

The Rubber Maid



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The Rubber Maid By Echotango

Prologue:

I ascended the stairs to his apartment, each step taking me closer to his utter and total control, anticipation and fear swelled within me like water boiling in a kettle. I was close now, so close to my destiny, so close to my...master...

“Yuck!” Becky Reynolds exclaimed as she looked up from reading “The Rubber Maid” and wondered if it was really worth trying to wade through any more of the purple prose and badly written sex scenes. The thirty year old blonde beauty wondered again why she’d even bought a copy of the book, except possibly to see if the new “Mummy Porn” sensation was really as bad as the critics said.

Sweet ecstasy boiled through my body like water through a boiler, as the whip slashed down and rose again, each stroke sending pain and unnatural pleasure through my captive form...

“And it just gets worse,” she thought out loud as she put up her leather booted feet on her brand new ottoman, which yelped in pain. “Nobody asked your opinion, worm,” she told the bound, gagged and kneeling slave boy as she leaned back in her comfortable leather armchair.

This has to be the most boring domination I have ever done, she thought as she dug her heels into the hog-tied and naked man’s back. “Really Mr Christian, you paid me \$5000 for this? Oh well, my bank account thanks you!” The sex slave, who was a submissive and kinky businessman moaned into his gag and Becky went back to reading her book. As a respected and sought after Dominatrix she assumed she was probably going to be asked to act out some of the scenes in it with her clients and she supposed she really ought to find how bad it really was.

She skimmed through a long series of badly written prose and even worse sex scenes and wondered just what the plot was supposed to be, it seemed to be something about a young woman who was being dominated by her bank manager, but she wasn’t sure. She grimaced at some of the more appalling parts and continued to flick through the book,

“Hey wait a minute..!” she hissed as she read a particular passage,

He wrapped the ropes around my body, carefully drawing the ropes tightly around my breasts, squeezing them tightly enough that I would feel it but not so tightly as to injure me. He handed me a small rubber ball, and told me he would be gagging me now, and that I was to drop the ball if it became too much...

Becky reached out for her tablet computer and typed in a web address which led to a blog she’d written a few years before, her scowl grew deeper as she reviewed a couple

of posts. As she suspected the author one A. Jones had copied her post almost to the letter, a piece on Shibari, gags and safety she'd written about two years earlier.

She went back through the book, and as her slave knelt almost forgotten she compared the passages to her website and a few others. "Well that's Saturday's work, this one has to be Echo, and I think this a translation of Linda's," she thought out loud as the frustrated Slave moaned in disappointment. Becky drove her heel into his back and as the masochistic sub moaned in pain and pleasure she wondered what to do next.

It wasn't just the fact this woman had stolen her work (and others as well) it was the crappy, cack-handed way it had been put together. The book was a massive insult to the BDSM culture to which Becky had devoted most of her adult life, and the obvious thing to do was to sue for plagiarism. However this just didn't seem to be enough, after all it wasn't as if Becky needed the money, and it just didn't seem like a good enough punishment for what the woman had done.

She accessed a fan site and looked at a picture of the woman (real name Anna Smith, even her pen name was unimaginative), who turned out to be a beautiful blonde about the same age as Becky. Now that is someone I would like to dominate, she thought then turned off the tablet in disgust, sure she liked girls as well as boys but really this asshole?

...

Becky spent most of the rest of the evening mulling over what to do next, fantasies of abducting the woman and teaching her the true meaning of domination vied with the idea of a lawsuit. There was a very good reason she wasn't going to sue however, namely that her dominatrix work was a side business to her main job as a tax accountant. She had no desire to have people find out about her "other job" since not only would this be somewhat embarrassing but it might lead to questions about her past Becky had no desire to answer. If anyone ever found out who she really was and about her own past...she shuddered.

Besides revenge of a sexual nature seemed so much more appropriate, and as she watched her naked slave scrub the floor, she pondered and planned before musing, "Swindling is such an ugly word," and forgetting himself the slave replied,

"Swindling, you're not..?" and she realised he was scared, probably worried she intended to use his fetish against him,

"Oh not you worm, get back to work!" she hissed annoyed she'd said anything out loud even as a plan slowly came together in her mind. Could she really do this, but... wasn't what she was planning wrong wasn't that black...no no that wasn't right. In fact what she was planning wasn't even Swindling, not really she was simply going to offer Miss Smith a business opportunity, yes that was right wasn't it? Feeling better about what she was planning, Becky got back to putting together her scheme.

Chapter one:

If I'd only known how much money I could make I'd have done this years ago, Anna Smith reflected as she lay on her bed in an expensive London hotel. A month after publishing her book she'd already sold almost a hundred thousand copies and her bank balance was looking much healthier.

It was amazing, one badly written book of bondage (even she admitted to that-at least in private) and she was now rolling in money, the controversy alone was getting people to buy copies. To be fair she'd had to deal with a little embarrassment, but for a multimillion dollar payday she'd been happy to claim she was a bondage freak, and to spend three months trawling BDSM sites for "ideas."

She supposed some people might have suggested she'd "stolen" those ideas but she didn't see it that way, these people had put out these things for free and for all the world to see, they hardly had any claim on the copyright now...

It would not be an understatement to say that Anna wasn't a very nice person; she was driven by greed, and having seen how well BDSM erotica was selling she'd decided to jump on the bandwagon. She was however at least honest about this, she didn't make excuses about a poor childhood, or some personality disorder she just admitted that she wanted money and she'd do whatever it took to get it.

She glanced down at a set of bondage photos she'd been viewing on her laptop, she really wasn't into that sort of thing and the images of a naked girl in cuffs almost turned her stomach even as strange warmth grew in her loins. Still BDSM was what people wanted and so she had given them that, and really the money she was making was justified compensation for having to pretend to like this crap. This strangely interesting crap...

There was a knock at the door and Anna slipped off the bed, adjusting her dressing gown to reveal the tops of her breasts and the laptop so any visitor would just be able to see the pictures. She had an image to project and as she opened the door for room service, she played her role flawlessly...

Instead of room service it turned out to be a courier who quickly handed her a small packet, she signed for it thanked him and then once he had left she sat down to open it, somewhat annoyed the guy hadn't even looked at her breasts. What was he, Gay? The packet was strangely heavy, and she opened it to reveal a mobile phone. "What on Earth?" she wondered, and then almost jumped out of her skin as it began to ring. For a moment she hesitated but then she pushed the answer button, hoping this wasn't another kinky businessman trying to propose to her...

“Anna Smith?” a distorted female voice asked her,

“Yes...” she replied her voice suddenly trembling, as she wondered why anyone would disguise their voice?

“Are you the Anna Smith who wrote the novel “The Rubber Maid?””

“Why?” Anna demanded and instantly regretted it as the voice said,

“I am aware you have copied many other peoples work to create it, my sense of moral outrage requires me to inform the proper authorities,” Anna’s blood ran cold, someone had figured out what she’d done!

“I...I...oh God!” she managed to stammer, “Oh God I’m ruined,” she added aware that even one lawsuit would probably see her bankrupted. After a moment she realised something else, namely that there was no reason for this woman to contact her like this she could easily just have sued at once. Unless the woman was scared of having her own kink revealed or, “Oh God...” she added as she realised what was probably going on.

“Yes you have been a very naughty girl, did you really think you’d get away with copying from seven different people, that’s not just evil, its actually quite stupid.” In truth it was closer to twenty-seven, but Anna said nothing well aware it would do her no good now. Finally she gathered her composure and said,

“Look if you’re going to extort me could you please get on with it?”

“Swindling is such a nasty word,”

“Yeah whatever, look its obvious you want money, just give me an account number and I’ll wire you whatever you want,” and send the coppers after you once I’ve done it she thought. A moment later she realised there was a slight flaw in that plan since she’d have to say why she’d been compelled to pay the money...

“Oddly enough I don’t actually want your money, but I do want you to do something for me...answer the door,” the voice added and Anna nearly jumped out of her skin as the doorbell rang. She hesitated and the voice hissed, “Open the door or I upload everything online,”

“Bitch!” Anna hissed but seeing no other choice she walked over to the door and opened it. She found another courier waiting for her, a young man pushing a large cardboard box on a trolley and wearing headphones with a distracted look on his face. He held out a clipboard to be signed while barely even looking at her. For a moment Anna thought about asking for help but the guy seemed to be high and she realised it would be far more useful to just call the police at this point. Instead she signed for the box and let him wheel it inside and deposit it in the middle of the floor. Once he was gone she put the phone to her ear again,

“Open the box,” the voice ordered,

“What’s in it a bomb or something?” Anna asked and the voice began to laugh,

“If I wanted you dead wouldn’t I have sent the bomb in the first package?” Anna shivered that made (cruel and evil) logical sense. She reached out and pulled off a strip of tape before opening the box and gasping in shock at what she saw.

The whole thing was filled to the brim with bondage and fetish gear. On top of the pile was a set of cuffs and chains, while below them was a number of garments made of what looked like either spandex or latex or even stranger things she had no name for! If that wasn’t bad enough there was a camera sitting at the top of the pile, a sort of web cam which was switched on with an LED glowing and the lens staring at her.

“What is this!?!” she demanded in a low hiss.

“I guess you could call it penance or possibly a business arrangement, now place the camera where it can command the room and then remove your robe.”

Anna blushed, “You...you can’t be serious,” and then she realised, “Wait a business arrangement, what the fuck does that mean?”

“It’s simple you clearly don’t have a clue about BDSM, submission or much of anything else and your badly written book is doing no end of damage to the reputation of my...community. Now there are two ways I can fix that either I can educate you properly in the true meaning of slavery or I put you out of business. As such I am going to offer you a choice, do as I command, or I can send out the file, a short but I’m sure quite enjoyable period of humiliation or a lifetime of ruin, now which shall it be?” Anna moaned in shame and disgust how could this creep expect her to do this? She wasn’t really into BDSM she didn’t want to be tied up; she didn’t want to play some bitch dykes game!

“Charming,” the voice said and Anna whimpered as she realised she’d said at least part of that out loud.

“So,” the voice said in triumph, “The great author, is a fraud, a hypocrite, a foul mouthed whore, and isn’t even into S/m. Well I guess I’ll just have to send that file in 5...4...3...2..,”

“ALRIGHT I’LL DO IT!” Anna all but screamed into the phone, she was utterly disgusted at her own weakness, but she still put the camera down on top of the television.

“Good,” the voice said, “Now take off your clothes, and remember my hand is still hovering over the send button...” Anna howled again but in truth she knew this woman had her beat, her fear of exposure and her own downfall, far exceeded her fear of humiliation and glaring at the camera she quickly stripped herself naked.

“Do you like what you see?” she hissed and the distorted voice giggled and replied,

“Well at least your reasonably good looking, shame you have such a “charming” personality,”

When I find out who you are...”

“You’ll what? You have no idea if I’m even a man or a woman, and who says I’m one of the authors, I could just be a hacker incensed at your evil act...” there was more giggling. Anna knew her tormentor was right, a quick glance at the phone confirmed the number was blocked and the only way to find out who the voice was would be to call the police. They would inevitably figure out why this was happening and then at best she would be ruined, she would most certainly lose all the money and no publisher would ever touch any of her work ever again!

Chapter two:

Anna realised that this monster must have been watching her for a quite a while, certainly long enough to realise that fear of her deeds being exposed worried her more than anything else. She knew how fragile the tissue of theft and lies she’d had constructed really was and she was quickly learning how shockingly easy it was to turn it against her.

“You’ll pay for this!” she hissed under her breath, although she knew it was a futile gesture. She stepped into a corner out of sight of the camera hoping to save at least a shred of modesty.

“You had better not be running away, otherwise I’ll have to send out that message...” the voice said in a sing song tone,

“No I just...”

“There is no privacy before your mistress, step into view!” the voice ordered, and Anna heard the clicking of keys down the phone line. She shuddered and did as she was told, disgusted at the hold the woman already had on her. “I don’t know what you’re worried about? You’re about to get to try on lots of new clothes. Take out the black spandex cat suit,” the voice added. “Oh and put me on speaker, you’ll need both hands from now on.

Anna quickly found the item in question and she sighed with relief, while the fabric was thin and there were zippers over the breasts and sex, that didn't seem to matter as for the naked girl the idea of clothing...any clothing suddenly seemed like a gift from heaven. Without waiting to be ordered she quickly began pulling the costume on the thin fabric riding easily over her body and stretching to form a second skin over her perfect curves. After a few minutes she was able to pull the zipper on her back closed

and then she glanced in the mirror, in spite of what was happening she found herself admiring the way the fabric clung to her perfect body. It fit like a comfortable glove with only the zippers over her private parts causing any irritation. Well no she did notice a few small studs pushing into her buttocks, breasts and legs but that was discomfort she could live with...at least her tits weren't on display anymore!

"Well that was pretty impressive," the voice said, "Although you started dressing without any order to do so I may have to punish you for that later," Anna whimpered wondering what that meant as the voice added, "Now take out the boots,"

Anna rummaged in the box and discovered a set of flat walking boots, she grinned quietly relieved as she'd been convinced she'd be ordered to wear something evil, however her relief was to prove very short lived. "Not them the other one's!" Searching she found the other boots under a fold of plastic cloth and she groaned,

"You can't be serious," she exclaimed as she looked over the leather ankle boots with six inch high heels, "I can't wear these!"

"Why not your profile says you used to dance ballet," three lessons, fifteen years ago, Anna recalled ruefully, her ample breasts had long put paid to her chances at a dancing career. "Now shall I send the message?" Anna gave up and slipped the boots on to her feet.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed as she tried to put her weight on the boots pointed toes, and she quickly sat down on the bed, snapping closed straps on the boots even as she asked, "How can I walk in these, I try to take a single step and I'll fall over!"

"That's what the hobble chains are for, they'll keep you from stepping to far, put them on now." Anna picked up a set of chromed steel ankle cuffs, linked by a short silver chain, she shivered at the sight of the controlling devices, and then again when she saw they had combination locks! "Put them on!" the voice ordered,

"I can't, how will I get them..."

"That's why you have to trust your mistress; I will give you the combination at the end of our session." Oh no this is too much Anna thought and she dropped the cuffs.

"No I won't do it, you're some kind of sick sadist and I won't play your game anymore!" she hissed. To her surprise the voice responded with a giggle,

"Well yes I am a sadist, kind of the point, oh and take a look at the phone..." Anna did so and her eyes widened as the internet app opened by itself and then displayed a twitter feed, her Twitter feed,

"Oh no..." Anna moaned as a picture of her dressing in the black cat-suit uploaded itself with a caption, "Just a bit of practise." The voice started to giggle again as Anna exclaimed, "You fucking bitch!"

“Oh really? Hell I don’t even know why you’re complaining? I mean surely the big time bondage writer wants people to think she actually does bondage? Surely you’re sales will be even better once people learn you practise what you preach?”

Anna supposed the voice had a point but it was still deeply embarrassing to have erotic pictures of herself posted online without her permission. Still she wasn’t going to let the monster know she’d gotten to her, so she just demanded, “What next, you fucking whore!?!?”

“I resent that no one has ever paid me for sex,” the voice said, “And for that I think it’s time for the ball gag.” Anna shivered but seeing no other option she reached into the box to find a large red rubber ball attached to a leather strap.

“I can’t wear this it’ll split my jaw in two!” Anna exclaimed,

“No it won’t its been perfectly measured to fit your oversized mouth, now are we going to put it on, or shall I release more candid shots, or better yet shall I send your tax records to the Inland Revenue?”

Surely not! Anna thought even as she realised the situation had just escalated; like most people she wasn’t fond of the tax man and had been working with her accountants to keep as much money out of his hands as possible. If the voice had found her real financial records, she could forget ruined, there was actually a good chance she could end up in jail!

With no other choice Anna quickly put the gag in her mouth wincing at the disgusting taste of fresh rubber, even as she secured the strap under her hair with a combination lock. She wanted to leave the strap loose enough to let her spit the gag out, but the fiendish device was made in such a way that the only way to secure it was as tightly as possible, “Ruck!” she managed to moan into her gag, “Ris dist regusting!”

