

The Blind Servant

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

SEARCHING FOR THE PART

Jack was always attracted to power. And even though he was just 28 years old, he had already gained a good amount of it. The kind of power that had made him rich enough to own a very comfortable condo downtown. From the 12th floor he could look down at all the poor, weak souls that could never reach him and his status. He always felt like a king whenever he looked down that balcony.

If it was something he cherished with the same passion, it was order. He had, since he could remember himself. There was a certain ritualistic nature to his day, and he honored it diligently. After his morning espresso, with exactly 20 grams of coffee and only a thin layer of foam, he would head out to work at precisely 8 a.m. At 5 p.m., he would leave work and head to a nearby swimming pool, to exercise and calm his nerves. At 6:30, he would return home, and, if no social gatherings were in store (purely for business reasons), he would cook a nice, eclectic meal for himself. The schedule was set. Meat or fish for three days of the week, vegetables the other three, legumes or pasta the last one. Then he'd relax in front of the large, flat-screen TV of his living room, with a cold beer and later, maybe, a glass of whiskey.

But power, as with most things, becomes apparent and meaningless after a while. Jack was starting to feel jaded. And the cure for that feeling was simple. More power, more complete and more vicious. As a result, a project entered into development a few months ago. He knew the right people that could help him, no questions asked, after a generous offer. All he needed was the right subject. And on that day, as he sat sipping his drink, he looked down on a certain photo on his phone, then pressed "send". He smiled with satisfaction.

GETTING THE PART

A cute, 24 year-old girl also had a big smile stuck on her face, when she returned home from the swimming pool. Today was her day-off and she knew how she wanted to spend it. The water always made her feel rejuvenated and energetic. Her name was Eve. She was a shy, but gorgeous young woman, with silky, dark hair and beautiful, blue eyes. Her body was thin and athletic. She loved horse riding and shoe shopping and took every chance her schedule gave her, to do either. Even though those chances were rare nowadays, it was worth it. Working at a 2-Michelin-star restaurant, at such a young age, was a sign that her dream of becoming a famous chef was on the right track. Everyone was always mentioning how talented and creative a cook she was, and her friends and family never missed a chance to taste her delicious creations.

As Eve entered her apartment, she let out a sigh. "Again with the garbage..." she murmured "Why does she have to throw everything on the floor?" Her roommate worked at nights and was rarely at home when Eve got back. They went along fine, but the mess she would occasionally leave, drove Eve mad. After she cleaned up after her roommate for the hundredth time, she fell on the couch, exhausted from a hard but rewarding day. Her eyes begun closing, and she slowly drifted into sleep, still in her work clothes.

Asleep as she was, she didn't hear the turning of the key lock. Black clothes, black gloves, black hood. He is a professional. He knows that the target is alone, since the target's roommate is scheduled to be at work. He glances into the living room, to find the girl, vulnerable, resting on the couch. His job would be even easier than he thought. He gently walks behind the girl and swiftly pins her head against the couch's back with his hand, muffling any attempts at a call for help, at the same time.

Eve's eyes shot wide opened! She starts screaming, but little sound escapes. She flails her arms and legs, but the man's grip is strong. She feels a sharp stink on the side of her neck, and collapses unconscious once again.

LOOKING THE PART

Eve opens her eyes, or at least she thought she opened them. "Why is everything so dark? I am awake, aren't I?" Wherever she is, there is not a hint of light. A feel of general pain and discomfort lingers on her body. As Eve tries to move, she discovers she is bound by her ankles and wrists. She then realizes she is strapped on a frame, positioned upright and slightly backwards. Her limbs spread on its four corners and her head immobile by a rope tied on her hair, she can't free herself, even though she pulls on the straps with all her power.

The young girl starts to panic, she tries to scream, to call for help, to ask where she is, but to her surprise, no words leave her mouth. Only a faint, guttural sound is heard, so weak that no one would hear it, even if they were in the same room. "What happened to my voice!?!?" Eve cannot hold her cool anymore, and starts sobbing and struggling hysterically against her bonds.

"That, although completely pointless, was a joy to watch".

Eve is startled. "Where is this voice coming from?" She hears a soft, calm, male voice, but she can't locate it. Then she notices that two ear-plugs have been placed in her ears. "Your transformation is ready to begin, and i want you to experience it at its fullest. It's the reason i'm not drugging you right now." Who was that crazy man who was addressing her? What did he mean by "transformation"? Eve was now so scared she had begun trembling and breathing heavily.

A strong light flashed, pointed straight on her. Eve took a few seconds to adjust to the sudden change then looked down to see she was completely naked. She felt utterly vulnerable, as if the bondage wasn't enough.

Then, she saw a silhouette in front of the light. It was holding something, it looked like a mask. But... something was wrong with it, it had a long projection, way too big to be a nose, Eve thought.

"This is your new face. It is very pretty, i think, and this attachment here, well, it's a...sort of replica, a pretty accurate one if i may say so" Jack said and, although she couldn't see him, Eve could tell he was smiling as he said those words. "The glue that has been applied to your face will react with the one applied on the mask, forming a rigid substance, basically, sealing it permanently. I wanted you to know this, but we better not waste any more time" and with that he slowly approached her, holding the sinister mask. As it moved closer to her face, Eve was now able to see every detail of the long phallus, and understood its purpose. This was a model of his penis! It was thick and even a bit veiny. The head

was swollen, like it was ready to explode with orgasm at any moment. Eve tried to turn away as the mask was now eclipsing most of the light behind it and was only inches away from her face.

But it was impossible. The rope held her hair, and subsequently her head well in place. Tears begun streaming from her eyes, at the thought of her face being lost forever. She started screaming again, in vain, just like last time. As she was screaming, the hands pushed the mask and the phallus reached her mouth and slid inside, before she could have the chance to seal her lips. It moved down her throat, then further down, until the mask was pressed on her tender flesh, her nose, her cheeks, her chin, her forehead, and lastly over her eyelids, cutting all light from her. It also covered her ears completely, which only increased the bound girl's panic. This simple piece of plastic had taken everything from her. She couldn't smell, see, hear, or speak anymore.

As the phallus inside her mouth starts to rub against the walls of her gullet, Eve's gag reflex acts up. "I am choking, i can't breathe!!" she panics again. But...she CAN breathe. That is so weird. No air is coming neither through her mouth nor her nose. But she can breathe quite comfortably.

"Your throat is still adjusting to the changes. Your gag reflex will still react, but for a few days only, till you get used to your new face."

