

Tuesday, September 9, 2008

Mountains of Rubber, Ch. 1 - Arrival

~ Chapter 1, Arrival ~

Dan walked up to the cafe, found an outside table, and sat down. It was early summer, a pleasantly warm day with a beautiful, clear blue sky. He looked comfortable, cool, and relaxed in the loose, cotton shirt and pants, and the slip-on brown loafers. The big smile on his face caught the waiter's attention immediately.

"Good afternoon," the waiter said. "I'm Raoul, your server for this afternoon. Can I get you something to drink?"

"Somebody's going to be joining me, shortly," Dan replied. His left knee was bouncing. "I'll have a glass of Chablis."

"Very good. I'll be back in a minute with your drink, and two menus."

Inwardly, Dan was very excited. He was about 15 minutes early. But he didn't dare to be late. Looking around the outdoor dining area, he absently removed the strap from his shoulder, and set the small briefcase sized handbag on the ground. Under his loose cotton pants, the tight panty hose reminded him -- every moment -- of why he was here. He was meeting MzDominica, for a full weekend session.

Dan thought about how he had become more and more obsessed with Mistress Dominica. How, after meeting her -- in this very cafe -- he had found her website, began listening to her hypnotic recordings, began corresponding with her. Little by little, "Daniella" had emerged, as Dan's female alter-ego, becoming stronger and stronger with every passing day. Just thinking about it made Dan's breasts ache. Did they really jiggle, as much as they felt? Dan felt himself drifting into Daniella, moment by moment, feeling just a little too warm, even under the umbrella that shaded the table.

"Your Chablis, Madame."

Huh? Did Dan hear that correctly? He looked up just in time to see the waiter hustling away. On the table was a wine glass, a glass of water, and two copies of the menu. Dan reached forward to pick up one menu, and felt a puff of air at the back of his neck. It felt so good! Daniella's eyes closed, and her nipples felt so hard!

"Hello, my little latex pet." Dominica's voice came from behind Dan's head.

For a moment, Dan wasn't sure whether he heard her with his ears, or inside his head, as he had begun to hear her voice every minute of the day. Suddenly realizing it was Dominica's actual voice, Dan felt a growing compulsion to kneel at her feet. Reflexively, he started to get out of the chair.

"Stay, pet," Dominica whispered. She strode magnificently around from behind Dan, and slide gracefully into the chair next to him. "Just on time, I see." Her beautiful green eyes stared into his, then looked down at the watch on his left wrist. His eyes followed hers, and caught sight of the time on his watch. Had he really been here for 20 minutes? Dan looked back up into her eyes. They seemed to spin. He felt dizzy.

The waiter returned, asking if he could bring Dominica something. Dan saw her lips move, ordering something, but was scarcely aware of what she was saying. Until she began speaking to him again.

"Are you ready, my pet? Bag all packed?"

It took a moment for Dan to find his voice. "Yes, Mistress," he replied. There wasn't really much in the bag -- some minor toiletries like a toothbrush and shampoo. MzDominica had made it clear he wouldn't be needing much in the way of clothes.

"Good girl," she said, smiling.

Dan felt a little embarrassed, wondering if anyone at a nearby table could hear. The waiter returned with an Irish coffee for MzDominica, and they spoke again for a moment. Dan was feeling more and more lightheaded. The waiter departed. Dominica opened her purse, and pulled out a single, black rubber glove.

"You remember this, don't you?" She held up the glove by the cuff, letting the fingers dangle downward toward the table. As she let it gently swing back and forth, back and forth, Dan could see it catch the afternoon light, and reflect it into his eyes. Back and forth... back and forth... "Back and forth," she said. "So shiny... It makes you sleepier and sleepier, doesn't it, Daniella? Can you smell the rubber, Daniella?"

Dan... Daniella... rubber slave could smell the wonderful latex glove. That deep, bittersweet scent that caressed the back of her head. Swinging back and forth in her Mistress' hand, so shiny and smooth. Dominica continued swinging her hand back and forth as she began to pull the glove onto her hand. Back and forth. "Back and forth," she whispered. "So shiny. Now, pick up your wine glass, Daniella."

Daniella picked up the glass. It was still full -- she'd been drifting so much, she hadn't even taken a sip, yet.

"That's right, Daniella. Now I want you to drink your wine. Slowly. Take your time, while you watch my beautiful latex glove swing back and forth, back and forth." Dominica continued to gently swing her hand, while her other hand lifted the coffee mug, and she took sips from it. "Good girl. Now set the glass down."

Daniella hadn't even realized the glass was empty. She smiled -- almost giggled -- and set it carefully down on the table, then looked back at Mistress' glove.

"Watch my glove, as I swing it back and forth... As I move it lower... lower... and set it on the table. You are dropping into a deep sleep, now. But your eyes remain open. Put your hand on the table, Daniella. Near mine."

