the playacting dialogue began.

"Your clothes are history," announced Claire.

"But-but, my clothes," playacted Eric, "what will I do without any clothes?"

"You'll have to wear women's clothes," said a smiling Angelina.

"Oh, no!" said Eric.

"There is one way you can get your clothes back," said Claire. "You'll have to buy a full set of women's clothes from us. Once you have purchased and tried on a full set of women's clothes, we'll trade your clothes back for them."

"This is outrageous!" flustered Eric.

"Not half as outrageous as you are, you nasty man," countered Angelina, who then gave him a loud, hard spank on his bare bottom.

“All right, you win,” said Eric with a tone of resignation. “I’ll buy a set of women’s clothes.”

Claire and Angelina glanced at each other and smiled. They both looked again at Eric. Claire slipped out of her high-heeled shoes and said, “Let’s start with the basics.” She lifted up her skirt and said, “I’ll make you wear pantyhose.”

Claire took hold of the waist-band to her control-top pantyhose and began pulling them down, leaving the panties in place. She slowly pulled her pantyhose down her thighs, past her knees, down to her ankles and feet. She removed her pantyhose, took them in her hands, played with the elastic to open wide the control top portion, and stepped over to Eric. She pressed the control top portion to Eric’s face and said, “Smell my pantyhose.”

Along with Angelina, Claire stepped behind Eric. She slipped the right portion of the pantyhose onto Eric’s right leg; Angelina slipped the left portion of the pantyhose onto Eric’s left leg. The girls got the hose onto him just above his ankles. Slowly, they began pulling the hose upwards, Claire by the right and Angelina by the left. Slowly, they pulled the hose up to the knees, past the knees, slowly up the thighs. When they reached the loins, Angelina commented, “We’ve got a snag here.” In spite of Eric’s erection, the girls managed to fit the pantyhose into place. “My, isn’t this dainty!” said Claire as she wiggled Eric’s hips from behind. “These will cost you one hundred Euros.”

“One hundred Euros!” exclaimed Eric, “For a pair of pantyhose?”

Facetiously, Claire justified the price: “They’re control top.”

“Tricked and outsmarted by the girls,” taunted Angelina in a philosophical tone.

Claire utilized a key to unlock the portion of the chain linked to the bedpost. She held the chain’s end with one hand and with the other hand gave the key to Angelina, who put it in her skirt pocket. With Eric disconnected from the bedpost but still handcuffed to the sex toy, Claire adjusted the chain to arm’s length and handed it to Angelina, who accepted the device and the prisoner with a smile.

Looking directly at Eric, Claire announced, "It's time now for your Walk of Shame, in the humiliation and the embarrassment that you deserve." Claire then walked over to the door and opened it. She stood beside the door as Angelina drew on the chain and forced Eric through the door and out into the hallway. The silent phantom-woman followed, catching it all on audio video camera. The door was shut behind her.

"All the girls are going to see you," declared Angelina as she paraded Eric through the hallway.

They came to the open space area where they saw, seated upon a sofa-chair, the beautiful blonde-haired young woman named Sandra. She was clad in a black mini-dress, tan hosiery, and black high-heeled boots. At the sight of Eric being paraded in pink coat and pantyhose, Sandra stood up and looked directly at him, her face creased with silent laughter. Angelina halted there next to Sandra, forcing Eric to also halt.

Eric's embarrassment compelled him to try a little negative psychology by saying in a tone of shame, "I must look ridiculous." In her response, Sandra undercut his negative psychology: "You certainly do. You're wearing a skirt-suit without a skirt."

"Claire tricked him and took all his clothes," said a giggling Angelina. "Now he has to buy a full set of women's clothes to get them back in a trade."

"That sounds like the kind of trick Claire would play on a simpleton like Eric," noted Sandra, amused over Eric's plight.

Sandra drew from her purse a feminine sanitary napkin. She took the front of the waistband of the simpleton's pantyhose, pulled the control top and deposited the feminine sanitary napkin by the loins as a kind of fig leaf. She then let go of the pantyhose, whereupon its front snapped back into place.

