

Friday, January 26. 2007

The Exhibit, Part 5 (conclusion)

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 was helped by her techo-slaves, who modified Mistress Black's lights and audio equipment to hypnotize her into driving up to Dominica's Realm for a little "vacation."

+ + + + + +

Part 5: Domination and Slavery

Mistress Black lay in the glass coffin. Blindfolded. Gagged with the soft, rubber mouthpiece, the tiny tube dripping MzDominica's pale, yellow pee into her mouth. Each sharp, salty drop made the woman shiver with ecstasy as it touched her tongue, behind the gag, and slowly rolled down... toward the back of her throat... gliding over her tongue... to the back, where she could taste the gentle bitterness of Dominica's fluids... And then, almost reluctantly, she swallowed... moaning behind the gag as her body shook...

"My pee gives you pleasure," Dominica's unrelenting voice continued, playing through the headphones. "Deep, arousing, sexual pleasure. Every drop you swallow feels like an orgasm. Rippling through your body. Spreading out, from your throat, as each drop of My pee drips down... down... down deep inside you. Spreading out like a wave. Deep waves of pleasure, like having your nipples sucked... like having your pussy licked... Every tiny drop of Dominica's pee, like an orgasm. Swallow... and cum... Swallow... and cum... You crave to obey Dominica... You crave to swallow... and cum... Feel the next drop roll down your tongue... So very slowly... You want to keep it on your tongue... You want to taste it as long as you can... Each tiny drop... Drop... Drop... Swallow... and CUM... Such intense pleasure... You never want it to end..."

There was nothing subliminal about this recording. The white noise had been replaced with the sounds of dripping water... The sound of Dominica's voice was like a lover, speaking intimately, but easily heard. Unhurried. She had all the time in the world. Dominica's words repeated over and over, as the reservoir of yellow fluid dripped... dripped... dripped... into Mistress Black's widely-stretched mouth.

"Blank... Blank... Blank... When I say the word blank, your mind empties out immediately. You go blank. So blank and empty. Blank. Not a thought in your head. Blank. Mind gone. Thinking stopped. You do not think. You only swallow. Swallow and drink My pee. Drip... Drip... Drip... My delicious, orgasmic pee... Blank... you do not think... Blank... So empty... Mind so empty... My pee gives you such pleasure... Feel each drop, each tiny drop. So delicious. As the waves of an orgasm spread out from your tongue... Down your throat... up into your brain... Your empty, empty brain... Drip... Blank... Drip... Feels so good... Blank... Feels so good..."

The woman's skin looked so shiny, inside the glass coffin. Naked, covered with a sheen of sweat. At first, it was resistance. She had tried so hard to resist. Even when she could no longer remember the long drive up the mountain road, up through the clouds, through the pass and into the valley, the view of Dominica's farming community gradually dropping behind the forest as she wove back and forth down the mountainside. Approaching the inn, with the sign cryptically labeled "Dominica's." Shivering in ecstasy with each tiny drop of pee, she no longer remembered walking into the tavern, and dropping to her knees at Dominica's booted feet, the scent of leather making her shake, even then. No longer remembered gazing down at the floor, unable to think, unable to move, until she felt MzDominica's hand on the back of her head, and heard her voice utter a single word: "Sleep."

Sleep... Sleep... Was it Dominica's Voice, telling her to sleep? Or the memory of when Dominica commanded her to sleep? And sleep. And sleep. Dropping deeper and deeper, until she lay on the floor, nose and chin pressed against

Dominica's boot, in a kiss she could not remember giving. The warm arms of male and female slaves had gently lifted her, held her close, almost lovingly... and carried her to the special training rooms, deep underground. The rooms with the special brainwashing chambers, rows and rows of new slaves wearing headphones and blindfolds, listening to MzDominica's Voice... Teasing them, programming them, wiping their minds clean, and programming them again. Over and over, until the false, implanted memories began to merge with the real ones, and a new personality emerged -- docile, obedient, quiet. Dominica's quiet, empty-minded, hypnotized slaves. Cocks always so hard. Pussies always so wet and dripping.

