

AN AB DISCOVERY SHORT STORY

CRAWL

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(This is not a "story"; it is a true account of a session I had in March 1990 at a professional house of discipline I visit regularly. However, the names have been changed to protect the guilty.)

I had a few extra minutes before my 2 o'clock appointment at the House of Shame, so I stopped at a grocery store. The store was well-stocked; it had a good supply of Depends, a brand of disposable undergarments - diapers, to be plain - for adults who suffer from incontinence. I considered buying some but decided against it. Instead, I went to the baby food section nearby, where I selected two jars of creamed spinach, one of strained peas, and a large jar of strained carrots. I also spotted something I hadn't seen before - some very large, wide-mouth jars of stew for toddlers. The label said each jar contained two meals' worth of stew, and suggested it be served warm. The stuff inside looked sort of chunky and gunky. I chose a jar of chicken and vegetable stew.

After paying for my purchases, I walked several blocks to the House of Shame, my heart pounding. The glass jars clicked together in the shopping bag. Also clutched under my arm, concealed within two layers of manila envelopes, was a red rubber enema bag and its accessories.

The House of Shame lies behind a nondescript door at street level next to a jazz club. I stepped inside, only to face another door. This door is glass reinforced with iron bars and is kept locked.

I rang a buzzer next to the door, and a hefty blonde woman appeared at the top of a long flight of stairs inside. She buzzed me up and met me at the top of the stairs.

The receptionist was a pretty tough-looking dame in a black T-shirt and jeans, with leather bands on her wrists. She told me that Suzanne was just finishing a session and took me around the corner

to a small room. She told me Suzanne would be with me shortly and told me to “get comfortable.” This is a standard brothel euphemism for “take off your clothes.”

I had been in this room before. Although it was small, it had a high ceiling adorned with wooden beams. An unadorned platform bed occupied one side of the room; over it hung a not particularly lewd painting of a naked girl in the act of sitting, shown from behind.

There were mirrors on the other three walls. The only other furniture was a small folding chair and a wooden stand on which to hang one's clothes. As always, the house was warm enough to be able to undress without discomfort. A pair of leather cuffs dangled from a rope in the center of the room. The rope led up through a ceiling pulley to a winch on the wall opposite the door.

I put the baby food and enema bag behind the folding chair. I took off all my clothes except for a pair of red briefs and hung them on the stand. I considered whether to wait in a corner, or on my knees, but decided against it. Instead, I reclined on the bed. I could see myself in the mirror. I'm in my late 30s, six feet tall, still fairly slim, and not bad-looking.

After a little while, Suzanne came in. She is not the most attractive woman at the house: a bit dumpling-shaped, with plump breasts and long, thick brunette hair. She was wearing a short, tight black skirt, seamed stockings, and the same pair of killer shoes she had been wearing the last time I had met her: tall, shiny black pumps with double ankle straps and rows of little spikes protruding from the back of each high heel.

I told her what I was interested in. After a moment she remembered me; she still had some things I had brought to my previous session and left with her. After I paid her, she went to get some accessories. I waited on the bed a little more. The walls in the House of Shame are thin; I could hear the ladies calling to each other outside, and from another room, the rhythmic sound of chastisement.

"You owe me a big tip this time, Isaac," a woman's voice said.

When Suzanne returned, she ordered me out of my underpants and into a pair of sheer black pantyhose. I hadn't put on hose in some time and was clumsy about it, which earned me a mild slap across the face.

After I succeeded in getting the tights on, Suzanne ordered me to put on a pair of high-heeled black pumps. There was a little bow above each three-inch heel. They were the same pair I had worn during my previous session with Suzanne. They fit perfectly.

Then Suzanne produced a wig. I hadn't so much minded the mop of blonde curls I had had to wear during my previous session, but this was a cheap black wig in a "punk" style. She fit it over my head. I looked in the mirror. I looked silly.

She put a black brassiere on me and put thick pads in the cups. Then out came some of the things I had brought along last time: a large bib in a baby blue check pattern and, matching it, a huge, floppy baby bonnet. I had spotted these things in a novelty store the previous Halloween and grabbed them.

Then came another novelty item - an outsized pacifier. Instead of a nipple, the pacifier had a flesh-colored plastic penis, actual size or larger. There was even a pair of plastic testicles attached. Suzanne popped the pacifier in my mouth and tied its string around the back of my head to hold it in.

I looked in the mirror again. My appearance had degenerated from silly to ridiculous. The pacifier was a big blue disk that covered most of the bottom part of my face; in its center was a thick, flesh-colored plug to which was attached a large ring. Black bangs dangled in my eyes from beneath the huge flap of the baby bonnet.

"A punk rock baby!" Suzanne laughed loudly. "That's what I get for taking LSD when I was pregnant." She mentioned something about showing me to some people.

That made me nervous but didn't shock me. During our previous session, she had left the door open while I was bound to

the folding chair, dressed similarly to the way I was now. Two other ladies in the house had come to visit me, much to my surprise. I hadn't known they did that sort of thing, but now I thought I knew what to expect. But when Suzanne checked outside, another customer was coming up the stairs. Much to my relief, I got a reprieve.

