

Friday, January 26, 2007

The Exhibit, Part 1

The Exhibit, a Tale of Dominica's Realm

Part 1: The Demonstration

"He got the idea from the story of Snow White," MzDominica explained, waving one hand over the glass coffin. It was on a platform and tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, so the man inside had his head higher than his feet, making him easier to see, though he was not raised as high as Dominica's tall, voluptuous form. "Complete enclosure," Mistress continued. "A sensory-deprivation chamber... without light, without sound, without feeling, taste, or smell -- except what I put in -- but on exhibit for everyone to see and enjoy."

A woman had just entered the exhibit room, having followed the signs from Dominica's tavern that said, "EXHIBIT, this way." She was dressed more simply than most of the others here, in a tight, black leather corset and a long, black skirt that reached the floor, completely covering her legs. At the end of the leash she held, a naked man crawled on the floor after her, on his hands and knees. She stopped, and he curled into a tight, little ball, head down, awaiting the next tug on the leash, or another order from his mistress.

"Without light?" she asked. "In a glass bubble?"

MzDominica raised a hand and beckoned. "Come closer, and take a look."

Some of the other women standing nearby shifted position a little, to let the new arrival pass. They gave no notice to the naked slave crawling just behind her. She stopped at the side of the coffin, near the middle, and peered inside. Thick, leather straps held the man's hands and ankles in place. Several more on the thighs and biceps made sure he could not even bend a limb. All were softly lined, so there would be no chafing of the skin -- not even to gain some sense of touch from the irritation.

The newcomer looked up toward the top of the enclosure. The man's head was covered with a shiny, black leather hood, with thick padding over the eyes. Only his nose and mouth were visible. The little inserts in his nostrils, with the tubes trailing off to the side, reminded her of oxygen supplies she had seen in hospitals. But the man's mouth was stretched wide -- wrapped around a thick, black, rubber gag, from which a tube rose up... up... up... to a reservoir of yellow fluid. She could guess what that was.

"Yes," Dominica explained, "That's a bottle of my urine. It drip feeds into his mouth, twenty-four hours a day. Well...", she continued, "not ONLY my pee," she chuckled. "Every once in a while, we give him fresh water, or a thin broth with nutrients." She pointed at the man's nose. "That's what those tubes are for -- I can pump in air with any smells I like. My perfume. My sweat. And, when he's drinking water or broth, the scent of my piss. Smell overwhelms the sense of taste -- so, for him, everything tastes like my pee!"

Several of the women were absent-mindedly stroking their own breasts, or between their legs. Like the new arrival, most of them had a male or female slave kneeling on the floor next to them. One had grabbed her slave by his hair and roughly dragged him around and upward, pressing his face against her crotch.

Looking back down at the man's head, the newcomer asked, "What are the headphones for?"

"White noise," MzDominica replied. "There is a continuous feed of sound into his ears, to mask out any sounds in the room. So we can move around, and even talk -- and he won't have any idea we're here."

Suddenly, there was a gentle thrumming sound, and movement mid-way down the coffin. The man inside was naked, except for the mask, the tubing, and a few other attachments. Strong and muscular, his body was a deep bronze color, with no tan lines -- as if he spent much of his time outside in the sunlight, instead of closed up in a little box. There was a catheter inserted into his cock, and a black, rubber sleeve, wrapped around it. It was the cock that was moving, and the sleeve making the gentle noise.

MzDominica chuckled. "The sound you hear is another clever invention of the slave who designed this exhibit," she

explained. "It works kind of like one of those floater valves in a toilet tank." Pointing to the rising, hardening cock, she continued, "Whenever his cock starts to get soft and droop, it activates a switch. The sleeve gives his cock a little massage -- slow, gentle waves, caressing and squeezing. Just enough to get him hard again. And then it stops." And just as she finished talking, the thrumming did indeed stop.

"It keeps him hard ALL the time?" asked a woman in green riding leathers.

"ALL the time," Dominica smiled.

The newcomer gave a sudden tug on her slave's leash, and quietly spoke one word: "Lick." She reached down to the front of her skirt, pulling it where one side overlapped the other, revealing smooth, muscular legs and red calf boots. She shifted her left foot outward, giving the slave room to crawl between her legs and stretch his head upward, toward her pussy, just as she pulled the flap back into place, concealing herself again, wrapping her slave in darkness as he applied his soft, warm tongue.

"How long will he be here?" asked the woman in green.

"Two more days," Dominica replied. "He's been in there for three days already. Getting slowly, gently conditioned for even more complete obedience."

"Conditioned?" the newcomer asked, her face a little flushed. She found it hard to tear her gaze away from the big, glass enclosure, and the subject inside.