"Although your mask cuts all sound and light, the ear plugs placed behind it enable you to hear me as clearly as possible." Jack continued, as Eve was choking on the large, hard cock bruising the back of her throat. You have many new things you need to learn. Mainly, you will learn everything you need to know about me. Because if you know who i am, you know what my needs are, and in doing so, you're able to serve me. I have a name, but that is none of your concern. For you, i am simply your Master, and your sole purpose in life from now on is to make me happy."

Eve tried to take all this new information in, with not much success. Her heart was pounding like crazy, unable to cope with her current state. Jack explained in detail all the changes that had been and would be done to her. A laryngectomy had been performed, silencing her forever. She could only breathe through a small hole in the base of her neck. As the man explained the procedure, Eve started crying and jerking around in her bonds, yet again. "You bastard! I'm going to kill you!" she tried to utter but even if her talking ability was intact, her gaping, filled mouth wouldn't help much.

But, besides the switch of her breathing canal, the most interesting additions were Eve's mask and outfit, which also signified her new role as Jack's servant.

FEELING THE PART

For a start, the mask, which covered Eve's face completely, was a porcelain-white color, even though the material itself was a special polymer, unbreakable with common tools. Its only features were a small protrusion like a cute little french nose and some lightly carved eyes, in a pointed oval shape, expressionless and cold. The most sadistic part though, was the phallus secured snugly down her throat. Except from being in measurement to Jack's actual 7.5-inch member, the phallus was actually attached to a nook, so it could be removed and re-attached at any point, without relieving poor Eve's throat from the penis-gag. At the inner end of the nook was a small button, which, when pushed, mechanically opened a small hole on the nook's end. These would be useful for her feeding, as well as other things.

In addition, Eve's head was shaved bald, and her hair follicles cauterized, so her beautiful hair would never grow again. Jack took the liberty of trimming Eve's head himself, then applying the special ointment. Now, he could change his slave's hairstyle at will, depending on his mood and preference. There was a wavy, beach blonde wig, a Lolita-type black one, a short pink one and another long, straight, light red wig. All of them accompanied with their own small maid, tiara-hat, also black with white frilly endings. Whatever the type, Eve would come to hate them all, as they made her feel like a doll, decorated for someone's amusement.

Lastly, her outfit. Jack had paid extra attention to detail, to get exactly what he had in mind. It was a variation of a french maid dress. A very revealing version, one that no working maid should ever have to wear, created specifically to Eve's measurements. Eve would despise this as well, as it left very little to the imagination. The black top of this dress, with tiny, puffy sleeves and white frills the their end, only served in accentuating her naked breasts, pushing them upwards, with her cute nipples uncovered by only millimeters of the thin fabric.

To make things worse, a tight, under-bust corset restricted her waist to asphyxiating proportions. Eve felt like her ribs would break, even though they never did. Around her neck was a black, choker necklace.

Her skirt was extremely short, presenting her gorgeous bottom to her Master at all times. Designed like a poodle skirt, it didn't fell over her skin, but opened outwards in a very girly manner. Despite its small, white apron on the front, it didn't do much to cover the chastity belt that had been secured on her. Locked with a small padlock, (which only Jack had the key to), the belt came with attachments. A tiny one that nested just inside Eve's urethra and another much larger butt-plug that fitted fully inside her

ass. That way all her physical needs were controlled by her Master and only with his permission could Eve relieve herself.

For her final accessories, Jack put Eve in some black, 8-inch heels, also locked so she wouldn't try removing them. On her hands were a pair of white, net, fingerless gloves, and her legs were dressed with white, knee-high stockings with little white bows at the end of each one. Jack had ordered two of these complete outfits, so when the dirty one was being cleaned, Eve would preserve her majestic, maid-look for him.

Eve's new life hadn't even begun yet, but she could not possibly fathom, how this could get any worse.

WEEK 1 - LEARNING THE PART

Eve was kept chained to that metal rack she first woke up on for the first few days. Jack occasionally entered the room to feed her and dispose of her waste. Eve tested the bindings' strength countless times but they never gave her any slack. Jack informed her that she had to stay like this for a week, because the glue still hadn't dried and it needed time to completely set against her skin. So, getting her hands on it before then was a big NO. That added information only frustrated and scared Eve more. She was only inches from removing this cruel thing and re-gaining her sight, her senses... her face! But the straps on her wrists didn't let her.

She'd break into fits, alone in her own darkness, trying to reach the mask with her hands or shake it off her face but it was too firmly attached already. Those outbursts occurred randomly, with or without Jack's presence as she struggled to tell when she was alone. Eve was convinced she was starting to lose her mind from the sensory deprivation. In the beginning, with the cruel mask and implants in her ears leaving her deaf, she only heard the sound of her own heartbeat, and the sound of her breathing echoing through her body. So absolute was the silence though, that, as the days went by, those background sounds faded away, and she soon wasn't aware of even them.

But as they faded Eve slowly developed the ability to sense when Jack had entered the room, from the tiniest vibrations of the floor on her feet, or his hands on the metal frame. His voice was the only indication that her ears were still functional, even though underused, as he activated the device allowing him to talk to her, his voice cutting loudly through her endless silence. Every time she realized he was in the room, Eve would jerk and scream and start sobbing. To him, she only appeared to breathe more rapidly, as without any sound or emotion displayed on her fake, porcelain face. She was incapable of expressing the despair she felt.

Her sense of time was also destroyed by the effects of her mask. Seconds became minutes, minutes became hours and the girl was unable to distinguish any form of time period, as she inadvertently drifted in and out of consciousness, a broken sleep throughout the day. She wouldn't have been aware of how many days she was chained in that room either, if it weren't for her daily meals.

It was a strange and degrading experience, being fed the way she was. The first time Jack bent her head backwards, Eve started struggling, panicked. "I'm not going to hurt you doll, just brought you your meal, that's all" he reassured her. She stopped, but remained tense, uncomfortable and terrified. She felt the man holding the mask steadily, then carefully turn something in the front of it. Eve felt him pull something out, the mask growing lighter somehow and though she wished he was removing the painful dick that was constantly bruising her throat it didn't budge. Her heart sank when she found out

that the phallus was still there, keeping her at the edge of gagging at all times. Jack probed the receptacle her mouth had turned into, with another phallic shaped device, one that was filled with a green, creamy substance. He pushed it down the hole in the mask, until he felt its end push against the inner walls.

Eve felt the cold liquid hit her esophagus. She didn't taste it, she couldn't; her gooey meal had traveled way past her taste buds, and straight into her stomach. "This is your food. You'll be fed once a day...if you are perfect in your duties" Jack threw in a small warning. He kept the feeding cock in place, until all of its contents were emptied. It was a special mix that included water, and all the nutrients his slave needed to serve him effectively. "Good girl!" He cooed his toy as he removed the feeder and replaced the frontage of the mask again.