"Just so you don't wet your dainties," explained Sandra.

Angelina handed the arm's length chain to Sandra. Now controlling Eric by the chain attached to his disk-shaped handcuffs, Sandra made him turn around. She then began drawing him towards another room. Angelina and Jana followed, Angelina laughing and Jana recording. But from the camcorder's perspective it

was a beautiful blonde-haired girl in front pulling a weakling boy and a beautiful red-haired girl in back laughing and giggling at the wimp. Eric had such an erection that Sandra was prompted to say, "You're going to put a run in those hose if you don't control yourself."

They reached a door, opened it and entered a room arranged to resemble a classroom. The fifth and final member of the Bevy of Beauty sat upon its desk. This beautiful young woman Eric recognized as "Crystal," the light-brown-haired angel from heaven who had taken away his virginity two weeks ago. She was dressed differently than the last time he had seen her. Now she was wearing a light skirt suit showing underneath a black blouse along with tan pantyhose and black high-heels. She looked directly at him with a knowing smile.

Sandra drew Eric over to Crystal while Angelina handed Crystal the key to the sex toy restrainer. Crystal utilized the key to unlock the sex toy and free Eric, then took the entire apparatus and set it on the desk. She looked directly at Eric and mock queried: "Are you trying to be Venus by wearing pink coat and pantyhose?"

Eric stuttered a reply: "I-I need to by a full set of women's clothes to trade for my own clothes."

Sandra pointed towards a blackboard by the wall and ordered Eric to go there. He obeyed. "Write twenty times," she ordered, "Pantyhose are for girls." Blushing in his embarrassment, Eric picked up a piece of chalk from the blackboard ledge and began his punishment. While watching him write his lines on the blackboard, the girls sang lyrics to hosiery advertisements, sometimes ending them with, "Pantyhose are for girls." Eric became more and more sexually aroused as the singing went on. He began to wiggle and dance to the music.

"On an island, on a date...pantyhose are for girls..." "Bending, stretching, nothing beats a great pair of Leggs." ... "Dainty, dainty, wow, wow, wow, for the prettiest legs in town."

When he had finished the twenty lines, Eric looked about and saw Claire, wearing a pair of replacement pantyhose identical to those she and Angelina had

fitted onto him, enter into the room. She came up to the blackboard and divested Eric of the pink coat before joining Sandra and Angelina in the audience.

Crystal opened a drawer to the desk and retrieved a packet obviously containing undergarment apparel. She held it in front of Eric, now wearing only pantyhose, and said, "I'll sell you this bra for one hundred Euros."

"Oh, no," moaned Eric. "Girls' clothes are so expensive."

"Tricked and outsmarted by the girls!" said Angelina and Sandra in unison.

"We strip you of everything," said Crystal as she opened the packet and removed the bra, "and leave you with nothing except girls' underwear."

"I guess you got me, girls," said Eric in a submissive tone.

With the other girls watching and laughing, Crystal fitted the bra onto Eric and snapped it in place. She then gave him another order: "Now you will write twenty times, 'Bras are for girls.'" Eric complied.

As Eric was writing on the blackboard, he heard the seated girls singing the lyrics to lingerie advertisements: "Wait'll we get our Haines on you."... "Cross your heart."... "Playtex..." ... "Maidenform..." ... "You're suddenly shapelier."

As soon as Eric finished writing the second set of twenty lines, Crystal gave yet another order: "Now you will write twenty times, 'Eric is a nasty boy.'"

As Eric wrote the twenty lines, the girls kept saying in unison, "Eric is a nasty boy." Eric was getting quite aroused, yet he restrained himself from getting too close to ejaculation, knowing that he just had to see the program to its very end.

Eric finished the third set of twenty lines, then turned and faced the seated audience of giggling girls. Angelina and Sandra sat next to each other with one empty seat separating them from Claire. Crystal stood by the desk, while Jana moved about recording it all via motion picture audio-visual. Eric cringed in his embarrassment.

