

Hired Help

Chapter 1

"So, Miss Brooks, why are you applying for this job?"

Jennifer looked down at her hands when she replied. "Mister Hane... I think that I would be very good at this job." He stared at her, and Jennifer met his gaze for a moment. before looking away again.

"Did you understand all of the requirements that I have for this position?" Jennifer fidgeted with the sleeve on her blouse.

"I think so. You are looking for a maid to work in your household. To cook and clean and that sort of thing."

There was a short silence. "Is that it?"

Jennifer swallowed hard. "W... what do you mean?" Mister Hane sighed. "If you had not figured that out from my letter, I think that we should end this interview now."

"No! Please!" Jennifer said, raising her voice for the first time. "I really need this job! It's the only one with a decent enough salary..."

"So it's just the money you want."

Jennifer's chin quivered as she spoke. "What else do you want from me?" she said, looking him in the eye. "Does it have something to do with that little notecard you put in the envelope?"

She saw him nod slightly. "I really haven't been out on my own very long. If you could just explain it to me, maybe I could understand it."

Mister Hane sat in thought. He slid his chair back away from the desk and stood up. "You've put me into an uncomfortable situation," he said.

"Please, Richard," she said, using his first name, "give me a chance."

Richard Hane looked her over closely. She was a young woman, probably no more than twenty-one years of age. She had medium length curly brown hair that framed a soft, round face. Two green eyes looked out from it, meeting his eyes briefly before darting away. She wore a pretty, pink stitched white blouse with a light brown skirt. Her matching shoes had inch long square heels, and her feet were twitching, nervously.

"If you are indeed serious about this..."

"I am!" she said.

"I should tell you that there is a reason for the high salary that I am offering. I am looking for something more than just a housekeeper. I am looking for someone to do more... personal services."

"What?" Jennifer said, confused. "What kind of personal services?" After a few seconds, another thought crossed her mind. "I'm not a hooker!" she said.

"I never accused you of that," he said, as he walked over to her. "If I allowed you to take the job, when could you start?"

"Right away!" she said.

A slight smile came across his face. "What if I said that I would like you to start immediately. Right now."

She looked up at him. "But my things are still at my apartment..." Richard did not say anything. "I... guess that I don't really have much there, come to think about it. Except my clothes..."

"That will be taken care of." Richard gestured for her to get up. "I have a contract ready for you to sign."

"A contract?" she said, as she stood up. A smile was forming on her face. "You're going to give me the job?"

"If you want it, after I explain a few things." He went over to his desk and took out several papers from a drawer. "You should read the contract first, of course, before signing anything."

Jennifer started to read, then shook her head. "This is gibberish. It looks like a lawyer wrote it. Can you just explain it to me?"

"Certainly. Pages one and two describe the length and terms of service, and the compensation. In essence, the length of time is one year. The payment is \$150,000, payable in full at the end of the time. During this time, all your expenses will be covered, and room and board will be provided. Should you choose to break the contract, the payment will be greatly diminished, only \$2000 per month worked. However, should I dismiss you early, without you breaking any of the conditions of the contract, you are entitled to \$12,500 per month worked. Oh, by-the-way, this position is considered to be a salaried position."

"One hundred fifty..." she said in a low voice.

"Pages three and four describe the duties that are to be expected of you. Failure to perform these is grounds for your dismissal, with the lower compensation being given to you."

"What are the duties?" Jennifer asked.

"They include all of the typical duties of a housekeeper. Cooking, cleaning, making the beds, and the like. You will be considered to be on duty 24 hours a day, seven days a week, though of course you will be given time to yourself. Additionally, there is a dress code associated with this position, and the uniforms will be provided."

"Dress code? That doesn't sound like a big deal. Where do I sign?"

"Right here," he said, handing her a pen.

She signed the four sheets of paper without reading any more of it. "I will make copies of this for both of us," he said, as he put the papers back into his desk. "Let me show you to your room."

There was a stairway up to the second floor, but Richard led her to a doorway that was on the first floor. As he followed him, she had a chance to examine his walking profile. He seemed to be in good physical shape, and she decided that he had a very cute butt.

"This will be your room," he said. "Your first assignment is inside. You will find a tape measure and a sheet of paper. Please measure yourself as indicated on the sheet, so that we can have your uniforms made up. After that, you can have the rest of the day off to yourself. Just report back here first thing tomorrow morning. Oh," he said, opening up another drawer of his desk. "Here is a five hundred dollar advance on your salary."

Jennifer took the offered money, with a bit of disbelief in her eyes. "Really?" she said.

"Really," he replied. "Just be back here at nine o'clock in the morning."

Jennifer looked at the outfit on the bed in disbelief. "This is a dress code?" she said aloud.

Richard had left her alone in her bedroom to prepare for the day. Jennifer picked up the first item and examined it. It was a pair of black patent shoe with a black stiletto heel that were easily five inches long. The other one was still on the bed. There were two straps on it, one an ankle strap and the other was a mid strap. Both had small buckles on them.

A pair of fishnet pantyhose was also there. She walked around the bed, and picked up the last item. It was a one piece French-maid uniform. It was made of a shiny black vinyl material, and still had a strong plastic smell. The sleeves were long, and the skirt had a very full crinoline sewn right into it.

Jennifer thought about walking out right then, and confronting Mr Hane. But then she remembered the five hundred dollars advance that she had spent last night.

"Oh, god, what if I had to give it back?" she whispered aloud. She did some mental math and mumbled as she did it. "If I leave, I get \$2000 a month. That's about \$500 a week. So, I just have to do this for a week, and then I can get out of here."

With a sigh, she took her clothes off. First, she picked up the fishnet stockings. The feeling

was a bit odd as she slipped them on. She couldn't remember ever having worn fishnets before. Next, she unzipped the vinyl maid's outfit and put it on. It fit tightly around the waist. She had some trouble zipping it up herself. Lastly, she sat down as she put on the shoes and buckled the straps. As she stood up, she had to grab ahold of the bedpost to balance herself. "God, how am I going to walk in these things?"

As she walked over to the door, she saw herself in the full length mirror that was attached to the back of the door. The dress was form fitting around the waist, and the skirt was extremely full. But it barely came down low enough to hide her privates. In front, it was cut so low that it barely covered her nipples. "If I bend over, everyone's going to see me!" she said. She saw her own ankles wobble as she tried to balance in the heels.

Slowly, she opened the door and stepped outside of her room. She a voice from the kitchen, so she slowly walked towards it, making sure to stay near a wall. Richard was there, talking on the phone. When he saw Jennifer enter, he ended his conversation and hung up. "That will do," he said, walking over to her.

Jennifer's face was flushed with embarrassment as she stood there. "What should I do?" she said to fill the silence. She was almost expecting him to fondle her, or say something lewd. "I'm in the mood for a late breakfast," he said. "Ham and cheese omelet with just a few onions. You should find everything in the refrigerator, and the cookware is in the cabinets below the microwave."

She was surprised by this. But then again, she didn't know what to expect. "Mister Hane?" she asked as she slowly walked toward the refrigerator. "Why do you have a dress code... like this?"

He smiled a bit at this, and looked at the ceiling as he thought of a reply. "Well, I'm a rich man. I know what I like to see. And, to be quite honest, I like the way that you look when wearing that."

She opened up the refrigerator and started to hunt for ingredients. There was the butter, the eggs, the cheese..."Am I going to have to dress up like this every day?" she asked.

"No, definitely not," he said, and she let out a sigh. "This is just what we could get on short notice. More will be arriving."

More? she thought. More what? Her mind took a different turn as she remembered him calling himself a 'rich man'. "Are you married?" she asked as she closed the refrigerator door.

"Actually, no," he said. "I haven't met the right person yet."

She slowly walked back into her room and closed the door behind her. "My feet are killing me," she said. She tried to kick them off, but was reminded of the fact that there were straps keeping them in place.

Jennifer sat down on the bed and unbuckled her shoes. She sighed in relief as she threw the shoes across the room. Her hands massaged her feet and ankles for several minutes.

She took time to survey the room. She had not paid much attention to her room before, as she had had other things on her mind. There was a stereo system, a television, a huge dresser, and the king sized bed that she was now sitting on. As she fumbled with the zipper at the back of her outfit, she noticed that there was a door ajar that led to a private bathroom.

She slid her hot sweaty body out of the vinyl maid's outfit and took off the fishnets. "A bath!" she said, and raced in the nude to the bathroom. All of the fixings for a long bath were there, which included a huge whirlpool bathtub. After filling the tub, she slid in and let the swirling hot water take the tension out of her body.

She thought back to her day. Richard was with her most of the day, showing her the house as he had her do chores. It was just cleaning, dusting, cooking, and the like. Every time that she bent over, she could feel his eyes on her buttocks. But he never said anything about it, and never touched her once.

She had to conclude that Richard was an attractive man. He was a touch over six feet tall, with dark-brown eyes and a full set of hair. From what she could gather of his phone conversations, she concluded that he was some kind of investor, and moved money, stocks and bonds around.

As she relaxed, she thought about her own situation. She was in the house of a rich perverted voyeur, walking around in an embarrassing outfit for his eyes only. A rich, single, perverted voyeur, she reminded herself. He should be able to afford more servants, she thought, but she had not seen anyone else in the huge house. There must be at least thirty rooms, she thought.

Then there was the money. She had been out on her own for almost six months, but had lost her job a couple of months ago. With unpaid bills everywhere, she was about to lose her apartment. The only place she could have gone is back to her mother's house.

No! I'm not going back to live with that witch! she said. She realized that she wouldn't have to move back, if she stayed here. This was a live in position, and she had used the advance to pay some of her back rent. The woman at the desk had given her another month to come up with the rest.

Wouldn't it be nice to move everything in here? a part of her thought. I wouldn't have to pay any rent, there would be a big check at the end, and I would work for a cute boss! Then she looked out into the bedroom and saw the shoes on the floor and the black vinyl maid's outfit on the bed. "I'll make a decision after a week," she said out loud.

When she got out of the bathtub, she could not find her street clothes anywhere. Out of habit, she put away the maid's outfit and shoes in the huge but empty walk-in closet before going to bed.

She awoke to the sound of a knock at the door. "Who is it?" she said loudly.

"It's nine thirty," came Richard's voice from the other side of the door. "You should have been out here a half of an hour ago."

Hurriedly, she left the bed and went to the door. Then she realized that she was completely naked. With a moment of hesitation, she turned and went to the closet. "I'll be out in a minute!" The fishnets, black vinyl maid's outfit, and five inch spiked shoes were on in a couple of minutes. When she emerged from the room, still wobbly on her heels, she saw Richard waiting for her just outside her doorway.

"Late the second day on the job," he said. "We'll have to do something about that." I can't lose this job yet! she thought to herself. Is he going to fire me? Richard shook his head and said nothing more of it. "Move along and get breakfast started," he said. "I'll be there soon."

She saw Richard pick up a large cardboard box and walk into her room. She was about to ask him about it, then thought better of it and headed for the kitchen, still unsure in the high stiletto heels.

As she cooked, she thought that she heard the sound of power tools. She had finished breakfast for two and was still waiting for him. She was hungry, so she sat down and started to nibble on her toast. Richard walked in and stopped at the entrance to the kitchen. "I see that you're sitting down on the job," he said.

Jennifer quickly jumped to her feet, and had to grab the table for support. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"That can be remedied," he said. She looked at him, but he offered no explanation. He sat down next to her and started to eat. "If there were guests, you would be expected to serve us and then eat privately later. But as there are no guests, we can be informal here." Somewhat calmed, she sat back down.

Breakfast went quickly as both of them wolfed down their food. "As you might have guessed yesterday, your uniform is incomplete -- something of a stopgap. I apologize for this. Your first complete uniform is now here. If we could go to your room?"

"I guess so," she said, with less than full enthusiasm. If this was a stopgap, what is the real thing going to be like? As she walked beside him, she suddenly lost her balance on her heels. Almost instantly, Richard grabbed ahold of her by the arm and waist and steadied her. "Are you all right?" he said, releasing her.

"I'm fine," she replied. Between the slip and his touch, there was a wash of energy going through her. She wasn't sure what to make of it.

"Out of curiosity," she asked as they entered her room, "where are the clothes that I wore

here?" "In storage," he replied. "I don't think that you'll be needing them anytime soon."

She saw that there had been changes to the room. There was a similar yet subtly different outfit laid out for her on the bed. And on one of the walls to the room, there was now a solid block of metal attached to it. From it emerged a long metal chain with a keyring attached to the end of it. There were a dozen or so keys on the keyring.

"I will leave you alone to dress after I have explained it," he said. "The stockings are essentially the same. The shoes, however, are slightly different," he said as he picked up one of the two shoes. It was a black patent leather shoe with, if anything, a higher heel than the ones that she was wearing. There were two straps, one of which ended with a D-ring, but no buckles. "If you would sit down?"

She sat down, and allowed him to take off her shoes. She noticed that on the bed there were several small padlocks, as well as a black satin object with lacing that took her a moment to recognize. A corset? Jennifer flushed suddenly as she realized that Richard had a clear view of her crotch. He did not comment and put one of the shoes on her.

"These straps work like so," he said demonstrating them. He wrapped them around her ankles, then around the middle of the foot. He joined the two straps right in front of the heel underneath the shoe. "the ring goes through this slot," he said.

"But won't they just slip off?" she asked. Richard reached up and took one of the small padlocks. He put it through the ring and snapped it closed. "It won't come off until it's unlocked," he said.

"Why?" she asked. Richard took the other shoe and put it on her foot. "Because I like my hired help to be in uniform, at all times while on duty," he said. "And in the contract, it states that you are to be in uniform at all times that you are outside of your quarters here."

She wanted to voice an objection, but couldn't seem to get it out. As he locked the second one on her foot, she asked, "Where is the key?"

"Right over there," he said, pointing to the keyring on the chain. "When you are through with your duties, you can take them off at your leisure."

"I see," was all that she could say. He picked up the corset and another maid's outfit. This one was also constructed of shiny black PVC with long sleeves and a very full red crinoline was sewn into it. But the outfit continued all the way up to the neck. The zipper was in the back, like the one she wore now, with a large loop to pull on the zipper. At the top of the outfit, in back, there was a metal ring sewn into the fabric next to the zipper.

"You should put on the corset first," he said, "and snug it up. Then, when you put on the maid's outfit, use one of the padlocks to connect the zipper to the metal ring."

So I can't unzip it, she finished mentally. "Is the key also there?" she said, pointing to the keyring. He nodded. "I'll leave you now to change," he said, and left her there.

She stood up and was even more wobbly than before. "These are even *higher*," she said aloud.

She had never worn a corset before. This one had front busks and back lacing. It had built in support for the lower half of each breast and extended down well past her bellybutton. With some struggling, she managed to get the front busks closed. She remembered that the back laces were for tightening it. She hoped that she didn't have to use that. Jennifer unzipped the maid's outfit, stepped into it, and tried to zip it up. The zipper barely moved.

Jennifer saw that the only way she could get the shiny black maid's outfit on was to lose at least three inches of waistline. Jennifer struggled with the pullers on the corset for a good ten minutes. She pulled herself to what she thought was very tight, only to have the zipper on the maid's outfit jam. Frustrated, she tried it again. This happened six times, and she nearly came to the point of tears.

There was a knock on the door. "How are you doing?" came Richard's voice. "I can't get this thing on!" she said. "Would you like some help?" he said. "Yes!" she said, before thinking about it. As Richard opened the door, it was too late for her to change her mind.

"What seems to be the problem?" he asked. "I can't get this tight enough," she said as she waved the corset string in front of her.

"Let's see what we can do about that," he said. "Turn around and grab ahold of one of the bedposts, please? And keep ahold of the strings, if you would." She complied and felt him tightening the strings all along the top and the bottom of the corset. Then, with a strong pull, she felt her waist constricting." Jennifer struggled to breath against the corset, but it was only with difficulty that she could seem to get enough air. "

Let's try it now," he said. He pulled the black maid's outfit up on her and she put her arms into it. It was a tight fit, but he managed to get the zipper all the way up. "And the lock," he said, taking a padlock and locking the zipper in place.

Jennifer looked at herself in the mirror. She saw a woman with flushed red cheeks, but what caught her eye was the figure. Her breasts were much more prominent than they ever had been before, which was accentuated by the narrow waist that she now had. Wow, do I look sexy! she thought with surprise.

It was lunchtime, and the two of them sat down to eat. Jennifer had prepared potato salad and sandwiches. Jennifer found herself being full in spite of the lack of breakfast. It must be the corset, she thought to herself.

"Mister Hane," she said.

"You can call me Richard," he said with a smile.

"Richard," she said back, also smiling. "I was wondering when I would be able to get all of

my stuff out of my apartment?" she asked.

"Tonight, if you would like," Richard said. "You should be able to after supper tonight."

After dinner, Jennifer finished up the last of the dishes. "I'd like to go get my things," she said, as she headed towards her room. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I was going to change..." she said, her voice trailing off. She stopped and looked back. "Could I have my clothes back?"

Richard slowly shook his head. "It clearly states in the contract that you are to be in uniform at all times except when you are in your room here," he said. "I'm afraid that I cannot make an exception."

"I'm supposed to go out like this?!" she exclaimed.

"You don't have to go out at all," he said. "That's your choice. But the rules are the rules."

"Let me see that contract!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly," he replied. The two of them walked to his study, and Richard took the contract papers out of his desk. "Right here," he said.

With horror, she saw that he was right. Additionally, she saw in the paragraph above that the definition of uniform was essentially whatever kinky outfit that he chose to provide to her on a given day. What have I got myself into? Jennifer wondered.

Jennifer did not quit. Instead, she waited until nearly midnight before leaving for her apartment. When she had asked for her keys, Richard has calmly complied.

Trying to walk on the sidewalk at night in nearly six inch heels was not easy. And when she got to her car, the rigid corset prevented her from bending her waist and she nearly banged her head on the doorway of the car trying to get in.

With the heels, she had trouble using the pedals of her stick-shift car as she pulled out of Mr. Hane's driveway.

Once she was on her way, it became easier. She saw a parked police vehicle on the side of the road, and quickly looked at her speedometer.

"Six over," she said. "Aaah! And I do not have a license on me!"

She clutched the wheel in terror and brought her car back to the speed limit. In her rear-view mirror, she saw the police car pull out and start to follow her.

"Please don't pull me over," she whispered. She could just imagine what the story in the paper the next day would be like if she was brought in looking like this.

It was twenty minutes of terror as she made her way to her apartment. The police car followed her all the way to the parking lot of her apartment, but did not turn on his lights. Jennifer parked her car and waited. The police car did a circle around the parking lot, but then exited and drove off.

Whew! There was no one else around, so she left the car with her keys in her hand and headed for her apartment. She was on the second floor, and she found out that climbing stairs in the shoes was not easy. She fumbled nervously with the keys as she tried to open her door while also keeping a lookout for any late night travelers.

She entered and closed the door behind her. A flip of the light switch revealed a rather bare, one bedroom apartment. For living room furniture, a single ratty recliner faced a small beat-up television. There was a smell from the kitchen that she knew was from dirty dishes left unwashed.

She headed to her bedroom, and went to the closet. "What to bring, what to bring..." She saw that there were very few clean clothes in the closet. Most of them were dirty and in the hamper or on the floor.

She took one of the few clean blouses, a skirt and a pair of pants. Then she walked over to her dresser and selected some underwear and a nightgown.

Her feet were really starting to kill her. She sat down on her unmade bed and tried to massage her feet. But with the corset on, she couldn't quite reach her feet. With a sigh, she laid down on the bed and rested for a minute. It felt so good to lay down and get the weight off her feet...

Jennifer woke up to the warm feeling of sunlight on her face. It took her a moment to understand the significance of it.

"Oh, god! What time is it?" Her bedroom clock showed that it was five minutes to ten.

She couldn't go outside like this in daylight! Jennifer rolled over and picked up the phone. It was very awkward to do that in the corset. She needed to call Richard Hane and tell him that she couldn't come in today. The silence of a dead phone greeted her ear. She realized that she had not sent any money to the phone company in several months. There was no way that she could call Richard and explain what had happened.

Panic and indecision gripped her. If she headed back now, she would be late. He might fire her, and then she would be up a creek without a paddle. But if she stayed here, with no explanation, she would be fired for sure. With no income source and a pathetic little apartment.

With unwilling resolve, she got out of bed and took a few seconds to readjust to walking in the locked-on stiletto heels. She dumped out a clothesbasket full of dirty clothes and put last night's selections and her keys into the basket. Jennifer went over to her door and

cracked it open, looking and listening for anyone in the hallway. No one was around. With difficulty, she opened the door and walked outside. She had to take the stairs down very slowly. With each tentative step, she grew more and more worried that someone might see her. Finally, the first floor. Now, if there was no one in the parking lot...

The sound of a door opening up behind her sent her heart pounding. Her breath quickened and her chest fought against the confines of the corset. Making a quick decision, she walked forward and tried to ignore it. She could not see where she was walking, and she felt one of her shoes land on something slippery. With limbs flailing and clothes scattering, she fell forward. She landed with her rear in the air, exposing all to whomever was behind her.

She struggled to right herself. "Let me help you up!" came the voice of a familiar male voice. God no! Don't let him see me like this! She turned and looked up into the familiar face of Eric Kaller. He was only a couple of years older than she was, and lived on the first floor. They had gone out on a few dates, and she kind of liked him. There was a look of shocked recognition on his face.

"Jennifer?" he said. "What the... why...?"

She could feel a hot flush on her face. "Help me up, please?" she asked. He took her hands and helped to her feet. She was surprised to find out that she was actually taller than him in these shoes. "What are you doing dressed up like that?!" he asked, loudly. "It's May. A little early for Halloween, isn't it?"

"It's a long story," she said, lamely. She tried to bend over to pick up one of her nightgowns, but couldn't manage it in the corset and heels. She nearly fell over again in the process. "Let me help," Eric said eagerly. He bent over and quickly threw her things into the clothes basket. She noticed that he had missed her keys. "Could you hand me my keys?" she asked.

Eric fetched her keys with alacrity. She heard the sound of another door opening up. "What's all the commotion out here?" came a female voice. Jennifer turned her head, and saw yet another familiar face. "My god!" said the older woman.

Jennifer lost her composure and panicked. As Eric was picking up her clothes basket, she ran for the door. Incredibly, she did not fall while doing this. She pushed the door open and headed for her car as quickly as her spiked heel shoes would allow. There must have been a dozen people in the parking lot that witnessed her. As she ran, the skirt of her shiny maid's outfit bounced up and down, revealing her crotch and buttocks to all that cared to see.

She nearly fell over trying to stop. Her keys were still in her hands, and she managed to shove one of them into the lock and open up the door. She banged her head getting into the car, but shook it off in a moment. She saw Eric running towards her, with her basket. "Your stuff!" he said. But she didn't wait for him. Jennifer jammed the key into the ignition

and almost ran him over on her way out of the parking lot. She was panting furiously as she drove out of the parking lot. The combination of strenuous activity with the corset was almost too much for her. For a long moment, her head started to swim, and a part of her wondered if she was going to pass out and get into an accident. Fortunately, she did not. She calmed down, and in less than a half of an hour, she was back at the Hane household. I've never been so embarrassed in my life! she thought to herself. I can't go back there.

Chapter 2

"This is only your second full day of work, and already you have been late twice. Do you have any explanation?" Richard asked while he stared at her intently. Jennifer looked at the floor. "Well, I was trying to get some of my stuff, but I got there so late. I just wanted to rest for a minute... and I fell asleep." "What am I going to do with you?" he asked. "You know that this is grounds for dismissal." Dismissal. I would have no money, no apartment. I couldn't go back there even if I had money. That means living with mother. "NO! Please, do not fire me!"

"I don't think that you're taking this job very seriously," he said. "You are being paid a premium wage for your services. At least you should be able to do your job in a professional manner." "I do take this job seriously! Please, don't fire me! I'll do anything!" she said. "There is an alternative to dismissal," he said. "Anything," she said.

Richard thought for a long moment, composing his words. "I could let this go with disciplinary action. You will be punished for your tardiness." "Punished?" she asked. "Would you prefer to leave?" he asked. Jennifer swallowed hard, but shook her head. "Wait here," he said. She stood and waited as he left his den. She steadied herself by leaning on the desk and taking some of the weight off her shoes. I wonder how ripe I am? I have been sweating in this outfit for over a day now!

Within a few minutes, he returned with a large bundle of rope and something that looked like a rubber ball with a strap going through it. He put it all down on his desk and pulled a chair from the edge of the room to the center of the room. "Come over here," he said. Slowly, she complied.

"Stand behind the chair, and bend over," he said. The back of the chair came nearly up to her crotch. She was able to do it, but it was very uncomfortable in the corset to do it.

He took the rope and tied her hands to the front legs of the chair. He pulled the rope tight first and bent her over even further, and she had to gasp for breath. Next, he tied her ankles to the back legs of the chair. She was now stretched out and bent over like she was trying to touch her toes. "I don't like this," she said. "This is a punishment. You are not supposed to like it," he said. "And you're not supposed to talk while you're being punished. Now, open wide," he commanded. Jennifer hesitated for a moment, then did so. He put the

rubber ball into her mouth and put the straps around the back of her head. She felt him pull the straps tight and buckle them together. "Mmmm! Nnng! Mmmnm!" was all that she was able to say. She found herself struggling for breath and extremely uncomfortable. She struggled against the ropes but could not budge them an inch. She bit against the gag. The ball yielded slightly, but she could not get it out.

She heard him walk behind her. She tried to crane her neck around and see what he was doing, but the shiny black vinyl of the still very wide skirt kept her from seeing anything. Somehow, she could almost feel his eyes looking at her exposed butt. "That should make a good view," she said.

He went to his desk and sat down, still behind Jennifer. She heard the shuffle of papers, then heard him pick up the phone and dial. How long is this going to last? she wondered.

Her stomach was grumbling with hunger and her muscles were aching from the position. "All right," Richard said. "I think you've learned your lesson." First, he took out the ball gag, and Jennifer's jaw muscles were immediately grateful. Then he untied her legs from the chair. She kicked her legs up in the air for a moment to try to get some circulation back in her feet, even though this put most of her weight on her crotch area. The arms were last. Richard helped her get back to her feet. "Oh, am I sore!" she said.

"I'm sure that you will get over it. There is leftover Chinese take-out in the refrigerator for you. You can go to your room whenever you are done. And remember, don't be late tomorrow." "Um, Mister Hane?" she asked as she tried to stretch her legs. "How can I get up on time when there is no alarm clock in my room? There isn't even a window, for god's sake!" Richard tilted his head to one side. "You have a point. I will wake you up tomorrow, then."

Jennifer went to the kitchen and found the food that he had mentioned. She looked outside and saw that the sun had already set. "How long was I there?" she muttered to herself. From the discomfort in her bladder, she guessed that it had been quite a long time. After having a light supper, she relieved herself and made her way back to her room.

It took her a minute or so to use the keys on the keychain in her room to unlock her black vinyl maid's outfit and her shoes. Getting out of the corset was a struggle. It took her almost ten minutes to loosen the laces enough to get out of it. Afterwards, she hung the outfit up in the closet before treating herself to a nice long bath. Jennifer noticed that her other maid's outfit and shoes had disappeared from the room.

This does not seem real, she thought. Here I am, strutting around in that outfit for a rich man's amusement, and he doesn't even feel me up! That thought rolled around for a while. Jennifer started to feel vaguely insulted by this. He went through all the trouble of having me look like that, and then he doesn't even touch me?!

She dried herself off then went to the bedroom and turned on the television. As the

mindless drivel of evening sitcoms passed by, she thought about her employer. He sure does seem to have a lot of self control, she thought to herself. I wonder how much? With this thought, and with the TV on, she fell asleep.

Chapter 3

She woke up to the sound of a knock on her door. Jennifer stretched on the luxuriant king sized bed where she had slept. As she rolled out of bed, her last night's thoughts came back to her. Well, if he isn't going to give me anything to sleep in, I guess that I'll have to answer him in the nude, she thought mischievously. She walked to the door and opened it wide open. Richard was standing there, already dressed for the day. "Yes?" she said.

He was startled, but only for a moment. "Just the wake-up call," he said. "You should get dressed and start your day. There is no need to make breakfast for me, however. I have some errands to run, so I will be back later." She nodded and smiled. He looked at her from toes to nose and smiled a faint smile. Then he turned away and walked out of sight.

Jennifer almost closed the door, but listened intently through the crack. When she heard the sound of the heavy front doors closing, she opened her door and scampered naked through the house. "I can dress up later," she thought to herself. Jennifer took this time to explore the house on her own and without the discomfort of the outfit. She found two locked doors, but the rest of the house was accessible to her.

The house was a vast sprawling one and a half story mansion with a large in-ground pool in the back yard. If there was a basement, it was behind the locked door. His bedroom was probably behind the other one, Jennifer inferred. The decorations in the house seemed almost bare and impersonal, except for his den.

That room had his large oak desk with the cozy fireplace and myriad of bookshelves. There was a computer tucked away in a corner cabinet that was hidden unless the cabinet doors were opened. There were several chairs for guests here, including the one that she had been tied to yesterday. To her surprise, one of the desk drawers was unlocked. She was expecting to find her contract, but that was not there. Instead, there was a pile of financial papers that had some very large numbers on them.

She sat down on his chair and studied them. Math and accounting were not her strong points, but when she found the bottom lines, they were easy to interpret. "God! It looks like he is worth over fifty million. Easy!" she said aloud. And there were references to other funds and holdings owned by Richard. As she dug deeper into the drawer, she found a folded note in the back recess.

From: Lexington personal services.

To: Richard Hane

Although our resources are large, we regret to inform you that we cannot find any candidates that meet your requirements in a spouse. If your requirements change in any way, feel free to contact us with your new requirements.

As always, your confidentiality is assured.

Personal services? He's placing personal ads to try to find a wife? This baffled her. Why would a good looking *loaded* man need to be using personal ads? Then a thought occurred to her. He's loaded. He's single. He's looking for a wife. And I'm here.

The thought of being covered with jewels and fur coats appealed to her. Talk about never going back to mother! And even if it didn't work out in the long run, she knew from TV that divorcing a rich man was often times a profitable experience.

She heard the sound of a car coming up the driveway. "Oh, shit!" she said as she jammed the papers back into the drawer and closed it. She raced back to her room and pulled on the fishnets. I'll only have a chance to do that if I don't get fired!

The black stiletto heels were put on next, then locked on. Then the corset busk. Then the corset lacing...

I wasn't able to get the corset on before without him, she thought. Damn, damn, damn...Wait a minute... If he left right away, how was I supposed to get it on myself?

She tugged the corset puller strings and tried to close the gap. Experimentally, she tied the strings and tried to put on the maid's outfit. It wouldn't go. Putting on her best little girl face, she walked out of her room that way. The black vinyl maid's outfit was on but unzipped, and the corset was only partially tightened.

"My apologies," he said as he pulled the black satin corset tight. She felt the constriction of her waist again, and it took her a second for her breathing to adjust. "I was negligent. Even so, you should not have left your quarters without being fully dressed." He tied the corset strings together. "I'm sorry," she said, with eyes downcast, and breath rapid.

He zipped the shiny maid's outfit up to her neck, then locked it in place. "No harm done today. I want the house in top shape today. I'm going to have a few guests over tonight." "Guests?" she asked as she turned around to face him. The thought of anyone else seeing her this way brought a red flush to her face. The encounters at her apartment still had her shaken. "Are they going to see me like this?" she asked.

"A bit self-conscious, are we?" he asked. She blushed and looked down at the floor. "You have nothing to be self-conscious about, you know. You have a very appealing body, especially when you are dressed up. But to answer your question, no. They are not going to see you like that. And you won't have to prepare any food for them, as I am having dinner catered." She let out a small sigh of relief. It would have been a large sigh if she would not have been wearing the corset.

The morning ended shortly afterwards and turned into afternoon. Jennifer tried to be cleaning whatever room he was in. When she walked in front of him, she tried to give an extra wiggle to her butt as she went by. She used every excuse that she could to bend over and show him her bottom. She even managed to accidentally bump into him once.

At sundown, he told her that it was clean enough. She watched him carefully for signs that her displays were having an effect. But there was no hint that he was aroused by it. Jennifer ground her teeth at this. If that was too subtle for him, how blatant do I have to get?

"I thought that I was going to be off duty when your guests were here," Jennifer said.

"That is not what I said. I said that 'they are not going to see you like that'. However, they will see you like something else. You will not even be showing any skin, so to speak. But if you need convincing, it explicitly states in the contract that your duties can be required when I entertain guests." Jennifer did not even bother to ask to see the contract. Somehow, she knew that it was in there. If I only would have had the patience to read it, she thought. Instead of looking at the dollar sign. Which was peanuts compared to what he was worth.

"If you would care to disrobe, I will get your evening attire" then added as he left the room. "I assume from this morning that you don't mind being naked in front of me." She felt a slight flush from this. At least he noticed that I was naked, she thought.

Jennifer unlocked and took off her maid's outfit. Without removing her corset, it was very difficult for her to remove her shoes. When he returned, he found her struggling with the back lacings of the corset. "Still struggling with that? We'll have to see if we can do something about that," he said as he dropped a box on the bed.

With his help, she was able to get out of the corset in less than a minute. The shoes came off last. She wriggled her toes and stretched out her feet. "So, what do you have now?" she asked. She turned to face him and did a little wriggle of her body and jiggle of her breasts. Richard seemed not to notice. "It's fairly simple, actually. But you probably will want to take a bathroom break, first, before you dress." She complied, trying to wiggle her butt as she walked to the bathroom.

"First, I think, should be the pantyhose," he said. She made a production out of sliding them up her legs slowly. I need to shave my legs, she noted mentally. "Next, the shoes." Jennifer saw that these shoes were almost identical to her other pair except that these

were made out of a shiny red patent material. They had the locking straps just like the others. She was not eager to wear them but she put her feet out for him. He put them on her and locked them in place.

"As you might have guessed, a corset is next," he said, pulling out a red satin corset with back lacing and breast support. She fastened it together herself, and then he started to tighten it. She noticed right away that it was tighter, and it took him a much longer time than before to lace the corset up. She had her hands against the bedpost while he did that. By the time that he was done, she was gasping. "God, that is tight!" she said.

"That is the point," he said. "This is a formal affair, so gloves as well. He handed her a pair of elbow length red gloves. She was surprised to feel the distinctive touch of thick rubber. "Rubber gloves? That's for doing dishes!" she said. Richard looked at her without saying anything. "All right," she said, as she started to put them on. It took her longer than she expected. They were tight fitting, and she ended up having to invert the gloves and roll them on. "And lastly, the dress," he said, pulling out a large red mass of rubber out of the box. "What the..." she said as he lowered it to the floor for her to step into. She hesitated before doing this.

Richard pulled the dress up her body. It covered her from ankle to neck with heavy gauge rubber, and it had long sleeves that came down to her wrists. There was a single zipper in back that went from just below her butt cheeks to the very top of the neck. As he zipped it up, she felt it grip her whole body tightly, including her corseted waist. When it was fully zipped, he padlocked the zipper to a metal ring at the top of the neck.

The lower portion of the dress was very tight fitting. She took a couple of experimental steps forward. The maximum separation of her feet was less than a foot, and her knees half that. Between the hobble dress and the stiletto heeled shoes, she had to grab ahold of Richard for support. "God," she said as she looked at her silhouette in the mirror. "I look like a red rubber Morticia Adams." Except she had a better figure, with that tiny waist and big bosom. As she breathed, she could see her breasts rise and fall against the tight rubber. The only part of her skin that was exposed was her face.

"That's the idea," he said. "I'll help you out to the living room where we are going to be tonight." Progress was very slow for her, with tiny steps and heels from hell. She leaned against him on the way, and deliberately fumbled around his body. She managed to get her hand to his crotch in what appeared to be an accident. It was fairly hard, by her estimation. Hmm... she thought to herself.

"If you don't mind my asking," she said, "why did you dress me up this way?" "Why is such a hard question to answer," he said, carefully guiding her through a doorway. She felt herself becoming hot under the rubber. This is going to be a long night, she thought to herself. "Could you try to answer?" "In just a moment," he said. They had emerged in the main living room. He guided her over to a couch and sat her down there. She could feel the rubber pulling at her knees and butt as she sat down. "Because I'm a rich man, and I want to dress you that way." "But why do you want to?" she asked.

There was the loud sound of a doorbell. "That must be our first guests," he said. "You'll need to get up. Your duty is to greet them at the door, take their coats, and hang them up in the coat room," he said, pointing to an alcove that was at least thirty feet away from the doorway. "Invite them to sit down." "In this?" she asked. "How?" "You'll find a way, I'm sure," he said. "I need to change. I will be back." "But, but..." she said as he left the room. Taking as deep of a breath as she could manage, she tried to get to her feet.

The tension in the dress at her knees and rear worked in her favor. She was able to get up, and stabilize herself in the heels. Slowly and carefully, without support from Richard, she worked her way towards the door. The doorbell rang again before she was able to reach it. With an effort, she opened up the door. She had to hold onto the handle as she backpedaled, or she would have fallen on her rear.

There were three men there in their forties. All were dressed in suits and ties. They seemed surprised to see her. "Welcome to Mr Hane's household," she improvised. They looked at each other, then looked at her intently. She felt very uncomfortable standing there as they looked at her in her tight rubber outfit. "Please, come in."

"Excuse us," said the one of them with the least hair. The three of them entered the house. "Can I take your coats?" she asked. There was a momentary delay, before the same man said "Certainly." They took off their coats and handed them to her. She started the long trek across the floor. Thank God this is hardwood and not shag carpeting, she thought as she concentrated on balancing in the shoes and taking one baby step at a time.

She thought that she heard whispering from behind her. She could not turn her head enough to look behind her, so she continued forward. After what felt like an eternity, she made it to the coatroom and hung up the men's jackets. When she turned around, she saw that all three of them had not moved and were looking at her. She felt the all-too-common sensation of a hot face came over her. "Please, sit down," she said.

Two of them did, but the one that had spoken up originally walked over to her. "Sorry for the rudeness," he said. "My name is Henry. My associates are John in the blue shirt and Adam in the white. And you are?" "Oh, I'm just the hired help," she said. Henry was about to continue, but the doorbell rang again. Henry left her and took a seat next to the other three.

When she finally made it to the doors again, she met two men at the door. One of which was in his sixties, the other his thirties. The younger man's eyes widened upon seeing her. The older man just smiled. "Please, come in," she said. She took their coats and invited them to stay. The older man introduced himself as Ben, the younger as Collin.

She made a second trip to the coat room. She wiped beads of sweat off of her forehead with one rubber gloved hand. When she turned around, she saw Richard as he entered the room. "So, you're doing it properly, at last!" Henry said to Richard as he entered. "You just had to give me a little time," he replied.

Henry turned to John. "You're still looking, as I remember." "Don't remind me of that," he said. "Gentlemen," he said as Jennifer slowly wriggled towards them. "This is Jennifer. She's a new employee of mine." There was a chaotic wave of greetings from the seated men. "Nice to meet you all," she said. "You can return to your room now," he said.

She was a little surprised by this. Richard had obviously went out of his way to display her to these men. Now why isn't he keeping me here on display? She smelled the odor of food coming from the kitchen, and the sounds of activity. It must be the caterers, she thought. I don't really want them to see me like this, she thought. Then again, I am hungry.

The quickest way back to her room was through the kitchen. But she chose to use a longer route through a side hall. When she neared her room, the sounds from the kitchen were gone. Hunger got the better of her. Slowly, she inched her way into the kitchen, staying near a wall whenever possible.

There was a feast fit for a king prepared there. As she prepared a plate of food to take back to her room, she could make out a few words of the men conversing in the living room. "I didn't think you could do it, Richard,..." "...you can be easy on her this time... because it's her first...but then..." "...you know, it's really too early to tell. You could have to do it yourself next time..." There was the sound of laughter. "Like last month!" "Oh, Fridays are worth looking forward to." "I'm getting hungry. Where is the food?"

This brought Jennifer out of her listening trance. She made for the door as fast as her shiny rubber hobble dress and stiletto heels would allow. She just made it around the corner of the doorway when the sounds of voices filled the kitchen. "Serve yourself!" she heard Richard saying. No one said anything about seeing her as she wormed towards her room with a plateful of food. She managed not to tip it over before she made it in her room.

Jennifer put the plate of food down and baby-stepped over to the keyring. She unlocked the zipper, unzipped it, and let her hot sweaty body experience a blast of fresh air. This corset was even harder to get out of. It must have taken her almost a half of an hour of panting and tugging at the cords to loosen it enough to get out of. Finally, the shoes and the pantyhose. She drew a hot bath for herself, and took her plate with her to the bathroom. She dined while she relaxed in the swirling hot water. "I wonder what they were talking about," she said.

Out of habit, she hung up the dress and put away the other articles. Her bedroom was still nearly bare of clothing. The maid's outfit was still here. She was half expecting that to disappear as well.

Chapter 4

There was a knock on the door. Jennifer opened her eyes and looked around. Yesterday

was Friday. Today is Saturday. No one should be waking me up, she thought fuzzily. She made her way to the door and opened it. Richard was there, ready for the morning. "It's Saturday," she said. "What does that have to do with anything?" he said. She was about to object, but then she remembered him saying '24 hours a day, seven days a week.' Damn.

They went through the morning routine, except that he brought in a different corset with garters attached to hold up a pair of fishnet stockings. Next was locking on the five and a half inch stiletto heels. He pulled the corset even tighter than before, in her opinion. And last was the shiny black patent maid's outfit. "Am I going to be wearing this every day?" she asked. "A good number of them," he said. "But there will be variety, of that you can be sure." Somehow, this thought was not comforting to Jennifer.

She started breakfast, and thought about her attempts to arouse Richard. Well, if that wasn't good enough, there's something that I know will! she resolved. She made up a pair of omelets. He sat down to eat one of them. "Aren't you going to eat?" he asked as she remained standing there. "I will," she said. "I'm just in the mood for something else."

She went to the edge of the table and carefully lowered herself to the floor. Then, on hands and knees, she made her way over to Richard's legs. "Jennifer, what are you doing?" he asked. Her hands slid up to his crotch. She felt a half-hard cock within. Without waiting, she unzipped his pants with one hand and dug for his cock with the other.

A few seconds later, an erect penis emerged from his pants. "Jennifer, please..." he said. But he did not continue after she pulled herself forward and put the head of his cock inside of her moist mouth. "Jennifer..." She started to slowly bring his erect penis within her mouth. It was not a porn star's penis, but definitely respectable in size compared to her previous boyfriend's. "please...don...uuungh." She felt his cock throbbing to a new level of erectness as her tongue played with tip of his penis.

She tried to tease him slowly, but soon she could feel him twitching his legs and feet. She slowed down even further, merely sucking softly on the head of his penis, but was soon surprised to feel his cum entering her mouth. She swallowed although she didn't particularly enjoy it. She had done it for her last serious boyfriend only because he had asked her to. But today was special, so she kept swallowing, and continued to suck the thick cum right out of his penis. If he doesn't notice me now, I don't know it will take! she thought to herself.

She felt his penis slowly softening as she continued to suck. With a smile of satisfaction on her face, she backed up and pulled herself back to her feet. Richard was looking at her with what was clearly lust... the look had an intensity that made the smile slowly fade from her face. She felt a dampness growing in her crotch as his eyes bored into her. Her breathing became rapid, and she started to strain against the corset.

He stood up and strode over to her. Without saying a word, he picked her up and sat her down on the center of the table. She saw that his cock had returned to rock hardness only a minute after he had cum. With her fishnet stockinged legs and stiletto heeled feet in the

air, and with her skirt in disarray, Richard pounced on her. He held her hands to the table with his own as he thrust his cock into her.

She didn't scream or cry out for help. She moaned as his manhood thrust inside of her and pushed deep into her pussy. It has been a long time since I've had good sex, she thought to herself. As he kept thrusting, he kissed her savagely and thrust his tongue deeply inside of her mouth. After a moment of startlement, she kissed him back, and their tongues played a manic, erotic game of tag.

She heard the breakfast plates being swept onto the floor by their activity and shattering upon impact. Jennifer did not care. As her body rushed towards orgasm under his relentless thrusting and probing, she tried to arch her back. The corset would not yield, and as she came closer and closer, her head started to swim. I take that back, she thought deliriously as her body went on autopilot and her legs writhed and tried to bring him closer inside of her. I've never had good sex before this.

A thundering orgasm coursed through her. She could feel the muscles in her pussy clenching reflexively. For the longest time, her head swam in an ecstasy that bordered on overload. When she finally came down, he was still thrusting madly. Oh god, she thought to herself. He already came once, so this one could take a while. "Sto...

Just as she said that another orgasm coursed through her system. She struggled and tried to get away, but he had her arms pinned to the table. "Please..." she begged as the orgasm slowly ebbed and she gasped in exertion against the corset. "Please..." She heard him grunting in pleasure as her third orgasm hit. There was a smile on his face, and she felt him ejaculating into her. When the orgasm hit its peak within her, she struggled one last time before the exertion and the constriction of the corset sent her into unconsciousness.

When she woke up, she found herself spread eagled to a bed. The room was lit, but she did not recognize it. This must be his bedroom, she thought. She tried to call out to him, but only a mumbled sound made its way out of the gag that she wore. It felt like leather, and there was something long and phallic that extended inside. There must be some sort of hole in it, because she was able to breathe through it.

She saw Richard's silhouette appear over her. She turned to look at him, still not fully recovered from the ordeal in the kitchen. He was naked from the waist up. She could see the muscles in his chest and arms and the dark hair on his chest. His eyes bored into her with that same intense look. She felt a wave of lust go through her at the sight of him.

Below the waist, he was wearing what appeared to be tight rubber trousers. His penis was erect and in front of him. To her surprise, his cock was covered in the same black rubber, and that latex sheath was built into the pants.

She writhed in fear and anticipation as he climbed onto the bed. His hands roamed over her legs, and she felt a shiver go through her as he touched her pussy with his fingertips. She felt herself becoming wet almost immediately.

Instead of mounting her, he brought his face down to her crotch. She moaned as he started to nibble on the outer lips of her pussy, and tease them with his teeth. His hands roamed around her outer thighs, and caressed her hips. His lips left her crotch, and she moaned in desperation. He leaned over her, and his hands touched the vinyl of her outfit. First, they were around her narrow waist, then they slowly moved up to her breasts. He felt her rock-hard nipples through the shiny fabric. Richard teased her nipples and fondled her breasts through it. She put her head forward, desperately trying to touch him with it, to kiss him in spite of the gag, but his face returned to her crotch, with only one more long tickling of each nipple.