“You’ll get used to it, so you did have something to hide in your taxes, guess I’ll have to hack them after all!” Anna’s reply was a wordless scream of anger and rage as she realised she’d been tricked! She dived for the door of the hotel room, determined to escape, even as she clawed at the gag, unable to get enough slack in the strap to pull it out. A moment later the combination of ballet boot and ankle cuff tripped her up and bought her down hard and painfully on her knees.

She scrambled to the door and stabbed at the electronic open button, the computerised button she recalled with an icy chill in her spine as nothing happened. “Ro Ro, Ro Ro!” she screamed wordlessly as she realised the door had been hacked! She slammed her fists on the floor, the walls; she screamed and screamed for over five minutes, begging for help but none came.

She knew the walls of the hotel were supposed to be soundproof but surely someone could hear her? Someone had to come help her!

...

Becky smiled as she watched Anna crying for help that was never going to come. Like many dominants Becky had long fantasised about having her own unwilling slave, but unlike most she'd actually had the means to bring it about.

Years before she'd been known as "Divinity" one of the most gifted hackers of her generation and while she'd eventually retired from that "career" after a near miss with the FBI she had lost none of her old skills. As such when she discovered Anna was staying in a high tech hotel with soundproof walls, electronic locks and an easily hacked booking system, well it had all been a little too tempting.

It had been child's play to rig the lock on Anna's room, send an untraceable phone and package and to ensure that all the other rooms on the floor were empty for the night. With luck no one would hear Anna (at least until Becky got done with her revenge) and really the only shame was that there was no way for her to keep the thieving author under her thumb for longer. She was sure someone would come check on Anna during the morning and there was just no way to get the girl out of the hotel without anyone noticing.

Still for now the girl was all hers and Becky leaned back in her chair surveying her makeshift command post in the room across the hall, planning her next move. For a moment she felt slightly uneasy about what she was doing, it was illegal after all but at the same time really wasn't she helping the poor woman? Anna clearly knew next to nothing about BDSM, but if Becky gave her a few lessons then she wouldn't have to keep stealing other people's works. Also Becky knew her fellow Dom's and they were much more likely to let Anna off with a slap on the wrist (literally) if she was a misguided member of their own community rather than the greedy leach she was.

Yes from that point of view everything Becky was doing was for Anna's own good, and clearly the girl was actually into BDSM. Look how quickly she'd put on the costume! Yes this was actually a good thing especially since if Becky could figure out what had happened so could the others Anna had stolen from. Most of them weren't as forgiven as Becky was and would probably call the police right away. However if Anna was wearing the collar of a slave when they found out and Becky could claim she was already paying for her sins, perhaps they would let the matter drop?

Her moral pangs now satisfied Becky leaned closer to the screen. Anna finally seemed to have calmed down and now it was time to get her into the rest of her costume and then get on with a very enjoyable playtime. Smoothing out a crease in her black latex cat suit the Dominatrix spoke into a microphone, "Well now that you have calmed down..."

...

The hairs on Anna's back stood on end as the voice spoke again, she was sitting with her legs pulled into her chest and sobbing as she took in the enormity of her situation. She was trapped at the mercy of this woman with no hope of rescue or escape until the cleaning lady came along the next morning.

Worse than that she wondered if anyone would even realise something was wrong, she was staying at the hotel because she was due to take part in a signing at a fetish

convention that was happening in its ballroom. Now given that she was bound and gagged and wearing a fetish costume wasn't it more likely people would think she was getting into the spirit of things, or that she actually liked this?

Anna shivered in fear even as a tiny pulse of warm pleasure ran through her pussy, "Gah Raitor!" she screamed as her body betrayed her. She didn't like this, surely she could not like this! Much as she had all those times when she'd been researching bondage porn and found it "interesting" she tried to crush the horrible thoughts out of her mind instead struggling with all her might to get the gag out of her mouth.

"Now that you have calmed down!" the voice repeated, an edge audible even through the distortion, "It is time for the rest of your costume," Anna screamed the vilest curses she knew into the gag and the voice replied, "Well if you insist..."

The phone was still lying on the bed and Anna whimpered as it lit up, and she scrambled towards it as quickly as she could, sure the evidence was about to be posted online. She was almost relieved when she saw it was another photo of her in her catsuit, struggling in her bondage and gag and looking like she was having a rather good time. She howled in disgust, and then she scrolled up her twitter account and discovered that the first picture already had over ten thousand views and had been re-tweeted hundreds of times!

She groaned, and the strange warmth in her sex grew as she looked at some of the comments, many of which remarked on how good she looked, or how glad they were that she actually liked bondage. Some added that they had thought she was a filthy hypocrite riding a wave but if this was what she got up to in the bedroom, they could forgive the poor nature of her first novel.

"Damn it!" the voice exclaimed, "All I'm doing is making you more famous, I guess I may have to release the file after all,"

"Ro, rot dat!" Anna managed to exclaim,

"Fine but only if you so as your told. Now there is a slave helmet in the box, you are going to put it on!" Defeated the prisoner obeyed and searched the box until she found a leather hood. This was coloured black and had a zipper on the back and a single small oval opening big enough for the victim's eyes and nose to fit through. "Put it on..." the voice said and once again Anna could swear she heard keys clicking on a keyboard.

Part of her wanted to defy this woman, if her secrets were to be exposed then at least this humiliation would be over, but then her life would be ruined, she'd be broke, exposed as a fraud, and the whole world would know what had happened to her tonight as well! Seeing no other choice she pulled the hood over her head, fitted it as comfortably as she could and then closed the zipper to seal it in place. She yelped in pain as her hair caught in the metal teeth and quickly pulled the zipper open and re-zipped it with her hair safely inside.

The hood was very tight and she quickly began to sweat in the leathers grip, also her hearing was dulled by the thick material, she could still hear a little but it was like everything was far away. Oddly enough as she looked in the mirror at her leather covered head she felt a little better than she had since the ordeal began. She was now completely unrecognisable, with her face hidden by the mask no one who saw her would realise that the “bondage slave” was actually “Anna Irons.”

Even stranger the anonymity of the mask was actually almost appealing in of itself, ever since she’d written that wretched book she’d been in the spotlight, and if truth be told she had feared something like this happening. Now the worst had happened and at the same time she could escape the pressure and fear of her crime for a few hours....

What was wrong with her! Did she want to be punished, did she...well yes in all honesty she probably did deserve to be punished for what she had done but still this was far too extreme for her liking. “We’re nearly done,” the voice said, “There is a blindfold and a pair of handcuffs in the box, put them on,”

Anna shivered, she’d known something like this was probably coming but to give up her sight, and to bind her hands was to remove the last little illusion of free will she had left. But that was all it was, an illusion, she was trapped in the room, there was not anything she could do to defy this woman and as usual her fear of exposure was greater than her fear of BDSM.

Why did this have to happen now? Why had her mind and body chosen tonight to reveal to her just how kinky she truly was? Deep down she supposed she had always known she liked submission, why else had she written a BDSM book or “researched” so deeply online but she had always tried to deny it and any natural flowering of her submission was a long way off. Right now she was deeply confused and scared, and she knew she would do the only thing a captive could do in such a situation, she would obey! But did she have to obey absolutely?

She slipped the blindfold over her eyes and tied it loosely; it was little more than a strip of latex and she was easily able to look down her nose and see the floor, but she was no longer able to see straight ahead. Still if her plan worked she hoped to be able to rip the blindfold off in a single second. She placed her hands in her lap and slipped the cuffs around them, snapping them closed around her right wrist, but then making like she was closing the cuff around her left, while actually leaving it loose.

She smiled into her gag as she heard a click as the hotel room door opened. It hadn’t been hard to guess why her attacker had chosen this moment to take away her vision and the use of her hands, it could only be because she was about to appear physically and didn’t want Anna to see her face. Now if she could just get one good swing...She thought as she heard footsteps behind her, her muscles tensed and she felt an almost sadistic glee at the thought of what was to come...

A moment later there was distorted laughter from the phone, and an instant after that Anna realised that the “footsteps” were coming from the phones speaker as well!

“Nice try, I guess I’ll give you a small measure of ingenuity for that one, but you still failed my test miserably, you will be punished for it later!”

Anna whimpered, was the voice talking about releasing the file? But for the moment it seemed she was again safe, as the voice said; “Now close the cuffs and then take off your blindfold, you won’t need it quite yet,”

With no other choice Anna closed the cuff over her left hand, cursing herself for falling for such an obvious trap; she then removed the blindfold and blinked a few times as her eyes adjusted to the light. “Okay I need time to think about your punishment, right now there is a large wooden box at the bottom of the crate, take it out!” the voice ordered.

There didn’t seem to be any reason not to obey so Anna did as she was ordered, her bound hands clumsy as she moved items aside until she found the briefcase sized box and lifted it out, “Open it,” the voice commanded and Anna did so. When she saw what was inside she blushed almost as red as her ball gag; Nearly a dozen massive dildo’s, were lined up in a neat row, each held in place by foam padding. “Take out the far right one,” the voice demanded without preamble, before adding, “I will withhold your punishment for now, but any other “tricks” and you spend the night in the strappado tie,”

Even as she picked up the nine inch long dildo Anna shuddered, to be strung up in the air, her arms pulled behind her back and her entire body weight being taken by her wrists that would be agony unlike any she had every endured before. Needing something to take her mind off that potential torment she examined the dildo;

His massive member pounded my tight virginal snatch, pleasure pouring through me in wave after wave as he ploughed my captive flesh...

Anna blushed, her “interest” in large cocks had clearly come through in her writing and as she ran a hand over the massive faux dick, she wondered what using it would be like and her sex quickly grew warm. A submissive moan of desire escaped her gagged and hooded mouth and she blushed even redder. “Well I guess that confirms you really are obsessed with cock,” her tormentor announced, “Well far be it for me to deny you your needs, insert the dildo into your cunt!”

Anna howled in disgust, surely she could not be expected to do this on camera? “Really, have you looked at your crotch lately, your begging for it!” the voice said, “But if you don’t want to do that, well I can just send out more pictures, or perhaps I’ll just send the evil truth about you? Do you want that?”

Anna growled in disgust, well aware that as long as this woman had that file there was little she could do to escape the demonic creature’s dark whims. In any case a quick glance down confirmed that the spandex over her sex was soaking wet and she felt utterly disgusted with herself as she nearly cummed at the sight.

Besides it was just a dildo, only a little dildo, and didn't she deserve a little pleasure after all this humiliation? In any case she could not do anything to escape her tormentor, so really the only option she had was to open the zipper over her sex. She turned so she was out of the camera's shot and then did just that. The dildo was a smooth shaft of polished silver metal and her sex was already well lubed with her own pussy juice, as such the dildo slipped home easily burying itself almost to the hilt, and causing her to howl in pleasure as waves of orgasmic joy boiled through her.

She could not help herself and she pulled the dildo out and then shoved it back in, trying to drive herself the rest of the way to orgasm. "STOP!" the voice commanded, "Push it back inside!"

Anna moaned in disappointment but then the voice added, "One more thrust and I publish!" Anna slipped the dildo back into her sex and the disgusted slave tried to zip the suit closed however the dildo was too big and she could not get the zipper closed. The dildo kept trying to slip out of her wet snatch and she had to grip the device with her hips just to avoid it falling on the floor

"It's not that I don't like what I'm seeing, but if your seen like this you'll be arrested for public indecency, there is a chastity belt in the box, get it out," the voice said. A chastity belt? Anna had never even seen one, and with a disgusted fascination she fished out the metal and plastic device.

It was made of thin but strong steel and padded with latex, and consisted of a belt that would go around her waist and a strap that would fit around her crotch, while a combination lock sealed the whole thing shut. "It's ironic," the voice said, "This is device designed to keep people from fucking and yet the best use I ever found for it was to lock dildo's deep inside peoples pussies!" Anna whimpered in embarrassment and the monster giggled, "I don't know what your problem is, what do you think happens when a girl walks around with one of these in her, one of these endlessly pistoning with every step she takes?" Anna whimpered again, and the voice added, "Now I think it's time for a home video, unless you want to put the belt on?"

"Ro rhead, ro rit!" Anna managed smiling into her gag, if the voice uploaded video of her surely her status as an unwilling slave would become obvious. But wait...surely her plagiarism and tax evasion would be exposed as well! Cursing her stupidity she desperately tried to make amends by quickly fitting the belt around her body and then snapped the lock closed sealing the dildo inside her sex. The terrified slave yelped in shock as the cold belt touched her bare skin, the evil thing feeling strange against her naked pussy lips. There was a small metal piece about the size of an American penny attached to the outside of the belt just above clit level. Anna touched it with her bound hands and was surprised to discover it was actually a loose piece of metal that was magnetised to the belt, it came away easily in her hands and she discovered a small round hole. She quickly shoved the disc back into place, realising instantly what the hole was for. She howled in shame as she realised there was no need to remove the belt even if she needed the toilet!

“Right a few final pieces and then you shall be ready, but first you need to stand up!” the voice ordered, and Anna managed to groan,

“Rhy!?!” as she really didn’t want to try and walk in these heels!

“Well what use is a slave who can’t even move? That’s part of the challenge of slavery to learn to live with the limitations of your position, besides you should be grateful, you could be in a gasmask, full latex suit and a posture collar right now. Now then is it time for the world to find out your crimes or do you want to just do as you’re told?”

Why am I so weak willed? Anna wondered as fear once again drove her to obey, she used her cuffed hands to pull herself up against the bed and then slowly pulled her ballet booted feet into an upright position. Pain stabbed at her toes as they took her weight and she groaned from the agony but she knew she could not risk stopping now and she slowly and painfully pulled herself upright.

“Ro! Ro! Ro!” she moaned into her gag, “Rurts!” she added for emphasis,

“Oh don’t be a baby, pain is a slave girls friend, now take a few steps,” the voice commanded. Anna did so and winced in pain as her distorted and tortured toes struck the floor. “Yes a total baby, well I can see why your story was so bad (even after you added the bits you stole from others) you clearly don’t know the first thing about submission. You must learn to surrender totally to another, only then can you ever hope to understand your place in the universe.”

Anna wasn’t really listening, she was too focused on the pain and desperately trying not to fall over or trip over her hobble chain. So far she was succeeding but she knew she could fail at any moment. However (and she went a bit red as she thought about it) the voice was right, every move she made also moved the dildo. She was quickly being stimulated by it even as the massive dong stretched her pussy to painful levels. “Rake it out!” she begged, using her fingers to twist the dial of the belt’s lock this way and that.

“You can’t get free, and why would you want to be? I can see your enjoying it,” the voice said, “Now I think that is quite enough complaining so let’s get the last few bits done, first you will need the duster gag you will find in the box, also...”

There was a click, and suddenly the left cuff came undone from her wrist, Anna stared at it for a moment noticing how the cuffs were bigger and thicker than the normal kind and also that they did not have keyholes. “Before you do anything silly, you’re still locked in, but you will need your hands for a minute or two.” Anna considered trying to at least take the mask off but then reconsidered when the voice said “I’m watching...” in a sing song tone.

Anna wasn’t sure what a “duster gag” was but she had a sinking feeling what it might mean, and after a moment she was proved correct. It turned out to be a leather head harness to which was attached a metal rod which ended in a cheap feather duster. It

was clear that if she wore it the duster would be strapped right over her mouth! If that wasn't bad enough the harness's forehead straps had a frilly white piece of material attached to them, it was unmistakably a Maid's tiara, and she shuddered at the thought of being transformed into a domestic servant. She employed Maids; to be made to become one...She shuddered again.

After a moment she began to feel almost relieved about this turn of events, she'd had visions of dildo gags or even ring gags and women's pussies but this just seemed like Maid play, compared to the other options that wasn't so bad was it? "We don't have all night," the voice said, "It's after eleven now, so if you're not going to put that thing on I'm going to upload and get an early night..."

For a moment Anna wondered if it might be better to get it over with, but fear once again trumped embarrassment and she quickly wrapped the harness around her head, pulling the buckles on the straps until the duster was mounted in place over her mouth, and the tiara on her forehead. She looked ridiculous with it on but she once again she consoled herself that she had her anonymity, at least no one would recognise her.