"Sit down, you nasty boy," ordered Crystal, "between Claire and Angelina."

Eric did as he was told. Crystal took from a desk drawer a pair of silver-tinged high-heeled shoes. She took them over to where Eric was seated. She handed the left shoe to Angelina and the right shoe to Claire. With Eric seated in

between, the two girls fitted the pair of shoes onto the wimp's feet and buckled them in place.

Crystal pointed to the wall and ordered, "Go over to the wall and stand there." Eric rose and, with the utmost awkwardness in wearing high-heels, walked over to the wall and stood there with his back to the girls.

Crystal removed the coat portion of her skirt-suit. She set it on an empty chair next to the empty chair upon which Claire had set her own coat. In her light skirt and dark blouse, she announced, "Each shoe will cost you one hundred Euros."

"Oh, no!" moaned Eric.

"Tricked and outsmarted by the girls!" shouted all the females present except Jana. Eric turned around and, with hands on his hips, asked in a loud tone, "Have you had your fill of tricking and outsmarting me?"

"Well," responded a smiling Angelina, drawing out the word in a taunt, "not quite." Angelina stood up and revealed that she was holding in her hand something furry; black with a white tip, it resembled a skunk's tail. Holding the "skunk's" tail in one hand and a safety pin in the other, she came over to Eric. She said, "Turn around." Eric complied. Angelina pinned the "skunk's" tail to the backside of the wimp's pantyhose. Real animal tail or artificial tassel, the humiliation sent Eric into a sexual dither.

"That looks so cute on you," commented Angelina.

Crystal came over to Eric's front and once again hand-cuffed him with the sex-toy restrainer. "A skunk's tail," she commented, "to fit your simple mind." With its long chain, she drew him forward out of the room. The other girls followed, laughing and giggling at the dreadfully embarrassed young man being paraded through the hallway.

Crystal drawing him forward...Angelina, Sandra and Claire surrounding him...Jana audio-video recording the scene from various angles.

His head bowed with embarrassment, Eric shuffled along in the direction he was being forced, literally with his tail between his legs.

They reached another room. Angelina opened the door and moved aside as Crystal drew Eric into the room. Jana, still utilizing the audio-video recorder, followed. The door was shut behind them.

Crystal drew Eric over to the boudoir section. She picked up a set of keys lying there and unlocked the sex toy apparatus. She set the key and apparatus aside upon a table. Looking directly at the newly-freed Eric, she said, "A bit of a change now," and moved to behind him.

Eric, still feeling like a prisoner even though he was now unshackled, did not turn around, but heard sounds of an interaction between Jana and Crystal; apparently they were shifting control of the audio-video recorder. He then felt someone come up to him from behind and undo the safety-pin holding the skunk's tail to the rear end of the pantyhose. The skunk's tail was removed. Eric heard the voice of Jana, saying, "No need for this anymore."

Jana set the tail next to the apparatus. She then stood directly in front of Eric, looking exotic in her elegant green evening gown. Eric gazed at her as if she was the perfect work of art.

"Oh, Jana," he said in a timid voice, "it was so hard choosing between you and Crystal. You looked so vivacious in your mini-dress, just as you look so majestic in your evening gown."

"I know exactly which dress you mean," said Jana, who then went over to one of the closets and removed a black dress. She returned to Eric holding it in front of her.

"That's it," confirmed Eric. "When I saw you in that dress, I felt like falling down on my knees and worshipping you."

"But you did not choose me," noted Jana. "You chose instead the girl wearing a skirt and blouse."

Jana set the dress upon the bed, spreading it out neatly. She then went back to the closet and brought out a skirt-and-blouse combo. She set the skirt-and-blouse combo on the bed, spreading it out neatly next to the mini-dress. She announced: "Now you must choose again between dress and skirt-and-blouse."

Eric looked hard at both before speaking in a pompous tone as if to show off his intelligence: "Since the dress is one article while the skirt and blouse are two articles, I'll buy the dress for one hundred Euros."