Richard started in earnest now. His tongue first worked near the top of her pussy, and only slowly worked its way down. She writhed against her bonds, but she could only move her arms and legs a few inches. She felt his tongue probe deeper now... then he brought his lips in to gently suck. His tongue was driving her mad. She thrashed about and moaned. Her breath was labored against the corset, and as she approached orgasm, that light headed feeling returned to her.

He touched her clit with his tongue. Finally! she thought. At first gingerly, then he thrust it in more deeply and played with it. He licked back and forth, faster and faster. "MMMMM...MMMMMM!" she exclaimed. Again, an orgasm rocked through her. She struggled to stay conscious and gasped for air through the gag.

Mercifully, his tongue stopped its exploration. As she recovered, she saw his face hovering over hers. Slowly, ever so slowly, his rubber sheathed cock slid into her pussy. His penis worked like a piston inside of her. Slow and methodical at first. She felt her juices dripping between her butt cheeks. She tried to wiggle her feet and toes, but they were still locked within the black stiletto heels.

Faster and faster now. She felt herself again reaching that level of excitement that was so pleasurable. She tried to gasp for air, but the feeling of light headedness reached up for her. Another wave of pleasure swept through her and she felt her hold on consciousness slip away. The world returned to her, but ever so slowly. There was a feeling of dreaminess to it all.

Again, she found herself tied up. This time she recognized that she was in Richard's den. She was bent over and tied to the chair in the middle of the room, just like before. The same ball gag was in her mouth now. She heard something from behind her and tried to look. But the wide black vinyl skirt blocked her view.

Jennifer felt a man step behind her. As she felt a rubber cock rub up against her butt cheek, she guessed that it was Richard. He took her from behind, thrusting his rubberized penis into her pussy. She should have cried out, but in the dreamy state that she was in, she felt like she was only an observer. He was fast and efficient. This time, he brought her to the brink of orgasm. She heard a grunt of pleasure from him, and then he stopped. She moaned in frustration, but he did not seem to care.

Now, apparently calm, she heard him pick up the phone and make a call. It was a bunch of numbers and financial terms that would have lost her even if she had been clear headed. After the longest time, he hung up and returned to her. Five more times he used her that night. Each time she found herself orgasming at least once, sometimes twice. And that fifth time, he kept going and going and going... Until consciousness fled her, one more time.

Chapter 5

When Jennifer awoke to the sound of knocking, there were two feelings that fought within her. First, the lingering memories of the last night were still trickling through her. But also, her stomach grumbled and complained. I haven't eaten in a day! she thought to herself. Slowly, she rolled out of bed and walked to the door.

Richard was standing there, again with a box in his hands. "Come in," she said, with a smile. His face was nearly expressionless. "It is a new day," he said as he walked in. "It is, isn't it?" she said. Deep down, she was proud of the fact that she had broken through his mask and found the sexual animal underneath. Oh, and what a beast it was! She felt like she had won a major victory. She ignored her grumbling stomach and stepped up beside him. She looked up at him, with yearning eyes and lips quivering and aching for a kiss.

"I'm sure that you're hungry," he said. "You should really get cleaned up and dressed so that you can make yourself breakfast." She was a bit disappointed in his cool demeanor. But he had a point about breakfast. She went to her bathroom and relieved herself. She was still fragrant from the last night, so she took a quick shower and combed her hair quickly before coming out.

Richard was still waiting for her, patiently. She was half hoping that he would ask her to go about her chores in the nude today. Wouldn't that be fun! she thought. Another part of her guessed that if he brought in another box today, he was probably bringing in something for her to wear. Too bad. He had laid out her black vinyl maid's outfit yet again. She actually wished that he would give her a different outfit, or at least change it.

He was silent and expressionless even when she strutted about in front of him nude. With a bit of disappointment on her face, she put on the fishnet stockings, then let him lock the stiletto heels on her feet. The corset took five minutes of pulling on his part, then he was done. As she fastened the stockings to the garters attached to the corset, he pulled out a piece of shiny leather with bits of glittering steel in it.

"What is that?" she asked. It looked something like an industrial strength bikini bottom or G-string in her opinion. It was made of thick shiny leather, and it had what looked like locks in at least two places that she could see. Richard took out a key from his pocket and unlocked it. This opened the belt as well as the cross piece that would cover her crotch. "I'll explain in a moment," he said as he fastened it around the narrowest part of her

corsetted waist, placing the lock in front. The other strap of the belt dangled down behind her. The belt was snug around her waist when he locked it together. He reached up between her legs and she spread them, hoping that he would feel her up down there. But she was disappointed when he grabbed ahold of the strap that pulled it between her legs and up.

"Aaah!" she exclaimed as he took the metal end of the strap and pushed it into the same lock in front. The strap pulled up tightly all the way between her butt cheeks and pussy. It was distinctly wider in the front than in the back, and completely covered her vagina. There was a small and metallic part of it resting against her body between her pussy and her anus. A 'click' sound could be heard as it locked into place. "That's tight!" she exclaimed.

She felt the thing around her with her hands and looked at it with the mirror. A dim recollection started to churn within her, and this was confirmed by Richard. "This... is a chastity belt." Chastity belt? Wasn't that... supposed to *prevent* sex? She thought back to last night, and the intense, mind-blowing sex that they had together. She was flustered and a little insulted by this. What kind of a man is he? But before she could think of something to say, he was gesturing for her to put on her vinyl maid's outfit. She slid it on and let him zip it up and lock it into place.

"Get down to the kitchen and get breakfast started for us, would you?" he asked. She looked at him imploringly. "But... but what if I have to go to the bathroom?" she asked lamely. "For now, you have to hold it," he said. "But that will be remedied shortly." Flustered and confused, she walked to the kitchen. Balancing in these shoes was getting a little easier, but it still required concentration. Jennifer still stayed close to the walls, just in case.

She was very hungry, and in no mood be patient with her food. She poured herself a bowl of cereal, added milk, and sat down to eat. When that was done, she poured herself a second bowl. But she could barely get a spoonful of the second bowl down. Must be the corset, she decided.

"Come back to your room, please!" bellowed Richard's voice through the house. Jennifer slowly walked back to her room. The euphoria from the last night of sex was dispelled. What did I do wrong? she wondered. I thought that all guys wanted sex, the more the better!

She entered her room, and saw a shadow from the bathroom. Slowly, she walked into it. Richard pointed towards the cabinet beside the toilet. Jennifer noticed a change. Next to the roll of toilet paper there was now a long metal chain attached to the cabinet. At the end of it was a small forked piece of metal.

"This is the answer to your question," he said. He picked up the forked piece of metal and put it in her hands. "At the bottom of your belt, you probably feel a small metal lock. There should be a slot in it for this."

Jennifer took the piece and fumbled with it between her legs. After a little while, she managed to find the slot and push the metal fork into it. There was a 'click', and the pressure around her crotch was suddenly released. She felt that the strap between her legs was now divided... and the front one was now attached to the chain via the metal fork and the lock.

"You can do your business here whenever you want to," he said, "but the only way to disconnect yourself from the cabinet is to reconnect the two parts of your belt. Then it pops out automatically." She pulled the two parts together underneath her, and managed to join them together. The fork popped back out of the lock, leaving her free to leave, but with chastity belt intact. She thought that she saw a look of pride on his face. You even thought of this, she thought glumly.

The Sunday went by very slowly for Jennifer. She did not continue her games of peek-a-boo with Richard. What was the point? I have a night of sex with him, and he locks me in a chastity belt. He can't even see my pussy now for god's sake!

Finally, the day was over and he dismissed her. She found an immediate problem. After she took off the maid's outfit, she found that the chastity belt prevented her from removing her corset. She tried all of the keys on the keyring in her room, but none of them opened up her belt. With a sigh, she locked the maid's outfit back on and went to find Richard.

He was in his den, on the phone of course. She waited patiently at the doorway for him to finish. "Yes, Jennifer?" he said. "Sir?" she started formally. "How can I take my corset off with this belt locked on?" she asked. "The answer is that you don't," he said flatly. "But...how will I get to sleep?" she asked. "How did you fall asleep in your apartment, with the corset on?" he asked.

She had no answer for that. She left with a downturned gaze and slowly went back to her room. By kneeling down, she managed to unlock her shoes. With her chastity belt and corset still on, she laid down on the bed and tried to get to sleep.

The next three days went by at a snail's pace. Richard let her out of her chastity belt and corset twice in order to bathe, but the rest of the time she was constantly wearing them.

She could not get Saturday night out of her mind. Even now, when she thought back to it, a smile crept onto her face, and she sometimes started to feel herself getting wet. Until that wetness reminded her of the chastity belt.

You don't miss something until it is taken away, she decided. For most of the time that she had been living alone in her apartment, she had been free to seek out sex. It was never a great priority to her then. But, wearing the chastity belt nearly 24 hours a day was a constant reminder that she couldn't have sex. And now that she couldn't have sex made her want sex even more.

Richard, too, also served as a reminder. He reminded her of that Saturday night, and the intensity with which he had made love to her. Raped her? Somehow, she couldn't think of it as rape. It was something in between the two, and it made her hot remembering it.

Finally, Wednesday night, after supper, she could stand it no more. After she finished the dishes, she marched down to his den in her heels and black vinyl maid's outfit, with her skirt flouncing with each step.

"Richard," she said bluntly. He was busy scribbling down figures and punching numbers into a calculator. "Yes, Jennifer?" he responded. "Why did you put this chastity belt on me?" "Because I wanted to curb any inappropriate behavior between us," he said, without looking up. "Inappropriate? What is that supposed to mean? You certainly seemed to enjoy it. And if I objected, wouldn't you think that I would have left?" she said.

Richard put down his pencil and looked at her. "Miss Brooks, we met for the first time less than a week ago. And besides, I am the employer and you are the employee. That is what I mean by inappropriate." "Then why were you so eager to continue once I started it?!" she asked. "I seem to remember that the first move was mine, but the next eight or nine were yours!" "I don't wish to discuss that," he said flatly.

"Damn it! Don't you get it? I get hot just when I look at you and remember what happened on Saturday. And then there is this damn belt reminding me every day that I can't have that! I don't care if I work for you or not. Damnit, I'm horny!" she said. And indeed, she knew that at right that minute, she was starting to get damp again. And the stress of yelling at him was making itself felt as she panted against the corset again. "I'm sorry. Saturday was a mistake on my part." he said.

Jennifer walked over to the desk. By now, she was moving much more easily in the heels than when she had first worn them. She took one hand and felt his crotch. She found a moderately hard cock beneath his trousers. "Maybe I should play with this again and see what happens?" He slowly but firmly took ahold of her hand and pulled it away. "That would not be a good idea right now. But perhaps I can find a way to... alleviate your condition, so to speak." "Please," she said, with her eyes begging. "We'll take this up again tomorrow," he promised.

Again, morning arrived with a knock on her door. Thursday, she thought as she returned to consciousness. This was the fourth night in a row that she had been forced to sleep in the corset and chastity belt. Last night, after talking to Richard, she had gone into the bathroom and unlocked the belt with the metal fork. After finishing her business there, she couldn't help but think about him and last Saturday night. She masturbated twice last night before she finally locked the belt in place and went back to bed.

She opened the door, and saw Richard there. He was already dressed. A smile formed on his face as he saw a familiar key ring in his hands and a paper wrapped package under his

arm. I bet he's going to unlock the belt, she thought eagerly. Just the thought started to get her hot. Doubt gripped her as he first directed her to put on the fishnets and locked on the spiked heels. But then he bent down and unlocked the front lock on her chastity belt, releasing her from the device.

The smile returned to his face. As one of Richard's hands was unwrapping the package he had brought in, the other was gently running its fingers through her pubic hair. She moaned and shivered as his middle finger started to move deeper.

She barely noticed as he finished unwrapping the package. It looked like the other chastity belt... almost. "Huh?" she said as he locked the new belt around her waist, leaving the cross piece dangling behind. "Lie down on the bed with your legs spread, would you?" he said. Eagerly, she obeyed. He pulled the cross strap down between her legs and continued to massage her pussy. As her juices flowed, he used his free hand to pull the strap tightly up between her butt cheeks. There was a small metal piece between her anus and pussy, as before.

He stopped playing with her and pulled the strap up. Jennifer looked down, and saw that this belt had something on the inside. It looked like there was a short, thick dildo build into the inside of it. Just above that, there was a rectangle of material that was covered with small, soft rubber nubs. Jennifer was about to object, but then he guided the dildo into her with one hand while pulling the strap up with the other. She let out a moan as it slid up into her. She felt the phallus lodged against her, and the nubs above the dildo were pressed up tightly within her, reaching for but not quite touching her clit.

With a familiar 'snap', the new belt was in place. She moaned and ground her hips for a long time. She put her hands down at her crotch and tried to reach her clitoris. The belt was too tight against her body for her to do that. She tried to move the phallus and nubs around inside of her, but the belt was too tight for her to do that either.

She looked up at him, with a wild, frustrated look. He said nothing, and only held up the vinyl maid's outfit. She rolled out of bed and let him lock her into it. "Why did you do *this*?" she asked. Richard walked out of the room. "You said that you were horny. I said that I would do *something* about it. I did not say what." Flustered, she followed him out. Each step made the phallus and nubs in the belt shift around ever so slightly. By the time she reached the kitchen, she was panting in frustration.

Oh, you bastard! she thought as he sat down, waiting for her to prepare breakfast.

Chapter 6

Thursday was an agony of pleasure, if such a thing exists. If she stood still for a few minutes, the sensations in her crotch would subside. But sitting down was uncomfortable

now, with the plugs in her. All that pressure down there quickly made her stand up.

But the chores that Richard had her do did not lend themselves to standing in place. As she walked, the dildo inside of her and the rubber fingers wormed around and moved about. On more than one occasion, she had to stop and lean against the wall as she lost concentration in her heels. And yesterday she had almost been used to walking in the things!

After lunch, she found herself alone. The genital teasing was getting to be too much for her. She found a chair of about the right height and stepped next to it. She relaxed her knees slightly, and drove her crotch down onto the front and bottom of the chastity belt, grinding back and forth.

She was so close, so close... then she heard footsteps. With a groan of frustration, she stepped back and smoothed out the skirt of her vinyl maid's outfit. "I thought I heard something here... is there anything wrong?" Anything wrong!? You son of a ...! "No, not that I know of," she said, with her face starting to turn red. Richard looked at her for a long moment, then shrugged. "I'll be back shortly, he said." Groaning in frustration, she returned to washing the dishes.

Supper was finally over, and she rushed back to her room. She went to the bathroom and put down the toilet seat. Sitting down, she jammed the metal fork into the bottom of the chastity belt. The two halves separated, and she immediately brought her hands down to her groin, massaging the hot, moist tissue there. It took her less than one minute to climax. She panted against the tightness of the corset afterwards and slumped on the toilet seat. After recovering, she slowly went about the business of her other bodily functions. "Dammit!" she said aloud. "I'm gonna go crazy!"

A plan born of desperation sprang to mind. Maybe if I give him head again, he'll get horny again and unlock this damn thing! One small corner of her mind reminded her that giving him oral sex was what had put her in the contraption to begin with. But she was not thinking clearly at that moment, and ignored this. With a sigh, she pulled the two halves of the chastity belt back together underneath her. She felt the plug worming its way inside of her again, and she started to get hot again. She stood up, a bit unsteadily, and marched out of her room, heading for his den. By the time she arrived, all the motion in her crotch had made her horny as hell. As she guessed, he was in his den, reading. He only grunted when she entered, and did not look up.

Jennifer did not say a word. She walked over to him. The front of his desk was open, so that she could see his legs. She knelt down in front of the desk and crawled under it. She heard him say something as she unzipped his fly and yanked out his penis. It was completely soft, but she immediately brought all of it into her mouth and started to suck. She felt him sliding back on his wheeled chair, and she crawled forward to keep her face in his groin. Just as it was starting to get hard, she felt him stand up, kick his chair back, and grab ahold of her arms. She felt his strong hands through the thin vinyl fabric of the outfit. Jennifer let out a pathetic moan as she felt herself being pulled off of him. She sucked hard,

trying to stay attached to his penis, to no avail. She looked into his eyes with desperation in her face. "Please..." she said. Richard shook his head. "Tsk, tsk. Young lady, when will you learn?"

Jennifer only moaned in frustration as he turned her around and marched her through the house, holding her arms behind her back. What kind of a man turns down a blow job? she wondered. They arrived at a door that she had never seen unlocked. He took a keyring out of his pocket and unlocked it. He guided her inside and turned the light on. Almost immediately, she knew that this must be his bedroom. Maybe he is going to unlock me after all, she hoped.

There was a large king-sized bed with satin sheets and pillowcases. It had four huge bedposts, and connected to each of them was a chain ending in a wrist or leg cuff. There were two huge dressers, a large wall mirror, and three other doors that she guessed led to either bathrooms or closets. On the opposite side of the room from the bed were several wooden racks with eyebolts, straps, and other points of attachments for a victim. She did not get much of a chance to study it as he walked her over to the foot of the bed.

There, she could see that a pair of fur lined wrist cuffs were suspended from the ceiling by a chain. She only moaned as he took wrists one at a time and locked them into place above her head. Her arms were almost completely outstretched above her. She could relax her shoulders, but not much else. As for moving, she could walk about two feet in any direction, and twirl around, but that was about it.

As she stood there, Richard dug in a dresser drawer and pulled out a gag. This one was made out of leather with a wide but short rubber phallus built into it. As he brought it up to her face, she resigned herself to her fate and let him put it in her.

This one also had a breathing hole, she noticed as he fastened it in place. Which was good, because her nose was starting to become congested. Richard left her there teetering on her locked-on heels and went to one of his dressers. He brought out what looked to be an electrical device of some sort. It had several knobs on front, and two electrical cords protruding. What the hell is that? she wanted to say, but the gag only let mumbles come out. Richard walked to the foot of the bed and leaned over to fish an extension-cord out from underneath it.

She could only watch and wonder as he plugged the device into the extension cord. A couple of lights went on as he plugged it in. She could also see some sort of glowing numeric LED display. She saw him play with the knobs until he stopped with a look of satisfaction on his face. He put the device down and slid it a few feet under the bed.

Richard then took the other cord and brought it up to her chastity belt. There must have been some sort of receptacle there that she had failed to notice, because the phallus inside of her started to vibrate intensely. "Mmmngh!" she said through the gag. She had heard of vibrators, but never had the courage to get one for herself. As she writhed there, he returned to his dresser and came back with another set of restraints.

She barely noticed as he locked the leg cuffs on to her legs. Only when she tried to kick her leg up did she realize that her legs were tied together with less than six inches of play between them. Richard left the room and turned off the lights, shutting the door behind her. The only light was from the dim glow of the readouts on the box under the bed.

She soon realized what the purpose of the device was. She ground her hips around, trying to climax. But right before she made it, the device turned the vibrations off, leaving her wet and dripping in her dark prison. She panted through her gag and heaved against her corset. More than once she lost her balance in the heels, but that only resulted in pressure on her arms until she righted herself.

Minutes later, the vibrations started again. This time, she was able to climax before the device turned the power off again. For unknown hours, the box toyed with her. There seemed to be no pattern to the things bursts of power. Sometimes, she could climax, once, twice, or even three times. Then there was a long stretch of brief bursts that left her sobbing through her gag and struggling against the corset for breath.

She twisted around furiously during the next surge of electricity, and felt the cord wrapping around her. She kept turning the same way, on tiptoes in the heels, pulling the cord around her until she felt something budge. The lights on the box went out, and the vibrations stopped. She sagged in relief, as the buzzing in her crotch died. Then, as the silence endured, she became worried. What is Richard going to do when he finds me like this? she wondered. Probably think of something even more twisted, spoke up a cynical little corner of her mind.

She endured in silence, trying to find some way to get comfortable. Several minutes of squirming demonstrated the impossibility of that. Finally, after an eternity of suspended agony, she heard footsteps from outside. She twitched and twisted in place, and saw him as he entered the room. He walked up to her and shook his head again. "Jennifer, Jennifer. I just don't understand," he said as he untangled the cord that was wound around her. After a minute or so, he bent down and inspected the box. It did not look damaged, and he managed to get it to work again by simply plugging it back into the extension cord.

"I was careless, I see," she said. Jennifer tried to sigh in relief, but the gag and the corset interfered. "Don't worry. I will do better next time. I learn from my mistakes." Somehow, this was not at all comforting to her. He went over to the dresser and returned with a length of cord. He took one end of it and tied it to one of the two bedposts at the foot of the bed. Then, he went behind her and tied it to the narrow

piece of leather that went between her butt cheeks. Continuing, he took the other end of the cord and tied it to the other bedpost at the foot of the bed.

Jennifer quickly realized that this would prevent her from repeating her previous stunt. The cord would run out of slack in less than two rotations, leaving her very uncomfortably constricted.

All she could do is moan in protest. "You leave me a bit puzzled, dear Jennifer," he said. "You told me that you were horny," he said. "If you would have been patient, I would have showed you how to use the vibrator yourself. "But you were impatient and needed to be punished. I gave you the pleasure that you desired... I thought. Did I err?"

Did I err? Don't you know what you've been putting me through?! she thought furiously.

"Here is my quandary," he said. "Your punishment must continue, of course, for your misbehavior. But do you want to be plugged back in, or do you wish to continue your punishment without any distractions?" She could only stare at him. What a decision! It was hard for her to decide which would be worse. "One grunt means that you wish silence. Two will indicate that you wish it to be plugged back in."

She moaned once immediately. Then, after a long pause, she grunted again. Why did I do that? she wondered as he set up the box again and plugged her in.

Chapter 7

This time, the first burst from the box was exceedingly brief. As her vibrating belt silenced itself, she was able to watch Richard as he went about his business.

He opened another door and turned the light on. She could see that it was a large bathroom, and witnessed him disrobing down to his underwear. This is the first time that she had seen him nearly disrobed in a well lit area. As another short pulse from the belt hit her, she found herself heating up at the sight of him.

She saw him brush his teeth, then he finally shed his underwear. His manhood was limp when he emerged from the bathroom. Richard gave her a long, hard look as the vibrator started up again. She wriggled and tried to bring the vibrator further into her. As she looked at him, she saw his penis stiffen and rise up from its resting place.

He shut the door behind him and went into a darkened room. The light from the room revealed it to be some sort of walk-in closet, with clothes on the hangers. But the clothes were rather odd... He shut the door behind him and she could see a bar of light peeking through the bottom of the doorway. He emerged just a minute later, with a few things in his hands. Oh, God! What is he going to do to me now? She was close, so close...The vibrations died again and she hissed in frustration through the breathing hole in her gag. Richard laid two things down on the bed and went over to dim the lights. One of the things resembled the chastity belt that she now wore. But I'm already wearing one! How the hell could I use another? she wondered.

He had put it down near the foot of the bed, so she had a good view of it. This one had a phallic protrusion on it, but it was a bit longer and narrower than hers had. And it was on the thin rear strap, instead of the wider one inside of her right now. Oh god! Now he's

going to put something up my ass! It took her a moment to notice the front of it... In front, it looked like there was a sheath for a man's penis to go into. It also looked like underneath the sheath, there was some sort of bulge with a wire protruding from it. That wire went back to the plug in back. She thought that she could see a recessed plug in, like for an adapter, on the bulge underneath the penis sheath. He's going to wear *that* to bed?

The vibrator switched on, and coherent thought became difficult. She saw Richard return to the bed and start to apply some sort of lubricant to the plug. He laid down on the bed, and she had a very nice view of him as he pulled the thing on and slid the plug into place. Then he slowly worked his penis into the sheath. When he was done, he buckled the belt together around his waist. There was no lock on the belt that *he* wore, she noticed. She was surprised by the next thing that he did. He took out a pair of leather cuffs, and fastened his own ankles together. How bizarre *is* this guy, anyway? she thought as she felt the muscles in her vagina starting to tense up.

He reached up, and she saw him pull a very short chain out from behind the bed. Jennifer saw that it seemed to be attached to the wall. There was a wire wrapped around it that attached to the inch cubed metal block that also served as the end of the chain. A second wire about six feet long emerged from the metal box.

Richard took the second wire and plugged it into the bulge under his penis sheath. She didn't hear any additional buzzing as she came closer to her own orgasm. Then, he took out a pair of wrist cuffs and padlocked them to his own wrists. There was no connection between them, but there was a short oddly shaped metal key attached to each cuff via a very short chain. She saw him push one of the metal keys into the box, and heard a click. She was so close, so close... As she saw him push the second key into the box. Now both of his hands were nearly chained together, and she heard a second buzzing noise, this time coming from his belt. As soon as she saw this, the orgasm hit her. She was thankful when the vibrator kicked off seconds later.

It was impossible for her to sleep in this condition. The standing in the stiletto heels with arms overhead made it impossible enough, but the vibrator kicking in and out over the course of the night made it even more exhausting. With nothing else to focus on, she watched Richard over the course of the night. His vibrations also kicked on and off, she noticed, but it seemed much more regular. There was a long on period, and an even longer off period. She saw him writhe on the bed and struggle against his own self-inflicted bondage. Near the end of each session, she saw him twist and thrust his hips and grunt in pleasure. Only one time did she see the vibrator kick off without him apparently finishing the job. God! she thought as her vibrator kicked off again, leaving her panting. I wish that was me on his penis!

This cycle must have happened at least a half of a dozen times during the night, compared to Jennifer's dozens of random pulses. Finally, she saw a hint of light creep through the closed curtains. Finally! She thought. But then she wondered about something. He's tied

up too. How is he going to get untied? Her question answered itself. There was one last period of vibration in Richard's belt. After a while, and just after he let out a grunt of pleasure, she heard a sharp electronic clicking noise. Jennifer saw that the metal keys were now loose from the small metal box on the end of the chain, and the vibrations had stopped. Slowly, he yawned and opened his eyes as Jennifer's exhausted body shuddered with yet another spasm of pleasure.

"Good morning," she heard him say as he smiled at her. He unbuckled his wrist restraints and slowly bent down to unplug the power cord to his belt. As he was working on the straps around his ankles, the continuous vibrations sent Jennifer into another bout of moaning through her gag. He got out of the bed, with his belt still on. She was glad when he bent down under the bed and switched off the box. She saw his muscular butt moving as he made his way to the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

Chapter 8

She heard Richard shower and go through his other morning activities. When he emerged, he was completely naked. He walked over to her and untied the rope that kept her from twisting around. Next, he unplugged the cord between her chastity belt and torturously stimulating electrical device. After he unlocked the wrist restraints, she collapsed. Only Richard's strong arm around her corseted waist kept her from hitting the floor. I'm so tired... she thought as fatigue, held at bay for so long, now entered her with a vengeance.

He did not release her feet from the hobble, but instead picked her up in his arms. I've been swept off my feet, she thought deliriously as he carried her out of his room. If only I could appreciate this. Richard gently laid her down on her bed. She collapsed immediately and barely budged as he started to remove the remaining bondage attire from her. The ankle restraints, the shoes. Then, to her surprise, the belt. She managed to crack her eyes open and look at him as he did that. The look on his face was almost... tender.

"Richard...", she said dreamily as he turned her over and started to unlace her corset. Within a few minutes, he rolled her back on her front and unhooked the front busks. Did she dream it, or did he give her a kiss before he left the room?

Birds flew by underneath her as she traveled on tiptoes above the clouds. Jennifer looked down, and saw the world below her. She was not surprised to see that she wore white shoes on her feet, with the stiletto heels so impossibly high that she could not see them touch the ground. A bird landed on her left shoulder, then another on the right. Both were green with red feathers around the eyes. "See, see!" the one on the right said. "Listen, listen well," said the one on her left shoulder. They disappeared, and she looked around. Then, from behind her, a hand reached around and touched her on the cheek. She shivered

as a pair of lips kissed her on the back of the neck. "Richard..." she called out and tried to turn around. Jennifer moved with impossible slowness. She felt her heels slipping on the earth far below, and her body began to fall, fall so far...

She woke up with a start. For the first time several days, she woke up completely naked. Slowly, she rubbed her hands over her chest and crotch, not quite believing it. Her shoulders and feet were still sore from her last ordeal. Her crotch did not seem sore at all, surprisingly.

She rolled to a sitting position on the side of the bed, and tried to stand up. The headache that greeted her sent her back to the bed, and she remained there for several minutes until it subsided. This almost feels like a hangover, she thought. Slowly, she managed to get to her feet. Jennifer walked to the bathroom, and found some ibuprofen in the medicine cabinet. Three tablets later, she walked back into her room and discovered a note on the nightstand.

Jennifer,

I won't be back until late tonight. Feel free to make yourself whatever you want for supper.

There is going to be a small change in your sleeping arrangements. I would like for you to get up before me and have breakfast waiting for me in the kitchen. Therefore, you will need to get all of your preparations done the evening before.

As for your wake-up call... I'm sure that you saw my alarm clock system in action last night. There is now one for you as well in your room. The control panel, wires and chains are located in a panel in your headboard. You will find it if you look.

The wire connects to your chastity belt, and the wrist cuffs are in the top dresser drawer. All parts need to be connected for it to properly work. Remember... there will be no wakeup call. Oversleeping will result in disciplinary actions.

Richard.

What the... Jennifer thought as she read his note. She was mulling over the full ramifications of the letter as she felt around her headboard. Sure enough, it was there. She found a small hinged door there, with recessed hinges and a hard to find latch. Jennifer opened it, and saw an electronic control panel set several inches back behind it. There were four dials along the bottom and a flashing LED display that flashed 030...008...020...030, then paused, then repeated.

Below that there was a short chain with a wire wrapped around that on the inner ledge. Jennifer took it out, and saw that it was identical to the one that Richard had used. The chain ended in a small metal cube. This cube had the two slots in the sides, just like

Richard's. The wire entered the box on the top, and exited out the bottom. Six more feet of power cord led to a plug for a power socket..

She left the panel open and sighed. She went to her dresser drawer and opened it up. Sure enough, there were two wrist cuffs and two padlocks there. The wrist cuffs each had four inch long chains which ended in the familiar metal fork..

And her chastity belt was there, complete with dildo and rubber warts. She did not know whether to smile or cry when she saw it.

She sat down on the bed and was about to turn on the television when her stomach grumbled. Jennifer headed for the door... and remembered Richard's rule about leaving her room out of uniform.

She opened the door a crack and listened intently. Not a sound came from the rest of the house. "If he's not here..." she said as she stepped out naked into the hallway.

There was no sign of him as she cautiously made her way to the kitchen. She threw last night's leftovers into the microwave and sat down while they heated up. Ding! She pulled the food out and dug in.

Ten minutes later, she was done. She hunted around, and found a clock that showed the time to be half past seven.

Hmmm, she thought. Time to do some exploring. Most of the house as she remembered was very impersonally decorated. The only rooms that had any personality at all were his den and his bedroom.

Thoughts of his bedroom started to make her warm. But that's probably locked, she thought to herself. Guessing that, she headed for his den.

It was unlocked, and she let herself in and sat down at the desk. Let's see what's in these drawers...

The lower three drawers were unlocked, but the top two were not. There, she found another few financial sheets with outrageous numbers on them. Then, in the other one...

Drawings. They looked to be originals, not copies, and were fairly well done. The first drawing took her a moment to recognize. It was a nude drawing... of herself.

The second one showed her in her maid's outfit. It was not exactly lifelike, but more like a fashion plate. She turned it over on the desk and looked at the third. This one was a picture of her in the red rubber hobble dress. She looked up momentarily and saw that there was writing on the back of the second drawing.

'Can you make this by tomorrow?' was scrawled on top. Below this, in different handwriting, was the reply. 'This and the next one... but the other four will take at least a week... probably two.' Four others? she wondered. The rest of the sheets were blank. She

searched the drawer for more drawings, but none was there to be found.

Jennifer poked around his den, but did not find anything more of interest. Out of idle curiosity, she poked around the rest of the house. Room after impersonal room. On the second floor, in a dark side hall, she found a doorway that led further up. Jennifer had not been there before, and she headed up immediately.

It was dark, and she fumbled around with her hands in the stairwell until she found a light switch. A single lonely lightbulb cast a dim light around the very expansive attic that she saw.

There were a number of cardboard boxes stacked up in one corner, and a large chest in the other. Carefully, she moved through the shadows and started to open the first box.

She noticed that they were all labeled "Dad's stuff". She grabbed ahold of the first object at the top of the box. It was a musty, yellowing bondage magazine. Jennifer scanned through it and saw page after page of tied up women. High heels and corsets were common in the magazine. She saw that the copyright was from over twenty years ago. The rest of the box was the same. Jennifer repacked the box and started to methodically investigate the others. There were four more boxes of the same.

The sixth box held clothing instead. High heels, a corset, a bra with built in falsies... a couple of dresses. She slipped a shoe on briefly, and felt that it was much too large for her. With a start, she realized that this clothing was sized for a *man* to wear.

Jennifer repacked the box and continued. One more box of transvestite trappings. The last three held all sorts of restraints and discipline devices. The leather felt old and stiff, like it had not been cared for in years. She repacked the last box, and went to the trunk. It was unlocked, and did not look to be terribly old. Inside, she found more clothing. Thigh high boots with stiletto heels, a corset, leather gloves... and a whip.

There were pictures in this box as well. She saw a younger Richard posing with a raven haired beauty. About half of the pictures were of them in mundane settings. There was a wedding picture of the two of them. From her dress, she guessed that the woman had to be wearing a tight corset underneath. But the rest were of a more intimate sort. Richard and the woman dressed up in leather at what looked like a kinky party. There were pictures of the woman bound up, wearing corsets and heels, with sex toys on her genitals... and wearing a dominatrix outfit, identical to what was in the box.

Richard was also the subject of a candid photographic history. There were many pictures of him in a dominant leather outfit, but some pictures of Richard being the one tied up. And in a some, it looked like Richard was dressed up in woman's clothing, usually in bondage as well. She dug deeper, and found letters. Not many, but a few. She found the one with the latest postmark and started to read.

Dear Richard:

I'm sorry that it had to end this way. You showed me how to look inside and find what's really inside. Now I know what I really want.

I will fondly remember the wonderful moments that we had together, and try to forget the pain that I caused. I hope that someday you can forgive me.

I've found a slave named Jerry that may prove to be worthy to serve me. His ordeal will be severe, but there is no other way to be sure, is there?

With memories, and regrets,

Susana

Jennifer thumbed through the rest of them, and found them to be similar in content. Deep in thought, she repacked the trunk and headed back downstairs, turning off the light on the way down. She wandered to the entryway, and paced back and forth a bit. But then, through a window, she saw headlights traveling down the long private driveway. "Oh, shit!" she said aloud. "He's almost here!"

Chapter 9

She took off for her room at a dead run. Jennifer flew inside and headed for the top drawer. First, she locked on one wrist cuff, then the other. She hesitated with the chastity belt. Once I get it on, it isn't coming off until he unlocks it, she knew. Maybe I can just plug everything in without actually wearing the belt, she thought. But, somehow, deep down, she was sure that he would check in on her tonight.

She pulled the belt tightly around her waist. She had to strain to lock it in place. This puzzled her for a moment. Then she realized that before, there had been a corset underneath that had narrowed her waist. *Now* Jennifer remembered the directions on his note. He had told her to 'get all of her preparations done the evening before'. "Shit!" she said aloud. Jennifer clenched her fists in frustration, then made up her mind. She reached between her legs and pulled the strap through.

Her lack of lubrication made it very difficult to get in properly. She had to spend almost a minute putting it in, and when she finally latched it in place, it still felt much more uncomfortable than it ever had before. She heard the sound of the front door opening. Jennifer quickly walked to the bedroom door, wincing as she stepped forward and moved the unlubricated parts around inside of her. She quietly closed the door, and turned off the light.

As she fumbled for her bed, she thought that she heard footsteps in the house. Jennifer

hastily flopped into bed and fumbled with the chain. She realized that she needed to plug the belt in first, or she wouldn't be able to after her hands were connected to the wall with just a couple of feet of chain. Frantically, she fumbled in the dark, finally finding what seemed to be an outlet for it.

First metal fork. It went in with a click. The second one slipped away. As she fumbled around, trying to get a grip on it, she could tell that her wrist was now firmly attached to the wall via the chain.

The second one finally slipped in. Jennifer arched her back and had to stifle an outcry as the vibrations erupted in her groin. She writhed and tried to bring her hands down to her crotch. She wanted to pull it out... do something. But the chain held tight and prevented her from doing this.

Jennifer saw the door starting to open. She gritted her teeth and managed to reduce her movement to a slow grind. As the door opened, she closed her eyes to a mere slit and looked at him.

The light from the hallway seemed to shine directly on Jennifer. She saw that Richard did not come any further into the room. He just looked her up and down, with a slight smile on his face. Then his smile turned to a frown. Without saying anything, he closed the door and she could hear the sound of his receding footsteps.

Jennifer let out the groan that she had been stifling. In spite of the discomfort, the vibrations from the dildo in her belt were slowly getting her juices flowing. In a matter of a few minutes, she was lubricated enough for the dildo to slide the rest of the way inside of her.

The nubs above the dildo finally slid into their appointed spot near her clitoris. This was vibrating just as furiously as the phallus inside of her. As they touched the flesh inside of her, the resulting sensations felt like a bolt of electricity coursing up her spine. Her hands strained against the cuffs and her toes curled. "Aaahh!" she cried out.

Jennifer twisted and thrashed about in the bed. She managed to turn over and tried to dislodge the plug to her belt, but it seemed to be almost all the way inside of the belt and impossible to remove.

There was tension along her entire body, from face and hands down her back and through her legs. She must have held this pose for minutes. When she finally relaxed her body, it was to grind her hips back and forth in an insane fury. Jennifer did not know if she was trying to dislodge the vibrating devices within, or to egg them on. After only seconds of this, she cried out again as an orgasm slowly started to rumble through her body. It started as a fire in her crotch, then magically moved to her toes. Her fingers were next, and it felt like gentle, humming waves radiating out from her groin. Slowly, ever so slowly, the waves of pleasure traveled through her body. When the waves met the fire in her fingers and toes, her entire body seemed to catch on fire. She kicked her legs up and waved them

wildly in midair as the pleasure reached its peak.

The ebbing was just as slow. First, her legs were released from the flames, then her thighs. Jennifer's legs dropped back to the bed like the nerves had been cut. Next, the heat in her hands slowly cooled down, and her hands unclenched of their own accord.

The inferno receded from her face, and she was able to unclench her jaw. There was a tingling in her breasts, and all that was left was a humming feeling in her crotch.

She had two more orgasms before the power finally turned off. When it was done, she felt relaxed, but not tired. There was a feeling of euphoria as she tried to move her pillow into proper position and get comfortable on the bed.

Just as her thoughts were starting to wander in the way that they do before sleep comes, her belt suddenly came alive again. She twisted her head and thrashed her legs in surprise as the ordeal of the belt resumed.

Jennifer lost track of the number of times that the belt kicked in. It must have been at least eight more times, she thought. Nine? Maybe ten? Each time she came to an orgasm, often several minutes before the vibrations would stop. And each time, she seemed to remember being just *that* close to a second orgasm before the belt would return to a state of quiet.

Finally, there was one that seemed longer than the rest. She just made it to her second orgasm when the vibrations stopped within her. She was surprised when she found that her hands were now free. Bleary-eyed, she looked around. Jennifer stumbled out of bed and turned on the light. As she looked back at her bed, she saw a huge wet spot on the bedcovers. "God, do I have to pee," she said as she staggered to her bathroom.

Chapter 10

Jennifer put the metal fork into the lock in her belt and opened it up. She immediately relieved herself, spending almost five minutes getting everything out that wanted to come out. She cleaned up her crotch with a dry cloth, then found herself having some difficulty getting the plug back inside of her. She solved this by masturbating for a minute or two and getting her crotch wet again.

Jennifer reconnected her belt, which released her from the bathroom counter but sent the phallus firmly back into her. She then was faced with the problem of what to wear as she made breakfast. She was sure that he wanted her to wear the corset. But as she tried to fasten it, she knew that it was supposed to be on underneath the belt. And as she tightened it, the waist strap of the belt became *much* more uncomfortable with the corset over it.

Of course, she couldn't put the maid's outfit on over it. She simply could not cinch it tight

enough on her own, and the belt underneath made it even more difficult. Damn, damn, damn...

Jennifer made her decision. I don't think there's any way to do this, she thought to herself. She donned the parts of her outfit that she could, which included her fishnet stockings and locked on stiletto heels. Then she carried her corset, maid's outfit, and lock for it downstairs. As she walked, the chastity belt reminded her that it was there with every step that she took.

She put the corset, maid's outfit, and padlock on the kitchen table. Then with a resigned sigh, she started to make breakfast. He's probably going to be pissed at me, Jennifer thought. Goddammit, I tried to do what he said! This probably means he's going to punish me. That thought brought forth both fear and anticipation. She never would have done any of his 'punishments' voluntarily... but she had managed to survive, and with a few orgasms to boot.

Jennifer finished up the hashbrowns, eggs, and bacon. She made up two plates of food and put them on the table. Next, the orange juice and coffee. All that was left to do was wait.

Just a minute later, she heard the sounds of Richard's footsteps. She saw him fully dressed standing at the entrance to the kitchen. He stared at her and her bare breasts for a long moment. Then, he walked in and sat down at the table. Richard just looked at her, quietly. The silence was becoming unbearable for Jennifer. Just say it! she thought. Just say that I messed up and get it over with. He continued to say nothing.

She was the one to break the silence. "I'm sorry that I'm out of uniform this morning. I... didn't plan well last night." There was continuing silence from Richard. "I'm sorry. I suppose that I am to be punished," she said, looking down. "I guess that I did not make myself clear in the note," he said. "I knew that you would likely have problems on your own. I expected to find you in the living room waiting for me or some such thing. I was planning to be home in time to tuck you in." There was a slight momentary smile on his face when he said the last three words, then the smile faded. "Although you didn't come to breakfast in uniform, it is not entirely your fault. For this I will suspend judgment." She let out a relieved sigh. "But... I'm quite sure that you were up and about out of uniform when I was gone."

Jennifer went from relief to anxiety. "H...how did you know?" she said, not denying it. A half smile came across his face. "The readout on your 'alarm clock' indicated that your cycle had started just moments before I had stepped in. This means that you probably rushed to get into it when I arrived. And if you had been in uniform, you would have gone to bed with your corset on. I know that you cannot get out of it quickly."

Jennifer's sighed an admission of guilt. "Now what?" she asked. "Let's eat breakfast," he said. "I must think about it." Breakfast was very quiet. Richard was eating his breakfast slowly, obviously lost deep in thought. Jennifer ate more quickly, and found herself fidgeting as he finished the last of his breakfast.

"I have decided upon a suitable punishment," he said. Jennifer held her breath in anticipation. "Go to your room," he commanded in a calm voice, "and take these," he said, gesturing at the corset and maid's outfit. "Disrobe there. I will be there shortly." She scooped up the unworn parts of her outfit and returned to her room. She put the outfit, corset, and padlock away, and unlocked the shoes from her feet. After she removed her fishnets, she sat down on the bed to wait. The chastity belt remained in place as she did not have a key for it.

Five minutes later, Richard arrived. He held in his hands several rubber items. "Just a word of explanation. You flaunted the dress code that is required of you when you are outside of your room. It is not particularly difficult for you to function in your normal outfit. I just want you to know that it can get worse for you." "Worse?" she said hesitantly.

Richard handed her something made of rubber. She recognized it after a few seconds as an enema bag, rubber tube, and nozzle. There was a clamp on the rubber tube that was blocking any water flow. "Give yourself an enema," he said. "Then, when you have expelled it all, do it again." She was taken aback by this. An enema? She slowly walked to the bathroom as Richard put the rest of his load on the bed. Jennifer slowly filled the bag up with warm water and sealed the bag.

When she was done, she turned back to shut the door, but found Richard standing in the doorway. She felt his eyes boring into her as she tried to work the narrow nozzle into her rectum. "Can't I use some Vaseline or something?" she asked. Richard went to the bed and came back with an unlabeled tube. "Try this," he said.

Jennifer liberally coated the nozzle with the thick lubricant. It was much easier to put in place. When it was there, she slowly raised the bag over her head and let the water flow in. She was acutely uncomfortable with Richard watching her as she did this. She found it to be an interesting experience, as her bowels filled up with fluid. By the time that the bag was empty, she felt like she had a case of diarrhea and had to go.

"Wait a few minutes," he said. She hopped from foot to foot in agitation. "What if I can't?" she asked. "Then I'll have to add something else to your punishment," he promised. The next minutes felt like hours to her. At last, he gestured and nodded for her to relieve herself.

WOOSH!" After she removed the nozzle and sat down, the watery contents of her bowels came rushing out. It was several minutes before she was fully done with it. While she was doing this, Richard refilled the bag. "Again," he said even before she had stood up.

Jennifer guided the nozzle in while she was still sitting on the toilet. He held it even higher, and the water rushed in even faster. This one she could not hold at all. Almost immediately after it was done, her sphincter let go and released the pressure behind it.

Richard watched her dispassionately as she finished up and started to clean up. When she was done, he walked out and curtly gestured for her to follow.

He picked up the next item and brought it over to her. She realized that this was a corset made of very heavy red rubber with attached breast cups. It only had lacing in back, with no front closure, and extended from hips to armpits. There were several very short garters on the lower rim. Richard put it on her and began the laborious process of lacing it up from scratch. She noticed something unusual about the breast cups almost immediately. She felt rubber warts on the inside that touched her on the nipples. As he tightened it around her, she felt her nipples stand erect as they were stimulated.

Now he started to pull it tight. This corset felt subtly different than the other ones she had worn. This one did not actually force her to hold a specific posture. But when she tried to bend over or breathe, it felt like a tight powerful spring was fighting her every movement. By the time that he was done lacing it, this one was just as effective at keeping her breathless as the other corsets. Right after he finished with the corset, he told her to sit on the bed.

Next there was a pair of red rubber stockings. Richard had to almost roll them onto her. They were very tight, and the upper edge was touching the innermost corner of her thigh. Calmly and efficiently, he attached the garters to the stockings. Jennifer was starting to become hot in this outfit, and it had nothing to do with sex. Only her groin, arms, neck, and head were open to the outside world. The rest was encased in the firm, tight rubber.

