

Tuesday, September 9, 2008

Mountains of Rubber, Ch. 9 - Dark and Airless (Conclusion)

Synopsis: Dan/Daniella is enjoying a wonderful weekend of servitude, up in the mountains with MzDominica. Sunday morning, Mistress kept Daniella in a deep brainwashing trance while letting the slave watch close up, as Dominica took the long laces from a friend's leather outfit, tied little bumps in one cord, and masturbated herself to an intense orgasm. She then sent Daniella to the bathroom, with orders to put on the remote-controlled rubber panties and present herself for further orders.

~ Chapter 9, Dark and Airless ~

Daniella reached the bathroom on her hands and knees, her body feeling so heavy, her mind so empty. She crawled through the door into the bathroom, and suddenly felt light, like a balloon. Like a leaf, being blown upwards by a warm, summer breeze. She felt, not so much like she was standing up, as that she was floating. Rising, not through any will or effort of her own. Her body simply responding to outside forces, completely beyond her control.

She looked into the mirror, but scarcely noticed what it actually reflected. Instead, she saw with her mind's eye. She reached up to the long, blonde hair she saw reflected in the mirror, and curled her fingers into the tresses. Stroking her hand downward, all the way past her shoulders, combing her hair with her fingers, Daniella could feel the long strands between her fingers. Both hands reached up and cupped her round, firm breasts, squeezing them. She gently tugged at both nipples, with thumbs and forefingers, and her eyes drifted closed at the sensation. Her pussy was getting so hot and wet!

Pussy... wet... that was right... Daniella remembered she needed to get ready. Needed to take a long, emptying pee and then get back into those rubber panties for Mistress. The thought of the soft rubber, caressing her clit made her drift even more for a moment. But the urge to obey was rapidly becoming stronger than her need to drift and play with her aching nipples. Obey... obey... obey... She saw Dominica's booted legs in front of her, felt herself kneeling on the floor looking up at them. She could feel Mistress' hands on her shoulders, pushing her down, forcing her into a seated position on the toilet, her body tilted forward, her ass pushing the base of the butt plug firmly against the back of the seat. She could hear Mistress voice ordering her to release!

Daniella's mind dropped even deeper into trance, as she continued to play with her nipples, her lower body entirely beyond her control, all sensation but her nipples lost in the trance. She heard Mistress' words over and over, telling her to drop deeper, sink deeper, obey, calling her name Daniee!!!!laaaaaaa! Mistress' voice said a special trigger word, and Daniella's mind blanked out completely, forcing her to obey. Her belly and bladder clenched tightly, expelling every tiny drop -- while the butt plug remained firmly pressed into her ass.

Feeling dizzy, Daniella began to awaken. Slowly. Flashes of light sparkled in her head. Her hands tingled as they began to relax, no longer pinching her nipples so firmly. Her eyes opened, and stared at nothing for a few moments. Then she reached up with one hand, like a robot, pulled a few sheets off the tissue roll, and wiped her pussy. She stood up, reached back, flushed -- and the sound of the rushing water woke her up further. Enough to realize... enough to realize she had a task to perform.

The panties. The rubber panties. Where had she left them? She remembered showering with them -- oh, had she left them in the bathtub, all wet on the floor? Daniella started to walk across the room, ready to draw back the shower curtain -- and noticed that the rubber panties were resting on a small towel on the counter top, next to the plastic bottle of talcum powder. The panties were clean, dry, and ready to put on.

The slave couldn't remember doing this. She began to wonder when MzDominica might have... No, she wouldn't be doing menial tasks like this, there had to be... The shiny rubber of the panties looked so soft and smooth and squishy. Daniella picked up the panties, and trailed her fingers over the black surface, feeling it slip and catch, slip and catch, against her skin. She lifted the panties up to her face and inhaled. They still smelled like new rubber, somehow. The surface touched her cheek, and the sensation felt like a command, to obey MzDominica... obey MzDominica.

It was so hard to set the panties down, so she could shake talcum powder out of the bottle, spread it around her bottom and upper thighs, and around her pussy. But as soon as she was done, Daniella had the thrill of again picking up the rubber panties, touching them, feeling them -- stepping in and feeling them slide up her legs. Tugging and pulling,

patting the rubber smooth against her skin. The slave looked at her shiny, black rubber-covered bottom in the mirror, and gave it a wiggle. Then she looked into her own eyes, and gave herself a wink and a big smile. Certainly, she was a pretty little rubber whore for her Mistress!