"You select the dress then?" queried Jana.

"Yes," replied Eric smugly.

Jana picked the dress up off the bed and brought it over to Eric.

"This will cost you three hundred Euros," she said.

"Oh, you girls!" moaned Eric. "You tricked me again!"

Crystal giggled as she audio-video recorded the scene. Jana began dressing Eric in the sleeveless black mini-dress he had seen her wearing the night he had lost his virginity to Crystal. As Jana pulled the dress down into place, a profound change came over Eric. His feminine side became manifest as he playacted: "My name is 'Erica'. I am a lesbian."

"Oh, I just adore lesbians," said Jana in playact. "Why don't you come and play with the girls. There is much music as well."

"Oh," said "Erica," "I'd love to play with the girls."

"But first," said Jana, "a bit of makeup." Jana took "Erica" over to the boudoir, where she put lipstick on "Erica's" lips, mascara on "Erica's" eyebrows and rouge makeup on "Erica's" cheeks.

Jana and "Erica" exited the room with Crystal following and recording. They walked the hallway and came to the main room. There, sitting pretty in sofa chairs, were Claire and Angelina and Sandra.

Jana introduced. "This is 'Erica the lesbian'," she said before taking a seat next to Claire. "Erica" curtsied and said hello to all four of them.

"Erica" took a seat on a sofa chair. Sandra turned to "Erica" and asked, "Why do you wear pantyhose?"

"Erica" mustered playacting and giggled an answer: "When I wear pantyhose my legs look prettier; and, when my legs look prettier I feel prettier."

"You are so cute, Erica dear," said Sandra. "I've no doubt your dancing to the music will be a class-act strip-tease."

The first tune played by the girls was *Nina, Pretty Ballerina* by Abba. “Erica” got up and danced to it, feeling and acting shy one moment and dancing with exuberance the next. At the end of the tune, Claire and Jana pulled “Erica’s” dress up and over and off. “Erica” cringed in the pose of the embarrassed female caught in public wearing naught but her underclothes.

The second tune was *Jennifer, Juniper* by Donovan. Angelina and Sandra got up and joined “Erica” in dancing. They danced in sync with the music, improvising movements as they went along. At the end of this second tune, the three sat down. Angelina and Sandra removed “Erica’s” high-heeled shoes and set them next to the dress.

The third tune was an Enya song. “Erica” danced to it alone: “It’s either this or that way; it’s one way or another; it might be the beginning; it may just be the end.” When the Enya music ended, Jana came up to “Erica” from behind, unhooked and removed the bra. She deposited the bra into the newly-formed pile of feminine wear.

Now wearing only pantyhose, a profound mental transformation came over the dancer. “Erica” ceased to exist. Eric returned to being a man humiliated by women. This could have been a troublesome transition, but everything became pleasant as soon as the fourth and last song, *I’m so Hot for Her* by the Rolling Stones, began playing.

Eric danced to the Stone’s tune with such glee that Angelina and Sandra got up and joined him. Claire and Jana soon joined them. The tune went on and on. All five dancers jived to the music. At the end of the tune, the four women took hold of the man and tossed him onto the couch. They flipped him over several times before setting him down on his back onto the couch. Jana and Sandra took hold of the control top portion of the pantyhose and slowly removed the garment from its wearer. Eric damned near ejaculated while they were doing it, but managed to hold back.

Completely naked and surrounded by a bevy of fully-dressed girls, Eric got up from the couch, picked up the pantyhose, walked over to the pile and picked

up the dress, bra and high-heeled shoes. He walked over to where Claire was sitting and set the feminine apparel down in front of her.

“Well,” said Eric, “here it is: a full set of women’s clothes. Now please trade me these clothes for my clothes.”

“That’s not a full set of women’s clothes,” said Claire.

“What do you mean?” asked a puzzled Eric.

“You have no panties,” explained Claire. “No set of girls’ clothes is complete without a pair of panties.”

“But the pantyhose are control-top,” protested Eric.