Now Richard dug in her closet. He found the red shoes that she had worn before with the hobble dress. Grabbing two padlocks from the collection here, he locked over five inches of red stiletto heel onto each foot. Rubber gloves were next. These were not the elbow length ones that she remembered. Instead, these went up to her armpits.

Sweat was forming on her brow now. Jennifer let out an involuntary cry as she saw the next item that he had for her to wear. It was a chastity belt. It looked identical to the one she had been wearing... but this one had an additional feature. On the strap that went between her butt cheeks, there was now a red rubber butt plug there. Richard had her stand up as he locked it around her waist. Then he liberally applied lubricant to the plug.

The plug was the first thing in. "Please, no!" she begged of him as he started to slide it into place. "Do I have to think of something worse?" he said with a raised eyebrow. This implied threat reduced her to whimpering as the plug slowly slid into place. The last couple of inches went in quickly, as the narrower base of the plug was thrust inside of her. He pulled the front phallus inside of her. The rubber warts in the breast cups must have excited her sexually, because the dildo slid into her easily.

He locked it in front, and Jennifer felt the belt cutting in tightly, thrusting the two rods into her. She felt more nubs above the front dildo, which came dangerously close to tickling her clit. Jennifer was sweating profusely now, but the only place it was visible was on her face. Richard went to her closet and pulled out the red hobble dress of several nights before.

"I'll bake!" she said as he unzipped it. "I'll turn on the cooling system," he offered.

With a pathetic look on her face, Jennifer stepped into the dress. He zipped it up in back to her neck. Richard locked the zipper in place with a small padlock he had in his pocket. Jennifer guessed that this one could not be opened with the ring of keys in her room.

"There you go," he said. She looked at herself in the mirror, and saw the same red version of Morticia Adams staring back at her. This time she had a second layer of rubber under the dress. Her face was covered with sweat and her hair was limp from the perspiration.

"Now, you need to attend to the laundry," he said, walking out of the room. Jennifer took six inch steps in her stiletto heels, which was all that the dress would allow. Even these small movements of her legs had the phalluses inside of her wiggling around. And as she moved, then rubber gave enough for her nipples to be massaged with every jiggle. As she passed her door, she looked in the mirror and saw a bead of sweat running down the front of her shiny red rubber hobble dress.

Richard was good in his offer to turn on the cooling. The temperature plunged low enough that her nose was cold. Jennifer felt that she could survive for awhile, at least. He also said that she could stop to drink as often as she wanted, as long as the chores were done. She took advantage of this, but knew that she wouldn't be able to get everything done. She would be lucky if half of today's work was finished. The plugs and breast cups were also driving her half mad. Whenever she closed her eyes, she had visions of being in bed with Richard and having vigorous, pounding sex.

After she prepared lunch, Jennifer took a can of soda and wriggled over to a couch in the main living room. Richard was also sitting on the same couch. Between them there was an open briefcase, and he was intently pouring over a handful of documents. "You know there's no way that I can finish everything today," she said.

He put down his papers and looked at her. Jennifer's rubber dress was slicked in spots with perspiration, which enhanced the gloss even more. She thought she saw a moment of that intense lusty look on his face, but if it was there, it faded before she could be sure. "You have a problem then, I'd say," he said, looking back at his papers.

"Then why should I try?" she asked. He looked up again. "That's a rather poor attitude, isn't it?" he asked. Jennifer shrugged. "I'm really not here to do the chores. I'm here to be on display for you." Carefully, she stood up and started to twirl around with tiny steps in her stilettos and hobble skirt. "Do you like what you see?" she asked.

She definitely saw the lusty look, she was sure. But it faded again. "I think that you should go back to your chores," he said. Jennifer sat back down again. She felt the tightness of the dress at her knees and her buttocks as she did this. "Why? I'm right here, for your viewing pleasure," she said. Richard stared at her. "What do you want?" he said, with a hint of exasperation.

"I want to know **why**," Jennifer asked. "I want to know why you had me strutting around with no underwear, but you wouldn't even touch me. I want to know why you have me

dressed up like this, right now, with dildoes and everything driving me nuts while I sweat to death." She paused and battled the rubber corset to regain her breath. "I want to know why you tied yourself up that one night."

"I don't want to discuss it," he said. "You should really resume your chores." Jennifer took a long sip of her soda. "Does it have something to do with your ex-wife? Or your father?" she asked. His eyes bored into her. "How do you know about that?" he asked. "I was a very bad girl last night," she said. "When I was prancing around naked, I found some things that you had stashed in the attic."

She saw his teeth clench and his hand start to twitch. "What were you doing up there?" he asked, with what appeared to be very genuine anger. "I was trying," she said, "to find out something about my mysterious employer. This employer who offers me a great deal of money to dress up for him. He's so strange that he will turn down offers of sex with his beautiful housekeeper, even when she's dressed up. Even when she's ready and willing to do it, without thinking of the money. Even when she looks like a girl right out of his fantasies."

Richard shut his eyes and breathed deeply. Slowly, she saw the anxiety fade from his face and hands. "Do you want to tell me why?" she asked, softly.

Chapter 11

"'Why?' is never an easy question," he said.

"Try," Jennifer said as she slicked her sweat down the front of her rubber dress. Now there was a watery sheen over her breasts. That felt kind of interesting, she thought, as the movement had moved the rubber warts in her outfit against her nipples. Richard took a long look at her shiny slick red bosom. "Perhaps I should start at the beginning," he said.

"My father, Andrew, was very 'into' corsets, rubber, high heels and the like," he said. "So much so, that he married a woman that would cater to his every wish in that regard. He was fortunate to have the means to indulge his fantasies. "I can remember her clearly," he said, "I must have been, maybe six. My parents thought that I was tucked away in bed. I heard something, and cracked the door open. "I saw my father dressed in rubber from head to toe. And my mother wore a black rubber French-maid's dress, with long black rubber stockings, long black rubber gloves, and stiletto heels. Her waist was so tiny... Later I learned that it was very corseted. I saw them both disappear into their room. My curiosity got the better of me. I snuck out and went to their door.

"They left their door open just a crack, and I was able to watch my parents having passionate sex while attired in their kinky outfits. My mother was tied to the bed while my father ravished her.

"My mother passed away two years later," he said. Richard's voice started to choke. "My father was heartbroken. He cried so much at her funeral... I had never seen him cry before."

"I'm sorry," Jennifer said.

Richard continued as if he did not hear her. "My father was never the same man after that. For almost two years, he went through the motions of life, with almost no joy or pleasure. It was during this time that I discovered my father's collection of pornography, and his stash of sex toys and kinky outfits. By the time that I was ten, I had tried out a dozen butt plugs, walked around in my mother's high heels, and masturbated to the sight of women in rubber and heels.

"Then," he said, "My father started to date again, if that was the correct term. He would bring women into the house. They would stay a few days to a month or two. I managed to catch a glimpse of them on occasion. They were dressed up like my mother used to. But... I never saw the same look of enjoyment on their face. Later, I learned that he used his money to attract them, and the girls dumped him when they had sponged off of him for long enough. There were exceptions, but few.

"I... had oral sex with my first woman when I was fourteen. This woman was one of the exceptions. Named Victoria, she was a dominatrix. I spied on them twice. The first time, she had my father kneeling down on the floor as she made him lick her boots. The second time, he was tied to the bed, blindfolded and gagged. A chastity belt was on him. That was the time that she found me.

"What are you doing here?" she had asked me out of earshot of my father. I stammered. "I don't do this for an audience, only for participants," she said. Victoria whipped out a pair of handcuffs and fastened my hands behind my back. As my father moaned in his bedroom, she led me to the sitting room. She sat down, spread her legs wide, and commanded me to lick her pussy." Oh, God! thought Jennifer. No wonder he's so far out in left field when it comes to sex!

"Victoria repeated that about a dozen times. Each time, she would come over and tie my father up. Then she would come for me and have me use my mouth to give her pleasure. She was a very good teacher, actually."

Jennifer remembered the time that he had performed oral sex on her. It certainly was the best that I'd ever had! she thought.

"I'm not sure why Victoria stopped coming over. My father's next girl was not a dominatrix. In fact, when I spied on them, she was always dressed up from head to toe in rubber or shiny vinyl, and tied to my father's bed.

"One day, when I was listening through the door, I heard the phone rang. After finishing, my father said 'I have to go for a couple of hours. I think you'll be able to manage for that long,' he said.

"I raced back to my room and waited for my father to leave. When I was sure that he was gone, I went back to my father's room and slowly snuck inside. "The woman was there, in a full body suit that covered her from head to toe. Her eyes were hidden by the hood, and she was breathing through a tube in her helmet. High heels were locked onto her feet, and the only part of her flesh that was visible was her pussy. Her waist was obviously caused by a corset underneath the rubber.

"I'm not quite sure why, but I used Victoria's lesson first. With my tongue and lips, I had her squirming against her bonds. I heard her moaning through her breathing tube. Then, when I was done with that, I climbed up onto the bed and mounted her. "I had sex with her three times. I was fortunate in that there was a window in the room that would let me see my father's car approaching. When I saw it coming, I pulled out and headed for my room. "If my father ever found out about that, he never told me. And three years later, he died as well. There was a pileup on the highway... and my father did not survive."

Jennifer closed his briefcase and put it on the floor. She tossed his papers onto the top of the briefcase, and wormed over to him. She put her rubber encased arms around him, and pulled him close. "That must be painful to remember," she said. He did not pull away from her. Richard nodded, but did not elaborate. "I was left, just fifteen years old, with all of my father's money and possessions. It was very awkward for me. I had always had private tutors when my father was in charge of my education. My father had made my second cousin my legal guardian, and he was rather nice to me. He had his own sizable fortunes and was not interested in manipulating mine. He showed up when a legal guardian was needed, but didn't meddle in my life.

"I was not exactly the socialite. I spent my time designing bondage and fetish outfits, as well as handling the portfolio that my father left me. I learned how to do self bondage in some very elaborate ways. When I was twenty two, I had the idea to acquire partial or full ownership in a company that would cater to my particular tastes.

"That company was Fantasy Supreme. The company headquarters and production facilities are just across town, actually. However, I was not and am not the sole owner of the company. The five men that were over on Friday are the other five stockholders. We each have about equal holdings in the company.

"To tell you the truth, it is not the most profitable company that I own. But it seems to be consistent in its balance sheets from year to year. In fact, all parts of your maid's outfit and the rubber dress that you are wearing now came from Fantasy Supreme.

There was a long pause in his narration. "What about your wife?" she asked as she tried to adjust the plugs inside of her rubber encased body. All she accomplished was to stimulate herself a bit more. Richard took a very deep breath before answering. "I met my wife three years later at the company Christmas party of Fantasy Supreme. She was a new hire, and was rather amazed by all that she was seeing."

"Susana?" Jennifer asked. Richard nodded.

"We talked for the longest time that night. We had our first date two days later. I slowly started to show her the things that turned me on. She was hesitant at first, but it didn't take her long to really get into it.

"But... I guess that we were two people that saw what we wanted to see in the other person. That wasn't clear until we were married, about two years after we had first met.

"I tried to let her find her innermost fantasies. I succeeded. Unfortunately, they did not mesh well with mine. I wanted all of the trappings of a life of fetish with a great deal of sex to boot. As she became more versed in the possibilities, she found herself adoring the lifestyle of a dominatrix."

"She constantly wanted to be in charge, while I wanted more balance in our relationship. Also, her main pleasure was derived from keeping control of a man in all ways... which included long periods of enforced sexual abstinence. I... did not like that."

"How do you think that I liked it?" she asked.

Richard smiled. "It is one thing to have a chastity belt in anticipation of a reward at the end. It is quite another not to know when or even if your other half is going to relent.

"Two years after that, we finalized our divorce. In the end, it was an amicable parting, I suppose. She had signed a pre-nuptial agreement that left her with a comfortable nest egg." "That was a year ago. I have dwelt alone here since then. I have been looking... for something to compare to that first year that Susana and I had together. The joy of exploration, the closeness, the trust..."

This reminded Jennifer of the letter from the personal service to Richard. "So," she asked, with her red rubber arms still around him, "where do I fit in?"

Richard snorted with a twisted smile. "Originally, I just wanted someone to help out around the house and indulge a few of my voyeuristic fantasies. I never meant for it to become more than a business relationship."

Jennifer rolled her eyes. "What do you expect? You put my body on display, and expect me not to think of sex with the handsome man who happens to be my employer? Maybe there's some impropriety, but dammit, I don't care! I'm not staying here for the money anymore. I'm here because of you."

Richard stared at her. "Be careful what you say," he said. "I have some very definite and stringent requirements in a companion. Most women are rather put off by it, while the remainder seem more interested in my checkbook than in me."

"Why don't you give me a chance?" she asked. "I'm here, right now, and willing. No waiting.

"I... have been burned already. It is not that easy for me to believe... that there is someone interested in me for my own sake."

"You just don't understand," Jennifer said. "I've never had a person that really wanted me. My mother told me day after day how worthless I was. Every boyfriend that I had when in school and when I was out on my own just wanted a live blow-up doll to screw silly. Whenever I asked for just a little more, they were gone.

"The way that you looked at me that night... with that hunger in your eyes. That hunger was for me, I'm sure. I've... never had anyone look at me like that. And... well, when you finally did get to business, you didn't leave me hanging. Every other boyfriend I had would get me that close... and be done with it. Half of them snored."

Richard thought about this for a long time. "I... am not sure. I want you to really know what you're getting into. Remember," he said, looking her in the eye, "you can leave at any time. Just say the word, and I will release you from your contract. You will of course be paid the higher wages."

Jennifer had not thought of the contract in quite a long time. By her estimation, she was probably due for three or four thousand dollars. "I'll remember that, but I don't think that I will be taking you up on it."

"I have to be sure... don't expect our relationship to change. I **have** to be sure."

She looked at him. "Can you at least drop the pretense of me being here to do the chores? You could hire a couple of people to do all of that much more efficiently than I could do it. Then you would have more time with me. Why don't you just admit that you like to see me dressed up for your pleasure, and that you really wouldn't mind throwing me to the floor and taking me right now? Come on! Why don't you do what you **really** want to do with me?"

"There are some practical difficulties with that," he said. "But..." A smile came across his face.

Chapter 12

There was a buzzing in her crotch and anus. Jennifer moaned and tossed her head. Sweat was again rolling down her body, slicking the front of her red rubber hobble dress. She was seated in a leather chair. The back was low enough that her arms could both be behind her. This was necessary because they were encased in an arm binder made of matching red latex. Her stiletto heeled feet were tied to the legs of the chair, and the end of the armbinder was fastened to the back legs of the chair.

Richard had unlocked her outer dress long enough to run a wire from her chastity belt down and out the bottom of her skirt. Additionally, one of her hands in the armbinder was now clutching a button that she could press. The wire for this control was strung out the top of the armbinder. Both wires ended in a metal box with an LED readout that she could

clearly see. '00:49:57' was on the readout. Every second, the last number decreased by one.

This box fed power to her chastity belt through the wire that ran up her dress. And the button in her armbinder controlled the box... in a way. Richard smiled at her as she writhed and moaned. They were in his den, and he was pretending to do serious work. But he spent most of his time watching the wriggling Jennifer in her torture device.

He had told her the rules. "You can turn off the vibrations at almost any time by pushing the button that you have," he had said. "And when the time runs out, your ordeal will be over. The button will stop the vibrations for ten minutes," he said. "But if you use it, *twenty* minutes will be added to the timer. And you will not be able to use the button to stop it for five minutes after the vibrations resume."

Jennifer gritted her teeth and labored against the rubber corset that constricted her waist. Damn it, on this one the dildo *and* the butt plug both vibrate! And these things against my nipples are just icing on the cake!

She closed her eyes and tried to ignore the clock. She was getting closer, closer... Then a wave of pleasure shot out from her overstimulated genitals. She kicked out violently but succeeded only in moving the chair a fraction of a millimeter. "God..." she said aloud. The vibrations continued, and she found herself overwhelmed. "Aaaa!" she said as she pushed the button.

The vibrations stopped immediately. She opened her eyes, and saw looked at the readout on the box. She let out a gasp when she saw it change from '00:43:21' to '01:03:21'. "Oh, God," she said aloud. "I'm losing ground." She looked over at Richard, and he was grinning widely. "This device teaches endurance," he said. "Don't you know what I'm going through?" she said. Sweat simply ran down her face.

Richard brought over a glass full of beverage with a straw in it. Jennifer drank greedily as he offered it to her. "Actually, there is a similar device for men that I've invented," he said. "I've tried it out on myself. Most interesting. Except that, with the male version, there is a sensor at the tip of the penis. Whenever there is an ejaculation, it has the same effect as you pushing the button."

"Has anyone ever told you that you are a pervert?" she said, between sips through the straw. "Repeatedly," he replied. "But compliments will not get you out of this. Only a high tolerance for pleasure will get you anywhere." She drained the glass dry. "I'm still thirsty," she said. "I'll get you some more," he said.

He returned several minutes later with a refill of lemonade. Richard also carried a full pitcher of the stuff in with him. "What if I can't run it down to zero?" she asked, just before she sucked greedily on this beverage. "Then you will just have to do it again tomorrow," he said, "until you get it right." And with that statement, the current flowed into her belt again, and the torture of pleasure resumed.

She knew that she had used the button at least eight times. Richard kept the lemonade coming as she asked. An orgasm was ravaging through her body as her eyes were fixed on the readout as it read '00:01:07'. "Please..." she said pathetically. When it read '00:00:44.' she kicked violently against her restraints, but only succeeded in pulling on her ankles. She tried to spread her legs wide, to reduce the pressure on the devices within her, but the rubber hobble skirt kept her legs tightly together.

At '00:00:18.' Another one shook her to her very core. She twisted violently in her chair, and Richard could see her bosom heaving against the rubber of the dress and the rubber corset underneath. At '00:00:00.' Finally! She felt the vibrations within her cease. There was a wild, crazy smile on her face as she looked over to the seated form of Richard.

"Very good!" he said. A wave of a very different kind of pleasure went through her. Maybe I impressed him, she thought eagerly. He walked up and started to undo the restraints that kept her attached to the chair. A few minutes later, the armbinder was gone and the dress was unlocked. She stood up and allowed him to unzip her. She was surprised to see a puddle of sweat on the floor below her dress. She was even more surprised that he unlocked the chastity belt and started to untie the rubber corset.

The inside of the dress was drenched. And then there was the other layer underneath. "Go upstairs and get cleaned up," he said, after he had removed the corset. Perspiration was dripping from the inside of the corset to the floor. "I'm sure that you would appreciate a bath right now. He was so right! Jennifer let the jets of hot water massage her body. She closed her eyes and felt relief spreading through her body. Her eyes traveled around the bathroom. She idly rummaged through a pile of towels that was within reach. She felt something underneath the pile. When her hand emerged, she was clutching a fetish and bondage magazine. There was a six-inch wooden ruler being used as a bookmark. "Wonder how this got there," she said. It was an old wooden one that had probably been there a long time.

Suddenly curious, she got out of the bathtub and went back to her bedroom. She found her black stiletto shoes and measured their heels. "Five and a half," she said aloud. She then measured the red heels that had so recently imprisoned her feet. "Five and seven eighths." She put the ruler on her dresser and returned to the bathtub. She dried her hands and idly paged through the magazine.

Jennifer was drying herself off when she heard her bedroom door opening. "Yes?" she said. Seconds later, Richard appeared in the doorway of the bathroom. She saw that he was wearing a long full-length bathrobe that went all the way to the floor. "I took the liberty of ordering out for dinner. If you would care to join me?" he said.

"Certainly," she replied.

"It is a formal dinner," he said. "You will need to dress appropriately." Jennifer rolled her eyes for the briefest of moments. "I take it you've already picked something out?" she said, putting the towel down. She was now fully naked, less than six feet away from him. But

Richard was calm, and there was no burning desire in his eyes.

"Out here," he said as he walked over to her bed. She followed, and saw him holding up what looked to be a one piece bodysuit made of shiny black rubber in one hand. Even the stiletto heels were built right into the outfit. In his other, he held up a black rubber corset.

It took him fifteen minutes to lace the corset onto her. When he was done, that familiar constriction around the waist was once again fighting against her every breath. "Sit on the bed, would you?"

Richard unzipped the back zipper and started to put her left leg into it. There was some sort of white powdery stuff on the inside, and her leg slipped in easily. Jennifer saw that the crotch on this outfit was open. She was half expecting some diabolical sex toy to be inside of it. No chastity belt... she could feel herself becoming hot, as she guessed what he might do to her... later.

Jennifer's left leg was now all the way in. Richard repeated the process for the right leg. "You'll need to stand up now," said Richard. She did, and nearly fell over. Richard grabbed ahold of her by her corseted waist and kept her from falling over. These heels are even higher yet, she thought. They *have* to be over six inches tall.

Now he guided her right arm into the sleeve of the outfit. To her surprise, she found that the sleeve was bonded to the outside of the outfit, running straight down her right side. The sleeve ended in a thumbless mitten. Next, he put her left arm into the matching sleeve. The last step was to zip the outfit up in back all the way to her neck.

Jennifer turned around and looked at herself in the mirror. She was encased in skintight shiny black, with stiletto heels over six inches high attached to each foot. The opening at her crotch revealed a vagina that was moist and ready. There was the narrow waist and very perky breasts. Her hard nipples were showing through the rubber fabric. And her arms looked to be glued to her sides. She tried to move them, but only saw the rubber twist some in response to her efforts. Robert put one arm around her waist and guided her out of her room. I was just getting used to the other heels, Jennifer thought to herself. Then he changes the rules on me!

Soon they were in the dining room. A full dinner was laid out on the table, with a single candle lit in the center of the table. "Oh, how romantic," she said. "Thank you." Richard guided her to a chair. Jennifer gingerly sat down. There was enough give in the rubber of her sleeves to allow her to sit comfortably.

Richard now took off his bathrobe. She saw that he was wearing the tight black rubber pants with the built-in sheath for his penis. Jennifer remembered what it was like the last time that she saw him wearing them... and she felt even wetter down at her crotch. As he sat down, she remarked. "It is gonna be tough to eat while wearing this." "I don't understand," he said, with a hint of playfulness in his voice. He picked up her fork and put a bit of the salad on it. Carefully, he guided it over to her mouth. "I think that your mouth

will work just fine, actually. Jennifer took it into her mouth and ate it. "That's good," she said after finishing her mouthful.

A long dinner ensued, with Richard feeding her each bite of food and every sip of wine. Jennifer was sweating inside of her outfit, but did not mention it. The excitement of the situation was overriding it. "What's for dessert?" she asked. "Hmmm..." Richard said. "I must have neglected to order that. We'll have to improvise, won't we?" he said.

He pushed his chair back, but instead of standing up, he knelt down on the floor. Within seconds, he had crawled under the table and had found her dripping vagina with his mouth. "Oh, god!" she exclaimed. She slid down in her chair and spread her legs wide, to give him better access to her privates. He was methodical in his explorations of her. First, gentle nibbling with his lips. Then his tongue started to probe, first up near the top and only very slowly moving down toward her most sensitive parts.

"Please!" she said, rocking her hips back and forth. He was bringing her close... so close...She panted against her corset as he backed off his stimulation ever so slightly. "Oooooohhhh!" she moaned aloud. Suddenly, his tongue attacked her clitoris with a vengeance. Within seconds, an orgasm wracked through her body. She clenched her legs together around his head, trying to get him to stop as she groaned in pleasure.

Richard apparently took that in good grace, and brought his probing tongue back home. He backed away, and when she next saw him, he was standing up by the table taking a sip of wine. "I thought that our little training session this afternoon was supposed to increase your tolerance for pleasure," he said. "Apparently, it has its limits."

"That was *wonderful*" she said between pants. Jennifer looked at him, and saw that his black rubber coated half-hard penis was rapidly becoming fully erect. It stood at attention, and pointed directly at her. "Oh, my," she said, staring directly at it. When her gaze returned to his face, she saw that look of lust, that look of *intensity* returning to it.

"Am I in trouble?" she said in a girlish tone of voice. Richard did not reply, but bent down and picked her up. She kicked her stiletto heeled feet in the air feebly as he carried her to his bedroom. Richard put her on the bed, then reached down below the bed. He brought out a three foot long bar with a cuff on each end. With a quick efficiency, he fastened her legs to the spreader bar. When he was done, her legs were held apart at an angle that was a touch greater than 90 degrees. "Oh, god!" she said as she felt her groin muscle start to protest. Moments later, he was on top of her, thrusting his hard and erect manhood into her wet and ready pussy.

Richard was relentless. If he ever ejaculated, she did not notice it. After her first orgasm, he gave her a few seconds of pause. Then, he was back on her, thrusting away. "Oh, godohgodohgod!" she screamed against the tightness of the corset as the second orgasm swept through her. Richard stopped for an even briefer period of time before resuming again. It was in the middle of her fifth orgasm that the tightness of the corset finally overwhelmed her, and she passed out.

Chapter 13

When Jennifer woke up, she found herself in her room. Her arms were out at her sides, which immediately told her that she wasn't wearing the rubber bodysuit anymore. The light was on in her room. She opened her eyes groggily and looked around. Jennifer tried to prop herself up on her arms. It was at this moment that she realized that she was still wearing the rubber corset. The sleeping cuffs with the metal forks were locked to her wrists... and there was a chastity belt complete with intrusive vaginal plug. A moment of moving her hips around revealed that this one did not have a phallus for her rear orifice.

She rolled out of bed, and saw that there was a handwritten note on her night table. There was also a sealed box just inside of the doorway. Jennifer picked up the note and read it.

Jennifer

I took the liberty of preparing you for bed after we finished our dinner. You did look lovely last night, in your rubber and heels.

I would like to take a moment to explain the controls for your 'alarm clock'. The readout flashes four numbers. The first number is the number of minutes of stimulation that will take place when you first tuck yourself in for the night. It is controlled by the first knob.

The second number is the number of times that you will be stimulated during the night. These will be evenly spaced between the time you went to bed and the wake up time (9:00 am). This is controlled by the second knob.

The third number is the number of minutes that you will be stimulated for each time during the night. This is, of course, controlled by the third knob.

The last number is the number of minutes that you will be stimulate for right before wakeup time. This is controlled by the fourth knob.

The device is made such that you have to have at least 75 minutes of stimulation during the night. You can set it for more, of course. The night that you so hurriedly put it on, it was set for 220 total minutes during the night. Of course, I might decide to increase that minimum time, if I am so inclined.

The box in your room contains your outfit for tomorrow. You can, if you like, get ready tonight, but that is optional.

I look forward to tomorrow. Sleep tight.

Richard.

Hmmm... thought Jennifer. I bet it would really turn him on if he knew that I wore one of his kinky outfits to bed! With that thought in mind, she moved the box to her bed and started to pull out the contents.

On top, there was a pair of shoes. These were shiny black patent, with the same locking closures that were on her other pairs of shoes. These looked to be even taller yet. Jennifer retrieved her ruler from the dresser and measured it. "Six and a quarter," she said. "When are these things going to stop going up?"

Next, there was a black rubber garter belt. She put that aside and fished out the next items. Black rubber stockings. These looked like they would go all the way up to her crotch. Black rubber gloves were next, ones that would go all the way up to her armpits. And the last item was a maid's outfit. This one was not made of vinyl. Instead, this was made of shiny black rubber. The skirt was flared out even wider than her last maid's outfit, and was even more revealing of her crotch. This one also had long sleeves and went up to the neck, just like the other one. There was no revealing cutout to show bare cleavage. But with the skin tight properties of the rubber, did it matter?

"Another maid's outfit?" she said aloud. Then something churned within her memories. "Isn't... isn't this what he remembered his *mother* wearing?" Except for the chastity belt... Jennifer had very strange feelings about the outfit laid out on the bed. If she wanted to turn him on, was there any better way than to enter his deepest fantasies? a part of her thought.

Jennifer made up her mind. She put on the garter belt, then slowly rolled the rubber stockings up her legs. When she was done, she fastened them to the garters. The extreme stiletto heels were difficult to manage with her corseted waist, but she managed to lock them on. The gloves took a while to properly wriggle into. Last, there was the maid's outfit itself. It was not too hard to zip up herself. There was a small ring at the top like with the other outfits. For completeness sake, she locked it into place with one of the padlocks in the room.

I want to make sure that he knows that I'm dressed like this, she thought. I should find him and say goodnight. It took her intense concentration to walk steadily in the heels. She was able to manage, as long as she kept it slow and stayed near a wall. The wriggling in her crotch was bearable... so far.

Jennifer first went to his den. Richard was nowhere to be seen. She was not in the mood to wander the whole house to find him, especially in her shoes. So ,she went directly to his bedroom. I'll just wait for him here, she thought. Idly, she turned the doorknob, expecting it to be locked, as it usually was. But to her surprise, it opened at her touch. The light was on, and she heard faint rustling sounds. Gingerly, she poked her head through the opening and looked at side. She used latex gloved hand on the doorknob as additional support for her unsteady balance.

She saw that Richard had already gone to bed. But this time he was wearing something

more extreme than she remembered. Richard's hands were cuffed above him, connected to the chain as before. His ankles were strapped together, and he wore a chastity belt with a wire going up from it to the box that joined his wrists. But this time he also wore a leather hood. There was no opening for his eyes in the hood. There were two holes for his nose, and a very small hole where his mouth should have been. At the moment, there were no vibrations coming from his belt.

He can't see me... thought Jennifer. That means I can't show off my outfit to him! Damn! But... I could poke around, and he'd never know! With a new purpose, Jennifer walked into his room, still unsteady in her heels. She stopped near his bed and looked down at him. A muscular, hairy chest heaved and hissing noises came through the holes in his hood. Strong legs idly twitched against their bindings. Just watching him makes me wet! Jennifer thought. The vaginal plug in her chastity belt was now starting to get to her.

She tore her eyes away from him and slowly walked around the bed. With care, she made her way towards one of his closet doors. This one had only mundane clothing, like business suits, shirts, pants, and the like. Jennifer slowly closed the door and made her way to the other one.

The light was off in this closet as well. Jennifer found a light switch and turned it on. God! Jennifer thought to herself. What a collection. This was a huge walk-in closet some twenty feet deep and ten feet wide. There was a row of dressers down the middle of the closet that almost split the room in two.

All along the outside walls, there were kinky outfits on hangers. Most of them were made of rubber, with some vinyl and some leather as well. Jennifer walked over to the nearest one and pulled it from the wall. This was a pair of blue rubber pants with a matching shirt. She put it back into place and looked at the next one. This one was a black leather straight jacket.

A bit overwhelmed, she turned her gaze to the other side. She grabbed the nearest thing that she could. This was a red rubber hobble dress, just like the one she had worn herself. But... this one was too big for her. It would actually fit Richard quite well, now that she thought of it.

This surprised her. She put it down and examined the clothes on this side of the closet. As she examined them more closely, she saw that it was all kinky female clothing that seemed to be sized to fit Richard. The opposite side seemed to consist of male style clothing made of kinky materials.

Jennifer next made her way over to one of the dressers in the room. Arbitrarily, she picked the top drawer and opened it up. She found several pairs of shoes here. They varied from what she guessed was five inches to almost seven inches in height. Most of them had similar locking closures to the ones that she wore now. They were also sized to fit Richard.

Jennifer went to the next drawer down. Here she found several corsets. Some were satin,

some were rubber, and one was leather. These, too, would have fit Richard just fine. Jennifer closed that drawer and leaned against the dresser. He dresses up like a woman? she thought. No, that is not exactly true, she thought to herself. He dresses up like a *kinky* woman. He doesn't seem to have any normal female clothing. Why would he have all of this stuff? she wondered. He must dress up in it.

The fact that Richard had probably experienced all of what she was experiencing made her feel better, actually. He must *like* dressing up like that, or he wouldn't have that much of it, she thought. Half of his kinky closet is like that. With that running through her mind, she exited his closet and closed the door behind her. Just as she was walking by his bed, his chastity belt started to vibrate.

I wish it was me on top of you now, Jennifer thought as he slowly started to move his hips in response to the stimulation. Fearing that she would be discovered, she made her way to the door and closed it behind her. Within minutes, she was sitting on her bed. "How should I set this thing?" she wondered, idly toying with the knobs of her alarm clock. She finally decided to reduce it from its previous settings, but not to minimum. "Twenty minutes initially, twenty minutes at the end, and four in the middle fifteen minutes each," she settled on.

Jennifer turned off the lights, then positioned herself on the bed. She plugged the cord into her belt, then plugged her cuffs into the metal box one at a time. Her chastity belt came to life the instant that the second cuff was plugged in. "Oh god!" she said aloud as the belt brought her higher and higher. She had been hot from watching Richard in his room. It was not taking much more right now.

Did I set it for too long? she wondered as an orgasm ripped through her less than ten minutes after she had locked herself in bed.

Chapter 14

Again, she found herself walking through the clouds. Jennifer looked down, and saw that she was wearing impossibly high white stiletto heels... and nothing else. The ground below looked so far away... like a view from an airplane. There was a gust of wind, and she nearly lost her balance. Somehow, she stayed upright in her footwear. In front of her, a large fluffy cloud was being moved by the winds. Standing on it, she could see a man...

"Richard!" she cried out. She tried to run, but her foot twisted underneath her. She grabbed ahold of a nearby cloud and managed somehow to right herself. She looked around frantically. The cloud that had carried Richard was now receding fast. A moment later, it was only a pinprick on the horizon. "No!" she screamed aloud. As she struggled to move, two green birds with red feathers around the eyes started to circle above her.

"Not yet!" one of the birds cried out. "Don't fall!" the other one screeched.

Jennifer let go of her cloud and tried to step forward. Somehow, she managed it. But her second step put her shoe into a river far below her. She could feel the silt of the river sucking her down, and she started to fall... The two birds dove down onto her shoulders and flapped their wings with a great effort. Slowly, they pulled her up and her shoe was freed from the river.

The birds stopped flapping as she righted herself. "You are not yet ready," one of the birds said to her. "Don't run when you can't walk," the other one said. "Ready?" she asked back. "When will I be ready?" "You will see," said the first one. "We will help," said the other one, with a wink.

The two of them took off with a sudden wing strokes. She watched them as they flew to a nearby cloud and tore pieces of it out with their taloned feet. They flew overhead and dropped their cloudy burdens onto her. They were shaped like something...

She was now wearing a dress made of clouds. She looked down and saw the long wide flare of her misty skirt. It went down all the way to the earth. And behind her, there was a veil of vapor thin ice crystals that trailed magnificently behind her. The two birds landed on her shoulders again. "It's a start," one of them said. The other bird ruffled its feathers. "It's the *end*!" it said, as it stared at the first bird. Then a buzzing started in her crotch, and the realm of clouds and dreams faded away.

Jennifer was already twisting her hips as she returned to reality. The throbbing in her vagina had already made her juices start to flow. She clenched her gloved hands and struggled in her rubber outfit, trying to gain some control over the buzzing in her crotch. It relentlessly sent her upwards. She labored against her rubber corset and kicked her black rubber legs into the air. Jennifer's stiletto heeled feet twirled around as she came nearer and nearer to culmination...

"Ooooh!" she exclaimed as she reached her peak. She arched her back slightly against the rubber corset as the pleasure went on and on and on...The buzzing died before she had another climax. She heard the familiar metallic click from her wrists that indicated that she was free of her bed at last.

Jennifer spent several minutes laboring for breath against the corset as she recovered from her 'wake up call'. When she finally recovered, she rolled out of bed and unsteadily walked to the bathroom. She inserted the key into the bottom of her chastity belt, separating the bottom section so that she could take care of her bodily functions. When she was done, she was still wet enough to easily slide the phallus of the chastity belt back into place.

She got up and washed her hair in the sink. It was a strange feeling to scrub her hair with rubber gloved hands. Jennifer toweled it dry and ran a comb through it. "Sure doesn't look

very nice," she said aloud. But somehow, she didn't think that Richard would really notice her hair today.

On the way out of her room, she stopped to look at herself in the mirror again. Six and a quarter inch black patent shoes were locked to her feet. She was wearing long black rubber stockings that went all the way up to her crotch. She could see the garters that held them up. The bottom of the chastity belt was visible below the crinoline. The black rubber of the skirt must have extended out over two feet in all directions. It was held up by some very stiff red crinoline that could be easily seen if she was bent over in any way.

The black rubber of her maid's outfit was very tight around her waist. She was naturally a twenty six inch waist. What am I now, maybe a twenty one? Jennifer wondered to herself. The corset also pushed her breasts up and out. The tight clingy rubber of the maid's outfit showed her erect nipples as a pair of dainty points on the tips of her breasts. The rubber continued upward, and ended at the top of her neck. The shiny black rubber continued down both arms. When the rubber of the maid's outfit ended at her wrists, the latex of her gloved hands took over.

"I could stop traffic on the expressway!" she said as she twirled around in front of the mirror. This moved the phallus inside of her around, and she was surprised with the intensity of the sensations. "That was interesting," she said as she grabbed hold of a bedpost. A few moments later, she headed out of her room and made for the kitchen.

Jennifer had just finished making breakfast when Richard walked in. "Good morning," she said as she carried two plates over to the table. She had to concentrate intensely to carry anything while wearing the six and a quarter inch high stilettos.

Richard looked at her from head to toe as she brought breakfast to the table. "Good morning, Jennifer," he said. She saw that he was not fully dressed as he normally was. Instead, all he wore was a pair of rubber shorts that concealed his groin.

"I dressed up last night," she said, almost proudly. "I wanted to show you... but you had already gone to bed for the night," she said, with a hint of disappointment in her voice.

"You forgot to turn the light off in my closet," he said. Oops! "I'm sorry. I... curiosity got the better of me. I should not have," she said. "No, you shouldn't have," he said as he started in on his breakfast." Several minutes passed with only the sounds of clanking silverware and dishes. "Richard... are you going to punish me?" she asked. He seems to enjoy that so much, she thought to herself. I hope he does and gets himself so stiff..." "I'm not sure yet," he said. "I have to think of something... appropriate." "I see," she said, sipping on her juice. She finished it off before asking her next question. "Why do you have so much of your kinky stuff... in dresses and women's stuff?" she asked.

Jennifer did not see him become upset at all at the question. He swallowed before answering. "Well, it has to do with a long period of living without any companionship," he said. "I prefer to see a woman dressed up, but when that wasn't available, I did it myself.

And I was very curious about how it would feel. Why should women have all the fun?" he said, with a smile. "I see," she said. Should she press her luck? she wondered. "When was the last time that you dressed up like that?" she asked. Richard studied her for a long moment. "My, you are brave today," he said. "Especially with your snooping around last night." Jennifer just smiled and shrugged. "Actually, it was a month and a half ago," he said.

Jennifer was thinking of her next question when Richard finished up his food and wiped his face. "I think I have decided upon your punishment. However, it may have to wait for tomorrow. You have a temporary reprieve." She wasn't quite sure if she was relieved or disappointed to hear this. "Get everything you can done by three," he said to her. "I will be in my den. I have a large number of phone calls to make." "Why three?" she asked. "We have a wedding to go to," he said.

Chapter 15

"Can you explain why we are going to a wedding?" she asked. "On a Sunday night?" "It's not exactly a wedding, actually," he said. "It is a renewal of marriage vows. It is their anniversary, and it coincidentally happens to fall on a Sunday this year." This answer did not satisfy her, but she decided to change tactics. "Who is getting married? Or getting renewed, anyway?" Richard led her over to the ring of keys in her room and unlocked her maid's outfit. "You have actually already met the man. Henry and his wife Vicki are going to be the guests of honor," he said as he unzipped her black latex French maid's costume. Richard next unlocked her shoes and detached the garters from her rubber stockings.

"I bet you already have something picked out for me to wear," she said. "That's one way to put it," he said as he unrolled her rubber stockings down her legs. "In fact, you are to be one of the bridesmaids." She was confused by that. "I don't understand," she said. Richard had taken everything off of her except for her chastity belt and rubber corset. He unlocked the chastity belt and then started to loosen her rubber corset. "Don't worry about it. Just take a bath, make yourself pretty, and by the time you're done, I'll have your outfit ready.

She followed his directions, and sure enough, by the time that she was done, Richard was waiting there, in her bedroom. He was wearing a skintight rendition of a tuxedo done in shiny leather, complete with leather tie. Her outfit was laid out on the bed. First, Richard picked up a pair of purple thigh-high boots. They looked to be made of shiny vinyl, and the heels were at least six inches high. They closed by lacing up the front. Jennifer sat down on the bed so that he could put them on her legs. It took him fifteen minutes to lace them up her legs.

"How do they feel?" he said. She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. "Actually," she said, taking an experimental step in them, "They seem fine," In fact, they felt like they gave her more support than her stiletto shoes. It was a bit less difficult to walk in these,

she decided.

There was only one other piece to the outfit. It looked like a frilly purple bridesmaid dress, done in shiny purple vinyl. It had a high neck and long sleeves, but there were two small holes in the front that were about where her nipples should be. As she stepped into it, she saw that in the back it had the lacings of a built-in corset. Sure enough, her nipples protruded through the holes in the dress. As Richard slowly tightened the corset, she could feel her nipples starting to protrude through their holes.

"Oh, god!" she said as he tugged his last time. "How tight is that?" she asked. "Just a touch above twenty inches, when fully closed," he said. "And it is." Jennifer looked at herself in the mirror now. Purple vinyl extended from her neck to the floor, with long sleeves. Her breasts almost seemed to be bursting out of the outfit through the two small holes in the front. The corset gave her an ever so tiny waist, which was emphasized by the flare of the full skirt below. "Let's go," he said, offering his arm for her. She took ahold of it, and accompanied him out of her bedroom. No chastity belt, she noted mentally. Maybe tonight...

There was a limousine waiting out front. "Don't worry about the driver seeing you," Richard said. "He's from Fantasies Unlimited." "If you say so," she said. Richard guided her into the huge back seat first, then sat down beside her. As he shut the door behind them, the limousine started to slowly move. Jennifer slowly moved her hand over to Richard's leather covered crotch. "Can we play on the way there?" she asked. Richard shook his head, but did not jerk her hand away. "He's less than fifteen minutes away. I would really rather not."

Jennifer sighed against the tightness of the corset that was built into her vinyl dress. "All right," she said, but she did not remove her hand. She left it there, moving it ever so slightly, for the entire trip. Her efforts were rewarded as she felt his penis slowly hardening on the way there. By the time that they stopped, it was as rock hard as she had ever felt it.

Richard seemed to be moving a bit uncomfortably as he exited the limo. He offered his hand to assist her out of the car. Jennifer saw that they were at yet another mansion. The sun had nearly fallen, and a cool breeze that swept by put goosebumps on her exposed nipples. Richard escorted her up the path that led to the front door. He knocked on the door, and it opened almost immediately.

"Come in," said a woman dressed in a satin French-maid's outfit. It was very similar to the one that she had worn, Jennifer noticed. She wore five and a half inch stiletto heels and fishnet stockings. The skirt of her outfit dropped lower than Jennifer's, but was just as wide. She guessed that there was a corset underneath it. The outfit did not go up her neck, but stopped a bit below that.

Richard helped her through the doorway. Jennifer immediately saw that there was a second woman dressed almost identically to the first. However, this woman was nearly

five inches taller in height. "You can follow me," this one said in a lower, huskier voice. They followed this satin French-maid through the hallway and gestured for them to go through an open double doorway. The maid turned and walked back where she came from. "Henry and Vicki have two very talented servants," Richard whispered to her as they walked forward. "The one that first greeted us is Becky. The one that led us here is Arnold."

"Arnold?!" she said with an excited whisper. "That was a man?!" "Indeed," he said. "In fact, if I'm not mistaken, Becky and Arnold were married themselves a couple of months ago." Jennifer's brain did not know how to handle this information. She was so confused that it took her a few seconds to start looking around the large ballroom that they were now in.

Three large crystal chandeliers illuminated the long rectangular hall. Jennifer and Richard had entered at one end of the hall. There was a long red carpet ahead of them, which ended at a small, raised platform. Soft music was playing in the hall. Jennifer could see that there were two tuxedo clad men standing near the end of the aisle on one side, and two similarly dressed women on the other. "It's already started," he said. "I'll show you to your place. Remember, stand still and be quiet. For me," he said, looking into her eyes. "For you," she repeated, looking back. She kept looking at his beautiful eyes and supported herself against him as they traveled down the aisle.

He stopped, and she turned to see where they had ended up.

To her right, there were two women that she did not recognize. The one furthest away was no older than she was, while the nearer one was perhaps in her mid thirties. Both were dressed as she was, in the purple vinyl bridesmaid dresses, complete with holes for the nipples and built in corsets. From their height, she guessed that they were wearing similar high heels. They both looked at her, but were standing still and at attention.

In front of her, there was a metal pole built into the floor. It came up about two feet, and then ended in a rectangular metal block. Two dildoes protruded upward from the block, just inches apart, and there was something on the block between the dildoes. It looked like both phalluses had been well lubricated. Jennifer gave him a questioning, somewhat alarmed look. "Just like the red dress," he whispered. "You can do it." This **is** just his kind of kinky thing to do, isn't it! Jennifer thought. He'd **better** appreciate this!

Jennifer lifted up her dress and turned around. She moved so that her crotch was right over the two phalluses. Carefully, she sat down, letting both of them find an orifice. "All the way," she heard him whisper. Finally, she was all the way down on the two dildoes. They felt cool, and slid inside of her more easily than she could have believed possible. The feel of the dildoes was starting to make her hot. When she was done, the flesh between her pussy and anus was now touching the cold rectangle of metal. She was surprised to hear the low hum of a mechanical device. To her surprise, she felt the pole underneath her start to slowly move up.

Jennifer shot him a panicked look, but Richard smiled reassuringly at her. The dildoes

could not go any further into her, because the metal plate acted like a very narrow seat for her. She kept going higher and higher and higher...It stopped only when her legs were fully extended out underneath her. If she unbent her knees at all, she felt her weight start to concentrate uncomfortably in that tiny region of flesh that touched the metal. As she was already standing in her tiptoes in these six plus inch stiletto heels, there was no way that she could get the dildoes out of her. I'm stuck here, she thought to herself. Richard, still smiling, took a place across from her, some fifteen feet away.

By the time that this was done, the next procession had come down the aisle. But this was not a couple. Instead, it was just one person in a bridesmaid dress like her own, being escorted by Becky the French maid. But the nipples poking through the holes in the bridesmaid dress looked fake, somehow. The corset looked to be very tight around the waist, but the final figure was not that dramatic. And the face...

