

Tuesday, September 9, 2008

### **Mountains of Rubber, Ch. 3 - First Morning**

Synopsis: Dan is enjoying a wonderful weekend as MzDominica's slave, up in her mountain cabin. On her command, he cleaned himself out with several huge, warm enemas (ohhhhhhhh, yummy!), then inserted a thick butt plug which will be inside him all weekend. Then she covered a dildo with her pussy juices, pushed it into his mouth, and set him on a rubber-covered pallet to sleep, with orders NOT to rub his aching cock on the seductively soft rubber surface.

~ Chapter 3, First Morning ~

Even in Dan's dreams, MzDominica continued to stimulate his sex -- insistently, relentlessly -- commanding him to serve her. He licked Dominica's boots -- up, up, up, to her soft, creamy thighs -- only to have her stop him, just as his tongue was about to touch her skin. He could smell her skin. He could smell her pussy... so close. So warm, and musky. In his sleep, he sucked on the dildo, tasting her juices, smelling her scent, imagining her cumming and squirting around the dildo, through the dildo. Down to her feet, again. Now they were naked, and he licked between her toes, under her toes. He wanted to cradle her feet in his hands -- but his hands were beneath him, useless, paralyzed somehow. Lick, lick, lick. His entire world focused down to his mouth, his lips, his tongue, his nose -- and what he could do with them, to please his Mistress.

His eyes opened. Not quite awake, but realizing he was still in the bedroom, in darkness. On the pallet. His cock was on fire, and yet it felt numb. He needed to stroke it. But he couldn't let go of the thick rubber cocks. He needed to pee. So badly! Oh, Goddess, all that water, from the enemas! He began waking up, just a little. The rubber was all around, under him. So soft. Felt so good on his aching nipples. He circled his breasts around in a little figure eight, feeling the rubber catch on his skin, then slide, sending little jolts of pleasure that crept through his chest and up the back of his neck. He wanted it to touch his cock. Just a little. If he could just pump his hips downward, just for a second... Dominica's green eyes appeared in his mind. He couldn't look away. Her eyes swirled, making him sleepy. Need to remain still. Need to sleep. Need to pee... Pee... Need to stroke aching cock... Need to pee... Need to... Sleep... Sleep... Sleep...

Dan was kneeling on the floor, his head raised up to the bed, face down in the covers. Dominica sat on the bed, her right thigh against his right cheek. So soft and smooth. Cool and warm at the same time. He wanted so much to move his head, around her thigh, to find her warm, wet pussy -- but he couldn't move. He was frozen in place. Panting... panting... His tongue lolled out of his mouth...

Dan's eyes opened. Another sex dream! He needed to fuck! He needed to stroke! He needed to pee! His eyes focused on nothing in the darkness, not even thinking of the dildo that his mouth was so automatically sucking. His hands worked the other two thick dildos, furiously, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing! Hoping to feel the rubbing against his cock, like he had in the car, in his mind, inside his/her pussy. Dan's hips started to strain downward toward the soft, rubber sheet. Just one stroke! Just one -- she won't mind! His legs froze, he saw her green, swirling eyes, and his mind drifted... drifted...

Dan's nose nuzzled against Dominica's clit. Her labia spread around his face, wide and puffy and wet, as he made little figure-eight's against her clit with his nose. His long tongue slurped out, and licked a trail from the base of her pussy up to her clit. Dan's cheeks felt cool as Dominica's legs spread further apart, opening her pussy wider to his mouth, tilting her pink ass-bud up where he could reach it with his tongue. Slurp... slurp... slurp... Her hands dug into the hair at the back of his head, and pulled him in tighter against her crotch...