There was one final piece to the costume and even through she'd half expected it she still groaned as she was made to wrap a Maid's apron around her waist. After a moment she again realised this was no bad thing, the little apron did at least hide the chastity belt from anyone who saw her from the front, and she guessed she should be thankful for small mercies.

Finally she was ordered to re-cuff her hands, this time behind her back and the transformed woman reluctantly obeyed. She was given a moment to look herself over in the mirror and she marvelled at the change she had undergone, the free powerful woman she had been had vanished and in her place was a totally controlled female. She looked like some kind of fetish robot, more like a machine than a human being, ready to serve at her captor's whim.

She was totally controlled now, able to do nothing but hobble around in her chains, screw herself with her dildo and obey. It was shocking how awfully appealing it all was, and she almost felt...free?

That should have been impossible, but the truth was she'd felt an undercurrent of fear, even guilt since the day she'd first stolen those words for her book. She'd been terrified someone would find out and that she would be ruined, now the worst had happened, she was a slave, and there was nothing more to fear except her own perverted desires.

There was however one question the captive still could not answer, the voice had said there were two things left to do, if the duster was one..? "Testing, testing, one, two, three," Anna yelled in shock as her captors distorted voice suddenly came through as clear as day, inside the hood!

“Yes I had a speaker built in to the mask, I want you to hear my commands after all,” there was more giggling, “Now the game for tonight is very simple, there are nine rooms on this floor and (due to a strange coincidence) yours is the only one booked.”

Anna moaned realising that there really was no way anyone could have heard her screams earlier, and she was also starting to figure out just what the voice wanted her to do. A moment later the voice confirmed her fears, “It also turns out that no one is scheduled to clean this floor in the morning, so I guess it’s lucky I have a Maid drone to help out, now this is how it all works, if you obey you will be rewarded...”

Anna yelled in shock as the dildo suddenly began to vibrate, it was a powered vibrator! She moaned as she quickly grew aroused and then moaned again in disappointment as it suddenly stopped. “Not yet my sweet,” the voice said then added, “Now if you fail or disobey...”

Anna yelled in pain as an electric shock suddenly erupted across her right nipple, she yelled again as another one stung her left nipple. The “studs” in her suit were electrodes! But that was impossible how could they be powered, ouch! Her thoughts were interrupted as another shock stung her heinee.

“As you may have guessed your suit has a built in punishment system. Of course you may be wondering where the power source is, I’ll give you a clue, it’s powered by contacts connected to your belt which is connected to...”

Anna yelled and then struggled to reach for her belt with her bound hands; she had to get the dildo out. Her cuffed hands scrambled at her buttocks but no matter what she tried she could not reach the dildo and even if she could she could not remove it due to the belt. “If we’re quite done?” Anna gave up and stood as still as she could, hoping it would not give the voice any excuse to hurt her more.

“This is the true nature of submission, the total surrender of control, for the next six hours you will follow every order I give you, obey and you will be rewarded, disobey and you will be punished. As a free woman your rewards were many, yet they were worthless, how could you ever spend all that money, or wear all those clothes for instance. Even worse they were built on a foundation of lies you had told and every reward must have come with the constant fear of being found out.”

Anna shuddered and the voice said, “I thought as much, as I was saying the life of a modern free woman is shallow, you do not have to work for things and so the rewards are far less satisfying than if you had earned them through hard labour and sweat.”

Anna thought her captor was nuts but she did not attempt to tell the woman this, feeling it would just make things worse. “As a slave there is only one reward, but it is the most wonderful one possible and you will feel a great sense of pride when you finally receive it. Now we have a lot of work to do so you will move to the door...”

Chapter 3: Service

Anna made the mistake of hesitating and got a shock to her nipples for her trouble, and seeing no other option but obedience she made her slow and painful way to the door. The lock clicked and the door swung a little way open but still not far enough for the slave Maid to get through.

So how was she supposed to get out of the room? She couldn't use her hands and a moment later an attempt to move the door with her shoulder caused it to swing closed. A quick shock to her heinee followed and as she yelped in pain, the voice said, "You really aren't very smart are you, turn around and grip the door handle,"

Anna blushed again as she realised just how simple it was, but then it was hard to think about things logically when you were trapped in very tight bondage. Cursing the

pain at every step she slowly turned around and then reached out with her bound hands to grip the door knob. “Do you like the feel of that? Not quite the knobs your used to I’m sure,” Motherfucker! Anna thought but she didn’t even bother trying to voice her feelings out loud, it wasn’t as if the voice didn’t know how she felt about her...

She was able to slowly pull the door open, and then she turned around and hobbled into the corridor preying no one saw her. What the hell! She wondered as she got a good look at the table across from her door. When she’d arrived a few hours earlier there had been a rather nice reproduction Ming vase filled with flowers, now a cheap plastic one was in its place and as she turned to look up and down the corridor she noticed all the tables had had their expensive vases removed...

...

Becky rubbed her sore shoulder and silently cursed the vases she’d just managed to get into her room before Anna had finally finished putting on her suit. She thought she’d planned for everything, booking every room on the floor under false names, re-writing work schedules, looping the security footage and changing the time stamp....

An important part of all that was making sure the hotel never found out it had been used as bondage playpen, especially one featuring a somewhat reluctant slave. Anna knocking over a thousand pound vase would lead to lots of questions Becky didn’t want to answer so she’d bought along some cheap ones for Anna’s cleaning session. There was only one thing Becky had forgotten; foot tall vases filled with flowers and water were actually rather heavy, she’d nearly dropped two of them and she’d managed to wrench her shoulder with another. Luckily Anna had been busy with the chastity belt at the time and she’d been able to hit the mute key on her own phone before moaning in agony.

Still all the vases were now safe and sound on Becky’s coffee table and now at last the fun could begin...

...

Anna whimpered as another small shock stung her buttocks, and the voice ordered, “Clean the table,” and for a moment the enslaved author wondered...how? Then she recalled what she was wearing over her mouth and she shuddered in humiliation, never in her life had anything like this happened to her and once again Anna silently cursed the book, wishing she had never written it.

“Is there a problem?” the voice demanded, and then another shock ran through Anna’s breasts. As she yelped in pain Anna wondered how long the battery in the dildo could possibly last, but then the shocks were very small (if painful) and given the size of batteries these days, something that big might last for hours or even days. Another shock struck her toes and she realised that the boots had electrodes in them as well!

Ignoring Anna’s howls of pain and humiliation the voice said, “Clearly you have no clue what to do, but then I guess you’ve probably never seen a feather duster, I bet you have someone to do all this for you, yes?”

Anna moaned in humiliation even as a puzzling thing occurred to the sex slave; while she was in the room she'd been visible on the web cam, how could the voice see her now? Anna looked up and down the hall and then she gasped in shock at what she saw. It was the small black dome of a security camera, something she normally did not notice at all and for a moment she felt a strange mix of severe embarrassment and a tiny glimmer of hope.

If someone looked at the camera they might see her predicament and come and try to save her, and given someone had moved the vases, maybe her captor was on site? Maybe they could be stopped before they had a chance to upload? She was grasping at straws and her vain hope was punctured a second later when the voice said, "Don't get any ideas the cameras all work for me now, making a home movie I expect to enjoy for decades to come,"

The voice began to laugh manically and Anna had finally had enough, at one end of the corridor was the lift and as she looked over at it the voice seemed to think it knew what she was thinking, "It won't stop on this floor..." The voice was not all knowing however, for Anna was actually looking at another door only a few feet away, one marked "Fire exit,"

Surely she could endure the pain long enough to make it to the next floor and scream for help? Surely she could manage that? She knew she would be exposed as a fraud but if nothing else at least she wouldn't have to endure anymore of this! She started towards the door every step agony just from the boots she wore, and her whole body tense as she awaited the torment she knew had to come. To her astonishment nothing happened she was allowed to make her painful way to the door and then she swung her body at the push bar, slamming it down. She yelped in pain as she slammed into the unyielding door, but she tried it again and again, as her captor laughed in her ear. "Do you really think I can't jam a simple lock? You are a slave, this whole floor is my dungeon, and you will...obey...me!"

With that agony boiled through Anna's body, flinging her to the floor as every single electrode fired at once. She screamed in torment as shocks attacked every inch of her body, sending wave after wave of agony through her bound form and she thrashed so hard she thought her bonds might break. She begged for mercy and finally after what seemed eternity (but was probably only ten seconds) the agony stopped. "So is the message getting through?" the monster demanded and Anna screamed,

"Res! RES!" into her gag frantically nodding her head,

"I don't believe you; in fact I think you really just want to run away!" The voice said, "Oh well if that's how you feel..." With that there was a click loud enough to be heard through the slave hood and the fire exit swung open. "You had better stay on hands and knees, it's a long way to the next floor and I wouldn't want you to get hurt."

What is this? Anna wondered confused by the sudden change of attitude, first her Mistress...NO her captor, punished her and then she was suddenly offered the road to freedom she'd been trying to take. For a moment she seriously considered crawling

through the door and making her way painfully downstairs to face the music, but then she hesitated, surely it could not be this easy? She was right to be suspicious.

“Well go on then, if you really want to end our session I won't stop you, but you should know that if you cross that threshold without authorisation I will have to send the file. Still on the plus side it will take you a good hour to get downstairs, by which time I'm sure the media will be in position. Still if that's the way you want to go, who am I to stand in your way?”

Anna's reply to that was anatomically impossible as the sadistic choice churned in her mind. Did she walk away, face the music and ruin her life, or did she stay, endure the humiliation and hope it was enough to satisfy her sadist captor? If she left her life was sure to be destroyed but if she stayed, then she would suffer the worst night of her life. As often happened in such situations Anna began to rationalise the choice she was about to make, to be sure staying meant suffering now but it also might save her future. Also if she stayed she might find a way to turn the tables and gain her revenge on her captor (although she could see no hope of this at the moment) but if she left perhaps someone would believe her and let her off her other crimes due to her suffering?

It was a vain hope and she knew it, her captor would be long gone by the time she reached help and given how efficient and careful the woman (if it was a woman) had been so far what were the odds she'd slip up and leave evidence now? Most likely it would just seem as if she'd been playing a kinky sex game when her crimes were revealed to the world.

She shuffled around a little and this caused the dildo to shift in her sex as she gave a low moan of unwanted (but powerful) pleasure. She wasn't a slave, she didn't want to be a slave so what was wrong with her? Why did being turned into an anonymous love slave make her feel so hot? “Don't you dare have an orgasm!” her captor warned, you haven't done anywhere near enough to earn one yet. Now what's it to be, stay or go?” It was clear her captors patience was wearing thin and Anna realised she was out of time. What was she to do?

Finally she decided that for now her best chance was still to play along, for the moment her fear of being publicly disgraced and ruined still just about exceeded the fear of public humiliation. She turned away from the door which stayed open. Anna felt a little better for seeing that since it meant that if she could not endure what was to come she still had a way out if she needed it. Her thoughts were interrupted by her captor who said,

“Good, now soon we'll have to get you back upright, however for now there seems to be a lot of dust on the under floor heating vents, I have to wonder if they ever actually clean this place?” Anna shivered but it was clear the time for resistance was over, she could only obey or suffer the penalty for her crimes, and so she managed to pull herself into a kneeling pose and shuffle to the side of the corridor where a grating ran the length of the corridor. The voice was right there were a lot of dust bunny's and Spider-webs visible, especially under the tables and the sex slave started to wonder

just what she'd been paying £650 a night for. "Now lean forwards and get that lovely mouth of yours to work," the voice ordered.

Anna blushed but she lowered her head, running the bristles of duster over the metal grating. Dust was quickly kicked up and Anna suddenly sneezed, she tried to pull back but a single shock to her buttocks reminded her of the penalty for resistance. Instead she dusted onwards, knocking the dirt and dust off the grating as she slowly shuffled under the table. "Just look at you so perfect, so submissive, so beautiful, a free woman reduced to a simple cleaning machine, obedient to my will..."

Anna suddenly screamed not from anything the voice had done but because a large spider had just crawled out of the vent. Anna hated Spiders and her heart thundered as she scrambled backwards and tried to straighten up. She yelped in pain as her leather coated head connected with the bottom of the table, and the shock suddenly snapped her out of her panic attack. The Spider was actually the size of a penny and she could hear her captor laughing over the link, "A total bondage slut, and she's scared of a tiny little Spider, and oh dear what's this?" There was a quiet thump as something fell over on the table and then Anna watched in horror as something fell off the edge and she flinched as the vase hit the floor. Luckily it was plastic and it bounced but for a moment she'd been sure it would break into a million pieces!

"It's lucky that this is only a training session otherwise I'd be taking that out of your wages, oh wait slave's don't get any money, so I guess I had better punish you instead!" Anna screamed again as a series of shocks stung her heinee and breasts and the voice intoned, "I hope your feeling very sorry for that,"

The shocks cut off and Anna lay on the floor, shaking in humiliation and pain, she had quite forgotten about the Spider and instead cursed her own clumsiness, she had to do better if only to avoid worse! The only other option was to flee...and for the moment that still seemed by far the worst one. "At this rate we will never get anything done," the voice said, "Now get back to work...slave!" another shock stung Anna's heinee, and she once again lowered her head and concentrated on the dusting.

At first she went slowly afraid to miss a speck of dust but then another shock to her heinee was accompanied by the command, "Faster!" and she speed up, mechanically swinging the duster as she shuffled forwards inch by inch.

She feared more torment but instead the dildo began to gently vibrate and the sex slave stopped and moaned in unwanted but undeniable pleasure. An instant later she was rewarded with a shock that stung her clit, and as she howled in pain the voice told her, "A reward is not an excuse to stop work. You will go about your duties while enjoying it!" There was another shock this time to her heinee and Anna unhappily went back to work.

She continued to shuffle along and any time she hesitated she got another shock. The sex slave grew even more unhappy, she'd been offered release but now all she had was pain! Slowly the tormented woman realised it was her own fault, she'd been offered release and she'd thrown it away by resisting...She screamed again as she

realised what she'd just done, she was thinking as a slave! That was wrong, she was a free woman! She stopped and refused to go any further, instead struggling to escape her bondage.

Another burst of pain struck her breasts and sex, but she dug her teeth into the gag and tried to endure, determined that she would not give into her captors cruel commands any longer. To her credit the slave held onto that resolve for nearly ten seconds, adrenaline and endorphins helping her to withstand the pain but in the end her will was too weak. She lowered her head and went back to work hot tears of pain and shame falling from her face to drip onto the carpet.

“Don't feel too bad,” the voice said, “I know this is a big change and it's hard to accept your natural submissiveness at first, but you made the right choice there, now let your feelings guide you, don't resist what's coming...” The dildo started up again and Anna froze for a second before frantically working as hard as she could, the strokes of her duster almost in time with the pulses of her vibrator, she wanted the release, she needed the release, so frustrated was she after two aborted orgasms...

She shuffled forwards while grinding her hips together holding the vibrating dong as deep in her aroused sex as possible. She swung the duster over and over desperate not to give the voice an excuse to stop the dildo. She tried to tell herself she was trying to avoid the pain, but in truth Anna just wanted to screw herself silly. She was so desperate for an orgasm that she had almost forgotten the still open door the desperate need of a submissive Maid overriding all else.

What was wrong with her? She wondered again as a powerful wave of humiliation washed over her mind. She had never been so embarrassed in her life yet she had never been so horny either, she had never been held so close to orgasm for so long and her sexual need was so powerful she could not resist it. The pain, humiliation and pleasure seemed to mix together into something stronger than the parts of the whole a masochistic adrenaline rush that seemed to enhance every sensation a hundred fold including the feeling she now wanted more than freedom itself. She was so close, so close, so hot, so horny...

She screamed in ecstasy as she was pushed over the edge into a crashing orgasm, wave after wave of boiling pleasure pouring through her captive body in an avalanche of joy. “Ro Rood!” she moaned as the pleasure flowed through her body, she clawed at the buttock's desperately trying to get to the dildo and keep the orgasm going, rubbing her breasts on the worn carpet as the need for pleasure excluded all else.

All too soon it was over, the orgasm ended and Anna was left lying on the cold floor with her chest heaving as tears poured from her eyes. “Was it good for you too?” the monster asked, and Anna moaned in shame and horror, “Was that the best orgasm you ever had?”