It had enough stubble that she knew that it had to be a man. And... it looked like one of the men that Richard had over that Friday night... John!

There were two poles with dildoes left her right side that were not occupied. Becky did not lead him over to the poles. Instead, she unscrewed the front dildo from its socket, and replaced it with something resembling a penis sheath that would stick out horizontally instead of vertically. After she had done this, he picked up his dress and turned around. Jennifer could see that he wore matching purple patent boots that had heels at least as high as her own, if not higher. John rolled his eyes at Jennifer briefly, sighed, and slowly sat down on the rear dildo. When he was done, Becky reached under his dress and guided his penis into the sheath that now was a part of the device.

Just as had happened to her, the pole started to raise up. As this was happening, Becky turned and walked back up the aisle. Jennifer noticed that there was no one standing across the aisle from him.

Let's see... Jennifer tried to remember the names of the people here while she shifted and tried to find a more comfortable way to stand. The first man was Collin, the young man that she had remembered. He stood across from the woman that was Jennifer's age. Then there was Ben across from the woman in her thirties. Then Richard of course, looking at her as she fidgeted. She felt herself actually blush at the attention. On my other side is John, the bridesmaid. That leaves... she wasn't able to remember the last one.

A couple walked down the aisle. The name Adam came to mind. A woman in her late twenties held his arm and traveled down the aisle with him. She was dressed as the rest of the bridesmaids. She seemed to be walking unsteadily in her footwear. Adam guided her to the last empty double dildo pole, and helped her get on it. That one too raised up, and made her stand up at attention as Adam took up a place across from her.

The music changed to a wedding march. Jennifer looked towards the entrance, and saw a pair that was very slowly traveling down the aisle. Jennifer looked the other way, and saw that Arnold, the very convincing transvestite French-maid, was standing on the platform

waiting for them. A low hum started in the dildo in her vagina. Jennifer looked over to Richard. He only put his finger to his lips and shook his head. The vibrations grew in intensity as the couple made its way down the aisle. She thought that she heard vibrations coming from both sides of her, as well. Jennifer looked at the woman on her left, and saw that she was clenching her teeth. John on her other side was fidgeting and twisting back and forth, setting his vinyl skirt swaying.

Jennifer was having a very hard time staying silent and keeping still when the bride and groom walked by. The groom was wearing a metal studded leather collar, shiny black leather gloves, and a pair of black leather shorts. There was a hole in his shorts, and his erect penis was standing out at attention, with a slight upward angle. In his hands, he held a chain that connected to a leather collar around the bride's neck.

The bride caught Jennifer's attention. There was a very filmy white veil over her, but it was so translucent that Jennifer could make everything out underneath it. The bride was wearing a white leather harness around her head that had a built in leather blindfold and a gag. Below that was a white leather posture collar that kept her from slouching her neck. She wore a brassiere, of sorts. It consisted of two strips of leather about three inches wide that tightly circled the base of each breast. They were held in place with straps around her back and her shoulders. Each nipple was pushed against a small metal ring that was held tightly in place by four chains that connected to the leather breast wrap.

At her waist, she wore what was either a very wide white leather belt, or a very narrow white leather corset. It looked to be cinched very tightly, and there was a noticeable bulge of flesh both above and below it. At both sides of the belt, there were wide white leather arm cuffs attached. The bride's wrists were firmly restrained there by the cuffs.

From the front, the bride looked to be wearing a white leather hobble skirt that extended from waist to floor. But as she passed, Jennifer saw that almost all of the back was cut away. There were buckling straps in back at the waist, at the knees, and at the ankles. But other than that, her entire backside below the waist was open for viewing.

Jennifer also saw that the bride was wearing white patent shoes with over six inch tall heels. Her backless leather skirt was buckled so tightly that she could only step three or four inches at a time. So that's why she was taking so long, Jennifer thought. Jennifer also noticed a strap that went through the bride's butt cheeks, that did not seem to be a part of the skirt. Jennifer concluded that the poor girl was probably wearing a chastity belt under all that, as well.

The two of them slowly marched by as quickly as the bride could inch along. Behind the bride, tending the bride's long veil, was the French-maid Becky, in her black satin uniform and black stilettos. She now had a cord around her throat that had a key on it.

The trio finally stopped in front of the platform. The vibrations in her groin were becoming unbearable. Just as Jennifer shifted forward enough to get the vibrations away from her clitoris, the one in her anus started to quiver ever so slightly.

"Dearly beloved," the pastor/French maid said. The voice was either that of a high pitched man or a low pitched woman. "We are gathered here today for a joyous event. We are here witness the joining and coupling of this man and woman. Look, all, and witness the bonds of attraction that join the two of them. Bonds of attraction.." oh god! Jennifer had to stifle a moan and clench her teeth. She looked over and saw that Richard was grinning at her like a fiend.

"Witness her bridal finery! Is she not an object of lust? And witness his fine show of manhood! Does he not lust for her?" The male French-maid looked down at the two of them. "Let us recite our vows, and take them to heart. You, Henry, do you take this woman..."

"Yes! Anytime! Anyplace! As often as possible!" the groom blurted out.

"I'm not done yet," said the pastor/maid.

The four assembled men chuckled. None of the girls (or John) chuckled at all. Jennifer assumed that they were trying to keep the fires in their groin at bay.

"As I was saying," continued the pastor, in his satin maid's outfit, stiletto heels, and fishnets. "Do you, Henry, take this woman, Vicki, to be your wife and slave?"

"I do!"

"And do you promise to use her as you will, to express your lust and your deepest fantasies with her, and bring her pleasure like none seen before on earth!"

"I do!"

"Vicki, I would also ask you to recite your vows, but you cannot right now. So, I will recite them for you."

"I, Vicki, promise to be a willing and sexy companion for Henry. I will dress to keep him as horny as humanly possible. I promise to couple with him as frequently and as frantically as the limits of my flesh allow. And I promise to bring him pleasure like none seen on this earth before! Grunt once if you agree." There was a single grunt from the bride.

Jennifer was frantically clutching at her dress with her hands, trying to stay under control. She was sure that her juices were dripping down and were now probably pooling on the floor.

"Is there a key for the bride?" the pastor/maid Arnold asked.

"There is," said the French-maid Becky. She took it off of her neck and handed it to Henry.

"You may disrobe the bride," the pastor/maid instructed.

Henry threw back her veil and quickly unbuckled her hobble skirt. As it fell to the floor, Jennifer saw that she had guessed right. The bride wore a white leather chastity belt under

the backless hobble skirt. Eagerly, he put the key into the heart shaped lock in the front of the belt and removed it from her.

"You may now take the bride," the pastor/maid Arnold instructed. "And the assembled masses can now voice their pleasure at the event."

Almost in unison, the five purple dressed women and one man let out groans and moans of pleasure. Henry had already lowered his bride to the floor and was now frantically thrusting away inside of her.

"Remember, guests!" said the maid/pastor. "No fornicating on the grounds except for the bride and groom. If you truly must, please leave. Of course, you are all welcome to witness the blessed event for as long as you like."

Jennifer saw the older gentleman, Ben go over to his companion and bodily lift her off of the dildoes. The woman staggered as Ben eagerly led her out the door.

All the others left except for Richard and the male bridesmaid John. He was grunting and groaning in his predicament just as desperately as Jennifer was.

There's no one to let him down, Jennifer thought. She looked over to Richard, who, Jennifer thought, should have taken her off of her stand and hauled her out to the car. But instead, he just stood there and smiled as the two vibrating phalluses made her scream as she reached an orgasm. Maybe that was a bad idea, Jennifer thought as the tightness of the corset affected her after her screaming orgasm and made her head swim. She felt herself starting to fall...And felt Richard's strong arms catch her bent torso. He straightened her out, then lifted off of her double dildo restraint.

Jennifer did not actually pass out from the experience, but felt lightheaded. She staggered along in the heels that were impossible to walk in now. She caught a glimpse of the bride and groom still going strong as they left. The two maids were nowhere to be seen as Richard pulled her into the limousine and closed the door to the vehicle. The lightheaded feeling was almost gone after just a minute of riding. "So," she said to Richard. "We're no longer on the grounds. Is fornicating allowed now?"

He smiled at that as he unzipped the fly on his leather tuxedo pants. "Driver, take the scenic route back," he said. Richard threw up her dress, and even with her soaking wet crotch, she was a bit startled by the force he used to push her down on the seat and thrust his rock hard penis inside of her.

She floated higher and higher as he had his way with her. Jennifer felt detached from her body, almost like she was an observer. Her chest labored against the built in corset, and her legs waved their purple spike heeled boots in the air.

Two orgasms swept through her in quick succession. She thought that she felt him ejaculate, but she was so lost in her own experiences that she just wasn't sure. Richard paused afterwards to use his lips and tongue on her exposed nipples. She felt an erotic

chill pass through her body as he sucked and played with the two tender points of flesh.

He now dove below her dress, and she felt him probe her drenched pussy. With lips and tongue... he only toyed with her. For several minutes, he brought her ever so slowly up to another moment of ecstasy. Jennifer heaved and flailed in her corset. But Richard was patient... his tongue stayed just millimeters away from that spot that she knew would give her release.

Suddenly, he was thrusting inside of her again. The intensity of the long overdue climax, with the tightness around her chest, was just too much for her. Jennifer rolled her head and started to lose consciousness yet again. Maybe I'll get to do this with Richard sometime *without* a corset, Jennifer thought as the last wisps of consciousness fled.

Chapter 16

When she regained consciousness, she found herself on her bed, back in Richard's mansion. She was still clothed in her purple vinyl bridesmaid's outfit. "God," she said aloud. Bits of the pleasure from her sexual ordeal with Richard were still swimming around her mind. "I wonder if Richard is still up."

She rolled out of bed and used her hands to straighten out her gown. She was initially unsteady in her stiletto heeled boots, but she could walk in them slowly. She looked at her form in the mirror again. "I guess that this isn't my color," she said. "And it especially doesn't work with this shiny stuff." But then again, Jennifer thought, aren't all bridesmaid's dresses are supposed to be ugly?

She walked out of her room, and found that the lights were still on. She found Richard in his den, talking financial jargon with someone on the phone. He noticed her as soon as she entered the room. Jennifer sat down in a chair and waited. Richard was naked from the chest up. Below the waist, he still wore the leather pants of his tuxedo. She waited patiently for ten minutes or so for him to finish his business.

"Jennifer?" he said. "I woke up," she said. "You were wonderful. But... I have a couple of questions about this evening." "I'll answer them if I can," he said. "Let me write a few things down first, though." He scribbled in a notebook for a few seconds.

"I'm done. What do you want to know?" "Well, the whole vow renewal thing was... bizarre to say the least." "Bizarre? What else did you think of it?" "Honestly, I think that watching Henry and Vicki go down the aisle did get me hot," she said, "but I'm not really sure. It's hard to be objective about that when there is seven inches of buzzing dildo in your pussy and up your rear. I also really wished you would have dragged me off of my little stand before you did."

"Why?" he asked. Didn't I come in here asking the questions? Jennifer thought. But she

answered anyway. "I just really wanted you," she said. "As soon as you dressed me up, and I wasn't wearing a chastity belt, I started to hope that... maybe..."

"I didn't let you down, did I?" he asked. "Oh, no!!" she exclaimed. "But... that's not why I came in here. I'm starting to catch on a little. The thing that I *really* don't get, was why John was dressed up like a bridesmaid with corset and heels and all, had a wriggling dildo put up his ass and a vibrator around his penis, and had to stand there and moan like me."

Richard smiled at that. "Ah. There was no way for you to know about that. My guess is that he had not made up with his wife yet. As of Friday, he was on poor terms with her. I'm not exactly sure what about, but..." "I'm missing something," she said. "Then why didn't he just show up in a leather tux like the rest of you guys and watch the show?"

"You've heard me say this before, but 'why' is not an easy question to answer. Fortunately, this 'why' is easier than your last. I didn't actually want to tell you about any of this... but that was before we talked about... our personal matters." Jennifer nodded, remembering the stories of his childhood that he had told her.

"It goes back to when I bought into Fantasy Supreme," he said. "When I first bought my shares, I showed up for the monthly stockholder's meetings. Very little actual financial business was discussed at those meetings. The rest of the time, the other five men spent their time telling lies about their kinky sexual exploits.

"The genesis of it all was my idea, actually. I was the youngest one of them, the one with the least exposure to others. But... that means I had a few original ideas stashed away." Richard said that with a broad smile. "I suggested that we change the actual stockholders meetings for Fantasy Supreme to twice a year. That way, maybe we could at least do it over lunch or something. As for the exploits... I suggested a game to 'prove' some of these exploits."

"The other five haggled over details, but none of them could back out. They had built up their stories so high, and backing out would have been an admission of failure. I was gracious, and suggested that we wait one month before starting the game.

"Here are the rules as they were, and they are very similar to the rules we use now. Each of us initially at that stockholder's meeting, designed anywhere from two to ten kinky outfits as best we could. Some were pretty tame, similar to the outfit that you wore your first day of work. Others were more challenging for someone to wear, like the red rubber hobble dress you wore when you greeted them all at the door. A few were even wilder yet.

"It really didn't matter how many any of us designed them or how bizarre they were. We took all of these outfit ideas, and put them into envelopes. The envelopes were then mixed. Each of us drew one, and the rest were put into storage.

"We each read the designs that we drew. It was possible to draw your own design... I did, actually. Now that we knew what the outfit was, we each had to convince a female to willingly wear the outfit in front of all six of us. We would do this by meeting on six

consecutive friday nights, one night at each of our homes.

"The host would have to produce this woman dressed up in the outfit that he had randomly picked. She could not be coerced, intimidated, or threatened in any way. She had to do it of her own free will. We also decided that the woman could not be hired to do the job."

Jennifer thought about that. "What about me?" she asked. "We amended the rules later," said Richard. "I'll get to that. But if the host was *not* able to produce a woman in the outfit, he had to wear it himself!"

She thought about it. This game had been going on for how long? Several years, at least. Richard had not had a companion for much of that time. "Your closet full of clothes?" she asked. "Almost half of the feminine ones were collected as a part of our game," he said. "The rest I had made on various whims."

She thought about that for a while. "But... what if the outfit had a plug, or something on the nipples, if you know what I mean?" Richard nodded. "We came up with a list of modifications for situations like that."

"What if the host didn't have a girl, and didn't dress up?" she asked, curiously.

"We have a 'three strikes' rule," he said. "Nothing has to be done if someone wimps out up to twice a year. People do get sick, and schedule conflicts arise. Sometimes a Friday night get together can be moved a few days. But if someone would strike out three times in a year, the other five could decide on a suitable action... up to and including taking all of their Fantasy Supreme stock away and not inviting them to play any more."

"That only came up once, with Collin. He *really* doesn't like to dress up for us. He earned three strikes when his luck with women was down. But we came up with an alternative punishment. The rest of us decided that he would have to go through a solid week locked up in a straightjacket. We didn't care how he handled his appointments or who wiped his ass. We also randomly checked to make sure that he was really locked up in it all the time.

"Collin agreed, and managed it. He was rather fragrant afterwards, now that I remember it," Richard said with a smile. "He is also a little more tolerant of dressing up than he used to be." "What about the rule change?" she asked.

"Collin actually suggested allowing hired women to dress up," Richard said. "We debated it, and agreed to allow it in a very limited form. Essentially, any such agreement must be formally written up. The woman must agree to be 'on duty' for 24 hours a day, seven days a week, for at least a year. She must also know that she can walk out at any time with no questions asked. They also closed the loophole that I used. The woman cannot be an employee of Fantasy Supreme. I found Susan before that rule was passed."

"The woman also cannot be under serious financial distress," he said. "Otherwise, they might be effectively 'coerced' into staying because they need the money so badly. That rule

is one reason why I was leery about you. I checked into your financial background. You were unemployed and a few months behind, but nowhere near the money problems that I've seen. You had no mounting credit card debts, your car was paid off, and no one was trying to repossess your soul. Actually, I took care of all of your bill problems and had someone clean up your apartment. If you wanted to, you could walk out right now, debt free, and with a handful of cash."

Jennifer had already thought about that possibility. "No. I'll stay awhile," she said with a smile. "As long as you remember that when you are in this house, it's my rules," he said.

"I remember," she said. "But... tonight wasn't a Friday night. And it wasn't anything like one of your Friday night get-togethers," she said.

"Ah. Another rule change. We decided to spice things up after the first year. Each of us was allowed one 'holiday' during the year. More if everyone agreed to it. During this holiday, the host was able to make up the rules for the event, as long as he told everyone about them ahead of time. It could be just about anything, as long as the rules were the same for all the guests. The host did **not** have to be playing by the same rules. If someone didn't show, they had a strike against them. But if the host made up rules so insane that no one showed up and played, the **host** had a strike marked against them.

"In the case of Henry and Vicki, the rules were that there had to be a bridesmaid there from each of us, dressed like you are, that would sit quietly on the dildoes during the ceremony. If we couldn't produce one, we had to do it ourselves. I only have to remind you of John. "In this particular case, the bridesmaid needed to be assisted off of his or her... stimulator. I think that Henri and Vicki probably left John on there for quite some time, actually. He might be heading home now, depending upon how long the newlyweds decide to honeymoon. John probably would never admit it to my face, but I bet he enjoyed it immensely. He just can't bear to do something like that without being able to blame it on someone else. His masculine ego, or something similar. On a side note, Henri and Vicki trade roles every year."

That made Jennifer pause for a moment. But it was nothing compared to the pastor! She decided to ignore it and continue. "Do you have a 'holiday?'" she asked.

Richard looked off into space. "I did, back when Susana and I were married. She even dressed up for me for a year on our Fridays. Then she started to refuse as she became more and more into her newfound dominatrix role. It's not that I wouldn't have done it on my own... but it was just the heartless, cold way that she treated me. It was like the Susana that I knew and loved was swallowed up by the dominatrix, so utterly that I couldn't recognize the woman that I fell in love with... like she was so in love with her new self that she couldn't see who I was anymore."

Richard stared off for the longest time. "I guess that she's happy now. From what I understand, she has two loyal slaves now that positively spoil her rotten. The ice has thawed some as well. I suppose that once she felt confident in her new role, she could

show her real self again.

"The real mistake was holding on for as long as I did. I should have just accepted what she was becoming, given her a kiss, and cherished the memories for what they truly were. But I just couldn't..."

Richard stopped his soliloquy and put his face in his hands. She could hear the distress in his voice as he remembered his ex-wife. "It's all right," Jennifer said. What should I say? she wondered. Is he about to cry or something?

She remembered an article in one of her magazines that mentioned that it was very hard to get guys to talk about their true feelings. Many of them were scared by deep emotions, and would flee rather than deal with them. I don't want him to flee, or send me away, she thought. Then again, this is the first time that a man has opened himself up this much to me. I wouldn't know if the article was gospel truth or a complete crock.

"We were talking about the games that you six guys play," she said, changing the subject. "How did it start for you? Did you have a woman back then to dress up for you?" she asked. Richard took a deep breath, and uncovered his face. "Actually, no. It was also decided that because I was the one to propose it, I should kick it off. I had designed my own outfit, and I had to wear my own outfit. I couldn't hire someone to wear it for me, but I did hire someone to help me get into it and out of it!"

"Do you still have it?" Jennifer asked. "I'm a packrat about things like that. I think I still have every kinky outfit that I ever wore." "Would you show me?" she asked. "It would mean a lot to me." Richard looked at her. "I haven't looked at that in a *long* time. I think that it is in storage in the basement.

The basement... I haven't been there yet. She remembered that there was one door that she had never been behind. Richard took her by the arm and supported her in her towering heels. Sure enough, they ended up at the mysterious locked door. Richard took a keyring out of his pocket and unlocked it. Jennifer watched carefully, and saw that he left it unlocked. He flipped on a switch just inside the doorway and the stairway down was now very well illuminated. Carefully, Richard guided her down the stairway.

They ended up in the middle of a long hallway. "That way," he said, pointing to her left, "I have a private bondage dungeon, some S&M equipment, and two rooms unfinished playrooms. They had much more use when Susana was here." "Shhhh... we don't have to bring her up," said Jennifer.

Richard nodded. "But this way," he said, "I have stored just about everything that I've had designed, or tried on once, or had someone else try on once. Several times I had girlfriends that didn't work out. Every time, early on, I jumped to conclusions about the relationship and had dozens of sexy outfits made up for them."

The two of them slowly walked forward, and they passed the first of four doors. "They are behind this door. I have them organized by size, style, and material... just in case."

"The next one is unused," he said. "I'll show you all of these in detail, but if I did it tonight, we would be down here until sunrise. This third door holds apparel of mine that is more masculine in intent. The door at the end, where we are approaching, holds my feminine kinky materials. I had a number of things made up in anticipation of one of the guys needing to dress up at the last second. Sometimes, they managed to get someone at the last second."

Richard opened the door and turned on the light. She was expecting to see kinky outfits strewn everywhere. Jennifer was disappointed to see that the walls were lined with unmarked drawers of varying sizes. "How is it organized?" she asked. "I use the Richard Hane random access system," he said. "I remember where eighty percent of things are. I search frantically for the other twenty percent, if I care enough about it."

Richard guided her to a drawer near the entrance. "I bet this is it," he said. He grabbed the rather large drawer by the handle and slowly pulled it out. Jennifer was surprised to see that the drawer came out almost six feet. She saw several items on it, that Richard brought out one at a time.

The first items looked like high heeled shoes. I've seen enough of those around here, Jennifer thought. Maybe six inch heels, maybe less, she thought. The next thing that he pulled out looked like a cross between a corset and a hobble skirt. As he turned it around for her to examine, she realized that it served both functions. It would extend from ankle to the armpits, and laced up the back. There were several buckling straps along each side that would probably restrain the arms quite nicely against the sides of the body. The last item was a helmet. It had open eyeholes, and nose holes. At the mouth, there was a removable gag with a breathing hole. On the inside of the gag there was a very short but wide phallus that would keep the mouth quite open. All three items looked to be made of shiny black vinyl.

"Wow," she said. "You wore that?" "Indeed I did," he said. "I didn't get into it on my own, though." "How could you sit down in that?" she asked. "Sit down?" he replied. "You must be kidding!"

Jennifer examined the hobble corset dress. As she looked at it, she saw that there was a sheath in the front, where a man's penis could stick out. The sheath appeared to be held on only with snaps and could probably be removed... Suddenly, an idea flashed through her mind. If she only had the guts to go through with it...

"Why don't you bring it upstairs?" she asked. "Why?" Richard asked. "It certainly won't fit you. Though I'm sure I could get one..." "That's not what I mean," she said. "I'd like to see what you looked like that first time," she said. "It's probably the closest thing you have to a prom picture," she said. "Or showing off your prom dress, as the case may be."

Richard looked at her for a long second, and she started to feel uncomfortable with her scheming. "All right," he said. "It **has** been a long time since I've worn this."

Jennifer carried the shoes and the helmet, while Richard dragged the corset dress up the stairs. Richard closed the door behind him, but did not lock it. He led the two of them up to his bedroom. "What first?" she asked.

"Shoes first," he said. Richard sat on his bed and put the shoes on his feet. He walked around for a bit, experimentally. Jennifer could see in the mirror that their shoes were about the same height. There was a front busk on the dress, and Richard opened it up. "You will need to help me with this," he said.

It was a challenge, but he managed to wriggle his way into it. He ended up standing up, supporting himself against the bedposts with his arms. He did some more wriggling while staring at his crotch, and she assumed that he was getting his penis in the sheath. She closed the busks up for him, in front, then began the slow and laborious process of lacing up the back. "God, this is a lot of work!" she said. "Now you know how I feel," he said.

A bit of revenge was flowing through her thoughts. She spent close to a half of an hour tightening up everything that she could. By the time that she was done, he was laboring for breath himself against his corset. Poetic justice, she thought to herself. As he stood there with his hands against the post, Jennifer picked up the helmet and slid it over his head. She deliberately did not remove the gag.

Richard let her put it on and lace it up fully in back. "We're not done yet," she said. Jennifer guided one of his arms into the straps against his corset. She buckled his arm to the corset near the shoulder, just above the elbow, and at the wrist. Then, she did the same thing to his other arm, leaving him teetering in six inch heels without being able to move his feet an inch in any direction. From ankle to armpit, he could not bend at all.

Jennifer saw that he was about to fall, and made sure that he fell onto his bed. She managed to push him all the way on his bed, lying on his back. Finally! she thought to herself. Finally, *you're* the one tied up and helpless! The taste of anticipation on her lips was sweet, indeed.

Chapter 17

She heard him trying to talk through his gag.

Jennifer walked around the bed and looked down at the black vinyl encased Robert. He turned his head and looked up at her. "I can't hear you very well," she said with a smile on her face. This would be fun! But... I don't really want him to get all pissed off about this, she thought. "Robert," she said. "You seem to be in a bit of a bind," she said, smiling at her little joke. "All those closures and lacings on your outfit are *so* complicated. I'm just a dumb woman. It would take me forever to figure them out," she said, doing her best blond bimbo imitation.

"But, I know you might be getting very upset about this. I just want to have a little fun now that you're the one in distress. I promise that by morning, I will let you out of it." She looked down at him, and could not read the look in his eyes. "If you *truly* can't trust me to do this, clench your right fist, and I'll start to get you out right now. But if you don't mind going along with your dirty minded maid, clench your left fist."

Richard didn't clench either for almost a minute. "Can't decide?" she asked. Finally, he made a fist with his left hand, and a thrill went through her. Jennifer was smiling broadly. She looked at Richard's bound form one last time. He had six plus inch black stiletto heels on his feet, a very tight black vinyl corset that went from ankles to armpits, and a black vinyl hood with eye holes, nose holes, and a gag. His arms were attached to the sides of the corset by buckling straps and could not move from their places. Out of the middle front of the corset, a black vinyl penis sheath was erect. It could be unsnapped from the corset... something that Jennifer relished the thought of. "I have something else for you to think about. I am going to get out of this purple vinyl bridesmaid's dress and boots, and run around the house naked for a while. That means that I will be out of uniform, breaking the rules. Just imagine how you are going to have to punish me for that!" she said, and gave him a kiss on his exposed neck.

Jennifer left his room, walking slowly in the six and a quarter inch stiletto heeled boots. She made it back to her room, and started the laborious process of unlacing herself from her dress and boots.

Maybe twenty minutes later, she was free of them. "Now what?" she wondered aloud. "I want to wear something to really turn him on." The thought of wearing the black rubber maid's outfit did not appeal to her, because Jennifer also wanted to surprise him. "I could check out his stash downstairs," she said aloud. Maybe there I could figure out what would turn him on best. I'm sure that the outfits that he designed himself would really turn him on!

Jennifer walked out of her room, and detoured to Richard's room before. "Look!" she said, walking over to him. "Out of uniform!" She scampered out, and went to the basement. She opened up the door to the ex-girlfriend's outfits, and turned on the light. This one was also row after row of drawers. However, there were labels on these drawers, as well as lists of contents.

Jennifer slowly walked around the room and surveyed the labels for themes. "Let's see, high heels are everywhere, and corsets are almost everywhere. I knew that already." She continued to look, and saw some other themes. "Hmmm... it seems that about half of these say 'hobble skirt', and most of the ones that don't say that say 'tight skirt' instead. Richard really likes that, doesn't he," she said.

That presented Jennifer with a problem. She wouldn't mind wearing one, but that would get in the way with what she wanted to do with Richard. "Aha!" she said, as she spotted another label. '6" shoes, size 8 1/2. Corset, black, satin, 19" (autocorset ready). Hobble skirt, black, rubber. Full back 2-way zipper.'

"That's it!" she said, opening up the drawer. The corset was smaller than she had worn yet, but she wouldn't have to lace it all the way up. She just wanted a skirt that was easy to remove when she wanted to.

She pulled out the contents of the drawer. The shoes had the familiar locking mechanism that she was used to. The rubber hobble skirt fit the description. It looked that it would fit her very tightly, but there was a zipper that extended from floor to waist, with zippers on the top and bottom.

The corset had her confused. It would extend from the top of her butt to the middle of her breasts, with half breast cups and a high back. But there were no lacings at all, and no opening in back. Instead, in front, there were two metallic strips with metal loops on the very top and bottom. Projecting from one of the strips were a half dozen very short metal rods that ended in hooks. They looked like they would enter the other metal strip via a very thin slot in the metal. Between the metal strips, there was a very long tongue of black satin material.

There was one more thing in the drawer. This looked to be some sort of mechanical device, with two electric motors and a pair of short blunt metal hooks for each motor. There was an electrical plug for a wall outlet.

Something clicked with Jennifer. "Ah! The motors will pull the corset in place, then the little hooks will hold it closed. This will be much easier than lacing. She took her outfit and the device and ran up to her room.

First, she put on the shoes and locked them in place. Her next project was the corset. She first had to put the corset around her body. Then, she attached the hooks of the corseting device to the loops on the front of the corset. She made sure that the tongue of black satin would protect the flesh at the front of her chest from being caught between the metal strips. Last, she plugged the device into the wall.

There was the whining of electrical motors, but nothing seemed to happen. She brought her hands up to the front of the corset, and found that it was indeed closing slowly.

Her breath became more and more labored as the motors labored. She had to grab ahold of one of her bedposts and pant as the two metal strips neared each other. "Wasn't I planning to leave the lacings open?" she whispered aloud as the machine neared the end. "Click. Click click click click. Click click click click click click. The motors on the device suddenly stopped. Somehow, Jennifer managed to disconnect the machine from her corset and put it on the dresser.

She had to rest before putting on the skirt. She wanted to make a good entrance, so she left the bottom zipper at the floor. Jennifer unzipped the top zipper and managed to wriggle inside of it while sitting on the bed. She stood up and zipped it up in front of her. The skirt was tighter than she had guessed. Her feet could only take four-inch steps in the skintight rubber hobble skirt. As she made for the door, she saw her reflection in the mirror.

Locked on six-inch patent spiked heel shoes adorned her feet. Just above them, an ultra-tight shiny black hobble skirt began, and went all the way up to her nineteen-inch corseted waist.

This black satin corset was the most extreme that she had ever worn. After the machine had done its work, there was no obvious opening in the corset. Her ultra-narrow waist was countered by a very full chest. The breast cups kept the breasts upright and perky, and the top half of each nipple was visible. "This ought to get him hard," she said as she slowly walked out of his room.

The heels and skirt were so restrictive, that it must have been ten minutes before she arrived at Richard's room. Jennifer was becoming hot in the crotch with anticipation, and this was without the aid of any intrusive vaginal devices. She slowly opened up his door, and she saw him crane his head around. He couldn't see her quite yet.

"I'm sorry for the wait," she said. "But I had to get done up all special for you," she said. When he caught full sight of her, she swear that she saw the sheath on his black vinyl body corset move. Jennifer smiled at this. "Do you like?" she asked. There was a mumbled response from her gagged employer. Ever so slowly, she walked over to him. "I thought that you would appreciate this," she said breathlessly. The breathless part was more because of the corset than by design.

Jennifer sat down on the bed and wriggled over next to him. Richard was on the center of the bed, so that by the time that Jennifer was next to him, she was entirely on the bed herself. She sat down next to his crotch and angled her lower body towards his upper body so that he could get a very clear look at what she was wearing. Jennifer raised her ankles up and wriggled her shoes around for him to see.

"Are you a little excited by this?" she asked as she put one of her hands on his vinyl sheathed penis. It barely moved at all. "Maybe we'll just have to do something about it. Slowly, ever so slowly, she unsnapped the sheath that kept his manhood chained in place. It took her some effort to get the sheath off of his manhood. When it was off, she saw why. His erect penis was bigger around than the width of the sheath. He must have been mighty uncomfortable! Jennifer thought.

Slowly and gently, she used her hands to stroke his penis. It was rock hard, and hot under her touch. I'm not going to make it easy on you, she thought, remembering Richard's teasing tongue. Several minutes of gentle stroking left him hard. She thought she felt something twitch inside of his black body corset, so she stopped and grinned at him. "Close?" she asked.

His only reply was a groan. Jennifer wriggled around and managed to lie down on her front. Her corseted and rubber skirted rear was right next to his head. She twitched her butt muscles and wriggled her legs when she knew that he was looking. Jennifer leaned over him and brought her tongue into play. She licked around the base of his penis, then ever so gently licked the underside of his penis while holding the base with one of her

hands. She felt it twitch in her hands. Semen suddenly shot out of his intensely erect penis and hit the mirror some fifteen feet away. "Christ!" she said aloud as he continued to spew forth his fluids. A good amount of it made a mess on his black vinyl corset dress. She heard him moan and try to wriggle within his confining outfit. But he had designed it too well and all he could do is rotate his high heeled feet. I guess this kinky stuff *really* turns him on, she thought. I've never even heard of a guy coming that easily. As she tried to breath in the corset, Jennifer realized that 'easily' was a matter of perspective.

"What a mess you've made!" she said in mock anger. She took the corner of a bed sheet and used it to wipe the thick fluid off of his corset. "What am I to do with you?" she asked. Richard's penis started to become limp. All that she had to do was wriggle her butt and bring her hobble skirted legs even closer to his face. His penis was instantly hard again. "Again?" she asked. "I don't know about this. I think that you've been a bad boy. Do you deserve any more tonight? Maybe I should just put the sheath on you and prance around in front of you for awhile. What do you think?"

Richard let out a long, incomprehensible groan. "Well, if you put it *that* way," she said. Let's just see how hot my outfit and his makes him, she thought. She brought her head down on his groin, and brought her lips down on the underside of his , near his base. She gently sucked, but didn't move up the length of his penis or use any hard pressure. Jennifer did this for maybe ten minutes, while wriggling her lower half around in front of him. She was about to try something else when she felt a familiar twitching in his penis.

Another wad of semen was ejected from his penis. This one only made it to the edge of the bed. Again, while moaning in pleasure, he made a mess of his shiny black corset. "I just don't know what I'm going to do with you," she said, shaking her head. "No self control at all."

Jennifer decided to see what kind of limits Richard had. She didn't even bother to clean him up. Instead, she sat back up and grabbed ahold of his penis. With full pressure and range of motion, she used her hand like a piston to stimulate him. She had to switch hands, but forty minutes brought three climaxes. "Are you sure that you haven't starred in a porn movie?" she said. His response was mumbled.

Richard's penis, although moderately large, did not have the superhuman mass that she had seen in her two X-rated movie experiences. And after the third time, it took her less than a minute of rubbing her rubber clad legs against his bare arm and stroking his penis to bring it back to full hardness again.

"And to think that I've been wasting all of that," she said. Jennifer leaned back on the bed, and unzipped her skirt. She slithered out of it, showing her bare legs and dripping crotch in stark contrast to her extreme black satin corset and long six inch spiked heels. Moving carefully in her corset, she straddled his slick black vinyl corseted body and guided his erect penis into her wet and waiting receptacle. "Ooooh," she said as it slid in. She gently moved her hips back and forth against the slick vinyl. She moved his penis back and forth inside of her, bringing it up against her aching clit.

It only took her a few minutes to reach her height of pleasure. When she was there, she collapsed on top of him, with his penis still inside of her, and struggled to regain her breath against the extreme tightness of her corset. She could feel him trying to thrust, but the corset held his legs and torso rigid. All he could do was thrash his shoulders about, clench his fists, and twitch his high heeled feet about.

At least I can recover between orgasms, she thought to herself. Even if I am wearing a corset, I don't have to screw until I pass out! She righted herself and looked down at him. "Is something wrong?" she asked. There was only a short groan from Richard. Jennifer resumed her grinding and sliding, and it took her less than ten minutes to reach orgasm again.

Again, she collapsed on top of him to recover. He was still rock hard inside of her. It took Jennifer longer to recover this time. The third time, as she orgasmed, she finally felt him shooting his sexual fluids inside of her. She smiled as she collapsed on top of him yet again. "Was that good for you?" she asked as she recovered from this experience. Richard moaned a great long moan through his gag.

"I'll be back," she said as she disengaged from him. She had to truly concentrate to walk in the heels with echoes of sexual pleasure still bouncing around her body. She went to the bathroom, took a wet washcloth, and soaked it with warm water. Jennifer cleaned herself up, then Richard.

She was not quite in the mood to continue yet. So, she returned to the bed, and wriggled her way back into the rubber hobble skirt. "You like me to wear this?" she asked him. A half erect cock that suddenly reached a full erection was her answer. Jennifer teased the tip of his penis with her fingers for the longest time. Then, she unzipped the skirt and found her position on top of him once again. He's going to get no sleep tonight, Jennifer vowed. But for that matter, neither will I.

Chapter 18

Jennifer was lying on top of the still bound and corseted Richard, almost but not quite snoozing in her own ultra-tight corset and heels, when she saw the sun starting to poke through his almost closed curtains. "Morning?" she said, wearily. Richard's penis was still inside of her. It wasn't very hard at the moment, but a bit of grinding on her part brought it to life.

There was mumbling from inside Richard's gag. "Time to let you out," she said wearily as she slid off of the black vinyl that still covered his body. Before starting that, she teetered in her heels over to the bathroom and cleaned herself up with a washcloth.

Jennifer walked back over to the bed and started to untie his arm. It took her a minute or

so to do that. Richard immediately reached over and started to work on the restraints of his other arm. "Turn your head," said Jennifer. He did so, and she unlaced his black hood from his head. A minute later, both of his arms were free and he was able to talk for the first time in hours. "Did you have fun?" he said. She wasn't sure if there was sarcasm in his voice or not.

"I would have to say so," she said. "You might want to roll over on your side so I can work on those back lacings." Between the two of them, Richard managed to roll over onto one side. Jennifer sat down behind him and started to undo the very tight lacings. "How long were you in this thing when you first wore it?" she asked. "Not this long," he said. There was a pause as she worked on some stubborn lacing. "You can truly be a devious woman, you know?" he said.

"Why, thank you!" she said. "So, have I been a bad girl? How are you going to punish me?" she asked. "Oh, I know that I will think of something appropriate," he said. "And *long*. You still have one stored up from when you went into my closet." "Did you like my outfit?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," he asked. "I was very surprised to see you in the corset," he said. "You managed to figure out how to get into it," he said. "I think that I might be able to work the front busks now." Jennifer and Richard worked on the corset for a couple more minutes, then he was free of it. All that was left was the shoes on his feet.

"I'm very tired," said Jennifer. "And I bet that you are too. Can you wait to punish me until we get some sleep?" she asked. Richard paused, then nodded. "How do I get out of this corset, anyway?" she asked. Richard smiled at that. "There isn't an easy way, actually. It requires a very special tool that I'm not sure if I have. I'll probably have to have it specially made." "Have it made?" she asked. "How long is that going to take?" she asked.

"Oh, when I get around to it," he said. "Now, go get some sleep," he said as he handed the hobble skirt to her. "Oh god!" she said when she was in the hallway. Even after wearing the corset for hours, she still thought that it was *damn* tight! "I bet he knows exactly how to open this thing up," she said. "This is just his idea of a punishment!" And she'd probably pass out even more easily with his style of sex. It was only because she was in control of the pace that she was able to function sexually in the corset for that length of time. Well, she had asked if he was going to punish her. It looks like she had chosen her own punishment.

She was again walking in the clouds, with her impossibly high heels and dress made of clouds. The two green birds appeared, circling overhead.

"Beginning!" screamed one. "Ending!" screamed the other.

The two birds dove down onto her, and with several powerful beats of their wings they blew her vapory dress. One of them grabbed her by the shoulders and lifted her up, while the other tore at the straps of her shoes with its sharp talons and beak.

"What?" she said as her shoes fell away. The birds brought her lower and lower, closer, and closer to the ground. No, wait, thought Jennifer. That's the ocean that we're over...

"Take a tailfeather," said the one that was not carrying her. It flew next to her, within arms reach. Jennifer reached out and plucked a long full feather from the creature's tail. She tucked it behind her ear. "Remember us," said the one that was carrying her. "The feather can help you." "Remember!" screeched the free flying one as she was released from the bird's grasp. She fell into the ocean with a mighty splash.

Jennifer found herself in a coral reef, with colors and creatures everywhere. She inhaled, and found it to be pleasant and fresh.

A seahorse swam over to her shoulder. It was less than a foot long. "Your prince travels overhead," it said in a squeaky voice.

Jennifer looked down, and saw that she was no longer human. Instead of legs, she now had a long, elegant fish tail. "I'm a mermaid," she said with wonder.

"Hurry, or you will miss him," it said.

With powerful strokes of her fin, she made her way to the surface. As she did, she saw a ship in the distance. She swam over to it, and saw Richard at the wheel, as other men scrambled about the rigging.

She dove below water, and found that the seahorse was still there. "What do I do?" she asked.

"Sing for him," he said. "Sing for his heart."

"Me? Sing?" she said. "I want him to stay, not to run in terror!"

"Sing," the seahorse insisted.

Taking a deep breath, she again surfaced. The ship was slowly sailing away from her, picking up speed.

She opened up her mouth, and tried her best to sing. It started out ragged, but soon gained an unearthly, hypnotic quality to it. The ship continued to recede, so she swam closer and did it again.

The ship continued to pick up speed, and she knew that she couldn't keep up with it. Jennifer saw Richard leaning over the back of the ship. He took something and threw it towards her.

She submerged and chased after it. She saw it falling towards the ocean floor... With a desperate burst of speed, she swam over and snatched it before a lurking octopus grabbed it with a tentacle. Jennifer looked in her hand, and saw that she had a steel key.

The seahorse was again at her side. "What is it," she asked it.

"It is the key to his heart," it said. "But you must find his heart to use it."

Then the watery world around her started to dissolve, as she slowly awoke and returned to the real world.

She awoke to the grumbling of her stomach. Though how it could grumble in its present predicament was beyond her. Jennifer managed to get out of bed. She found that she had not removed her locked on shoes from her feet before going to bed. Oh, well, she thought as she made her way to the bathroom before heading for the kitchen.

The house was dead as she made her way to the kitchen in her nineteen inch black satin corset and six inch spiked heels. Remembering what the corset did to her appetite, she prepared a very small plate of food from the selection in the refrigerator. "Someone should go shopping soon," she observed. The clock on the microwave revealed that it was five in the evening. The small plate of food satisfied her. She was surprised to find that she was getting horny again. "There must be something to this frequent sex," she said. Jennifer washed her plate off and made her way to Richard's room.

When she arrived, she found the door unlocked. Richard was asleep in bed, naked and without any particular sex toys attached. The black corset dress was still next to the bed. Jennifer was about to close the door and leave when Richard woke up. "Is that you, Jennifer?" he said. "Who else would it be," she replied as she stepped in. "What are you doing up?" he asked. "I was hungry," she said. "And, well... I'm horny again, I guess," she said. Richard laughed at this. "You are amazing, you know that?" he said.

She felt herself blushing as he turned on the lights to the room. "Thank you," she said, shyly. Somehow, it was tough for her to take compliments. She had so few of them that she could remember in her life... "You are horny again. Do you have something to suggest?" he said. "I'm not planning to dress in the corset for you again, you know," he said.

Jennifer thought furiously. Maybe I'll suggest something up his alley. He probably won't go for jumping on top of me right now. He seems to like elaborate things. "I remember... when you had me in the red rubber hobble dress, with the vibrating belt, you told me that I needed to increase my threshold for pleasure," she said. "I seem to remember that you were coming **very** easily last night. Maybe you need to work on your self-control, too?" she asked. "You have something specific in mind?" he asked.

An idea crystallized in her mind. "Why don't we have a contest," she said. "You remember that timer thingy you had me hooked up to, with the button? Didn't you say that there was a version that worked for men, too? Something about detecting when you ejaculate?" "Indeed I did," he said. There was a very pleased look on his face. "That devious part of your mind seems to be working in overdrive now. Have I created a monster?"

"Actually, I was thinking that we could make it a competition," she said. That ought to appeal to his male ego. "First one to get their timer down to zero wins." Richard thought about that. "Intriguing. I like it. Anything else? What does the winner get?" he asked. "I'm not sure what the winner gets. I was figuring that you have all sorts of automatic locks and such. Can you rig it that each of us can't get out till the timer reaches zero?" she asked. "My, you **are** thinking! I could do that. It would take me ten minutes or so to assemble the parts." "Also," she said, thinking furiously, "we sit facing each other... and wear what we want," she said, with sudden inspiration.

"A minor detail," he said, fully awake. "But let me add a detail. Let's do it blind... and turn the timer readouts away from us, so that there is no way to tell how much time is left. But what about the reward for winning," he asked. "Well, I bet that we both want very different things if we win," she said. "Very well then," Richard said. "You can name your

prize now, and I will name mine. You first?" "All right. I want you to get this corset off of me and spend all day tomorrow making love to me *without* any corset on me!" she asked. "I want to experience it without passing out! And when I say making love, I mean no sex toys, vibrating or not!"

Richard grinned and chuckled. "I hear you! Ah, but I get such a charge out of watching a damsel faint under my gentle touch," he said. "Try it without the corset then," she said. "Very well. But if I win..." he said, "You spend tomorrow with the corset, and will be touched *only* by vibrating sex toys for the whole day." Ack! The opposite of what I asked for. "Get everything set up," she said. "I think that your double dildo belt is in your bedroom dresser," he said. "Make sure to make sure your bowels are empty before you put it on.

They sat in Richard's den. Richard had worn a pair of rubber trousers. Under that, he had on a chastity belt with vibrating penis sheath and vibrating butt plug. His legs were bound to his chair, and his hands were behind his back. A wire ran from the metal box that would hold his wrists together, to the chastity belt, and down to a box that was plugged into the wall. This belt of Richards did not cover the head of his penis. There was some sort of tiny electrical device that was adhesively attached there that would sense when he ejaculated, and add to his timer for doing it.

Jennifer was wearing her six and a quarter inch high heels from her maid's outfit, and the very tight hobble skirt that she had worn last night. Her legs, too, were bound to the chair. She was wearing her nineteen inch corset, but that was not visible under the rubber French-maid's outfit that she had put on over it. The outfit covered her from crotch to neck, and down to her hands as well. She wore rubber gloves, so that the only part of her flesh that was visible was her face. I have on every damn kinky thing that could possibly turn you on! she thought. Take that and try not to cum! Her button was in her hands, and her chastity belt was in place under the hobble skirt. "I'm ready when you are," she said.