And that thought made her feel so heavy! Her knees seemed to buckle, in slow motion, and Daniella dropped to the floor, again on her hands and knees. Her head and shoulders seemed to be magnetized, pulled, drawn out the doorway. She crawled -- eyes unfocused and unblinking -- she crawled out the bathroom door, down the hallway, into her room. The magnetic pole was here -- right in the middle of the floor, in front of the four-poster bed. Daniella's head slowly bent down, down, down until her forehead touched the floor, touching that magnetic pole. And she waited, mind empty and blank. No time passed. A thousand years passed. It did not matter. The universe was empty without Dominica's presence.

Daniella was instantly aware when Mistress walked into the room -- and yet remained blank, unthinking, frozen in position. Her eyes open, staring at the floor, she was able to just catch a glimpse in her peripheral vision of Dominica's feet as she walked past. No boots this time, the slave had seen bare skin. And toes. That registered in her otherwise empty mind -- but Daniella could not contemplate anything further. All she knew was that Mistress had returned, and the universe existed again.

There was a sound -- it was Dominica sitting on the bed. There was a sensation of touch -- it was the back of her head being stroked. There was a command -- it was Mistress' voice.

"Look up, rubber... slave..." Dominica commanded.

Daniella shifted her weight back, and smoothly -- quickly -- tilted her head and torso upward, so she could gaze up at her Mistress. Her breath caught as she saw Dominica's feet, in sandals this time. Then her eyes trailed up the smooth, shiny legs, to Mistress' knees, to her ample breasts... look up... look up... the slave obeyed, and her eyes rose higher... to Mistress' shiny red lips... and finally to her deep, green eyes. Caught in the swirling of those beautiful green eyes...

"Do you know what day this is?" MzDominica asked.

The slave started to say "No," but found herself reluctant -- possibly even unable -- to form the word. Something shifted pathways in her brain, and she replied, "I do not, Mistress."

"It's Sunday," Dominica said, "and it's time to get ready to go home."

Daniella wasn't quite sure what any of these words meant. Days didn't matter, and home was anywhere near Mistress. She stared up at Dominica, face blank, mind blank, awaiting instructions.

"Time to wake up, babi," Mistress commanded. "Wake up!"

Dan felt the haze in his mind quietly disappear, like fog blown away by a sudden breeze. He still looked up at Dominica with worshipful eyes, but he now understood the meaning of her words. "Sunday already?" His voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes, little slave," Dominica said, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, Mistress," Dan replied. "But I can hardly believe it's already Sunday! I lost all track of time."

"Mmmmm, but did you enjoy it?" Mistress trailed a finger down Dan's cheek.

The sensation triggered Dan into a light trance again. So hard to think. "Yes, Mistress," he said, as if in a dream. "You have been so wonderful to me, Mistress Dominica!"

Dominica snapped her fingers. "Wake up!" she said, laughing. "You need to get dressed." She pointed to the pallet on the floor. "All your things are there. Get up. Put them on -- OVER the rubber panties. Make sure nothing is missing. I'll be back in a couple of minutes, and I expect to find you back on the floor, kneeling here, ready to go. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Dan replied, bowing his head to the floor. Before he could rise again, Dominica had already left the room.

He stood up, realizing his knees were sore again, and walked over to the pallet. He remembered arriving Friday night,

his cotton pants soaked with pre-cum from the ride up, and felt a little uncomfortable at the idea of putting them back on, the stain on front for all to see. But when he picked up his clothes, he noticed that they had been freshly laundered, and even folded! His wallet and other belongings were in a little stack, between his folded clothes and his loafers. There was definitely someone... um... The thought escaped him. Mistress was coming back in a couple of minutes, he needed to hurry.

No time for the panty hose. No need for the satin panties. Those things he stuffed into a pocket of the overnight bag. Dan pulled the pants up his legs, fastened them. Put on the bra, backwards. Hooked it, pushed it around his chest, then looped his arms into the straps. Fairly flew into the shirt. Pulled on the socks, slipped into the shoes. Hurry. Get ready. Need to be ready. He shoved the wallet and other things into his pockets. He checked the overnight bag, and all his toiletries had been neatly packed inside. Everything seemed to be there.

