

Tuesday, September 9, 2008

Mountains of Rubber, Ch. 4 - Hanging Around

Synopsis: Dan/Daniella is enjoying a weekend of blissful servitude, up in MzDominica's mountain cabin. Hypnotically he/she has been chained between two pine trees, and covered with a suit of black latex. The suit responds to every little noise that goes into a microphone in a remote control, stimulating Daniella's helpless body, each sound a different way. Mistress has gone inside the cabin for a few minutes and returned, carrying something, and has commanded Daniella to drop into a deep trance.

~ Chapter 4, Hanging Around ~

Daniella rose, slowly, up out of the trance. Eyes closed. Mind completely empty and quiet. She was sucking... sucking... sucking... On something. She'd been thinking of MzDominica's pussy. But as she became more awake, the slave realized it was a hard plastic tube. Suck... swallow... suck... swallow... It tasted good. Felt so good, going down her throat.

"That's right, slut. Suck. Drink all your water."

Daniella opened her eyes. MzDominica was holding a big sipper bottle in front of her face.

"It's so easy to get dehydrated, up here in the mountains," she said. "We wouldn't want that to happen, would we, slave?"

Still sucking on the tube, Daniella gently, slowly shook her head "no."

"That's right." Dominica reached down with her other hand, and gently trailed her fingernails up and down the slave's sex, caressing it through the rubber. "We need to make sure you stay all... wet... for Dominica!"

Daniella felt the need to start panting again. But she felt compelled to suck... suck... suck... Finally, a slurping sound announced that she had reached the bottom.

Mistress watched her slave's face closely, as she continued to suck -- even though only air was coming through the tube. "Good girl!" She raised her hand from Daniella's crotch to the side of her face, and lightly stroked her cheek. Daniella could smell the slight scent of rubber on Mistress' fingers. Her eyes closed, and she began to drift again. She hardly noticed it when the tube was removed. Her lips remained pouted into a little "O", and Dominica could see the tip of her pink tongue appear and disappear, still sucking. Sucking on nothing at all. "Very good girl," she said. "Wake up, again, now!" Dominica snapped her fingers, and Daniella instantly jolted awake.

The slave absentmindedly closed her mouth, as she watched her Mistress back off a couple of steps. Dominica stooped and set down the water bottle, still holding something else. She picked up the remote control, stood and looked at the shackled slave, smiling.

"Enjoying the sounds of nature?" she teased. "Hmmm, is this thing on?" Dominica blew into the microphone, and Daniella felt little puffs of air, all over her body. Then Mistress tapped the tips of her red fingernails over the case, like rapidly typing on a keyboard. Daniella felt staccato touches, and pokes, and pin pricks, between her legs, on her back, all over her breasts, up the lengths of her arms. Dominica raked her fingernails over the microphone, and Daniella felt a stroke up her outer thigh, up her ribcage, across her back. Her back arched and her head dropped back, as she let out a little moan.

"It seems to be working," Mistress declared. She stepped close to her quivering rubber slut, and whispered, "But you need more. Don't you?"

Daniella couldn't help nodding her head "yes." Somehow, she couldn't bring herself to speak. But she couldn't resist that word, "more." She always wanted more. Needed more.

"Beg," Dominica commanded. "Beg for more, slut. You are my slave, and you must beg for me to do more things to you."

"Please, Mistress," Daniella found the words tumbling out of her. "Please, take me more. Do more things to me. Make me your whore. Make me please you. Play with my body, and my mind. I beg you, Mistress, please!"

Dominica placed her index finger over Daniella's lips, and the slave fell instantly silent.

"Hold still," MzDominica ordered. "Not that you can do much of anything else!" she chuckled, as she reached up with both hands, over Daniella's head. In a moment, the slave found her head fitted with a set of goggles. "Now, I'm sure you're thinking... No, scratch that..." Dominica began tracing a fingernail around on of Daniella's nipples. Around and around and around. "Thinking isn't something you do anymore, is it... rubber slave?"

Instantly, Daniella began to drop again, helplessly triggered by her Mistress' words.

"Deeper and deeper, rubber slave... You're EXPECTING these to be my programming goggles, aren't you? Go deeper... deeper... You're expecting them to flash pretty, bright, colored lights. Go deeper. And pretty bright words. Rubber slave. Like Obey... Obey... Aren't you, rubber slave? Deeper and deeper..." Dominica reached down, and trailed her fingernail from the edge of Daniella's rubber panties, upward along the middle of her belly, to her navel, wiggling it in her navel, just a little bit. Then upward to her chest, and back to that nipple. Around and around and around.

"But these are different," she continued. "More subtle, but just as effective. A slave of mine created them." Around and around. "To serve me. To always serve me." She stepped back. "Look up at the trees, slave. Look at the tall trees. What do they spell?"