Both of them wore their bedtime wrist restraints with the odd forks on the end. Almost in unison, the two of them plugged in their cuffs. As the electronic boxes detected that they were now bound in place, the vibrators inside of them came to life. Jennifer made sure to moan and wriggle against her rubber outfit. She had to stop herself after a few minutes, as her wriggling was only making it worse. She was going higher and higher... Jennifer looked over at Richard. His eyes were not focused, and she saw him trying to breathe in a controlled fashion. Damn you, she thought as the phalluses in her kept bringing her higher and higher. Oh, God, here it comes!

Jennifer closed her eyes, twisted and fought, using every last ounce of will to avoid pushing the button in her hands. Finally, the avalanche of sensations started to subside. She opened her eyes, and looked over at Richard.

Suddenly, his cock sprang to life. The vibrations ended for him as his juices shot out from his penis. They landed almost directly between her breasts, and slowly dripped down her rubber outfit. "Richard!" she said aloud. "This was your idea," he said as his vibrations had

not yet resumed. Jennifer fought again as another wave of pleasure snuck up on her. "Oh, please... she said. She simply had to use the button this time. After she reached her peak, the vibrations in her came to a halt. She panted against the corset and looked over to Richard. "You have first blood," he said. "Or semen, as the case may be."

Chapter 19

"Yes!!!!!!" screamed Jennifer as the vibrations stopped in her groin. Richard's vibrations were still going strong. "You win, you voluptuous vixen," he said.

Jennifer bent over as best she could in her outfit and fumbled with the restraints at her ankles. She was nearly breathless in her ultratight corset, but managed to get her legs unbuckled.

She stood up triumphantly in her six inch locked on heels. There were several blobs of cum on her, one between her breasts and three on her ever so tight hobble skirt. "Look at what a mess you've made," she said, with her latex gloved hands on her corset and rubber exaggerated hips.

"You set the stage," he said. His cock was still hard in his belt as the vibrator continued to buzz and stimulate it. She knew that there was another vibrator attached to a butt plug inside of him.

Jennifer unzipped her hobble skirt and unplugged the cord from her belt. She walked over to the boxes. She saw that hers displayed a blinking zero, while his had thirty minutes still left on it. He did hit me with his semen enough times, she thought.

"What about me?" Richard asked. "You are done when the time runs out," she said. "Oh, you cruel woman," he said.

Jennifer grinned a devious smile as she took her skirt and walked to the bathroom. "Let's watch him squirm," she said, as she cleaned wiped up her black latex maid's outfit and black hobble skirt.

Jennifer walked back to his den, and stopped outside of it to put the hobble skirt back on. She left the bottom zipper unzipped up to the knees. Now, when she walked in, her ankles were free, but her knees were still almost immovable against each other.

"Richard," she said as she slinked her way over to him. "I just wanted to say goodnight," she said to him. "Goodnight," he said, with a smile on his face. "In a special way," she said. She walked directly in front of him, showing her full backside to him. Then she sat down on his lap, and put her latex covered arms around his chest.

Jennifer pushed her tight rubber covered breasts against him and kissed him deeply. He

looked surprised by this, but quickly participated in the kissing. "How are you doing," she said as she stroked his back with her black gloved hands. She saw a shiver go through him. Jennifer wriggled around on his lap, making sure to jostle his vibrating penis. A minute later, her efforts were rewarded. He ejaculated yet again, hitting the side of her hobble skirt.

"It seems like *you* are the one who has to work on their threshold for pleasure," she said. "You twisted woman," he said with a smile on his face. Jennifer smiled back and stood up. She walked out of the room, and saw that his timer now read 53 minutes. "Goodnight," she said with a smile as she left the room.

Jennifer returned to her room and took off her hobble skirt. She cleaned it up again, then went to the keys on the ring. "Wait a sec," she thought. Jennifer went over to the temperature controls in the room and turned the room down a few degrees, then turned the lights down. "If he comes in here in the morning and sees me like this, he'll be hot and ready to go in the morning."

She was still wearing her special bedtime cuffs from the competition with Richard. Jennifer, with the skirt in her hands, worked her way face up to the center of the bed. She put the control wire through the skirt and plugged it into her belt. Then she slipped the hobble skirt up and zipped it completely up.

Jennifer wriggled up the bed and fastened her wrists to the chain at the head of the bed. She was immediately greeted by a double vibration that was not normal for her sleeping arrangements. "This one has *two* vibrators," she said as she wriggled on the bed. Within minutes, she was moaning and thrashing as best her rubbery restraints would allow.

With a final last dying hum, her belt lost power. Jennifer, awake now, found that her hands were free of their restraints. Richard was not yet there. Jennifer stayed there in bed and turned her body towards the doorway, waiting for him.

Richard arrived a few minutes later. When he opened the door, he saw her all dressed in skintight rubber, from her gloves and maid outfit to her hobble skirt. Her shoes were still on as well. "Would you mind helping me disrobe?" she said. "We have a *busy* daytoday."

Richard smiled but was silent as he walked in. He did indeed help her disrobe, and within twenty minutes she was left only in her corset. Her feet felt funny and tight from being in heels so long. "This too," she said, pointing at her corset.

Richard took out a long flat metal tool that slid between the locking front busks. He moved it back and forth in a way that she could not understand. Then, he went over to the corseting device and re-attached it to the front of her corset. "I have to tighten the corset slightly to release the hooks," he said, as he turned it on.

Even another quarter of an inch felt so tight to Jennifer. He moved the tool up suddenly,

and she felt something change with the corset. Richard reversed the motors on the corseting device. Slowly, the corset opened up, allowing her to breath fully for the first time in over a day.

"Do you wish to freshen up first, or would you rather start right away," he said. The impulse was strong, but she elected to take a quick shower first. "I want to really enjoy today," she said. "I'll just be a few minutes."

When she emerged from the shower, Richard was waiting there with a blindfold. "What is that for?" she asked. "You didn't say anything about blindfolds," he said. Jennifer sighed, but allowed him to tie it around her head.

Richard first led her to the kitchen, and fed her a breakfast. Afterwards, he led her out of the kitchen. She found herself navigating a set of stairs down. "What are we doing?" she asked. "You'll see," he said. "You won't have to be patient much longer."

"Mmmmm!" she moaned aloud.

Jennifer was still blindfolded, and now she was tied spread-eagle to an X-shaped wooden rack. This rack was below her, supporting her arms, legs, and torso. It was padded and comfortable, except for the restraints at the corners that kept her wrists and ankles in place.

There was no excess material in the rack except what was needed to keep her in place and about three feet above the floor. Because of this, Richard was able to sit on the floor, and his head was right at her wet, waiting crotch. Richard resumed his work, and continued to nibble on the outside of her labia. He slowly worked his way in, starting at the very top of her pussy.

"Oh!" she moaned aloud. "That feels *so* good!" And I won't pass out this time! she vowed. Jennifer lost track of time as he slowly brought his tongue into play. He moved it around inside of her, just barely brushing her clitoris. Then he turned his attentions elsewhere as she panted.

He did this four more times, and Jennifer moved her hips around, trying to get his tongue to stay against her pleasure spot. But he was careful, and her movements did not get her any closer to release. "God!" she said aloud. "I'm *so* close!"

Richard did not seem to hear her. He leisurely kept his attention just above her clit. He stroked her legs with his hands as he progressed. Closer, oh, so close... In his style, he suddenly went from teasing to ravishing. His tongue now pushed against her clit, and rapidly wriggled up and down in her wet, waiting pussy.

It was only seconds before the pleasure took ahold of her. Her arms and legs strained against their restraints. She tried to close her legs around his head, to get him to stop, but he insistently continued. "God! Stop!" she screamed. "I can't take this!"

"Stop?" he asked as he brought his face free of her crotch. "Do you mean that the day is over for you?" "No!" she said aloud. Slowly, the pleasure passed through her. "Only if you tell me not to stop," he said.

"Don't stop!" she said aloud. Grinning, he immediately moved his mouth between her legs and within seconds found her clitoris with his tongue yet again. "Richard!" she screamed out as he sent her soaring again. He relented this time as her pelvis bucked around wildly.

"You like?" he asked. She could not see the look on his face. "God yes!" she said. "Oh, Richard. That was wonderful!"

He brought his hands along her legs, then felt her narrow waist and tender breasts. Slowly, he massaged them, moving in circles closer and closer to her nipples. He paused there for a moment, then let go of her entirely for a moment. When she felt him again, his lips were once again at her crotch.

He left her lying there after she had been brought to several heights of pleasure. When he returned, he started by kissing her. First, gently on the lips. As she strained up for more, he worked down her neck, then between her breasts. Richard lingered a moment at her bellybutton, then worked his way down her leg. When he worked his way back up, he again started his slow, gentle massage of her pussy with his lips.

"Oh, ohohohooooo!" she said as his lips brought her to yet another climax. Jennifer had lost track of the number of times she had felt that. She was surprised to feel him untying her from the rack, and taking off her blindfold. Her eyes were not accustomed to the light, and she squinted at him. "It's lunchtime," he said. "If you would care to accompany me upstairs, for a light lunch?" he asked.

She was on his bed, now. The six inch heels were locked onto her feet, and her legs were spread wide by the metal spreader bar. Jennifer's arms were held wide apart by another spreader bar, and a chain connected it to the wall. Again, she was blindfolded.

Richard was on top of her, slowly thrusting inside of her. She had no choice but to spread her legs wide for him, but she would not have it any other way now. "Richard," she said aloud. "Oh, Richard!"

"Yes, Jennifer?" he replied without missing a long, slow stroke. He paused with his penis deep inside of her to gently suck on her nipples. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"You're doing it!" she let out. "Just keep doing it. More!" she pleaded as he continued his slow, relentless pace.

Richard sped up ever so slowly. She tried to twist around on the bed, but couldn't. "Ooooh!" she said as she bent her knees as far as they could be bent. His pace was no longer leisurely. Jennifer clenched her fists and twisted her stiletto heeled shoes around in

their restraints. "I'm sooooo close!" Richard held his pace right there. Jennifer twisted and thrashed on the bed. She arched her back and tried to move down the bed, to take him inside of her just that little bit more..."Aaaaaaaa!" she exclaimed as every muscle in her body tensed up. "Please! Harder! Please!" she begged, right on the threshold. Richard switched gears, from his relentless beat to one of frantic urgency. Jennifer went over the top, and screamed at the top of her lungs.

Richard paused for only second to let her recover. Then he pounded into her again, bringing her to another thunderous peak. Jennifer thrashed about in her restraints, but could do nothing to affect the sensations in her crotch. "Please....! not... ohhhh!" she moaned as another one swept through her sweat covered body. As she finally felt him ejaculate inside of her, she felt a moment of triumph. I didn't pass out, she said as he pulled out of her.

Chapter 20

There was a warm glow of pleasure wandering around under her skin as Richard released her arms and legs from the bars. "What now?" she asked dreamily. Richard removed her blindfold, but she didn't bother to open her eyes. "The day is over, and evening has started," Richard said. "Come on. I took the liberty of ordering pizza for supper. It's on the table now."

"Pizza!" she exclaimed. Her stomach grumbled as Richard unlocked the shoes from her feet. "I haven't had that in weeks!" She opened her eyes and saw that Richard was also naked. She followed him out of his room and to the kitchen. Jennifer grabbed a piece of pizza before she even sat down. Richard sat down and joined her.

"You didn't *have* to stop then," she said. "I might have gone on longer, but we are going to have guests over tonight." "Guests?" she asked. "What guests?"

"Henry and his wife Vicki are coming over. It seems that he has finally untied his wife after their renewal of vows, so they can now socialize again. He told me that he'd like to use the pool. He has not yet had one installed."

"When did you talk to him?" she asked. "I returned his message and ordered pizza during our brief breaks," he said. "I didn't want to be gone for too long, so I kept my calls brief."

Jennifer thought back, and guessed that he would have had enough time to do that. "Are you going to give me a swimsuit to wear?" she asked. Richard nodded. "Actually, if you would clean up supper, I'll attend to that detail right now," he said. She cleaned up the table and put the leftover pizza in the refrigerator. Jennifer sat down and waited briefly for Richard to return.

When he did, Jennifer had a funny feeling when she saw what he was holding. "This is it,"

he said with a smile as he handed the blue rubber garment over to her. He was wearing only tight rubber swim trunks himself. She spread it out on the table. It was made of blue rubber and would extend from her breasts down to her toes. It had a zipper in back and would hold her legs together. At the bottom, there was a single swimming fin. In short, it was a mermaid's tail.

Her underwater dream suddenly came to mind. "Are you alright?" he asked as she stared off into space. "I'm fine," she said suddenly. Jennifer unzipped it and slipped into it.

Richard had to help her zip it up in back. When it was on, she found that the fin was made of very rigid rubber, and her feet were bent straight down. She couldn't even stand up on dry ground, much less walk. There was a subtle pattern of scales worked right into the texture of the rubber. Both of her breasts were covered, but with the skintight material over them, they moved as if they were not covered at all.

"When are they going to be over?" she asked. The distinctive sound of the doorbell interrupted their conversation. "I'd say that they are already here," he said. "I'll get you to poolside first." Richard picked her up, and carried her to the side of the inground pool. She had strange feelings about wearing it... but definitely liked the feeling of his hands around her, sweeping her off of her feet...

Her dream was interrupted as he put her down. "I'll be right back," he said, giving her a quick kiss on the lips. Jennifer's heart raced when he did, and she was left aching when his lips left her face.

A minute later, Richard returned with his two guests. Both Henry and Vicki were wearing long bathrobes. From her low vantage point' Jennifer could see that Vicki was wearing red stiletto sandals, that were probably six inches in height.

"Now that's an interesting bathing suit," Henry said as he saw her lounging at the side of the pool. "We could get one for Vicki fairly quickly," Richard said. Henry's wife looked at Jennifer and studied her up and down. "It looks good on her," she said. "I don't think it fits my style," said Henry. "But I can see the appeal."

Jennifer quickly found out what Henry's style was. All three of them sat down in chairs very close to her and the edge of the pool. First, Henry and Vicki took off their bathrobes. Henry was wearing rubber bathing trunks, like Richards. There was a zipper in front, which would allow easy access to the male organs withing.

Vicki wore a bikini that looked to be made of shiny red latex, and six inch high stiletto sandals with long lacings that wound up her ankles. Jennifer saw that the crotch of her bathing suit was open, allowing free access to her vagina.

Richard and Henry started to talk about stock prices of high tech companies. Vicki listened for a few minutes, then left her chair and sat down next to Jennifer.

"Nice outfit," Vicki said. "Really shows you off." "Thank you," said Jennifer. "Richard

wanted me to wear it tonight," she said. "Why don't you swim across the pool in it. I want to see how you swim in it," she said. "I'll walk around and meet you there," she said.

Jennifer was curious herself. She slid into the pool, with a momentary shock as the cooler water touched her skin. Vicki was already on her stiletto heeled feet, walking around the pool with sharp clicking sounds from her shoes.

Jennifer used a modified breaststroke to make her way across the pool. She was able to propel herself by moving the tail up and down. She could tell that it gave her quite a bit of power in the water, but it was hard to synchronize with her arms. When she reached the other side, Vicki was waiting for her there. Jennifer stayed in the pool, with her hand on the edge. "What did you think?" she asked.

"Neat," she said. "I may have to get one, whether or not Henry thinks that it his style," she said. "*I* would be the one wearing it." Vicki sat down at the edge of the pool, and Jennifer pulled herself out and sat down on the edge, with her tail in the water.

"Henry tells me that you're the 'hired help'," said Vicki. Jennifer nodded. "It started that way, but..." she trailed off, unsure of what she should tell the woman. "But... it's gone further than that?" she said. Jennifer nodded. "He offered me more money than I'd ever thought I would be able to make. I started here because of that. Now... I don't even think about the money."

"You took us all by storm," she said. "One day, Richard is pining away alone in his huge mansion. The next day, you are there, out of nowhere. We have been just a *little* curious about it all," she said. "And Richard has hardly been leaving his house as of late, to come over and socialize with us. Talk about rumors now..."

"He almost didn't hire me," she said. "I think he was looking for someone that... knew more about his... unusual interests," she said indirectly. "You mean you didn't know he was kinky to the bone when you started working?" she said. "God, he had balls to do that."

"I begged him for the job," she said. "Now, I'm so glad that he hired me. I've never met a man like him before." Vicki smiled and chuckled at that. "He sure is different," she said. "I hear that when Richard first started to seriously talk to the guys about his interests, they were surprised at how bizarre he was. He took them places that they had never gone before, so to speak."

"What does he like?" she asked, with an idle flick of her tail. "What does Richard *really* like?" "You might know that better than I do," she said, twirling her stiletto heeled shoes around. "I know that he really likes his women to be in heels and corsets as much as possible. Rubber is a big plus. He has a thing for hobble skirts, so your swimwear doesn't surprise me."

"That sounds familiar," Jennifer said. "I... I really like spending time here, with Richard" she said, "although I'm not sure if I like every last detail. But things like the corset and the heels... I'm getting used to them. But... somehow, there is a part of him that he always

keeps hidden. I don't know how to put it... when he made love to me today..." Jennifer broke off and started blushing after she blurted that out.

"You were at our renewal," Vicki said. "What could you have to be embarrassed about after seeing that? You were riding the dildoes right there. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that Richard was probably enjoying the personal services of his maid," she said. "Go on. Part that is hidden... when he made love to me today..." she prompted.

"When he made love to me today," Jennifer resumed, "It was like he was putting on a performance. It was wonderful... but he wasn't really making love to me. He was putting on a show for my benefit," she said. "A *good* show," Jennifer said, with a smile on her face. "What do you want?" Vicki asked.

Jennifer thought about that as she ran her hands through the warm water of the pool. "I want to *really* get to know him," she said. "I want him to not seize up whenever something reminds him of his ex-wife," she said. "Maybe... I want to stay for a long time," she admitted.

Vicki thought about that. "I don't know how much I can help you with Susana," she said. "We only know bits and pieces of what really went on. But... one of the things that really turns him on, is when a woman takes the initiative and plays to his desires. He wants a woman that *wants* to be used by him, tied up, paraded around in kinky outfits. He wants a woman that will surprise him with things that he hasn't thought of or hasn't had the courage to ask to do. "I know that because we had a really long talk several years ago, before he started seeing Susana seriously. Actually, I think that he mentioned a few other things that he would like to do..."

"Like what?" she asked.

"He likes the idea of going out in public with kinky stuff underneath," she said. "He likes women that are elegantly dressed up, from head to toe, because so much kinky stuff can be underneath," she said. "He told me a very vivid fantasy of his once. He said that he would like to go to the opera with a woman that was dressed up in a fancy gown. But underneath, she had on so much bondage and rubber that she could barely walk."

Jennifer thought about that for a few moments. "But... aren't guys usually turned on by seeing what they think is sexy?" she asked. "I think that Richard is a little different," Vicki said. "I think that if he just *knew* what was under the dress, it would get him rock hard."

"I don't know if he ever did that with Susana. Actually, I suspect that he didn't. I think that he was afraid to ask her to act out some of his more extreme desires. I think that he was afraid that she would run away if he did, or say no. Men in general don't like that."

"Hmmm..." said Jennifer.

"Tell you what," Vicki said. "Henry is leaving town on Wednesday, flying to the east coast on business. Now that I think about it, I remember Henry saying that Richard might be

coming with."

"Richard didn't tell me this," said Jennifer. "I'll tell Henry to encourage Richard to come along," she said. "Why don't I come over, and we can talk in more depth about what you can do?" she asked. "Sounds fine to me!" she said. "I could use some help now," she admitted.

"I'll make a few calls to Fantasy Supreme," she said. "Hopefully, when he gets back Thursday morning, you'll be able to knock his socks off," she said.

"I would really like to surprise him," said Jennifer. "Out of curiosity, what is Henry into?" she asked.

Vicki smiled. "His big thing is that likes me to be available to him at all times, even if he isn't actively screwing me. Notice the bikini with a hole in it," she said. "Usually he likes to go to bed with me tied to the bed, legs spread wide. Just in case he gets in the mood," she said. "Sometimes, I'm the one in charge, and he's tied to the bed. Usually when we go out on the town, he'll have me wear a flowing skirt with nothing on underneath, just in case he wants to throw them up and screw me in a closet or something. He also likes the way my legs look in heels. A corset is bonus points," she said, "but a bare torso is good too."

"So," Vicki said, rising to her feet, "I see that Henry is waving to me. I bet that he wants to skip the swimming part and take me to one of Richard's spare bedrooms," she said with a smile. "Wednesday, then?" she said.

"Wednesday," Jennifer agreed. She swam a slow, lazy course back over to the two men. "There you are, wench!" said Henry. "Let's skip this pool thing. Just watching you is getting me all hot and bothered," "Henry!" she said with her hands on her hips. "Do we want our hosts to think that we are animals in heat?" she asked. "Fine by me!" Henry said, gathering her in close and putting his hand at her crotch. "Mmmmm..." she said, as he moved his hand. "Animals then," she said as the two of them walked away from the pool.

"I'm ready for a swim," Richard said, diving in. They must have spent at least two hours horsing around in the pool. Jennifer soon improved in her ability to swim in the mermaid tail and was swimming circles around him. Richard was sitting on the side of the pool, with his feet in the water, when Henry and Vicki returned. "We're going to go home now," said Henry as he gathered up his robe. "The wife needs some attention."

"Why don't you tell me something that I don't already know!" Richard said with a smile on his face. Vicki waved, then the two of them left, leaving Richard and Jennifer alone in the pool. "Have you ever made love to a mermaid?" Jennifer asked playfully.

"I don't think that I have," he said in reply. Jennifer swam to the edge of the pool and pulled at his rubber swimsuit. Richard helped, and it was off in seconds. "What do you have in mind?" he asked. Jennifer would like to have straddled him, but that was rather difficult in her swimsuit. So, instead, she pulled herself out of the pool and used her mouth for something other than talking.

Chapter 21

Jennifer the mermaid again found herself underwater, with the seahorse hovering over her shoulder. "You must go now," it said to her. "Go where?" she asked. "Why?" The little seahorse swam away, and Jennifer followed it. "To the realm of darkness," it said. "There is nothing left to do here."

She saw a huge cave in front of her. "In there," the seahorse said, stopping. Jennifer swam forward, into it, and all was black... The floor was smooth and stone. It felt cold against her feet. Jennifer looked down, and saw that she was naked.

The cave she was in was immense. Although it was lit only by a few torches set into the walls, she could see clearly all around. Jennifer felt something brush up against her foot. She looked down and saw an almost blind mole nudging against her ankle. "We have to hurry," it said. "She is near."

"She?" Jennifer said as she followed the scurrying rodent. "Mistress of the dark," it said. "Guardian of the way." They entered a long tunnel through the stone. "Where are we going?" she asked. "You must dress," it said. "You must prepare for battle."

The dream broke up as she felt a buzzing in her crotch. The buzzing turned to pleasure as she slowly emerged from the land of dreams. "Oh, my!" she said, twisting her crotch around. Her hands were held together above her head.

Jennifer had set the timer accurately this time. Just seconds after the vibrating chastity belt brought her to orgasm, the vibrations died, and the cuffs were free of the chain. Jennifer smiled and slowly stretched on the bed as the sexual pleasure slowly faded. At least it makes you look forward to waking up, she thought as she unplugged the wire from the belt.

She was wearing a black satin corset that laced in back and the chastity belt with the single phallus in front. This was how Richard had dressed her for bed after she had pleased him while she was dressed up in the mermaid outfit. "Tuesday," she said aloud. It was hard to keep track of the day here. It seemed so irrelevant...

Jennifer went to the bathroom and unlocked her belt to take care of her morning bodily functions. When she was done, she heard a knock at the bedroom door. "Come in," she said. Richard entered as she was exiting the bathroom. "So, what do you want for me to wear today?" she asked. "Your black vinyl maid's outfit should suffice," he said.

Jennifer put on the fishnet stockings and attached them to the garters on her corset. A brief search did not reveal the five and a half inch black heels that went with the outfit. All

she could find was the six and a quarter inch one of the other maid's outfit. "That will do," Richard said, helping her lock them into place. He brought out the long-sleeved, high-necked vinyl maid's outfit and zipped it up on her. He finished by locking the zipper in place at the back of her neck.

"I do appreciate your dirty mind," he said. "But... our little competition only delayed the fact that you are due to be punished... for several things, actually." "Punished?" she said, with eyes wide. "What do you mean, punished?" Jennifer said, with complete innocence in her voice as she batted her eyelashes at him.

Richard took a small box out of his pocket. "If you would raise your skirts?" he asked. Jennifer was glad to and revealed her chastity belt covered crotch to him. Richard locked the box to the top of the chastity belt with a click. Then he did something... and the phallus inside of her belt started to vibrate.

"What...?" she asked. The vibrations were not as strong as they were when she was hooked up at bedtime. But they were very noticeable. "Now get to work," he said. "I think that you have become too accustomed to working in the belt. Let's see if you can deal with this distraction. There is quite a bit to do, as you have not been keeping up with the chores the last couple of days. "Oh, you bastard," she whispered to him. He apparently heard it, and smiled.

Jennifer had to pause several times during breakfast and lean against the counter. She took fast shallow breaths in her corset as the vibrator inside of her brought her close... and close again... with Richard watching the whole time. She finished breakfast and sat down across from him. She had eaten slowly, and did not even finish her food.

The chores seemed to take an eternity. Every step was filled with distractions from the buzzing in her crotch. By eleven, the insides of her thighs were damp from her flowing juices all the way to her knees. "I have to go to the bathroom," she said finally. She had to concentrate hard to walk in her heels in her excited state. Jennifer sat down on the toilet in her room and jammed the key into her belt. As soon as she could release the belt, her fingers wormed their way inside of her and found her aching pleasure button.

Jennifer closed her eyes as she brought herself to a climax. "Oh, god!" she said, with her high heeled feet in the air. When she opened her eyes once again, she saw Richard at the doorway of the bathroom, staring at her. "Oops," she said, with her head downturned.

Richard didn't say anything, but he did add to her outfit. He locked a leather collar onto her neck, and chained both of her hands to it. Jennifer could now only reach down to her bellybutton. She could not unfasten her belt even if she was in her bathroom. He changed something on the box at her chastity belt, too. Now, instead of keeping the vibrators at a low hum, it now occasionally surged with power for a few seconds before returning to its usual low speed.

Lunch was an ordeal. It took her longer than usual to make it, and halfway through lunch,

a sudden series of surges from the belt left her sliding to the floor with her hips moving wildly. She was so close... Richard just watched her lie there, writhing, and saw her return to her feet, red-faced. Richard showed no mercy through the rest of the day. He stayed with her for most of the time, finding things to do in the room or just openly watching her.

"Where do you think of things like this?" she asked, panting as she sat down to take a break. "I'm just gifted," he said. "It comes to me out of the blue." Jennifer just moaned and moved her hips around. She was close, so close...

After supper, Richard called her over to him. "Let's see what we can do with this," he said, reaching under her flared skirt to reach the control box. He adjusted something, and suddenly the vibrator within her surged to life. Jennifer found a nearby couch to collapse on. "Oh, god!" she said, as just moments later she felt the muscles of her vagina clenching around the phallus inside of her.

He left her there and walked out of the room. Jennifer now twisted around, and reached down trying to get it to stop. But it continued its relentless buzzing within her, bringing her to yet another climax. Jennifer was now near a frenzy. Her chest was heaving against the corset, and she thrashed about on the couch, sending her six inch stiletto heeled feet into the air. Her hands were useless to do anything except clutch and twist about.

A third one caught her by surprise. Jennifer saw that Richard was looking at her from the edge of the room. She tried to get up off of the couch and walk to him, but only succeeded in moving to the floor. As the fourth one swept through her, she felt her grasp on consciousness fleeing once again. He must really enjoy seeing me pass out, she thought as the room darkened around her.

Chapter 22

When she regained consciousness, she was in her room. She took stock of herself and found that she was wearing everything except the collar and the chastity belt. "That's funny," she said. Jennifer looked around, and saw a note on her nightstand.

Jennifer

By the time that you read this, I will be on my way to the east coast. I was originally planning to leave early tomorrow morning, but things have come up that require me to leave tonight. In your top left drawer, you will find a slightly different belt to wear to bed tonight. This one does not lock on. I am allowing you to use this one because, until Thursday afternoon (I should arrive between three and four) you are 'off duty'. However, when I arrive on Thursday, I expect you to be properly attired and 'on duty'.

Until Thursday
Richard

"He's gone already," she said. "That means that I have the house to myself!" Jennifer unlocked and took off all her clothes. She went to his bedroom and found that he had locked it. The basement was still unlocked, she found. "Let's see what else he has squirreled away down here," she said. He really liked the corset and hobble skirt that she had found last time.

Jennifer went to the same room again. She turned on the light and was much more careful in her inspections of the drawer labels. "Nurse, rubber, white, medium" she read aloud. "Shoes 6", size 9" Jennifer opened the drawer, and found a nurse's uniform made from white rubber. Matching stiletto heels were also there.

"Miniskirt and top. Rubber, red," she read aloud. Indeed, when she opened the drawer, this is what she found. She went through a dozen more before she found one that caught her eye. "Mermaid tail, blue, medium restricted waist, long term." she read aloud. Jennifer opened up the drawer and took it out. It looked to be similar to the one that she had worn the night before. But this one had laced up in back, and might have a built in corset of some type.

Another dozen went by before one caught her eye. "Complete wedding outfit, rubber et al. 20" corset. Size 9 shoes, 6 1/2" heels." She had visions of herself walking down the aisle with Richard at her side. Jennifer opened up the drawer and found four large boxes tied shut with cord. Jennifer took the four boxes, piled them high, and put the mermaid's outfit on top. She shut the drawer, and took her finds upstairs to her room.

She put the mermaid's tail aside, more interested in the contents of the boxes. "The wedding picture of Susana showed her in a normal gown," she said aloud. "I wonder what this was for?"

The first box revealed a pair of six and a half inch spiked white stilettos. They had the locking straps that Jennifer was used to. Impulsively, she grabbed a pair of locks and put them on. In the same box, she found a pair of white rubber panties and a white rubber bra. She felt a very thick, very rough phallus in the front of the rubber panties. The rubber bra also had roughened projections where her nipples should go.

Jennifer slipped the bra and the panties on. The panties fit like her chastity belt, and stimulated her whenever she moved. But these seemed to do a better job of stimulating her than an unpowered chastity belt. And the bra... that added to it. Jennifer stopped a moment and rubbed herself in the crotch, pushing the phallus around inside of her. She could imagine making love to Richard, imagine their wedding night...

She brought herself out of her fantasies long enough to open the next box. It contained what looked to be a white rubber hobble dress, like the red one she had worn before.

There were also long white rubber gloves inside, and Jennifer guessed that they were to be worn under the dress. Jennifer worked the gloves on to her hands. They were tricky to put on alone, but she managed. She stepped into the hobble dress and zipped it up in back. She found that she only had three- or four-inch steps while wearing this dress.

The next box was the biggest. It contained a large white rubber wedding dress. However, it did not have a zipper or normal closure. As she examined it, she saw that it had a built in corset, that had the automatic locking mechanism in front. Jennifer managed to wriggle into it, and she wore the hobble dress underneath it as an undergarment.

It had baggy shoulders, long sleeves, and a very high neckline. The skirt of it was huge, extending out seven feet in each direction. The train would go back fifteen feet easily. It was very baggy, and she wondered if there was a crinoline to go under it. The front of the dress was still open with the small metal hooks visible out of one side of the closure.

Jennifer opened up the last small box. It took her a moment to recognize what it was. "It's an air pump," she said aloud. It weighed only a few pounds, and would need to be plugged into a wall outlet. Now, why would there be an air pump with this? she wondered. Jennifer felt the rubber of the dress, and found an answer. In back, underneath a fold in the fabric, she found a bicycle tire valve. "You inflate it?" she wondered. Sure enough, the air pump latched onto the valve. Jennifer worked her way over to her dresser, and plugged it into a wall socket. The pump sputtered to life, and she could feel the dress very slowly filling up with air.

As it filled, she felt the front of the built in corset of the dress. The auto-corseting device was there. Also on the dresser, Richard had left the slotted metal bar that he used to release the other corset. Jennifer debated, and hooked the device up to the front of the wedding dress. The corset was closed before the air pump was done. Jennifer found herself gasping a bit against the tightness of the corset. Then, it clicked shut, and she unfastened the corseting device from the dress and put it on the counter.

She found it strange to watch the dress grow around her. It was as full around as the fullest southern belle dress. Jennifer looked back, and saw that the train, too, was inflating a bit. "How weird," she said. But, in light of everything that she had seen Richard do, this was not at all surprising to Jennifer.

Jennifer looked in the mirror. To her surprise, she saw that the shoulders of the dress were also inflating. Additionally, there was some sort of airway leading up to her breasts, because it looked like they, too, were inflating.

The dress grew very full and rigid with the air within it. Jennifer managed to reach behind her and unplug the pump from the dress. She tugged on the cord, and unplugged the pump from the wall. Jennifer took tiny steps in her heels, hobble underdress, and rubber inflated bridal gown. The woman in the mirror had extremely long pointed inflated breasts, and a very tiny corsetted waist. The entire dress wiggled slightly as she stepped forward. This motion moved the plug inside of her around, and caused her juices to start flowing.

Jennifer soon realized that she could not fit her inflated dress through the doorway. She also discovered that the dress around her was so well inflated that it was impossible for her to fall. She was only able to raise her feet up a few inches before the dress supported her weight.

She also discovered that in this position, her wriggling could cause very interesting sensations in her crotch and nipples. Jennifer spent more than fifteen minutes whipping herself into a frenzy this way. The inflated dress prevented her from reaching down and helping out with her hands. But, with quite an effort, she managed to reach a standing orgasm.

"That was... interesting," she said, panting against the tightness of the dress. She was glad that she did not have to try to balance in her six and a half inch heels while she did this. As she stayed still and tried to recover, she decided that she had had enough of playing the bride.

Jennifer slowly backed up in her outfit. She reached over and managed to barely grab the corseting device with one white gloved hand. She reached for the metal bar with her other rubber coated hand. But, as she lifted it off the dresser, it slipped out of her hand, and landed on the floor.

"Damn!" she said aloud. Bending over in the dress was completely impossible. She tried anyway, and her arms could only reach about halfway down the expanse of her dress. She reached behind her and tried to release some of the air from her dress. But there must have been some sort of check-valve because her exertions did not release one ounce of air.

Jennifer grew frantic in the dress and found that the exertions were again stimulating her groin and breasts. Before she thought about it, she was again wriggling around in the dress, trying to get the phallus inside of her to bring her to the height of pleasure. But, although it was easy to start with the phallus inside of her, it was very difficult to bring herself to orgasm. Within ten minutes, she was close. Within another ten, she was **so** close. "Oh my god!" she exclaimed as the pleasure overtook her. She went completely limp during it and found that the dress only let her slump over some. Jennifer was still standing through the entirety of it.

After the orgasm had receded, she tried to think about her situation calmly. "Richard will be back Thursday, and Vicki will be over tomorrow. But until then?" she asked aloud. And will she be able to get in without me to let her in? There was no one to answer the question for her. "It's going to be a **long** night," she said with a sigh.

Chapter 23

"Now **that** is an interesting outfit!" said Vicki Jennifer brought her head up, and saw Vicki

standing in her doorway. It was Wednesday morning, and Jennifer had been zoning out in her inflated wedding dress. Vicki wore a red leather halter top, and a very tight red leather miniskirt. On her feet, Jennifer saw red stiletto heels that were at least six inches high. "I'm sorry," she said. "I was dozing. I didn't get much sleep last night."

"Did you *sleep* in that thing?" she asked. Jennifer nodded. "I just wanted to try it on. It has a trick closure in front. When I tried to get out of it... I dropped the tool I needed on the floor."

"I've never seen that outfit before," she said, walking over to pick up the metal bar. "Do you want some help with this?" she asked. "Please," said Jennifer. Between the two of them, they were able to figure out how to open up the corset. It then took about fifteen minutes for them to work the corset open.

Jennifer freed her torso from the dress. Then, she pushed herself up out of the dress and slowly wormed her way out. Vicki saw her in her white rubber hobble dress, white rubber gloves, and stiletto heeled shoes. "There's a second layer? Is there a third?" she asked. "Actually, there is," she said, then her face turned red before she could mention what it was. "How did you get in?" she asked, changing the subject. "Richard gave me a key, via Henry," she said. "I mentioned that I would stop in and check on you today."

"Oh," she said. "I'll wait out in the living room, so you can get changed," she said. Vicki walked away in her red stiletto heeled shoes. Jennifer took off the white rubber hobble dress and gloves. She took off the grope panties and bra, and was naked in her bedroom. Jennifer wondered what to wear. She really did not want to walk around naked.

Jennifer examined the outfits that were in her closet. There was a satin maid's outfit, and a rubber maid's outfit. Both of those required a corset underneath to wear, and that would require assistance. The red rubber hobble skirt was much the same. She doubted that she could zip it up without a corset underneath. The rubber body suit would be impossible for her to get into herself, even if it did not keep her arms at her sides. And the purple vinyl bridesmaid dress also required assistance to properly lace the corset up in back.

There was *one* outfit she could get into herself. Jennifer took out her pair of black six inch stiletto heels. She took a padlock, and locked them in place. Next, she pulled the nineteen inch black satin corset out of the drawer. Jennifer attached the corseting device to the front of it, and plugged it into the wall. She was gasping by the time that it clicked shut. When it was done, she unfastened it from the corset, and pulled out the zippered black rubber hobble skirt from a drawer. She put it on, and left it unzipped from knees to floor. Dressed this way, Jennifer walked out to the living room

"What an outfit!" Vicki said. "How did you get into the corset on without help?" "This one fastens like the wedding dress," she said. "But now, I can reach the tool if it falls to the floor." Vicki nodded as Jennifer hobbled over to the couch that she was sitting on and sat down next to her. "So," Jennifer continued, "You have some ideas for me? To turn Richard on?"

Vicki smiled at this. "I bet that you are doing a wonderful job right now. I did take the liberty of ordering some extra things for you from Fantasy Supreme. I'm sure that he'd love these kinds of surprises. Unfortunately, they won't be done until tomorrow morning."

"Too bad," said Jennifer. "Out of curiosity, are all of the other guys into the same stuff as Richard? It seems like you said that your husband has some different tastes." Vicki thought about the question. "Richard takes the fetish thing the furthest. I think that all six of the guys get into it at least to some degree. My husband has built up quite a collection for me. But Henry doesn't really like anything that would get in his way if he were to get horny. As you might guess, he doesn't really like me to wear hobble skirts for long."

"But..." said Jennifer. "Didn't you wear one for your 'wedding'?" "That came off in a hurry, if you remember," she said. "And I had some input into that ceremony as well." "Like what?" Jennifer asked.

"The chastity belt was my idea," she said. "I had it on the full day before. You wouldn't *believe* how antsy he gets when he can't have me... even if it's for a short period of time. He's like a little kid... all you have to do is tell him no, and he wants it *so* much!"

"What about the other guys?" Jennifer asked.

"Hmmm... Let's see. I've told you about my husband Henry, and of course you know about Richard. John, the one that came in drag to the wedding. He's married to a pretty woman named Laura. He really likes his wife to wear things like heels, tight girdles or corsets, garter belts, stockings and the like. From talking to her, he likes to tie her up when she's dressed like this. John is probably a closet transvestite, but I don't think he could say that aloud.

"Adam really likes his leather. He is engaged, but not married. He's the furthest into S&M." "S&M?" Jennifer asked. "Sadism and Masochism. He has quite a collection of paddles and whips. Right now, he is a dominant, although I remember when he used to switch around and take the submissive role now and again." Jennifer thought about that. "I... don't think that I would like that," she said.

"My husband and I have played a little in that area": said Vicki. "Sometimes I'm *such* a bad girl that he bends me over his knee and gives me a good spanking." Jennifer's mind wandered back to the magazine that was in her bathroom, then came back to reality. "I guess that if Richard spanked me, it wouldn't be that bad." "I bet that you'd enjoy every minute of it," she said. "But I don't think that he would do that to you... or at least not very often.

"Ben is just your basic kinky dirty old man, and a voyeur to boot. His body can't quite keep up with his mind anymore. He divorced his first wife because she would not let him touch her. Now, he has two live in bisexual girls. I've talked to both of them. He likes to keep them tied up, either naked or dressed in kinky attire. When he isn't able to join in, he's happy to just watch the two of them go at it. Myself, I would be too jealous to share Henry

with anyone." Jennifer nodded in agreement. "I wouldn't like to share Richard," she said.

Vicki smiled at that. "Last, there's Collin. I think that he's only a year older than Richard. He's also Ben's nephew. Rumor has it that Collin had his start down the kinky road when he found his uncle's porn collection. At least, that's when he found out that he wasn't alone in his kinkiness.

"Collin isn't engaged or married. He has at least three girls that he dates on and off. I think that he's too afraid to commit to any one of them. That juggling has landed him in trouble, when he couldn't convince any of the three of them to dress up for him! Oh, maybe I should explain..." "Richard explained the parties and the Friday nights," Jennifer said.

Vicki nodded. "All right. Collin *really* doesn't like to dress up in drag when he can't get someone to show off on his Friday nights. Fortunately, this last year he's been fairly lucky with getting one of them to dress up."

Jennifer's stomach rumbled. "I seem to have skipped breakfast. Care to join me?" she asked. "I already ate," she said. "I'll just nibble on some toast if you want to make yourself something." Jennifer stood up and wriggled over to the kitchen. Vicki followed her and made herself some toast as Jennifer poured herself a bowl of cereal.

"So," Jennifer said between bites. "What do you want to do today?" "Oh, I don't have any big plans," she said. "Maybe watch the soaps today, chat with you and find out dirty secrets about Richard, that sort of thing," she said with a smile. "Well, only if you tell me what you know," Jennifer said.

As they finished up their breakfast, they returned to the living room and turned on the television. Slowly Vicki pried out details about Richard's treatment of her. Jennifer told her about the first maid's outfit, and the locking clothes that followed. Then the chastity belt topic came up, with and without phalluses. "Hmmm," said Vicki. "Dildoes in the chastity belt. Seems almost to go against the purpose of it... but I like the idea somehow. I've never tried it." "They vibrated, too," Jennifer said, and continued to talk about her numerous experiences with it and the outfits she had worn with it.

Their conversation died down when the soap operas came on. "It's been months since I've seen Days," said Jennifer. "Let me fill you in," said Vicki.

It was early afternoon, and Jennifer found that she had told her almost everything about Richard and his sexual habits. "It seems like I've been doing all the talking," she said. "What about you?" "I have a confession to make," she said. "I'm fascinated with this vibrating chastity belt thing," she said. "You know that I'm going to *have* to try it."

Jennifer thought about this. "I think that the box setup with the switch is still in his den. If you want to try that..." she said. "That sounds interesting," said Vicki. "I'd like to try it with the whole getup that you were wearing... assuming that it would fit. We don't seem to be too different in sizes."

They quickly compared measurements, and found that they were rather similar. "Let's head up to my bedroom," she said. The two stiletto heeled women went to Jennifer's room. The inflated rubber wedding dress was still prominent in the center of the room. "We have to do something about that," said Jennifer. "There has to be a way to let the air out. I don't want to wreck it -- I bet that Richard would get upset."

"Maybe you could leave it out," Vicki said, stepping around it. "I bet he'd be tickled pink to find out that you got into it on your own. Jennifer thought about this, and nodded. There was still room for the two of them to look in her mostly empty closet.

"When you said whole getup," said Jennifer, "did you mean the red hobble dress or the black rubber maid's outfit?" she asked. Vicki thought for a moment. "How about the red dress," she said. Jennifer nodded, and gathered the parts together. Locking red heels, long red rubber gloves, red corset, and dress. The double dildo chastity belt was in her dresser drawer. "Richard must have put it there," she mumbled. The last items were the wrist restraints that would fit into the timing device.

Vicki had already disrobed. First, the red satin corset. It took her over ten minutes to lace her into it. "That's really tight!" Vicki said when she was done. "There's still over an inch left," said Jennifer. "But I can't get it any tighter." Next, Vicki sat down on the bed and Jennifer locked the six inch stiletto heels onto her feet. "Locks for the shoes are interesting," said Vicki. "That idea might turn Henry on."

The rubber gloves took some struggling with, but they managed to put them on Vicki. Next, was the chastity belt. Jennifer found that Richard had left some lubricant on her dresser drawer. She liberally greased up the rear phallus before locking it around Vicki's waist and pulling the center strap through. Vicki helped with the belt. It took a couple of minutes for her to pull the plugs inside of her. When both phalluses were tightly within her, she connected the crotch piece to the lock at the front of the belt.

Vicki was about to get into the dress, but Jennifer stopped her. "Let's get that on later," she said. "You'll see." Jennifer led them out, and Vicki had some trouble keeping up. Vicki carried the red hobble dress and the wrist cups as they made their way to his den "These dildoes definitely keep the mind in the gutter," she said. "Right now, I could go for ripping off Henry's clothes and throwing him to the bed! That is, if he were around."

Finally, they arrived in Richard's den. Sure enough, two chairs were still set up with timer boxes and automatic restraints. Jennifer ran the wire up from the box through the dress to the receptacle in the chastity belt. Then, she helped Vicki get into the dress. When she was done, Vicki was having problems standing in the dress and heels. She helped Vicki sit down in the chair. Jennifer carefully bent over and fastened Vicki's ankles to the chair. Then, she had Vicki put her hands behind her, and Jennifer put the metal forks into the box.

Nothing happened, and the forks did not stay in place. "Is something wrong?" asked Vicki.

"I think I need to set the timer," she said. Sure enough, the timer said '0:00:00' Without fully considering what she was doing, she pushed the buttons on the device. Suddenly, the readout had '2:00:00' on it. "Close enough," she mumbled, putting the box back on the floor with the face away from Vicki. She returned to Vicki and plugged the forks into the control box. Immediately, she heard the surge of power and the hum of the vibrators. "Woooooo!" said Vicki. "Oh, god!"

Jennifer managed to reach the control button and place it in Vicki's hands. "I'm not sure where the armbinder is," she said, "So you'll just have to hold on to this. Remember, pushing the button stops the vibrations, but adds time." "Oh my god!" she said. "How long did you set it for?" "An hour or so," she lied, feeling mischievous.

"Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," said Vicki. Her breathing was fast, and it appeared that she was laboring against the corset. She wriggled in the tight rubber hobble dress that hugged her body. "I managed it," Jennifer replied. "I'm going to let you stew there for a while," she said. "I'm going to head downstairs and see if I can find any other interesting outfits to wear."