Feeling so fuzzy and warm, Daniella placed her hand near Dominica's, palm downward, just like her Mistress'. She was unable to think of what else to do.

"Reach out to me, my pet. Touch the tips of your fingers to mine."

Daniella's hand moved forward, as if in a dream, until her fingers just touched Dominica's rubber-covered hand.

"Good girl." Daniella's nipples tingled when Dominica said that. "Now, watch, Daniella. Watch the shiny black latex, as it spreads from my fingers to yours. It spreads over your fingers... up your arm... covering you with shiny rubber... rubber... rubber..."

The slave watched, as the latex seemed to flow, from Dominica's fingers to hers. Like liquid latex. Like something alive.

"Up over your shoulder, and across your chest. Across your back, and down your other arm, and your hand. It spreads and covers your torso. Down to your hips, down your thighs. Between your legs. Covering your wet, throbbing pussy. And down your calves, covering your feet. It covers your breasts, so tight, because they're getting so much larger now. The latex squeezes your swollen tits, right at the base, making them swell out, like huge balloons."

Daniella's breasts began to ache. She wanted her nipples touched -- stroked, sucked, squeezed, pinched -- anything! But they were hidden, under the thick, black coating of latex.

"Feel the rubber rise up your neck, up over the back of your head, around your face -- leaving just your eyes and your mouth and your nose uncovered. It covers your ears -- you hear nothing, except my Voice. You are covered completely, now, Daniella. Covered in my black rubber suit. Feel it!"

Daniella felt the rubber all over her body, so exciting. Suddenly, she realized she was out in public, completely encased in black rubber. She'd never been "dressed" before, out in plain view, where everybody could see. She looked around from table to table, certain that everyone was looking at her -- if not plainly staring, then sneaking covert glances at her latex-coated body. A sense of panic began to set in, and her eyes went wide.

"Shhhh, little girl," Dominica said. "It's going to be all right. You're perfectly safe. Relax... Relax... Feel the wine spreading inside you, calming you, helping you to let all those inhibitions go... Feel the black rubber suit tight around you. Can you feel it?"

Daniella nodded, mind too empty to respond with words.

"Good, little girl. Now, are you ready for our weekend?"

Daniella nodded again. Inside the rubber suit, her pussy suddenly began throbbing with need.

"Good girl," Dominica replied. "Now, pick up your overnight bag. Stand up, and follow me to my car." Dominica stood, and began walking away, fully certain that Daniella would be close behind her. She walked gracefully to a mini-van, clicked a remote control, and opened the door, just as Daniella arrived next to her. "Get in, my pet," she commanded. "And buckle up -- we have a long drive ahead of us."

Daniella sat down, first placing her shiny latex bottom on the seat, then daintily turning and pulling her legs inside the car. Somehow, the brown loafers had disappeared, and been replaced with shiny, patent-leather ballet boots. Only Daniella's toes touched the car floor, making her knees seem too high next to the glove compartment. The thought of gloves sent her thoughts back to what she had just seen, a few minutes ago, as her Mistress' rubber glove had spread and covered her body. She began to shake with the lust that was building up in her pussy, her breasts. She hardly noticed when Dominica closed the door, walked around, and sat down in the driver's seat.

"Daniellaaaaaa!" Dominica called. Gently. Breathily. The slave's mind emptied of all other thoughts, her attention now only on MzDominica. Feeling like she was moving in slow motion, Daniella turned her head to look at her Mistress, so focused, awaiting her next command.

"I have something for you." Dominica held out her hand. In it was a thick, black rubber dildo. "We have a long car trip ahead of us, so I want to keep you busy during the drive." She gestured with the dildo. "Take it," she said. Daniella reached out her right hand, and grasped the rubber shaft. It felt hard and soft at the same time. The scent of rubber made Daniella feel even more fuzzy and lightheaded. "I want you to start rubbing that dildo, with your right hand. Every stroke on the shaft, you will feel inside your pussy. Every rub on the tip, you will feel on your clit. Go ahead, stroke it!"

Daniella began to run her rubber-covered thumb and fingers over the shaft. The sensation in her pussy felt so good!

"That's right, keep rubbing it," Dominica commanded. "You will not be able to cum. But you will bring yourself right to the edge, over and over and over -- all through our car trip. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." Daniella almost surprised herself, that she was able to speak -- even though it was no more than a throaty whisper.

"You are to look only at me, the entire time. Look only at me. Gaze at my eyes. My face. My body. You will not be able to look away, the entire trip. Just keep stroking your dildo, and gazing at me."

"Yes, Mistress," Daniella whispered. Her mind felt even emptier, farther away, quieter. Rubbing the dildo felt so very nice. She couldn't imagine stopping.