Now the resistance was gone. Now there was only lust. And obedience. And a continual need to serve Dominica. One by one, each of the newly-programmed slaves was attended by a man or a woman wearing long, black, shiny leather boots, and a solid, metallic chastity belt. The "coffin" was opened. The headphones, gag, and restraints were removed. And the booted slave held a shiny crystal up before the eyes of the new slave and said two words: "Follow, follower." Like a zombie, slowly and stiffly, the new slave arose from the enclosure, never taking his or her eyes off the crystal, following as the booted slave led the way out of the room.

But Mistress Black was not in the big room with the rows and rows of newly-recruited slaves. No... she was in one of the special rooms, for even deeper training. And tears ran down her cheeks as the orgasms became more and more intense. As each tiny drop of pee hit her tongue and set off waves of pleasure like an earthquake, forcing her to sob around the gag. She would have begged for the next drop -- each and every next drop -- if only she could speak. But the gag held her tongue still, dripping... dripping... dripping... as the vibrator against her clit, and the shafts inside her pussy and ass, gently thrummed and buzzed, keeping her just at the edge of orgasm. Just at the edge, until a drop of sharp, tangy fluid touched her tongue, and rolled down from the front slowly to the back, and she sobbed with pleasure as the orgasmic waves tore through her body and mind.

Addicted. Thoroughly addicted to Dominica. Needing and craving the pleasure. Needing to serve. Helplessly aroused, and silently begging with her mind, begging for the next orgasm. Just one more tiny drop. One more tiny wave! And the drop would fall, and her body would spasm from head to toe, her voice squealing and moaning behind the gag.

Mistress Black felt, rather than saw, the blindfold being removed from her eyes. The gag remained in her mouth, and her arms and legs were still bound with the strong, leather straps. The screen in front of her showed images of men and women. The display changed from moment to moment. Still photos, live video recordings... even paintings and cartoons. Each one showed a dominant, or a submissive, or both. Men kneeling, women licking boots... A drop of urine on her tongue, and Mistress Black shook with pleasure, spasms and waves cascading through her body and mind.

Dominant women slapping their slaves, beating them with whips, kicking them. Not a drop. "Thirsty... you are so thirsty..." the Voice in the headphones whispered. Mistress Black ached for just one more tiny drop of pee. Just one more. Inside the gag, her tongue began to move, trying to suck just a drop out of the tubing. Just a tiny drop. As the slapping continued on the screen. As slave after slave was whipped, or paddled. Then the images changed again, showing a woman in long, black gloves, holding a spinning crystal in front of the face of a kneeling man. His gaze was clearly captured by the spinning, flashing gem. Drip... a tiny drop of pee fell onto Mistress Black's tongue, and rolled slowly down, toward the back of her throat. She swallowed, and moaned in pleasure... a small tear rolling down her cheek, as she watched the crystal spinning, spinning, spinning before the man's eyes. Drip... another drop of pure pleasure! Mistress Black's eyes wanted to roll back in her head, savoring the pure joy of the pee-induced orgasm -- but she couldn't take her eyes off the screen. "Watch..." Dominica's Voice said, "you need to watch... Your eyes want to close, so badly... But you need to keep them open... You simply cannot stop looking... Cannot stop staring at the images... Watch..." The man's eyes closed, and his head dropped onto his chest. A tiny squirt of pee into her mouth, and Mistress Black's limbs moved like she was having convulsions. The man curled forward, and began to lick the woman's black boot, and a tiny stream of pee poured down Mistress Black's throat -- for just a moment -- while she struggled to moan and swallow at the same time, almost choking, drops of pee dripping out her nostrils. Another image, of a tall, dark-haired woman, slapping a slave with her gloved hand. No pee. "Thirsty... so thirsty..." Mistress Black began to cry... to sob... Needing the salty/sour/bitter pee in her mouth so much! She watched slap after slap, as the slave's face was forcibly twisted to the right, then the left, then the right again. Slapping and stinging the submissive face that could not move away, could not resist. Thirsty. So thirsty. She wanted a sip. Wanted a drink. Wanted to feel the waves cascade through her again and again. Another image, with a spinning crystal -- this time, with a young woman on her knees, looking up, squeezing her own nipples in her fingers, shaking. Drip... Oh yes! Mistress Black swallowed, gratefully, staring at the woman on her knees, looking into her vacant eyes, as the little slut played with herself, unable to stop.