Just as Dan started to think about... something... he heard MzDominica's footsteps down the hall, coming closer. A last, quick check of everything -- and he noticed the big suitcase, on the floor next to the bed, opened. There was only one thing in it -- but he had no time to look and see what it was. Dan's legs seemed to just collapse under him, and he dropped into his kneeling position again, forehead touching the floor, eyes closed.

Step... step... step... MzDominica walked slowly into the room. Dan could hear her pause. He opened his eyes, and looked to his left, where he could see Mistress' legs, as she turned around, as if surveying the room for a last time, making sure everything was ready. Finally, she walked over to the bed, and sat down again.

"Good girl," Mistress said, approvingly. Dan's bottom wiggled, and a big grin spread over his lips, though his head was still firmly pressed against the floor. "Now, Daniella... Dannnniiiiieeeeellllllaaaaaa! I want you to drop for me again. Just a light, rubber femme trance for now. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Daniella replied, her voice high and melodic again.

"Before we drive back, we have one more thing to do... to get you ready..." She lifted the remote control, waving it back and forth, in a gentle figure-eight. "Just one more thing... my little rubber slave. Stand up, Daniella."

The slave smoothly arose from her kneeling position.

"That's right, now stand right there, a minute, while I make an adjustment." Mistress stood, reached into Dan's pants.

Daniella could feel Mistress' fingernails trail a long, slow caress up her clit, teasing the tip. Then Dominica backed away, and clicked a button on the remote control.

"Can you feel that, my rubber slave?"

Daniella felt something, but wasn't quite sure what.

"That gentle rubbing against your pussy? Just the tiniest bit. Like the sensation of a gentle breeze, blowing on your skin. So gentle, you're not even sure it's there. Only when it stops, are you aware that it even happened. But this rubbing does not stop. Do you feel it?"

The slave could only just tell, that something was happening inside the rubber panties. She didn't want to lie, so she replied, "I think so, Mistress."

"That's all right, if you're not certain -- because it's very, very gentle. Right now. Very very gentle. Like a feather. Like a caress. Like a whisper. You almost cannot feel it."

"Yes, Mistress," Daniella said.

"But it's set to get stronger -- very, very gradually. Minute... by minute..." Dominica leaned toward Daniella, so the slave could smell her perfume. "It's going to get stronger... and stronger... A feather. Then a caress. Then a rubbing. Then a squeezing. Then throbbing and humping -- almost scratching, it will be so intense."

Daniella was beginning to pant.

"And it will take the length of our entire drive back, to reach full intensity. Do you understand, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Daniella could feel her nipples tautening inside her bra, hurting so bad. But her pussy, as yet, could still feel only the faintest whisper of stimulation.

"Now, slave, reach into the suitcase, and pull out the last of my little toys!"

Daniella turned, reached in, and found a plastic bag with two things inside it -- a black rubber dildo with a long, clear plastic tube sticking out of it, and a set of tiny earphones connected to a little box.

"Pull them out, slave, and hand me the dildo," Mistress commanded. Daniella did as she was told. "Now, put the earphones in your ears." She did. "Click the little switch on the box." Daniella found the button and her finger pushed it to one side. Then Mistress pressed a button on the remote and spoke into its microphone. "Can you hear me through the earphones?" she asked. Daniella could. Feeling confused, she only nodded. "That's good, slave." Dominica released the button. "Now, see the little strap on the box? That goes around your neck, like a necklace. Put it on." The box hung from Daniella's neck like a rectangular pendant.

Dominica held up the dildo, trailing the long plastic tube down onto the floor. She waved the dildo back and forth in front of Daniella's eyes, watching her gaze tracking the shiny, black tip. "You're wondering what this is for, aren't you? Go deeper, now, slave. Deeper... deeper... watch the dildo... Obey... Deeper... Feel your mouth so empty, Daniella. Danieeeeeelllllllaaaaaa! Deeper and deeper..."

The slave began to sway gently back and forth, in time with the dildo. She licked her lips, parted them, gently bit her lower lip. Looking at the thick, black shiny rubber. She was hoping...

"Deeper... blank... obey... deeper... blank... blank... blank..."

All thoughts had stopped in Daniella's head, caught on that moment of hoping the dildo would go in her empty, empty mouth. She watched it sway back and forth, jaw slack, her mouth slightly open. Open... open...