Eve's outfit fitted her like a glove, much to Jack's satisfaction. She hated it from the very moment she woke up in it, terrified of how he had dressed her but realized whatever he had used to drug her had allowed him the opportunity. It perfectly showed off her tight ass and perky tits, with its thin, short fabric and the tight corset constricted her waist to a size so smaller than she had ever been in her life. Eve felt that her clothing left her practically nude in all intimate areas. She knew that it did, because she could feel the occasional breeze that entered the room, when Jack came in, through her legs and wafting over her bare nipples; they were usually humiliatingly hard as a result of this. The knee-high stockings hugged her legs firmly. She could feel them at every slight move she made.

Her colorful wigs were just as degrading. She felt so humiliated with the scratchy, fake excuses for hair on her bald head. She hadn't mentally recovered from the shave that Jack had given her the first day. She cried and silently begged him, as he shaved each and every hair from her head, then really lost it when he mentioned that the cream he was rubbing on it would kill all hair follicles there, thus making her permanently bald. She was in such a shock she didn't even move, just stayed still, withdrawn in tears that never left her eyes, trapped by the glue beneath her static plastic face. Jack took the liberty of describing the different types of wigs to her, just to make her visualize her look better. It only made Eve more miserable, like her personality had been taken away from her, as well as her physical attributes. Although she honestly hoped to be saved by anyone, she dreaded the thought of someone witnessing her, as she looked now.

Worst of all, she hated that devilish mask. Jack had described it as well, its blankness, the way it showed none of her actual characteristics. It didn't even look human. Just like a robot, a mindless entity, controlled by a higher power. Him.

As a whole week on that rack approached its end, Eve continued to think of her loved ones, her parents, her two younger sisters, her friends. Would she ever see them again? Would she ever get out of this alive? All these thoughts always made her heart race, and so she tried to keep them out of her head. "He said he would free me from this frame, any day now" she thought to herself. "That's when i'll have a chance of escaping this lunatic." Still, she couldn't help but bring his dark image to her mind often, although she attributed it to the fact that it was the last thing she saw. That haunting shadowy figure... Who was that mysterious man? Was he someone that she had hurt in the past? Was this some kind of revenge? She couldn't come up with any answers, as hard as she tried.

WEEK 2 - REHEARSING THE PART

Jack entered the room as he had done every day, but this time something was different. Eve felt his hands on her wrists, something he had never done before. Four clicks on each limb and she was free, SHE WAS FREE! A rush of adrenaline came over her. The masked girl blindly attacked her captor, launching her hands to whoever was in front of her! But, she had forgotten about the 8-inch heels that were locked on her petite, little legs and suddenly, she found herself flat on the floor.

That didn't stop her from flailing her net-gloved fists in the air, trying to punch her kidnapper. Jack was a good 5 feet away from her. He simply watched her tire herself out in seconds. She wasn't even remotely reaching him, or posing any threat as she flailed blindly. "This damn mask!"

Eve tried to remove the horrendous face that had merged with hers into one. Jack chuckled at the girl's desperate efforts. She screamed, pulling at the sides of it with all her strength. "I can't pull it off! It hurts sooo much!" Eve gave up, with air rapidly going in and out her recently punctured neck-hole. Trying to remove the evil contraption was practically the same as trying to rip her skin off.

Exhausted, Eve blindly crawled until she bumped against walls and found herself retreated in the corner of the room, curled in the fetal position. To Jack, the slow, bobbing movements of her head, indicated she was crying once again. She was totally powerless to this man, even without the restraints, and she had just begun realizing it. Jack let her have that good, long cry. For 15 minutes that's all Eve could do. The removal of most of her senses would eventually turn her into a fearful and docile slave, the only thing Jack would have to do, was be patient.

When she had somewhat calmed, Jack hoisted his new servant to her feet and led the frightened girl out of the room where her transformation had taken place. "The room we just came from is a small storage room. It's also where you'll clean yourself" he told her. Eve was concerned at the mere concept of cleaning herself in a small storage room, but more important things were in store for her.

Jack's home was a huge, modern designed, four room, single store condo, where the kitchen was connected to the dining room through a half window/wall and the dining room to the living room through two dark-wood steps, all across the floor's length. Most things in Jack's place had a contrasting palette to them that matched Eve's black-and-white outfit nicely. Dark colors on the furniture with glass tables. White kitchen counters with dark brown shelves. Dark purple bed sheets, dark purple closets. Even though Eve would never see these colors herself, she would come to know every inch of the place as time went by.

That first day was spent on helping the blind girl get an idea of the apartment's layout. Eve, helpless, lost and exhausted could only blindly follow his hands and instructions, wondering how she was supposed to move around a place she had never seen, with her eyes sealed shut... not that Jack heard any complaints... He guided Eve, touching the sides of her waist, to all the lengths and widths of every room, notifying her of the room, and its details, where the furniture was, what items were placed where etc... Eve felt goose-bumps on her skin, every time she felt the man's big hands hold her waist, move her forward, turn her left, then right. She felt so dehumanized being manipulated like that as she stumbled on her heels to go where he guided her.

The touch of his hands also alarmed her to the fact that this stranger could easily unlock the steel belt she was in and rape her right there, at any moment. She was sure he would have, in a few occasions, where, she was tracing the apartment's walls, or facing against a table, and "Master" or him, (why was she referring to him as master?) would subtly push his hard cock, bulging through his pants, against her naked ass. Eve held her breath every time, but Jack knew it was too early and he would only damage his servant's psyche at this point.

Eve tried to calm herself, and think clearly. Learning the layout of the apartment meant that she might have a chance of finding the exit, and escape this crazy person's plans! But she had to stay focused on learning to move now that she was blind. Jack warned her that he didn't like repeating stuff, and every piece of information he gave her was important, if she was to be able to navigate through the apartment. At the start, everything was hazy and vague. 3 steps here... wall... 2 steps... bookcase... 6 steps... step up... 5 steps... cupboard... 4 steps... corner.

Eve tried to remember the combinations of steps. It was all she had to go on. She hadn't learned where the front door was, but was disappointed when, as though reading her mind, Jack's voice echoed through her head that he kept the front door locked with three different locks at a time. Defeated she tried to go along with his will and, as the days went by, she would start to form a map of the place in her mind.