"Every bump, every jiggle, every swerve of the car, makes your nipples ache. Pushes you closer and closer to cumming -- which you can never do without my permission. Keep stroking that dildo, Daniella. Doesn't it feel nice?"

"Yes... soooo nice." Daniella's jaw hung slackly open, and she was drooling now. The dildo felt so good. She traced a fingernail down and up the underside, down and up -- and could feel the edge of her fingernail deep insidher cunt, stroking. Her thumb made little circles around and around the tip, and every circular stroke around her clit made her feel so aroused... so dizzy... She felt the car roll over a bump, and the back of her mind realized they had been driving for some time. Nothing mattered, except stroking the dildo, feeling the lovely bumps caress her nipples, and watching her Mistress' beautiful face. Every once in a while, MzDominica would look over at her, smile -- and the whole universe seemed to revolve around her Mistress' deep, swirling, green eyes. Green eyes... Green eyes...

Daniella seemed to hear the ocean, washing around her as she gazed into Mistress' beautiful green eyes. Her skin was all tingly, constantly caressed by the black rubber suit. The dildo in her right hand... What was she doing with her left? It lay there, unmoving. Oh, but she knew where it would feel sooo good! The rubber slave lifted her hand, and began to caress her nipples. First the left, then the right...

"Ah-ah-ahhhh! My little rubber slut!" Dominica commanded. "Put that hand down. It feels so heavy. Like a boulder is attached to it. So heavy."

Daniella's left hand dropped, palm upward, against her left thigh.

"That's right, rubber slave. Your nipples are only to be caressed by the movement of the car. Crave for more, my little pet. Crave for me to pinch them. They ache so much."

Deep in trance, Daniella moaned. Her head was full of the ocean waves. They seemed to roll from one ear to the other, and back, and somehow stroked her aching nipples -- but never enough!

The car jiggled and swerved. Daniella could feel herself swaying toward the door, her breasts gently squeezed by the motion. Then swerving the other way, she felt herself drawn toward Dominica, like a magnet. Like her nipples were magnetized, yearning to contact her Mistress' shoulder, her arm, her hands, her beautifully-manicured fingers. With those nice, deep red fingernails. Daniella was becoming lost in the shiny highlights of Mistress' fingernails, as they moved back and forth on the steering wheel. Away, then closer again, in a big arc. Then away again. Every time they came closer, Daniella's nipples felt that magnetic draw.

"So shiny, aren't they, my pet?" Dominica teased. "Shiny and deep, deep red. So very deep. Rub your dildo, babi, and lose yourself in my deep, red fingernails. You're feeling so very warm. You want them on your nipples, don't you? You want them in your mouth. You want to kiss them... But you cannot move. You're frozen. Frozen. Only your right hand moves, rubbing your dildo. Up and down. Up and down. Around and around the tip."

Daniella didn't realize how hard she was panting. She felt so fuzzy and dizzy and hot. Her cunt was dripping, like the ocean. Her head was an ocean. Her eyes closed -- she couldn't help it. They wanted to stay open. She wanted to watch Mistress' shiny red fingernails. But her eyes closed, rolling up in her head. When they opened again, she found herself gazing straight into Dominica's green eyes. Mistress had a wry grin on her face. She looked forward again, continuing to drive. Daniella stroked, stroked. Oh, so good!

Suddenly, Daniella's ears popped! The sounds of the ocean vanished. She was too deep in trance to realize what that meant, or to notice that the car continued to swerve gently up and up the mountain road. Higher and higher. Green pine trees were everywhere, giving a green background to Dominica's green eyes. Daniella slipped further into trance. So quiet. Green everywhere. Mind so empty. Green eyes. Dildo. Rubber. Rubber. Rubbing. Rubbing. Rubbing. Green. Eyes. Dominica.

The car came to a gentle stop. Dominica set the parking brake, turned off the engine. Shifted a little to look appreciatively at her deeply entranced slave. Eyes unfocused. Hand making gentle strokes and squeezes on the black rubber dildo, little circles around the tip. She reached her right hand out to the slave's left cheek, and gently ran a finger from her temple down to her chin. Daniella moaned, and her stomach clenched with desire. "We're here, my pet. Time to wake up, now. Slowly... slowly... Take your time. You've been very deep for me. Mmmmmm, so deep. Time to come up, now, my hypnotized slave. Open your eyes. Look at me."

Daniella's eyes focused. Her whole world was MzDominica's face.

"Good girl. Now, look around. Look outside the car."

Looking out the windshield, the slave could see pine trees, all around. The mountains. They were in the mountains. Behind Dominica, not so very far away, Daniella could see a small house. Brown, with a green roof, and a porch with a wooden railing surrounding it.

"Welcome to my mountain cabin, slave. You and I are going to have such a VERY good time!"