"Open your mouth, slave!" Dominica's command seemed to echo in Daniella's head. Her mouth opened, and her tongue flattened down, ready to receive the thick, rubber invader. MzDominica commanded, "Stick out your tongue! Lick it. Get the tip all shiny and wet!" Daniella's tongue circled around and around the tip, over her lips, kissing the tip, licking into the little cleft at the tip, where there was a small hole. "That's enough. Now, open, babi. Take it in!" Daniella's tongue dropped back to the floor of her mouth, and the fat dildo slid easily through her lips. She started sucking automatically, and found that air came through the hole in the tip.

Then suddenly, Daniella felt her nostrils squeezed shut. At first she thought it was Mistress' fingers, but as Dominica's hand pulled away, the slave realized she now had a little swimming clamp over her nose. Her only air came through the dildo.

"Good girl," Dominica said. "Suck. Suck in that air, slut. You're going to need to get used to it, because this is the only air you're going to breathe, all the way back home." She held up the other end of the plastic tube, and gently pressed her thumb over the end.

Suddenly, Daniella could get no air! She sucked, and her eyes went wide. She could neither inhale nor exhale. Several seconds passed, while she stared back and forth between Dominica's face and her hand on the end of the tube, while Mistress watched Daniella's face intently. Suddenly, MzDominica released her thumb, and Daniella inhaled through the dildo, feeling a little panicked. But nothing entered her head, except to obey.

"VERY good girl," Dominica cooed. "Now, Daniella... Dannnniiiiieeeeeelllllllaaaaaa! Now the suitcase is all empty. So there's plenty of room..." She stared deeply into the slave's wide, mindless eyes, and gave the command, "Get in!"

The slave's eyes grew even wider. She looked down at the suitcase, panting through the dildo, and back at Mistress. The suitcase was big -- but even so, it looked too small, even for a very tight fit!

"You're thinking it's too small for you, aren't you?" Dominica caressed Daniella's cheek. "That's the problem -- thinking. You do not think! All that programming, and still sometimes I have to remind you... You do NOT think. You obey. You obey. You only obey... Dannnnieeellllla! Feel yourself shinking. Of course you will fit. Shrink... smaller and smaller..."

Daniella looked up at MzDominica, realizing that now she was looking up from below.

"See yourself only as high as my shoulders... shrink... Only as high as my breasts... shrink..."

Daniella gazed straight forward, and saw Dominica's breasts, the mermaid/fairy tattoo on Mistress' left breast exactly level with her eyes.

"Smaller and smaller and smaller... shrink... Only as high as my tummy... Just the right height. Stop here. Just the right height. Look up, into my eyes, babi. Look up at me."

Daniella looked upward into Mistress' eyes, calmly now. Breathing calmly through the dildo. The whispered caress against her pussy was getting stronger, and her hips were beginning to rock. She saw Dominica's thumb cover the end of the tube again.

"It makes you want to cum, doesn't it?" Dominica teased. "When I control even the air you breathe, it makes you want to cum."

The slave felt the seconds tick by, her need for air growing with her need to orgasm. Then, just as both the ache in her lungs and the ache in her pussy were starting to turn to desperation, Dominica lifted her thumb again. Daniella sucked in a deep breath of air through the dildo.

"That's right. Breathe... breathe... You cannot cum, yet. I'll tell you when you have permission. I'll tell you when." Again, Mistress pointed at the suitcase. "Now, get in."

Daniella stepped into the suitcase, and remained standing inside, still sucking on the dildo and looking up at MzDominica. The end of the plastic tube trailed out of the suitcase to Mistress' hand.

"That's right, Daniella. Now, close your eyes."

The slave's eyes dropped tightly shut.

"Your eyes will not open again until we arrive home, and I take you out of the suitcase. Do you understand? Grunt once for yes, and twice for no."

"Unggh!" Daniella replied.

"Good girl!" The slave's bottom wiggled, past all conscious control. "Now, lie down in the suitcase. Curl up, like a little baby. That's right. Now feel the lid close over you, and hear me zip it closed."

Daniella heard the zipper, and then heard the earphones come to life again, as Mistress continued to talk to her.

"Just the tube sticks out of the suitcase, babi. Just the tube, that brings you all of your air. Your only air. Under MY control. Are the panties massaging your pussy nicely, now, babi?"

Daniella grunted once. Enclosed in the suitcase, confined in darkness, all she knew was the constant caressing of her pussy, the air she breathed, and Mistress' voice.

"We're going, now, babi. Feel yourself being lifted up in the suitcase, and loaded into the van."