Dildo dropping out of his mouth, Dan panted as his eyes opened yet again. The room was no longer dark. On the floor in front of him was a little, plastic toy dog. Dan's mouth dropped open, and he panted some more. Woof! Need to pee. Need to pee!!!!!! Neeeeeeeeed to pee!!!!!! Dan/Woof crawled off the pallet, absent-mindedly leaving the rubber dildos behind, and padded out of the room, down the hallway, to the front door. There, he dropped down to the floor and began to whine, head against the door.

The doorway to MzDominica's room nearby was open. She was already up, just finishing breakfast at the dining table. With a big smile on her face, she walked causally toward Dan and stood next to him. Holding a leash and dog collar.

"Hmmm.... Poor little doggie needs to go for a walk?" she teased. She dangled the leash next to Dan's head. He looked

back at her and nodded, whining a little more. She swung the hoop of the leash back and forth... back and forth...

Dan's mind was becoming fuzzy again. Dominica reached past him, and opened the door. The morning light streamed in. Dan was torn between looking out and watching the swinging leash. Mistress leaned forward, hands around his neck, and deftly wrapped the collar around him, buckling it in place. She trailed a long fingernail down his cheek, staring closely into his eyes. A heartbeat. Two. It seemed forever. It was over too quickly. Mistress stood up, towering over him. All he could see was her shiny, black boots, which seemed to go up and up her legs, forever.

"Outside, doggie," she said.

Something in the back of Dan's mind resisted. Outside? Exposed to the world? Naked? He was beginning to rise out of trance, out of fear, out of danger...

Dominica leaned forward and held a little rubber doggie bone in front of Dan's nose. "Sniff," she said. He could already smell the rubber. His mind began to drift. Dan took a slow, deep breath through his nose, letting the scent of that rubber stroke the back of his nasal passages, the back of his throat, the back of his mind. His conditioning asserted itself, so strongly. "Rubber slave must obey Mistress Dominica." It repeated over and over in his head. What he could see didn't seem so important, as what he could smell. The sweet, mind-numbing scent of the rubber.

MzDominica stroked the rubber bone under Dan's nose, over his lips. His eyes closed, and his ears seemed to hear that rushing of the ocean again. She ran the tip of the rubber bone from the bridge of his nose, downward, over the tip, down to his lips. Helplessly, mindlessly, Dan kissed it. She trailed it over his chin, down his neck, to the edge of the collar. Dan whined, whimpered, groaned -- neither he nor Dominica was certain which. She smiled, held the bone directly in front of his nose, and squeezed it briefly a couple of times.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Dan/Woof heard the squeaky toy, and his eyes popped open.

Dominica teased him, "Nice, rubber squeaky toy, for my little doggie. You want it? You have to come out. You want to pee? You have to come out!"

Dan/Woof's bladder was about to explode!

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Dominica gently tugged Dan's leash, and began to walk out the door. The morning sun glinted off her shiny black boots. All resistance gone, Dan rose up on all fours and began to crawl after her.

She led him slowly out the door, down the porch, past the mini-van, to the short fence that surrounded the cabin. Only waist-high, but it formed a perimeter around the entire property. Dan hadn't even noticed it when they had pulled in, the evening before. Dominica guided him toward the gate, at the end of the walkway. Then she pointed at one corner of the gate.

"Pee," she commanded.

Dan/Woof was too deeply tranced now, to refuse. And he needed to pee, so bad! It was getting impossible to hold in the pee. His bladder was starting to cramp and loosen at the same time. Only a second or two, and he wouldn't be able to control it at all! He crawled swiftly over to the gate, angled his body parallel to the fence. Lifted his left leg. And he began to pee. Ohhhhhhhh, so good! The relief was so...

"Stop!" MzDominica commanded. "Follow!" she said, and tugged on his leash.

Dan felt his bladder clench up, and refuse to pee any more! But he was full to bursting! He followed his Mistress, crawling along the fence, a few feet away, just past some flowers.

"Pee," she commanded again.

Dan/Woof lifted his leg quickly, this time, and let loose a stream...

"Stop!" she commanded. "Follow."