“Sorry,” said Claire. “Panties are a must for the bargain to be kept.”

“Will you sell me your panties?” asked Eric.

“Yes, I will,” said Claire, “for three hundred Euros.”

Naked, erect-standing, erect-the-other-way Eric put his hands on his hips and queried, “Do you take me for a fool?”

Claire smiled, bowed her head and responded, “Must I answer that?”

Eric turned and looked at the other girls, then looked back at Claire and said, “You’re not the only panty merchant in town.”

Eric slowly walked over towards Sandra, who was seated in a sofa chair. Sandra looked quite provocative in her high-heeled boots, pantyhose and black dress. Cringing in embarrassment yet aroused and erect, Eric meekly addressed Sandra: “Hi, Sandra. I-I’m very embarrassed, but...can...can I buy your panties off of you?”

Sandra’s jaw dropped and eyes opened wide as if taking offense. “How dare you say such a thing to a lady?” she sternly responded as she stood up and slapped Eric lightly on the face. Eric bowed his head in shame. Sandra addressed the other members of the Bevy of Beauty: “Girls, it’s time to teach Eric a lesson in manners.”

Sandra grabbed bent-over Eric by the ear and drew the naked wimp along towards another room. The other girls followed.

In this next room, a much larger constrainer apparatus awaited Eric: a centuries-old setup of wooden stocks with one big hole to imprison the head and

two smaller holes to imprison the hands. The girls placed Eric in the stocks, which were at a level low enough so that he was resting on his knees. The girls locked the stocks, confining Eric by neck and wrists. Looking forward, he saw no bed, but rather an open space.

A chair was situated within Eric's view to his left. Crystal took a seat there, making it obvious to Eric that another camera shift had occurred. Crystal, as if addressing a camera crew, announced, "Hello, my name is Crystal. And I'm ready to give Eric a spanking."

Crystal stood up and moved out of Eric's view to behind him and the stocks. Naked, on his knees and locked in the stocks, Eric felt the resounding whack as Crystal's hand smacked his bare bottom.

*Spank one, spank two, spank three...*It was not really painful; it was humiliating in a way that triggered sexual arousal. After the fifth spank, there was a momentary pause. Eric observed Crystal's skirt shoot over the stocks and land on the floor a few feet in front of him. Her blouse followed a few seconds later.

*...Spank eight, spank nine...*Eric was starting to gyrate in sexual arousal when Crystal finished her set....*spank ten!*

Crystal walked over to the front of the stocks. She posed for Eric wearing only her underwear and high-heels. She bent over and whispered into Eric's ear: "Choose me, and confirm that monogamy is the best policy, even for whoremongers."

Crystal gathered up her clothes and departed from Eric's view. Eric watched as Jana sat down in the chair to his left. She spoke as if to a camera crew: "Hello, my name is Jana. And I'm ready to give Eric a spanking."

Jana stood up. She stepped over to a few feet in front of Eric. To his surprise, she shed with finesse her elegant green evening gown. She posed in stockings, carter-belt and high-heeled shoes. She then went to behind the stocks and began her set.

Whack! Spank one! Whack! Spank two! Whack! Spank three! Everyone present was enjoying the session: the aroused receiver, the smiling giver, the giggling viewers and the focused-on-the-job recorder. Reveling in the humiliation

he was receiving at the hands of a beautiful woman, Eric nevertheless restrained himself from going too far towards ejaculation. He as well as the five members of the Bevy of Beauty (he hoped) was having too much fun for it to end now.

...*Spank eight! Spank nine! Spank ten!* Jana finished up her set. She went back to the other side of the stocks and stood in front of Eric. She slipped out of her high-heeled shoes. She unhooked and took off both her stockings, then unhooked and removed her garter-belt. Completely naked, she sported her ass. She turned and, facing Eric from the front, sported her pussy. She came closer to Eric and spoke in a soft voice.

“Choose me, and you shall walk with Eve through the Garden of Eden.”

Jana gathered up her clothes and departed from Eric’s view.