So instead, Suzanne sat on the bed and had me kneel before her. I was ordered to remove her shoes and massage her feet. I knew that this was for Suzanne's comfort, not for dramatic effect. I imagine her feet got pretty sore holding up that stout body in those towering heels. So, I gave her a firm, genuine massage - toes, soles, heels, the works. She enjoyed it and she kept me at it for quite a while.

After the massage, she ordered me to lie on my back on the floor in front of her, whereupon she planted her right foot firmly in my face. During our previous session, Suzanne had remarked how these particular shoes made her feet sweat, and now, with her stocking-clad foot on my nose, I got the full effect.

She pressed the plastic prick deep into my mouth while keeping her foot firmly planted over my nose. I had to snort for breath, and she let me. Meanwhile, she teased my penis with her left foot, but then moved it up to my chest when she decided I was enjoying it too much. When I reached to stroke myself, she took my hand and slapped it.

"Naughty girl!" she chided.

After using my face as a footstool for a while, Suzanne told me to kneel with my nose in the corner between the bed and the wall. She left for a few minutes.

When she returned, she made me stand up and buckled thick leather cuffs around my wrists but did not attach them together. She announced that we were going for a walk. I glanced at the mirror and saw myself in my pantyhose, high heels, padded bra, baby bonnet, punk wig, bib, and pacifier.

"Mmm, mmm," I protested.

A round and very large wooden paddle had appeared in Suzanne's hand.

"Oh yes," she said, beckoning me to the open door of the room. "Come on, baby. Don't make me spank you."

I minced hesitantly out the door ahead of Suzanne and turned the corner. The reception area I had come through on the way in was a couple of dozen feet away. Suzanne urged me ahead loudly. I stepped reluctantly forward.

A sultry brunette in a black vinyl miniskirt was conversing with my friend the receptionist. She looked me up and down, shook her head, and grinned. "Look at you!" she exclaimed.

I dropped my eyes to the floor and walked resolutely past them, Suzanne still behind me. Laughter and taunts began to ring in my ears. Beyond the reception area was a larger room where two more women dressed up as Mistresses were hanging out on a couch between sessions. They looked up at me, amused and only mildly curious. I turned and saw the door to another room nearby open. A blonde head peered out, and I saw several other women behind her looking around the door.

I had anticipated that a couple of ladies might see me dressed like the last time but had had no idea I would be put on view before the entire house. The scene was beginning to blur a bit for me. The wig interfered with my peripheral vision such that I seemed to be seeing everything from the narrow point of view of a moving camera in a cheap horror film. The women's giggles and exclamations buzzed around me in a din. Suzanne motioned me to a chair next to the couch and for a moment, absurdly, I was one of the girls.

Suzanne kept explaining that my appearance was the result of her having taken drugs during pregnancy. For some reason, this was regarded as hilarious. Then Suzanne loudly commanded: "Crawl, baby." I slipped down onto my hands and knees. Suzanne's

paddle smacked my bottom several times and I began to scrabble about on the floor.

Not really having anywhere to go, I sort of wheeled ahead and back in a circle. Behind me, Suzanne herded me with cracks of the paddle. I kept my eyes mostly on the floor, but I could hear the receptionist speculating about what the people at my job would think if they could see me now.

I glanced up from the floor and saw a startlingly pretty girl standing in front of me, smiling. A black lace body stocking clung to her slim body; she had long, wavy, light brown hair.

"I love this pacifier," she said. She reached down and pulled it out of my mouth.

"It's a cock!" someone crowed.

My pacifier drew a lot of interest. There were more hoots and giggles. The girl in the body stocking laughed and stuck the phallus back in my mouth.

"Is he... is she toilet trained?" I heard someone else inquire.

"Not yet," Suzanne admitted. "We're going to have to work on that." There was a sudden weight on my back. One of the ladies - I have no idea which one - had mounted me. I clambered forward on my hands and knees. Suzanne's paddle landed on my butt again. Finally, Suzanne ordered me to crawl back to the session room.

"And don't let me catch you walking a single step," she warned.

As the ladies bid me goodbye, I started on my way. But before I got more than a couple of feet, the big receptionist appeared in front of me. She grabbed the back of my head with both hands and thrust my face into her crotch. Then she pumped her hips rapidly, humping my mouth with the plastic penis.

Then I was permitted to creep my way back to the session room. Suzanne did not even give me the privilege of accompanying her. She stayed behind and continued to chat with her friends.

It was remarkable how much further away the session room seemed when I was on my hands and knees rather than on foot. My route even required me to negotiate up a couple of steps. As I did, I heard someone muse, "She does have a nice ass." I could hear that I was continuing to be the subject of conversation and speculation as I made my long, lonely journey. "I love the bonnet," someone said. "Where did you get it?"

"He brought it," I heard Suzanne reply.

Eventually, I found the correct door. Kneeling, I groped for the doorknob, desperate for sanctuary.

I waited for whatever would come next! Unsurprisingly... I went back again and again.