+ + + + + +

"Follow, follower!" The spinning, flashing crystal called Mistress Black out of the box. She was hardly aware that her arms and legs were now unbound. The gag removed from her mouth. She felt as if she were still wearing the

headphones, still feeling a pressure against the sides of her head. Her head... that felt full of cotton... So empty and full at the same time... The crystal was so pretty, and looking at it made her mouth taste of pee. So delicious, making her shake with lust. So pretty... flashing so pretty... She saw the crystal move away, and wanted to follow. Wanted to follow where it went. Stiffly, she pushed and pulled herself to a standing position, and walked, following the flashing, glittering crystal. Was it floating? Was somebody holding it? She couldn't tell. All she could see was the pretty, spinning crystal. And hear the voice calling her to follow. Follow, follower. Follow. Follow the crystal. Down the long hallway. Down the stairs into the torchlit room. Cold. It felt so cold. Stones everywhere, rough and gray. Lit only by the flickering torches, and the large brazier at the center of the room. The smell of smoke made her mind feel even more clouded.

"Kneel," she heard a voice say. And the sound of being commanded tasted like pee. She dropped to her knees, and felt her shoulders pushed back and downward, so she sat back on her heels. She hardly noticed the chains being pulled over her thighs, the shackles being attached to her wrists. Locking her down, onto the floor. She stared at the crystal as it moved away from her. Across the room. The crystal dangled from a chain, and there was a hand holding it, of that she was vaguely aware. The chain was passed from one hand to another, a hand with long, red fingernails.

"You must obey," the holder of the chain said. The holder of the crystal. Mistress Black remembered that Voice. The Voice from inside her mind. The Voice that tasted like pee. Her body shook, hearing that Voice... rattling the chains that bound her to the dungeon floor.

"I must obey Dominica," she replied. It wasn't so much an affirmation as a response, programmed into her. The words issued from her lips without any conscious thought.

"You belong to Me, now... slave," Dominica said. She reached forward, the crystal still in one hand -- but something else, held in both her hands.

Mistress Black felt the collar wrap around her neck, and heard the tiny padlock click into place, just at the base of her throat.

"Who owns you, slave?" Dominica's Voice asked.

"Dominica owns me," Mistress Black replied. Again, a completely programmed response. And yet, it felt right. It felt true. She wanted to look up, into the beautiful green eyes that looked so deeply into her mind -- but she could not summon the will to move. She only stared at the crystal, obeying her last command.

"There will be no pain. No pain. You are numb, and will feel nothing," Dominica said. She reached over to the brazier next to her, and drew out the long handle of the branding iron.

Mistress Black hardly noticed the slave girl pumping the bellows, keeping the fire so hot! The branding iron glowed almost white in the torchlit room, and smelled of smoke, and hot metal. There was a sizzling sound, and the smell of burnt meat in the air. Then Mistress Black looked down at the top of her right thigh, and saw the charred flesh, as she saw MzDominica give the handle of the branding iron to the waiting slave girl.

Dominica reached forward again, holding the crystal close to Mistress Black's dazzled eyes, and again said one word: "Sleep."

+ + + + + +

"Follow, follower," the voice said. It sounded familiar. But all Mistress Black could focus on was the spinning, glittering crystal. Still kneeling on the dungeon floor, she found her chains and manacles had been removed. There was a bandage over the top of her thigh, covering the new brand -- but she did not understand this thing. All she knew was the spinning crystal, and the need to obey. "Stand," the voice commanded. "You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica," Mistress Black replied, and struggled to rise, her feet feeling unsteady on the cold, rough stones.

"Follow, follower," the voice said.