Claire sat in the chair within Eric’s view. She spoke to the camera.

“Hello, my name is Claire. And I’m ready to give Eric a spanking.”

Claire moved directly to the front of Eric. Standing there, she removed her shoes, skirt and blouse. She unhooked and removed her bra; she dangled it in front of Eric, tease-touching his face with the feminine undergarment. Next, she wiggled her pantyhose-enveloped butt in Eric’s face. She then went directly to behind the stocks to administer the punishment.

Whack! Spank One! Whack! Spank Two! She went through her set of ten spanks, finishing it with a resounding whack on Eric’s bare bottom. She then moved to the front of the stocks and stood in front of Eric with her back to him.

Claire pulled her panties and pantyhose down to her knees. She sported her ass while looking back and smiling at Eric. “If you choose me,” she said, “you may worship me as a Greek goddess from Mount Olympus.”

Claire turned around. Still smiling, she sported her pussy. She gathered up her belongings and departed from the camera sights.

Angelina took a seat in the chair. “Hello,” she said to the camera, “my name is Angelina. And I’m ready to give Eric a spanking.”

She stood up, walked over to Eric’s rear, and began spanking him.

Whack! Spank One! Whack! Spank Two! Whack! Spank Three! Whack! Spank Four! Whack! Spank Five!

In contrast to her three predecessors, Angelina gave Eric a little breather from the spanking after five whacks. "I'll give you five more whacks in tandem with Sandra," she explained. She took hold of his erect penis and began masturbating him. "I'm milking you," she said, "as if you were a cow." Eric was so aroused that he had to control his thoughts and gyrations in order to forestall ejaculation.

"Say, 'Moo'," ordered Angelina.

Eric had no choice but to comply. "Moo," he said, drawing out the word.

"Louder!" commanded Angelina.

"Moo!" uttered a thoroughly humiliated Eric in a louder voice, drawing out the word even further. "Moo! Moo!"

Angelina stepped away from Eric, walked around the stocks and stood in plain view in front of him. She then did a strip-tease, removing her white-high-heeled boots, her skirt and top, her outer clothes, her translucent hosiery and her panties. She showed off her naked form to Eric. She turned around and practically stuck her rear end in his face. "Choose me," she said, "and I will strip you of dignity and dress you with shame."

Angelina picked up her clothes and walked away out of Eric's view. Sandra then sat in the chair and announced, "Hello, my name is Sandra. And I'm ready to give Eric a spanking."

Sandra got up from the chair and stood in front of Eric. She lifted up the front of her black dress and pointed to the pink panties visible underneath the pantyhose. "So this is what you want?" she said. "Well, you're not there yet."

Sandra went around the stocks to Eric's rear. She began spanking him.

Whack! Spank one! Whack! Spank two! Whack! Spank three! Whack! Spank four! Whack! Spank five!

While thoroughly enjoying the humiliation at the hands of a beautiful woman, Eric's ass was by this time getting red from the beating and he was starting to feel pain. He heard what sounded like the rustle of clothes being taken off and surmised that Sandra was stripping. He was correct; a minute later, a

completely naked Sandra was standing in front of him, her hands close to her pussy. She practically stuck her pussy in his face, yet remained just out of reach.

“Choose me,” she said, “and I will give you a golden shower.”

Beautiful as Sandra was, Eric suddenly went limp. He knew what a “golden shower” was, and the thought of it turned him off rather than on. It crossed the line as unsanitary, something best left to the realm of fantasy if even that.

Naked Angelina joined the scene, putting her arm around Sandra, who reciprocated by putting her arm around Angelina.

“Ten more whacks,” announced Sandra, “in a tandem spank.”

Angelina and Sandra moved their arms down and held hands. They walked over to the other side of the stocks. They stood there with Angelina to Eric’s left and Sandra to Eric’s right. Angelina began the final set with a loud, hard whack on Eric’s ass. Sandra followed with a second hard whack on Eric’s ass. Angelina gave the third whack and Sandra the fourth. After the fourth whack, Sandra and Angelina, both of them laughing and giggling, began playing “paddy cake,” clapping and slapping their hands together. Angelina then gave Eric a fifth whack. The girls resumed the paddy cake game, this round followed by Sandra giving Eric the sixth whack. This format went on until Sandra delivered the fiftieth and last whack of the spanking.

