

Friday, January 26. 2007

The Exhibit, Part 4

The Exhibit, a Tale of Dominica's Realm

Synopsis: At the inn in Her Realm, MzDominica demonstrated Her glass-covered sensory deprivation chamber, showing how the use of Her Voice as a subliminal soundtrack could be used to program slaves' minds to obey her, so very deeply. Mistress Black, who owns a chain of spas, made a deal with Dominica, to use the "relaxation chambers" to expand her business, getting chambers at a discount, in exchange for using them to recruit more slaves for Dominica. The problem is, fewer and fewer new slaves have been reporting to Dominica's mountain community. MzDominica sent out some of her slaves on a little "reconnaissance mission," and they found that the relaxation chambers were no longer delivering their brainwashing messages to Mistress Black's customers. Dominica's response, her plan, will be subtle and seductive -- and so very appropriate.

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Part 4: Hot Flashes

Mistress Black strode into her living room, carrying a towel and livid with anger. Her slave Sheila, in the midst of dusting and vacuuming, knelt on the floor, as was appropriate for a slave. Her rubber French maid's outfit was tight and confining, and the vibrators in her pussy and ass kept her in a continual state of arousal that was never fulfilled, but could not be ignored. She had learned to be quiet, and bowed her head to the floor, awaiting Mistress' commands.

"Stand," Mistress Black ordered. And Sheila quickly stood, her hands at her sides.

SMACK! Mistress Black gave Sheila a solid slap to the face. The girl was stunned, her head lolling to the right, slowly recovering. But she remained still, standing, her rubber-covered hands at sides. Secretly, Mistress was pleased. But she was still angry and frustrated.

SMACK! SMACK! Mistress rained two more blows across the girl's cheeks, one from the right, the other, backhanded, from the left. Sheila stood, eyes downcast, her face feeling like it was on fire, and awaited her Mistress instructions.

"There is something wrong with my tanning bed, you little slut!" Mistress Black threw the towel on the floor, breathing heavily. She had grown to truly enjoy the sense of euphoria she always felt, the glow of the tanning bed warming her skin in the early morning. And today, she missed it. She was irritated. Mistress lifted her hand and pointed her index finger into Sheila's face, almost like a warning. "Call the repair place. NOW!" she said, then stalked off toward the bathroom and a relaxing tub bath.

Sheila went to a counter, opened the address book, and then began pressing buttons on the phone.

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"Hi, I'm here to repair the tanning bed!"

The spa receptionist looked up at the man in the technician's uniform, carrying the toolbox. He was tall, lean, muscular. Obviously he worked out... and obviously he used his company's own product frequently, judging by his deeply tanned skin. She checked his ID badge and his clipboard, then stood, smiling. "Welcome... Bob," she said. "My name is Chantal. Is there anything I can get for you? A cup of coffee?"

"No thanks, Miss, but I appreciate the offer," he replied, a wide grin on his face. "I just need to know where the malfunctioning unit is."

"Sure, this way," she said, leading him toward the back of the shop.

Of course, Mistress Black had her own, private tanning bed. She kept it in the spa, near the workout room, like the other tanning beds. But this one was hers alone, in a room with its own lock and key. As the owner, she reserved certain rights to herself, including not to share some kinds of equipment with the great "rank and file" of humanity.

Chantal unlocked the room, and waved Bob in, toward the broken tanning bed. He thanked her and walked in, setting his toolbox down on the floor. In a few moments, he had a panel open, and a small electronic diagnostic box attached to the interior works of the bed. "If there's anything you need," she said, "just press the red switch on the wall here." She pointed to the wall plate near the bed.

"I sure will, Chantal," Bob said, as he looked up from unscrewing a connector. "Thank you!" He smiled, showing a set of beautifully white teeth... She smiled back... and then Bob looked down again, focused on the repair work.

Chantal was hoping he'd be here a while. She admired the way his uniform shaped itself around his firm arms... and ass... Maybe the tanning bed would require lots of work. Maybe she could find other things for him to fix. She tore herself away, to return to the reception desk...