Jennifer was halfway down the stairs to the basement when she remembered that Richard had the only key to the chastity belt that Vicki now wore. The keys in her room would not work. Vicki's release from the belt was hundreds of miles away.

Jennifer thought about turning around and telling Vicki, but decided against it. "Nothing to do now," she said aloud. "She might as well have some fun first!"

Chapter 24

Jennifer was sitting down in front of the television, naked except for the nineteen inch satin corset and the locked on stiletto heels. She heard Vicki's moans from the other room, and used the remote control to turn the volume up. There was a bowl of popcorn next to her on the couch that was half gone. "Over a hundred cable channels," she said aloud. "I can feel myself turning into a potato!"

A black vinyl outfit was laid out on the remaining couch space. Jennifer had gone to the basement, and found an outfit that interested her. However, this one required assistance to get into it. Jennifer munched on another handful of lightly salted popcorn and waited in front of the television. Three sit-coms later, the moaning from the other room finally stopped. Jennifer looked over her shoulder and waited for Vicki to walk through the doorway. Several minutes passed, and no one entered the room.

She got to her stiletto heeled feet and headed for Richard's den. When she arrived there, she saw Vicki panting against the tightness of the corset. Her eyes were closed, and sweat could be seen at her feet. The cuffs were unlocked from the chain, but she was barely

moving.

"Vicki?" she asked. "Are you all right?" Jennifer saw that the control button was not in her hands. Instead, it was on the floor. Jennifer checked a clock. It was two hours since Vicki had first started her ordeal. "God! She didn't even have one break!"

Vicki did not respond to this. Jennifer walked over to her and gently tapped her on the shoulder. "Vicki?" "Where's the condoms?" she asked without opening her eyes. "I really think that we need to be on the ninth floor. That's where the best banjo music is."

"Vicki?!" she asked, now alarmed. "Did you know that four out of five dentists prefer cucumbers over carrots as the marital aid of choice?" Vicki said, as she slowly opened her eyes. "And when I pluck my eyebrows, a live crow will tap dance for you."

Jennifer bent down and unbuckled Vicki's ankles. She started to unzip the red rubber hobble dress, but it was locked into place by the small padlock. The key for it was in her room, and not movable from there. "Come on, Vicki! Come back to me!"

Vicki tried to focus on her. "Where... what...?" she asked. "I... oh, god!" she exclaimed. "It just wouldn't stop! I've never had anything like that before!" "You dropped the control button," Jennifer said. "I did that on purpose," she said, still not fully focused.

"Why?" asked Jennifer. "I figured that I could get done sooner. Didn't want to shoot the whole evening. Oh," she continued. "I've really got to pee." "Can you walk?" Jennifer asked. Vicki tried to get to her feet, and Jennifer had to grab ahold of her to prevent her from falling. "Let's go," said Jennifer.

She helped Vicki out of the room. "You know, it's a real bitch to walk in this dress with these shoes after you've had your mind melted by sex," she said. "That's not a revelation to me," replied Jennifer.

Finally, they made it to her bedroom. They had to maneuver around the still inflated wedding dress to get to the keyring. First, Jennifer unlocked the wrist restraints for the control box. Then, Jennifer unlocked the top padlock, and unzipped the dress. Vicki was now wearing the long red rubber gloves, the red corset, the locked on red patent stiletto heels, and the double dildo chastity belt.

Vicki was recovered enough from her ordeal to make it to the bathroom on her own. Jennifer used the metal fork to unlock the chastity belt, and after the phalluses were removed, Vicki proceeded with her business.

"I think I'm done," she said. Vicki got up and tried to walk out of the bathroom. She found out that she was still connected to the bathroom cabinet, and could not leave. "What is this?" she asked. "Where is the key for this thing?" "Well..." said Jennifer. "After you were all done up and on the chair, I remembered that Richard has the only key for the belt, at least that I know of," she said. "And he's on the east coast. The way it works now, the only way to disconnect yourself from the bathroom is to reconnect the belt."

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked. "I thought that I told you how it worked. And, honestly, I forgot about it when you said that you wanted to try it on." Vicki looked down at the belt. "Well... if worst came to worst, I could always have it cut off. I bet that Richard wouldn't be happy about that." "Probably not," said Jennifer. Vicki sat back down on the toilet and started to put the plugs back in their places. "Hm... let me think. You are the one that got me into this. I'd say that you have to be punished."

"Huh?" said Jennifer. "I don't get to play the dominant much," she said. "What don't you understand? Doesn't Richard punish you for being bad?" "Well... I guess so. But I told you how they worked earlier." "Yea. And you also said that there was one that didn't have a lock on it. I just assumed that this was the one."

Jennifer decided that it wasn't worth arguing over. "Well, maybe it was my fault. But what do you want to do about it?" Vicki finished connecting the belt, and the two phalluses were now firmly inside of her. The metal fork was kicked out, and she was free to leave the bathroom. "I'm not sure yet. Why don't we sit in front of the tube, and I'll think of something."

Vicki took off the rubber gloves before joining Jennifer in the living room. "What is this?" she asked as she saw the vinyl outfit on the couch. "Oh, that's something interesting that I found in the basement," she said. "I was going to wait until you were done to put it on. I think that it takes two people to get it on." "Let's find out," said Vicki. She picked it up and examined it as it unfolded.

At first glance, it appeared to be a black vinyl bodysuit. "This has shoes attached," Vicki said. "Why don't you go to your room and take yours off?" she said. Jennifer headed for her room and unlocked the heels from her feet. She felt very odd walking back, and the muscles at the back of her legs felt very sore and objected to being stretched out again. She put it out of her mind and headed back to the living room, wearing only the ultra tight black satin corset.

She returned, and Vicki wasted no time in getting her into it. Just as Jennifer sat down on the couch, Vicki was guiding Jennifer's legs into the outfit.

There were high heels attached, of course. These were higher than she had ever seen before. When her legs were fully in the shiny outfit, she noticed something odd. Instead of pushing her toes out, these shoes held her toes down. It looked like her black vinyl covered feet were pointed straight down, with what she guessed was eight to nine inch heels coming down behind each foot.

Jennifer did not try to put her weight on her feet. She shifted on the couch and allowed Jennifer to pull the outfit up around her and past her rear. As she did this, Jennifer noticed that the outfit was crotchless. Next, Vicki pulled the outfit up her torso. The shiny vinyl covered her torso completely except for two small holes for her nipples.

The sleeves were next. Jennifer put her arms into the sleeves, but she did not see them

emerge from the black vinyl. They were swallowed up, as each sleeve ended in an attached thumbless mitten. There must have been some sort of reinforcement in the mittens, because Jennifer found that she could not even wriggle her hands in the mittens.

Lastly, Vicki zipped the outfit up in back. Once it was zipped up, her entire body was covered with very tight black vinyl, except for her nipples, crotch, and head. The outfit even covered her neck. Jennifer was sure that without this extremely tight corset, the body suit would not have been able to fit around her waist.

"Now that's interesting," said Vicki, still wearing the chastity belt, red corset, and matching locked on red heels. "Even though you're not tied to anything, and all you're limbs are free, you really can't do anything!"

Jennifer experimentally reached behind her, and found that her mittened hands could not budge the zipper to the outfit. "That seems to be true," she said. Jennifer started to shift her weight to her feet and stand up, but the intense pressure on her toes convinced her to abort the attempt.

"Tried to stand?" Vicki asked. Jennifer nodded. "So, you were going to punish me?" she asked. "I think this outfit will do for a start," she said. "I just wanted to try it on," Jennifer said with just a hint of a whine in her voice. "Too bad. I just wanted to try this belt on. See where that got me?" Jennifer found herself a prisoner on the couch. She guessed that she could crawl if she had to, but that didn't appeal to her right now.

The television was still on, and Jennifer tried to settle down to watch it as Vicki left the room. When she returned, she was wearing the red leather miniskirt and the red halter top that she was wearing when she arrived. The red satin corset was visible between the two pieces. The corset was just a shade or two lighter than the leather. The locking red stiletto heels were still on her feet.

"I'm going to be gone for awhile," Vicki said, answering Jennifer's unvoiced question. "Now, don't get into any trouble while I'm gone," she said. "How could I?" said Jennifer, shrugging with her black vinyl encased arms. Vicki left the house and walked out into the evening air. Jennifer heard her drive off, and leave her there alone, in the vinyl body suit with ballet heels and mittens.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Not 'Brady Bunch' reruns!" Jennifer fumbled for the remote, but all she managed to do was push it between the cushions of the couch. Unwilling to crawl over to the television and fumble with the controls, she let out a long sigh and tried to tune it out.

An hour of teeth gritting was ended when Vicki finally walked back inside. She carried a large picnic basket and was wearing the same outfit that she left in. "Have you been good?" she asked. "I don't deserve *this* kind of punishment!" Jennifer said. "An hour of 'Brady Bunch' reruns and I can't even use the remote!" she said. "What kind of monster are you, anyway?!" Vicki chuckled evilly at this. "You haven't seen anything yet," she said. "I've listened to the guys talk about their escapades and fantasies. That kind of thing can give a

girl a few ideas!"

Chapter 25

It was a couple more hours before Vicki broke into her picnic basket. By the time she did, it was nearly bedtime. "Come on," she said to Jennifer. "Let's go to bed."

Vicki helped Jennifer to her feet. Jennifer had to put a great deal of her weight on Vicki to walk in the treacherous ballet stiletto heels. "I wanted to be a ballerina when I was a girl," Jennifer said. "I take it back -- all of it -- right now!"

Vicki helped her to the bathroom so she could relieve herself before bedtime. "How does this thing work?" Vicki asked. "This sleep timer thing that you told me about? You know that I have to try that out as well. Especially now that I've got the belt on."

Vicki was about to tell her how to work it, then suddenly changed her mind. I'll get you back, she thought deviously. "It has a kind of code sequence to it," she said. "Like some of the programmable VCRs. It's not set properly now. Each of the four knobs works changes one of the numbers. Richard said that there are several codes to work it and make it do different things. There's only one that he told me. First number needs to be thirty. Second number ten. Third number should be thirty, and the fourth number should be forty." There! That ought to have the thing buzzing for... almost six hours! It will be buzzing almost twice as much as it will be off! "There's a place on the belt to plug it into."

"Have you ever tried other combinations?" Vicki asked. "I... was afraid to try," she said. "Hmmm," she said. She found the wrist cuffs for the bed and locked them to her wrists. "We'll get to that later," she said. Vicki helped her out of the bathroom and then had her lie down on the floor on a blanket that she had laid out for her.

The first thing that she did was to dig inside of her picnic basket and emerge with a ball gag. Before Jennifer could object, she had put it into Jennifer's mouth and buckled it into place. "I don't want you to disturb my sleep," she said. Like you're going to get any, Jennifer thought. She would have smiled if the gag would have let her.

Next, Vicki brought out a metal bar with leather straps on the end. With a few quick adjustments, she pulled it apart. Jennifer recognized it as a spreader bar. Vicki knelt down and locked her black vinyl encased ankles into the device Jennifer did not resist. When it was done, her crotch was open and exposed to the world.

Vicki went to her basket again and returned with another pair of bars. It took her some time to assemble her next device. When she was done, she had a large central metal half loop with two metal bars extending opposite directions. The half loop could be completed with a leather strap. Each metal bar ended in a loop big enough for a person's wrist.

Vicki held up Jennifer's head and slid the metal half loop under her neck. She fastened it relatively loosely around her neck with the leather strap. Then, she attached each of Jennifer's vinyl encased wrists to the ends of the metal bars. When she was done, Jennifer's arms were sticking straight out. There was no way that she would be able to move them in any direction at all. If she could manage to sit up, she could twirl one forward at the cost of forcing the other one to go back.

"Almost done," Vicki said, digging in her picnic basket yet again. When her hands emerged, they were holding a large dildo with a power cord emerging from the base. Vicki knelt down on the floor and plugged the power cord into a nearby wall outlet. The vibrating dildo immediately came to life. She slowly pushed it up against Jennifer's exposed pussy. "Mmmmmgh!" she said through the gag. Jennifer found that she was almost immediately wet.

Once she was lubricated, Vicki guided the dildo up into her. Just when it was almost all the way inside of her, she unplugged it from the wall. Jennifer twisted her hips in frustration. Vicki went to her picnic basket yet again. She emerged with a metal rod about two and a half feet long. She sat down on the floor, and proceeded to attach one end of the pole to the dildo.

The other end was fastened to the center of the leg spreader. When she was done, Jennifer was not able to bend her knees. If she did, it would push the dildo even further inside of her, and that became uncomfortable almost immediately. The dildo was now also securely within her. No amount of wriggling would get it out of her now.

"Only one of us can use your bed," Vicki said. "But I didn't want you to miss out on anything." She stood up and took yet another object out of the basket. It looked like a small rectangular box with a dial on the front. Vicki plugged it into the wall socket.

Jennifer looked at it, and slowly realized what it was. Vicki plugged the dildo into the box, but the dildo did not come to life. "It's a timer for a house," explained Vicki. "Like the ones used to turn lights on and off when you go on vacation. This one is set to turn on and off every half of an hour," she said. "I hope you like it." Oh, god! thought Jennifer. I'm going to go through something almost as bad as she's going to!

Or almost as good, depending on your point of view, whispered a depraved little corner of her mind. Jennifer moaned through her gag as Vicki prepared for bed. She took off the red leather halter top and red miniskirt. She was left in the chastity belt, the corset, and the locking heels. Vicki dimmed the lights to almost nothing. Then, she flopped on the bed, out of Jennifer's sight. She heard Vicki dialing the controls, and then heard the clicking noises as she plugged her cuffs into the chain.

The dildoes inside the belt roared to life. Within minutes, she heard Vicki panting and moaning on the bed. One red heeled leg flopped over the side of the bed, over Jennifer, then disappeared out of sight.

"Stop!" said Vicki. "Oh god!" she said aloud. "How do you turn this off?" Vicki asked. Jennifer could not possibly respond through her gag. At that moment, the timer on the wall triggered, and the dildo inside of her came to life.

Chapter 26

Jennifer wasn't sure if she even managed to get to sleep that night. Her enforced pose was hard to relax in. Combining that with the heat of the black vinyl body suit, it took Jennifer almost a half of an hour to start to drift off to sleep. By that time, of course, the dildo inside of her would buzz back to life. She tried to keep herself still through her ordeals. But, a few times, she couldn't help but thrash about as the pleasure overcame her. Bending her legs just thrust the dildo deeper inside of her and mixed the intense pleasure with a dose of discomfort and a twinge of pain.

Vicki did not seem to be faring much better. Sometime past midnight, she started to babble like she had in the red hobble dress. This only made it harder for Jennifer to get to sleep when the dildo was quiescent within her.

There was no window in the room, so Jennifer could only guess about the passage of time. She moaned through her gag, and struggled to breath against the tightness of the corset. Jennifer was surprised that she was not passing out in the corset. However, she came very close at least once.

Click, click. Finally! thought Jennifer. Her dildo had been quiet for some time. She's been released! She heard Vicki moan and move about. A few minutes later, she saw her swing her stiletto heeled feet around and down to the floor. Vicki had to lean on the bed and the walls to make it to the bathroom.

There was the sound of urination, then the belt being locked back in place. Jennifer saw that Vicki's eyes were barely open when she made her way back to the bed. "Where's the snooze on this thing?" she asked blearily as she climbed back on the bed.

"Mmmmmfg!" she said through her gag. What about me?! Jennifer thought. With a sinking sensation, she heard Vicki flop down on the bed and start to snore softly. Oh, God! When is she going to wake up? thought Jennifer. It was at that moment that the dildo within her returned to life. The vibrator went through four more cycles before Jennifer heard sounds of life from the bed. "What a night," Vicki said as she sat up in the bed.

"Mmmm! Nnngnmmm!" said Jennifer, with the vibrator buzzing within her. "In a minute," she said, rubbing her eyes. "I have to wake up first." I have yet to get to sleep! thought Jennifer.

Vicki lowered her towering heels to the floor, then slowly knelt beside Jennifer. "I should let you finish," she decided, as she returned to her feet. "I have errands to run. I will be

back in a while. No! thought Jennifer as she tried to yell through her gag. Do not leave me here. I must pee! Vicki did not hear her silent plea. She found her red leather halter top and red leather miniskirt and put them on over the corset and the chastity belt. "I won't be long," she promised.

By the time Vicki returned, Jennifer had just started to experience yet another cycle of the dildo. Her bladder was very full, and it was everything she could do to hold it in. Mercifully, Vicki knelt down and unplugged the dildo from the box. She first released the bar that held the dildo in place, then the leg spreader was removed from her. The bar between her arms took Vicki a minute or so to unfasten. As soon as the gag was off, Jennifer spoke up. "I have to go to the bathroom *now*!" she said.

Vicki helped her to her toes and guided her to the bathroom. Almost before she was fully seated, she started doing her business. "I'm very behind schedule," said Vicki. "So, I don't have too much time. One question: I have an outfit ready for you to wear out with Richard tonight. It should drive him wild. I also have two tickets for the latest musical. Do you want to be dressed up for him when he arrives, or not?"

Jennifer thought about this. "I'm really tired," she said, "Thanks to your snooze." "Don't tell me that you didn't enjoy it," said Vicki. Jennifer did not answer the question. "I don't know when I'll get my next opportunity. Get me out of this, and then let's do it," she said.

"Take a quick shower, and meet me in the living room," said Vicki. "The boxes that I brought are out there. Vicki unzipped the outfit from her and helped her slide out. The inside was covered with sweat. Jennifer jumped in the shower as Vicki left the room.

Jennifer's ankles were very tight. She found that the only way that she could comfortably stand now was to walk on her tiptoes. Trying to put her feet flat resulted in her calf muscles crying out in pain. I've got to stretch them out sometime, Jennifer thought to herself. Because she was still wearing the ultratight corset, Jennifer skipped the shower in favor of a sponge bath and a quick hair wash. After she dried herself off and did the best she could with her hair, she slipped on Vicki's pair of red stiletto heeled shoes and walked out to the living room.

Vicki was there, unpacking a pair of large boxes. "We only have an hour," she said. "I have to meet them at the airport." "The tickets are on the coffee table here," she continued. "Start with these," she said, handing Jennifer a pair of black rubber stockings. Jennifer sat down on the couch, took off the shoes, and rolled them up her legs. They fit tightly, and came up to her crotch. The next thing that Vicki handed her was a black rubber garter belt. She slid it up and placed it around her nineteen inch waist. Then, she fastened the rubber stocking to the belt. Long black rubber gloves were next. These came all the way to her armpits.

Vicki came over to her with a pair of shoes. "I had these made special," she said. Jennifer saw that they were made of black patent, with at least six buckling straps on each to hold it in place. The heels were higher than she had seen, with the exception of the ballet heels.

"Seven inches on the dot," said Vicki.

Jennifer felt like her toes were being bent back as far as they could possibly go. After Vicki strapped the pair of them over her rubber covered feet, she gingerly rose to her feet.

A few experimental steps showed that walking was barely possible. Jennifer quickly sat back down again. "What next?" she asked.

"Open wide," said Vicki. Jennifer slowly opened up her mouth, and Vicki slid in what seemed to be a large mouthpiece, like a boxer or football player would use.

Jennifer knew that she could easily spit it out. The next thing that Vicki took out looked like a stylish sequined hat. However, it had two thin straps that looked to be more than just functional.

Vicki put the hat on her head, then pulled the two straps down below her chin. She fastened them together very tightly. The two halves came together with a click that told Jennifer that there was some sort of lock that held them together. It felt to Jennifer that there was some sort of adhesive on the straps as they passed under her chin. She tried to say something, but found that the straps held her mouth firmly shut. With the mouthpiece in place, she was effectively gagged.

A rubber brassiere was the next thing that Vicki added to the outfit. She dug deeper into the boxes, and returned with what looked like large leather handcuffs. The first pair she fastened around Jennifer's ankles. The second pair was large enough to fit just above Jennifer's knees. When they were in place, Jennifer could move her ankles a maximum of four inches apart. Her knees could be separated by no more than two inches.

"Now the dress," said Vicki. Jennifer leaned on her as she managed to stand up. Vicki helped Jennifer to put the dress on over her head. It was made of black satin, and there was a layer of crinoline underneath to give some body to the skirt. The dress covered her neck and adhered to her arms all the way down to her wrists. Vicki zipped it up, and the dress was sized to fit her nineteen inch waist almost exactly. The skirt was long enough that when she was standing, the heels would not be visible. The only bit of kink that would be visible would be her rubber encased hands. Jennifer noticed that there seemed to be pockets in the dress. She put her hands in them, but found out that they were simply openings in the dress.

The last thing that Vicki did was to bring out a matching black satin purse. "Hold this with both hands," she said. Jennifer did so, and as she did, Vicki took one of the handles of the purse and wrapped it around both of her wrists. Jennifer was surprised to find out that once the strap was firmly buckled in place, it served quite effectively as a pair of inobvious handcuffs. The black material of the purse strap was barely visible against the shiny black of the outfit.

"You look splendid!" said Vicki. "Now, I have to get to the airport, and convince Richard to unlock me from this damn chastity belt!"

Robert Comment: The story is becoming less to my liking due to dangerous situations: helpless, long duration, bondage, without safe guards, and a lot of repetition.

Chapter 27

Jennifer sat down to wait as Vicki left the house. Only a few minutes passed before she became fidgety. If I'm going to go all the way to a musical with him, I had better learn how to maneuver in this, she thought to herself. Besides, I want to make it to a mirror to see how I look.

It took her three tries to make it to her feet. The first two times, she lost her balance and plopped back down on the couch. Each step took her only a few inches forward. She had to wriggle her ankles in an extremely tight circular motion to walk. The nearest mirror was in her room, so she made that her destination.

She had never tried to walk in heels this high before, and her toes and the balls of her feet were starting to ache. By the time she reached her room, she just wanted to sit down and take the weight off her towering stiletto heeled feet.

Jennifer stopped and saw herself in the mirror. The strap holding the hat in place looked tight. Her narrow waist and contrasting full bustline was sure to be an attention grabber. The shiny black satin of the dress covered her from neck to the floor. The fact that the gloves were shiny black rubber was not obvious at a first glance, but required a bit of staring to determine.

The woman staring back at her in the mirror did not look like a woman almost completely helpless in bondage. Instead, she saw a woman dressed up in formal attire, looking out demurely at the world.

Jennifer looked around the room and saw that the inflated wedding gown and undergarments were still scattered around her room. The mermaid outfit that she had taken from downstairs was also still in her room. Damn! she thought. I would have liked to have cleaned all of that up before Richard arrived.

The ache in her feet was starting to become unbearable. Jennifer inched her way to the bed, and plopped down gracelessly when she was close enough. Jennifer had no idea what the passage of time was. When the ache in her feet subsided, she decided that she had better return to the living room, to greet Richard when he arrived.

Jennifer was only halfway there when she heard an automobile driving up to the mansion. She tried to hurry, but nearly lost her balance. A few inches a second was all that she could manage. Even at that rate, she found that the movements took quite an exertion on her part. As her breathing increased, she became acutely aware of the ultratight corset that

remained around her waist. She was only a few feet from the couch when the door opened. "Jennifer?" Richard called out before he had entered the house.

Jennifer tried to respond, but all that came out was a mumble. Richard walked inside and stopped in place when he saw her inching forward towards him. "Jennifer? Where did you get that dress?" he asked as he set his suitcase down. She could only mumble again. Jennifer smiled at him, and revealed her mouthpiece to him. Richard walked over to her, with a smile forming on his face.

"I don't think this is quite appropriate uniform, but I think that I like it," he said. Richard was now only inches away from her. She could feel herself becoming wet under the dress, even though there was nothing down there to stimulate her. He touched her face with his fingers, then ran his hands down her smooth satiny dress. They hesitated at the narrowest portion of her waist, and felt the hard, ever so tight corset underneath. "I see!" he exclaimed when he touched her rubber gloved hands.

Without any hesitation he reached down and pulled up her skirt. What he saw must have met with his approval, because he was smiling broadly when he let the skirt drop. "What a wonderful woman you are!" he said, cupping her face with both of his hands and giving her a long kiss. Jennifer's heart was pounding after he did this to her. She tried to say 'thank you', but again the gag reduced that to a mere mumble. Richard gently guided her to the couch, then picked up his suitcase and headed towards his room.

He stopped when he saw the tickets on the coffee table and picked them up. "Two tickets... front row.. seating starts at six. A limousine will be here at five thirty for us, as well." The smile was gone from Richard's face, replaced by a stunned look. "How did you know?" he asked as he looked at her. Of course, Jennifer could not answer. Richard stared at her for the longest time. Slowly, the stunned look faded. "You must have had help getting into that. You must have had help getting it *period*. Did Vicki help you?" he asked.

Jennifer nodded and looked down briefly. When she looked back up, Richard was smiling at her again. That look on his face made her feel weak and she trembled a bit. Jennifer was glad that she was sitting down. She was sure that there was more than just a bit of dampness between her legs now.

"Well, this will be a formal affair tonight," said Richard. "I need to get dressed. This is an unexpected surprise! I see that Vicki was doing something other than trying out the sex toys here!" Richard disappeared from the room. When he returned, some twenty minutes later, he was dressed in a white tuxedo, complete with black tie, white top hat, white shoes, white gloves, and a white walking cane. "Perhaps this is a bit of an anachronism," he said. "But why not?"

Richard tucked the tickets into his pocket, and then sat down next to her on the couch. "We have a few minutes to kill before the limousine arrives," he said. "What can we possibly do to amuse ourselves?"

One white gloved hand slowly worked its way around her, while the other went to her lap. After feeling the flesh of her legs underneath, through the satin and rubber, Richard slid the hand around and into the apparent pocket of the dress.

He put his gloved hand between her rubber encased legs. Jennifer moaned, and wished that he would move his hand up, towards her waiting pussy. Richard took his time, slowly sliding it up as his other arm reached around her and fondled her breast through the dress.

Finally, his gloved fingers brushed against her wet sex. She moaned in ecstasy even when he was only teasing the outside. He played with her down there, gently tugging on her pubic hair and only slowly worked one of his fingers inside of her.

Jennifer moved her hips around as best she was able to. She strained to spread her legs apart, to help him get inside of her. The restraints above her knees and at her ankles held fast, and allowed her to separate her thighs only an inch. "You seem to be a bit wet down there," he said. "Did something turn you on?"

You turn me on, you damn tease! thought Jennifer. Her cries were muffled by her mouthpiece. She took her cuffed hands and pushed them down onto her skirt, trying to push Richard's hand further inside of her. She succeeded for a brief moment, and brought his finger in contact with her aching clitoris. But just a few seconds later, Richard pulled his hand from out of her dress.

"I think that our ride is here," he said. Jennifer moaned in frustration. Oh, God I want you!

He helped Jennifer to her feet. Ever so slowly, she walked forward towards the door. Richard strode forward and opened the door for her. "After you?" he said. His eyes were glued to her as she slowly made her way out of the driveway. Jennifer gave him a long look as well. She would almost bet that her juices were running down her rubber covered legs at that very moment.

As Jennifer made her way through the doorway, the limousine pulled up. Richard closed the door behind him as the driver of the limo exited the car and opened up the long rear door. Richard walked beside her as they made their way to the black vehicle. When she made it to the car, Jennifer found it impossible to step up into the car.

Richard solved the problem by reaching down and bodily picking her up. She was caught completely by surprise by this. The swirl of skirts revealed to the driver all of the rubber and restraints that she now wore. The driver's eyebrows rose in surprise, but other than that, he did not react.

Richard carefully carried her into the vehicle. The back was a very luxurious semicircular seat, that could comfortably seat six. He carefully placed her in the plush leather seats, then sat down beside her. The driver closed the door behind them and slowly started the limo along its way.

"I apologize for my rudeness," Richard said suddenly. "I neglected to tell you how stunning you look tonight. That dress does wonders for you. You look fabulous, Jennifer," he said, and gave her another kiss on the lips.

Jennifer let out a feeble moan when he was done. She tried to snuggle up closer to him, but she was already about as close as she could get. As they rode, Richard's hand once again worked its way through the slit in her dress and crept towards her soaked pussy.

A half of an hour of torturous teasing was Jennifer's fate. He always seemed to know when she was close, and backed away. By the time they were slowing down, Jennifer was panting against the tightness of the corset and she was moaning with every available exhalation.

"We're here," said Richard. They slowed to a stop. A minute later, the door opened, and the driver stood there, waiting.

Richard exited first, but waited for her at the doorway. Jennifer tried to slither forward, but could make little progress. He leaned in and held her by the waist and shoulder. Jennifer precariously made her way forward with her hobbled legs and seven inch stiletto heeled feet. As she finally emerged from the car, her skirt was raised enough to reveal the shoes beneath.

Several well dressed couples were lingering around, and now were staring at her as she emerged. Jennifer felt a wave of heat come across her face as they looked on. As Richard slowly led her forward, the couples dispersed with some whispers, and headed towards the main entrance to the theater.

Richard and Jennifer slowly followed in their footsteps. "Do you need some assistance?" said a man dressed in uniform as they neared the front counter. "Just a little time, that's all," said Richard. The man came toward them. "I can take your tickets if you like." Richard showed him the tickets, and he reacted immediately. "You can just follow me," he said.

Their pace was painfully slow. The sparsely populated theater was becoming more and more crowded as they made their way down the hall. By the time they entered the theater proper, almost a third of the seats were occupied. Jennifer was sure that they held the attention of more than their fair share of guests. Richard had almost a proud look on his face, as Jennifer slowly worked her way forwards in the heels and the hobbles. All that the crowd could see was a tall woman dressed in black satin, with a fabulous figure. No one complained that they were taking so long to make it to their seats.

The usher patiently guided them to their seats. They were at the very center of the front row, but not near an aisle. They had to unseat an elderly couple as they made their way past. As the old man stared at her, and mumbled, Jennifer saw the woman step on his foot. As he stifled a cry of pain, the couple sat back down. Richard and Jennifer found their appointed seats, and Richard helped her to sit down before taking his own seats.

The theater continued to fill up. Within minutes, the entire front row was filled. Jennifer

found that there was a middle aged woman on her side, with a like aged man one seat further down. Richard, on the other hand, had a man in his early twenties as his immediate neighbor. An attractive but older woman was a seat down from him. All of the guests were dressed up formally, although none had as stunning of a figure as Jennifer.

Jennifer found herself fidgeting. Richard put his hands on her lap, but did not make any move for her 'pockets'. Instead, he took ahold of her purse, and carefully unsnapped it. "What did you bring with?" he asked.

She had no idea what was in her purse, so she looked down as well. She saw, to her great surprise, a seven inch long dildo at the surface, with other sex toys below it. Jennifer turned beet red while Richard's smile grew so large that she was wondering if his face was going to split in half. "You did indeed come prepared for a night of entertainment," he said. "You did indeed."

Chapter 28

Richard carefully closed her purse, but did not snap it. He took off his top hat and put it on the floor in front of him, and put his white gloves inside of it. Afterwards, he put one arm around her and leaned back in his chair. "What a wonderful show this will be."

"So," said the woman on Jennifer's side. "Have you heard anything about the show?"

Jennifer was about to reply, when she remembered that she was effectively gagged. She just shook her head and hoped that the woman would not try to engage her in more conversation. "This show was hot years ago," the woman said. "I think Tim Rice wrote it, if my memory serves me right," rambled the woman. "Have you seen anything else of his?" she asked.

Jennifer shook her head again. "Sorry to be rude. My name is Judy. Yours?" she asked. How do I answer *that* with a headshake? Jennifer thought. She looked at Richard with imploring eyes. "I'm Richard, and this is Jennifer," he said. Jennifer sighed in relief through her nose. "I think that the show is about to start."

Judy nodded and looked at the stage. Sure enough, the lights started to darken. When the theater was nearly black, she felt Richard's hand snake over to her purse and take something out of it. Her eyes had not yet adjusted, so she was not sure what he had taken.

Jennifer felt his arm snake through the slit in her dress. She felt something rubbery pressing against her wet vagina. Richard did not try to push it into her, but rubbed it against the outer lips and ran it through her pubic hair.

A spotlight illuminated the stage and followed an actor as he walked to the center of the stage. She heard him give an introduction about the musical, but the motions inside of her

dress were driving her to distraction. There's wall to wall people here! Jennifer thought. I don't believe I'm here, doing this!

Richard slowly twisted the rubber phallus, and started to work it between her legs. Even with Jennifer straining to spread her legs, the restraints kept her thighs almost touching. Richard was able to make only slow progress towards his goal.

The narrator finished his speech, and the spotlight went out. Jennifer wriggled and slid down in her chair. She would have slouched if the extremely tight corset would not have held her torso rigid. This twist made her pussy somewhat more accessible, and she could feel the dildo slowly working its way inside of her. Jennifer found herself breathing very quickly. The sound of her breath through her nose was louder than she would have liked. Jennifer prayed that their neighbors would not notice the shenanigans taking place next to them.

The stage was lit now only with two spotlights. A man and a woman came on stage, dressed in relatively modern attire. After a bit of dialog, they started to sing a slow duet. To Jennifer, the action on the stage was as important as background music in the grocery store. The seats in the audience were still in almost complete darkness, and Richard continued to worm the phallus inside of her. Jennifer's excitement continued to build as he pushed it further and further inside of her.

As the duet ended, Richard had pushed the dildo as far as it would go inside of her. She could feel his fingers tickling her pubic hair, coming close to her clitoris... The spotlights went out. The arm that had been around Jennifer now moved as he still toyed around inside of her. She felt him open up her purse and take out something else.

The whole stage seemed to light up, and the first few rows were suddenly awash with light. Richard calmly pulled his arm out of her dress. Jennifer looked around quickly. Judy, the woman next to her, seemed to be oblivious to it, and her attention was focused on the stage. However, the man on Richard's side was giving the two of them a long, hard look.

The props on stage had been changed to resemble a small town in winter. The stage filled with two dozen performers dressed in their winter finery. After a few minutes of dialog, the performers started in on a meandering, multipart song. Not wanting to attract attention, Jennifer pushed herself back into her seat. The dildo was still inside of her and was not in any hurry to leave. Jennifer twisted her hips and thrustled ever so slightly, but that could not bring her any closer to a conclusion.

Jennifer moaned softly and looked over to Richard. He was staring intently at the stage, with a smile on his face. His hands were folded together on his lap, hiding something that she could only see the barest bit of. She wanted to ask to leave *now*! She was so hot... both sexually and physically. She could tell that sweat was building up in the rubber that she wore under the dress. But with the concealed gag in her mouth, there was no way for her to voice her desire.

Finally, the number was done. The performers filed off stage, and the lights slowly dimmed. Just as darkness came over the theater, Richard's hand was again under her dress. Something round and hard slid against her rubber covered flesh. She was thrilled when she felt it sliding towards her wet and ready pussy. Richard pushed it inside her, above the dildo. To Jennifer, it felt like a small hard egg had been pushed inside of her. He had to work it inside of her, and Jennifer again slid down in her seat to aide him. The egg was now nestled in between her labia lips, above the dildo. It was ever so close to her waiting clitoris. She felt some sort of wire coming out from it, leading out through the slit in her dress.

The lights slowly returned, this time with three spotlights on the stage. Jennifer did not even try to keep her attention on the stage. Instead, she looked down and tried to see what Richard had done. A thin black wire now led out from her dress and went to a small box that was in Richard's hand. He was looking at her with a smile on his face. As the orchestra started and the three performers started to sing, he pushed one of the buttons on the control.

The egg inside of her woke up and buzzed inside of her. It was for less than a second, but it was enough to make Jennifer spasm in surprise. Her legs shot out, and she tried to grab the hand rests of the chair. The restrains of the purse strap held, but the motion of her secretly bound legs was visible. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see that Judy was looking at her. As the vibrations died, she looked at the stage, carefully lowered her legs, and worked her way back into her chair.

Every time that the music hit a particularly loud volume, Richard would make the egg inside of her vibrate for a few seconds. There was never enough to get close to an orgasm, but always enough to keep her aching for more. Eventually, the song ended, and the lights died once again. Jennifer wriggled in her seat, trying to move the dildo and the egg around within her. With her legs restrained together, the vibrations had felt so intense within her that she was sure that it would take less than thirty seconds for her to orgasm. Richard had never come close to allowing her that long of a period of stimulation.

The next number, involving a half dozen actors, was more of the same for Jennifer. A sudden pause in the song caught Richard unaware. Before he could switch it off, there was a second of silence that was filled only with the sound of the vibrating egg concealed within Jennifer's outfit. Judy looked at her sharply as Richard turned it off. She looked like she was about to say something, then the song suddenly resumed. The young man seated next to Richard also looked over. Jennifer could not be sure, but she thought that she saw a smile on his face.

Richard was more cautious for the rest of the song. He sent only brief second-long pulses of electricity into the egg, sending Jennifer into another spasm of frustration. The song ended, and the full lighting returned to the theater. Intermission! thought Jennifer. People slowly started to get up and head for the lobby. Richard concealed the controls by tucking them inside of her dress. She could feel the control box rolling around loose inside the

shiny black satin.

Judy was very quick to leave her seat. The man on Richard's side stayed in place as his female companion left her seat and headed for the door. I won't make it through two more acts! Jennifer thought to herself. I'll be moaning and trying to scream by halfway through the second! With no other way to communicate her desire, she carefully moved her balance forward and tried to stand up. Jennifer made it only a few inches out of her seat, but Richard saw her attempt. "Need to stretch your legs?" he said with a smile on his face.

Stretch my legs now? she thought, rolling her eyes. Richard stood up and helped her get to her feet. The man seated next to Richard had his eyes locked onto her prominent breasts and tiny waist in the form fitting black satin dress.

As Jennifer took tiny steps forward, she felt a tugging in her vagina. Oh god! The egg is still in there, and the controls are swinging free! She tried to clench her legs together, but that did little good. Just after they passed in front of the man, she felt it pop loose from her. There was an audible 'clunk' as the device hit the floor.

Richard seemed oblivious to it, and Jennifer had no way to communicate her problem to him. She continued on, with her cheeks turning red. As she made it a few seats down, she looked back and saw that the man had picked up the wet black plastic egg and control box. He started to say something, and halfway made it to his feet. But then, after he took a closer look at it, he sat back down, and carefully bundled up the sex toy. It looked like his cheeks were turning red, too, but there was a mischievous smile on his face.

Richard apparently saw that too but didn't say anything about it. Jennifer slowly made her way up the aisle, with the dildo wriggling around inside of her. By the time that they had almost entered the lobby, she thought that she could feel that starting to slide out as well.

Richard guided her to the ladies' room, but Jennifer shook her head. It's not like I could do anything in there! she thought to herself. Instead, she used her nose to point towards the main exit. "Need a breath of fresh air?" he asked. Jennifer nodded emphatically. He guided her out towards the door, and she could feel the dildo sliding out with each step.

Somehow, she managed to clench tight enough to keep it inside of her while they were in the lobby. Richard held the door open for her and allowed her to take tiny hobbled steps through the doorway in her seven inch heeled shoes. Her feet were again starting to bother her. As Richard closed the door behind her, she felt the dildo drop free and hit the pavement below. Richard did not seem to notice this. Jennifer headed along the sidewalk and tried to talk through her gag.

"I hate to break the mood and take off your stylish hat. Have you had enough fresh air yet?" he asked. Jennifer shook her head. "It will take us awhile to get back into the theater. We really have to leave now to make it to our seats by the start of the second act. Jennifer shook her head again. "What is it?" he asked. "Don't you want to see the rest of the show?" Jennifer shook her head, emphatically, then moaned and wriggled up next to him. She

thrust her hips against him as best she could in her restraints.

"Ah! You are in a mood for something more... romantic?" he asked. She nodded and grunted in agreement. "If you insist, my love," he said. "But our ride will not arrive for another hour and a half. If we don't go back in, we will have to amuse ourselves in other ways." Jennifer nodded again. Slowly, a part of her realized what he had said, what he had called her. He had said 'my love'. Jennifer nearly lost her balance in her seven inch heels and hobbled ankles as that sank in.

Chapter 29

Richard held her up and prevented her from stumbling. "If my memory serves me right, there should be a park nearby. It's not far at all." That's what you think! thought Jennifer. You're not wearing shoes like these, and you don't have your legs tied together. She was unable to voice her opinion, and concentrated to keep moving in the direction that Richard led.

The theater had been built at the edge of the city. After making it to the corner of the theater and turning, Jennifer saw the park that he was referring to. Across the street from the theater, it was large and well wooded, with several narrow concrete sidewalks leading into it. There were only a few people that she could see.

They waited at the side of the street as Richard looked for an opening in the traffic. "I guess that I'm not patient tonight," he said, putting one arm around her corseted torso while the other went down to her knees. She let out a surprised grunt through the gag when Richard picked her up and carried her across the street. Probably faster than waiting for the road to be empty, thought Jennifer. She was thankful that he did not put her down on the other side of the street. Instead, he started down one of the paths that led into the park.

Jennifer closed her eyes and savored the experience. Swept off my feet by a rich gentleman, she thought. Just like the in the romance novels. Except this gentleman was also an incorrigible pervert, as her present attire attested to. Close enough for me, she concluded as Richard reached his destination. An empty park bench some thirty feet off the path was his destination. Gently, he put her down on the bench, then sat down beside her. "Does this meet with your approval?" he asked.

Jennifer nodded in reply. A cool breeze came through the trees, but to her, it felt refreshing, not chilling. It reminded her that she was quite hot within her rubber undergarments. Richard reached into the slit in her dress and felt her crotch. "You seem to have lost something." he said. Jennifer shrugged, and managed to smile in spite of her gag and the strap of her hat. "Fortunately, I think that you packed a few extras."

Richard's hand emerged from her dress, then he opened her purse and rummaged through the contents. "HMMMM," he said aloud. "A bottle of lubricant, a butt plug, a motorized dildo, and a few of these darling little clips," he said aloud. Jennifer had a hard time making out the object in the waning light. "We'll have to experiment with these before we go," he said, putting the items in his pants pockets and closing her purse.

Richard rose from his seat but did not help her up. Instead, he sat down on the ground immediately in front of her. "If you would slide forward?" he asked, pulling her hips forward with his hands. Jennifer complied, wriggling forward. When he was done, she was on the edge of the seat, but her corseted waist was still rigidly straight. The top of her corset rested against the top edge of the bench.

A chorus of crickets slowly started up as Richard pulled her skirt up and slid forward. When he let the skirt fall back down, the shiny black satin almost completely concealed him beneath it. She felt him working with the restraints that held her ankles together. A moment later, she found herself able to spread her ankles apart freely. The straps that held her knees together were next. As she spread her legs wide, Jennifer felt her muscles protest a bit from their restraints. Another cool breeze swept by this time tinged with the scent of freshly mowed grass.

She felt his fingers slowly sliding up her rubber stockinged legs. They played with the garters for a moment, then Jennifer felt his fingernails gently brushing her pubic hair. She let out a moan and closed her eyes as the wetness at her crotch, never fully gone, returned in force. Oh, Richard... He pulled the lips of her pussy out, then gently massaged her pussy with his lips. Jennifer opened her eyes, and saw the stars of the clear night sky staring back at her.

He was slow and methodical with her, familiar yet still so frustrating. She moaned repeatedly in the night, and her pauses were punctuated with the gentle rustling of leaves. I'm so close, she thought as his tongue danced around her pleasure spot, touching ever so gently. Please...

The sound of rolling on the concrete brought Jennifer unwillingly back to reality. A young boy was slowly travelling down the path on his skateboard. Jennifer held back her moans, and had to be content with heavy breathing against the tightness of the corset.

The boy stopped his skateboard on the path and turned to her. "Do you know where the ball park is?" he asked. She could see that he was carrying a baseball mit in one hand. Jennifer tried to shake her head, but it turned only into a spastic head roll as Richard's tongue suddenly found the spot within her. Oh god, not now! Richard did not relent. He found just the right spots within her and moved his tongue about madly. Jennifer was helpless to stop the orgasm that coursed through her body.

"Uh, uh," she grunted through her gag. She wanted to scream aloud, and let the animal within her cry out to the world. But, somehow, she willed her vocal cords to silence. Jennifer closed her rubber covered legs around Richard's head, partially as an attempt to

get him to stop.

A few seconds later, she realized that the boy was still looking at her, waiting for an answer. Jennifer shook her head, hoping that he would not ask her any more questions. Fortunately, he did not. The boy let out a sigh, then continued skateboarding his way down the path. You bastard! she thought to herself. I know that you heard the boy! You didn't even slow down for that.

Richard finally pulled away from her dripping crotch as Jennifer panted against her corset. He did not emerge from the folds of her dress. Instead, within a matter of minutes, Richard's tongue was again exploring the realm of her sexuality. He did not tease her long this time. By the time that he was done, her head was swimming with the pleasure. Just for a moment, reality had faded away as she had struggled to breathe in the corset.

Jennifer was panting as Richard took another break. The evening had now turned to night, and the full moon was peeking through a gap in the trees. She had barely caught her breath when Richard started yet again. This time, he was gentle and teasing. When a pair of nighttime joggers went by, Richard did not redouble his efforts. Instead, Jennifer was able to control herself for the brief seconds that they were in sight. She thought that they gave her a long look as they went by, but she could not be sure in the darkness.

Jennifer dug her heels into the soft grassy ground as Richard brought her closer and closer. She spread her legs wide, and tried to bring herself even closer to him. Her tenuous balancing act on the bench was finally over. She slid forward uncontrollably, sending Richard to the ground underneath her. When she came to rest, she was sitting on Richard's chest, legs bent and heels driven into the earth, with her back against the park bench.

Richard said something unintelligible and pulled himself out from under her. I was so close! Jennifer thought. She tried to get up, but her awkward position prevented her from doing anything in a hurry. Richard made it to his feet before she managed to right herself. He helped her get to her feet. When she was standing, she found it almost impossible to balance in the heels on the soft ground. The spikes of her shoes dug into the ground like daggers would.

Richard must have figured out her problem, because he bent down and picked her up again. This time, he went further into the park, out of sight of the path. Richard gently lowered her onto a soft grassy clearing surrounded by shoulder high bushes. The full moon illuminated her shiny satin covered breasts and narrow waist as Richard reached down to unzip his trousers. Jennifer moaned in anticipation as he threw up her skirts. Now, her rubber stockinged legs and stiletto heeled shoes were revealed to him in the moonlight. Without further disrobement, Richard brought out his penis, crawled over her, and slowly entered her.