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As MzDominica opened the door and got out of the van, Dan felt his male persona emerging again. Still a bit disoriented, he looked at his hands, his legs. The loose, cotton clothes he'd been wearing were back -- though there was a wide wet spot in the crotch of his pants, around his cock, which was still rigid and extremely sensitive. He was surprised to find the black rubber dildo was still in his right hand. He realized he'd been uncertain whether that had actually been real, or just part of his deep trance. Experimentally, he ran his thumb around the tip, and got an even bigger surprise when he could feel the sensation on the tip of his own cock.

"Get out NOW, slave!" Dominica commanded. She was still smiling, enjoying the power she had over him -- but the look in her eyes made it very clear to Dan he'd better get moving.

Not sure what else to do, Dan quickly stuffed the dildo into his right pocket -- a tight fit, as it was plenty large. He fumbled a moment, looking for the door latch, opened the door, and quickly slid out of the seat. Dan almost fell to the ground, though, because his legs felt weak and numb. He looked up at Mistress, forgot what he was doing, and fell to his knees, onto the soft ground. He felt so stupid and clumsy, and confused, and wanted to beg forgiveness, and...

"Stand up, slave," Mistress said. "Get the bags and bring them in. Mine are in the back." Dominica walked away, toward the cabin, to open up. In the late afternoon light, she looked so delicious, walking, her hips gently swaying, her gorgeous boots so shiny...

Dan realized he actually was standing there with his mouth open and drooling. Get moving. Get moving. Mistress commands!

He grabbed his own little overnight case from the front, then walked around and opened the back door of the van. Three big suitcases! Okay, he had no idea what might be in all that luggage, though Mistress was likely to be clothed more than he was. Dan picked up one case, and hastily trotted up behind MzDominica, just as she was opening the door to the cabin. She walked in first, letting the screen door close behind her -- just as if Dan wasn't even there. Well, of course, she was the Mistress! Hands full, Dan worried that maybe, just maybe, he'd been expected to drop the suitcases and hold the door open for her. Only here two minutes, and already he'd made a complete idiot of himself!

Dan shifted the handle of the overnight bag, pulled open the door, and followed Dominica inside. She turned around to face him.

Dan held his breath.

She looked at him a moment. He felt so small. She raised her hand, up, up... then pointed at a door to his left, near the front of the cabin. "That room is mine," she said. Then she pointed to another door, farther toward the back. "And that room is yours. One of my suitcases is heavier than the others. That goes in your room -- but you are not to open it, until I say so." She turned toward his right, and walked into the living room.

Dan's eyes couldn't help following her, his mind going blank. He shook his head, and opened the door to his left. Inside was a big four-poster bed, with an elaborate quilt on top. Dan didn't dare spend any time staring around the room, but set the suitcase down on the floor by the bed, then walked out, turned, and went to the other door. There was another four-poster bed, which surprised him a little. Then he noticed the little pallet on the floor. His cock gave a tiny leap in his wet pants as he realized this was very likely where he would be sleeping -- which made him wonder what the second big bed was for. He set his overnight bag down next to the pallet, then briskly trotted back to the van for the other two suitcases.

One WAS heavier than the other -- a LOT heavier. Dan wondered what might be inside that weighed so much. Chains? Whatever, he pulled it out, set it down, and closed up the van. It was getting dark, now. He lugged the two mismatched weights into the cabin, setting the lighter one in Dominica's room, the heavier one in his.

Unsure what to do next, Dan walked out of his room, where he could see Mistress talking on her cell phone, the room lighted by a couple of lamps in the corners. She saw him, standing at the edge of the living room, which also had a small dining table, and glanced up at him. While continuing to talk, she snapped her finger and pointed at the floor at her feet. Dan took the hint. He dropped to the floor, and crawled to her side, where he brought his head to within inches of her booted feet. He bowed his head till his forehead touched the floor, awaiting further instructions.

She was repeating the address, and confirming an order. "That's right, cut up into little bite-sized chunks." A pause. "Yes, something like that. A pet, anyway." Another pause. "Okay, thank you. Goodbye." Dominica looked down at Dan, smiling. "They wanted to know if I had a cat. If they only knew what I DO have..."

His forehead still touching the floor, Dan could feel MzDominica moving away. He heard the scrape of a chair on the floor, and could tell she was sitting down.

"Lift your head up, slave, and look at my boots." Dan looked up, and saw Mistress sitting just a short distance away, her legs crossed at the ankles. With her seated, the edge of her skirt was slightly above her knees, her thighs teasingly spread a few inches apart.

Dan could feel his cock throbbing, throbbing, throbbing inside his panties, under the damp cotton trousers.

"It's been a long drive, and your Mistress' feet are sooo tired." She began to sway one booted foot back and forth, back and forth. "What are you going to do about it, my little foot slave?"