Dan's bladder clenched up again. The pain was excruciating! He needed to pee! Pee! Pee! Pee! He needed to just let go and let it all flow out, so badly!

Dominica led him to the corner of the fence. "Pee," she commanded. Dan began to pee again. "Stop!" she commanded. Almost, almost, Dan could have whined. But he could not disobey. He followed, further along the fence.

"Pee!" "Stop!" "Pee!" "Stop!"

Every little chance to pee made his aching bladder feel better. But every stop was driving him insane. With the need to release. The need to pee more. The pain of stopping in mid-stream. The pleasure of obeying his Mistress. Pee/stop. A few more feet. Pee/stop. Around and around the fence. Oh, so good to let go! Oh, the ache of having to stop!

Eventually, Dan/Woof found himself back at the front gate again. Shaking. Shivering. Still needing to pee! All he could see was her boots. All he could think of was obedience.

"Good girl," Dominica soothed. She stroked the top of Dan/Woof/Daniella's head, down the back of his neck. "Now, follow again. Over here to the corner!" She tugged on the leash, and squeezed the rubber bone. Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Dan almost ran, on all fours, hurrying to keep up. "Here, girl. Pee. Let it all out, little doggie. Pee and pee and pee, till you're all empty!"

Dan pounced into the corner, where he'd been just a few minutes before, and let all the pee run out, in a long, warm stream. His eyes rolled upward in his head and his eyelids closed, from the sheer pleasure of total, abandoned release.

Dominica trailed her fingers along his left cheek. "Good girl," she said. "Good, good girl. I'll tell you why, later. But right now," she squeaked the rubber bone, "it's breakfast time! Follow, little doggie! Follow your Mistress!" Daniella/Woof's tongue lolled out of her mouth, as she followed, bounding, after MzDominica, returning to the front porch. The slave didn't even notice that there was a second vehicle parked next to the mini-van. A small convertible, with the top down.

"Wipe your feet!" Dominica commanded, as they reached the threshold. Daniella/Woof rubbed her hands and knees on the doormat, scraping off the dirt, as Dominica opened the door again. She followed as Dominica led her to the kitchen.

There, on the floor, were the two pet dishes again. One with warm oatmeal -- maple and brown sugar -- the other with water.

Dominica led her slave over to the corner. Daniella/Woof felt suddenly so intensely hungry.

"Not yet, not yet, my little pet," Dominica gently tugged on the leash, back, then upward. "Sit up, paws in the air!" Daniella/Woof sank back on her heels, and held her hands high. "Good girl! Now beg! Beg for your breakfast!" The slave waved her hands in the air, close together, gazing into Dominica's deep green eyes. "Hold it... hold it... Good girl! Down, now. Let me take your collar off." She quickly unbuckled the collar, and gave the back of Daniella's head a couple of brisk rubs. The slave's eyes closed, and she arched her neck, pushing her head against Dominica's hand. "Good girl. Mmmmm, you like it when I call you good girl, don't you? Good girl! Yes. Now you may eat your breakfast. And be sure to drink all your water!"

Daniella bent forward and began licking little dollops of oatmeal out of the bowl, then turning to the other bowl and lapping up some water, then back to the oatmeal. Little by little, she finished the cereal. And just as she was licking the last bit of oatmeal out of the dish, Dominica bent down and slid another little plastic animal in front of her. This time, it was a fluffy, white cat. Daniella felt dizzy. She stared at the cat. And pushed her back and buttocks back, in a long, lazy stretch.

"That's right, my little pussy cat. That's right," Dominica crooned. Mistress purred at her slave, and Daniella purred back. Dominica smiled broadly. "You've finished your breakfast, little pussy," a glint in her eyes, "but you have oatmeal all over your face. My little kitty cat needs to wash, don't you? You remember how to wash?"