And Mistress Black followed the pretty, glittering crystal, feeling a drop of pee drip down her tongue. So good. She shook with pleasure, even as she shivered with cold. Following the crystal, and the shiny black boots of the woman who carried it. Up the stone stairwell. Through the hall... Out a door, into the cool, dark night air.

"Crawl," the voice commanded. "You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica," Mistress Black replied, and dropped to her hands and knees. She followed the boots, and the crystal dangling so close to the ground next to them. Down the dirt path. Over the grass. To the side of the house. To the little "pet door" -- just a flap, near the bottom of the door.

"Go inside," the voice commanded. "You will do what you are told. You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica," Mistress Black replied, and crawled through the flap.

She found herself in a room, all painted white. The floor, walls, and ceiling were all of wood -- but so white as to seem blank and featureless. The walls were lined with row after row of wooden cabinets, also painted white. It was hard to look around without feeling like she was falling asleep. She felt hands taking her by the arms, and pulling her upward. "Stand," a voice said. So blank and empty. So white and blank. She felt herself gently guided into a shower, the water turned on, warm and gentle, like a rain of pee. Her skin was lathered and scrubbed while her mind drifted, gazing at the blank, white walls, feeling hands squeeze and scrub her breasts, fingers making little circles around her hard nipples, trail up and down her thighs. She felt her hands being lifted, and pushed up to her own breasts. "Squeeze and pinch," a voice commanded. Her eyes closed on the white blankness as her fingers gently caressed her breasts, long fingernails digging into her nipples. She opened her mouth and drank the falling water. So warm and gentle... but she missed the salty, bitter taste. Hands rubbed and rinsed all the soap off her body, then gently tugged her out of the shower. Eyes still closed, squeezing her breasts, she felt the fluffy towels drying her, patting around the collar that encircled her neck. There was a zipping sound, a mild pain on her leg -- and soon the bandage on her thigh had been replaced with a fresh, dry one.

"Open your eyes," the voice commanded.

And Mistress Black obeyed, to find the crystal spinning and flashing. So pretty and dazzling. Dazzling and sleepy. "Follow, follower." The crystal began to move away. She began to follow it, walking, barely noticing that it gradually fell lower and lower down to the floor, as they left the blank, white room, and entered the hallway.

"On your knees, slave," the voice said.

And Mistress Black dropped to the floor, crawling, following the crystal, and the shiny black boots. Down the hallway. Down into sleepy obedience. Through the halls of the mansion. Past shelves and bookcases, cabinets with glass doors, past doors and windows with ornate decorations of carved wood and wrought metal. Down to the audience chamber... where MzDominica sat, in Her big, leather chair.

Dominica was dressed all in black leather, wearing black boots with elaborately stitched patterns and glittering jewels. Mistress Black wanted to kiss them, so much! But she could not move. She remained on the floor, kneeling, awaiting MzDominica's command. Dominica dangled another crystal from her hand, letting it gently swing back and forth... back and forth...

"That's right, slave," MzDominica said, "Watch the crystal. Watch Dominica's pretty crystal. It makes you so sleepy. Sleepy and blank. So very sleepy. You are mine, now. You belong to me. That is all that matters. You belong to me. What is your name, slave?"

Mistress Black began to answer, "Mist---" But as soon as she opened her mouth, MzDominica said, "Blank." Mistress Black tasted pee in her mouth, and could not think for a moment.

"What is your name, slave?" MzDominica asked again.

Mistress Black began to answer again, but MzDominica interrupted her even more quickly with "Blank!" Her eyes slammed shut, and it was so hard to think. The taste of pee made her shiver with ecstasy.

"What is your name?" MzDominica demanded again.

Mistress Black struggled to understand the question. It didn't seem to make sense. She opened her mouth to speak, and MzDominica said, "Blank!"

Mistress Black began panting, now, not knowing why.

"What is your name?"

A moment's hesitation, and just as her mouth started to open, MzDominica said, "Blank!"

"What is your name?"

A quiver of the lips. "Blank!"

"What is your name?"

The woman knelt on the floor, trying to remember if the question made any sense. Panting, shivering. She opened her mouth, just a little. "Blank!"