Dan scooted forward on his knees, and, glancing up at MzDominica's face for permission, began unzipping the calf-length boot on her right foot. The leather felt so warm and smooth. It seemed like in the entire room, only

Dominica's boots existed. With the zipper open, though, Dan could see her beautiful, muscled leg. So smooth, so sexy. Gently, he lifted her leg, so he could slide the boot off. Slowly... slowly... That sensation of ocean waves, rolling through his head, had returned. But he felt so warm. Barely realizing he had pulled the boot free, Dan held it in his hands a moment, then carefully set it aside, like a holy relic. Then, feeling the rush of the waves all over his skin, he reached up to the top of her left boot, slowly unzipped it, gently removed it, and set it aside.

The scent of Dominica's feet overwhelmed Dan. His eyes kept closing... so softly... so hard to open them again. He reached forward, one hand on each foot, his fingers on the tops, his thumbs on the soles. Around and around and around, his thumbs kneaded the soles of Dominica's feet, up to the balls of her feet, then up between each pair of toes, one by one by one. When he reached the "little piggy" toes, he ran his thumbs in long arcs from the balls of her feet almost to the heels. Then around the heels. Once... twice... Then a roll of his fingers on the tops of her feet, from her toes to her ankles, his thumbs firmly planted against the balls of her feet. Roll... roll... roll... Then again, his thumbs around and around the balls of her feet, repeating all the motions, twice more. Dan was gone, now. There were no thoughts in his head. He was just a robot... a machine... whose only purpose was to massage his Mistress' feet.

MzDominica moaned, and shifted her position. And somehow, Dan knew, what she wanted was for him to massage her calves. His hands moved upward, thumbs pressing against the inner sides of her calves, while his fingers ruffled the outer sides and the backs. Up to her knees, and ruffling... ruffling... ruffling... downward to her ankles. Dan's face was so close to Mistress' feet. Her feet filled his world. Again, up to her knees, then downward, ruffling... ruffling...

There was a knock at the front door.

Dominica stood up, went to answer. Dan remained on the floor, his mind empty. His hands stayed in mid-air, where Mistress' legs had been. Slowly, a sense of confusion -- maybe even frustration -- began to set in... to awaken Dan from his foot-slave trance. He opened his eyes and looked up, just as Mistress set two boxes down on the dining table. She looked down at him. The smile on her face made him feel so good!

"You may serve," she said.

At MzDominica's directions, Dan retrieved a fine china plate, silver tableware, and a linen napkin from a cabinet, and set a dining place on the table in front of her. Then he dished out the contents of one box -- a tempting dinner of lobster tail with steamed vegetables. The meal even included a bottle of a dry white wine, and he poured her a glass. Then Dan stood at her side while Dominica enjoyed her meal, waiting attentively in case she wanted anything else.

Of course, Dan was feeling a little hungry himself. He wondered what was in the other box -- and whether it was dessert for her, or something for him. Still, he forced himself to be patient. Quiet. Obedient. From where he was standing, Dan could see only the back of her head. He wondered what she was thinking.

After a while, Dominica pushed the plate away, and sighed. She looked around and back at Dan. And smiled. Somehow, her smile made everything seem so wonderful!

"Come forward, slave!" she commanded. "Out here, where I can see you."

Dan stood in the middle of the room, a couple of feet from the table.

"I told you, you wouldn't be wearing much, while you were here," she began.

Dan was still wearing his cotton shirt and pants, and the panty hose underneath felt so tight against his hard cock.

"Now it's time for you to strip. Slowly. Make it good. Make it sensual... Daniella! Daniellaaaaaa!"

Dan's male persona dropped away like a heavy stone, and Daniella emerged. It was almost like a light switch, now. She felt all the clothes covering her, and she wanted only to remove them, to expose herself to Mistress. To show what a hot little bitch she was.

"That's right, Daniella. Hear the music in your head. Feel the beat, forcing you to strip. Peel your clothes off for your Mistress. You little slut! You know how much you want to tease me. C'mon, slut! Tease me -- if you dare. And you DO dare, don't you? DON'T YOU?!?"

Daniella's head throbbed with the pulsing music, that thumped, thumped, thumped in her head. She couldn't stop herself. All her clothes had to come off. As sexy as possible. So Mistress would want her. Would want to throw her

down on a bed, on the floor, on the ground, and rape her! Daniella began to peel the shoulder of her cotton blouse downward, off her shoulder, staring into Dominica's eyes. She began to pant. She licked her lips. Show how shiny they were. How wet and clever her tongue was. Suddenly, the cotton blouse just had to come off! Daniella grabbed the bottom edge, and began pulling it upward, swaying her hips to the music. Thump! Thump! Thump-a thump! She threw the top aside, wiggling her shoulders to show off her pert little titties in the sports bra.