Anna howled in disgust and more than that in shame, she'd rarely orgasmed on those occasions she'd had sex with men, in fact most of the time the only way she got any

release was to use her fingers. Tonight was different, she'd had a crushing, powerful orgasm the likes of which she'd begun to think was impossible, and she'd had it while tied up, dressed in a humiliating costume and being working as a slave Maid!

How could this possibly have happened how could something so horrible feel so good? She hated what she had endured and yet she found herself wanting...more... The voice spoke again, "So I guess you want this to be over now?"

"Res!" Anna screamed, she had never been so humiliated in her life, surely this was enough surely the woman would let her go on her way now? She glanced towards the open fire door, was this the moment to make a break for it? Or was this...oh hope of hope the moment she could finally call her debt paid. The urge to flee grew strong again but this time she had an even better reason not to run away, part of her was enjoying this and as she ground her hips on the dildo she realised something horrible. Not only would she be exposed as a fraud and plagiarise, not only would she face a tax investigation that would (at best) end in bankruptcy, but she would never feel this wonderful sensation again.

She had always thought of slavery and bdsm as something strange, something almost dirty, and she had seen it as little more than a means to an end. Now for the first time she was realising the power of submission and control and she was starting to understand why some people would give up their freedom for such an amazing feeling. In her book she'd had her heroine enjoy her sessions with her dominant master but only when he ploughed her after a night of bondage, now she was finally learning that it was the sessions themselves that gave the greatest pleasure. For a slave, for a woman...for a woman like her, the loss of control was the ultimate high.

The monster giggled and snapped her out of her thoughts, "Well okay, I'll give you the codes to your shackles, and you can go," Anna knew her captor well enough by now to know it had to be a trick but she still felt a tiny pang of hope that maybe she was to be set free. As the orgasm faded away her humiliation and suffering came back to the fore and she wanted to be free more than to orgasm again. However she knew it was just a trick, it had to be and sure enough... "Of course if I do that you won't have paid your debt to me, so I guess I'll have to release the evidence after all, now do you want me to do that?"

"Ro!" Anna moaned into her gag, she knew she was going nowhere fast and this mental anguish was just another way her captor was toying with her...

...

Becky smiled as she watched Anna surrender both to her and to despair, she'd always taken pride in her ability to read people and she was sure she'd read Anna exactly right. It had been clear from reading the (very few) parts of the book that Anna had written by herself that she had at least a passing fascination with BDSM, (even if the girl maybe didn't even realise it herself). It had also been clear from her actions that Anna greatly feared exposure and would probably do anything to avoid it.

If anything Becky was astonished how easy it had been, she'd expected Anna to put up much more of a fight, she'd even expected to have to give up on the whole thing and just try to turn Anna into the authorities. Instead Anna had gone along with barely a protest and Becky felt a little better for that.

For all this was her greatest fantasy she still wanted to believe that she was the good guy, and that she was helping Anna in her own strange way. As long as she could believe that Anna wanted this to happen she could feel okay about herself, and if Anna didn't want it, what would she do when her fear of Becky's demands grew stronger than her fear of exposure?

Becky settled back in her chair and decided she'd cross that bridge when she came to it...

Chapter four:

Anna's demented cleaning now resumed for a little while. First her cuffs were unlocked just long enough for her to pull herself upright, and any thoughts about resistance were quickly ended when a series of shocks attacked her buttocks until she locked her wrists back together.

For a moment she was glad to be standing again after spending time on her knees but then shooting pains in her legs reminded her she was still wearing her horrible heels. She yelped in pain as her distended toes took her weight, yet oddly it was not quite as painful as it had been before and she wondered if her tortured feet were starting to adjust. Perhaps it was like Ballet after all and eventually she'd be able to take the most torturous poses without any discomfort? Not that it really mattered, she reminded herself because as soon as she could find a way out of this mess she intended to take it and then never suffer anything like this ever again!

In any case now she was standing up every step she took moved the dildo in and out of her sex, and she suddenly found herself wishing the hobble chain would let her legs stretch further. She remembered a picture she'd seen once of a woman as a "Ponygirl" high stepping her way around a paddock, if she could have raised her legs like that the dildo would have been powerfully thrust in and out of her captive sex.

She moaned in shame but with the gag in place it sounded more like a moan of desire and her captor giggled saying, "You have to know I'm not about to unlock that chain, you wanton little slut. You certainly haven't earned that yet...now get to work on the tables!"

Anna howled in shame and the woman laughed again, "Hey you might as well admit it, you really are just a submissive slut at heart, after all why else did you write about a girl being enslaved?" Actually The Rubber Maid was supposed to be about a romantic relationship (with bondage thrown in) but in any case the main answer was money. Still no matter how much she denied it the voice seemed to have a point; she'd been coerced into abject slavery and yet some part of her was really enjoying this!

Desperate for a distraction from that line of thinking she lowered her head and began to sweep the duster across the first table. By now she had pretty much mastered the slow sweeping motion that seemed to work best to shift dust and she felt almost proud as the table began to gleam under her (honestly not very) expert touch.

Even better as long as she kept up her task the device in her loins continued its low level vibrations, every stroke of the brush bringing her closer to her reward. She tried to stop, not wanting to give into her bodies unnatural desires but when she halted the pleasant vibration was replaced by stinging shocks to her buttocks. Once again she chose the path of least resistance, after all it wasn't so bad, all she had to do was obey

and she got a nice reward, and it wasn't as if the work was that unpleasant, really was it?

She hated herself for rationalising her suffering but as the rhythmic strokes pushed her closer to orgasm the fear and revulsion fell away, overwhelmed by the desperate need for release. She was so close, so close to pleasure and she found herself speeding up, swinging her duster faster and faster as she worked herself up to a boiling climax.

Dust was billowing up from the table she was working on (what had she been paying all that money for, the hotel truly was filthy), and suddenly she let out a loud sneeze and stopped her work for a moment. Anna tensed up sure she was about to be punished but her captor only let out a happy giggle.

“I think we can let you off for that one, it was an accident after all...just don't have too many more...” Anna let out a sigh of relief but then quickly resumed dusting when the voice added, “Did I tell you, you could stop?” Anna quickly resumed her former rhythm but the brief pause had cut her off just before orgasm and she moaned in disappointment.

She felt a deep sense of shame at how she'd almost screwed herself to orgasm like some kind of wanton slut but with no choice but to resume her work these thoughts were quickly being overwhelmed again by her desire for pleasure.

Once again she glanced at the open fire exit, wondering if she should make a run for it or screw herself silly. Once again fear of exposure and humiliation overwhelmed her fear of lesbian bondage sex and she kept working. Besides was this really so bad? All she had to do was play a few simple sex games and everything would go back to normal and while at first she'd been shocked and humiliated she was starting to wonder if she was actually enjoying herself...

“RO!” she screamed and stopped working, disgusted with herself. Perhaps she did have an affinity for bondage, perhaps she had written about what some part of her wanted deep down and perhaps one day she might have indulged those hidden desires. That did not change the fact that she'd been effectively captured and her only choices were to serve or see her life burned down around her. That didn't mean she had to like it and she stood as still as possible unwilling to push herself any closer to orgasm.

“So you don't want another orgasm then?” The voice asked, “God but you are one weird slave, still if you don't want the reward then I think it's time we get you into the rest of your costume, unless of course you want to walk away?”

For a moment Anna tried to protest but then another shock to her heinee suggested cooperation remained the best the best course (at least if she wasn't going to run away). The rest of my costume? She wondered how on earth there could there be more. She hobbled back to her room, cursing her feet as she went. She was actually a little curious as to what her captor had in mind and she recalled the garments and equipment that had filled the box, what other strange and sexual devices were hidden within?

The door had swung shut while she was out but it was still unlocked and she was able to push it open easily with her body. The door swung closed behind her but it did not lock and leaving her a way out if she wanted it badly enough. She moaned in shock at what she saw within the room, the cardboard box was gone and in its place the various items had been laid out on the bed. Meanwhile a long silver chain snaked out from under the bed, it had to be at least 30 metres long and was wrapped securely around one leg of the heavy king sized bedstead. Anna glanced over at the locked connecting door between this room and the next and realisation dawned.

So that's where you're hiding, she thought...

...

As she saw Anna looking at the door Becky shivered worried for a second that Anna might try to barge through. It was unlikely but to prepare for the next stage Becky had been compelled to reveal her location, and now she had to make doubly sure her slave did not turn on her.

...

There was another click and Anna's handcuffs once again unlocked, she rubbed her wrists and for a moment she considered trying to break down the connecting door...

"Don't bother, it's very locked, you can't move very fast and I'll send the files before you get close..." Anna moaned in disgust, it was now after one in the morning, she was very tired and it seemed her captor was not done with her yet, "Besides we're getting on so well do you really want to go and ruin it all?"

"Ritch!" Anna exclaimed and regretted it instantly,

"I'm a witch? Well actually I guess I do work magic with my bondage toys, but still..." Anna yelped as a small shock stung her buttocks, "Naughty, naughty girl," Anna whimpered, "Yes I'm sure you are sorry, now I think it's time we made a few decisions about your future, do you see the cuff on the floor?"

Anna glanced down and spotted a large metal cuff with yet another combination lock attached to the end of the chain, and she realised that it was long enough to let her move around the rooms on that floor of the hotel while stopping her from running away. If she put it on she would be totally trapped and lose her last tiny bit of freedom.

"If you refuse to put the chain on then our session will end here and now, I won't release the tax dodging but I will release your plagiarism," the voice said, "While that will still be bad for you it won't be the end of the world, only your career. If on the other hand you want to continue the session, you can earn total remission and those orgasms you enjoy so much."

Anna moaned and blushed under her hood, aware that her captor was wrong, if she was exposed it would be the end of her life because writing was her life and if she was exposed as a plagiarist she'd never be published again. She'd have to go and get a real

job working 9 to 5 somewhere for far less money and the gravy train she'd been riding would hit the buffers. But she could avoid that for one night of kinky sex and if it all got too much? Well that connecting door opened inwards and there was rather a lot of chain she could probably break it down with her shoulder.... Except then she'd have to face the music and who knew what her captor would do to her if she tried.

Once again she realised just what an illusion her free will had become, she could fight back or flee...but only at the cost of everything dear to her. She realised it wasn't the exposure, the humiliation or even the risk of jail that bothered her (she'd only dodged about twenty thousand pounds worth of tax so far so surely she wouldn't get very long for that and English jail was hardly the worst in the world). No none of those worried her so much as losing the money she'd worked so hard to earn, was she so shallow that that was all she cared about, she wondered. Well at least I'm honest about it, she thought as she realised there was only one choice she was ever going to make, and she reached down and snapped the shackle around her ankle with a very final "click."

"Good I hoped you wanted to play some more," not hardly you demented...Anna thought, but wisely kept her mouth shut as the voice spoke again. "You now may remove, your duster and hood," oh thank God Anna though as she unbuckled the filthy feather duster and then unzipped the hood to reveal her sweat soaked face. "You may also remove the gag, the code is 316125,"

Anna could hardly believe her luck was it possible her captor was actually feeling merciful? There was only one problem, the dial was on the side of the gag strap, and Anna could not see it to turn the wheel.

After a few moments she realised she could use the floor to ceiling mirror in the corner of the room, she stood side on to the glass and looking to the right she was just able to see the dial. After a few minutes of careful fiddling she was finally able to get the gag undone and pull it out.

She worked her sore jaw for a moment and then she decided to try reason one last time, "Please, let me go, I...I won't tell anyone, I'm very sorry for stealing from you, I won't do it again...ouch!"

She yelped in pain as she was reminded the devices were still active and she acted fast quickly turning the dial on the chastity belt to the numbers she'd been given.

"Oh please..." the voice said, and then Anna screamed in pain as shocks attacked her heinee over and over, "Do you really think I would use the same code for all of them, I'm not some comic book villain..." The voice was once again coming from the phone which was sitting on a nearby table and for a moment Anna wanted to attack it.

After another moment she realised how bad an idea that was, not only would it do her no good in any case she would probably just get herself tortured some more. "Now as I said you have two choices, you can go now, and most of your secrets are revealed or you can go at dawn and I will keep your nasty secrets a...well secret. At this time of

the year that's in four hours, you can drink the bottle of water while you think about it."

Anna noticed a half litre bottle of water lying on the bed and she quickly grabbed it up and began to gulp it down, she was tired, sore and her throat was very dry and the water quickly disappeared as she again considered her options. Could she endure four more hours of this? But what choice did she have, if that information got out she might be in jail in four hours' time on the tax evasion alone, also she did now have a deadline for this horror ending even though she had bound herself even more thoroughly than before.

It wasn't a lot of hope but she could now see a light at the end of the tunnel, if she could just endure four short hours this would all be over. But could she believe her captor? Anna was due at a signing at the fetish fair downstairs at around 10 am, she hadn't ordered room service and with the mess her captor had made of the hotel systems she doubted she'd be missed before then. She doubted the monster had the means to get her out of the hotel but that meant that until then there was no reason for the monster to want to let her go.

Worse what if the information was revealed anyway, or what if the woman just kept the files and held them over her for the next ten years? She moaned in disgust, but at the same time she knew she had no choice, it was the same as with any Swindling unless she wanted to totally ruin her life, she had to pay the price. "What do you want me to do now?" she asked in a defeated voice.

"First clean yourself up in the bathroom, don't worry there are no camera's there..."

Anna grunted in disgust and then walked into the small ensuite, she was able to push the door most of the way closed even with the chain in tow, and then she searched the tiny room for options. She was many floors up and in any case the windows didn't open, also she'd noticed that the room service phone and her mobile were both missing so she could not even call for help.

How long would the batteries in this thing last? She wondered as she undid her apron, moved the magnetic patch to expose the hole in the belt and used the toilet. Afterwards she left the patch off, (no longer caring if her captor saw a glimpse of her privates- it was far too late for that) and then she quickly washed her hands and rinsed as much of the sweat out of her hair as she could.

A small shock struck her right nipple as the voice called; "Are you going to be much longer?" and Anna probed the spandex hoping to find and break the electrode. She noticed there was something odd about the material which seemed rather thicker than normal spandex and also there seemed to be something else sandwiched between two layers of the cloth...rubber! She snorted in disgust, it was no wonder she was so sweaty! There was no way she could hope to claw her way through it without half and hours effort, and so as another shock struck her other nipple she did the only thing she could and walked back into the room.

“Right that's enough of your messing around” the voice said, “Take up the corset and put it on,” Anna picked up a large and heavy black leather corset and said,

“I can't wear this it will crush me!”

“It's only a couple of inches, that's nothing a dedicated fetish slave would offer to have her waist trained until I could get my hands around it,”

“That's impossible...isn't it?” Anna asked as she imagined herself with a super narrow waist like in some old painting. She yelped in pain as shocks again struck her heinee and her captor said,

“That is enough! If you are staying you are a slave and slaves obey without question, now get that corset on! Or shall I just get on with calling News sites?” Reminded of how non-existent her choices were, Anna carefully fitted the corset into place. It turned out to be oddly comfortable and fitted her curvy body very well, but as she pulled closed the straps (luckily these were on the front of the corset) she gasped as it compressed her waist.

She'd heard all the horror stories about corsets, but as she turned to look in the mirror, Anna found she could breathe easily and after the first shock there was no real pain just a strange feeling of compression as her waist was gently squeezed into an hourglass shape. “Now was that so bad? Well was it?”

“No...”Anna managed to moan, she could never forget she was wearing it and a few experimental attempts to bend demonstrated how rigidly it would hold onto her waist, but it could have been worse. Suddenly a shock struck her breasts and the voice said,

“You will refer to me as Mistress at all times,”

“What, ouch!”

“Will you obey,”

“Ow! Yes!” another shock, “Yes...Mistress!” Anna's face burned with a hot flush, utterly humiliated at having to speak as a slave would, as the slave she now was.

“Better, although fortunately you won't have to speak much. Now pick up the leather open face hood and put it on.” Anna easily spotted the hood and was grateful to find that it really was an open faced design. Black leather would cover most of her head but a large oval would leave her face exposed; as she pulled it on she wondered if that was such a good thing, did she really want anyone to see it was her?