Spell? Daniella was confused. She looked up at the pine tops. All different heights, and thicknesses. Each tree stood straight up in the air, as all pine trees do. Wait... She realized that some of the tree trunks were a little bent. This one curved a little to the left. That one leaned a bit to the right. Two trees seemed to lean toward each other. Nothing was moving... It was just that she seemed to be noticing more details. Was becoming aware of a pattern, that she hadn't noticed before.

MzDominica shifted her stance a bit, and the rustle of leaves carried through the remote control, caressing Daniella's skin, from her toes up her legs, to her dripping sex. Her hips pumped. Just once, slowly. As she continued to gaze at the trees.

Those two -- one straight and tall, one next to it curving a bit to the left. They seemed to make the letter "D". Next to them, two more trees curved toward each other. Making an "O". The next four trees were all straight, but seemed to lean toward each other in pairs, making an "M". Little by little, Daniella realized the trees spelled out the name "DOMINICA" in big, capital letters. How could she not have noticed before?

"You see it, don't you," Mistress stated. "I can tell. Good girl. Now, look at the leaves, and the pine needles on the ground."

Daniella looked downward. At first, the ground covering seemed to have no pattern at all. Just a random jumble of leaves, pine needles, bits of bark -- all dappled with shadows and sunlight shining through the trees overhead. A gentle breeze blew past, making just enough noise to make her feel like she was being massaged, all over, with soft feather pillows. As she kept looking, though, she realized that the pine needles were just like the trees. Some straight. Some curved. Gradually, Dominica's name began to appear everywhere. Spelled out in pine needles. In clumps of leaves. The dappling of sunlight seemed to form groups of dots, dots forming letters, letters spelling Dominica. Daniella looked from one point of the ground to another. Dominica's name was everywhere. In thousands of places on the ground. Plain to see. How could she have missed it?

"That's it girl," Dominica cooed. "Now I want you to keep looking around. Look at everything. Watch my name appear, everywhere you look, in everything you see."

Looking up at her Mistress' face, Daniella realized that even the strands of her hair spelled "Dominica." The shingles on the roof of the cabin spelled "Dominica." Little tufts of grass on the ground spelled "Dominica." The bark on the two pine trees, to which she was shackled. Her eyelids drooped. And her eyelashes spelled "Dominica."

"And every time you see my name, you are going to get more aroused, and feel more obedient. Every time. Every time you see my name!"

Dominica did something to the remote control. Did she just increase the intensity? Daniella felt like her sex was being gently stroked, constantly -- except that her sex seemed to extend from her toes to the tips of her fingers, chained high overhead. Again, MzDominica set the remote control down on the ground, then walked away. Each crunch, crunch, crunch of her feet on the ground made Daniella's hips buck. The leaves in Mistress' footprints spelled "Dominica." The pattern of footprints spelled "Dominica."

Daniella squeezed her eyes shut. Fighting a slight feeling of panic that had mixed in with the lust. Behind her tightly closed eyelids, colored lights flashed and sparkled. They began to cluster, to form shapes. To spell out "Dominica." Her eyes popped open.

She saw Mistress sitting down, not so very far away, in an Adirondack wooden chair, all nice and comfy, from where she could watch her slave, and still easily talk to her. Had that chair been there before? Daniella couldn't remember. The slats of wood in the chair spelled "Dominica." Mistress reached over to a small wooden table, picked up a glass of what looked like iced tea, took a sip, and set it back down. The dark liquid around the ice cubes spelled "Dominica." Mistress reached over again, picked up her laptop, settled it on her knees, and opened the top. Daniella read the name on the lid. "They make Dominica brand computers?" she thought, and giggled a little. The panic began to recede.

Mistress began to type something, and as she did, the clicking felt like thousands of tiny taps, all over Daniella's skin. Some of those taps tickled the hard nub of her aching clitoris. Her hips began slowly rocking, pumping, thrusting, over and over again. She tilted her head back, in sheer helpless pleasure, and looked up at the branches of the pine trees, that rose up on either side of her, up into the sky, framed by her upstretched arms. Every branch, every tuft of pine needles, every glimpse of clear blue sky, spelled her Mistress' name.

Dominica... Dominica... Dominica...

The ringing of MzDominica's cell phone sent little spikes of pleasure/pain into Daniella's nipples. She cried out, briefly, and fell silent again, as Dominica's voice, her side of the conversation, continued to stroke little trails up and down her back and buttocks.

"Well, hello there, sweetie! How are you doing?... Yeah, I just got in last night... Mmm-hmmm. I've got a weekend... Yeah, he's here, too. Taking care of things, as always... Oh, yeah, we'll both be there -- all part of what I have planned... Well, this one's a he, but likes to be a she... Mmm-hmm..." MzDominica looked up at her quivering slave, and chuckled. "Well, she's right in front of me right now. I don't want to spoil the surprise... Oh, I'm sure she'd hear every word... Yeah... Hold on a minute, let me walk inside where I can talk." With that, she set the laptop back on the table, stood up, smiled at Daniella and waved, then walked with her cell phone inside the cabin.