"What is your name?"

Kneeling on the floor, the woman simply panted, letting the question wash over her. It had no meaning. The words had no meaning. She simply knelt, and awaited a command. Quiet and empty, inside her cotton-filled head. She knelt, and did not understand.

"What is your name?" A pause, while the woman stared into empty space, unresponsive. "What is your name?" She knelt, unaware that she had been addressed.

Shivering. Watching the spinning crystal. Staring at the boots. Staring at nothing. She was not sure. It did not matter.

"Good slave," MzDominica said. "You do not have a name. You do not need a name. Not here. Not yet. You only obey. You only obey. You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica," the woman responded.

"That's right, you must obey," Dominica said.

"I must obey Dominica."

"Now stand, slave," Dominica commanded. "On your feet. I have tasks for you to perform! I have a purpose for you, in your new life."

The nameless slave stood, rocking slightly from her bare left foot to her right one, and back again. Too sleepy to find equilibrium.

"Turn, slave," MzDominica continued, "and look at the one who guided you here."

The woman turned and looked into the face of the slave who had held the crystal, spinning, in front of her. Whose shiny boots she had followed, crawling down the hallway. Suddenly, all the veils of sleep and cotton stuffing in her head blew away, as she recognized the auburn-haired woman standing before her -- Sheila! In a hot fit of anger, she drew her hand back, ready to slap the bitch's face hard enough to break her fucking neck!

But she felt so thirsty. So dizzy. Her hand remained up above her shoulder, as she licked her lips. So thirsty! She found herself crying. So thirsty.

Sheila lifted her crystal in front of the woman's eyes, and said, "You must obey Dominica!"

The woman lowered her hand, feeling so thirsty, and replied, "I must obey Dominica." So thirsty and dizzy. What had she been trying to do? She could not remember.

"That's right," Sheila replied. "Now, turn and face MzDominica. Remain standing, and receive your instructions, slave."

Sheila's voice reverberated in the woman's mind with such power. With Dominica's power -- and the taste in her mouth of a tiny drop of pee. She shivered as she turned and looked at Dominica, feeling like she should be dropping to her knees -- but forced to obey, and remain standing.

"Good slave," MzDominica said, her Voice soothing and yet commanding. "Yes, I have a job for you here, my slave. Wake up. I want you to completely wake up, now. Remain absolutely still, and listen."

Mistress Black suddenly found herself becoming aware, remembering again the hot surge of anger that made her want to strike Sheila. Her slave -- the traitor! She wanted to turn and hit the little slut -- but she could not move!

"That's right," Dominica continued, "perfectly still. You see... I have hundreds and hundreds of slaves here in my Realm... Working my farm... Plowing, sowing seeds, cultivating, and now harvesting... But I need help coordinating them all. I need people with a talent for domination, who will control them, but who will also obey me completely." She leaned forward, staring into Mistress Black's eyes, her gaze and voice so compelling. "I need switches." She leaned back, comfortable in the chair. "Like 43, here. You know her as Sheila, the name she had before she became my slave." Dominica looked at the red-haired woman, who shivered with delight under her Mistress' gaze. Then she looked back at Mistress Black. "And you are my newest switch bitch!"

Mistress Black felt angry again. She seemed to be feeling angry so much, so often. But it made her so thirsty. So thirsty. She needed to drink. Needed another drop of Dominica's pee. Her eyes dropped down to Dominica's crotch, helplessly. When she realized her face was showing unresisting lust, her face reddened with embarrassment.

"Aww, you blush so nicely," Dominica cooed. "That's right. I know all about your temper. How you like to slap and hit and whip your slaves." Dominica let the crystal swing in little circles, just above her crotch, and Mistress Black found her eyes circling around and around with it. "That is good, slave," Dominica continued, "but I need it controlled. I need someone who can whip and punish my slaves -- but ONLY when I think it is appropriate." Dominica stopped swinging the crystal, and let it fall between her legs. Mistress Black licked her lips, wanting to drink. Wanting to taste Dominica's pee. "That's right. Your violent impulses are now controlled. You will use them when the time is right -- but now, I decide when. Do you understand?"