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The next morning, in the tanning room, Mistress Black removed her towel, put on her goggles and ear buds, and twisted the timer knob on the lid of the ultraviolet bed. She pressed the start button, and lay down, pulling the top closed -- ready for a few minutes of heavenly, euphoric light, warming and caressing her skin, while she listened to her favorite music.

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Kneeling before MzDominica in Her office, the slave had explained it like this:

"The pineal gland is embedded deep inside the brain -- but it is often thought of as a 'third eye,' because it reacts to light, very much like the eyes do. It has a lot to do with establishing the circadian rhythms of wakefulness and sleep. Light falls upon the skin in the daytime, darkness at night -- and the pineal gland syncs up with the day/night cycle."

"And this," MzDominica asked, "is how you will get around the fact that she wears goggles in her tanning bed?"

"That's right, Mistress," the slave replied. "Her pineal gland reacts to light -- and if something reacts to light, it can be programmed with light." He bowed to the floor. "Her mind will be Yours, Mistress."

"Good boy, slave," Dominica replied. The slave shuddered, feeling waves of pleasure ripple through his cock, his chest, up to his head. Not quite orgasms, but they were intense, delicious, and so addictive. And they were over -- so very soon. He was already looking for new ways to serve Dominica, hoping to feel that pleasure again. He knew that as soon as he finished with this task, She would put him back to work in the fields, naked, where the sun bronzed his skin, and the harvest work made his body grow lean and strong. Where every task he performed would make him feel Her caresses upon his sex. Stroking up and down, up and down, all day long.

MzDominica continued, "I will have my spy replace Mistress Black's mp3 player with one that has more... interesting... sound tracks in it." She smiled. "Go now, and give that woman's tanning bed a little... upgrade!" She laughed, quietly, as the slave crawled away. Oh yes, this was going to be so good!

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In the tanning bed, the long tubes seemed to glow so steadily. But if one's mind was truly quick enough -- quick like a computer -- she would notice that the lights were flickering. Flashing. Coruscating. In patterns would appear to be random -- if one were aware of the subliminal, flashing variations. But they were not random. This tube glowed just a little bit brighter, illuminating and warming Mistress Black's left thigh and abdomen just a little more, for a second. That tube glowed just a little bit darker, making her skin feel slightly cooler... for just a moment. And so it went on, flickering and flashing. Warming and cooling. Brighter, darker, brighter-brighter, darker, cooler, warm, hot, then cool. Over and over and over again.

And all the while, the mp3 unit played music -- and a subliminal sound track. MzDominica's voice. Suggesting... Teasing... Soothing... An idea here... A trigger word implanted there... The flickering, flashing lights only increased the effectiveness of the barely-audible second track. Flickering and flashing. Glimmering and glittering. So warm and cold. So good to hear the voice. So reasonable and pleasurable to listen. So good to simply lie there, feeling the flickering moments of heat and cold, brightness and dark. Dropping down and down and down into light and dark. So gentle and flickering light and dark. So restful and relaxing to simply drift and listen. Drift and listen. Darker and lighter, quiet and flickering. So many simple things, so easy to do. Yes, easy to do. Much easier than trying to resist.

Mistress Black lay in her tanning bed, every muscle relaxed, while she smiled a gentle, quiet smile, enjoying the flickering heat and cold on her skin. Dropping down and down and down, and listening to the pretty music. So good. So good to listen.

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Mistress Black walked slowly into her living room, carrying a towel. A little unsure of her footsteps. Her slave Sheila, in the midst of spot cleaning the walls, knelt on the floor, as was appropriate for a slave, awaiting Mistress' commands.

"Stand," Mistress Black ordered. And Sheila quickly stood, her hands at her sides. In one hand she held a sponge, in the other a spray bottle of a cleaner named Fantastik.

Mistress Black suddenly released all her pee onto the hardwood floor, staring at the bottle. She looked down, a little uncertainly, then looked up at the rubber-covered French maid. "Clean that up," she commanded. Then Mistress stepped around the puddle and walked away, down the hall. She entered her big bedroom and closed the door.

Sheila quickly walked to the small table by the easy chair, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. "This is 43," she said. "Phase 1 complete. Ready for phase 2."