More and more dazed, Daniella reached her right hand up to her face, gently balled into a fist, and rubbed it over her cheek, getting some of the oatmeal on her hand. Then she licked the back of her hand, swallowing the oatmeal, and repeated with the left hand. Back and forth, right hand, left hand, licking, licking, licking. Her hands and face were slick and shiny with saliva mixed with oatmeal. The slave looked up at Mistress, with a big cat-like smile on her face, gazing into Dominica's eyes, and purred again.

MzDominica laughed -- gently, but her slave did look so cute. And a little ridiculous. "All right, Daniella, you cute little pussy cat. Little pussy. Little wet pussy. Time to get yourself wetter. Mmmmm. Time to get really cleaned up -- time for a shower." She reached forward and snapped her fingers. "Wake up, Daniella. Be my little human slave, now."

Daniella's head suddenly cleared, like fog being blown away by a sudden breeze. She realized she was crouched on the kitchen floor, Mistress towering over her, and felt so silly. But she was having an awful lot of fun!

"Crawl to the bathroom now, slave, and get yourself all scrubbed clean. When you're done, I want you in your bedroom again." She leaned downward, the closeness of her breasts making it difficult again for Daniella to think. "And while you're in the shower, I want you to try to guess what is the next delightful rubber treat I have for you in that great, big suitcase."

Daniella shivered, and realized the butt plug had started fucking her again. Fuck... relax... fuck... relax... She started to crawl out of the kitchen, then remembered she had two dirty dishes next to her on the floor. She turned, and started to pick them up.

"Leave those," Dominica commanded. "They'll be taken care of." Daniella turned, a little confused, and started crawling away again. Dominica gave her a firm swat on her naked behind. "Get a move on, now!"

In the bathroom, Daniella stood up, for the first time in so many hours. It almost seemed unnatural, standing and walking on two feet. She looked in the mirror, and saw the slick sheen on her face, the little flecks of oatmeal. "Oh well," she thought, "oatmeal is supposed to be GOOD for your complexion." She turned on the tap in the sink, let the water warm, and rinsed off her face.

Before showering, she was about to apply the depilatory that kept her face and body hairless and smooth -- then realized she hadn't yet brought in her little bag of bathroom accessories. Wondering if she dared go back out to the bedroom first, Daniella looked around and her gaze landed on the bag, on the shelf right next to the sink. "But how did that get here?" She couldn't imagine Dominica unpacking her suitcase for her. But then, she also couldn't imagine Dominica making breakfast for her. The oatmeal was still warm when she had gotten to it, like it had been freshly made. As she gently applied the lotion to her skin, loving the smooth, silky feel as it glided on, she mentally replayed the morning "walk" in the yard. And suddenly remembered the convertible. Was there somebody else here?

In the shower, Daniella rinsed all the lotion away, scrubbing gently. What DID Mistress have in that suitcase for her next? More dildos? A rubber cat suit? More chew toys? She giggled. And became more aroused, thinking about all that time on the pallet, aching to rub her crotch against that soft rubber surface. Her middle finger automatically went down between her legs, separating her wet pussy lips, while she humped her clit against the palm of her hand. All clean, and steamy, and horny for Mistress. She'd been thinking about something else a minute ago... About the oatmeal... Ohhhh, her finger felt so good. Her other hand reached up, and started playing with her nipples. Left, then right, left, then right. Hefting her breasts, while her other hand split her aching pussy. The butt plug continued its relentless fuck... relax... fuck... relax... In her mind, she heard the little rubber squeaky toy again. She had to finish her shower, towel off, and present herself to Mistress Dominica. Even in the shower, she could smell the rubber, see Dominica's eyes, hear Dominica's voice...

"Good girl," Dominica reached out one finger, and traced her long, red fingernail down Daniella's right cheek. The slave couldn't even remember leaving the bathroom and returning here, to the bedroom. Right next to the big, mysterious suitcase. Unable to take her eyes off Dominica's black, shiny boots. On all fours, she shivered again, and bowed her head to the floor, awaiting her Mistress' next command. Her skin was dry -- but her pussy was wet, again dribbling pre-cum on the floor. That would be taken care of, soon, with the next little item in the suitcase.