Daniella kicked off the loafers. Then her hands reached down to the waistband of her cotton pants, and she began to wiggle, wiggle, wiggle the waistband down over her hips. Thump! Thump-a thump! Once her crotch was uncovered, she started thrusting it forward with the beat, her knees wide, daring Mistress to claim her. She danced, twirling around once, then pulled her knees together and quickly shoved the pants down to her ankles. Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump-a! Daniella danced herself out of the pants, now in a clump on the floor. Around, and around. Bouncing. Thump! Thump-a!

She reached behind her, unhooked the bra, twirled it in the air once, then dropped it to the floor. Thump! Thump-a! Daniella began pushing the top of the panty hose down over her hips, her wet sex getting even wetter. Thump! Thump-a thump! Down over her hips, gathering it, bit by bit, down each leg to the ankle. Dancing. Gyration. Pumping her hips. Turning around, and wiggling her ass. Not sure whether she wanted it fucked or spanked. (Oh, Goddess, couldn't she have both?!?) She stepped out of the little, crinkled mound of panty hose.

Just the satin panties, now. So tight! The thong up the crack of her ass kept diddling her anus, so deliciously. It was a shame to have to let that go, it felt so good. Thump! Thump-a! Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle the tight thong off, over her hips. Plop! It dropped to the floor!

Daniella was gloriously naked, her breasts jiggling, her wet cunt dripping! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump-a! Thump! Dancing. Dancing. Dancing for her Mistress...

"Stop, Daniella!"

Daniella froze. Her right arm, high above her head. Her left arm, down toward the floor. Her knees slightly farther apart than the width of her hips. Open. Ready. Soooo drippy.

"On the floor, Daniella. Come here, and kneel before your Mistress!"

Daniella dropped, crawled -- almost scooted, she was so fast -- and knelt on the floor in front of Dominica, her chest thrust forward, showing off her huge titties. Knees apart, sex open, ready to obey.

"Good girl," Dominica said. Daniella felt a flush of heat roll through her entire body. She smiled, her eyes closing languidly.

"You must be hungry," Dominica said. Daniella couldn't remember. Mistress was all that mattered. Food seemed unimportant.

"Yes, I know, little girl. You want your Mistress, soooo much. But I'm not going to let you starve -- you mindless little slut! See the box on the table?"

Daniella swiveled her head -- so hard to look away from Dominica -- and looked at the box. Oh, yes, there it was.

"I want you to get up, open the box, and put the contents into this dish." Dominica held a plastic doggie dish in front of her. Daniella didn't remember when Dominica might have stood up to get it, but that didn't matter. "And put some water into THIS dish." She held up another plastic doggie bowl. "Then take them into the kitchen over there..." she gestured at a door, "get on your knees, and have a nice dinner. Go ahead, now."

Still in a daze, Daniella shuffled forward on her knees, took the two bowls, retreated, and picked up the box from the table. When she got to the kitchen and opened the box, she discovered it was filled with grilled chicken, cut into little bite-sized chunks.

In the living room, Dominica checked her phone messages and e-mail, while in the kitchen Daniella ate and drank from her bowls, kneeling on the floor. Such a happy, naked, slutty slave.

A cat indeed. Dominica's pet pussy.

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Daniella finished her dinner. By now her mind had totally shut down. She was a cat. She swallowed the last of the yummy grilled chicken, lapped some more water from her bowl, and did a loooong stretch of her back. She could feel her tail, waving in the air, back and forth. There were no words in her head, but the idea of "back and forth" made her sink deeper and deeper into cat-ness. She laid her chin on the kitchen floor, and looked at the open door, where she could see MzDominica from behind in her chair, typing on her laptop.

While Daniella had been eating, Mistress had changed to a nice, comfortable robe and fluffy slippers. Music was playing, and Mistress' right foot was swinging, tapping with the beat. That fluffy slipper, moving, bump-bump-ba-da-bump-ba-da, caught the cat's attention, and she was going to sneak up on it, and pounce!

Step, by quiet step, kitty slinked across the kitchen floor, her whole world that bouncy, fluffy animal, centered in the focus of her vision. Low to the floor, her belly slid across the surface. Closer... closer... Almost ready to jump!!

Dominica's right hand gently trailed a caress down kitty's head to her shoulder. Mmmmmm, felt so good! Kitty rubbed her left cheek against Mistress' hand, rolling her forehead against Mistress' wrist. Kitty looked up at her Mistress, and felt herself lost in the beautiful gaze of her swirling green eyes. Mistress' fingers stroked the underside of kitty's chin.

"Time to wake up, little kitty!" Dominica said, her voice so sweet and seductive. "Up, my pet. Be my Daniella, now. Get up on your knees, slave! Sit back on your heels."

Daniella didn't even notice that a change had happened. She simply knelt at Dominica's feet, legs separated, mind open. Too deeply tranced even to realize she was being mindlessly obedient.