Well it hardly mattered only her captor could see her...but what if others saw the video? She shuddered as she pulled closed the zip, this time being careful to keep her hair out of the zipper. The result left her head covered by a smooth layer of black leather with only the heart shaped oval of her face visible. The effect was oddly beautiful, the deep black contrasting with the pale pink of her captive flesh. The

leather dulled her hearing again but after a moment a click signalled the activation of an earphone over her right ear.

“Now the ring gag,” the voice ordered, and Anna’s eyes widened as she looked at the plastic ring on the leather strap, there could be only one reason to have her wear that... “Oh don’t worry you won’t be sucking any cunt, well at least not yet, now put it on!” A shock stung Anna’s buttocks and with no other choice she quietly moaned,

“All... right...” then yelped in pain, “Alright Mistress!” she added in a somewhat louder yelp. As she opened her mouth and shoved the gag into her mouth, her captor said,

“Very good you remembered without being told, we shall make a slave of you yet!”

Anna moaned in shame, that was all she could really do now that she was gagged again, and then she groaned as drool began to drip from her open mouth. No matter what she tried she could not stop the liquid coming and she howled in embarrassment and shame at how totally one little ring could control her!

“Now for the collar,” the voice announced, and Anna easily spotted a simple leather dog collar, sitting on the middle of the bed. She picked it up and turned it over in her hands, it was such a simple thing, just a loop of cloth with a single O-ring in the middle, yet she dreaded what it represented, the reduction of a free woman to an abject sex slave.

“You need to put it on,” the voice said, “This is a deal breaker...” Was this all really worth it, Anna wondered again, even as she felt a pulse of pleasure through her captive pussy, to be controlled by another to be owned was such a strange yet still oddly thrilling idea...

Disgusted with herself she wrapped the collar around her neck then hissed “Rot rlse!” into her gag,

“Temper, Temper,” the voice said, then sent a shock through Anna’s toes, “We are nearly done, open the cardboard box.” Anna noticed a small box about a foot cubed sitting beside the bed and she bent to pick it up, she gasped as the corset resisted her attempts to bend her back, and in the end she was compelled to lean over at her hips, bending almost forty five degrees just to pick up the box.

She shuddered in pleasure as she straightened up with the heavy box, the motion of the dildo stimulating her even as she felt a strange exhilaration at her success. It was odd but to succeed at such simple tasks in such difficult circumstances was oddly enjoyable. Maybe the voice was right; she never had worked for anything before in her life, even the novel had been mostly stolen from others, now she had to work and for a wonderful reward...

Now even more disgusted with herself she tore the tape off the box and opened it, revealing the strangest item yet. It was a gas-mask, a heavy object of black rubber

with two small portholes for the eyes, and a frill of white latex like a maid's tiara around the crown, as she turned it over in her hands a part of her thought, how can she expect me to wear this. Yet another part of her thought about how it would once again disguise her identity, and let her hide away from her shame. Besides if she wore it surely she would look so ugly her captor would have to let her go!

With that thought she slipped it over her head, secured the straps and took a breath. The air tasted warm and rubbery but she could breathe normally while wearing it and for a moment could see clearly out of the portholes, but the mask was so tight and controlling, and a moment later the portholes fogged up from her warm breath.

She turned and looked in the mirror straining to see through the condensation and was shocked by the sight she saw. With the mask on she didn't even look human any more, but more like some kind of futuristic drone, a machine for cleaning the hotel, able to do nothing but obey.

There was something oddly appealing about that idea, to be a mindless creature, something that existed only to serve, oh why was it that she found that so appealing? "Very nice," the voice told her, "I do so love the sight of totally controlled slaves, now I want you to put your apron back on," Anna had forgotten about the apron which she'd left on the floor as she came out of the bathroom. She carefully leaned down and managed to pick it up, before tying it behind her back once more. "Good we are nearly done, now do you see the chains?"

The fog in Anna's mask was clearing and she noticed two lengths of chain, each about two feet long, sitting on the bed, one end of each was a metal cuff with a combination lock while the other, ended in an open padlock also combination based. "This is fairly simple, one end over your wrists, the other onto the d-rings on the sides of the corset, do it now!"

A small shock to her buttocks was enough to get Anna moving, and she didn't even need reminding of the penalty for defiance well aware resistance would destroy her life. In any case she was feeling strangely curious about just what her Mistress had in mind.

She supposed she'd always had a strange fascination with restraint and though she still tried to deny it an even deeper one with BDSM, now a part of her wanted to know just what her captor had planned for her, what strange and exciting torments were in store.

She hadn't noticed the two D-rings on the waist of her corset before (she'd been a little busy worrying about the thing fitting around her waist), but now she was able to easily slip the padlocks into place and close them...

"You must put on the cuffs yourself," he told her "they symbolise your total submission and surrender to me, and only by surrendering your own free will can you ever truly be mine,"

Anna shivered recalling those lines she had written and realising she might have been wrong, even an unwilling slave could become another's property. She snapped the cuffs around her wrists and saw how they restricted her movements. She could only move her arms in a small arc, yet she could reach her chastity belt although it had already become clear that attacking it would do her no good. She just felt so defeated, so beaten down, was it really worth fighting any more?

As she wrestled with her feelings the voice said, "Right we're almost done, can you see the gloves?" Anna could see them, a pair of leather thumbless mitts, which would instantly render her hands useless if she wore them. "Put them on," the voice ordered, and then backed this up with some very untender shocks to Anna's breasts.

Seeing no other choice Anna picked up the first glove and carefully fitted it over her left hand, the leather slipped easily over her limb the shape of it forcing her thumb into her palm and after a few moments she was left with only a useless half claw unable to properly grip anything. There was a drawstring at the end and she pulled on it, sealing the glove in place. The next one was a little harder without her left hand but she finally managed to get the glove into place and then she managed to slip her left hand through the right one's drawstring and pull it tight.

She looked down at her hands, now coated in what looked like thin boxing gloves and utterly useless for anything, what did her captor have in mind? "And now pick up your tools," the voice said, and Anna noticed two feather dusters, huge and bushy and with an elastic strap attached to the end of their shafts. Next to them was a small dustpan and the head of a mop, all fitted the same way.

After a moment she realised how they would work, she could slip the elastic over her mittens and then the dusters would attached to the back of her hands allowing her to grip and use them. "Put on one duster and the pan," the voice ordered her and backed it up with a single bolt of pain. It was such a simple yet insidious system, that would let her work even with her useless hands and she hesitated for only a moment before slipping them into place.

"Good, you are now ready, you are no longer a woman but Maid drone #1, you exist to clean this floor of the hotel, and you have three and a half hours to do so, well unless I decide to do something else with you. Anyway do well and you will have orgasms, do badly and...well there's the file and..." another bolt of pain set her in motion...

...

Becky smiled as she looked at the totally bound and controlled Maid on the computer screen, the sight was so amazing, a living woman transformed into a sort of biological robot utterly obedient to Becky's will. For years she'd had a fantasy about making a woman into this, but she'd never been able to find a volunteer to wear the costume she'd designed. Now with Anna she finally had one; she supposed she should feel a little bad about what she was doing, except that Anna was a great big thieving hypocrite, and really she should have been facing a prolonged stay in jail not a single night of sexual bliss. In any case one thing was now wonderfully clear, Anna really

liked this stuff, most people would have resisted much harder before dressing in such a hugely restrictive and torturous outfit yet she'd done it with barely a whimper.

Clearly the girl really was into BDSM, which meant maybe Becky could begin to forgive her for what she had done...

Chapter five:

Cursing the pain in her feet Anna hobbled back into the corridor and wondered just what she'd be expected to do next. She held up her bound hands and looked at the strange mittens and dusters, well at least they might make my job a little easier, she thought as she shuffled along. She shuddered, how could she possibly think of this torment as a "job?"

The heavy chain dragged at her leg with every step, a constant controlling presence, and after a moment it snagged briefly on the door frame of her room. Anna screamed as she was nearly pulled over and she heard the voice laughing in her ear as she breathed a sigh of relief at her near miss.

"Enter the room on your right, the voice commanded her, and Anna watched as the door unlocked and swung a little way open. A single shock ordered her into motion and Anna pushed the door open, entering a room that was pretty much like her own.

Pretty much the same except for the fact that someone had been eating fast food, the remains of a burger, chips and drink sat on the coffee table, and some of the mess had fallen on to the floor. "This room is not fit for use, clean it up," the voice commanded, and Anna wondered, how?

As she hesitated she heard the voice give a sigh, and then two shocks stung her buttocks as the monster said, "Use your tools to scoop up the mess and put it in the bin!" Anna looked around carefully, the front facing portholes reduced her vision

drastically and it was only now that the slave Maid noticed a large swing bin in the corner of the room.

Anna hobbled over to the mess and tried to reach down, but the table was too low and with her body encased in the corset, she could not bend down far enough to reach it. She tried to bend her knees and bob down but the horror heels messed up her balance and she tripped and landed on her knees with a yelp of pain. The voice giggled but said nothing as she shuffled across the floor to the mess.

Fortunately for Anna's task (if not for her knees) the hotel had put wooden floors in all of its rooms, she'd have hated to have to try and sweep crumbs out of deep pile carpet but she thought she might just about be able to manage this. She yelped as a shock to her toes interrupted her thoughts and then the Voice said, "Hurry up and get on with it, we don't have all night,"

Anna yawned into her gag, she was very tired and getting very sweaty inside her suit but she knew she wasn't going to get another break, so instead she concentrated on trying to avoid any more pain. The dustpan was attached to the back of her left hand and she now rotated her palm upwards, allowing her to place the pan flat on the floor by the hamburger remains. Fortunately it seemed whoever had had the meal wasn't fond of sauce, so there was only dry meat, chip and bread scraps. Using the feather duster she carefully swept these onto the pan, and then she yelped again as another shock struck her, "You missed a bit," the voice said.

Anna glanced around and spotted another web cam, sitting on a shelf, this one seemed to have a motor that caused the lens to track her around the room as she looked for any mess she might have missed, "Not there," the voice said,

"Rell, rare, den!?!?" she demanded the gag mangling her plea. That just got her another couple of shocks and the voice replied,

"You are a slave, a slave exists to execute its owners commands, and when on cleaning duty, that includes searching everywhere for any remaining mess, but I'll be merciful, look behind the back leg of the table..." The enslaved woman shuffled over, and then groaned as she found a tiny crumb of bread which she quickly swept up. She then yelped in pain as another shock stung her clit, and as her body jerked in pain most of the mess fell out of the pan. There was another shock, and she quickly scrambled to clean up the mess as the voice said,

"I Expect absolute perfection, nothing less, now get rid of that mess!" The unhappy slave quickly scooped the mess back up and then shuffled over to the bin as the voice said, "Do better or I'll have to fail you on your slave training course, and then I'll have to release the files..."

Anna shuddered and dumped the rubbish into the bin, "Better," the voice said and then the dildo buzzed once. Anna moaned in pleasure, shame and frustration as the pleasure stopped as quickly as it had begun. She then noticed that behind the bin

duplicates of her tools had been laid out, as well as a small mop bucket, filled with water.

“That’s for later, finish your task,” there was a jolt of pain, this time to her heinee, “Remember curiosity is a sin for a slave, your portion is simply to obey!”

As Anna shuffled back to the table the voice added, “A slave has no ideas of its own, it obeys its owner for it knows that its owner is a god and all its ideas are perfect,”

Nutter! Anna thought but after a moment she reconsidered that opinion, whatever else this woman was, she clearly wasn’t actually insane, otherwise she could never have pulled off this demented plan. The woman was probably just messing with her head but right now it was still a good idea to do as she had been ordered ordered.

Deprived of her hands she scooped the empty packaging and drinks cup into her pan with her duster and then used this to hold them in place. “Good now you’re starting to understand how this works, well done,” the dildo buzzed twice and Anna moaned in submissive pleasure, oddly proud of her success.

“Good, now that the mess is cleaned up, you need to polish the table, time to change tools.” The voice commanded, “Take the cloth and the spray bottle,”

Anna noticed two new items at the end of the line of tools, one was a simple cloth with an elasticized band that would let her attach it to her hand, and the other was a small spray bottle with an oversized trigger, also with a band. She shivered, even as a strange feeling of admiration washed over her, clearly her captor was a highly inventive fetishist who had designed tools perfectly adapted for use by a bound and controlled robo-maid.

Using this equipment Anna could work as a domestic servant without ever having to be free of her control suit. With these she could be denied her free will forever, yet her captor could still get the maximum amount of use out of her. Indeed she would not need her free will; all she would need to do was obey commands and receive her rewards in the form of orgasms.

It was shocking how appealing that idea seemed, to never have to scheme, to never have to lie, to cheat, and to steal in order to gain her rewards. What had all that money gotten her other than the never-ending subconscious fear of exposure? Now she was earning her rewards...

Some rewards...she thought snorting in disgust as a shock jolted her back to reality, a mechanical orgasm for cleaning a room? An orgasm better than even her fingers had ever produced, a small voice told her as she slipped the new tools onto her hands.

She shuffled back to the table and noticed that the bottle contained what she thought was glass cleaner; the table was made mostly of wood but with a circle of glass in the middle and Anna noticed that the burger and fries had left marks on it. Not wanting to be shocked, Anna reached out with her bottle hand and squeezed the trigger, spraying

a fine mist of cleaner onto the glass, she then began to very determinedly rub with the cloth.

She moaned in pleasure as the dildo pulsed and stopped work for a moment to enjoy it, which instantly earned her a shock to the heinee. “Remember an orgasm has to be earned by your labour, you don’t get to stop every time the dildo pulses, now back to work,” that earned her another stinging shock and Anna redoubled her efforts. A moment later the dildo started back up and this time Anna just kept working and let the pleasure build.

Why was she so submissive? What was wrong with her? She asked herself those questions again and again, and had no good answer, except that when she thought about it what was the point of doing anything else? If she resisted she would be punished or even worse her secrets would be revealed, if she obeyed they would not be, and besides was this so bad, all she had to do was a little light housekeeping and she was rewarded with (highly enjoyable) orgasms.

The dildo sped up, and Anna moaned even as she shuddered, what was happening to her? How could this be so good? She kept asking herself the same questions over and over but still no answers came.

Suddenly the dildo stopped and she moaned again, this time in frustration, “Good,” the voice said, “That looks better. Its time to get the mop, and bucket and clean up the floor.” A shock stung Anna’s buttocks and not wanting more pain she quickly moved to obey. She groaned as she fell back from the edge of climax but she hoped if she did well at her next task she would be allowed the elusive orgasm she desired.

The mop head slipped easily over Anna’s right hand, but the bucket full of water was another matter, it was on wheels and had a handle for towing, but as she could not grip this properly with her gloved left hand and as she tried to pull it forward water slopped over the top.

Anna yelped as water splashed onto the floor and onto her uniform, and then she yelped again as a shock stung her tits. “Be more careful, you’re meant to be cleaning up the mess not making more!” the voice backed this up with another shock then added, “Move the mop bucket and then put the mop on...” Anna imagined her captor rolling their eyes as she recognised this was actually sound advice, and she moved to take the mop off her hand.

There was another shock and the voice said, “After you clean up the mess!” Anna moaned this time in shame at failing her captor, she told herself it was just that she’d failed to avoid further pain but the truth was she was actually unhappy because she’d missed out on an orgasm!

A series of low power shocks stung her buttocks as she mopped up the spilled water, and then she dried off the mop, and took it off. Sure enough moving the bucket was a lot easier with two (mitten covered) hands, and she dragged it over to the table. She put the mop back onto her hand and began to scrub the floor, as she did so the dildo

began to pulse in time with her strokes and Anna moaned in pleasure. In spite of it all she could not help but enjoy (at least a little bit) the rewards of her work...

...

Becky smiled as she watched the newborn submissive slowly flowering on the monitor, already Anna's resistance was weakening, already she seemed to want to obey not from fear but from desire. The woman was hugely kinky and she wondered what would happen if she could train her for a month, hell maybe all she'd need was a week, by the end Anna would probably beg to be her slave forever.