"That's right, you just arrived," MzDominica said. "I had explained earlier, that the headphones aren't ONLY for white noise. Every once in a while, I add in a track of hypnotic suggestions, at a subliminal level. He's never consciously aware that they're even playing -- but there is no other stimulus in his mind, so he is completely unable to ignore them." She reached over to a console, and touched a switch. "Here, you can listen for a moment on the speaker, overhead. I've got the sound channels balanced differently, so you can hear it."

The speaker came to life, with a gentle hissing in the background -- the white noise track, that formed the main part of the slave's auditory experiences. But the other track was easier to hear: "...becoming more and more obedient... Drip... drip... drip... Every drop of My pee that you swallow... increases your need to obey... You must obey Dominica... Drip... drip... drip... Every drop you swallow... every drop of My pee... makes you need to serve Me, more and more... Drip... Swallow... Drip... Swallow and obey..."

Dominica flipped the switch again, turning the speaker off. "Well, you get the idea."

Several more slaves had found their faces pressed between their mistresses' thighs. Licking. Nuzzling. In a corner of the room, one was having his nose roughly humped by a woman with red hair.

Dominica smiled. Oh, yes, a very interested crowd. "Any questions?"

The woman in green spoke up again, "Where is the inventor? I'd like to get one of these."

Laughing, Dominica pointed toward the coffin. "You're looking at him."

The room filled with little gasps of delight, and a few wicked-sounding, quiet laughs.

"Yes," MzDominica continued, "In a couple of days, we'll take him out. He'll be too dazed to do any thinking for a while -- not that I encourage that sort of thing around here." This drew a few more laughs. "I'll put him put him to work, doing something physical to build up his strength again. Plowing the fields for spring planting, or maybe pulling a pony cart."

"MzDominica," the newcomer said, "I'd like to speak with you afterward, if I may." She was panting, finding it hard to speak. She gave a tap of her hand, down at the front of her dress, and said, "Stop." Deep within the folds of her dress, the slave stopped licking.

"Certainly," Dominica said. "Are there any other questions? No? Then feel free to stay awhile and watch. And be sure to tell your friends!"

Most of the women began walking out, slowly returning to the tavern with their slaves in tow. A couple of them signed the visitor's book near the doorway, and the redhead left with her slave, after dropping a business card on the table.

Now that the room was less crowded, those who remained approached the coffin for a better look.

MzDominica remained standing by the coffin, regally still, allowing the newcomer time to realize that it was she who needed to approach Dominica, rather than the reverse. With obvious reluctance, the woman opened the front of her skirt again and gave a tug on the leash, ordering her slave out into the open again. She walked step by slow step toward Dominica, glancing at the coffin, then back to Mistress, as if thinking, reconsidering, and evaluating possibilities. Finally, she closed the distance between them, near enough for a private conversation, without implications of TOO much intimacy. She had the good grace to incline her head a moment, bow a little, and say, "Mistress Dominica, may I introduce myself. I am known as Mistress Black."

"Very glad to meet you," Dominica replied.

"I have a proposal for you, Mistress, if I may."

"Yes? What do you have in mind?"

"I run a chain of spas, with franchises all over the country. Most of them cater only to a female clientele. Your slave's invention, here, suggests a way I might expand my business to attract the other half of the population. I can promote them as decompression chambers, for relaxation." She smiled engagingly.

"Go on," Dominica prompted, raising one eyebrow.

"Well, it represents a considerable investment -- so I'm looking, of course, for any ways I can, to reduce my initial costs. To get any discount I can."

Dominica's expression suddenly looked a little less approving.

"What I propose," the newcomer continued, "is to keep YOUR hypnotic suggestions in the sound tracks -- perhaps you can even augment them... so that every man who tries out the decompression chamber will feel compelled to become your slave, and perhaps come here to your Realm for even more training and conditioning."

Dominica's smile slowly returned. "Mistress Black, we may have something to talk about." She stepped forward, extending a hand, and touched the newcomer's shoulder. "Let's go back to the tavern and I'll buy you a drink. I could use a beer, myself." She looked back at the coffin. "My little slave, here, is going to need his reservoir refilled, pretty soon!" She ushered Mistress Black through the door, ignoring the naked slave who scuttled after her, and followed her, back to the pub.

Left alone in the room, the slave in the coffin continued to lie still. Slowly breathing. Drip... Drip... Drip... The sleeve around his cock made a thrumming noise for a few moments, caressing, tightening, stiffening... and then went silent.

~~~ Continued in Part 2 ~~~

Posted by jessicablank at 06:44

Mind blowing descriptions in the story. Keep it up to have faces of us slaves under your precious ass. Comment (1)  
Anonymous on Mar 14 2007, 07:12