The sensations of shifting weight, of finding herself pressed against one side of the suitcase, made Daniella feel even more like an object. She heard the slamming of the van doors, muffled, through the suitcase and the earphones. She felt, more than heard, when the engine started up, and the vibrations of the motor added to the growing vibrations in her pussy. The gentle rubbing was becoming more insistent now.

Another shift in her weight as the van backed out of the driveway, and then a pressure against her head, as the vehicle turned. She felt herself slide a little in the suitcase as the van accelerated, and began driving down the road, toward home.

"Are you doing okay, back there, babi?" Dominica's voice asked.

Daniella grunted a yes. Suddenly, she wondered if she'd be able to grunt "no," if she needed to. The rubbing against her clit felt sooooo good. She let out a happy, little moan.

"Sounds like you're doing VERY well, back there, you little slut," Mistress teased. "I bet you'll like this, too!"

And suddenly, Daniella's moans stopped -- because she could no longer breathe in or out through the dildo. Her ass began to clench around the butt plug, and she began pumping her hips against the panties -- though it made no difference, since they were attached to her hips.

"Closer and closer and closer to cumming." MzDominica's voice was more exciting than the butt plug, or the panties. "Hmmm, I think I'm going to give you a LITTLE taste of an orgasm."

Daniella was beginning to see flashes of light in the darkness. She began to wiggle, involuntarily, struggling for air.

"CUM!" Mistress commanded. Then "STOP!" she said, and released her thumb off the air tube.

Daniella panted through the dildo, moaning with every time she exhaled. Were the rubber panties fucking her, now? She couldn't get her mind off them. The van followed a curve in the road, and pressed her feet against one side of the suitcase.

"Mmmm, good girl," Dominica said. Daniella's hips pumped again, hard. "I can tell, you're having a really good time."

The van swerved the other way, and Daniella's head became pressed against the suitcase. The panties throbbed and scraped against her pussy, spreading the labia ever so slightly, and pushing in between them. Teasing her relentlessly with an impalement that she could not have. She slid inside the dark suitcase, her feet touching the side, as the van swerved again, and the air cut off. She wanted to cum so bad. All attempts to breathe were becoming less important than pumping her hips, trying to get the rubber panties inside her aching pussy.

"CUM/STOP!" Dominica commanded, and released the air again.

Inside the suitcase, Daniella squealed, her whole body wiggling. Her tongue scraped forward and back, forward and back, on the underside of the thick dildo, while she pumped her hips. Holding her breath, and pumping.

"Are you all right back there, pretty girl?" Dominica asked.

"Unggh!" Daniella almost screamed, remembering to breathe again. She began moaning, as the panties began to get rougher with her. Feeling like sandpaper. Like a man's face with a day's growth of beard. Like a hair brush. Scraping and rasping against her labia and clit. She squealed, and pumped her hips, and wiggled her ass, trying to push it against the side of the suitcase, trying to get the butt plug in further. The van swerved, making her slide again, and she moaned in frustration. It felt like her pussy was being spanked, now. Whipped. She hardly noticed when her air cut off again. She spread her legs as wide as she could, inside the confined space. Trying to open her pussy further. Hips rocking.

The van stopped, pressing Daniella's back against the side of the suitcase, and she heard Mistress' command.

"Cum, slave, cum! Cum! Cum, slave, cum! Cum now, you little whore! You little slut!"

Daniella pumped, and thrashed, and saw fireworks behind her dark, sealed eyelids. Wave after wave of orgasm rolled and crashed through her. Mistress opened the air passage again, and Daniella's voice resumed its moans and squeals and sobs.

"Cum! Cum again! And again. And again. Cum! Cum! Cum, slave, cum!"

The air cut off again, and Daniella suddenly shot to another intense set of waves, while it felt like her pussy was being sawn in half. The air returned, and her moans were of joy and despair, pleasure and pain, mixed together -- not caring what happened, not caring who heard. No thoughts in her head, just the blinding orgasms in the deep darkness. Not being able to stand it another second, yet wanting it never to end.

And the air cut off again. Daniella's hips jerked and heaved.

"Cum! Cum! Cum!" The air returned. And the stimulation from the panties subsided. "Cum... cum... cum..." Daniella continued to buck, though more and more gently. Legs pressed together. "Cum... relax... cum... relax... cum..." The waves were tiny, now. Like gentle caresses, THROUGH her body. Like deep breathing. Like waves of sleep. "Relax... relax... cum... relax... relax..." Daniella dropped into a deep, deep sleep.