"Good girl!" Dominica ran her finger over Daniella's lips. The slave shivered, her eyes closing with lust and delight.

"Oh, no, little slut," Dominica said. "Open those eyes. You have work to do."

Daniella's eyes opened, but understanding was slow to arrive.

Dominica gazed forcefully into Daniella's eyes. The slave was unable to resist. Unable to look away. She could only gaze back, worshiping. Her mind empty -- ready to be filled with her Mistress' will.

"Your strip tease was very delightful, Daniella -- but your clothes are still here, in a heap on the floor. You need to put those away, in your room -- neatly! Folded, and neat. And you need to clear away the dishes and wash them. Do you understand me, slave?"

Daniella was... she was... Was she Daniella? Or Dan? She felt confused.

"My little rubber maid, aren't you, Daniella?"

Ohhhhhh, yes! She was Daniella. She couldn't even quite remember what had confused her a moment ago. She nodded, eager to please.

"Now, stand up. Clean up. Wash the dishes -- and your kitty bowls, my little pet." Dominica traced another gentle stroke along Daniella's left cheek. "When you're done, I have a special treat for you. Get to work, now!"

Daniella felt energized. She stood up, turned to pick up her pile of clothes. A bit of naughtiness entered her head, and she pushed her ass up high while she bent over, her long sexy legs so straight. She couldn't resist wiggling her ass, just a little.

Whap!

Dominica had given her a sharp spank across both buttocks!

Daniella almost didn't dare admit to herself how much she had liked that. But she knew her Mistress meant business. She quickly gathered her clothes, tucked them under one arm, then took the plate, silverware, wineglass, and box from the table. She realized she'd run out of room to carry anything more, and the wine bottle was still there. Dominica glared up at her, wordlessly, one eyebrow arched, challengingly. What to do? Daniella paused for a moment, undecided, and finally risked taking away what she could carry NOW, and would come back for the wine bottle in a

minute.

She trotted, barefoot, to the kitchen. Set the dinnerware down. Took her clothes to her room, folded them, put them by the pallet there. Back to the kitchen. No, wait, back to the dining table. Take the wine bottle. Dominica ignored her, focused on her laptop. Somehow, Daniella felt she was doing something right. Back to the kitchen. Corked the bottle, picked up the bowls, filled the sink, washed, rinsed, dried, put away. Wiped everything clean. Why, why, why, was her pussy dripping so much? Why was she shaking? She wanted only to please Mistress! She wanted... she wanted...

"On your knees, slave!" Dominica had walked into the kitchen, and was standing in the doorway, her arms crossed.

Daniella stifled a yelp, and dropped to the floor, her lust feeding her fear, her fear feeding her lust. She didn't know what was going to happen. She was scared, and hopeful, and... and... Daniella's touched her forehead to the floor, aching to please her Mistress.

She could hear MzDominica walking around the kitchen. Stopping here and there. Opening cabinets. Daniella began to shake. She couldn't help herself.

"Good job, my little slave."

Daniella's shaking stopped. She melted into the floor, from sheer pleasure. Quietly, she awaited her Mistress' next words.

"I have a special treat for you outside, my little slut," she said. "Stay on your knees, and crawl. Follow me. Follow... Follow..."

Daniella's mind went completely blank, and she crawled, following wherever her Mistress' form led. Out of the kitchen to the hallway, then through the living room, to another door. A door that led outside.

Dark. Cold. The sound of crickets everywhere. A whooshing sound, and a loud humming. Daniella was so focused on Dominica's feet, she didn't notice the soft glow of light, but she could feel the warmth on her left side, and could smell the chlorinated water.

The hot tub whooshed and bubbled, just outside Daniella's awareness, which was all focused on her Mistress. Then she was treated to the glorious vision of her mistress opening her robe, dropping it to the wooden deck, and stepping slowly, naked into the hot tub. Dominica stood, waist deep, for just a moment, then sank into the warm, bubbling water, just her head above the surface. Then she turned and looked at Daniella, who had stopped moving, thinking -- even her breathing was so shallow, it was hardly noticeable.

Dominica smiled at her slave, on her knees, her naked skin highlighted by the soft lights from the pool.

"Come in, my little rubber slut! Come closer to your Mistress! Get into the nice, warm water, and sink down with Dominica!"

Daniella didn't even notice herself moving. Somehow, she seemed to flow into the hot tub, next to her Mistress. Dominica guided her to a seat, positioned so a jet of water shot directly at her aching sex. Ohhhhh, so warm and good. Thrumming, throbbing, pumping.

"You cannot cum, Daniella. Not till I give you permission. Feel the water jet, caressing your pussy, invading you, molesting you. Closer and closer to an orgasm. Closer, and closer, and closer. But not yet, little girl. I have plans for you, and you cannot cum, yet. Repeat it, slave. You cannot cum, yet!"