After a few moments pause, Sandra flicked Eric’s cock and said, “It’s still hard.”

Sandra walked over to the front of the stocks and stood there naked in front of Eric. She held her pink panties in her hand and said, “You made it all the way without popping your load. Here are the panties for the price of one hundred euros.”

Sandra took the panties and fitted them over Eric’s head. In the ensuing two minutes, Eric felt like a Kotex. His world was now pink, yet he did manage to hear and discern what sounded like girls gathering up their clothes and departing.

He felt relieved when the panties were removed from his head. Naked Jana stood in front of him with her purse in one hand and the panties in the other. "These are yours now," she said, and threw the panties over the stocks to fall on the floor behind him.

Jana removed from her purse some moist napkins and tissue paper. She utilized the sanitary material to clean off the feminine makeup she had put on "Erica" awhile earlier. She finished that task, then unlocked the edifice and freed Eric.

Naked Eric stood up. He was still horny and thrilled over what lie ahead. He turned around and saw Crystal, clad only in her bra and panties and pantyhose, dutifully catching it all on audio-video.

"Now, for you," said Crystal, "comes the hardest part of all."

Jana went around the stocks. She passed by Eric and Crystal and exited the room. Eric retrieved the pink panties and followed Jana out of the room into the main hall. Crystal followed them, recording from various angles.

They reached the main area; there, the other three members of the Bevy of Beauty awaited them. Angelina and Sandra, both completely naked, were cuddled together in a sofa chair, while Claire, wearing only her panties and pantyhose, stood off to the side. Next to her were "Erica's" clothes.

Eric set the pink panties atop the pile of women's clothes he had been forced to wear. Crystal came up to Eric and presented him the camcorder. He was a bit surprised, but he took it. Crystal seated herself upon a sofa chair.

Now wielding the audio-visual, naked Eric got all five members of the Bevy of Beauty within its sights: Crystal in bra and panties and pantyhose, Claire in panties and pantyhose, nude Angelina, nude Sandra and nude Jana. A vision of Paradise!

"You must choose which beautiful woman you will journey with to the Blissful Realm of Eros," announced Crystal.

Eric was daunted by the very difficult choice he now had to make. It took Eric a full minute to decide. In a longing voice, he decided, "Jana."

Jana smiled, stood up, and ran toward and then past Eric. Turning around, Eric recorded Jana as she ran off. Crystal came to Eric, gently took the camcorder from him, and said, "Go for bliss." Relieved of the camcorder, along with everything else, Eric chased after Jana, who had entered into one of the rooms but had left the door open.

Eric followed Jana into the plant-embellished room, which had a moderate-sized swimming pool as well as an ornate bed. Jana stood by the edge of the pool and looked back at Eric. Crystal entered the room holding the camcorder, catching Jana on audio-video as she jumped into the pool. Eric jumped in after her, discovering immediately that the pool was comfortably heated.

The pair frolicked briefly in the pool. "You are Eve in the Garden of Eden," said Eric in a voice of adoration." "No, I am Lilith," responded Jana, "the temptress."

Jana was first to climb out of the pool. A bedazzled Eric watched as she dried herself off. He climbed out of the pool and dried himself off. Jana took him by the hand, and they lay down together in bed. At this point, Crystal clicked off the camcorder and exited the room, closing the door behind her.

Jana placed a condom on Eric's cock. There was no need for foreplay. They engaged in sexual intercourse, this time with Eric on top. It was a heavenly experience for Eric. Jana had a little fun, too. Eric achieved a wondrous orgasm. It was as if all the ancestral acts of sexual intercourse that had gone into creating him since the dawn of the human race were at that moment contributing to his sexual fulfillment.

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