If only there was some way to hang onto her? Becky shook her head, that wasn't an option, if Anna vanished now, there would be too much evidence that could trace back to Becky. In any case kidnapping the woman would defeat her ultimate objective.

She wanted Anna to become her 24/7 lifetime slave, a totally controlled and enslaved female, who would spend the rest of her life as Becky's personal sexual property. However she wanted Anna to embrace that role willingly. To be sure Becky probably could break her, but that would ruin it all, she wanted Anna to enjoy her role, to want to obey, rather than because she was terrified. She wanted Anna to become a true slave out of respect and love and not from fear.

This was going to be a long hard road, but she suspected tonight would be a good start. She glanced at the clock, time to move onto the next task...

Chapter six:

Already highly aroused, Anna came quickly and she moaned in disappointment as she came down even faster, "Is there a problem?" her captor now asked, "Well I'm sorry but if you'd been a bit more attentive maybe you'd have had more pleasure and less pain. You had better do better on your next task, or I might just have to release the files..."

Anna groaned, at this point she didn't really see any point to reminding her of all that, but her captor seemed to like to rub in just how much of a hold she had on Anna. Ignoring her slave's mute protest the voice ordered, "Now pull yourself upright, oh wait take off the mop first."

Anna took off the mop and left it in the buckets wringer, and then tried to figure out how to stand up. This turned out to be a bit less difficult than it might have been, since while her hands were bound she was able to reach up and pull herself up using the bed.

As she started to do this she hesitated, as long as she was on her knees the pain from her torture heels was much less, but the moment she had to stand up she would be in agony again. “Lease!?!” she begged, hoping her captor would grant her this mercy. Hell surely seeing her crawl around on hands and knees would be even more erotic for this sadist?

It was a vain hope and as shocks stung her breasts and heinee the voice reminded her, “You exist to obey, if I tell you to stand up...stand UP!” Anna howled in agony, but she quickly realised she had no choice and so she struggled to pull herself upright, wincing with pain as her distorted toes once more took her full weight.

“You really will thank me for this later,” the voice added, “You need to stand up for this next job, now go over to the bathroom,” Anna hobbled across the room, cursing the pain with every step and trying not to trip over her hobble and the long chain that still anchored her to the bed in the other room. Oh why couldn’t this sadistic monster grant her just a little mercy? Anna knew she’d done wrong and deep down she knew she probably did deserve to be punished for her actions but surely she’d been punished enough by now?

She reached the door and raised her gloved hands, and she found she could just about push down on the door handle and the door swung open slowly and with an ominous creak. Anna gasped in shock at what she saw within, there was a naked woman sitting in the bathtub staring at her!

Anna’s mind churned, was this the woman behind the “voice?” Was this some innocent woman and if so should she tell her to run or beg for help, or...

After a moment Anna finally realised what she was actually looking at, it was not a real person but a shop window dummy, one of the cheap plastic ones with a wig added for its hair. Anna couldn’t help but begin to giggle at the sight of the doll sitting ankle deep in water and she wondered what on Earth was going on?

“I’ve been looking through your book again, and I’m startled by how passive your character is, she simply gets tied up and then her poor boyfriend has to do all the work while she just lies there and enjoys herself. You seem to have forgotten that any relationship is a two way street,” the voice said,

“Nuh?” Anna managed to moan into her gag, not understanding what the voice was talking about,

“Yes you don’t understand do you?” the voice replied, “You see just being tied up and spanked isn’t enough, the slave needs to earn its reward, and as a domestic you earn that reward by your labour. Now I think we’ve seen you’re...semi-competent at the cleaning and the like so now I want to see how you do at taking care of your mistress. Now walk forward and kneel beside the tub.”

“Gah!” Anna exclaimed as the monster began to giggle, she hadn’t needed to stand up after all! She felt a more than a little bit annoyed as she dropped back to her knees

yelping in pain as she landed on them. She shuddered again at how totally controlled she had become, she was being tormented by this woman and yet there was nothing she could do about it!

Yes there is, she reminded herself, you could just walk away, give up your fortune and throw yourself on the worlds mercy. But would the Voice even let her go? She thought about the chain around her ankle, and the tight bondage that entombed her body, what was to stop her captor from leaving her like this forever?

She yawned into her gag, exhausted by what had occurred, she'd been coerced into slavery, and at the end of the day...it was all her fault! If only she hadn't stolen the story ideas, if only. It wasn't as if she was that bad a writer and she probably could have come up with something on her own with a little more time but she'd been so desperate to leap on the bandwagon....

"If you want to go, then you can go," the voice said, "I don't want to have to reveal your crimes, in fact I think we're getting along quite well, and lets face it this must be excellent research for your next novel, mustn't it?"

Anna shuddered, she hadn't really thought of it that way, but now she found plot ideas drifting into her mind, perhaps a young woman (a student? In debt maybe) looking for a new flat. She finds one but the very strange owner offers her another option instead of paying rent...

The voice was laughing again but then suddenly stopped and said "We still have rather a lot to get through, so move to the doll and we'll get started," A shock stung Anna's buttocks and that once more was that.

She shuffled forwards, towards the bathtub and as she did she noticed another camera staring down from a shelf. She was tempted to reach up and try to smash it but a moment later any such thoughts were interrupted by her captor. "Right this is a very easy task, there is a sponge by the bath and Mistress Dolly wants a good cleaning, now get to work," another shock.

Anna looked around and found the sponge, which she quickly picked up and slipped over one of her mittened hands. This was actually kind of weird, she found herself thinking, she'd been tortured, put through hard labour and now she was...sexually bathing a doll? How was that sadistic domination?

She grimaced as she wet the sponge in the water, the bath had clearly been run hours earlier and even through her glove it was clear the water was stone cold. As she began to rub it over the plastic woman she found herself admiring the things idealised curves. Se'd always been a little attracted to women and this was by far the simplest task she'd been assigned to date so there were no distractions from lesbian lust.

"This lesson will teach you two things, the first is the secondary role of a slave Maid, to care for its mistress's body, and the second is the perfection of the female form,"

“I rot ray!” Anna managed which was after all true; she was mildly bi-sexual if she was anything. Anna realised she’d spoken out of turn and braced herself for a shock but instead her captor began to laugh.

“I shall be the judge of that, but trust me there are two kinds of women, lesbians and the one’s who haven’t met me yet, of course there are also two kinds of men, slaves and the one’s I don’t know. Don’t worry I know you’re probably bi, hell lets face it why turn down the chance to fuck 50% of the human race?”

Anna blushed and went on wiping the plastic dolls back, and then she reached around and began soaping the toy’s chest. “Wow you’re really getting into things now, you know I have to wonder how many lesbian women used to take jobs as Lady’s Maid’s just to see hot women with their clothes off?” Anna moaned in embarrassment and then moaned again as the dildo began to pulse, “That’s it, make her happy and you’ll be happy, and we both know you want to be...happy!”

Anna howled in disgust but once again her desire for pleasure and fear of pain combined to override her embarrassment, she lovingly soaped the things breasts in time with the pulses of the dildo as the voice continued its lecture. “You see in the old days there were two kinds of Maid, the below stairs who did the grunt work you just did and the upstairs Maids, one of whom took care of things like her Mistress’s clothes or even her bath, I think I can guess what kind of Maid you’d like to be?”

Anna’s gasmask was beginning to steam up again and she reflected that what she wanted most was to be free of this rubbery thing over her face. She wondered how her captor could find this erotic, but then she recalled the way her curves had been picked out by the suit and the corset. She also recalled the way she’d looked with the mask on.

Her captor seemed to have a fetish for total control, as such Anna didn’t need to be conventionally beautiful instead it was the intense nature of her bondage that turned the voice on. And turns you on as well a small voice in the back of her mind added, and Anna groaned in disgust, that wasn’t true, that couldn’t be true!

Yet how could she deny it? She tried to claim she was a straight, normal woman and yet the only decent orgasm she’d had for a year had come from a dildo controlled by a sexual fetishist and sadist. Deep down some part of her wanted to be controlled, wanted to be used, and wanted to be used by a woman!

“That’s it, now move down, you know where...” the voice told her with a giggle. Anna blushed and once again she found herself a bit grateful for the gasmask, at least no one could see how red in the face she was! “Come on,” the voice said, and Anna yelped as another shock struck her heinee, “Are you really telling me you never, “pleasured” yourself in the bath?”

Anna moaned in disgust, surely she couldn’t be expected to do that? That was just too much! “For God’s sake it’s a doll and after everything you’re already done, are you really going to let your secret be exposed for this?” Anna whimpered but was

compelled to admit that her so called Mistress did have a point, after imprisoning herself in latex, screwing herself silly on a dildo and all the rest of it, a little simulated masturbation was nothing.

Reluctantly she reached down, leaning over the bath until she could reach where the doll should have had a pussy (as a shop window dummy it wasn't anatomically correct, something Anna was rather grateful for). Anna winced the water was still stone cold and even through her gloves she could feel the chill in it but seeing no other options she began to rub the sponge across the dolls crotch.

“That’s it,” the voice said, “Yes that’s it, isn’t that good?” and as they said this the dildo in Anna’s crotch began to vibrate, Anna stopped and moaned in pleasure, which caused her to get another shock to the buttocks. “What did I tell you?” Anna recalled that she’d been told that even if she was having an orgasm she was to keep working, and therefore she reluctantly leaned back down and began to polish the plastic crotch again.

For a short while nothing happened and Anna began to moan in anguish unable to hide her disappointment. After a minute or so her unseen captor seemed to forgive her and she moaned in relief as the dildo began to buzz again. She felt deeply ashamed at that feeling but it was impossible to deny how good it felt when the dildo pulsed in her sex.

She found herself scrubbing a little bit harder and in turn the dildo sped up causing her to again do the same. Deep down she realised she was being subjected to a crude form of aversion therapy, if she obeyed she got a reward, and if she didn’t then there was the pain (as well as the underlying threat of exposure). It was so easy to obey and so hard to resist and she felt utterly disgusted with herself for being so weak, but what could she do? All she could do was obey and hope the voice kept her word and let her go at dawn.

As she worked she tried to glance out the bathrooms frosted window, was that light in the distance, perhaps dawn was coming? She’d stopped working for a second as she thought about this and another shock stung her breasts, causing her to redouble her efforts even as the dildo stopped again, leaving her hanging on the edge of release.

“Not to burst your bubble but that window faces south,” the voice informed her, “That’s central London out there so of course you’d see light.” The monster began to laugh and Anna groaned into her gag wondering how she could have made such a simple mistake. It wasn’t the sun it was simply street lights!

The dildo restarted and even as she enjoyed the rapidly rising pleasure she reflected that it was easy to make mistakes like that while imprisoned in a spandex hell suit!

Oh yeah! She was so close now, if she could just keep rubbing for a little longer...

The pleasure built to boiling point and then once again all else was drowned out by the power of her release...

...

Becky sighed as she watched her captive once again screw herself silly, "I could make a lot of money if I sold this video," she thought, "I wouldn't even need to say who it was, the rubber fetisitists would still live it,"

After a moment she shook her head, it was too dangerous, and in any case that really wouldn't be a very nice thing to do. Anna actually seemed to be enjoying this but did she really want to humiliate her in front of the whole world?

Well she did steal from me, but if I do that she'll probably just fess up and then I'll probably get arrested, she thought. In any case she had something better in mind for her captive, there was a fetish fair going on after all, it would be a shame to waste it...

Chapter seven:

Anna moaned in disappointment as she came back down from her climax and she kept rubbing the dolls crotch, hoping to maybe have another. Nothing happened and pretty soon sexual desire was once more overwhelmed by boiling embarrassment, and more than a little fear as she wondered what her captor had in mind for her next.

Probably the last thing she'd expected was a hand touching her on the shoulder and she spun round in shock (or tried to in her bondage) to find a tall woman standing over her.

The woman was dressed head to toe in a black latex catsuit, knee boots, opera gloves and a tight leather corset that gave her an hourglass as perfect as Anna's own. Her face was hidden by a jet black leather mask with only her eyes, ears, and mouth visible. The woman was clearly wearing a BDSM costume but unlike Anna's which projected an image of servile submission this woman seemed to ooze power. "Roh Rah Dou?" Anna managed to moan into her gag.

The woman reached down and pulled off Anna's gasmask as she replied, "I think that you know who I am," and then reached in and popped the ring gag out of Anna's mouth.

"You... YOU!" Anna managed as she worked her sore jaw and tried to reach out for the woman's throat, her chains bought her up short and the woman began to giggle.

"Now I see why you stole, you really are a melodramatic hack,"

"Hack!?! Let me out this hell suit and I'll show you who is a hack!" Anna exclaimed and then quickly regretted it as the woman pulled a device from a pouch attached to her corset. "NO Don't!" she exclaimed sure she was about to be shocked, but instead the woman showed her that it was a smart phone, logged onto a social media site. She groaned as she saw there was a post ready to go, a very detailed one revealing her plagiarism.

Once again part of her just wanted this woman to tell the world, at least then her hold over Anna would be gone, but the larger part still wanted to avoid the ruin of her life that would involve, surely she could endure a little longer?

“Good girl,” the woman said, “Now your penance seems to be going very well, so I think it’s time to give you a little treat.” With that she reached under Anna’s shoulders and bodily hauled her upright, Anna yelped as her feet took her weight and then she said,

“What’s to stop me calling the cops on you?” Her captor slapped her across the face and she exclaimed, “Ouch,”

“Firstly, slave’s speak when spoken to, secondly you will call me Mistress, and finally how exactly are you going to call the police when you don’t even know what I look like?” Anna groaned aware that her “Mistress” had a point there, “Good, now lets get this back into place,” the monster said, and lifted the gag back up from where it had been resting on Anna’s chin.

“No...” Anna moaned and in response her captor brushed her finger tips over Anna’s left nipple, for an instant Anna moaned again, this time in pleasure but then she saw the look on her captors veiled face and realised just what was being implied. She opened her mouth and allowed the gag to be pushed back into place and in turn her captor spent a few moments stroking Anna’s aroused breasts. The slave moaned in pleasure even as she felt disgusted at the effects of this crude form of aversion therapy.

“Alright, that’s better, now lets get this on you,” the woman said as she held up a domino mask, “We don’t want you to be recognisable do we?” her captor said as she slipped the mask over Anna’s eyes and tied it over Anna’s hood. Recognisable? What did that mean? Anna shivered slightly as the gasmask was slipped back into place and then her captor produced a chain which she clipped to the O-ring on Anna’s collar.

She watched as her captor slipped a Bluetooth headset over her right ear and then the distorted voice of her captor came again through the speakers in Anna’s hood. “Can you hear me now?” Anna just nodded, wondering why the woman was bothering, in the quiet hotel room she could hear her even through the thick leather hood...

Instead of giving her reasons her captor reached down and unlocked the chain that was wrapped around Anna’s ankle. For a moment Anna thought about trying to kick the monster but the hobble chain would have made this impossible even if she had not been far too scared to try it.

“Right now you walk ahead and I’ll follow behind,” the woman now said, before backing out of the bathroom and tugging on the leash. As the leash stretched Anna was compelled to stumble forwards and then slowly follow, and as they emerged from the bathroom her captor picked up a large riding crop. “Now you in front,” her captor ordered. Seeing no other option Anna moved out in front of the latex clad nightmare and a moment later the riding crop slapped into her heinee. Anna yelped in pain as her

captor ordered “Out the door!” Anna noticed that the rooms door had been propped open and wanting to avoid any more cropping she did as she was told, wincing with every painful step she took.

Where were they going? A moment later her silent question was answered as she was ordered to “Turn left and go to the end of the corridor,” There was only one thing at the end of the corridor and Anna screamed into her gag as she realised they were going towards the lift!

“What’s wrong don’t you want to get out and about for a bit? That fetish fair is still going on downstairs, I thought we might go and check it out?” In public, out in public where everybody could see her, no, no, NO! Anna panicked and attempted to bolt, tearing the leash from her captors hands as she tried to run away.

To her credit the slave got almost six steps before she tripped on her heels and hobble and fell sprawling to the floor with a loud and painful bang. Anna whimpered and tried to crawl away as her captor loomed over her, Anna was sure she was about to be cropped but instead the woman began to laugh.