"I cannot cum, yet," Daniella barely whispered. Ohhhhh, so warm and good. Mistress was so good to her, teasing her, torturing her, seducing her, forever, and ever, and ever.

"That's right. You cannot cum, yet. Just feel yourself sinking into the water, next to me. Sinking... sinking... sinker... sinker... siiiiiinkerrrr! Down, and down, with me, into the warm, bubbling water. So warm. So soft. In my arms, Daniella. Sinker... sinker... sinker..."

Daniella felt so warm all over, the water jet pumping, pumping, pumping into her pussy. Her eyes kept drifting closed, then opening again, unable to look away from Dominica's beautiful eyes, somehow even deeper green in the light from the hot tub. Deeper and deeper green...

"Deeper and deeper, Daniella," Dominica whispered. "Deeper and deeper into the warm, bubbling water. Feel the water jet on your pussy. Feel my hands, gently squeezing your breasts."

Daniella's eyes slowly opened again. She hadn't realized they'd been closed. Dominica was holding up the black latex glove again, so close to the slave's face. Even over the hot tub, she could still smell the rubber, sharp and a little acid. It smelled so good.

"Rubber slave must obey Dominica. Rubber slave must obey Dominica. Deeper and deeper, Daniella. Watch the rubber glove. See the pretty black rubber. See the lights reflect off its surface. So shiny. So shiny." She was swinging the glove again. "So shiny. You feel so aroused, and yet you cannot move. You are so hot, and yet you are frozen in place. Watch the shiny, shiny glove swing back and forth, back and forth. So pretty. Every swing back and forth, is a gentle caress on your breasts. A gentle stroke on your wet pussy. So close to orgasm. So close."

Daniella was panting now. She wanted to squirm in the warm bubbling water, the jet felt so good -- but she could not move. Her hands lay limply at her sides. Her legs were wide apart, letting the warm, bubbly jet caress her sex, more and more urgently.

"Look up, now, Daniella. Open your eyes, and look up. Talk to me. Tell me what you see."

Daniella's eyes opened, completely beyond her own control, and she gazed up into the night sky. Far away from the city, the sky was inky black -- yet ablaze with stars. Thousands and thousands of twinkling lights floated above, and overhead was the wide path of the Milky Way. Barely able to speak, she managed to mumble, "Stars."

"Mmmmm, that's right, pretty girl. Stars. In a deep black sky. Look over here, Daniella. What do you see, that's all deep black?"

Daniella's vision seemed to trail, as she brought herself to look back at Dominica, gently swinging the rubber glove back and forth. Back and forth. Her lips made a bubble as she said, "Rubber."

"That's right, babi. Black, shiny rubber. Look at the shiny lights on the rubber. Watch them swing, back and forth. Feel your pussy being rubbed by the water. Mmmmm, so good. Now look up again. What do you see?"

Daniella looked up again, at the inky black, with the pretty twinkling lights.

"Now, back down here. Look at the pretty rubber glove again. Closer and closer to cumming. Back and forth. Look at the shiny lights. Back and forth. Now look up again."

Back and forth. The rubber glove. The sky. The rubber glove. The sky. Daniella felt the hot jet of water caressing her pussy, invading her, fucking her. Her nipples ached. Rubber. Sky. Rubber. Sky. The stars began to look like highlights on rubber. On shiny rubber. Black, pretty rubber.

"Look up, again. What do you see?"

Daniella whispered one word, "Rubber."

"CUM!!!" Dominica commanded. "Cum! Cum now, whore. Cum! Cum to the rubber. Cum!"

Daniella's hips began to pump, and her knees rose up toward her shoulders, while she orgasmed over and over again, into the stream of bubbling water in the hot tub.

"Cum! Obey! Cum! Obey! Cum in the water! Cum now!"

Moaning, whimpering, Daniella spasmed again and again. It was such a release, she felt like she was turning inside out.

"Cum, slave, cum! Cum, slave, cum! Cum! Cum!" Even with her hands wet, Dominica snapped her fingers over and over, as Daniella gazed up into the shiny rubber sky and came, helplessly, unable to resist.

"Good girl," MzDominica cooed. "Now drift. Just float here for a moment. Gaze up into the shiny black sky and drift. Think of all the pretty rubber, wrapped tight around you. So warm, and clingy. Mmmmm."

Blog Export: Dominica's Stories, <http://www.mzdominica.net/story/>

Daniella sat in the hot tub, her knees high, arms still at her sides. Not a thought in her head, her eyes gazed up into the sky, a big smile on her face.

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That's Part One -- and the weekend is just starting! Daniella has ALL night ahead of her, and Mistress has lots of exciting, rubbery plans for the little slut!

Posted by jessicablank at 01:42