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MzDominica sat on the four-poster bed. She was dressed in a loose satin blouse, a leather skirt, and a pair of thigh-high, black leather boots.

"Lift your head, slave," she said. "Look into my eyes."

Daniella raised her head from the floor, looking upward at her Mistress, while she remained in a keeling position. Sitting back on her heels, her arms straight, she gazed into Dominica's green eyes, lost in their depths. Mistress' eyes seemed to swirl and spin, calling the slave into a deeper and deeper trance. She forgot even to try to think.

Leaning forward, Dominica stroked Daniella's face with the deep, red fingernail of her index finger. From the slave's chin, upward to her left cheekbone. Then the other side, again from her chin, upward to her right cheekbone. Then the left side again. Daniella's eyes kept closing -- slowly, languidly -- then opening again, as she gently quivered, all over her body. Still lost in Dominica's green eyes. Her face was limp, her jaw slack. Moment by moment, her deep breathing quickened, turning into panting gasps of desire.

"Listen to me, Daniella. Danielllllaaaaaa!" The slave shook, and gasped even more deeply. "You were very good, and very obedient this morning. Mistress was pleased." Dominica traced her finger across the slave's lower lip, right to left. Then across her upper lip, left to right. "Do you know what you did this morning?" Dominica asked.

Daniella's mind was so blank, it was hard to answer. Hard to find words. Hard to remember. She wanted only to go blank, and obey. What had she done? Her breath exhaled, but no words formed on her lips.

Dominica watched as her slave's eyes squinted, revealing the struggle. Good. So mindless. So helpless. "Daniella, you were a good doggie for me. You peed and peed and peed, on command. Such a good doggie."

Unable to stop herself, Daniella began to wiggle her ass, as if she had a tail she was trying to wag. So happy to have pleased her Mistress. The ever-present butt-plug kept her nice and filled, but she forgot about it, in the mental image of wagging that tail.

"You know, to an animal, the pee of a human -- especially a meat-eating human -- smells like a big predator. The scent keeps them away, because they know the territory belongs to someone else -- a more powerful animal." Dominica ran her index finger from the base of Daniella's throat to her chin. The slave blinked... so... slowly... "When I walked you around, every place you peed marked your territory." She touched the tip of Daniella's nose. "Marked MY territory." Daniella's eyes opened wide. "Now," Dominica explained, "they know to stay out of my yard. The local dogs. The local cats. And... other animals!"

While Daniella tried to make sense of this, floating helplessly, MzDominica raised the edge of her skirt. The slave could see Mistress was naked underneath, and she began to drool. Dominica reached her middle finger between her own legs, and withdrew it. She held it up, glistening with her pussy juices.

"Mmmm..." she said. "Your face is all nice and clean again, after your shower." She waved her shiny finger back and forth, watching Daniella's gaze follow it again. "Good girl. And now, I mark ANOTHER part of MY territory!" Dominica wiped her wet pussy juices over the tip of the slave's nose, and onto both nostrils. "Inhale deeply," she commanded. Daniella mindlessly took a long, slow breath, carrying the scent of her Mistress deep into her brain. "Good girl," MzDominica said. "You are mine. You have always been mine. You will always be mine!"

Daniella's eyes closed. Her mind drifted. She couldn't help herself.

"Good girl," she heard Mistress say. "Float here, a moment, my slave. Just float. And drift. And feel yourself belonging to me. Completely."

The slave was not sure how much time might have passed, when she heard Mistress telling her to open her eyes, and look in the suitcase again. Rising, like a robot, up on her knees, she lifted the cover on the suitcase and found... a sheet of butcher paper. On top of this were two items: black rubber panties, and a plastic container of talcum powder.

"Stand up, Daniella," Dominica commanded.