Mistress Black found her head nodding up and down. She felt so thirsty. Wanted to kneel and drink Dominica's pee. Wanted to open her mouth and feel drop after drop rolling down her tongue. Making her nipples so hard, her pussy so wet.

"Wide awake!" Dominica commanded.

Mistress Black's body jolted. She hadn't even realized she'd been falling asleep.

Dominica smiled. "That's right. I own your mind, now. And you will find yourself dropping into a hypnotic trance, whenever I want you to. You are no longer in control. I am in control. I control you completely, now!" She pointed to a pair of boots that were set on the floor, standing upright all by themselves. "Put those boots on. NOW, slave. Put them on!"

Mistress Black found herself scurrying to comply. Unzipping the boots from the top to the bottom, slipping her feet into the long leather calves, pulling the zippers and feeling her calves so tightly encased. She stood, wearing nothing but the boots, the leather collar, and the new brand on her thigh, and awaited Dominica's next command, feeling so thirsty!

"One more item," Dominica said. She snapped her fingers. "43, now is the time."

"Yes, Mistress," the redhead replied, bowing. She reached over to a nearby table, where a shiny metal device had been sitting. Waiting. She picked it up, held it waist high, and commanded Mistress Black, "Spread your legs."

Mistress Black looked down at Sheila's hands, and recognized that what she held was a stainless steel chastity belt. She was about to protest to MzDominica, when she realized that Sheila was wearing an identical belt herself, the restraining metal band cinching her waist so tightly.

43 held her hands higher, and stared deep into Mistress Black's eyes. "It's for your own protection. The other slaves are so stimulated, so needy -- they will do ANYTHING for a moment's pleasure!"

Mistress Black hesitated, feeling so dizzy. So confused.

"You are so thirsty," Dominica said, so quietly. "You must obey."

Almost whining, Mistress Black replied, "I must obey Dominica." She shifted her stance, spreading her feet wide, her hips pumping gently. She panted, staring quietly, as Sheila slipped the chastity under her crotch, clicked it into place

around her hips, then pulled the metal cinch around her waist. Tighter... tighter... Click. A lock latched into place at the small of her back. Sheila walked around Mistress Black and handed the key to MzDominica, who took it and smiled, slipping it into the deep, dark cleavage between her breasts.

"There," Dominica said, "now you're all mine... and all safe."

Mistress Black looked down at the metal around her hips and between her legs. Cold metal warming up, as it remained in contact with her skin. Pussy locked away. Ass locked away. Never to feel the soft, warm tongue of a slave, unless MzDominica granted her permission. She felt scared and angry at the same time. She wanted to slap somebody. But she felt so thirsty. Thirsty and sleepy. Just a drop. She wanted to taste just a tiny drop of Dominica's pee!

43 held up the crystal, and commanded, "You must obey."

"I must obey Dominica," Mistress Black replied, helplessly, feeling so sleepy.

Dominica smiled. "Now, 43, take our new switch out, and show her how to conduct her new duties, here." She looked at Mistress Black, whose mouth was open, slack-jawed, and drooling. "And at the end of the day, let her eat with the other switches." She turned her gaze back to the redhead. "I think she'll fit in perfectly!"

"Yes, Mistress," 43 replied. She twirled the crystal again, before Mistress Black's face, and whispered, "Follow, follower!"

Clad in her collar, new boots, and tight, shiny chastity, the nameless slave followed the crystal, walking slowly behind the shiny boots. Out of the mansion, and onto the dirt roads that led toward the gardens and the fields, where the farmhands were working.