Navigation training continued all the way until the afternoon, with Eve becoming increasingly frustrated at her inability to urinate, nor poop. Her exclusively liquid diet would eventually cause her body to produce only liquid waste, but for now she was suffering. The strain she was in had become unbearable. Crying in pain, she silently begged her captor with praying hands. Without any response from him, she fell on her knees and begged him. "You are not allowed to sit, or kneel in here" Jack reprimanded her. Eve quickly stood up, keeping her palms together and her legs straight. It was the only way she could communicate any of her needs, and she was in great need now. She felt like her insides would be torn apart.

Finally, Jack gave her permission, and escorted her to what was the same tiny, storage room she had been in before, no more than 10 square feet. Eve remembered the man's words. She was to be

"cleaned" in that same room. Jack unlocked her belt, which felt even more demeaning than when he had put it on. With her hands, Eve felt what seemed like a sand-pit, something people used for cat-litter. "You will only relieve yourself there" she heard.

At the thought that her toilet was the same as an animal's, Eve felt increasingly humiliated. "I'm not a fucking cat! I'm a person, you psycho!" But her bladder was aching, and her bowels needed release. She clumsily squatted over the sand pit, trying to stay balanced on those killer heels, without any help from her captor, and let herself go right there, in front of the man. Eve knew he was watching her, but she couldn't do anything to protest, her body was desperate for release. Maybe it would be worse if she saw him looking at her, at this very embarrassing moment, and she was weirdly grateful that she didn't have to look at him as she went.

After relieving and wiping herself, (hopefully well enough, Jack said he wouldn't tolerate a filthy maid), Jack locked the belt back in its place, and reminded Eve that she would also have to clean her sand-pit every day, a fact that only added insult to her humiliating injury. In the same tiny room, Eve would have to clean herself, using a sponge and a hose with running water. She'd then change into the same, degrading outfit as before. Nonetheless, Jack had put some expensive soap in there, too. He wasn't going to have a maid that smelled bad, or even average.

After a long first day, Jack decided to rest and continue Eve's conditioning tomorrow. He ordered her to follow him into the bedroom, and she reluctantly did so. On the right of his King-size bed was the balcony door, and on the left, a wall sized closet. Jack led Eve to the furthest end of it, and opened one door. Inside was not a single item of clothing. It had no shelves either. In their places, were only three horizontal wooden frames in three different levels that resembled a modern-day pillory. "It's time to go to bed now. We'll continue your training in the morning" said Jack, and gently pushed Eve inside the closet.

As the young girl realized she was once again being restrained, she tried to fight back! "I won't be some doll you can just store in your closet!" she screamed in her head, although she hadn't really thought of a plan for her rebellious act. She kicked the man as hard as she could then tried to make a run for it. Jack flinched, but wasn't alarmed. The blind, deaf girl only made three steps before losing her balance on her long heels and falling on the ground. Instead, he savored watching her try to crawl her way out of the room, out of his apartment, and out of his life. But none of this happened. He grabbed her by the neck before she even reached the door handle, and brought her towards him. "It was naive of me to think i wouldn't have to punish you during your training. Some incentive is always useful, after all".

He locked her in the three stocks of his closet, one on her neck, with two holes left and right for her wrists, one in the middle for her waist, and one down where her ankles were secured. Eve screamed and struggled against the man, but nothing was heard, except the air coming out of her neck hole. Jack took out three menacing looking, metal clamps, with sharp teeth instead of a smooth surface. "This is your punishment for being a nuisance, i hope you'll think twice about what's in your best interest, next time."

He placed one in each of her exposed nipples and one right on her little clit. Her steel belt covered her urethra and pussy, but a small hole in the front, let access to Eve's clitoris. Jack then tightened all three, until their teeth were digging deep into Eve's sensitive skin. Eve felt her eyes would pop out from the pain, if they weren't being held shut by her mask. The clamps hurt so much she started shaking, as intensely as the stocks allowed her! "Goodnight, doll!" said Jack. He closed the closet door, before locking the handles together with a matching-colored, closet padlock, sealing his crying slave away for the night. He then lay in bed, falling asleep like a baby.

Eve didn't get much sleep during that first night. If her tears could've run from her forced-shut eyes, they would have run out by now. The pain on her most private parts was excruciating. The worst part of it was, she knew she wasn't going to be free from this torment any time soon, not before HE had woken up. Trying to jerk the vicious clamps off her body was impossible, and it only served in causing herself more pain. The only thing she could do was try to stay still and maybe get some sleep, but it was impossible.

The next morning Jack opened the closet to find her half-asleep in her suffering. As he removed the evil clamps from her flesh, she jerked vividly, from the blood rushing back to her tortured nipples and clit. As he unlocked the stocks and let her out, he noted to her that she was not allowed to touch her breasts or pussy, to relieve herself from the numbness and spread her pain around, and that only he could offer that if he wished. As a sign of a new start, he generously rubbed her nipples for a few seconds, to take some of her pain away. "Too soon, i need more!" Eve begged silently when he stopped. She stood there with her tits presented to him, all perked up, as to signal her need for more caresses. She felt horrible about her action, but the pain spoke much louder to her now than her conscience. But Jack left the room, leaving her alone and sore.

Jack had taken a week off work, to focus on his maid's training. He gradually started teaching his newest servant about his needs and what was expected of her. He rarely addressed her, although when he did, he had taken a liking to using the word "doll" as he found it to be both cute and demeaning. In addition to her continued navigation training, he started teaching her new tasks, like

instructing her on how to make his favorite espresso, with exactly 20 grams of coffee and only a thin layer of foam. Most of Eve's tries at recreating it went horribly wrong. "You'll get it right..." he reassured her, but Eve wasn't calmed by this statement. "How can i make something without even looking at it???" Eve questioned herself, more than her Master, but Jack's orders were clear. If she failed to satisfy his criteria, she would get punished. Even finding the coffee-maker and pressing the right buttons was difficult, for a blind girl. Feeling the buttons with her net-covered fingers...one...two...third from the top...*click*, then calculating the weight of her spoon on her fingers, to put just the right amount of coffee. It was a living hell, but she didn't want to meet those metal clamps again...

From early morning till night-time, he dedicated his day to his latest acquisition. Jack would now order her to navigate the apartment, and perform simple tasks, without bumping into things. Orders like, "Go to the bathroom, take the toothpaste, go to the kitchen and place it in the drawer where the plates are." Eve tried her best but it was inevitable to occasionally find herself bumping into counters, tables, and stumbling on those damn steps a couple of times. Her new, tall heels made trying to enter the living room a big hazard. 7 steps from the kitchen table...5 steps from the living room couch, she repeated to herself, to avoid falling flat on the ground.