“Really this sets you off in a panic? You’re wearing a hood, a mask and a gasmask? You really think anyone’s going to recognise you; your own mother wouldn’t know you while you’re dressed like this?” To her extreme surprise Anna found herself giggling into her gag, as she realised her demonic captor was actually right, no one would ever recognise her like this, but wait what if!?!

Seemingly reading her mind her captor said, “And don’t worry I won’t take your inner mask off in public, that would hurt me rather more than you wouldn’t it?” Anna guessed the woman had a point and she allowed herself to be hauled upright and onto her painful toes. Her captor took up the chain once more and hissed, “March,” spanking Anna’s buttocks with the crop as the slave painfully inched her way forward.

Her captor darted forwards to press the call button, and then they both waited until the lift arrived and opened to reveal it was empty. Anna hesitated, What if people saw her, people who weren’t part of this fetish thing downstairs and called the police about public indecency or something? “Get in!” her captor hissed and shoved her into the lift...

Chapter eight:

As the lift dropped towards the ground floor her captor said, “Right now we’re not going to do anything too strenuous, we’re just going to go into the main hall and hang out for a bit. You’ll see some pretty amazing sights in there, so pay attention; you might have call to do a few of them yourself in the future,”

Anna shivered, wondering again if she was really going to be let go at dawn, her head was starting to ache and she was so very tired. She'd gotten up at eight the previous morning and by her reckoning it was now well after three.

It was clear however that her captor cared not at all if Anna was tired and simply dragged her out of the lift and across the lobby to the hotel ballroom. Thankfully the lobby was deserted except for one bored receptionist who looked up at their approach, grunted in disgust and lowered his head again.

Her captor dragged her towards the doors of the ballroom and even through her hood Anna could hear loud noise coming from within. As they approached a burly looking bouncer stepped into their path and said, "You got a stamp?"

Anna's captor sighed and then tucked her slaves leash under her arm while tugging off one of her opera gloves to reveal a nightclub style entry stamp, "And her?" the bouncer asked,

"She is my girlfriend, she was delayed getting her and we decided to come down and sample the atmosphere before we got a few hours sleep," the bouncer laughed,

"Might want to make it more than a few I hear that awful author Smith is signing books later this morning, not gonna be a lot of fun to be had then,"

Anna glared at the bouncer, to be sure she was aware of just how poor the book really was but that didn't mean she welcomed the opinion of an oversized (probably -roid using) thug who probably hadn't even bothered to read it.

"I don't know," the captor said, "It has its moments and I read somewhere she's deep in some very intensive "Research" for her next book, and that maybe she's even hired someone to help with that,"

Anna moaned, please Mistress, she silently begged, but you said you wouldn't... Her captor smiled at her as the bouncer said, "Yeah well don't believe all you read on Twitter, twenty quid," he added without preamble.

Anna's captor reached between catsuit and corset and pulled out some cash, muttering, "Daylight robbery," as she handed it over.

"Whatever," the bouncer said as he nodded them through the doors.

"Before you start, it is kind of true isn't it," her captor hissed in a very low whisper that none the less came through clearly on Anna's earpiece. Anna just nodded aware that it would be no use arguing (even if she wasn't gagged) and instead she looked around the ballroom.

Anna hadn't bothered to look in on the fair when she arrived, instead she'd gone straight to her room and so she hadn't been sure what to expect. She'd wondered if maybe there would be women being whipped publicly, or bound up and having sex,

or even a slave auction on the stage. Instead she found herself looking at a large number of small stalls and booths, most of which were shut at this time of night. Some of the people were dressed in latex or not much of anything at all but otherwise it looked pretty much like any other convention Anna had ever been too.

She realised this wasn't actually too surprising; while the UK was a centre of the Fetish sub culture most BDSM activities were still (at least technically) illegal. Even if it was consensual beating each other up in a sex game were still officially a crime so anything like that would happen out of sight.

"Come on, lets have a look around" her mistress said, dragging her along as a woman in a sharp suit whistled and said,

"Wow, I would love to be bound like that!" and Anna's mistress smiled at her and winked. Anna for her part glared at the woman a very odd feeling of jealousy boiling through her. Why would she feel that, surely she couldn't like her captor, surely she wasn't...enjoying this? She kept trying to tell herself that but it was growing harder and harder to deny that part of her really did like it.

Anna was dragged over to a large booth, her toes on fire as she hobbled across the room. She wondered if perhaps her feet would adapt if she walked around in these boots for long enough but right now she was in agony, and was actually grateful when her Mistress pulled her to a stop.

"Come on lets get a coffee," her mistress said and Anna realised the big booth was actually a small café. As she watched a waitress walked over, a tall blonde woman of about twenty, and who was dressed in a very skimpy French Maids outfit.

"Good morning Mistress," the girl said in a breezy voice, "How can I serve you?"

"A table for one and a pot of coffee if you please, it's been a long night," Anna's captor replied.

"Oh like that is it?" the Maid replied with a knowing smile and led them to a table in the corner, she then walked away to get the coffee and the captor said,

"Right lets kneel you down," Mistress said, and then gently helped Anna lower herself to her knees. Anna sighed in relief as she took the weight off her tortured toes and her Mistress added, "You're welcome,"

Anna watched as the scanty clad woman came back and set a pot of coffee, a cup and a bowl down on the table, then with a happy smile she turned and walked back to the counter. She tried to look like she was working but Anna kept noticing the Maid looking back at them and Anna realised she was waiting for a show to begin.

Ignoring this Anna's Mistress reached down and started to take the gasmask off Anna's face, revealing the mask and gag beneath, Anna went bright red and moaned

in terror sure the Maid would recognise her. “Oh don’t worry...” her mistress said before asking the Maid, “Hey you don’t recognise this woman do you?”

“No should I?” the woman said, giggling as she did so,

“No, but my new girlfriends a little shy, she’s not...out and I think she’s worried someone a bit less enlightened than us might see her and recognise her,”

“At a fetish show? What is she a nun or something?” the Maid asked, and then added, “Well I guess she could be,” as a trio of women walked passed dressed in black latex nuns habits.

“Nah just a bit shy,” the Mistress replied, and the Maid nodded and went back to cleaning cups. For her part Mistress poured herself a cup of black coffee and then poured some more into the bowl. Anna moaned in humiliation as she realised what she was about to be made to do, and sure enough the bowl was put down in front of her.

“Now let us just lean you over,” Mistress said as she gently placed her hands on Anna’s shoulders and pushed her forwards, for a moment Anna resisted but then the rich aroma of hot coffee washed over her. Anna had had nothing but a bit of water since her ordeal began, and she was by now hot, sore and exhausted. For a moment she hung back looking at the brown liquid and worried about what people would think if they saw her.

But the stuff smelled so good and in any case her captor was right, no one would recognise her, surely it was okay to drink just a little? She leaned down a little and tried to drink but the gag in her mouth mad this impossible. She moaned in frustration and tried again but any coffee that got in her mouth fell back out again.

“Come on you can do it,” her captor said and stroked Anna’s spandex coated buttocks, “Just lap it up, you can do that...can’t you?” she added as she slapped Anna’s heinee. “Just be like a little cat, a cute, sexual kitten,”

Anna moaned in disgust but she did as she was ordered, she stuck out her tongue and managed to lap up a little of the coffee, gulping the warm and tasty liquid down before it could all drip out of her gagged mouth again. “That’s right, that’s my good girl,” the captor said before adding, “Now do it again,”

She backed this demand up with another slap to Anna’s rump and Anna did as she was told, trying to ignore the Maid who was laughing as she watched the show. “Now that isn’t very nice, how would you like it if someone laughed at your fetish,” her captor asked the Maid in an accusatory tone.

“Gee sorry,” the woman said, and Anna felt a little bit better even as she realised the Maid was doing exactly what her captor had been doing to her anyway. Anna grimaced at the hypocrisy but she kept drinking her coffee and gradually her headache and tiredness began to fade a bit.

“There wasn’t that nice, say thank you Mistress,” her captor said, then slapped her captive’s heinee again when Anna made no move to do this,

“Rank do ‘istress,” Anna managed to say, and her captor giggled,

“Very good, your learning very quickly how to be a slave,” her mistress said before calling to the Maid waitress, “A slice of chocolate cake please,”

At the words “chocolate cake” Anna moaned in desire and her captor giggled and then reached down to pop the gag out of Anna’s mouth,

“So slave, you want some cake do you?” Anna hadn’t eaten since a couple of room service sandwiches just before that first phone call, and as the maid brought over a big slice of cake her hunger overrode her modesty. In any case now it was clear that no one recognised her Anna was feeling a little less uneasy about being out in public like this, and she really was very hungry,

“Yes please...” she moaned, which earned a hard slap to her buttocks and a hissed,

“Aren’t we forgetting something?” Anna whimpered and noticed the Maid was giggling as well, still there didn’t seem to be any choice and as she noticed other people looking at her, Anna’s face burned bright red. For a moment she considered resistance, but if she did what was to stop her captor from revealing who she was right then and there. It occurred to her that this would get the woman arrested, but the damage would still be done, and since she didn’t want anyone seeing her shame and suffering, so once again she did the only thing she could.

“Yes please, Mistress,” another slap,

“Better, but louder,”

“Yes please mistress!” Anna’s eyes darted around taking in the people watching her, the Maid, “the nuns,” a couple of leather boys in biker jackets, a furry in a squirrel costume, and she wondered why none of them were trying to help her. Instead they turned away from the brief excitement as her Mistress giggled,

“That’s better, you may now eat your cake,” and with that she placed the plate on the floor beside Anna’s dish of coffee. Anna hesitated for a moment but the cake looked so good and she was just so hungry, she reached out with her gloved hands to pull the cake closer and was about to try and pick it up when her captor hissed, “Don’t you dare get cream all over your nice clean costume,”

“Yes Mistress,” Anna moaned, and seeing only one other option she leaned forwards and bit into the cake like a dog eating its dinner. The cake was wonderful and as she gobbled it down she heard a muffled voice saying,

“Huh disgusting that shouldn’t be allowed,” she cocked her head to one side and discovered the speaker was the “Squirrel” furry,

“Says the guy in the teddy bear costume,” her mistress said as she reached down to stroke Anna’s bound body, “Just ignore the evil furry, you’re a much better pet than he’ll ever be,”

“Bitch,” the furry replied and then stormed off,

“Well at least we’re not dressed like that,” Anna’s mistress said, “I’d almost like to tie him up but he’s probably a spotty and ugly pig under that costume, and I only like beautiful people, like my lovely pet Maid...”

Anna moaned in pleasure as her captor reached under her body to stroke her breasts, oddly she found that she actually quite liked that her captor seemed to like her. Perhaps that meant that this wasn’t all just because of her crimes but because the woman actually wanted her, maybe that made Anna less evil than she’d been told she was...

Anna felt totally disgusted at her rationalisations and instead she focused on eating her cake, trying to push the strange thoughts out of her mind and pretty much failing hopelessly.

“Are you finished yet?” her captor demanded after a few minutes, and Anna frantically licked up the last crumbs, “Hungry were we?”

“Yes Mistress...” Anna replied,

“Well that’s the least you should be worried about; after all when you stole our works you took money from our hands, the food from our mouths...”

“But that wasn’t commercial stuff,” Anna replied, and got a slap to the face in reply.

“Theft is still theft my dear, but don’t worry I think you have begun to repay your debt to me, now lets get your gag back into place, we’re running low on time and I have just one more thing I want to do with you,”

“Only one...Mistress?” Anna asked in quite disbelief,

“Yes now open wide,” and with no other option Anna obeyed and in moments the ring gag was back in place. A moment after that the gasmask was slipped back over her head, Anna was grateful that her demonic disguise was once more in place, but she wasn’t looking forward to having to walk in the heels again. However perhaps her Mistress truly was feeling merciful as she said, “You may walk on all fours if you wish,” before taking up the leash and giving it a tug.

Ordinarily crawling along like an animal would have been totally humiliating for Anna but this time all she could think about was how grateful she was not to have

walk around in the devil heels any more. Even through the hood and mask she heard a few wolf whistles and admiring comments as she was led out of the ballroom and she blushed a little even as she felt an odd feeling of happiness that people liked how she looked.

Anna wasn't ugly by any means but she wasn't a supermodel either, the most common comments were that she was rather, "average" or "plain" or even "The girl next door." But encased in leather and spandex like this, people found her beautiful?

Oddly she supposed they might be right, the tight costume followed her curves perfectly while the corset gave her a perfect waist and pushed her bust up and outwards. The mask meanwhile hid everything and combined with the suit it was oddly erotic, it put her in mind of a tightly wrapped present, with the bits that showed through the suit hinting at the perfection within once the gift was unwrapped.

Anna shook her hooded head as she crawled back into the lift, more than a little confused by the thoughts that churned within her mind and the feeling that warred for her soul. Its almost over, she told herself, there is only one more task, but what was that task, what evil BDSM horror did her captor have in mind for the grand finale? And would the woman really let her go?

Anna wished she hadn't thought of that...

Chapter nine:

Becky smiled as she watched the broken author crawling along in front of her, it had been a rather successful night, and she'd greatly enjoyed herself in the process. Often Domination was just a business transaction; she was required to simply give the customer what they wanted even if (like the human footstall the other day) she found it deeply boring.

This time however she'd been able to indulge her deep and abiding passion for lesbian domination, latex and total sexual control of an unwilling subject. In truth the only disappointment had been how quickly Anna had gotten into things. She'd been sure that the thief was just an opportunist who truly hated S&M, instead it was clear Anna was enjoying what was happening to her even if she was very confused about the things it was making her feel.

Becky's revenge had been very successful and now there was just time for one more game...

...

Anna shivered as she was led back into her own hotel room, it all looked much as it had when this nightmare started and for a moment she wondered if she'd soon wake up after a kinky nightmare.

It was a vain hope but at least things seemed to be getting a little better as her Mistress led her over to the bed and then helped her up onto it. "Lay on your back," her captor ordered and Anna gratefully obeyed, letting her sore body sink into the soft mattress.

It was a brief respite that ended all too quickly as her Mistress began to undo the hobble chain linking her ankles together. For a single instant Anna contemplated kicking her captor but she discarded the idea as quickly as she had it, as she was all too aware it would do her no good. Even if she managed to knock the woman out she still had no way to get out of her bondage. Knowing her luck she was certain her captor had probably set up some kind of system to send out the incriminating evidence if she didn't call a certain number regularly or something similar, and Anna didn't want to risk it.

Instead the captive sex slave simply lay still and waited as her Mistress pulled her legs apart and then secured them to the bedposts using chains the monster must have attached to them earlier. Soon her legs were spread and then her mistress grabbed Anna's right arm and undid the lock linking its chain to the corset. "Don't fight!" she demanded as Anna tried to pull her useless hand free, but in truth there was nothing Anna could do to resist the other woman.

It was child's play for her captor to pull her arm up and around and then to slip the padlock on the other end of the chain through the bars of the headboard. Moments later her other arm was locked into place as well leaving Anna bound in the classic spread eagle pose.

Anna shuddered as she realised the very last vestige of her freedom had now been stripped from her, she had been bound, gagged and now she could not move at all, beyond a bit of futile struggling. She watched as her captor smiled and then ran a gloved hand over Anna's bound breasts. "So perfect," her captor moaned and then reached out and opened the zips over Anna's breasts.

Anna gasped as cold air touched her aroused nipples and she yelped in pain as her captor began tugging on them, pulling them through the narrow opening so that the teeth of the zippers scrapped over Anna's tender flesh. Anna begged for mercy but none was forthcoming as her perfect breasts were soon fully exposed and ready for any torment her captor had in mind for her.

There was no let up even when her captor finally seemed to tire of playing with her slave's breasts since the next thing she did was to pick up the blindfold from where Anna had left it on the floor. "Remember this? Oh had you forgotten about that?"

Anna had actually nearly forgotten her abortive rebellion and she'd dared to hope her captor had as well but now it was clear that it had not only been remembered but that her punishment was finally due.