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Dan watched the black rubber glove swing back and forth... back and forth... Then heard a snap of MzDominica's fingers, and the command to awaken.

He looked at Mistress across the cafe table, feeling a little disoriented. Not quite remembering how he'd gotten here. The glass of Chablis in front of him was half-full, though the one in front of Dominica was empty.

"Do you feel okay?" she asked, gently.

It took a moment for Dan to find his voice. "Yes, Mistress." He lifted his hands, and looked at his arms. Somehow, he found himself a little surprised to be wearing the same cotton shirt he'd been wearing before -- but there was no reason to think he should be dressed any differently.

"Feeling a little confused?" Dominica asked. "Aw, but you're so endearing that way," she teased.

"Yes, well..." Dan wasn't sure what to say next, except, "Thank you, Mistress."

"You are very welcome, slave." She looked down at Dan's feet, then up into his eyes. "Dan, I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Mistress?"

A big grin spread across her face, as she continued, "Your shoelace is untied."

"My shoelace?..." Dan bent over and started to look down, as he said, "But I'm wearing loafers..." and discovered the cord, wrapped several times around both his ankles, and tied like a shoelace. "Is this...?" He looked up -- but MzDominica was gone.

Dan leaned over again, undid the bow, and unwrapped his ankles. The cord had little knots in it, about one inch apart. Could it be...? He curled the cord into a little tangle in his hand, lifted it to his nose, and inhaled deeply. The scent of MzDominica's pussy was unmistakable. His mind started to drift, enjoying the scent...

"Will Madame be wanting anything else?"

It was the waiter Raoul, again. Dan couldn't help wondering just how much this guy knew... or suspected. He decided to be diplomatic.

"Um, no, Madame has just left -- and I'll be going, too." In a few minutes, he had paid the tab, left a tip he hoped was neither too big nor too small, picked up his overnight case, and caught a cab home.

The driver saw the knotted cord in Dan's hand, that he continually ran through his fingers, and occasionally brought to his lips. People often have such things. They are called fetishes. If the cabbie only knew...

In his apartment, Dan began to wonder just how much of his weekend had actually taken place, or whether most of it had occurred inside his mind, under MzDominica's hypnotic direction. A quick check of the TV confirmed that it was indeed Sunday. He walked into the bathroom and undid his pants to take a leak.

And discovered the black rubber panties.

With a padlock.

Fortunately, THIS time it was a combination lock. But clearly, MzDominica had intended him to call, and beg for the combination.

Dan stood in his living room, dressed only in the rubber panties. Pushing the numbers on his phone, he felt -- yes, irritated -- but also tickled and intrigued, at the same time. He was already quietly laughing at himself when MzDominica picked up the phone and said, "Hello, slave!"

"Hello, Mistress! This is Dan... um, Daniella... I..."

"I think I know why you have called, my little rubber slave..." Mistress replied.

Dan felt the trigger phrase completely derail his train of thought, as he began to drop into a light trance.

"You called because you need some numbers from me, don't you?" she teased.

Dan's train got back on the rails. "Um, yes, Mistress. I was very happy to get your little souvenir..."

"You mean the one I tied you up with, rubber slave...?"

"I... um..." Dan shook his head. "Yes, Mistress. Thank You. It is beautiful, and the gift of Your scent upon it is a gift that I..."

"My little rubber slave sounds happy, but confused. Mmmmm. Good girl!"

Daniella answered, feeling like a helpless little girl. "Please, Mistress. I beg you to tell me the combination for the lock!"

Mistress answered slowly, "Certainly, babi. But first, I have a question. How quickly do you need those panties removed? I mean... hmmm... on a scale of one to ten, just how badly do you need to pee, right now?"

Daniella felt the floor dropping out from underneath her -- and yet, she was getting excited at the same time. "Um... seven..." she answered.

"Only a seven," Mistress replied. "Good. Then we have time for some fun, first."

Over the phone, Daniella heard MzDominica chuckle. The slave gently dropped from a standing position to one sitting cross-legged on the floor, her gaze becoming unfocused. Her free hand started to play with her nipples, tweaking them. Left... then right... then left again... As she listened to MzDominica tell her about Bimbo Suzie, who just likes being sexy for Mistress, and can't be bothered with silly things... like numbers.

A broad smile spread across Daniella's face, as her mind became so deliciously empty... and so very happy!

~ The End ~