

Friday, January 26, 2007

### Captured by MzDominica

Such a stupid mistake. How could i forget to replace the spare tire? Stupid, stupid... well, no use stressing about it. There was an estate of some kind a while back, wasn't there? Better get moving.

"Mz Dominica, there is a man approaching the gate" came a voice from the speaker on Her desk. "He appears to be alone." Dominica punched up the camera feed - installed for security but often to amuse herself at how hard her pets worked for her throughout the day. Yes, there he was. Dressed casually, but smart, with a chin-strap type beard and long hair drawn back in a ponytail. "Thank you pet. I shall meet him at the front door. Make sure we are not disturbed" She ordered, and checked herself in the mirror. Like there was any need! She always looked beautiful and hypnotic. With her crystal dangling from her neck just above her ample cleavage, and her black robe that covered the more.. interesting clothing underneath. She moved to the entrance hall, pleased that Her pets had removed themselves. She waited for the bell.

This place looks amazing, he thought as he walked up the long drive. Some kind of ranch i suppose. The owner is probably some kind of rich. Hope they aren't unfriendly. As he would soon find out, unfriendly was the least of his worries.

She watched him approach through the keyhole, with the air of a cat watching a canary. She was in one of those moods, and simply couldn't resist the thought of capturing this one! Aside from being tall and fairly well turned out (from what She could see in this dusk), it was just too difficult to resist when pretty walks right into your jaws.

As he reached the door, he was having the feeling of being watched. he shook it off with a look around, and pressed the ornate buzzer. After a few minutes the door opened.

"Hello?" Dominica said as She opened the door. his reaction told her much. Despite the obvious attraction to do so, he refrained from staring, or even glancing at her cleavage. But he definitely held the look at her eyes for seconds before responding.

"Oh, um, hi! i'm really sorry to intrude, but i've got a flat tire about a mile up the road and don't have a spare. i was hoping that i could use the telephone?" he was taken aback at first by her beauty. he was also fighting the urge to glance down at her body. Peripherally he knew it was there to see, but he had always had a strong desire not to offend people, women especially. A courteous type in this modern age.

"So you've got a flat tire? That's unfortunate, but you were lucky you didn't get much further. There's nowhere else for fifteen miles. It seems fate smiled upon you today" She said, making some small talk as She opened the door and gestured that he come in. She had noticed his English accent immediately. She could tell he was a VERY polite person, and probably intimidated by her. She could see, even though he tried to hide it.

"Well i can imagine there would be worse places to get stranded than near to such natural beauty" he replied. he did a sort of internal double-take and hastily added "this really is a beautiful place."

She smiled knowingly. She was making him a little nervous and he was so very afraid of upsetting Her! This would be easy. "Why thank you! I always love to hear men compliment me on the beauty I possess" She said with a grin. "Why don't I save you the phone call. I happen to have a tow-truck and some spares in the garage, so in the morning we can go see about that flat. Calling out will cost you, especially way out here." The trap laid, She merely had to steer him into it. She knew he would thank her for her generosity but be reluctant to impose. So began the game.

"That's really very kind but it's my fault for not replacing my spare earlier. i couldn't let you put yourself out like that" he replied, blushing slightly at her kindness.

So predictable, she mused to herself. "Really, I insist! It'll be no real hardship for me, and I could use the company and someone to talk too. It would be a fair trade for Me, I assure you!" She was insistent, but not too insistent. This one was almost shaking from nerves. It was kind of cute really.

"Oh, well, honestly, i'm not that interesting a person, i would feel bad taking advantage..." he ran out of words, not

knowing what to say.

"Are you saying My hospitality isn't good enough?" She'd had two choices with this.. be angry or be hurt. After their short conversation, She knew that angry would not elicit the right emotional response. She chose her tone carefully, and saw the results exactly as She had predicted.

"No, no i'm not saying that at all! i'm thankful and honoured i just..." he really wasn't very good at this! Now he'd almost upset Her. Better just accept Her offer, if it's really what She wants.

She saw him internally arrive at the decision. "Good! Now, we haven't even been introduced. My name is Mz Dominica" She held out her hand.

"Alex" he replied, taking her hand lightly. She held his hand gently, and after the shake withdrew it slowly, running her fingers along his.

"Well, alex" she said, dropping the capital A audibly "Welcome to My little realm" She began walking to one of the rooms. he followed her into a large, well decorated room that had couches, tables and even a piano. "Please, take a seat. I've been longing to talk to someone for a while" She gestured to a couch.