Daniella was left alone, again. Out in the open air, and yet confined. In the distance, a woodpecker was rapidly knocking his beak against a tree. It might as well have been tapping right against Daniella's clit. Her hips were grinding, now, in little circles.

Crunch, crunch, crunch. Was it the sound, or was it the butt plug that felt so good in her ass? The squirrel was back. She looked at the fur on its tail. Over and over again, the little hairs spelled "Dominica... Dominica... Dominica..." It stood up on its hind legs, little hands curled in front. Looking back and forth, nose high, sniffing the air. Daniella spread her legs a little wider, hoping it smelled her dripping pussy, through all that rubber. Hoping it would move again, just a little bit, and make more of those delicious crunching sounds.

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Shackled to the pine trees. Unable to move her legs, unable to move her arms. Forgotten how to talk. Daniella stared at the squirrel, silently begging it to move. She felt so dizzy. She wanted to do anything to make the squirrel move, hop around, make crunching noises on the dry leaves and pine needles. She began gesturing the only way she could -- wiggling her hips, pushing them forward, grinding them, pumping them. The squirrel looked straight at her -- maddeningly still. Those dark, beady little eyes stared back at her, while the animal remained completely frozen. Surrounded by leaves and pine needles, all arranged to spell "Dominica... Dominica... Dominica..." Daniella wiggled her pussy more furiously, spreading her knees. The squirrel made one jerky movement, toward the remote control. It touched something -- but made no sound. The slave groaned in frustration!

And that groan entered the microphone on the remote control. And resounded. And reverberated. And sent little vibrations all up and down Daniella's legs, and arms, and torso. And over her aching pussy, up and down, buzzing and humming, and humming, and humming. Her eyes closed, lost in the thrumming sensations in her cunt. Up and down her arms, over her tits. Gradually, without her having any idea how long it took, the sensations stopped. Daniella's eyes

half opened. Her eyelashes spelled "Dominica." She slowly blinked, and again opened her eyes.

The squirrel was still there. She stared at it, and again began pumping her pussy, wiggling her butt. She swayed her hips to the left, in a deep, sensuous arc. Then back again. Eyes always on the squirrel. It shifted, ever so slightly, staring back at her. And made a tiny chittering sound. Ohhhh, she felt that right on her clit! Then it stopped. She pumped her hips again, hoping to make the squirrel move -- just one more time!

Suddenly, the squirrel bounded off. Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Daniella felt like her pussy was being whipped, and ached for it never to end! Then it felt like she was being spanked. Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Oops!" MzDominica exclaimed, as she stopped clapping. Daniella felt like a long, thick dildo had just skewered her pussy. Dominica chuckled, and Daniella could feel herself being tickled everywhere at once. Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Thump! Thump! Dominica's footsteps, and the sounds of her picking up the remote had Daniella thrashing around, her hips thrusting violently, trying to impale her aching cunt on thin air. One final click of a button, that felt like the crack of a whip across her shoulders, and Mistress had turned off the microphone. Daniella stood between the pine trees, legs spread, arms wide and high, eyes closed, gasping for air.

The caress of Dominica's hand on her cheek brought her to open her eyes again, still panting.

"Such a beautiful, dirty slut," Mistress said. That and the big smile on Dominica's face made Daniella feel so happy. Happy, and completely mindless. "I've never seen such a wonderful kooch dance -- for a squirrel, of all things." She continued to caress Daniella's cheeks. First the right, then the left. "Mmmm.... If I hadn't gotten here sooner, that randy little rodent would probably have had you on the ground, humping your little brains out, wouldn't he?"

The caresses, and the soothing tone of Mistress' voice, sent Daniella deeper and deeper. Drifting. Squirrel? Would she have humped a squirrel? She was trying to remember if there was anything that would have stopped her... The slave's breathing became slower and quieter. Deeper. Relaxing. Swaying gently with each caress. Her eyes opened a little, and she saw Mistress' face. Her mouth curved upward, in a big, sleepy smile.

"Listen to me, Daniella. My pretty Daniella. Daniellaaaaaaa!" Mistress' voice made the slave drift even more. "Watch the black latex, as the black rubber suit recedes. It draws back up your arms. Up your legs. Exposing your skin again. Feel it slide over your shoulders... your back... your big, rubber covered breasts. They suddenly become naked. Feel the weight, as your breasts hang down, no longer supported by the rubber. Feel the cool air on your naked tummy. Just the panties are left. The rubber panties. Holding you so tight. Holding your aching pussy... Holding that beautiful, thick, black, rubber butt plug... So firmly in your ass."