Feeling awkward, now, standing in Mistress' presence, the slave rose and stood with her legs slightly separated, prepared to drop to the floor where she belonged, at the slightest command. But the command never came. Instead, Dominica told her to take the container, and lightly dust her thighs, bottom, and hairless crotch with the talc. Then she was to take the rubber panties, slide them up her legs, and pull them snugly into place. The front of the panties felt strangely thick, as if there were more there, than just a layer of soft, black rubber.

"No need to tuck your little clitty/cock under, this time," Dominica teased. "Pull it upward." Daniella adjusted her genitals, feeling the tight rubber wrap around and against them. "That's right. I want you to stay nice, and long, and hard for me. We're going to have some fun!"

As Daniella watched, Dominica reached into the suitcase, lifted the butcher paper, and removed one more item. It looked like one of those universal remote controls for TVs and stereos. In a way, that's exactly what it was! Dominica held the rectangular box, pressed one of the many buttons, and looked upward at Daniella's face, watching for her

reaction.

At first, the slave did not realize anything had changed.

"You feel it, don't you... slave?" Dominica cooed. "That slow, gentle stroking of your pussy? Mmmm, so good! Feel the rubber, softly moving back and forth. Up and down. Feel it!"

In a couple of moments, Daniella realized the rubber panties had started massaging her crotch. She wanted to cum -- she'd been wanting to cum since last night, when Mistress had put her to bed with the wet dildo in her mouth. Now, she needed to cum with an urgency that was almost as strong as when she had needed to pee, a short while ago!

"Feel that rubbing, stroking and stroking and stroking your sex. Not hard -- just so very gently. A long, smooth glide upward... from base to tip... all along your pussy. Then a slow, gentle stroke downward. So soft, you can barely tell it's there. But you CAN feel it, can't you? It makes you want to cum in those tight, rubber panties -- doesn't it, slave?" Daniella could only nod, her voice gone. "Yes... but you cannot cum without permission! And you do not have permission -- not yet!" Daniella whimpered.

Dominica pressed another button. "Now, slave, feel the panties tightening around the base of your crotch." In the back of her mind, Daniella remembered that "Dan" had testicles -- and those balls were being slowly squeezed by the rubber panties. "Feel it. First, it squeezes so gently -- pleasantly. The soft rubber, pulling together. Just a nice, pleasant compression. So especially nice, as those panties continue to massage your little clitty/cock." Daniella's hips began to rock, her eyes to close.

"Yes, but the pressure on your balls continues to increase, doesn't it, slave? Harder and harder." Daniella's eyes began to water. "Yes, it hurts -- but somehow, you also like it. Don't you?" The squeezing got tighter, and the slave's eyes opened again. She could see Dominica watching her. "Tighter, and tighter..." Daniella's jaw dropped open, and she began to shake her head slowly from side to side. "Squeezing so slowly, so hard. Another moment... tighter. Another moment... even tighter." Daniella's throat emitted a tiny squeak! Dominica pressed another button. "And now the squeezing stops. The stroking on your clitty/cock also stops. Feel it all stop, my slave!"

The stimulation stopped -- but the need to cum remained.

"You see," Mistress said, "from here, I have complete control over your sex, through the tight rubber panties." She waved the remote in a little figure eight. "On your knees, again, slave." Daniella dropped quickly to the floor. "Follow me outside. Crawl, slave!"

Dominica stood and led her slave into the hall, through the front door, outside again. Daniella gave no thought, this time, to whether she might be seen. She merely followed.

Outside, past the mini-van, stood two pine trees, about four feet apart. MzDominica led Daniella to the space between them, and told her to stand up again. To close her eyes, spread her legs, and raise her hands up in the air, above her shoulders. To listen closely, as Dominica clicked the shackles closed on her wrists and ankles, attaching her to the chains. Chaining her between the two pine trees.