She put her cuffed hands and attached purse above her head as he slowly worked around inside of her. She surprised herself by climaxing within ten strokes of his male member.

This time, she did not try to restrain herself vocally. A long moan escaped her, passionate even with the gag in place. Richard continued his relentless pace. He slowly increased in speed, bringing her rapidly to two more orgasms. Jennifer panted against the corset, and found herself trying to twist around inside of it.

Now his thrusts were as intense as a jackhammer. She felt him ejaculating inside of her, followed seconds later by her own climax. This time, it was just a bit too much for her. Between the intensity of the experience, and the constriction of the corset, she found herself passing out in the grass.

She woke up only moments later, with the touch of Richard's lips on her own. It was too dark for Jennifer to make out his face, but the touch of his breath upon her face was unmistakable and unforgettable. Jennifer wanted to kiss him deeply, and thrust her tongue deep inside of him. But with the gag in place, all she could do was to answer his kiss in kind. "Our ride will be here shortly," he said to her. "Don't worry. I didn't forget about the toys that you brought."

It took her a moment to remember what he was talking about. She heard him doing something, then she felt a lubricated, rubber object being gently pushed into her anus. Jennifer resisted at first, then consciously relaxed her sphincter muscles. She felt a good-sized butt plug slide up inside of her. The base must have been very narrow, and when it was all the way in, it felt like she could keep it there for quite a while.

Next, Richard put the dildo inside of her. He managed to get it all the way inside of her, and gave her a quick kiss in the pubic hair before proceeding further. He then placed the vibrating egg above the dildo, perpendicular to it. With the wire attached control box, Richard sent a brief pulse of power through it. This sent a chill down Jennifer's spine that ended in her toes. He then put the control box through one of the slits in her dress. Jennifer jerked her legs in surprise as she felt Richard attach a small clip to her outer lips.

He placed five more on her. Each one held the two edges of her outer lips together. When he was done, he had effectively sealed both the egg and the dildo inside of her. Richard must have put the leg restraints in his pockets, because he put these on her next. Jennifer did not struggle as he pulled her legs together and bound her knees and ankles. This increased the pressure in her filled and sealed pussy.

Richard stood up and helped Jennifer to her feet. Again, her heels started to sink into the ground, but he did not let go of her. He picked her up yet again. With the arm that was supporting her torso, he managed to grab ahold of the control for the egg inside of her. As he carried her towards the path, he turned it on and sent the orb inside of her buzzing.

Oh god! she thought. The seal of clips on her pussy, combined with the pressure of having her legs together, made this even more intense than before. Before they had even made it to the path, she found herself moaning and rolling her head. When they emerged from the park, he found that the road was momentarily clear of vehicles. Richard carried her across the street, then put her down on her feet on the sidewalk next to the theater.

Several people outside were giving them looks. Richard took the control for the egg inside of her in his hands. Instead of turning it off, he turned it to high speed. Oh god! How could you! Jennifer was swaying, trying to keep her balance in the heels and hobbles. For a finishing touch, Richard pushed the control box down into the slit in her dress. She could feel it dangling at her ankles, and with each swing it tugged a bit more at the egg inside of her.

Richard supported her as they slowly made their way towards the front of the building. Jennifer found her eyes closing as the egg inside of her buzzed and squirmed madly. Oh, God! she thought as an orgasm swept through her as they turned the corner. Her legs collapsed under her, but Richard held her up. He had to drag her forward as her head rolled around and her legs flailed uselessly. She tried to get her legs under her again, but this only sent another wave of sensations through her. She wriggled under the dress, but there was absolutely no way to get the device away from her most sensitive parts.

Jennifer slumped against him and moaned. She had a vague feeling that people were staring at them, and a few were saying things to Richard. The words did not register in her mind, and their looks were beyond consideration right now. She had to fight for consciousness as yet another wave coursed through her. Jennifer was vaguely aware as Richard picked her up and headed towards a waiting limousine.

When Richard put her down on the seat, Jennifer convulsed her legs and arms. When is it going to stop? Jennifer wondered deliriously as the corset and the vibrator stole consciousness away from her.

Chapter 30

As she woke up, she felt the limo rolling to a stop. "We're home," said Richard. Jennifer noticed that the buzzing in her crotch was gone. A clench of her sphincter muscles and a bit of wriggling told her that the sex toys were still firmly in place. The rest of her ensemble was in place as well. The door opened, and Richard stepped outside first. He leaned back in and helped Jennifer slowly wriggle out. With a slight smile and a wink, the limo driver closed the door behind them and drove off.

Richard supported her as she wriggled in her hobbles and seven inch heels towards the front door. He held the door open for her with one hand while his other was near her in case she needed support. She was slow, but made it into the house without incident. Richard closed the door behind her and guided her over to the couch. The two of them sat down, and in the process, she became acutely aware of the sex toys that were still inside of her. Jennifer tried to yawn, but the strap of the hat kept her mouth closed. I hardly had any sleep last night! she thought. I guess that it's catching up to me.

Richard fished in his pocket and brought out a ring of keys. After trying several, he found

one that could unlock the hatstrap. Once it was free, Jennifer reached up with her rubber gloved hands and pulled the mouthpiece out. "Finally!" she said, grinding her jaw around to work out the soreness. "I want to thank you for tonight," said Richard. "I had a wonderful time." Jennifer looked at him, then looked down at her bound rubber gloved hands. "I... enjoyed myself," she said, simply. "What is it?" he asked. "You don't sound very enthusiastic." "Oh! I really enjoyed myself. Really," she said.

"There's something that you're not saying." She was silent for a moment as she collected her thoughts. "I'm very happy that you enjoyed yourself. This was all for you," she said, then broke into a yawn. A pained look came across Richard's face. "Was it that mundane and boring for you?" "Oh, no! I... didn't get much sleep last night. In fact, I didn't get any."

The look faded from his face. "Then, what is it?" he asked. Jennifer chewed on her lip. "I... you had me hot this entire evening. The park... I don't think I'll ever forget that." Richard continued to look at her and said nothing. "With all the toys that you use, and all the teasing... most of the time, what I really wanted was you! I was going nuts!" Richard thought about that for a few seconds. "I see," he said, with what might have been disappointment.

"I don't mean to make you feel bad. Really. You took me places that I've never been before. I'm not saying that I don't want you to use the toys. I... just..." she paused and took as deep of a breath as she could in the corset. "It's just that I loved it when you made love to me in the park. I want more of that." Richard was staring off into space as he listened to her. "Maybe..." she continued. "Tonight, couldn't we... I want to spend the night with you. In your bed," she said. Those words were hard to say. Even with the hedonistic lifestyle that she had been experiencing, those words took effort to utter.

Richard met her eyes, and she could not interpret the look that he gave her. "I... would like that," he said. "And... I'd like to think of myself as more than just the hired help," she said. "You are **so** much more!" he said, emphatically. "You cannot imagine how much more!" Her stomach, even in the corset, grumbled unhappily. "I'm also rather hungry," she said. "I'll just order pizza," he said.

"So," she asked with playful tone of voice. "I am very tired, and I bet that you are too. I think we should retire early, right after we eat. "You're probably right." Richard reached through a slit in her black satin evening gown and pulled up the controls for the egg inside of her. "What are you going to do with that?" she asked. With a sudden flick, he sent it roaring to life, then tucked the controls back under her dress. "Until the pizza gets here," he said with a smile on his face. "I still need to order it." For the first time in a long while, Jennifer was able to let out a full moan, without any gag to impede her. "You're a cruel man!" she said as she tossed her head from side to side.

Jennifer was lying on her back on Richard's bed. She no longer wore the dress, leg hobbles, or hand restraints, but the remainder of her fetish clothing was still on her. Seven inch

heels adorned the feet, and shiny black rubber stockings covered the legs. They were held up by a rubber garter belt that was over her satin corset. Her arms were still covered with black rubber gloves from fingertips to armpits. Each of her limbs was tied to a post on the bed by a sturdy leather strap. The lights in the room were dim, and she had to strain to see Richard's face above her.

He lowered himself down, and she felt his torso pressing against her. As he brought his lips down to meet hers, she was finally able to give him the passionate kiss that she had wanted to give him all night. Their tongues touched at first tentatively, then the force of passion and lust took control. She could feel his manhood rising to the occasion, and it brushed against her rubber covered inner thighs. Jennifer moaned as the kiss continued, and Richard slowly slid into place within her.

"Take me," Jennifer said after their lips finally parted. "I want you so badly. Just take me!" Richard took that invitation to heart, and let loose the animal within.

Chapter 31

She was again naked in the realm of dreams. Jennifer was travelling down a long tunnel under the earth, with an almost blind mole as her guide.

"What's the hurry?" she asked.

"She's near, near!" the mole said.

Suddenly, the tunnel opened up into a small cavern. Embedded in the ceiling were gemstones of every color, and each of them was glowing brightly. This illuminated the items below. On the floor, there was a chaotic assortment of fetish items, scattered with metal armor and medieval weaponry. "You said I'm supposed to prepare for battle?" she asked. Experimentally, she picked up a gleaming silver sword.

"I can barely lift it!" she exclaimed.

"No, no!" exclaimed the mole. "She will never give way against that!"

Jennifer scanned around the floor. "I don't understand."

"A sword will never win his heart!"

Comprehension slowly sank in. She found a pair of thigh-high stiletto heeled boots, and quickly slipped them on. "Hurry! I can hear her footsteps!"

Sure enough, Jennifer could hear the sound of stiletto heels clicking on a stone floor.

Hurriedly, she put on a pair of black rubber gloves, then she pulled a satin corset around her waist and hastily tightened it.

The footsteps were closer, closer. Jennifer scanned the room, and pulled a tight black rubber pencil skirt up to her waist. It held her knees together, but she could still walk.

"Too late!" screamed the mole. Looming in the shadowy entrance was a female figure.

Jennifer could not make out the face, but she knew the name. "Susana," she whispered.

She heard a sharp cracking sound as the woman sent her whip forward. She was covered with gleaming black leather from neck to toes. Her feet were encased in stiletto heeled

boots, and as she stepped forward into the room, she could see the familiar face from the photos in the attic.

"So, you're the bitch in the house now?!" she exclaimed. "I do not tolerate anyone touching what is mine!" she said, with venom in her voice. "He was mine once, and he will be mine forever!"

"Then why did you leave him?" she asked.

A look of rage came across Susana's face, and she struck out with her whip. Jennifer put her hands up, and felt the whip connect with her forearm. Strangely, there was no pain through the rubber. "*He* was the disloyal one! *He* did not bow to his rightful master!" She sent the whip at Jennifer yet again. This time, it connected on her forehead. A very sharp pain suddenly shot through her skull. "

Aaah!" she said, as she staggered in the heels and pencil skirt.

"*He* is the one that could not let go!" she screamed. "I knew who I was, but he would not let me be that person!" Susana sent the whip flying yet again. This time, it connected at her waist. Through the corset, Jennifer felt nothing.

Wait a second, thought Jennifer. The whip only hurts if it touches bare skin! She searched around for something to cover her shoulders, breasts, and head.

A rubber cloak with attached hood met the bill. She squirmed towards it, and before Susana could send the whip flying again, Jennifer had put the hood on her head and tucked her body within it. She had only small holes for the eyes, nose and mouth.

Susana's fury continued. But each strike of the whip was rebuffed by the outfit that she wore. Confidently, Jennifer walked forward towards her.

A look of defeat crossed Susana's face, and she dropped her whip. "There's one more that you must face," she said, as her body slowly turned to smoke.

What a strange dream, thought Jennifer as she woke up. She was still tied spread eagle to Richard's bed. The long black rubber gloves, stockings, heels, garter belt, and corset were still all in place on her. Richard was nowhere to be seen. The light coming in through the almost closed curtains indicated that it was morning. "Richard?" she said, and there was no reply. "Richard?" she said, louder now.

There was a faint voice from the distance. Jennifer could see that the bedroom door was partially open, and that's where the voice had come from. Richard came into the room a minute later, dressed in a blue robe and carrying a tray of food. "Breakfast in bed?" he said, putting the tray down on the nightstand. "Sounds good to me," she said. "But.. it's a little hard for me to eat right now." "I don't understand," Richard said, breaking off a small piece of bacon and putting it in her mouth. "As far as I can tell, your mouth is working fine. That's all you need to eat, actually."

Richard fed her breakfast to her one bit at a time and brought a straw to her lips so that she could sip her juice. "Um, there's one other thing. I really need to pee," she said. "It's been a *long* time since I've done that!" Richard said nothing in reply, but simply walked around to the corners of the bed and untied her arms and legs. Jennifer took a moment to move her shoulders and legs, then brought her feet to the floor and stood up.

She had forgotten how high the heels were that she was wearing. Jennifer lost balance after the first step, and had to grab ahold of Richard to keep from falling. "Sorry," she said. Richard just smiled and helped her to the bathroom. She attended to her bodily functions, then came back to the bedroom, walking slowly in the heels. She found him sitting on the bed, munching on his own breakfast. Jennifer sat down next to him. "What now?" she asked.

"I'm not sure, actually," he said. "I haven't made plans for the day." "That's not what I meant," she asked. "What about us?" Richard did not look like he fully understood the question. "Am I... am I still just the hired help?" "No, Jennifer," he said. "You are much more than that." He put another bit of food in his mouth.

"Then what am I?" she asked. "What are we?" Richard stopped chewing. "That's... not an easy question," he said, then swallowed. "Not easy at all. Dear Jennifer... when I first hired you, I was never expecting anything like *this*!"

"But isn't that what you were hoping for?" Jennifer asked. "You're more than I dared hope for!" Richard replied enthusiastically. "So much more!" "But what am I to you?" she asked.

Richard was silent for a few seconds. "What do you want to be?" he asked. "I want to be with you for a long time," she said. "I want to be at your side." The next words choked in her mouth. Dare I say it? Will I lose him if I do? The words came out, almost unwillingly. "I want to be your wife," she said.

Chapter 32

Richard looked at her, boring into her with his eyes. "Do you... do you know what you're asking?" he asked. "I want to marry you," she reiterated. This time there was no hesitation. The act of saying it aloud had crystallized the idea in her mind. "I've been married once before," he said. "It didn't work out. What makes you think that this will?"

"Don't you want to marry me?!" she asked sharply. "That's not what I said," he said, with his voice rising as well. "Jennifer, darling, I want you to be *sure* of what you're getting into. I've had a marriage go sour, because we were not honest with what we wanted."

"I know that I want to be with you," she said. "I'm sure of that." "Are you?" he asked. "In my way, I'm a very demanding man," he said. "I have money, and I have desires. I live my life the way I choose to, and I'm not very likely to change much of that." "I wouldn't ask you to change," she said.

"Think about that carefully," he warned. "I have a long list of expectations that I have for a woman -- for *you*," he said. "Let me tell you what your life will be like. You will exist for my pleasure, in the way you will look, and the life you will lead. You will be able to count on one hand the number of hours in a week that you will not be corseted, wearing heels,

and restrained in some way. I will stimulate you as often and in any way that I choose, and I will spend my free time thinking of new ways to keep you guessing. If you displease me, you should expect to be punished as I see fit. "Freedoms that you take for granted will be taken from you. What you wear, how you look, when you go out shopping, how you spend your free time... that will be mine to decide."

"Richard..." Jennifer asked, interrupting his soliloquy. "How... how does that differ from how you have been treating me?" Richard paused to think about that for a moment. "You have a point. actually it's not that different. But... it may be an even more extreme version of what you are experiencing now."

Jennifer looked down at herself and saw the nineteen inch corset and seven inch spiked heels that she wore with her rubber ensemble. She had a hard time picturing how it could become more extreme. "I've stayed here, doing what you wanted me to do, being the woman that you wanted me to be. I've stayed. I'm not going to say that I enthusiastically love every second of it, or every detail. But... you've shown me things, done things to me... that I've never even imagined existed before. I... I like being here. I *love* being with you. I want it to continue, but I want us to be even closer? Can you understand that?" she asked.

"I understand, but... I'm not sure if I truly *believe*," he said.

"Believe?" asked Jennifer. "You don't believe me?"

"I believe that every word you have said is sincere, and true from your heart," he said.

"But... perhaps it's 'burned once, twice shy.'"

"What will make you believe?" Jennifer asked. There was a sinking feeling in her stomach. "I love you! What more could I possibly do to convince you?"

Richard looked down after seeing the look on her face. "I'm sorry for doubting you," he said. With a sudden motion, he left the bed and jumped to his feet. Richard went to his dresser, and knelt down to rummage through a bottom drawer.

"What are you doing?" she asked. Her heart was pounding in her chest. Am I going to lose you? she wondered.

He stood up and turned around. In his hand was a small box. "These things really should be done properly," he said. Richard walked over to her and knelt down on one knee.

"Jennifer, my love," he said, opening the box and withdrawing a diamond ring. "Will you marry me?"

Jennifer had to remember to breathe. It took her several tries before any sound could come out of her mouth. "Of course, I will marry you!" she said, breathlessly against the tightness of the corset. She offered her hand, and Richard slowly pushed the white metal ring onto her black rubber covered finger. He had to twist it a couple of times to get it on, but when he was done, it was firmly in place on her finger. She brought the ring close and examined it in wonder. The ring was made of a shiny metal, just as heavy as gold, but

brighter than white gold or silver. A single large diamond sparkled, flawless to her senses. "Oh, Richard!" she said, throwing her arms wide. Richard leapt to his feet and embraced her. He pulled her to her feet and twirled her around the room. In the seven inch heels, she found that she was taller than him by a couple of inches. Richard had to pull her down to kiss her. They made love that morning on his bed. Every time that she saw the ring that was on her finger, another shiver would go through her as Richard sent her to the heights of pleasure.

Jennifer lost track of the time that they spent together. She felt like she was walking with the clouds as Richard touched her tenderly and then savagely. The tightness of the corset didn't seem to bother her a bit. Instead, she simply enjoyed the experiences that the corset gave her when she was near orgasm and her body struggled for breath. She didn't fight against it, just experienced it.

It must have been past noon by the time that they were done. Jennifer was lying on her side, with her eyes closed, while Richard snuggled up behind her and wrapped his arms around her tiny waist. She might have dozed off, and her dreams were filled with the music. Sounds of wedding bells mixed with sweet melodies passed through her mind. A growling stomach finally roused her from her slumber. Richard was still behind her, barely shifted from his previous spot. Jennifer twisted around to face her fiancé, and put her black rubbery arms around his body.

"I love you," she breathed to him. "My wonderfully perverted husband to be." Richard smiled and stroked her hair with his hand. "I love and adore you, dear Jennifer," he said. "Forgive me for breaking the mood, but a few details need to be discussed."

"Like what?" she asked. "A wedding date," he said. "And our lives between now and then."

"What is today? I've completely lost track of the date."

"May twenty fourth," he said. "A Friday."

"How about tomorrow?" she asked.

Richard smiled broadly at that. "Oh, no! Some preparations have to be made for the event. It will be a grand affair, I guarantee! You do not even have a dress yet!"

"What about the one I found in the basement?" she asked, playfully.

"An intriguing idea, but no. A dress must be made uniquely for you. I insist."

Jennifer accepted this. "Is there any reason to wait?" she asked.

"I would think it would take at least two weeks to prepare," he said. "Other than that, no," he said.

"How about two weeks after tomorrow," she said. "I think that would be June eighth."

"June eighth it is then!" he said.

"Is there anything else?" she asked.

"Yes, there is," he said. "I... feel that I should... show you what it will be like to be married to me," he said.

"You haven't already?" she asked.

"I'm not sure of that yet. But I will be," he said. "For the next two weeks, you will experience what it truly will be like to be married to me," he said. "I have to be sure. If, by the wedding day, you do not wish to go through with it, I will understand."

"Oh, I love you so much!" she said. "What possibly makes you think that I wouldn't go through with it?"

Chapter 33

That question was echoing through her mind the next day as Richard brought in her Saturday outfit.

He had let her disrobe completely Friday night, engagement ring included, and they spent the night together in his bed. Jennifer woke up alone in his bed, with fond recollections of the night in front of her eyes. Just a few minutes later, a nude Richard returned with a box in his hands.

First, he brought out a corset. This one was made of a dark purple satin. It extended from the bottom of her breasts to her hips. This one had the same hidden latched closures as the black one she had been wearing, but this time in back. She saw that Richard had brought the motorized corset tightener as well.

"What size is that?" she asked him. Jennifer slid off the bed and stood up. She found herself on her tiptoes, as her feet refused to flatten on the floor without a pain shooting through the backs of her legs. Jennifer stood on her tiptoes and leaned against one of the large posts of the bed.

"Eighteen inches, I think," he said as he put the corset around her. The corset had cutouts around each breast, and did not in any way cover either of them. Richard attached the device to the back of the corset, then plugged it in and let the motor and gears slowly pull the corset closed.

Richard did not wait for the device to finish its work before continuing. Next, he pulled out a pair of purple satin high heeled shoes. These looked to be equal in height to the seven-inch ones that she had worn yesterday. Jennifer did not relish trying to balance in the heels again today. However, it was just as uncomfortable now to try to balance *without* any heels on!

Jennifer sat down as Richard locked the shoes onto her feet. The corset continued to close, and she now had to take quick shallow breaths as the corset pulled her waist in. Richard now waited for the motor to pull the corset shut. The wait must have been over five minutes. By the time she heard the latches of the corset click shut, she was actively panting for breath, even though her exertions were minimal. "God, this is tight!" she exclaimed aloud as Richard removed the motorized device from the corset.

Richard did not reply to this. He simply brought out his next device. This was a matching purple satin armbinder. Jennifer balanced in her ever so high heels as Richard went behind her and guided both of her arms into the single sleeve. This laced up in back and had several straps that would attach around her chest, holding the binder in place. Richard first buckled the straps in place, then started to lace the armbinder together. He did not stop until she could feel her elbows touching. The muscles in her shoulders were protesting the abuse, and every inch of her arms and hands felt to be under pressure in the satin restraining device.

The last thing that he brought out was a helmet. Again, this was made out of purple satin. There were zippers for the eyes and mouth, and two small holes for the nose. In back, there was lacing that would allow the hood to be tightly fastened around the head. Richard slipped the hood over her head, and laced it up in back. The zippers were open, so Jennifer was able to look around as Richard laced the helmet up. The shoes, the corset, and the armbinder were all causing unique cramps and aches to go through her body. "Is that it?" she asked, sounding short of breath.

"For now," said Richard. Deliberately, he closed the zipper over her mouth, then the ones that allowed her to see. Jennifer was now completely in the dark, and her short rapid breaths hissed loudly through her nose. She tried to ask him another question, but the helmet held her mouth shut and reduced it to a mumble.

She felt him fastening something that felt like a collar around her neck. She felt a tug on it and stepped forward in the direction of the force. Within three steps, she had stumbled in her seven-inch heels. With the armbinder in place, there was no way that she could use her arms to stop her fall. But before she could fall, she felt Richard catch her body and hold her up until she could regain her footing.

Slowly, Richard led her through the house. She thought that were in his den, but could not be sure. "Kneel down," Richard directed. Carefully, she lowered herself to the floor. "Now back up," he said. Jennifer did so and had to bend over forward as she felt something hard on top of her. I bet that is his desk above me, she thought to herself.

She heard him pull a chair forward, then felt his legs against her shoulders. He spread his legs wider, bringing her helmeted head near his crotch. "This is not punishment, Jennifer," he said by way of explanation. "Consider this to be... training. "Your sexual skills, although good for one with no formal training, need to be honed to a new height," he said. "Your goal will be to pleasure me at least ten times before the day is up," he said. Ten times? Jennifer thought. *Ten* times?

"As motivation, you will not be allowed to have any pleasure of your own until you have succeeded at least five times," he said. "Also, if you do not succeed, you will be sentenced to solitary confinement for the night," he said.

She felt him unzip the zipper that restrained her mouth. Her crotch was wet, and what she really wanted to do was to pull him down and have him right there. But with the armbinder, there was no way for her to do that, or even touch her own crotch. She felt the tip of Richard's erect penis brush up against her lips. Slowly, she opened her mouth and leaned forward, taking his rod inside of her mouth.

It was mostly erect when she brought it in and became fully erect when she started to run her mouth up and down the length of it. This is one time that I am glad he's **not** hung like a horse! Jennifer thought.

She had no way to keep track of time. Jennifer used the tricks that she had learned from her previous experiences, employing her tongue, teeth, and even the back of her throat. Although hard within her mouth, she heard him calmly talking on the phone, quoting stock prices, and conducting business of some sort. He was in mid-sentence when she finally felt his manhood start to twitch. Richard did not cry out in any way when his semen started to shoot into her mouth. All the reaction that she noticed was a tensing in the legs and a short pause in the conversation.

Jennifer sucked it down, having no other way of dealing with it. When she was done, she pulled back and tried to get more comfortable. Her jaw and lips were sore already. The position under the desk was cramped, made more so by the corset and armbinder. And even though she was not walking in the shoes, her toes were protesting the sharp angle that they were being bent by the shoes. How am I going to do it **ten** times? wondered Jennifer.

She managed a second one, but the effort left her absolutely drained and sore. "I have to stop," she said, panting and moving her jaw back and forth. "If you wish," he said, pulling his chair back. He helped her to get out from the desk and stand up. "Do you need to sit down?"

"Please," said Jennifer, and he led her over to a chair in the den. She had to sit on the front edge to make room for her bound arms behind her. "I brought something to drink and to snack on, if you would like." Jennifer remembered that the day had started out without breakfast. Skipped meals seemed to be the norm, as of late. "That would be very nice," she said. Richard put a straw to her mouth, and let her drink down a cool, tangy citrus drink. He fed her bitwise something that tasted like Szechuan chicken. "That's enough," said Jennifer.

"Ready to continue?" asked Richard. "Not yet," she said. Her mouth was still protesting the previous exertions. She heard him leave her side and sit back down, presumably at his desk.

"I have a rather clear idea of what the wedding should be like," said Richard. "I know that the wedding details are usually the responsibility of the bride and her family, but our situation is unique." She thought about that for a second. "I'll agree with that."

"But... I'm not going to decide every detail. Who should be your maid of honor?" he asked. "And any bridesmaids?" Jennifer thought about that. "I think that Vicki should be there," she said. "A bridesmaid. But... a long time ago, I promised my younger sister Laura that she could be the maid of honor at my wedding. Is that all right?" she asked.

"Well, how do you think your sister would take it?" Richard asked. Jennifer thought back to Vicki's renewal of vows that she had seen and experienced. How would she take that? "I really don't know," she said. "I think that, if I'm going to have her here, we should fill her in on some of the... details before she shows up. I have a feeling that this is going to be a lot like Vicki's walk down the aisle," she said.

"There will be similarities," agreed Richard. "Anyone else?" he asked.

"Not my mother!" Jennifer said sharply. "I don't want that bitch anywhere near me!"

"What about your father?" asked Richard.

This brought Jennifer up short. "I... don't know where he is. He left my mother when I was in third grade."

Richard was quiet for a long minute. "At least that simplifies it a bit," he said. "I'm sorry for bringing it up."

"Oh, you had no way to know," she said, as old memories spun their way back through her mind. "I don't blame him for leaving. I just wish that I could have gone with him." She heard Richard walk up to her and cup her face with his hands. "Are you going to be all right?" he asked.

"I will be," she said. "I did my crying about it a long time ago." She knew that her statement was only a half truth. He stayed there for another long silent moment. Jennifer felt his lips on her own, and he stroked her shoulders gently. "I have my own guest list," he said. "It includes all five of the other owners of Fantasy Supreme, and their significant others. I would like Becky and Henry to be there as well. I'm not meaning to completely take over the guest list..."

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "I understand. Actually, I think I'm ready to continue my 'training'. Is there anything you want to tell me? About how to do it better?" she asked. Richard helped her to return to her seven inch heeled feet. "Not yet. I'll give you some hints tomorrow if it comes to that," he said. He guided her back under the desk and sat down in front of her. His penis was mostly limp, now. She had to bring it back to life with her lips before she could bring it inside of her mouth.

Chapter 34

Jennifer felt Richard finally squirt his semen into her aching mouth. She swallowed it down, and almost immediately pulled back. "That makes five!" she said triumphantly. Richard was letting out a small moan at the time. A few seconds later, she heard him push his chair back. A tug on her collar directed her to inch forward and stand up.

Yet again, she needed support to stand in the seven inch heels. Somehow, she had been able to ignore the pain in her feet from the shoes and the ache in her shoulder and arms from the armbinder. The hood was still over her head, leaving her in darkness. She was finally somewhat accustomed to the eighteen inch corset, and she did not feel like every breath was a struggle.

"I have good news and bad news for you," came the voice of Richard.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"The good news is that you reached five, and I promised you some pleasure of your own at that time." Memories of Richard's hard penis and tender kisses came to mind. "But the bad news is that it's bedtime. You've only made it halfway to your goal."

"Bedtime?! But..." I don't want to sleep alone tonight, she finished mentally.

"But what?" he asked.

"But that means I won't be with you tonight!" she said forlornly.

"Well, if you feel that way..." he said. "I might be able to bend the rules a bit. You can stay in my room tonight..."

"Thank you!" she said.

"But there's a price to be paid."

"What do you mean? Price?"

"If you choose to stay in my room, you must wear your fetching outfit until tomorrow evening," he said. "No breaks. If you choose your room, at least you will get a change of clothing." Change of clothing... Knowing Richard, the bedtime clothes wouldn't necessarily be any better than these. "I'll stay with you," she said.

Richard led her to his room, and let her use the bathroom there. She heard sounds of Richard's activity as she relieved herself. A few minutes later, Richard came to get her. Jennifer was surprised when Richard suddenly put his arms around her torso and lifted her off of the ground. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Rewarding you for reaching five tonight," he said. He slowly lowered her to the floor, and she felt something cold and rubbery pushing against her pussy. Jennifer shifted and

allowed the dildo to enter her. When she was finally back on the floor, she felt a rigid pole between her legs. The pole terminated in the dildo that was now between her legs. Even in her high heels and her legs straight, the dildo was at least six inches inside of her.

Richard slowly stroked her breasts, and she felt a warm, moist tongue gently touching a nipple. A shiver went through her, and she twisted around on the phallus. While one of his hands stroked her breasts, another went down to her pussy. He soon found her clit, even with the dildo in place, and within minutes, she was panting against the corset, desperately trying to keep her legs under her in the ultra high heels.

Two rapid orgasms followed. As she moaned in the aftermath, she felt Richard leave her side. Jennifer heard him attach something to the back of her corset, and the top of her armbinder. "What are you doing?" she asked. "Getting you ready for bed," he said. "I wouldn't want you to fall during the night." Richard had apparently finished his work. Jennifer tried to lean forward but was held up by the top of her corset. He must have tied it to the ceiling or something, thought Jennifer. "But I thought..." said Jennifer.

"I said that you could stay in my room. I said nothing about sleeping in my bed. And I also did not promise a good night's sleep," he said, ending the conversation by zipping the mouth of her hood shut.

Jennifer would have had a stunned look on her face if anyone could have seen her. She twisted and turned, but all she did was make herself hot again by moving the dildo around. She experimentally tried to bend her knees, and let the dildo slide further into her. The straps held her up, but the pressure on her corset and arms soon became too uncomfortable, so she lowered her feet again. "Goodnight, Jennifer," he said.

She spent the night in a dazed, aroused, half asleep state that was not restful at all. Twice during the night, she became so stir crazy that she twisted around on the dildo until she managed to orgasm. As soon as she heard Richard moving around, she started to make noises through her gag. "

Eager to make an early start, I see," he said. Richard released the straps that held her up. Jennifer felt her knees trembling, and Richard had to quickly lift her off of the dildo before she collapsed. He guided her to the bed and had her kneel down in front of it.

Richard unzipped the mouth of her helmet. Before she could even speak, she felt his penis against her lips. At least my mouth isn't sore, she thought, bringing his penis inside of her mouth. I don't know if I can do what he asks!

Richard was good to his word about the advice. "Use your tongue on the underside of the penis," he said. "Right behind the head. That's it," he encouraged. "Don't bother to use much pressure most of the time," he said. "Continuous gentle motion works better for me than frantic suction."

Sure enough, she was able to bring him to four orgasms by lunchtime. Fatigue was stalking her, but she was determined not to give in to it. After the fifth, he let her sit down while he went to work on her pussy with his tongue. He brought her to orgasm three times before she went back to work. The tenth one came shortly after supper. "Finally!" she said, triumphantly. "Indeed," he said. "I think you have earned a break."

Richard left, presumably to get the equipment he would need to release her from her bondage. By the time that he returned, she was lying face down on the floor, asleep.

Chapter 35

Jennifer became barely conscious as Richard took off the armbinder, shoes, and helmet. By the time he had lain her down in bed, she was asleep again. She woke up to the feeling of a warm body next to hers. Richard's arm went around her still corseted waist. That night, they did not make love, or if they did, Jennifer did not remember it. Instead, she stayed close to Richard, and just enjoyed his presence there as she dreamed.

Richard was up first, and she woke to the smells of breakfast. "You are only temporarily relived of the kitchen duties," he said, putting a tray of food on the bed, "while we attend to other matters." Jennifer just smiled and started to munch upon what he had prepared. "What today?" asked Jennifer. "Or shouldn't I ask?"

"You've learned your lesson well enough for now," said Richard. "We have an appointment this morning at the dressmakers," he said. "I also thought that it might be a good day for you to get ahold of your sister, Laura, and see if you can get her over here sometime to talk about the details, as well as setting up an appointment for her at the dressmakers."

Jennifer thought about that for a moment. "I'm trying to think of a way not to talk to my mother," she said. "My sister's through with high school... I know! Laura has a job at a video rental place down on seventh," she said. "I'll just call and talk to her there."

Richard left and returned with a phone book. "Is this the place?" he asked, pointing out an entry in the book. "Looks like it," she said. "The nearest phone is in the den," he said. "You can call from there."

Jennifer tried to get to her feet, but the aches in the backs of her legs were even worse now. "Those heels are doing something to my legs," she said, sitting back down. "Everything's tight now -- I'm having trouble flattening out my foot."

"You were able to walk in the heels last night," he said. "Maybe that's what I need." "I'll get a pair from your room," he said. Richard returned with her black patent six inch heels. They required a lock to stay in place. "This is what I could find on short notice," he said. She presented her feet, and he locked the shoes in place. Walking in the six inch heels was a relief compared to what she had been wearing. This is the most comfortable way I've

walked in days, she thought to herself.

Richard brought the phone book with them to his den. She sat down in a chair before placing the call. "Seventh street video," came a familiar voice.

"Is Laura there?" asked Jennifer, being cautious.

"Jennifer?!" said her sister. "Where have you been?"

"It's a long story. Can you talk?" she asked.

"For a little bit," Laura said. "No one is in yet this early. Why did you call?"

"Well... I'm getting married."

"Married?! Is this a joke?"

"No joke, Laura. Two weeks from last Saturday is the date."

"Oh my god!" she said. "Are you pregnant?"

This brought Jennifer up short. She sure had been having enough unprotected sex lately. It should be time for her period any time now. "No, I'm not getting married because I'm pregnant," she hedged. She made a mental note to ask Richard a few hard questions about that.

"Where is it going to be?" Laura asked.

"I'm not quite sure yet," she said. "Richard is making the arrangements."

"Richard? Who's Richard?"

"The man that I'm going to be marrying," said Jennifer.

"Mom's gonna go ballistic," said Laura.

"That's kind of what I want to talk to you about," said Jennifer. "I don't want you to tell her."

"You're gonna do this without her?"

"I hope so. But... I'd like you to be there. As my maid of honor."

There was a moment of silence from Laura. "I'd like that," she said.

"Do you have a car yet?" asked Jennifer.

"Yea. It's looks beat up, but it runs."

"When could you come over, so that we could talk about this, and get you set up with a dress?" she asked.

"There's not much time, is there? I think that mom's going out drinking tonight, as usual. I could probably leave by eight. Where are you now? His place?"

Jennifer looked at Richard. "Directions here?" she asked.

Between the two of them, they were able to convey the location. "That the ritziest division in the city!" Laura said. "Who the heck is this guy, anyway?"

"You'll get to meet him soon."

"I've got to go. Customer," she said.

"Remember, don't tell mom!" Jennifer said as her sister hung up.

"How did it go?" asked Richard.

"She'll be here tonight, sometime after eight," she said.

"That will be fine," said Richard. "Come on. We need to make it to the dressmakers.

The dressmaker turned out to be a woman named Mary who worked at Fantasy Supreme. Jennifer was just wearing the corset and heels. Richard had found her a long coat to wear for the ride. It felt very odd, for the dressmaker to be making her measurements while she was essentially naked. But she was very professional, and took only ten minutes or so for what she needed to do.

"You need to come back Friday for a fitting," the woman said. Mary was in her mid-thirties, with long black hair. She was wearing a black vinyl cat suit and heels. "I have you penciled in for ten. That's it for today."

Jennifer put the coat back on and thanked the woman for her time. "How did it go?" asked Richard as she emerged from the dressing room. "Fitting Friday," she said. "At ten."

They went to the car, and Richard drove off with her. "Where are we going?" she asked as he took an unfamiliar route.

"I thought that we'd stop for lunch," he said. "Like this?" she asked. "It's cloudy and threatening outside," he said. "We'll eat at an outdoor cafe. Just don't take your coat off.

Jennifer was rather nervous as Richard parked the car. He exited and opened the door for her. Jennifer gingerly stepped out and walked next to Richard. She hugged the coat tightly, but it only came down to mid-ankle. The extreme height of her shoes was visible to all of the several dozen people that were also walking down the sidewalk.

They took an unoccupied table. A waiter came over to them and was obviously very distracted by what was showing of Jennifer's legs. "What can I get you?" he asked, tearing his eyes off of Jennifer.

Richard ordered for both of them. The lunch seemed to take forever for Jennifer. Everywhere she looked, the patrons seemed to be staring at her. They would look away quickly, as she met their gaze, but not quickly enough to escape notice.

"You seem to be the center of attention," said Richard. There was a smile on his face as he held her hands. She felt him slip something on her finger. "I thought you'd like to have this," he said. "You won't always be able to wear it."

It was the engagement ring that Richard had given her earlier. Her embarrassment at the whole situation faded, replaced with a warm glow. "I love you," she said staring into his eyes. "I love you too," he said. "I hope that you can say that to me in two weeks," he replied.

Chapter 36

"Oh god! This guy is loaded!" Laura said after Richard had left the room.

Laura and Jennifer were sitting in the main living room, across from each other. Jennifer was wearing her black satin dress that she had worn to the musical. Laura was garbed in jeans and a T-shirt.

"Mother doesn't know about this, right?" asked Jennifer.

Her sister shook her head. "I didn't say a word to her. Are you really going to do this without telling her?"

"We're having a slightly more formal elopement, that's all," rationalized Jennifer.

"So, how the heck did you meet this guy?" she asked.

"Well, it's really a long story," said Jennifer. "But I was fired from my last job, and the debt collectors were closing in on me..."

"I don't know if I like the sound of this," Laura said.

"Richard advertised for a live-in maid," she said. "I really needed the money, and I was lucky that Richard hired me."

"Uh huh," said Laura, sounding unconvinced.

"Well, obviously a little more happened," said Jennifer, looking down and turning slightly red, "But in the end he proposed to me."

"Why do I have the feeling that you're leaving out a *lot*?" asked Laura.

"Well..." temporized Jennifer. She's going to find out soon enough, she thought, either

when she's fitted for her dress or at the wedding. "He's a little kinky," she said.

"With all this money?" said Laura. "I could put up with a little kinky," she said. Laura looked around and did not see Richard anywhere. "What's he into, anyway?" she said in a conspiratorial whisper. "Spanking? Bondage? What?"

Jennifer had no idea that her sister knew about such things. Before she could reply, she heard Richard's footsteps. "I brought refreshments," said Richard, carrying a tray with three full glasses on it. Jennifer took one, then Laura did. Richard sat down next to Jennifer as her younger sister asked a question. "You're obviously well off," she said. "Why don't you have a servant or three to bring the drinks out?"

"Well, I had one," said Richard. "But it seems that I'm to marry her in two weeks. That has changed our relationship a bit," he said. Richard looked at Jennifer. "Afterwards, we can talk about bringing any staff members on board," he said.

"I see," said Laura as she sipped her drink.

Jennifer crossed her legs. She was wearing black six inch heels on her feet. Rubber stockings covered her legs. Laura stared at her older sister's feet for a long moment as her shoes became visible. "Jennifer has an appointment to have her dress fitted at ten on Friday," said Richard. "Could you make it at ten-thirty?" asked Richard.

"Probably," said Laura. "I don't think I work till three on Friday. I'll check. Where is it?" she asked.

"The sign said FS incorporated," said Richard. "It's off of sixty third street. Ask for Mary."

Laura thought about that. "That sounds familiar somehow," she said.

"We wanted to talk to you ahead of time," said Richard, "because we're not exactly having a traditional wedding,"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"The wedding is going to be here, not at a church," said Richard. "And it's going to be a theme wedding. All guests in appropriate costume."

"That's cool," she said. "Theme, like a medieval or civil war theme?" she asked.

"Something like that," said Jennifer.

"What's the theme?" asked Laura.

"I'll be blunt," said Richard. Jennifer braced herself, prepared for the worst. "It's kinky outfits, fetishes, and bondage," he said.

Laura's eyes opened wide at this, in spite of Jennifer's previous hint. "My god," she said softly. "Can you see why a church is not an appropriate setting?" he said.

"Um, yea," she said. Now it was Laura's turn to look away and blush.

"We will understand if you have a problem with this, and don't want to participate," he said.

"I... god, I don't know," said Laura. She looked up at Jennifer. "You're really going to do it this way?" she asked.

"For Richard, anything," she said, with a smile. Richard returned her smile, but only halfheartedly.

"I'm... geez, this is so strange," said Laura.

"How can we help you to make up your mind?" asked Jennifer. "I'd really like to have you there."

"Well, maybe if you told me what I'll be wearing for this 'theme' wedding? And what I'm supposed to do?"

"Well, it won't be too different from a normal gown," said Richard. "It's... actually, it's fairly close to something that Jennifer has in her wardrobe now," he said. "Would you like to do a bit of a dress-rehearsal, so to speak?"

"That would probably be good," said Laura.

Laura stood there in the red rubber hobble dress. From the shape of her body underneath, it was obvious that she was wearing a corset underneath. Six-inch red stiletto heels were on her feet. "You look wonderful!" said Jennifer as Laura slowly turned in place. She was very unsteady in the heels, and Richard had to steady her more than once.

"All you have to do is walk down the aisle," he said. "You will have the best man there to lean on," said Richard.

"This is so weird," said Laura.

"I'd really like to have you there," said Jennifer.

"All right," concluded Laura. "I'll do it."

With her sister gone, Jennifer sat down on a chair and looked at Richard. "Richard," she said. "There's something that's been bothering me," she said.

"What is that?" he asked. "Well, I've lost track of time, and I'm not quite sure, but I think my period was supposed to come yesterday or today," she said. "What if..." she asked.

Richard smiled at her. "I'll bet you anything that you're not pregnant," he said.

"H... how can you be so sure?" Jennifer asked.

"This issue came up once before, with Susana," he said. "I had a vasectomy," he said.

But he's so young, thought Jennifer. "You don't want kids at all?" asked Jennifer.

"Not exactly," said Richard. "But I know what my preferred lifestyle is, and I don't want accidental children. I have at least a dozen frozen sperm samples, however, in case I... in case *we* should want to have children."

This made Jennifer feel better. She knew that she did not want a child now... but that might change someday.

Chapter 37

As Richard had guessed, by the next day, Jennifer felt the familiar sensations of her menstrual flow. Today, Richard had dressed her in the nineteen inch black satin corset, rubber gloves, rubber stockings, six inch locking heels, and her locking long sleeved rubber maid's outfit with the very flared skirt. She wore a chastity belt as well. This one had a rear butt plug, but there was no front dildo. Richard had allowed her to put a tampon there instead.

Richard left her alone most of the day, saying that he had preparations to make for the wedding. Before he left, he gave her an extensive list of things to do around her house. Jennifer surprised herself by finishing the list well before suppertime. She found that walking in the six-inch heels was almost automatic now. It took an effort to remember what it was like to walk *without* heels.

When Richard returned, he found her sitting on the couch, watching television. "Is everything done?" he asked her as he put his briefcase down. "I think so," she replied. Richard sat down next to her. "Did you get everything done that you wanted to?" Richard nodded. With a complete lack of subtlety, he reached down and unzipped his pants. "Do you remember your lessons?" he asked. Jennifer was surprised for only a moment. She slid to the floor and kneeled in front of him.

Wednesday brought more of the same. Except that, this time, she was wearing handcuffs with only a few inches of separation, and ankle fetters with twelve inches of chain between them. Jennifer barely finished Richard's list of chores before he returned. He seemed surprised to find out that she had finished all of her work. Like Tuesday, the evening passed by with her knelt down in front of him.

Thursday's outfit was a repeat of Wednesday's. However, this time the chain between her ankles was only six inches long. This time, Jennifer did not manage to get all of her chores done. "You need to be punished," Richard said simply.

"This is not fair!" she said to him. "I never promised to be fair," said Richard. She had no reply to this. Jennifer fumed slightly as she took mincing steps to follow Richard to his bedroom.

She spent the next few hours in her outfit, blindfolded and gagged, with her hands held up above her by a chain connected to the ceiling. She was never sure when Richard was in the room or not. Finally, he let her arms down and took off the blindfold and the gag. Next, he unlocked her handcuffs and fetters.

Robert Comment: It is not safe, and perhaps dangerous to have her wrists anchored to the ceiling with handcuffs. Were she to lose her footing, her wrists would be damaged, and even without falling, suffer from the lack of circulation to her arms and hands.

"It's bedtime," he said, as he unlocked the chastity belt. After three days of enforced abstinence, Jennifer was not at all patient. As soon as she was free, she grabbed ahold of his pants, unzipped them, and pulled them to the floor.

Chapter 38

Jennifer had to lean against the wall and pant for breath as the corset closed in around her waist. Mary the dressmaker watched her calmly. "How tight is this going to go?" Jennifer asked. "It should be eighteen inches around, when it's done," she replied over the hum of the motors. Although the corset had standard lacings in back, the cords were being pulled by two electric motors set into the walls of the dressing room.

"I think that your sister's here," she continued. "This will take at least another ten minutes," she declared. "I'll be back when it's done. As Mary left, Jennifer was left there, leaning up against the wall of the small room. She had to balance in white seven inch heels. The switches for the motors were just out of arms reach in either side, and there was no way that she could possibly touch them, even if she tried.