Daniella couldn't help herself. She started panting again.

"Relax, now, Daniella. Let it all go. Become quiet. Drift. Just float here. Just float, for a moment. My pretty girl. Let your breathing slow. Slow and deep. Relax. I am removing the shackles from your hands and feet. Relax. But I am leaving the goggles on. For a little while longer. Let your hands drop now. Relax."

Daniella's arms dropped, loosely. Then she slowly crumpled to the ground in a little heap. Like a puppet, whose strings had been cut -- underwater. Dropping down so slowly. So blissfully happy, drifting. She couldn't tell whether she was lying face up or face down. She opened her eyes, and saw leaves forming the name "Dominica... Dominica... Dominica..." She couldn't tell if they were on the ground or in the trees. Unable to stop herself, she began to wiggle her ass again.

"Mmmmm, my lovely little programmed slut," Dominica cooed. "Wake up, now, Dan. Wake up. Open your eyes!" She snapped her fingers, loudly -- one, two, three times!

On the ground, Dan shook his head, trying to clear it. He wanted to reach up and rub his eyes -- but his arms wouldn't move. Of course, with the goggles in the way, that would have been difficult anyhow. He still saw Dominica's name everywhere he looked. On the ground. In the trees. He realized the pattern of reflections on her satin blouse also spelled "Dominica."

"How are you feeling?" Mistress asked. She towered over him, so tall, standing there next to him, kneeling on the ground. "Are you okay?"

It took a moment for Dan to find his voice. "I'm fine, Mistress," he replied. He found himself grinning, probably looking utterly stupid. "That was an awful lot of fun!" His voice felt scratchy. Dry.

"Mmmm, I can tell, you need some more water," Dominica said, as she ruffled his hair. "And lunch."

Lunch? How long HAD he been chained there between the pine trees? Dan looked up, and felt surprised that he couldn't see any chains dangling from the trunks. The trees with Dominica's name spelled in bark, all up and down and around them.

"Crawl over here," she said, walking toward the Adirondack chair and the table. There was a plate on the table, with a sandwich. And another glass of iced tea. In front of the chair were two doggie dishes -- one with water, and one filled with slices of all kinds of fruit. Bananas, strawberries, oranges, melons.

Dan started to follow, and discovered his arms wouldn't work. He couldn't support himself. He looked up at Mistress, pleadingly, as she turned and sat down in the chair. One shiny booted leg on either side of the bowls. She looked back at him, saying nothing, one eyebrow raised. Dan's hands flopped down on the ground in front of him, and he scooted forward on his knees, lurching toward Mistress' chair. She watched him for a moment, waiting to see if he'd say anything. But Dan pushed himself forward with his legs, hands and elbows flopping on the ground. Shortly, Mistress nodded, then reached over to the table, picked up the sandwich, and took a bite. While she did, she spread her legs, just a little farther apart, shifting the position of her boots, stretching her legs outward. Dan unconsciously inhaled a sharp breath, and began scooting along the ground faster. Soon, he was on the ground at the bowls between Dominica's legs. Awaiting instructions.

"Cannot move your hands, little slut?" Dominica teased. "You don't really need them, for what I'm going to do with you next." She leaned forward, just a little bit. Dan's eyes were torn between trying to look up her skirt and trying to look down her blouse. And those boots, on his right and his left! He began to shiver. "That's right, slave. Scoot forward a little more. You don't need your hands." She leaned over even farther, and whispered hotly, "Just your tongue!"

Dan's hands were beginning to recover some feeling, but still he could barely move them. He shuffled forward on his knees, letting his arms and elbows support him in front, having no control over where they flopped. When he got close enough, Mistress told him, by exclaiming, "Very good -- BOOT SLAVE!!!"

Dan's eyes closed, as he immediately dropped into a deep trance.

"Good... boot slave! Drop deeper... and deeper... Boot slave! See my hypnotic boots, to either side of you! Open your eyes, boot slave! Look at my hypnotic boots."

Dan forced his eyes open. He wanted to look at Mistress' shiny black boots, so much, nothing else seemed to matter.

"Very good! Now... boot slave... keep your eyes open! I want you to lean forward, over the bowl of fruit, and take a bite."

Dan flopped his elbows under him, shifting his weight, until his face was over the doggie dish full of fruit. Looking down, he realized the pieces were arranged to spell "Dominica." In fact, even the crinkles on the little orange section in front of him spelled "Dominica." A big ripe strawberry made him feel so fuzzy, because the seeds seemed to be clustered in little letters, all over the surface, spelling "Dominica... Dominica... Dominica..." As commanded, he opened his mouth, and with his lips and teeth, grabbed the strawberry. He waited, for Mistress' next command.