Every noon, Jack would feed his little french-maid. She was usually standing in a corner of the living room, when he called her. Jack had strictly forbidden sitting in any way. Her knees were always tired now, and her feet were killing her from the heels she was in, all day and night. She hadn't experienced that torment. She almost never wore heels in her every-day life, never mind without a single break! Eve broke down in exhausted sobs behind her mask, not that Jack ever noticed, realizing she hadn't been allowed to sit or rest since he had released her from the rack. Even when he "stored" her she was forced to stand. He was treating her like a robot, like she wouldn't ever need to rest.

"Meal time!" the same voice would break the mind-numbing silence. Eve would obey, helpless and hungry, still feeling the walls around her to reach her destination. She tried once to object to his humiliating feedings, grabbing his arm as he went to shove the feeding tube in place. A reaction by her own ego, more than anything, which was easily suppressed by 'Master'. "If you weren't being trained right now, you would be in a mountain of trouble" Jack had warned her, trying to be lenient with her in her first days. Blatant violence wasn't going to solve much; it was only a tool for him, and he needed to use it correctly.

Eve would eventually get used to earning her meals that way, mechanically standing there while Jack pumped the fluid into her gaping mouth. "I'll need my strength if I'm going to escape... after all" was her logic for complying with his will.

On the last day of Eve's "training week" Jack introduced her to the cabinet with all the cleaning products she would use, he informed her how and when she would clean the spacious house. Eve was instructed to only SCRUB the floor, down on her knees (no mop was found in that cabinet, anyway). She was to scrub all the floors in the house, every day, in the hours that Jack was away at work. Jack also informed her that every room in the house had a security camera, so he could be notified, if she, by any chance, disobeyed his instructions. She'd have to scrub the floors, dust, clean the toilet, do his laundry, make the bed and couches, and cook a meal, all by the time Jack had returned from work. He informed her that any slip-up on her behalf, would lead to her being reunited with those clamps she hated so much.

As if all these restrictions and protocols weren't enough, that same day Jack got the controller for Eve's belt delivered. The butt-plug nesting all day inside Eve's ass, as well as any other attachment, could now be remotely vibrated from a short distance. Jack decided it would be a fun way to alert his "pet" at the moment he arrived home, by pressing the small button that was always in his pocket. Eve then, would have to quickly assume her position just beside the front door, to welcome him as he stepped inside, and take his coat or any other things he needed put away. In time, Jack would come to use the button, simply to call his maid for anything he desired. Thus, Eve got acquainted with that buzzing sensation fast and frequently. That added discomfort of the plug, vividly buzzing inside her, was not at all appreciated by the young woman. On the contrary, it made her feel even more used and powerless against her "Master".

MASTER. She didn't remember ever using that word in her life, in any situation. It seemed like a strange concept to her, but one she was beginning to experience firsthand. At nights Eve tried to drift into sleep in that sea of darkness she lived in, all secured inside one of Jack's closets. She had noticed that, without her sight, falling asleep was a lot harder than in the past, when closing her eyes was enough to send her into Morpheus' embrace surprisingly quickly. Locked inside that closet, Eve contemplated about her chances of ever seeing her family and friends. They should have called the police by now. Her photo must be on newspapers, TV, something! Unfortunately, Eve didn't remember any witnesses to her abduction. Her roommate was out that night and probably came back to an empty apartment. She sobbed silently realizing that, if anyone was looking for her, they wouldn't and couldn't ever recognize her now.

But most of all, locked inside her own mind, Eve thought about HIM. The only name she had for him was 'Master' and, as much as she hated it and it felt so strange to her, she couldn't help but call him that increasingly in her mind. She still had that abstract dark form in her head, from the moment he introduced himself to her. The man that had taken her face, her voice, and possibly her life away from her...

WEEK 4 - PLAYING THE PART

Second knob from the right to turn on stove, heat at 5 o'clock. Frying pan on the low pantry on the left. Pancake dough on the fridge's second to last door-self. Hold the cup horizontally over the pan for exactly 2 seconds.

As she counts the seconds to flip the delicious treat at the right time, Eve feels the heat from the pan on her exposed small breasts and her nipples, always semi-hard from their nakedness. They have become more sensitive to touch and temperature, a result of the torment they often have to deal with. She places the first pancake on a plate and repeats the process, trying not to think of how delicious it must be and how she missed the taste of something, anything.

Even her liquid meals were shot straight down her esophagus, through the invading phallus than rested inside her throat. She had stopped gagging from it some time ago, but she never stopped feeling it stretch her neck's tissue from the inside. She had never fellated a man in her life. It always seemed too dirty, maybe even gross. Coincidentally, she had never had anything stuck up her bum either, but had been quickly familiarized with the butt-plug attached on her steel belt.

Eve didn't like thinking about her appearance. She was just starting to accept her outfit, revealing more than she'd ever reveal to a strange man, of her own will. Jack had brought home three more wigs, a purple with long bangs, a long-haired brown and a dark with green highlights, adding to seven in total. He instructed Eve to put on a specific wig each day, something that, while tediously difficult for the blind girl, made her keep track of each passing week.

Not that Eve had much time to think about things. Her mind was constantly busy, not with any new outside stimuli, but with all kinds of information, ranging from everyday objects' position in the house, to precise instructions and mind-numbing details regarding tedious tasks like the one she was doing at the moment. It had all started driving Eve mad. It clogged her mind and made any other thoughts of her own very difficult. But it was necessary. The task at hand could mean her punishment. Every one of them could cause her torture, if she failed at it.

Flashes of past memories disturb the maid's breakfast ritual. She tries to push them away and concentrate, quickly raising the cup, so as to not spill too much pancake dough. Last time she put too much and he wasn't happy. "I told you, i like my pancakes thin".

"Master likes his pancakes thin". If there ever was a chance she'd ignore that information, her red buttocks, still sore from the punishment she had received yesterday, made it tough to forget. "Master likes his pancakes thin" she repeated to herself. He had removed her skirt and the steel belt that was locked on her, and sat on the leather couch.

He ordered her to position herself facing down, with her belly on his lap. She was scared, but had no other choice but to obey. She felt his hands on her neck and the small of her back, reminding her of her powerlessness. He slapped her cheeks with force. She jerked her head up from the jolting pain, but felt his hand holding her down by her pink wig. "Don't move" he warned. There wasn't an actual threat from his lips, but she thought of quite a few on her own. Another smack, and then another, each one painting her ass pinker than her short, plastic hair. It took all her willpower not to move after each harder and harder slap on her bare ass. "Master likes his pancakes thin."