"Well i hope i can avoid letting you down on that front" he said. Hmm, this was a comfortable couch! It was so soft and he seemed to sink into it a little.

"Self-deprecation is either a sign of modesty, or a way of fishing for compliments" she said wryly "I wonder which it is for you. Would you like a drink?"

"A coke, if you have it, thank You" he responded, sitting back on the comfortable couch.

"Oh come on, you might as well have a proper drink. you're not going to be driving tonight, alex" She said with a smile.

"True, however i do not drink alcohol" he replied. he wondered if he would get the usual reaction.

"Never? Are you an ex-alcoholic, or is there some kind of religious reason?" She was planning to let alcohol loosen his mind. Not that it was essential but it definitely helped things along.

"Neither, Ma'am" he decided that Ma'am would suffice in place of a shorter name "I just don't like the taste."

She sat down opposite him, and placed his drink on the table. "I find that hard to believe. All drinks taste different." She suspected he was hiding something, and getting him to give up this secret would be a good opening.

"Well, there's also that i don't want to get addicted to it. you lose control of yourself and an addiction can control you." he was uncomfortable with this. She had asked him directly, and his normal excuse of the taste hadn't ended her curiosity. Always he had a habit of deflecting people's curiosity but he couldn't find himself lying directly to this woman.

"So you fear that it will control you? Do you have a fear of losing your self-control?" This was interesting. She had never encountered this before, someone who didn't drink out of fear.

"i suppose so. i guess i just don't like the idea of losing control of myself. Is that so unusual?" His discomfort with talking about the subject to a relative stranger was visible.

"I suppose so. But almost everyone else seems to manage don't they? I mean, I like a good drink now and then. Since my teen years I haven't gotten completely hammered, it's just a nice way to relax" She continued. She could afford to take her time, and his accent was pleasant to listen too. This was a window into his mind and would give her the keys She needed.

"Well, i guess it's just a silly phobia or something" he said "nobody's perfect, right?"

She smiled inwardly. That was a perspective She would change for him. "In My experience, phobias usually stem from an incident. Did you have an alcoholic relative, or have you had a bad experience being drunk when you were younger?"

The conversation continued. At first, She talked and tried to learn as much as She could. he struck her as the loner type,

few friends but intensely loyal. The only reason he was out here was because a friend had needed his help and so he'd jumped across an ocean to help them out of the trouble. Eventually, though, the conversation had become more and more one sided. Using Her ability to control Her voice and conversation, she began to give him suggestions.

"Poor dear you look exhausted. I hope I'm not boring you" She said, as he became drowsy.

"No at all" he said slowly, and stifling a yawn "i assure you it's the hour, not the company."

"Well I suppose you've had a long day. Why don't you get some sleep, I'll show you to a guest room" She got up, and he followed her out of the room. Up the stairs, on the left, second door. "Here, you can use this room. Please make yourself comfortable. I'm afraid I don't have any men's pyjamas but on such a hot day it's probably better to sleep nude, don't you find?" She slyly looked at his blush as She said that.

"Um, thank You Ma'am" he said sleepily.

"Now, come on, I told you you can call me Dominica" She admonished.

"i'm sorry, thank You Dominica" h3 corrected. She bade him good night and left the room. he made his way to the bed and, unknowingly, followed her suggestion and slept naked.

"I'll just give it a couple of hours" She said to herself, watching his room on the computer screen.

Time passed and soon, She was beside his bed. he was sleeping soundly, thanks to the tasteless ingredient She had added to his coke. Nothing too strong, just something to help him sleep. She sat beside his body and began to go to work, combining tactile input and Her own melodious vocal input. Soon, he was rock hard and in deep REM sleep. She was adding Her programmig to his mind as he slept, teasing him to elicit a positive response to the programming. "Now wake up My pet" She commanded. his eyes opened and drank in Her image. Framed by the moonlight Her appearance was magnificent. "you cannot move My pet, for this is only a dream. The most erotic dream you've ever had! This dream will haunt you every night, and you will wake in the morning with a raging hardon and aching balls. Each morning you will try to remember the dream and fail and each morning you will try to relieve the pressure. But the longer the time since you hear My voice, the more difficult it will be to come" She said, as She slowly moved Herself onto him, lowering Her hot wet pussy so that it rested upon his hard cock.

he thought he would explode at the touch! Her heat was intense, and his cock felt like it was melting and hardening all at once. he tried to speak, to moan, but the sounds would not come. he wanted to use his hands, move his hips, anything to bring the release he needed.