With 43 guiding her, instructing her, the nameless woman held up a spinning crystal in front of the face of one slave after another, speaking the words she was told, and watching the slave's eyes grow dull and quiet and mindless, eyelids fluttering, bodies drooping -- even as the men's cocks became rock hard, and the women's pussies became puffy and began to drip. For a moment, the nameless woman thought she recognized one of the men, a thin one who curled into a tiny ball on the ground and tried to kiss her boots. She reached her hand backward, preparing to strike him, not even sure why -- but felt she so dizzy and confused, and her mouth felt so dry! She lowered her hand, and 43 guided both of them toward the garden, where they directed the man to lower himself down to into a hole in the dirt, and let another slave cover him up to the neck in soft, warm dirt. 43 held the crystal up in front of his eyes, and whispered to him about plants, and being quiet, and growing under the open sky, beneath the warm sun, simply letting the moments pass, the hours drift by, the days -- one by one -- lying quiet and growing, slowly opening his hands like leaves. The tension slowly left the man's face, and his eyes took on a de-focused look, even as a quiet, gentle smile spread over his features. Quiet. Sleepy. Growing. In the sun, and the breeze, and the droplets of rain.

43 showed the woman how to walk a slave through the sequence of picking strawberries, or plowing a furrow, and took her into the barn where the girls brought in the baskets of eggs. She watched as each girl handed a full basket to a woman wearing boots. The woman took her basket, then pushed her hand between the girl's legs and rubbed her slick, wet pussy -- one, two, three times. The girl's face lit up with a big smile, and the booted woman handed her an empty basket, guiding her back out the door again to collect more eggs. The nameless woman ached to feel a hand like that on her sex, and remembered the taste of Dominica's pee on her tongue, drop by drop, rolling down and back, and producing waves of ecstasy. She automatically reached one hand down to stroke herself gently -- but her hand encountered only hard metal. So thirsty!

Just as it began to grow dark, the woman found herself following 43 back toward the mansion. But instead of entering by the little slave flap, they walked further to a large, simple house, with an ordinary door, and entered. Inside was a single, large white room, with a pallet on the floor for each switch slave. This was the women's quarters -- there were no men, not here -- and the former Mistress Black found herself guided toward one little spot along the wall, where there was a pallet and two bowls -- one filled with water, the other filled with a kind of stew.

The stew was warm, and smelled so good! The nameless woman was so hungry! 43 directed her to kneel on the floor, hands behind her, and eat the stew with her hands firmly on the floor, to drink the water using only her tongue -- just like a good, little pet. Like a dog, or a cat. But before she was allowed to eat, before she was allowed to drink, she must say her mantra: "I must obey Dominica."

The nameless woman spoke the words, and felt so quiet. So dizzy, and empty. She drifted a few moments, not thinking about anything -- not even the empty pain in her tummy -- until she felt a hand on the back of her head, stroking gently.

"Welcome, my pet," she heard Dominica's Voice say.

The nameless woman opened her eyes and looked up, but before she could tilt her head upward enough to see Dominica's face, she found her gaze captured by a third bowl, filled with warm, yellow liquid. The smell was familiar, and pungent. And the woman's mouth became wet, and began to drool.

Dominica's hand held the bowl in front of her a moment, then lowered it to the floor. "A gift from Dominica," she said, and again stroked the back of the woman's head. "Enjoy, and obey!"

The woman leaned forward, still kneeling, and lapped at the bowl like a thirsty kitten. Yes, MzDominica's pee -- warm and fresh from the source! Wave after wave of pleasure thrummed through the woman's body and mind, as she lapped up and swallowed mouthful after mouthful. Suddenly, she remembered, and opened her eyes, turning her face upward. "Thank You, Mistress!" she said, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"You are welcum, slave," Dominica said. "Now, eat your dinner, and go to sleep. I have many things for you to do tomorrow." She gently caressed the top of the woman's head, and walked away, her boot heels clicking on the wooden floor.

The woman felt so good, so happy. Happy to serve Mistress. So happy to be here! She turned her head, took a bite of stew, then lapped another mouthful of pee, feeling so quiet, so dizzy, so happy. Growing sleepier by the moment. Soon, she would lie down on her pallet, and simply drop into a deep sleep, dreaming of Dominica's Voice, and Dominica's delicious pee.

Tomorrow, she would serve Dominica well. So very well. And the next day, and the next day.

Forever.

~~~ The End ~~~

Posted by jessicablank at 06:56