From the moment he'd let her out of her "storage" - hopefully having spent the night without any hungry clamps for company - Eve's entire day was dedicated to serving Jack. Starting from his breakfast. Then, after Jack's departure for work, scrubbing the floors and cleaning.

Jack had found a cruel trick to make sure his maid didn't miss a single spot, without having to check the surveillance camera's video footage. Before leaving, he'd sprinkle a bit of ultra-thin gold dust, on a surface of the house. It could be anywhere from the side of the toilet bowl, or the top of a night table, to a tiny space at the corner of the living room floor. But Eve could not find it by touch. So, he knew that, if he found the dust untouched, on his return home, a punishment for his young maid was due.

At about noon, she'd do his laundry. Feeling each piece of dirty clothing in her hands, to not mess the right washer setting. Then, ironing. She had quite a few small burns on her fingers from the hot iron, but she was getting better at it each day. She had to be very careful not to leave any wrinkles on any item of clothing, so she always traced their surface meticulously, as a single wrinkle could lead to punishment.

She could now move through the place with more elegance each day, a trait that Jack demanded of her. Minor offences like a dusty square inch or a wrinkle on a shirt were punished with casual punishments like leaving her urethral plug on or clamping her nipples for the rest of the day. Eve was great at her duties, but even the slightest mistake was crucial for her.

In the afternoon, after everything in the house was clean and presentable, Eve would have to cook a delicacy for her Master. Jack was very strict about having a maid who could satisfy his eclectic, gastronomic tastes. A promising chef at a famous restaurant would do the trick. Cooking always seemed easy for Eve. Since she was a little girl, she always had a gift for making things taste great.

Now, it was very difficult. Too difficult for anyone who couldn't see, or taste, or smell. It lacked the joy that it used to give her, creating something delicious for people she cared about, was the greatest feeling for Eve. She hated cooking for him, for "Master". She wanted to cook the hell itself and serve it on his plate, not those beautiful treats she offered her loved ones. But she had to be good at it, for her own sake. The pain was too much, and she wanted to avoid it at all costs. Master wasn't satisfied with mediocre results.

After Jack would return home, he'd feed his servant and let her empty her bladder (if he was happy with her) and bathe herself. He sometimes threatened to not feed her, but it wasn't the best approach, as a hungry maid, was a weak maid, who couldn't serve him properly.

Generally, when she wasn't occupied, Eve would be assuming her mandatory position, standing straight with her hands on her apron. Jack knew it was hard for the girl to keep standing up the whole day without rest (except during the floor scrubbing), but he wanted to keep the pressure on her, so that she would break faster. Plus, he enjoyed seeing her legs tremble with fatigue, trying to keep her posture and not collapse.

It's not like Eve hadn't fought. She had her share of short, defying bursts and refusing to obey, but it quickly became apparent that it wasn't going to work for her. She was a brave spirit, but after some time, she had started accepting, even though she couldn't bring herself to use that word, that this was a lost fight to begin with.

While alone, she had tried breaking the balcony door with a pot, only to scratch its special thick surface. She had tried banging on every soundproof wall in the house, in hopes that someone next door would listen.

But after each failed attempt at escaping, the ordeal that followed was much harsher than the usual, casual punishments she'd receive. The clamps that would keep her company throughout the night were attached to wires that ended in a little box, that send waves of electricity, alternating from painful to excruciating for the duration of her stay. Eve couldn't fathom such pain existed, and it always gave her new appreciation for having an actual sleep inside that closet, when next day she had to do all her chores, completely exhausted and aching.

Her last independent act was actually attacking Jack with a kitchen knife while he was having dinner. By some luck, Jack had gotten away with only a scratch on his arm. Eve never forgot that day. After that, Jack installed an audio-triggered locking password for the front door, making it clear to Eve that if

she ever killed him, her lost voice would leave her no choice but to die painfully of starvation. Additionally, he instructed her to be in his line of sight at all times, a command he was particularly strict about. He wasn't going to die from a lowly maid, after all.

Eve was, for the most part, adjusted to her new life, at least as her behavior showed. No more escape attempts and knives being hurled towards Jack. But that was only the halfway point of his plan. Sure, you can capture a tiger, keep it a cage for all its life, make it do a few tricks for food. But that didn't mean much to Jack. He would make his tiger need him, be grateful for him. He would make the tiger his pet, not his prisoner.

Jack took advantage of the free afternoons he was home, to talk to Eve. She remembered the first time she heard him talk to her, not just order her. "I can imagine you're upset at your situation, doll" she heard, through the tiny microphone clipped on his shirt. "But you know very well that there are no chances of returning to your old life".

Eve listened, never breaking her posture or even flinching; she wasn't instructed she could do either. "The way i see it, accepting your new role would be the only way you could live a happy life, otherwise you'll just be bitter and sad throughout the rest of it". His voice was deep, but calm. It had an interesting complexion, but definitely did not remind her of anyone she'd ever met, no matter how many times she'd squeezed her brain to remember. "And it would be a pity, since you're still so young". His words rang in Eve's ears.

From that day on, Jack would try and dedicate some time during the day to his maid's ears. It didn't need to always be something of significance, there wasn't a chance of a dialogue, after all. Jack wanted his maid-slave to just hear him. He'd go on and on while slacking off in front of the T.V about some dumb celebrity, or narrate a random story from his childhood, usually after one too many whiskeys. He read her books and jokingly narrated the movies he was seeing to her.

As time went on, Jack became more generous during their "chats". He'd even apologized to her for his strict "one strike out" policy on her punishments, quickly adding that "it is necessary for you, to keep your performance standards high". Eve could only stand and listen, and listen she did. At first, the idea of him trying to relate to her seemed ridiculous. She still hated the son of a bitch with all every cell in her body. Who did he think he was? But after a while, his voice and his words presented a pleasant break from the constant void she experienced. It was almost soothing, like having ... company.

Eve didn't just felt, she WAS, closer to him. And she would soon find herself even closer.

WEEK 7: BECOMING THE PART

That mask, that damned mask... Lately Eve would catch herself slowly tracing it with her fingers, trying to paint a mental picture of her new face. She had discovered the curve of the eyes and the nose and a tiny hole where her mouth was, not big enough for breathing or anything she could think of. It always felt weird whenever she did it and she didn't know why she had that impulse. But she wanted to feel it, to know what her face looked like.

"I brought you something today" his voice cut through the silence. Eve liked hearing his voice. It gave her mind something to focus on, besides trying not to break her posture. Not that she did nowadays. She had worked up the stamina to remain motionless for hours on these long stilettos, especially after some movement had resulted in the use of the always motivating nipple clamps.