"Good boy" She said as she stroked his hair "you're doing so well for me! Now, i want you to try to come as I ride you. you won't be able too, but you must try! Use up every ounce of your will, pour it into your being and try to resist me!" She moved up slightly and aligned herself, taking him into Her with ease. She was incredibly turned on; Her favourite part was the final capture.

he listened to Her and obeyed with all his heart, trying to come! he couldn't move and her slow teasing strokes were maddening torture.

She increased her pace, riding harder and faster as Her arousal increased. The thoughts of all She could do to this man, all She WOULD do to this man. he was Hers now, there was no denying it. Another slave to Her power. The thoughts and fantasies built up and She began to approach an orgasm.

he felt Her tighten like a vice and spasm, as Her moans rang out through the room. Again and again she rode him to orgasm as he strained to obey Her and used his will as powerfully as he could; it was no use.

She climbed off of him, sated. She grabbed his cock, feeling it pulse with such intense heat. She began to rub it, to stimulate it. "All your will power is stored up here in these balls! you fought so hard but you couldn't come because I wouldn't let you. Would you like to come?" She asked him teasingly. His eyes told her his obvious answer. "Well then I will let you! All your willpower that's stored in these balls, causing you such pain and tension, will be released! That's what you want, that's what you need. All that willpower, it's only causing you pain. So let it free from your body and come! Come for Dominica!"

he felt a powerful surge run through his body as She gave the command. he came powerfully, more so than he had ever experienced. The pain in his balls began to subside a burst after burst was released. As he began to shudder at the

release, She began to talk again.

"That's right! It feels so good to obey Dominica. your will is gone now and you feel so much better for it. Now only My will remains, and this is the way it should be, the way you want it. Sleep" She ordered and his eyes snapped shut.

"you will continue to sleep, and this dream shall repeat. In the morning you will be aching for release again, but you will be too ashamed to jack off in My house. Instead you will run cold water on it from the en suite bathroom until it subsides. In the morning, you will come downstairs and eat breakfast with me, you will remember nothing of what I have told you or of the dream. But if I say the words "Sinker" or "Sleepy boy" you will fall into this state again."

"As I have already stated, every morning you will be aching and hard from the dream you cannot remember, but every day you go without hearing my voice makes it harder and harder to bring yourself relief in the morning. After a week it will be impossible for you to come. You will seek Me out, just search for My name online. And you will beg Me for My attention! Do you understand?"

"Yes Mz Dominica" he droned, blissfully.

"What must you do?" She asked him.

"Obey Dominica, i must obey Dominica" he said, feeling pleasure at the words.

Satisfied, She stood up, motioning one of her pets to clean up the mess. she would make it seem as though he had simply had a restful night, with some tossing and turning.

The next day, he woke with an aching hardon. he felt bad about jacking off in the nice lady's house, it just wouldn't be right. Cold water would have to do.

She ate breakfast with him after he came down, and soon they were out in the truck, replacing his flat tire. he couldn't understand why She kept smiling but it made him feel relaxed every time he saw it. Soon, it was fixed and he was set to go.

"Well, thank You so much for the help and hospitality Dominica" he said, when all the tools were packed away.

"My pleasure, really" She replied, and you don't know how true that is she added to herself. "It was good to have the company."

"i wonder if i'll ever see you again. i don't have any reason to be in this part of the world ever again" he thought he was hiding the depression he felt at that. But She just grinned at him.

"I get the funny feeling we'll meet again in life. Just a hunch" She said knowingly.

And he drove off. She watched him leave. "But you'll never truly leave here. Part of you will always be in Dominica's realm. you are mine forever, whenever I may want or need you. And why? Because I could" She grinned to herself.

As She disappeared from sight in his rear view mirror, he began to feel depressed. Some music might help him take his mind off Her. He pressed play on the CD player. The name of the tracked flashed on the display but he was too distracted to read it. The CD began to play.

"Now, no matter where you are, I want you to allow yourself to simply sit back, listen attentively, and relax....."

He pulled over, instinctively. It was the beginning of the rest of his life.

Posted by alex at 08:21

Great story and if I came to your country then I would like to find you and you would brainwash me to be your shemale lesbian. Comment (1)

Anonymous on Apr 14 2008, 09:14

Really wonderful story. Would love it to be me. Comment (1)

Anonymous on Mar 29 2009, 06:59