"Chew it and swallow, little boot slave!"

Dan started shaking, as he slurped the piece of fruit into his mouth, bit into it, tasting its delightful mixture of tartness and sweetness. The crunching of the seeds seemed to make his head vibrate. His eyes began to drift closed again.

"Lick my boot... boot slave!" Mistress commanded.

Dan quickly swallowed the strawberry, and began licking Dominica's nearest boot -- the left one. His tongue ran up from the tip, to the instep. Then further up, next to the lacing. Did they really spell "Dominica"? He leaned forward, trailing his tongue along the inside of her calf...

"Take another bite of fruit, slave" she commanded.

Dan shifted his weight, and brought his face over the bowl again. Without even looking, he bit into the nearest piece of fruit his mouth touched. A slice of banana.

"Chew it. Swallow."

Dan obeyed, trying to remember if his eyes should be opened or closed. The smooth texture of the banana slid down his throat, its vanilla-like scent seemed to cover his face.

"Boot, slave. Lick my boot. The right one, this time!"

Dan shifted again. Though he didn't realize it, he had recovered the use of his arms, and he now placed his hands on either side of Mistress' right boot. His mind felt empty -- and at the same time, stuffed with cotton. So empty, so fuzzy. There seemed to be a buzz between his ears. His tongue trailed upward, his cheek resting against the cool, shiny leather.

"Fruit! Take another bite of fruit, slave!"

Back to the bowl. Dan wasn't even sure what his mouth had grabbed. It was the orange slice. He bit into it, and a squirt of juice shot up onto his face. Dan slurped it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed.

"Boot! Lick my boot. Left one!"

More quickly, this time, Dan brought his tongue to Dominica's leather-covered toes. He could barely keep his eyes open. All he could think of was the smell of the leather, the mental image of its shiny surface. His drool dripped over Mistress' boot, onto the ground.

"Fruit!"

Dan shifted back, took a bite. Chewed. Swallowed.

"Boot!"

Back to the other boot. Lick. His hips were pumping, his cock aching to cum. His mouth kissed Mistress' calf, as his tongue traced upward toward her knee.

"Fruit!"

Down on the ground. Face in the bowl. Bite. Chew. Swallow.

"Boot!"

Up to the left. Tonguing, licking, hips pumping. Panting, now.

"Fruit!"

"Boot!"

"Fruit!"

"Boot!"

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Dan faded into consciousness while he was patting a towel against the rubber panties. He was holding them in one hand, inside out, and blotting off the water. Disoriented, he looked up, and around, and realized he was in the bathroom again. He must have taken another shower. And taken off the rubber panties, to rinse them off. The rubber felt so good. So soft, and squishy, and floppy. Experimentally, he squeezed his thumb and fingers over the front, trying to tell if it really was thicker there than elsewhere. He found himself running his hand over the rubber, feeling that delightful sensation of catch-and-slide, as his fingers trailed over the front.

The plastic container of talcum powder was on the counter top, near the sink. Dan set the panties down, picked up the container, lightly dusted his hands and smoothed the talc all over his thighs, buttocks, and crotch. His fingers wanted to stay at his crotch, slowly stroking the hard shaft that was there. Oh, Goddess, he needed to cum, so bad! He stroked,

and stroked... trying to remember how to cum. How to make that final, little connection, that would let him release. Stroking and stroking, he could feel the pressure building... so close... so close... Then it simply went away. His cock suddenly went limp, beyond his control. Dan was tempted to whimper -- just a little bit. But he could tell, Mistress had plans for him. And he knew, very clearly, he had no choice but to obey.

The black rubber panties were dry, now. Dan turned them right side out, bent over, stepping into them, one leg at a time, and pulled the soft, smooth rubber up his thighs. The panties molded themselves around his cock and aching balls. He began to feel fuzzy, again. So delightfully fuzzy and dizzy...

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"Good girl!"

Daniella heard MzDominica's voice, and realized she was kneeling before her Mistress again, rubber panties so tight, gently massaging her clit. She needed to cum so bad. She needed to obey so bad. She needed to obey. Obey. Obey. Obey.

"Stand up, my little slut. And come sit over here, in front of the mirror. We're going to work on your hair and make up."

Without a thought in her head, Daniella stood, and did as she was told, sitting on the stool in front of the vanity. She gazed into the mirror, only vaguely aware of her reflection -- and it took a moment for her to realize she was no longer wearing the goggles. Because everywhere she looked, she saw Dominica's name. The labels on the jars. The folds and shadows of the scarves. The curtains behind her, reflected in the mirror. Dominica... Dominica... Dominica...

"We're going to get you all pretty... and slutty... For when we go out tonight!"

Daniella's eyes popped wide open.

Out?

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Daniella felt that sense of panic returning. She looked up at Mistress, her eyes pleading.