Her captor dropped the blindfold and for a second Anna dared to hope, but she should have known it would not be that easy, and in any case there was a far easier way to

blind her. Her mistress held up two pieces of black sticky back plastic, ready cut into perfect circles to cover her masks portholes.

There was nothing Anna could do to resist and a mere moment later her portholes were covered, plunging her into total darkness. It wasn't like before, then she'd been able to look down her nose and see the light, but this time the darkness was absolute, Anna was totally blind and she quickly began to panic in the gloom.

Anna thrashed in her bondage; desperately trying to shake the mask off, or to free one of her hands so she could tear it off. Anna was not normally claustrophobic but these were not normal circumstances and in the hot rubbery darkness she felt as if the world was closing in on her.

What was her captor planning to do next, what horrible torment did she have in mind, what final punishment was to be exacted for her theft? She could feel the cold air flowing over her exposed breasts and she suddenly remembered some of the more extreme porn she'd seen, surely her captor wasn't going to pierce her, or brand her?

Suddenly she felt the chastity belt begin to move as her captor took hold of it, and at this Anna began to struggle desperately trying to tear free before the woman could perform whatever demented act she had in mind. Blind as she was it took Anna a moment to realise that the woman was turning the dial on the belts lock and a moment after that the bands that had imprisoned her neithers for so long suddenly snapped open.

Anna gasped as the bands were pulled away and cold air touched her pussy directly, a moment later she groaned in a mixture of shame, pain and disappointment as the dildo was pulled free of her sex. The loss of potential orgasms was quickly drowned out by a profound feeling of relief as she realised the power source for the shocks had now been removed.

That relief was tempered by the realisation that the shocks hadn't been used in awhile and her captor had many other ways of making her suffer. Anna screamed in shock as her captor blew on her neatly clipped bush, stimulating her highly sensitive body. "Did we like that?" her captor asked as a finger was stroked across the naked sex.

Anna moaned in pleasure even as she feared her captor was about to drive her nails into the slave girl's pussy. It was weird but with all her other senses all but cut off by the suit, her sense of touch seemed to be hugely more sensitive than it should have been. Without anything else to distract her all of her existence seemed to focus in on her enslaved pussy and she could do little but endure as expert hands sent pulse after pulse of pleasure through her captive body.

She begged for it to stop even as she knew she wanted it, she knew she wanted the boiling pleasure that was offered to her. But at the same time she was so scared, what did her captor have in mind for her, what evil was this a prelude to?

“Well since you refused to wear a little blindfold you can now be totally blind for the rest of our time together, how do you like that?” the voice asked as the woman pinched Anna’s right nipple. Anna screamed in agony but her captor just giggled and said “Not very much it seems, well you should have thought of that before you tried to defy me. There we were having a perfectly civil domination and you were plotting to attack me, are we feeling sorry about that now?” Another pinch produced an even louder scream.

“Good I’m glad you understand, you cannot go around plotting to attack people, is that understood?” Another pinch bought yet another scream and her Mistress added, “I’m glad you agree,”

Instead of another pinch her captor now stroked Anna’s exposed breasts and after the pain the pleasure was all the sweeter. “Rop!” the desperate slave moaned part of her wanting her captor to stop, the other half wanting it to go on forever.

Instead Anna screamed as her nipple was pinched again, “Are we sure we want the pleasure to stop?” her captor asked as she blew on Anna’s pussy again, and as Anna moaned she added, “I know you want this don’t you,”

Anna tried to tell the woman she didn’t want this and what she thought of her, but she was ignored and a finger stroked across her bare pussy. Anna practically orgasmied right there and then a wave of pure pleasure boiling through her body at the mad woman’s touch, and her captor said, “Now don’t lie to me, I’ll know when your lying, and I...won’t...like...it!”

Each of the last four words was punctuated by a slap to Anna’s pussy and she screamed in pain begging her captor to stop. Her voice might be mangled but as ever her intent was clear, and soon her captor said, “I shall stop, all you have to do is let me use your perfect sex,”

What? Surely not...Anna thought as she realised just what her captor was demanding, she wanted to have sex with Anna? No that was wrong that was going to far, surely it was going to far?

Yet how was this any different from what had already happened, and (she shuddered at the realisation) at least this time her captor was actually asking, and she wasn’t offering more torture but pleasure. All she had to do to avoid the torment was endure a little bit of lesbian sex, sex with a hot shapely woman wearing an oddly attractive mask and catsuit...

But she was not gay! However she was no longer sure if that was true, she’d always felt a certain attraction to women and now in the midst of this BDSM hell her tormentor was offering to pleasure her. Her inescapable desire and her need to avoid pain now combined together and finally she moaned something that might have been a “yes...”

A moment later Anna felt latex brush over her bare pussy and then something warm and moist touch her exposed snatch. A wave of pleasure boiled through her as her captors tongue stroked across her most private part and all the bound slave could think was, I didn't know it could be this good!

Anna wasn't fond of the idea of oral sex and she'd included a section in her book where her main character had described it as "*Like sucking on stale fish,*" yet in truth she'd never tried it. Now an expert tongue played over her most sensitive spot teasing and arousing her in ways she'd never believed possible.

"There is one thing you must always remember Anna," her captor said between lickings, "Mmm...men can never properly please women for they can never understand...what is needed...to please us..."

Anna screamed as she came a tidal wave of pleasure pouring through her body as her mistress pushed her up and over the edge into a crashing orgasm. Anna thrashed about in her bondage as wave after wave of ecstasy poured through her bound body. She was totally cut off from anything else but the pleasure and it overwhelmed her, all humiliation, all pain seemed to fade away and there was only joy boiling amazing joy...

And then all too soon it was over and once again she was a terrified woman trapped in a freakish costume, heavily bound and trapped at the mercy of a monster...

"Well I had a wonderful night, and I hope you have now learned your lesson, now are we sorry about the stealing?"

Anna moaned something that might have been a yes and her captor giggled, "Okay, now you get some rest while I finish up." Anna felt her captor slide off the bed and then she felt the vibrations in the floor as the woman walked out of the room.

For a moment Anna was relieved but then she realised she was still chained up, still trapped, what was going to happen to her? Was she to be left here until a cleaner or someone came by later on, was her secret to be exposed after all?

After a moment she realised that didn't have to be the case the pictures that had been uploaded would be enough to convince anyone that this was a self bondage game gone wrong. But that meant that the only way to keep her secret from being exposed was to humiliate herself still further!

What was going to happen to her? How long had it been already? Surely it could not be very long but under the hood it felt like hours, days, weeks had passed, she had no way to keep track of time and in her torment she began to wonder if she'd been left to die. Her captor was an expert hacker what if she had set things up so no one would check this room until after she starved to death?

She screamed in mortal terror...

...

Even with the nearly soundproofed walls Becky still heard Anna's scream and she smiled at the sound. "Four minutes that has to be some kind of record for sensory deprivation," she reflected even as she rushed to clear everything up.

Becky was tired but exhilarated, after all these years her fantasy had become reality and in the process she's taken her justified revenge on the thief. It was almost a shame to have to leave Anna behind, almost as much a shame as having to lose all this equipment.

You have fortune of eight million dollars you can't use legitimately, Becky reminded herself, besides which she could just charge Anna for it by making her take part in even more bondage and slavery in the future. One day she hoped Anna would be hers for good, but for now she could not allow this equipment to be discovered, even if she was sure it could not be traced back to her, people might wonder just what had been going on.

As Becky tossed the last plastic vase down the disposal chute she reflected she probably should have set the clock work timer in Anna's cuffs for a little bit longer. Still that was a minor mistake at the end of a wonderful and very sensual night, and if Becky had her way it would be the first of many to come. After a quick glance around to make sure she hadn't missed anything she pulled off her mask, wrapped a trench coat around her catsuit and slipped out the fire escape...

Epilogue:

Anna heart beat thundered in her ears, her head pounding as she struggled in futile helplessness for what felt like a thousand years. She screamed and screamed but no one came, and only the sweat pouring off her body convinced her that she was still alive and not trapped in some ironic hell. She pulled with all her might but her chains were too strong and all she could do was endure the constant low level pain as the zipper teeth bit into her captive breasts.

She begged for the voice to come back, so desperate that she promised to do anything as only as the isolation was broken, she would suck pussy, hell she would suck cock if she was just allowed to see, to feel to do anything but just endure...

After what felt like eternity mercy was finally granted as the tiny clockwork devices in her cuffs finally ran down and released, opening the cuffs and freeing Anna from the chains they were attached to. At that moment Anna had been pulling as hard as possible on the chains and the effect was almost comical as her arms and legs whipped inwards with the release of the tension.

For an instant Anna lay there in shock but then her mind caught up with reality and she reached up and tried to tear the mask from her face only to find the mittens that rendered her hands useless made this impossible. After a few desperate moments she managed to get her gloved hands under the gasmask and she pulled upwards before finally tearing it free from her face. She screamed in sudden agony as light stabbed into her dark adapted eyes, but that was only a brief moment of pain and then she was blinking away tears as they rolled down her face.

As her vision cleared she looked at the mittens, the cuffs were gone but her hands were still nearly useless, however after a moment she noticed that she could slip one hand under the others glove and this allowed her to push open the drawstring that held it in place. Once this was done it was just a matter of shaking her hand back and forth for a moment until she managed to make the glove fall off, then she pulled off the other glove and rubbed her hands, free for the first time in many hours.

She was not yet completely free however and she reached up and tore the gag from her mouth and the collar from her neck, a moment later the mask and hood followed them and she sat up on the bed panting as she looked into the nearby mirror. She was a mess, her hair was matted to her scalp by sweat and her make up had run, while worst of all her eyes had a haunted look to them, but at least she was free, or very nearly so.

The corset was the next item to come off and it was only then that she wondered what her Mistress would think as she stripped the uniform off her tortured body. What if this was a test she had already failed? Anna wasn't sure she cared she had reached the point where she would happily face the music for her own crimes as long as she didn't have to face this again.

But it had felt so good, a voice told her, to be so controlled, so utterly controlled... Anna screamed and tore at the catsuit, and she had the zipper undone and half her upper body exposed before she realised that she didn't know the combination for her boots!

It was only now that she noticed the small envelope sitting on the bedside table, an envelope with the word "Slave" written on the front in a neat hand. She grabbed it and tore it open her heart sinking at what she read:

Dear Slave

By the time you read this I expect you will have removed most of your suit and you are probably certain your suffering is over. This is just to debase you of that happy notion; by my reckoning you owe me 56'000 pounds from your profits for "The Rubber Maid ."

Luckily for you I accept payment in kind through your service to me, but if you think this one night was worth so much money you are mistaken, I charge £350 an hour for

my deluxe domination and the six hours today means you have so far repaid £2100 of your stolen money.

As such I will be in touch to arrange repayment of the rest; you can of course turn yourself in, but know that only you will suffer if you do this. I am certain that the police cannot trace me, but I'm sure they will be happy to capture you, don't you agree?

(That Bitch! Anna thought)

Fortunately it has become clear that you are at least interested in bondage, so we can at least strike hypocrisy from the long list of your offences but do not take this to mean I will forgive your other crimes.

Expect to hear from me soon.

Your loving

Mistress

P.S: Code for the shoes is 16 r, 5 l, 19 r

PPS: Don't worry about keeping the suit; I have something much better planned for the next time.

Anna felt her blood freeze as she read the letter over and over again, it was all too clear that her "Mistress" still had plans for her and the only way to avoid a repeat of tonight was to turn herself in.

Tears pricked in her eyes as she once again made the same calculation as so many victims of Swindling had to make. She could tell the world what had happened and never face another night like this again, and ruin herself forever. She would be known as a tax evader, a thief and plagiarist and the woman who'd spent six hours as a lesbian sex slave.

She glanced at the clock on the bedside table, hard as it was to believe it really was just after five and it really had only been a few hours since the nightmare started.

In any case the other option was simply to endure these occasional S/M sessions until her debt was pronounced paid. But what was to stop her "Mistress" increasing the number of sessions, although in truth she knew the answer was trust, as sick a concept as that seemed right now.

Tears began to flow down her face as she contemplated her two potential futures, a full time failure, condemned by the law and public opinion, or a part time slave humiliated at random intervals.

Oh what was she to do! She buried her head in a pillow, hugged it tight and began to cry...

...

“Ring, ring! Ring, ring!” Anna’s eyes snapped open in shock at the sound of the phone ringing. She hadn’t even realised she’d fallen asleep and as she now blinked sleep out of her eyes and stretched her sore body she shuddered, for surely her captor could not be planning another “session” so soon?

After a moment Anna’s exhausted brain caught up with reality and she realised that it wasn’t the evil mobile that was ringing but the room phone, which it seemed her captor had plugged back into its socket before she left. Anna reached over and picked it up. “Hello?” she asked,

“Miss Smith this is the main desk you asked to be awoken at this time for your signing session,” Shit! Anna thought as she looked at the clock, it was half past nine; she’d been asleep for hours.

For a moment she thought about pretending to be ill, but she then realised this was exactly the kind of distraction she needed right now. “Thank you I’ll be down in an hour,”

She put the phone down and climbed out of bed, and then she yelped in pain as she realised she was still wearing the boots and the lower half of the suit. She quickly undid the laces and removed both, and then she spent the next few minutes stretching her feet as the pain slowly went away. It was odd but after wearing the boots for so long walking on her bare feet actually felt a little “weird” but after a few minutes her feet at last seemed to return to normal and the naked woman walked slowly into the bathroom.

She half expected to find the doll sitting in the bathtub but the room was empty but for her wash bag and so she quickly stepped into the shower. She resisted all temptation to stroke her pussy while she was washing and after a few minutes she was much cleaner and felt rather more human.

Two cups of Coffee completed that process and she quickly dressed in a trouser suit, by now she looked completely normal and after she put on her make up no one would know anything strange had happened last night.

She looked down at the costume, shuddering as she mentally relived everything that had happened to her, how could she face a crowd of fetishists after this? She began to hyperventilate as a flashback began; she could feel the dildo in her sex, the crushing shoes and corset the constant shocks, the...boiling pleasure!

She could not face leaving the room, let alone facing a crowd, and after a few moments she picked up the phone again, and when the desk answered she said,

“I’m sorry but I’m not feeling to well so I will have to cancel,”

“Do you need any help?”

“No, no I think its just something I ate, maybe I’ll be okay for tomorrow’s session,”

“Okay sorry to hear that,”

...

At the desk the maitre'd put down the phone and looked over to the hotel manager, “It seems Miss Smith is not feeling well,”

“More likely she heard about the “crowds” waiting for her signing,” he jerked a finger towards the ballroom where a prime trestle table held a sign reading “Anna Smith will be signing her new book here today 1030am.” No one was waiting and in fact the various attendees were going out of their way to avoid it.

“Yes I suppose this was the worst possible place for that hack to come,” the Maitre’D replied, “Now did you hear about what the night man saw this morning,”

“Ah yes the latex lesbian couple, its enough to make one want to be a fly on that wall...”

“Quite...”

...

Anna put down the phone and sat down on the bed, she tried not to cry as she looked at the pieces of the suit scattered all around her, “Oh what am I to do now?” she moaned. There was no one to help her, no one to talk to about what had happened, the saga of a young woman turned into an abject sex slave, reduced to the property of a Mistress...

It sounded like the plot of a novel, a best selling novel she suddenly realised, a best selling novel in which she could pour out her suffering while no one was any the wiser...

Seized by inspiration Anna grabbed for her laptop turned it on and began to type.

...

Sitting in the tiny office above the warehouse that served as her dungeon Becky watched as a Trojan virus transmitted everything Anna did on her laptop straight to her Mistress.

She hadn’t been too surprised to find Anna wasn’t at her signing session (she’d have been more surprised if the woman had gone) but now Anna was typing away on her computer and as Becky watched she realised Anna was typing up an account of their night together.

For a moment she feared Anna was going to try something stupid but then she realised the names had been changed, Anna had become “Marie” and Becky was now a male voice named “Master.”

“Not that I don’t appreciate her enterprising mind,” Becky mused, “But she’s not stealing another story from me, and as for turning me into a man...”

She smiled already planning her revenge at their next session together.

THE END...FOR NOW

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