From the other end of the phone came MzDominica's voice. "Begin phase 2. You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica," Sheila replied. She hung up, and briskly walked to the door of Mistress Black's bedroom, listening. After a moment of hearing nothing, she carefully opened the door, and saw that Mistress lay on her bed, on her back, one arm at her side, the other crossed over her forehead. Breathing slowly and deeply.

Quietly, careful not to disturb Mistress, Sheila lifted the raised arm and placed it at the woman's side. She listened again for any variation in the slow, deep pattern of Mistress' breathing. Then she reached down into Mistress' handbag, pulled out the earbuds, and gently inserted them into Mistress' ears. In another few moments, she had attached a different mp3 player to the headphones, and moved an upright lamp from the corner near Mistress' bed. She turned on the mp3 player, turned on the lamp, and quickly walked out of the room, closing the door behind her.

On her bed, Mistress Black felt, rather than saw, the upright lamp flicker and flash, while the mp3 track played commands into her ears. Playing commands over and over. For obedience... for obsession... for relaxation... Yes, she needed to relax... Relax and obey... Relax... Relax and obey...

Early in the morning, Sheila opened the door to Mistress' bedroom. Carefully. Quietly. The woman still lay on her back, hands at her sides, headphones still in place. Her eyes were open, but they did not move. Only her pupils, dilating wide, then constricting -- in sync with the flashing, flickering lamp.

Sheila reached up under her maid's dress and pulled down her rubber panties, letting them drop to the floor. Then she walked over to the bed, shielding her eyes from the lamp with one rubber-covered hand, and climbed on top of Mistress Black, straddling her chest. She pulled off the headphones and said, "A gift from Mistress Dominica." Then pushed her shaved pussy against the hypnotized woman's mouth. "You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica." Mistress Black's voice came muffled from between Sheila's legs.

"Drink," Sheila commanded, in a tone her Mistress had never heard her use.

Mistress opened her mouth wide, and Sheila released a long, steady stream of pee into her mouth. The woman swallowed, gulping, trying to keep up with the pungent liquid pouring in.

When her bladder was empty, Sheila gave one more command. "Sleep," she said, and rose from the bed. She turned off the lamp, and moved it back to its normal position in the corner, then put the earbuds away in Mistress' handbag. She looked back at the bed, and saw that Mistress' eyes were closed, that she had curled up, lying on her side. Breathing quietly and deeply. Sheila picked up her rubber panties and left, again closing the door behind her.

It was nearly noon when Mistress Black arose from her bed, and went to the bathroom for her morning shower. Her male slave "vomit" was there next to the commode, on his knees, shifting his weight back and forth, trying to hold in his pee -- because he was not permitted to release it in the morning until after Mistress had used him as her toilet.

Mistress smiled at her slave's helplessness, and snapped her fingers, pointing to the spot on the floor between her legs. She shifted her stance, separating her legs wider, to give him room. vomit crawled to the spot and waited, face upturned, mouth open, eyes closed. She grabbed his head roughly, pressing his mouth against her smooth pussy, and gushed into his mouth. The slave noticed that Mistress' pee had a different taste this morning. He had learned to enjoy and desire every variation in Mistress' flavor -- but this seemed unlike anything he had tasted before. Gulping noisily, he swallowed, still shifting his weight, struggling to control his full, aching bladder just a little bit longer. Mistress released his head and commanded, "Go." He scampered away on all fours, down the hall to the slaves' bathroom, racing against the cramps that threatened to make him let loose before he could get there.

In the shower, Mistress Black felt the warm water, spraying down upon her face, her neck, her breasts, as she slowly washed herself with the scented soap. She needed a vacation, she decided. Someplace far away. Just for a while. A week, maybe. What she wanted was to take a long drive, up into the mountains... A long drive, to someplace she could get away for a while, and relax.

She knew just the place. Like she could see a roadmap to it in her head. It was so clear. She'd been there before. Up to MzDominica's tavern. She had a ranch or something up there, and had invited female dominants to stay for visits. It would be the perfect thing. She would tell the new slave... Sheila? Tell her to cancel all her appointments for a week, and make sure her car was ready.

Yes, time for a long drive. And a vacation.

~~~ Concluded in Part 5 ~~~

Posted by jessicablank at 06:54