"Mistress, bla ma na pa bla pah na fah ma nah!"

Dominica's standing form towered over the slave. Daniella didn't realize it, but she had started stroking her nipples. She held one hand on each breast, fingers circling around and around, while her hips started rocking gently, pressing her sex into the seat beneath her. Mistress leaned forward, her breasts jiggling in the satin blouse. Daniella wanted to cum so much!

"What did you say, my little slave?"

"Nah! Mah ng pha wa ba na! Fah! Maf ma na na pha!"

"Such nonsense! You know what it means when you try to speak, and nonsense comes out, don't you? Satinaaaaa! Daniellaaaaaa!"

"Mah!," Daniella replied. Her eyes had started to fill with tears. She shook her head. "Magnh! Fah ka ma! Mmmnnn!" Yet her hands kept stroking her nipples, began gently raking her fingernails over them. Her hips started to buck. She couldn't take her eyes off MzDominica's face. Could not look away from her Mistress's gaze.

"Yes," Dominica soothed. "You know what it means. You start speaking nonsense, rolling your nipples. You can't resist your programming. You just can't help yourself. It means you're trying to resist me. It means you're trying to resist the very thing you want the most. Aren't you... Daniella? Daniellllllaaa! Satiinaaaaa!"

Daniella's eyes were on Mistress' eyes. Then on her mouth, watching as her lips formed words. Then her gaze was somewhere... otherworldly. She looked toward Mistress' face, but her mind drifted, hazy and blank.

"That's right, my little slave. Think back. You can remember. If you try..."

Daniella's hands were stroking furiously now.

"When you arranged this weekend with me... Think now...."

"Nah!" Daniella replied, weakly, staring into space. Staring at nothing.

"You said you especially wanted to overcome your inhibitions..." Dominica continued.

"Mmmpphhhhfftt!" Daniella replied.

"Your reluctance to go out in public... en femme!" Dominica stared, directly into her slave's eyes, her face inches away.

Daniella stared back, lost in the green whirling spirals of her Mistress' eyes. "Mmmnha!" she replied, becoming quieter. Weaker. Her stroking slowed. Slowed. Her fingers came to a stop, just gently holding on. Her hips froze, thrust forward, buttocks so tight, sex straining against the rubber panties. She grew so very quiet. So still. Scarcely breathing. She blinked. Inhaled. Exhaled. Her hips gently relaxed. She blinked again. Breathed quietly another couple of moments, staring into space, her gaze so far away, her face so calm. Her eyes had stopped blinking. "Yes, Mistress," she finally replied. Her voice was barely above a breath. Her hands seemed to drift, as if underwater, down to her lap. Resting palm upwards on her thighs.

Dominica smiled, and trailed a finger down Daniella's left cheek, down her neck. Down to her breast. Circling and circling the left nipple. Daniella's breathing became very slow and deep. Her eyes closed, languidly. Then re-opened. Blinking, finally... in slow motion.

"Good girl, my sleepy slave." Dominica's voice deepened the spell that calmed Daniella's fears. "Let yourself drift, now. Remember, we're actually doing what you want most, in the whole, wide world. Take your time. Enjoy it." She leaned closer and whispered in Daniella's ear. "I KNOW that I will!"

MzDominica took hold of Daniella's shoulders, and gently swiveled her on the stool, away from the mirror. She reached over to the vanity, and from a little box withdrew two disposable gloves of thin latex. Daniella dropped deeper into trance at the sight of the nearly transparent rubber gloves. Then Dominica picked up a jar, and was soon applying a foundation to Daniella's face. The smell of the rubber mixed with the sweet, yet clay-like scent of the makeup. The silky feel of her Mistress' fingers, gliding over her face, made Daniella feel so happy, so obedient, so aroused. Dominica smoothed the cream over her forehead, and around the slave's cheeks and nose, making sure everything was smooth, even, no clumping in those little creases around the nostrils, the bridge of her nose, the corners of her eyes. A gentle brushing of Dominica's hands spread the foundation down Daniella's neck, minimizing the edges of her jaw and chin.

As Mistress began to brush powder onto her face, Daniella found herself trying to remember what had happened at lunch. She remembered herself as Dan, which was confusing enough. But what had happened when she had finished the fruit... when the bowl had become empty? Dan recalled he had begun licking Dominica's boots, up and down, following her command to remove all traces of fruit juice. She had told him to lose himself in the licking. In the bright flashes of light on the smooth, black leather. In the soft, cool feel of her boots against his cheek. To go blank... blank... blank... continue licking, and to listen very, very carefully...