"Open your eyes, again, Daniella!" Dominica stood before the slave, holding the remote control again. "Look into my eyes, and listen closely," she said. "See the remote control in my hand. Do you see it?" Daniella nodded her head. "Good girl. I can do so many things with those soft, black rubber panties. You can smell the rubber, even from here, can't you?" Daniella's eyes were becoming vacant. "That's right. Deeper... and deeper... Rubber slave must obey Mistress Dominica... Rubber slave must obey Mistress Dominica... Rubber slave must obey Mistress Dominica... Let your eyes close, now, slave. Slowly... slowly..."

Daniella's eyes drifted closed. Her breathing became slow and deep.

"Feel yourself dropping deeper... and deeper... So mindless... So empty... So open... Your pussy is dripping wet inside those soft... black... rubber panties. So wet. Being wet makes your clitty hard. Having your clitty hard makes your breasts grow. They feel bigger... and bigger..." Dominica rubbed the corner of the remote control on Daniella's left nipple, round and round and round. Then around her right nipple. So cool and hard. Daniella could feel her breasts jiggle as she shivered with Mistress' touch. "Good girl. Just keep dropping for me... Deeper... and deeper... Feeling more and more feminine. Wetter and wetter. Your breasts bigger, and softer. Needing to be touched. Now just relax into the shackles, babi. Let yourself go. Obey. Listen to my voice."

Daniella slumped, arms held high, legs far apart. Of course, the shackles, the chains, were only in her mind. But that didn't matter. She stood between the trees, appearing to hang from invisible bondage only she could see, only she could feel.

"Good girl. Now I'm pressing another button on the remote control. Feel the rubber panties grow and stretch, reaching upward along your torso, downward along your thighs. Feel them stretching and covering your body. The soft, shiny, black rubber reaches up over your tummy, over your chest, enclosing your huge breasts. First the left breast, then the right breast, coating the undersides, in soft, shiny, black rubber. Then over the tops. Finally, slowly wrapping around those long, hard nipples. Mmmmm, so tight. The rubber squeezes your nipples, pulsing. Pulsing. Milking them."

Daniella's head dropped back, her face pointed up into the sky, as she began to moan.

"The rubber stretches out, under your arms, stroking your armpits, covering you. Down to your elbows, where it licks inside the creases of your skin as it coats you, completely. Completely. Down your legs, caressing your thighs, stroking behind your knees. Down to your feet. It tickles, so softly, under the arches of your feet. Between your toes."

Daniella was panting heavily now, her eyes opening again, in little slits.

"Up the crack of your ass, up the middle of your back, to your shoulders. It caresses your spine as it rises, rises, rises -- and reaches in smooth, black rubber sheets, over your shoulders to meet the rubber that covers your breasts. You know where you are, don't you, Daniella? You know where you are. Tell me!"

Daniella gasped out the words, "Black rubber suit!"

"That's right," Dominica replied. "You are encased in my black rubber suit. Completely covered in soft, shiny, black rubber. Feel the panties pushing that butt plug -- that big, black, rubber butt plug -- deep into your ass. Fuck... fuck... fuck... Mmmmm...."

The slave was pumping her hips, grinding back and forth, head back, moaning constantly.

"Open your eyes, Daniella. Look at me," Dominica commanded.

Her head snapping down, her eyes snapping open, Daniella obediently regarded her Mistress, awaiting her instructions.

"Watch, now, as I press one more button." Dominica lifted both hands high, so the remote was directly in front of Daniella's face. Dramatically, she extended her index finger, slowly dropped it toward the box, and pressed a big button, dead center in the set of controls. "It all stops," she said. "The black rubber suit remains in place, but everything stops. All is quiet." She looked up at Daniella's eyes, with a wry smile. "Or... is it?" Slowly, Dominica stooped before her slave, placing the remote control on the ground, just a couple of feet away in front of Daniella. She stood up again.