"I'm not the kind of guy who's interested in relationships. Call me sexist, or shallow, but i never got anything from it. But as a man, i do have needs". Eve listened nervously. Was he going to have his way with her, now? So much time had passed since her abduction and he had barely even touched her, at least in a sexual manner.

The girl felt his hands on her steel belt. It was roughly hugging her waist and crotch. The feeling was a necessary evil, meaning she could do nothing to minimize the discomfort. He only ever removed it so she'd piss on her sandpit. The young girl immediately felt agitated. Between the plug inside her asshole, and the one nesting just inside her urethra, she felt something being removed. Then, a rigid, metallic item parting the small lips of her labia, before penetrating her, until recently, locked away pussy.

She flinched at the sudden intrusion and tried to compose herself, in fear of punishment. "It's ok, doll, i won't punish you for that" he reassured her, as he pressed upwards the cold phallus, identical to the one resting in her mouth, until it filled the small girl. When its base reached the level of the belt's surface, it clicked securely in place, trapping the dildo inside Eve.

Eve felt like she would burst from the pressure. "Deep breaths, dolly" he advised. The girl let out quick labored breaths from the punctured hole on her neck, but soon she followed her Master's advice and adjusted to the pain. "Here, i think this will help you even more" and with that, he pushed a button on his remote. The dildo sprang to life, stimulating the inner walls of her hole, with a strong vibration.

"This thing measures the contractions and moistness of the vagina and adjusts the intensity accordingly, to avoid climax". She could hear it in his voice that he was smiling, but Eve didn't share Jack's enthusiasm. She could barely stand with this thing buzzing inside her.

"This contraption will operate, throughout the whole day, more if you're lacking in your performance". Eve was terrified at the thought alone, but Jack continued. "If at any point you want to get a release, all you have to do is beg. If you are satisfying, I'll turn your vibrator off for three hours after each release." Eve's heart sunk, at the realization of what the future held for her.

The next couple of weeks were not good for Eve. All the chores she'd usually do, she considered a piece of cake to what she had to suffer through now. Nothing changed about her daily routine, but the ever-present vibrating replica inside her was the most unpleasant of distractions. Eve rarely ever masturbated. It wasn't a release she needed in order to function in her everyday life.

But that evil thing seemed to know her better than any boyfriend ever could. Just when she thought she'd orgasm, the dildo would cruelly reduce its power input, leaving her frustrated at the edge. She knew what that bastard wanted to do. Well, she wasn't gonna give him that satisfaction.

Jack kept his discipline strict, even though it was clear at the start that the girl was having all kinds of trouble keeping up with her new "accessory" resulting in some nights where it was left on, torturing her all the way to the next sunrise. Eve discovered that sleeping while your privates were stimulated to the edge of climax was an unachievable premise. During the few minutes where her brain would doze off from exhaustion, Eve would often hear him, her captor, her Master, whispering, encouraging her to give up. She saw his shadow, like a vision, like a never-ending fever dream.

Walking with elegance became an ordeal again in these conditions. Eve was a petite girl, she could feel the phallic metal tickle her cervix as she tried balancing, locked in her high heels.

Eve also had to decipher between the constant tickle of her pussy and the occasional jingles in her asshole, when Jack returned home or wanted her near him. Jack had upgraded that plug to alternate its vibration, by tracking the plug's place (meaning Eve's place) relative to the remote (and therefore him). As a result, the girl had to use her ass's sensitivity to figure out where he was in the house, by following the increasing sensation inside her rectum.

Her mind felt like being fried from the relentless toy. She reached the point where she had to be aware of her sex juices flowing from the arousal. She would feel them dripping on the side of her thighs and try to wipe them with her hands, before they fell on the marble floors. Jack didn't like his maid dirtying

his floors with her filth. Her cooking, ironing, scrubbing, everything seemed again impossible, like she had lost her sight a second time. Her mind was scrambled with ecstasy.

Finally, when she mistakenly chose the red wig over the black one (Monday was black wig day), Jack teasingly told her "you seem to enjoy getting punished recently, doll. It would be easy for me to give you a small break from this thing down there". But Eve remained strong, and ceremoniously accepted her nipple clamps. She had to remain strong. She had to keep hoping.

WEEK 12 - PART OF HIM

Two weeks had passed since Eve's toy was locked in place. Undoubtedly the most difficult weeks during Eve's stay at Jack's home. An emotional and physical war was taking place inside Eve's mind. On one hand her ego, telling her to fight this wicked man's plan for her, and on the other her body, pleading with her to surrender. She didn't feel she belonged on either side of the debate anymore, but she was more a spectator than anything else.

Her Master continued his evening chats with her, making sure she also paid attention to his words, usually with a simple question, answerable by a show of fingers, indicating a number. That was the only time Eve would actually respond to him, in a way. She tried to pay attention. She thought, maybe that would numb the fire between her legs. It did not, but she tried.

One evening, just like all the others, Jack was relaxing watching the news, with his young maid a few feet next to him, who, undetected to the naked eye, was swimming in a sea of arousal, concentrated in one part of her body. At this point, it was anything but sexual, but its intensity was the same as the day that metal penis became a part of her.

Eve was breathing heavily through her black corset, her breathing pattern had changed since the upgrade on her belt, and her deep breaths, reacting and coping with the unwanted stimulation, was the new norm. Jack was in the middle of a funny story from work (at least he thought it was funny), when all of a sudden, he stopped. Eve wondered what was going on. Silence surrounded her again, until she heard him say: "Listen to this doll..." It was a different voice. A woman, speaking very formally, it was a news broadcast. Eve listened carefully:

"Police have announced today, the end of their investigations regarding Eve Thompson's whereabouts. The 24-year-old woman had been missing for 3 months, since her mysterious disappearance last April."

Eve listened to the woman's words, informing the public about the girl, who was a cooking prodigy with a bright future ahead of her. She spoke calmly, with a cold, removed tone. She didn't seem to grasp the importance of that sentence. Who that girl was. It was her she was talking about!

To the young girl's ears, it was like listening to her own eulogy. She felt something break inside her. People say the phrase "break his spirit" but that's what it really felt like. She was dead to the world. No one would ever find her.

Silence returned as the feed from T.V cut off. She's had enough. Defeated, she lowers herself on her knees, her stockings touching the floor. She puts her hands together in a prayer, still facing the same way as before. "You sure, dolly?" She hears his voice. She nods and locks her fingers in-between. He watches her like this, for a long moment. "Ok" he simply replies, and moves to unlock the belt from his maid.