Mistress was brushing blush onto her cheeks, now. Daniella's eyes drifted closed, as she tried to remember. Some commands...? Instructions...? Her face felt so warm. Was there something in the foundation? She felt so hot, and fuzzy, as if she'd been drugged. She wasn't sure any more if the rubber panties were still massaging her sex. Her pussy was constantly pulsing. Throbbing. Her nipples ached. Languidly, her eyes opened, then closed again. She felt the applicator, as MzDominica applied layer after layer of eye shadow to her lids. Mistress' hand brushed Daniella's right nipple, and her mouth dropped open in a gasp.

"Good girl. Open that mouth nice and wide. Now keep it open, but tighten those lips, just a little. In a big, round 'O!'"

Daniella obeyed, her eyes still closed.

"Damn, girl! That looks so delicious, I want to fuck your mouth with a strap-on! Now, hold still!"

Suddenly, she felt Mistress applying lip liner to her stretched upper lips, from the center under her nose, out and down to the left corner. Then again from center, out and down to the right. Then to her lower lips, gently back and forth, the movement lulling her again into a light trance. The sensuous glide of the applicator, not quite tickling. She strained to open her eyes, to see what was going on. And saw Mistress' gloved hand, so close to her face, as she felt the hand

gliding lipstick onto her upper lips, in gentle, little strokes. Then on her lower lip, with longer strokes.

"There!" Mistress declared. She stood up, and swiveled Daniella's shoulders toward the vanity mirror again. "Look at yourself, girl!"

Daniella looked at her beautifully made-up, extremely slutty face. Her eyebrows had been turned into high, rounded arches, making her expression seem slightly vacant. The eye shadow was in three colors, shading from silver to aqua to purple. Eyeliner on her lower lids made her eyes seem bigger, her gaze even more mindless. Her lips were deep red, outlined with an even deeper shade -- almost brown. Were her eyelashes really that long? She couldn't remember Mistress applying false ones. But the slut in the mirror looked ready to do anything. Absolutely anything. That blush in her cheeks wasn't from embarrassment -- but from the heat of naked lust! She squirmed even more on the stool, her fingers rising up to caress her nipples again. A stray thought wondered if the squirrel liked heavy makeup.

"Oh, Goddess, thank you," she said, "I look beautiful!" And then she turned to MzDominica and the words just tumbled out of her mouth. "Please, Mistress, I beg you to let me cum! I need to cum so bad. I think I'm going crazy! Please!"

"Mmmmmm, no cum yet, my little slave!" Mistress replied, chuckling. "Gotta keep you nice and motivated!" She removed the latex gloves, turning them inside out, and dropped them into the nearby trash basket. She handed Daniella a tissue. "Now blot your lips." She waited, as Daniella folded the tissue, brought it to her mouth, pressed her lips around it. The tip of her tongue barely touched the paper, feeling so dry and rough, yet soft. Everything felt so intense! Mistress took the tissue, now marked with a red kiss, and discarded it. "Good girl. Now, turn back to the mirror, and hold still. I have a surprise for you."

Daniella had to struggle to keep her hips from rocking. As she watched, MzDominica opened a big box on the vanity, and took out a wig on a wig stand. To say it was blonde would have been missing the point. While the overall impression was of blonde hair, it was subtly enhanced with streaks of lighter blonde, pink champagne, hints of brown, strands of green, highlights of purple. One look at that hair, and you knew one basic thing about the person under it -- she was here to parrrrr-ty!

The slave panted, repeatedly whispering, "Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God," as Mistress Dominica lifted the wig, and settled it on Daniella's head, tucking strands of the slave's own hair underneath. Mistress adjusted the position, then took up a hairbrush. She lightly brushed and feathered the wig, making it look fuller, larger, more a natural part of Daniella's head. Emphasizing those slutty eyes, the blushing cheeks. Daniella could not stop looking in the mirror. It was all she could do to avoid licking her lips, over and over, knowing that would ruin her makeup.

Dominica leaned close to Daniella's left ear. "Now, my little slut," she whispered, "I want you to put these on." She held her hand in front of Daniella. In it were two gold earrings, with little pearls inset toward the tops. Their design looked innocent enough, until you looked closer. And realized each one looked like an open vagina, with the pearl as the clitoris. Daniella's sex pulsed, so strongly, and she shivered as she picked up the earrings. She had to stop and calm herself to stop the shaking, before putting each earring into the piercings in her ears, first the left, then the right. She couldn't stop thinking about them, wondering who might see, what they might think. Knowing, whatever they thought, that they were probably right -- she was a slut!

"Now, slave," Dominica continued, "I want you to join me in your room again. Walk, this time, instead of crawling. You're going to be walking for the rest of the evening." She smiled, a bit crookedly. "Well, mostly!"