With the middle finger of one hand, Dominica caressed her slave's rubber-covered crotch, gently, slowly. "Do you know what mode the remote control is in, now?" she said. Daniella gently wagged her head, no. Dominica smiled. "It has a microphone. And every sound it hears will control the black rubber suit. EVERY sound, however tiny, is going to make the suit stimulate you, in a different way."

Daniella couldn't tell if Dominica was still stroking her sex. She felt so very aroused, and so very wet.

"You are now at the mercy of every noise you hear. Every bird call. Every puff of the wind. Every rustle of the trees. It's going to play up and down your body. Stroking your sex. Pinching your nipples." Dominica stood close, whispering in Daniella's ear. "Caressing the back of your neck." With one booted foot, she trampled the pine needles on the ground, making crackling noises. Daniella could feel gentle trails of sensation, behind her ear, though she had not been touched.

Then MzDominica stepped back, turned around, walked away a few paces. She turned again. "Mmmmm, you look so yummy. I'll be back. In a while." She looked up, and around, admiring the pines and the blue sky above. "You're in the mountains! Enjoy the fresh air! The sunshine. And... all... those... delicious... noises!" She turned once more, and walked back into the cabin.

Leaving Daniella shackled between the trees. Her pussy dripping. Her mind floating. Listening for sounds. Wondering what was going to happen next.

Almost immediately, a gentle breeze stirred the branches of the pine trees all around her. Daniella could feel the rustling, as caresses up her thighs, across her belly, almost to her breasts -- then it stopped! A bird twittered, and she felt her nipples being pinched -- so sharply, and yet so lightly. High in the sky, a jet plane flew, and its distant roar vibrated the butt plug in her ass. The staccato of a woodpecker in the distance felt like someone was tickling her underarms.

There was a crunching of dry leaves in front of her. Daniella felt like someone was squeezing her breasts. Crunch. Another squeeze. Crunch, crunch. More squeezing. Realizing her eyes had closed, Daniella opened them, and found herself staring at a squirrel, directly in front of her. Paws upraised, it seemed to be begging. It took a step on the dry pine needles. Crunch. Ohhhhh... her breasts felt so good. Step, hop, hop. Crunch, crunch, crunch. She felt each noise, and her pussy dripped even more. Slave to the squirrel's every move. She spread her thighs just a little wider. Each little crunch squeezed her breasts. Trailed up her thighs. Pushed into her wet pussy.

Behind her, Daniella heard more crunching -- louder, as from bigger feet. Crunch, crunch. Pause. Crunch. It felt like caresses between her shoulder blades, and she wanted to fuck back onto something, she felt so good.

Then the thought hit her. Marking territory? Dogs, and cats... and other animals. Like what... mountain lions? What kinds of animals were around here, anyway? Were they all really scared away by the scent of human urine? What WAS behind her?

The squirrel probably WAS here begging for food. You weren't supposed to feed the wild animals, but some people did it anyway. The squirrel was here, looking for goodies -- was something here after the squirrel?

Hop, hop, step. Crunch, crunch, crunch. Mixed with uncertainty and a little fear, the noises still stimulated Daniella's sex. Her crotch was pumping as she stared at the squirrel, gazing helplessly into its little black eyes, as each crunch played with her pussy. As it got closer and closer to the remote control. Hop, hop. Crunch, crunch. Every crunch, a flick of sensation on her clit! It was going to grab the control! What would it do to her? Would it push one of the buttons?

Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! From behind her, Daniella heard the larger feet move quickly, and the squirrel stood upright, then scampered away. She was about to try to turn her head, to see if she could look behind her, when MzDominica came back out of the cabin, carrying something. Mistress seemed to be looking past her, at whatever was behind her, nodding and smiling. Then she looked back at Daniella, her smile even bigger, and she said one word: "Sleep."

Daniella went into a deep trance.

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Oooh, what is Mistress carrying, you may wonder? Well, you'll find out soon!