He removes the machine plugging her holes slowly. He sees her cunt, soaking wet and red, trembling with anticipation. He then takes back his sit on the couch and tells her to come towards him. Eve approaches, slowly, until she feels his hand. He grabs it instinctively and feels it lead her to where he is. She gets the picture. She spreads her legs, straddling him, facing him. He unzips, and she feels his hard member against her small tuft of pubes. She wants it. Needs it! She can't wait anymore!

Eve grabs Jack's cock on her net-gloves fingers and places it right under her sex. Grabbing his shoulder with one hand, she slowly guides herself down on it. It feels amazing! Normally his size would stretch and hurt her, but not now, not with the warm-up she's had. She pounds herself with Jack's dick, moving her hips up and down rhythmically. It doesn't take more than a few minutes for her to orgasm! Finally! Release! No sound leaves her, but her body, twitching beautifully on his cock, gives her away. She hears Jack, "I don't think you're finished, doll" he says and she starts again with the same pace.

She rides him for a while; it feels so warm and alive, nothing like the lifeless piece of steel she offered home to before. She can feel this pulsating inside her, she loves it! Eve's logical mind is gone, she's just taking the pleasure she so desperately craved all this time. Jack reaches under her tiny skirt and grabs her ass with both hands, pushing her up and down his shaft faster and faster, until he finishes inside her pussy. The speed does the trick for his maid too, and she reaches a second orgasm from it.

Jack left his maid free of the belt, as a small reward for her milestone. Happy as he was, he felt like eating something sweet, and instructed Eve to make his favorite tiramisu, as he really liked the way she made it. Eve made the dessert for her Master with her crotch naked, a weird but liberating feeling after wearing metal underwear for so long.

After he'd enjoyed his dessert, Jack truthfully informed her that the three hours where up. She again, fell on her knees, willing to delay the belt's return. Jack smiled. He went on his locker and returned with a key. It was a key he had never used before, now it was time for its purpose. He put the key in

the tiny hole on her mask and turned it, removing not only the cover, but also, the phallus that was buried deep inside her throat.

Eve was excited she could move her tongue around; her jaw didn't move much from three months' worth of stretch. He ordered her to kneel and put her hands behind her, her elbows vertical. His cock lied hard in front of her mouth. "I bet you want to taste something after all your boring meals". She understood, in fact, she did kind of wanted to taste it. That sense had been taken from her and she wanted to treat her taste buds, to feel something other than metal on them. She shyly brought her tongue out, until it met his member. She moved the tip of her tongue across the front of the head, then one side, then the other. "If you're really good, maybe you'll sleep lying down tonight, dolly".

"Lying down?" that seemed like a dream to Eve! She had accepted her storage closet as the only possible place for her sleep-time. She started putting her lips to work, swallowing the head, then more and more. Soon she was showing enthusiasm, licking Jack's cock all over. It tasted sweaty, and a bit musty. Definitely nothing she would present on a plate, at any restaurant. But it didn't matter. She lapped it like an expensive gourmet meal, with pre-cum for seasoning.

Jack enjoyed the attention his maid gave him, before he grabbed her by her bitch-blond wig and shoved himself in her mouth. He had no problem pushing his entire length, filling her throat to an obvious bulge, till her mask touched his pubs. Eve was taken aback and tried to keep her lips wrapped around the shaft, as Jack "advised" her. He moved her head back and forth; face-fucking her for minutes, stopping only for her to admire his cock with her tongue, then going back at it, with drilling pace.

She was a mouth-virgin, but the removal of her gag reflex was a good start for Eve. In the end, she received Jack's cum in her tongue before swallowing it all. She particularly hated that taste. He could leave her 10 years without any food and this would still taste bad. But she knew he wanted it there, Master didn't even have to tell her. She tried not to think of how she'd gone from top notch dishes, to dick and cum being the only things she would taste.

Needless to say, Jack didn't let his maid sleep lying down that night, or any other night. But the motivation was there, and small rewards came with Eve accepting her fully-realized role greatly. Small misdemeanors could be forgotten with appropriate "begging for forgiveness" although Jack was careful not to overdo it, and ruin his maid's discipline. The belt also never came off, except for his access, but Jack was fair when coming to his three-hour deal. It made his little doll maid eager to please him, as soon as he returned home, after having her pussy teased for the whole morning.

Jack always turned the vibrator to maximum while she fellated him, an adding incentive that helped improve his maid's oral skills. She was giving orgasms, in order to have orgasms. It almost seemed fair, even in that twisted way.

It's Saturday morning. Free from work on weekends, Jack is relaxing in the living room, still in his pyjamas, watching a morning show. He hears the sound of heels, click-clacking across the floor. His maid is holding a tray, with a single cup on it. Exactly 20 grams of coffee, with thin foam. She holds the tray next to him, she knows he's there. She feels it become lighter. She remains still, waiting. "Good" she hears his voice. Even a simple word, profound like the voice of God himself. She's relieved. She avoided punishment for the moment.

Eve falls on her knees and begs him. She knows if he decides to use her on his own volition, if it's not voluntary, there's no release for her. She wants to be first, to not lose that chance. Otherwise he'll just use her and No Release - No Break from the torturing vibe. She desperately hopes he wants to use her. She hasn't had a break since yesterday, when her sub-par scrubbing earned her a full nighter. "Please, use me!" her mind screams.

He reluctantly accepts her offer. A click later and her head is bobbing up and down Jack's member, robotically, with a precision most sex workers would be jealous of. He remains seated on the sofa, sipping his espresso casually, enjoying the quiet morning routine. He occasionally puts one hand on her fake hair, which today is the dark-Lolita type, and gives them a small caress. Finally she gets to orgasm, Eve thinks! She has to work for it, though; the vibrator is still only teasing her. He only puts it on max when HE is close, so Eve stays focused on her task, everything must be earned, including this.

Sometimes he's more gentle. Holding her, touching her body like lovers do. Eve likes these times during their lovemaking. She calls it that, although there isn't a love aspect to it. She likes to imagine there is. That it is as real as the feeling of his firm hands on her little breasts or her love-handles.

She never wanted to be his doll, or his french maid, or anything! But she had also realized very well by now that, in life, we don't get what we want, and maybe, we can only strive to take advantage of some nice moments, like a caress or an orgasm. She could be mad at other people living perfectly normal lives, who didn't have to go anywhere near the lengths that she went through every day. But at the end of the day, it wouldn't change anything. There wasn't anyone there to hear her, console her, or comfort her.

There was only him. Her Master.