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Daniella felt so strange, so... tall... walking through the cabin. She had arrived, what, only yesterday evening? And had walked in then, when she had brought the luggage into the bedrooms. But she'd been on her knees almost every moment since. It was like returning to a place she had been to only as a child, after growing up into an adult. Everything seemed smaller, lower down. She still felt dizzy. And hot. And so achingly horny. Dressed only in her tight rubber panties and the wig, she walked through the hallway behind MzDominica. Mistress' boots, and the round globes of her ass, made Daniella want to drop to the floor, kneel, beg to lick her Mistress. Standing erect was somehow harder to do than crawling all the time. She craved to crawl. But she had to obey!

She followed Mistress into the bedroom. Mistress turned, sat on the bed, and watched as Daniella entered through the doorway. The slave's knees automatically started to buckle, but she caught herself, before dropping to a kneeling position. She straightened up, and stood, hands quietly at either side. Awaiting Mistress' next command.

"Time to get dressed, now, slave. My sexy bimbo rubber slave." Mistress' words made it so hard for Daniella to think.

"Open the suitcase again, now, and see what I have for you!"

Daniella's skin was tingling. She was shaking again. Panting. It was so strange, looking DOWN at the suitcase. But she knew beyond any doubt that it contained something delightful. She lifted the lid, and found a package of hose, with several other shiny things under it. Before she could look at what was so shiny, Dominica commanded her.

"Open the hose, and put it on. Sit on your pallet, my little rubber slut!"

Resisting the extremely strong impulse to simply drop and crawl, Daniella walked to her pallet, turned, and began to let her bottom sink down. Suddenly, she wasn't sure whether to keep her legs together -- so ladylike -- or to let them spread wide, ankles crossed. She started to try gliding down with her knees together...

"Knees apart, slave!" Dominica commanded. "I want your legs spread open, like the slut you are!"

Daniella obeyed immediately, giggling a little inside her head, because it was easier anyway! She flumphed down onto the pallet, and opened the package. She could tell, the panty hose was dark, and textured. Little lace-like filigrees decorated the surface, all over. Then she looked more closely, and realized those little loops and whorls of the pattern were fancy handwriting spelling "Fuck Me" over and over, from top to toe. She began panting again.

"Like them?" MzDominica asked.

"Oh, Goddess! Where DO you find these things?"

"Maybe I'll tell you, someday. Now, slide them on your legs. I want you to show me how sexy you can be, putting on hose!"

Daniella unwrapped the hose from around the cardboard insert, and began to gather the material of one leg. Sexy, huh? Suddenly, she wanted to show Mistress just how sexy she could be! She teased each inch of hose up onto her thumbs, pulling with her index and middle fingers. A broad smile played over her lips, as she looked up at her Mistress. Inch by inch by inch, gathering up the material into a little donut around her thumbs. She looked up at Mistress again, licked her deep, red lips, and slowly lifted her left leg upward, bending the knee till it was right under her chin. She looked down, inserted her toe into the donut, and then slowly began to extend her leg, out and down, as she let the material play out, and stretched it over her calf. When her leg was completely straight, she looked up again, raised an eyebrow at Mistress, looked down again, tugged the material over her knee, and halfway up her thigh. Then she let go, and stroked her hands up her thigh, one hand on either side. One up to her left hip, one up to her... pussy...

Daniella suddenly felt very dizzy, trying to remember what she was supposed to be doing. Her pussy needed so much attention! She looked down at her leg, encased in dark, patterned panty hose, and noticed the little trail of material next to it. The other leg. That was it. She closed her eyes, almost losing consciousness. Took a breath. Reached down to the little trail of silky material, and spread it open. She began gathering the hose into a donut again. Inch by inch. She wasn't even aware that her mouth was open, panting, gasping for air, breathing more and more raggedly as each inch gathered into a donut between her thumbs. It wasn't intentional that her wrists just happened to brush against her hard nipples. But the touch made her let out a brief cry. She looked up at Dominica with mindless desperation, now, wanting to cum so bad! Looking down. Gathering the hose up, pulling with the fingers, onto the thumbs. She was still gathering when she realized she'd reached the toe.

It took a moment to remember what to do next. Sexy. Yes. Sexy. She slowly lifted her right leg, up past her face this time, and inserted the toe into the hose. Pushing her leg in, pulling the material around, she read "Fuck Me" over and over on the surface of her leg, and her hips started pumping again. She moaned, just a little. Over the knee, the straightening the leg. She paused a moment, getting her bearings. Then began pulling the hose up her thighs, first the right, then the left, stretching, stretching, rocking her bottom back and forth, till the tops were up around her buttocks, up to her waist.

Daniella panted, mouth slack, staring at nothing in particular. Lost in the feel of the silky hose, tight around her legs. All over her calves. Up her thighs. Fuck me. Fuck me. Please, please, please fuck me!

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Only up to her panty hose, so far! Wait till Daniella sees the rest of her ensemble for the evening!

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

Posted by jessicablank at 02:04