Other than the tightening white satin corset and the shoes, she was wearing nothing. The long raincoat and black six inch heels that she had worn here were piled in a corner of the room.

Jennifer heard voices outside the dressing room, but could not make out any of the conversation. Although she had become accustomed to breathing and moving in corsets, this one became very challenging to breath in as it approached its final tightness. Just as she thought that she could not take it anymore, the whine of the motors stopped. She

slumped down and let out a tiny sigh of relief. Jennifer could only move down a few inches as the corset strings held her in place. She guessed that it was several minutes before Mary found her. Dressed in a skin tight black rubber body suit, she reached over and unlatched one of the sets of corset strings from the motor.

Mary expertly wrapped the strings around Jennifer's waist without losing any of the tension. She repeated this with the other corset strings, then tied the two together. Jennifer turned to look at herself in the mirror. Her figure was beyond fabulous now. With the so small waist and breasts that were supported and separated by the corset, she was approaching the realm of fantasy.

"Sit down. Let's get your slip on now," said Mary. Jennifer sat down on the bench in the dressing room. Mary brought in a box, and a long white satin slip was inside it. As she wriggled into it, Jennifer realized that the term hobble slip would be more appropriate. Jennifer stood up with her legs tightly together as Mary laced it up in back.

The slip was made of white satin. It was extremely tight around her waist and legs. Her knees could not move from their position. As she tried to step forward, she found that she was fortunate to be able to take steps longer than four inches.

Mary left the room again. When she returned, she came back with several very frilly crinoline underskirts in her hands. She was able to slip them over her head and down into place around her ever so small waist. There were six of them total, the last one the largest. When they were done, there was hardly room left for Mary to stand in the dressing room. For six feet in each direction, all Jennifer saw was fluffy white netting.

Mary left again. This time, when she returned, she had a very long white satin wedding dress in her hands. Jennifer nearly fell over in the attempt to get it on over her head. They finally managed to get it on her, and zip it up in back. Mary helped her to get out of the dressing room. This was aided by the fact that there was no doorway to the room, only a very wide curtain. Jennifer took dozens of baby steps in her hobble slip and heels before she even managed to get out of the room.

They emerged into the main display room. Mannequins were displaying rubber and leather outfits of all types here. Under Mary's direction, she continued forward, until Jennifer was at the center of the room. The, rubber clad woman walked around her and arranged the dress and train around her.

When she was done, she brought out a large mirror so that Jennifer could see herself. The effect left her light headed. "It's like a fairy tale," she said. The dress was made of soft, shiny white satin, with elaborate embroidery and beads all around it. There were huge puffy satin shoulders attached to the long sleeves of the dress. In front, the dress went all the way to her neck, but there was a heart shaped cutout in front that revealed as much cleavage as was legal. This cutout area was covered with the filmiest white material, hiding nothing underneath.

She could never remember seeing a dress this large before. Bigger than the dresses in *Gone with the Wind*, bigger than the good witch in *Oz*, bigger than the woman in *The King and I*. Then, there was her impossibly small waist perched above all of that vastness. "God!" she heard a familiar voice say. Jennifer turned her head, and saw her sister walking out of another dressing room, escorted by Mary.

Laura was dressed in a long sleeved, neck high hobble dress. The material was a shiny, slightly stretchy bright blue vinyl. Like Jennifer, there was a heart shaped cutout above her protruding breasts, covered only by a wisp of blue translucent fabric. It looked like her breasts were on the verge of breaking through the tight fabric of the dress.

Jennifer had never known her sister to be particularly chesty. However, the narrowness and stiffness of her waist revealed where her cleavage had come from. The dress looked to be a little looser than Jennifer's slip. Her sister took quick steps, almost a foot long each, towards her. Matching blue five inch heels adorned her feet. "You're something else!" said Jennifer after she saw the effect the dress had on her sister. "Look who's talking! That thing is unbelievable! I've never seen anything like it!" exclaimed Laura.

"We have a few more things to get done here," said Mary. Jennifer watched as the dressmaker directed Laura to walk and turn around, all the while observing her closely. She brought out a notepad and jotted down a few notes.

"How does yours fit," Mary asked while looking at Jennifer.

She spent a moment studying the sensations of the dress. "Fits like a glove," she said.

"Raise your hands over your head," Mary instructed, "and turn from side to side."

Jennifer complied as best she could. Turning was easier said than done in the corset, hobble slip, and heels.

"Mary, please call three two four," came a sound over the intercom. "Mary, call three two four," "I'll be back in a few minutes," she said. "I won't take long."

Jennifer was left alone with her sister. "I hate to break it to you," said Laura, "but your fiancée is nuttier than a fruitcake. Just look at all this!" she said with a sweeping motion of her arms. "He's different," said Jennifer. "But that's just the way he is. Is it really that bad?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm not trying to talk you out of this, or anything," she said. "But how many guys would even **think** of something like this, let alone do it?" "Richard is strange in a lot of ways," said Jennifer. "But that's the man I love."

"Do you really like being dressed up like that? Or like this?" she said, pointing to herself. She thought about that for a long moment. "I'm not sure that I **like** it. I really don't mind it, and it's fun at times. Honestly, what I like is the effect that it has on Richard. The way he looks at me," Jennifer had to shudder with the memory, "God, for the way he looks at me, the way he touches me, the way he talks to me, oh, everything about him, this is worth it a

thousand times over.

"Think about it, Laura," she said. "Do you have any idea how **sexy** you look now? Especially to a guy that's even the least bit kinky?" Laura turned and examined herself in the mirror, saw the narrow waist and the heaving breasts. "I suppose I do look rather... hot," she said. "That's an understatement," said Jennifer. "I don't remember you **ever** calling yourself hot or sexy before."

"That's true," Laura replied. "All those cheerleaders at school, the guys just fought over them to ask them out. I hardly ever had a boyfriend, in high school. And now, I still don't," she said. Suddenly, Laura looked up, like she had suddenly changed trains of thought. "I have to know," she said in a conspiratorial whisper. "Is Richard any good in bed?"

As Jennifer thought about the question, she started to laugh. How to compare the feeble relationships she had had with Richard's ways? More than half the time, she was not even in a bed when he had made her orgasm. The toys, the teasing, the mind-blowing sex... how could she ever imagine going back to a 'normal' relationship with anyone? There was no comparison. Richard was not even playing in the same **league** as everyone else!

"What's so funny?" asked Laura.

"He's wonderful in bed," she said, not bothering to explain. He's wonderful everywhere else, too, like the kitchen, the park, the theater... "You ask like you doubt that," said Jennifer. "Did you think I was just marrying him for his money?"

"Well... the thought **had** crossed my mind," Laura said. "How much is he worth, anyway?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," she said. "Probably at least seven figures."

As Laura was digesting this, Mary came back into the room. "We're done for the day. We need to make a few final adjustments," she said. "Come in on Monday, same times, and you should be all ready then."

They both nodded. "Call me at home tonight," said Laura. "After eight. Mom is going out tonight, and probably won't be back before midnight."

Chapter 39

Jennifer was sitting on a chair in Richard's den. She was dressed in the black rubber maid's outfit again, complete with corset, gloves, stockings, and locking six inch heels. Her crotch was still dripping from the attention that Richard's tongue had been giving it.

Richard was sitting at his desk, watching her as she dialed the phone number that she knew all too well. After four rings, Jennifer was starting to become concerned.

"Hello?" came a faint voice.

"Laura, is that you?"

"Yea," she said, almost a sigh.

"You don't sound well," said Jennifer.

"She... Mom... I'm sorry!" her sister said.

"Sorry? Sorry for what?" asked Jennifer.

"Oh, god! I didn't want to, but I didn't know what else to do!"

"What are you talking about?" She heard Laura stop for a moment to blow her nose.

"Mom was driving around this morning, and she saw me on my way back from the dress fitting," she said. "I didn't mention it to her, she just thought I was at work."

"God! Did she rake you over the coals?" Jennifer said, with vivid memories coming to mind.

"She was more or less sober, so she was being her control everything, know everything, threaten to take away the car, cold hearted bitch self!

"I didn't know what to say!" she said. "Maybe she saw where I came from. I don't know. I'm sorry!" she said again.

"What exactly did you tell her?" asked Jennifer.

"I told her that I was getting a dress," she said. "That wasn't good enough for her. It's like she knew something was up. She just wouldn't stop... damn her!"

"What did you tell her?" Jennifer asked again.

"I told her that I had seen you," she said. "That you were getting married. I'm sorry!"

Jennifer could not blame her sister. In her darkest memories, she remembered their mother. Somehow, the woman knew exactly what buttons to push with both of them. She knew what to threaten, what failures of them to bring up and throw in their faces, what buttons to push. She could never remember actually winning an argument with the woman, or ever seeing her be nice to either of her daughters without an ulterior motive. With Jennifer, it was 'The Look That Could Kill' that would make her crumble. With Laura, her mother ranted and raved and screamed until Laura would give in, in tears.

"She knows when, too!" said Laura. "There's no way that I'll be able to make it there. Mother will stop me. She threatened to take my car away! It's in her name, after all. And even if I did, you know that she'd follow me!"

"I know," Jennifer said with as large of a sigh as her corset would allow.

"I'm sorry," she said again.

She saw that Richard was looking at her intently, with a questioning look on his face. "Let me talk this over with Richard," she said. "I'll try to call back in a bit," she said.

"OK," said Laura. "You're not mad at me?"

"No, Laura, I'm not. I've lost track of the number of times that she's done that sort of thing to me. I hoped... well, call you back in a bit."

"Bye," Laura said simply.

Jennifer hung up the phone. "What's going on?" Richard asked.

Jennifer explained that Laura had spilled the beans to their mother. "It's not Laura's fault," she said. "Our mother, the paranoid witch, can just *do* that to us. I can't even exactly explain how."

"Parents and offspring know each other in ways no one else can understand," said Richard. "I understand, at least partially."

"What can we do?" asked Jennifer. "I really want Laura there."

Richard thought about that. "Why don't you want your mother there?" he asked.

"Are you thinking of caving in and inviting her?!" Jennifer said, eyes wide.

"Don't jump to conclusion yet," said Richard. "Why?"

Jennifer tried to calm down before answering. "Everything she's touched in my life seems like it was ruined. My piano lessons, my first boyfriend, the choir I sang in... damn it! It's like she enjoys ruining my life! This is the first thing that's happened to me that has been *good!* If my mother's there, she'll criticize everything, she'll make a scene, she'll make a stink, she'll make me look bad in front of everyone... that's just the way she is! That woman is poison in a human form! I'm sure that she'll do her best to find out more from Laura, like where we live. By tomorrow, I bet she'll be thinking of ways to crash in and ruin everything!"

"I just have a thought," Richard said. "We might be able to get rid of her by inviting her," he said.

"I don't understand at all," she said. "I don't want her to be a part of my life anymore! I don't want her anywhere near me! I also wish that Laura could move out of the house," she concluded. "Without me there, my sister is getting all the attention now."

"Let me give you my ideas, and maybe you can give me a few as well. We could invite your mother. However, there is a strict, and I mean *strict* dress code, especially for the female guests. Your mother would not be excluded from this."

Jennifer tried to imagine it. "I still don't see how that helps," she said.

"Is there anything that your mother particularly dislikes?" he asked.

"Being humiliated," Jennifer said immediately. "That's why she tries to humiliate me and my sister. I think that's what she fears the most. I know this because I saw her at a restaurant and she made a complete fool of herself over this waiter. Afterwards... oh, it

was bad at home! She always likes to be in control, as well. She always has to have the last word. Somehow, I don't think that dressing her up is going to do it, though. She's never minded showing her body off. That's never embarrassed her, that I know of."

"Hmmm..." he said, chewing on his lip. "I'm still thinking. But about your sister..." he said, "you know, lately you really haven't been having much time to get things done around the house. And that's only going to get worse after we're married."

Only going to get worse... that means I'll be doing less housework... probably doing more with Richard... I like the sound of that, concluded Jennifer. "What's your point?" she asked.

"Perhaps your sister could work here for a while," he said. "Be the maid, and help out around here," he said. "That could really free up your time around here," he said.

"That would get her out of the house," she said. "But... I don't like to share," she said, looking at him. "Especially with my sister."

Richard looked a bit surprised, then recovered. "I was not suggesting anything of the sort," he said. "If you don't like the idea..."

"As long as you know I don't like the idea of sharing, it will be fine," said Jennifer. "I think that just about anything would be better than life at home right now."

"There should be no problem with that," said Richard. "No problem at all. But as for your mother, how about something like this..."

Chapter 40

Saturday morning, Jennifer woke up in Richard's bed. The last night's activities were a blur to her. She tried to stretch, but found out that her hands and legs were tied spread-eagle to the bed. She wore nothing other than her restraints. Richard was not in the room, but she heard sounds of activity from outside the room. Richard returned with breakfast on a tray and a box which he sat down on the floor. He was clothed in nothing except a pair of slippers, and the sight of this brought a smile to her face.

Richard fed her while she was still tied to the bed. After feeding himself, Jennifer noticed that his penis was rather stiff. "Isn't it a little early to have a hard-on?" Jennifer asked in a teasing voice.

"It's never too early for that," he replied. Slowly, he slid onto the bed and climbed on top of her. He ran a hand down the side of her ribcage and nibbled on the side of her neck with his lips.

"Oh, Richard!" she said aloud as a tremor passed through her body. "Oh!" She thrust upward with her hips, hoping to touch his manhood hovering just inches above her.

Richard did not leave her wanting for very long.

Jennifer emerged from the shower with a towel over her head. She didn't even think of covering herself as she walked into Richard's room. She wore slippers with five inch heels as she walked out.

"So, what surprise do you have for me today?" she asked him. Richard gave her a slight smile. He held up a piece of shiny black rubber that Jennifer identified as a body suit. The suit unlaced in back. Richard helped her step into it after she kicked off her slippers, and she noticed that he had spread some sort of white powder on the inside that made it slide on smoothly.

She found herself balancing on her tiptoes, unable to lower her heels without extreme discomfort. She hoped that Richard would put some shoes on her soon. The suit covered her feet and legs entirely. There was a long opening between the legs that would give ample access to her crotch. As Richard slid it up on her, she felt that the rubber around her waist was much thicker and stiffer. When it was laced up, she was sure that it would act like a corset.

Like that should surprise me any, Jennifer thought. Next, she put her arms into the body suit. When they were in place, she saw that each sleeve ended in a thumbless mitten. The rubber of the mittens was very stiff and unyielding, making her hands effectively useless.

The last part of her body to go into the outfit was her head. She found something hard and unyielding inside the hood, where her mouth wanted to be. Taking a guess, she opened her mouth and sucked it inside.

Sure enough, the hood came on easily afterwards. As Richard started to lace the back of it up, she was able to see herself in the mirror. The hood had small holes for the eyes, and even smaller holes for her nose. Her mouth was completely covered, except for a single tiny hole that hissed as she tried to breathe through her mouth. From the feel of what was in her mouth, she guessed that it was a short rubber dildo with some sort of breathing tube in it.

Richard laced it tight, but not as tight as the corsets she had been wearing lately. After he was done, he led her over to the bed and put locking six inch black heels on her feet. I can manage pretty well in these, Jennifer thought to herself. And to imagine that I used to have trouble in three-inch heels!

"One more thing," said Richard. He went over to a drawer and pulled out what looked to be a large rubber coated watchspring with a small box on one end. What the heck is that? Jennifer wondered. Richard attached the small box to the front of her corset. Then, he pulled the springy rubber device down and into her crotch.

When it was in place, it hugged her body tightly from waist to the inside of her vaginal cavity. She could feel that it wanted to curl up even tighter, and stayed tight against her even as she moved. Right around her clit, it felt like the spring was a bit wider.

"I can tell that you're curious," he said. "There are three parts to the device. At your waist, there is the power source. At your favorite place, there is a tiny vibrator. Within you, there is a conductivity detector." She felt a low hum suddenly start right next to her clitoris. Jennifer tried to grab the rubber spring with her hand, but the heavy gauge rubber prevented her from doing more than pawing herself.

"A sexually aroused woman will secrete a good amount of fluid down there," he explained. "The conductivity detector is sensitive to changes in moisture. In essence, whenever you dry out down there, it will start to vibrate. When you get wet again, it will stop."

Sure enough, after a minute of stimulation and as the juices started to flow, the vibrations within her stopped. Jennifer made a tiny moaning sound through the hole in her dildo gag. This thing is going to drive me nuts!

"I just want to make sure that you're ready for me anytime that I want to take you today. As you can see, it doesn't get in the way of sex at all."

A satisfied smile came across his face. Where the hell does he come up with these ideas? she wondered.

During the rest of the day, Richard had his way with her five times. Each time, there was less preparation than the last. Thanks to the sporadically vibrating device in her, she was always wet and lubricated, ready for him to enter her.

The last time, Jennifer had turned around, just in time to see Richard's erect cock as he pulled her to the floor and thrust into her a second later. Jennifer orgasmed every time that he took her, and on one occasion she orgasmed twice. It was late evening before Richard let her out of the rubber outfit and took the device out of her.

"Supper time," said Richard, as he headed for the kitchen. Jennifer remembered her previous troubles walking without shoes. Before following him, she took the opportunity to put the six-inch heels back on her feet and lock them on.

They had dinner nude, except that Jennifer wore the shoes. "Your mother should have received the invitation today," said Richard. "I hope that Laura's all right, replied Jennifer.

"Well, with an official invitation, I don't think that your mother will be as eager to ferret out information from your sister."

"I half expect to see her show up on our doorstep anytime now. I'm afraid that she's going to throw some sort of fit and keep Laura from showing up. I don't know why, but I just have a bad feeling about this." Richard thought about this while he played with his food. "Do you have something in mind?" he asked.

"I just wish there was a way to get her out of the house *now*," said Jennica. "That way, my mother couldn't pull anything at the last minute."

"I have an idea," said Richard. "Your old apartment is still paid for. I made sure of that

shortly after you started working here. Perhaps Laura could look after it for a few days." Jennifer had forgotten that detail. "That would be a good idea!" she said. "I hope that Laura will go for it. I can ask her Monday at our fittings."

"Come on," Richard said as he pushed back his chair and stood up. "The supper dishes can be cleaned up tomorrow." Jennifer gladly complied and followed Richard back to his bedroom, walking in her six inch heels.

Chapter 41

SMASH! Jennifer watched the pieces of the bowl scatter about the kitchen floor. "What was that?" came Richard's voice. "A bowl," said Jennifer. She walked in her heels over to the closet and found a broom to clean it up. By the time she had returned, Richard was at the doorway.

Jennifer was again dressed in the high necked rubber maid's outfit, with rubber gloves, corset, rubber stockings, and six inch black heels. "Come on," said Richard. "I have to clean this up first," she said. "You have to be punished," he replied calmly.

"Punished?! I'm almost married to you!"

"Do you think that you can get away with this now? I think not. You will still be punished for your mistakes when you're married to me."

Jennifer fumed, then calmed down. "All right," she conceded. "I was a bad girl." She remembered that Richard's 'punishments' were often not true punishments at all.

Richard led her to his den. He pulled out a chair, and had her stand behind it. Out of his desk drawer, he pulled out a good quantity of rope and tied her legs to the legs of the chair. The next item he procured was a dildo. Seven inches long and rather thick, it took him some time to work it into her pussy.

He bent her over the back of the chair. The chair was at just the right height that the base of the dildo was against the top of the chair. He then tied her hands to the front legs of the chair. Jennifer moved around, and found that she could move the dildo around quite nicely. "Mmmm..." she said aloud.

Richard went back to his desk, and shed his clothes. Jennifer could not see what he was doing because her view behind her was blocked by the wide expanse of the skirt of the maid's outfit. She felt his penis brush up against her buttocks. This time, it felt very wet and slippery, like he had applied lubricant. Jennifer let out a gasp as he slowly guided it up into her anus. "God!" she exclaimed. Richard had put plugs up there before, but she could not remember him ever screwing her there before! "What are you doing?"

"Giving you a lesson," he said. "Very bad girls can get it this way." Richard was very slow with his movements within her. The initial discomfort was soon past, and soon she was grinding, moving the dildo around within her. Without a vibrating toy, the process was slower, but her excitement level did rise. She was coming close, very close... The tightness of the corset was again apparent, especially with her bent over position. "I'm so close," she said. "so close..." Richard stayed within her as she brought herself to a torturously slow and protracted orgasm. When she was done, he was still there, inside of her, as hard as before. "How... how long are you going to take?" she asked.

"That depends upon how long it takes for you to get me to a climax," he said, moving back and forth ever so slightly withing her. "Oh, god!" she said aloud. This is going to be a long morning...

Jennifer moved her hips forward and back, as much as her restraints would allow. Richard stayed with her, resulting in only the slightest sensations of motion. The dildo was moving around inside of her again. All she accomplished was to excite herself further. Soon, she lost track of her original goal, and was simply grinding against the back of the chair.

Her head was swimming from her shortness of breath by the time that a second orgasm went through her. When she came back to reality, Richard was **still** there, moving slightly back and forth inside of her rear opening. She finally came up with a different strategy. Jennifer clenched her rear muscles as tight as she could, in pulses, as she wriggled and moved as best she could. She tried to feel his motions, and counter them with her sphincter muscle clenches as tightly as she could. She tried to push him out of her, as well, like a bowel movement.

The combination of all of this finally sent Richard over the edge. She could feel him spurt his juices within her, and finally he slipped out of her rear. She was close as well, and she took a few minutes to bring herself to a climax as well. "Remember," he said, as he untied her, "Remember that I will expect this from you as well," he said.

Chapter 42

This time, Jennifer and Laura did not manage to cross paths until their respective fittings were over with. The two girls sat in the main lobby of Fantasy Supreme. Laura was wearing a T-shirt and jeans, and in her hands, she had a large box. Jennifer was wearing only a long shiny black vinyl coat, with the belt cinched so tightly that she must be wearing a corset underneath. Her feet were in six inch black heels.

"So, do you want to stay at my old apartment?" Jennifer asked.

"That would be great!" Laura replied instantly. "I would have moved out before, but there's just no way I could afford it right now."

Jennifer nodded. "There's a key in a crack in the molding around the door," she said. "On the right, near the floor. You should be able to find it without a problem."

"Mother threatens to kick me out onto the street every once in a while," said Laura. "Now she can't threaten me with *that* anymore!"

"Did she get the invitation?" Jennifer asked.

"She did. She was upset at first, that you had not even talked to her about it. Then she called a couple of her friends up. She was talking so loudly that I couldn't help but hear her. One of her friends told her that your fiancée was a multi-millionaire, and suddenly she was very quiet about the whole thing."

"Has she given you any more grief about it?" Jennifer asked.

"Not since the invitation arrived. I think she was almost nice to me today."

"Now *that* really worries me."

"Tell me about it. Actually, I think I'm going to go to your apartment right after this, and drop the dress off there. Do you think that mother would really wear something like this?" she said.

"Maybe," said Jennifer, with a thought crossing her mind. "I take it you're going to go home and get some of your stuff?" she asked.

"Sure. How long can I stay there?" she asked.

"For as long as you would like," replied Jennifer. "I think that it's paid up for several months. But... when you see mother next, could you drop her a hint that there will be some wedding guests that are just as wealthy as Richard *and* unmarried right now?"

"Sure... but why? Are *you* up to something now?" she asked.

"Could be. That's even a true statement. There *will* be a couple of unmarried available men at the wedding. And they know that the wedding is going to be...ah... different. Every one of the guys that will be there is just as kinky as Richard."

"I'll tell her," said Laura. "You know, she'll do her best to throw herself at one of them. They'd probably be a hell of a lot better than some of the guys she's dragged home!"

A car pulled up outside the lobby, and Jennifer saw Richard step out of it. "My ride is here. Oh, take this," she said, handing Laura a slip of paper. "That's our phone number, just in case you need something. Leave it at the apartment. I'd rather not give it to mother."

Laura nodded, and waved goodbye as Jennifer and Richard drove off.

"Is Laura going to move out?" Richard asked.

Jennifer nodded. "She didn't even have to think about it."

"I still haven't met this mother of yours that you talk of," he said. "But I suppose that it's tradition to dislike the mother-in-law."

"I had a brainstorm while I was waiting," said Jennifer. "I told Laura to tell mother that there would be unattached guests at the wedding. They would be filthy rich and... um... kinky. I thought that would get my mother to come along and cooperate."

"Hmmm... that should work. I take it that money can act as an aphrodisiac for your mother?" "I'd have to say yes," she said.

Richard rolled his eyes. "That's exactly the type of woman that always seemed to throw herself at me. That is, until you came around. Oh, well."

"You know, maybe we could take this a little further," Jennifer thought. Maybe we could talk one of the three unmarried guys into... well... stringing her along.

"Adam is engaged," Richard said. "And Collin... well... I fear that he would end up being taken in by your mother. No... I think that Ben might be the best bet."

Jennifer thought back to Vicki's descriptions. "Ben has... what is it? Two live in girlfriends?"

"But he's technically not married," said Richard. "Actually, Ben might be very willing to help out. Is your mother a good looking woman, or not?"

"She still has a good figure, I guess," said Jennifer. "She can always find a good-looking guy when she heads out for the bars to troll for a bed partner."

"Let me give Ben a call when we get back," he said.

Jennifer watched as Richard hung up the phone. "He'll be happy to do it," he said. "I could almost hear him drooling over the phone."

Just seconds later, the phone rang. Richard picked it up, then handed it to Jennifer. "It's for you," he said.

"Hello?"

"Jen? It's Laura," came the voice on the other end of the phone."

"My sister," she said to Richard. He nodded, then walked out of his den, leaving her alone to talk with her sister. "What's up?" she asked her sister.

"Well... I looked at all the stuff that comes along with this dress," she said. "I knew about the corset, and the shoes, and I've tried on the dress. But there's this other thing in here..." she said.

"Yes?"

"It looks like... well, it looks like something that has two rubber dongs on it! It's some kind of belt or something. There are batteries with this thing, that go with the dongs. Am I really supposed to wear this? My god! What a sick idea!"

"I'm sure that if you don't want to, you don't have to," she said.

"You... you don't sound surprised by this?"

"Do you think you're the only one? Or the first to wear something like that? I bet that will be standard issue for the female guests."

"Have *you* worn this?" Laura asked.

"Several times," she replied calmly.

"God!" said Laura. "What's it like?"

"Interesting, I'll say," she said. There was a long silence from Laura. "You know, you could always try it out first, alone" she said. "To see if you'll be able to handle it during the wedding."

"I... geez! Your boyfriend is sick!"

"Laura... you know, I can't imagine him any other way! And think about this: Even with all this 'sick' stuff, I'm still going to marry him!"

There was another long pause. "I... guess I'll try it out, then." she said.

"Your choice, of course," she said. "Call me back when you've made up your mind."

A few hours later, the phone rang again. Richard had been on the phone, making calls, and had Jennifer underneath his desk, in the corset and heels, giving oral attention to his penis.

"It's for you," Richard said, backing his chair up. Jennifer wiped her face off with her hands before crawling out. Richard handed her the phone and let her sit down on his lap.

She felt his hard, wet penis up against her back. "Hello?" she said.

"Ah, hi," came the voice of Laura.

"Have you made a decision?" guessed Jennifer.

"I think I'll try to wear it," said Laura.

"So, what did you think?" Jennifer asked.

"Well..." said Laura. There was a long pause. "My batteries wore out."

Jennifer couldn't help herself, and she started laughing.

Chapter 43

Jennifer woke up with Richard still in the bed next to her. "Good morning," she said, crawling over him and rubbing her bare breasts against his chest. She was still wearing the corset and heels, but nothing else. Slowly, Richard's eyes opened up. "Do you want me to make breakfast?" she asked.

"If you would be so good," said Richard.

Jennifer walked out of the room in the heels. The swaying of her hips exaggerated by the heels and by conscious effort on her part. Richard was not in the kitchen by the time she was done, so she put it all on a tray and returned to his bedroom.

Richard was sitting on the bed, still not completely awake. "Is something wrong?" Jennifer asked. "You're almost **always** the first one up!" "I guess my body is just making up for lost time," he said.

"Lost time?" she asked.

"I don't always sleep soundly," he replied.

Jennifer sat down next to him and put the tray down between them. "So, what's on today's agenda?" she asked.

"I need to have Fantasy Supreme set up an appointment with your mother to get a dress for the wedding," Richard said. Jennifer wrinkled her nose at this. "I know that you don't like to talk about her, but it's necessary."

"I know," she said. "Anything else today?"

Richard gestured towards the closet door. She could see that there was a mass of stiff black latex hanging from a hook on the door. "What is that?" she asked.

"You'll find out soon," he said.

They chatted a bit about wedding details as they ate. When they were done, Richard asked her to run the dishes back to the kitchen. When she returned, Richard had laid the outfit out on the bed. "Already?" Jennifer asked. "I just want to get an early start," he said.

It looked like a rubber body suit, with a zipper along the crotch. However, this one looked to be made of much thicker material than the last one she had worn. Richard unlocked her heels, but did not remove her corset. Jennifer had to sit down after the heels were off her feet.

This suit had a zipper in back. With Richard's help, she worked her legs into the outfit. Once her legs were in, she found that her feet and toes were pointing straight downward. The material was very tight against her legs. She tried to bend her foot and her knee, but

there must have been some very tough boning along the length of the legs, because she could only move her knees a few degrees. She slid her arms into the outfit next. The sleeves were similar, and her hands were encased in inflexible thick thumbless rubber mittens. She tried to move her wrists or elbows, but the reinforcements in the outfit held her arms straight out, and immovable.

Richard pulled the rubber around her waist. The rubber fit her tightly everywhere except the nipples. There, two holes an inch in diameter each had been cut to allow the tips through. He zipped it up in back, and stepped back to look at her. With the corset on her, she could only move her shoulders, her hips, and her neck. Other than that, she was almost completely immobilized. "I hope you don't want me to walk in this," Jennifer said.

"You might be able to manage a step or two," he said. "There's reinforcement all along the legs and feet of the outfit. However, I think that balancing would be nearly impossible." Jennifer looked at him calmly. "I'm waiting, darling," she said, batting her eyelashes at him.

Richard smiled at her. "I'm not quite done yet," he said. He went into his closet and returned with a thick black rubber hood. "This too." He unzipped the hood and slipped it over her head. This one had a penis gag that she had to allow into her mouth. There was an air passage through it that would allow her to breathe through it. There were nose holes as well. However, this one completely covered her eyes. Once the hood was zipped on, she was partially deafened and completely blind.

She could only make a small moaning sound through the gag. She felt him unzip the crotch of her outfit. Oh, please... she thought. A few caresses from his hands immediately made her wet. She felt his lips against her bare nipple, and a shiver coursed through her. She spread her legs wider, and tried to touch him with her stiff, rubber encased arms.

She felt the familiar sensations of a rubber phallus entering her. After it was fully inside of her, she writhed in frustration as he zipped the outfit back up. A minute later, the dildo within her started to buzz and vibrate. Oh god, how long is this going to last?!

Knowing Richard, probably for a very long time.

The vibrations turned on and off at odd intervals. She could orgasm frequently, sometimes found herself unwillingly proceeding to another wave of sensation, and occasionally was left to pant through her gag as the vibrations ended just seconds too soon.

After an indeterminate amount of time, she heard Richard return. The vibrations stopped, and she felt him unzipping her crotch. The dildo came out, only to be replaced by Richard's hard and ready manhood. She tried to wrap her legs around his body but could not do it with her knees held rigidly in place.

With the tiny holes to breathe through and the corset, she nearly lost consciousness as Richard has his way with her. The orgasm she experienced was dreamy, surreal, and,

somehow, exquisitely beautiful.

Finally, Richard ended his explorations of her. She felt him pick her up, and within a minute, he put her down, with her legs sticking straight out, on the toilet. He must want me to use this, Jennifer thought. I'm going to be in this for a long time!

It was late evening before he finally released her from her rubber bondage. After she was out of it, she planted herself face down on Richard's bed, wearing only the corset, and closed her eyes. For a while, she had lost track of what was real and what was imagined. The part of her brain that was involved in rational thought was stunned and reeling.

It took her several minutes of silence before she could look up at Richard. "Are you all right?" he asked. She smiled dreamily at him, and he bent down to kiss her.

Chapter 44

Wednesday morning started for them with the sound of the phone ringing. Richard rolled out of bed to get it. "It's for you," he said after he returned to the bedroom.

Jennifer rolled out of bed, garbed only in the corset. "Could you get me some shoes?" she asked. Richard found the black six-inch heels, and locked them onto her feet. Jennifer walked in them like they almost weren't there and headed for the den.

He had left the phone on the desk. She picked it up. "Hello?"

"Jen?" came her sister's voice.

"Laura? What are you doing, calling this early?"

"It's mother. She... that bitch!" said Laura.

"What did she do?" Jennifer asked, sitting down on the desk chair.

"She took my car!"

"She did what?"

"She took my car!" sobbed Laura. "I found a note on the door today. I don't know how she found out I was staying here, but she did. Maybe she guessed. It said that her car was in the shop, so she just came by and took mine!"

"Why did she have keys?" Jennifer asked.

"Well, her name is on the title," said Laura. "I didn't have money, so mother bought it for me in one a moment of weakness. But the car is in her name, and she had keys for it. And... I picked up a second job at a department store. The video store cut my hours way back. I

want to save up enough money to be able to live on my own. Today was the first day... and I missed it! I tried calling in, but they just said that I might as well not even show up today!"

"It's all right," said Jennifer. "I'm sure that we can do something for you."

"Damn, damn, damn..." she said. "I... sis, can you come over here today? Or over there? I just want to talk to someone. I don't want to sit here alone."

"Hold on a second. Let me talk to Richard," she said.

"All right,"

She put the phone down and headed back to the bedroom. "It's Laura," she said.

"I guessed that. What's up?"

"My wonderful mother repossessed her car, and now she's stranded there," said Jennifer. "Bus routes don't go there, and she missed the first day of her new job because of that."

Richard shook his head. "I can't understand how such a damnable woman like that could have such a wonderful daughter," he said.

Jennifer blushed at that. "She's really down," she said. "I'd like to spend some time with her to cheer her up."

Richard thought about that. "I could get some more things done today," he said. "Maybe I can avert a few last-minute crises a day or two early."

"Your car is still in the garage," he said, "and the keys are in the bottom drawer of my desk. It should be unlocked now."

"Thanks," said Jennifer. She returned to the den and picked up the phone. "Laura?"

"I'm still here. Where else would I be?"

"I'll be over in a little while," she said.

"Thanks," she said. "You don't know how much this means to me."

"I'll be there for you," she said. "See you then."

"Bye."

Jennifer stopped at the bathroom to wash her hair. She heard Richard walking about the house. By the time she was done, she heard Richard driving away. Now, what do I wear? she wondered.

Having no easy way to remove or change the shoes or the corset, she added to it by putting on the tight black rubber hobble skirt with the lengthwise zipper. She unzipped it from mid-thigh to floor, so she could walk more easily. Over this she wore the long shiny black

vinyl coat that she had worn to the fittings at Fantasy Supreme. It wasn't until she was pulling into the parking lot that it occurred to her that there was nothing covering her breasts except the coat.

As she stepped out, she remembered her last visit here. She remembered her face flushed red as she ran from the apartment, showing the world everything under her maid's outfit. What if I meet someone I know? she wondered. Who cares, came a reply from within her.

She walked up the sidewalk and entered the building. There was no one else in the hallway, so she carefully walked up the stairs and headed for her old apartment. Her knock was immediately answered. "Come in."

The door opened, and Laura was standing there. She looked to be dressed only in a very long T-shirt. Jennifer carefully walked in, and was immediately greeted with a big hug.

"I miss having you around!" she said. Jennifer closed the door behind her. "I miss you too," she said.

"Let me take your coat," she said. Without thinking, Jennifer unbelted it, took it off, and handed it to her.

Laura stared at her bare chest. "I... hope you don't walk around like that in public," she said.

Jennifer now remembered her wardrobe problems. "It's a long story," she said.

"I bet. Want a T-shirt or something?"

"That's not necessary," she said. Now, she barely thought about running around the house bare chested.

As Laura put her coat away in the closet, Jennifer sat down on the couch. A garbage can was nearby, and she saw several cardboard wrappers for batteries.

"I see you've been trying your dress on," she said.

It was Laura's turn to blush as she sat down across from her. "Well, only the belt, actually," she said. "I still can't... how do you handle those shoes?!" she asked.

"It just takes practice," she said.

"A lot of practice, I'd have to say," she said. "I could barely make it through the sittings. How am I going to make it through the whole wedding and reception?"

"That's the dress code," she said. "I really doubt that Richard would relax it for anyone."

"God, is he kinky!" she said. "Look at what you're wearing!"

"He likes this," Jennifer said. "He *really* likes this. And, honestly, I think I like the attention that I get," she said. There had been such a thrill when they were at the park, and

when Richard had taken her to eat at the cafe.

"You must really love him," Laura said.

"He's a very loving man," she said. "And very passionate. It just so happens that his passions are a little... different."

"Damn mother!" her sister exclaimed. "Damn her!"

"As far as the car goes, you can use mine" said Jennifer. "I really don't need it. You'll just have to drop me off at Richard's."

"Thanks!"

"There's not much that I can do about your job," said Jennifer. A thought crossed her mind.

"Actually... I seem to remember something that Richard said. If you're looking for something else, Richard told me that you could work for him for a while. *That* could certainly help you out."

"Work for him? Doing what?" she asked.

"The same thing I was hired for," said Jennifer. "You know, helping out around the house."

Laura thought about that. "I'd have to think about that," she said. "I'd have to talk to your fiancée about it, too."

"I'm sure you'll get the chance," she said. "We can bring it up at the reception, and I'll remind him of it tonight."

Laura nodded, then slumped down in her chair and sighed. "What's on your mind?" Jennifer asked.

"Oh, just this whole mess with mother," she said. "It's like I've barely been holding on, then she pulls the rug out from under me."

"Mother might not be as much of a problem in the future," Jennifer hinted.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just watch at the wedding and the reception," she said with a smile. "Just watch."

"You're up to something," Laura said, with her eyes widening. "You're really going to get her? Get her good?!"

"I sure think so," she said. "But I wouldn't want to spoil it."

"I've *got* to be there to see this!" Laura said. "But how am I going to make it all day?"

"I've managed it," she said.

"I still have a hard time believing that" she said. "I mean, with everything."

"You don't believe me?" she asked.

"I... have a hard time," Laura replied.

"Let me prove it then," she said. "Where's the belt and the dress?"

"In the bedroom," she said. "I don't think you can do it."

"I know I can," she said. "And if I can, you have to try too."

Laura nodded. She went to the bedroom, and returned with the dress, corset, heels, belt, and lubricating jelly.

"I'll use this corset and these shoes, unless you have an objection," she said as she unzipped the hobble skirt. "They are higher than yours, anyway."

Laura looked at her shoes more closely. "Are those... what are padlocks doing on your shoes?" she asked.

"Keeping them on," she said as she lubricated the phalluses of the belt.

It looked like the batteries were in the dildoes themselves. Slowly, she put the rear one inside of her. Laura watched with fascination. After that was done, the front one went into place. She buckled it in place. There must have been some sort of wires leading up to the buckles, because as soon as it closed, the vibrations started within her.

"Oh, my!" she said.

"See what I mean?" said Laura.

Jennifer concentrated at the task at hand. She unzipped the blue vinyl hobble dress and stepped inside of it. She stood up, and Laura zipped it up in back.

"Why don't you practice too," she said, rocking her hips slightly. "You need to be able to wear the shoes and corset for a while, and walk around in a tight skirt, whether or not there's a sex toy inside of you."

Laura watched her for a long moment. Then, she put on the blue five-inch heels, took off her T-shirt, and picked up the blue corset. It was a unique experience lacing her sister into the corset while the vibrations went on within her. She could manage to avoid collapsing on the floor only by concentrating very hard on the laces in front of her.

After she was laced up, Laura sat down and slid Jennifer's black rubber hobble skirt up. She zipped it up completely and stood up. Jennifer's eyes stopped moving as an orgasm came near. "Oh, god!" she said.

"See? I said that with just the belt on!" said Laura.

Jennifer clenched her teeth as the pleasurable sensations swept through her. She could feel her vaginal muscles clenching... The orgasm swept over her as the vibrations inside of

her stopped. She took a breath in her corset and looked at looked at her sister. "See?" she said.

Laura listened intently. "But... it never stopped for me!" she said. "Is it broken?"

Jennifer shook her head. "I'm just guessing, but I bet that the thing has a sensor in it. When you clamp down on it tightly, I bet that it stops for a while. That would be just like Richard.

"Oh," she said. "I don't have much practice with that."

Jennifer slowly walked towards the kitchen, to demonstrate that it could be done. By the time that she reached the counter, the vibrations within her proved her right. This time, she consciously clamped down on the dildo within her. It took her several tries before the vibrations would stop. But they did stop, well before she was near another climax.

"That's it!" she said. "To stop it, you have to do Kegel exercises! That is," she said with a pause, "if you *want* to stop it!

Laura was still skeptical. "I'll believe it when you kill the batteries," she said.

"What was it like for you?" she asked. "With it on full blast?"

Laura blushed again. "Well, I was just kind of lying down on the bed," she said. "I didn't have to concentrate on anything! I had to unbuckle it every so often. God! I don't believe I'm saying this, or that I did that!"

Jennifer felt the vibrations within her again. If killing the batteries was the goal, she was going to let it run for as long as possible. I might as well have fun while I'm doing this, she thought.

By noon, the batteries had died, and Jennifer shed the dress and the belt. "You're turn," she said, after washing the belt off in the sink and changing the batteries.

Laura took off the hobble skirt, and slowly lubed up the phalluses. "We'll see," she said, as she slowly worked the phalluses inside of her.

When the vibrations started within her, her whole body tensed up. "God!" she said, moving her hips around.

"Clench. Hard," she said. "You're going to have to practice that, unless you want to be on the floor at the wedding,"

"That might still happen," she said, with her face halfway between intense concentration and massive distraction. The vibrations finally died. "That's not easy to do!" she said.

"Exercise is good for you," Jennifer said with a smile. "You should get your dress on while it's pausing." Laura did so. When the vibrations came back, she tensed even more. "Ghhh! With my legs together, this is even more intense!"

"You don't *have* to stop it," she said, "But there's no way you're going to unbuckle it in a

hurry now!" With closed eyes, there was no indication that Laura heard what she said.

"Are you sure that you'll be all right?" Jennifer asked, wriggling her way out of the car while the car was still running.

Laura was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans. She exited on her own side and walked around to the driver's side.

As she sat down, Jennifer heard the buzzing starting up under her sister's jeans. "Well, I'm going to have to make it to the wedding all dressed up," she said. Laura was concentrating intensely as her legs moved slightly. About five seconds later, the buzzing stopped. "I need to practice now."

"Just don't get pulled over," warned Jennifer.

"I'll be all right," said Laura, as she closed the door and rolled down the window. "It's just a quick drive home."

Jennifer watched as her sister turned the car around and drive away. At the end of the driveway. Laura idled the car there for the longest time, even though there was no car in sight. Jennifer rolled her eyes, then sighed and walked back to Richard Hane's mansion.

Chapter 45

"What today?" Jennifer asked Thursday morning after they had showered and breakfast was over. Today, they had eaten breakfast in the kitchen. Jennifer was nude except for her six-inch black high heels, while Richard wore only a pair of slippers.

"I haven't decided yet," he said.

"Richard," said Jennifer, "Why the indecision?" There was no answer from Richard except for a grunt. "Don't you believe me when I said that I wanted to marry you? That hasn't changed, even though the last couple of weeks have been rather wild. Are you going to try to concoct something so outrageous that you think I'm going to leave?"

Richard looked at her, started to say something, then stopped.

"I know. You want to be **sure**. Maybe I should just **tell** you what would make me run . Then you could decide if you want me to stay." Richard started to say something, but stopped yet again. "If you ever hit me or strike me, I will leave," she said. "I could not stay with an abusive man like that." A conversation with Vicki came to mind. "You could probably spank me if I was a very bad, and I would stay."

"If I ever saw you in bed with another woman, I would leave you," she said. "And if anything you did to me sent me to the hospital, I would seriously think about leaving you."

"That's it," she concluded. "If you do those things to me, I'll leave. If you don't, I'm sure that I'll stay. Now," she said. "Do you still want to try to think up something diabolical for me? Are you going to test me yet again? Go ahead, because unless you do one of those things to me, I'm going to stay."

Richard's mouth was slightly agape. "I... darling, I don't know what to say," he said. "My love, I'm sorry that I doubted you... I just couldn't believe that someone so wonderful had come into my life. How could it be real?"

"I'm here!" she said. "I'm real. You've had your ways with me, and I'm still here. Is there something even worse buried inside you, that you want to show me?"

Richard was quiet again. "I... well, there's nothing much 'worse' than you've experienced from me. Perhaps I would like to take a few things a bit further, in the future, but I have everything I imagined in a woman in you. Everything I have dreamed of! You... I love you with all my heart, beloved. I would never ever hurt you or cheat on you. How could I? You are everything that I want, everything that I could want!"

Richard reached out with a hand, and Jennifer grasped it with both of hers. "I'm here and I'm not going away," she said. "I'm not leaving you. You see who I am, and I'm not going to change overnight into something else."

"You are an absolutely wonderful woman," he said.

Jennifer stood up and walked over to him. She put her arm around him and sat down across his lap. "This is one woman that's not scared away, and isn't going to walk out on you," she said. She kissed him gently on the forehead. "Is that so hard for you to believe?"

The silence and the downcast eyes told her that the answer was yes. She sat there, in his lap, and just stayed there for several minutes.

"Do you know," he said slowly, breaking the silence. "Do you know how hard it is to be alone? Not only that, but to believe that you're going to be that way for the rest of your life? That's a terrible, terrible feeling. It's too terrible to live with. That's why I... push it away, down. I must have control of myself, always. Or else... there is always that part that wants to scream, jump off the cliff, end it all. My... my dark secret, buried within me, is a legacy of despair. I live surrounded by opulence, living a life that dreams are made of... and I live it alone. Once, I thought I had found happiness... and that illusion crumbled in front of me and left me in pieces.

"Can... can you still feel happiness?" she asked. "Could you be happy with me?"

"I hope so," he said. "I want it so badly. I want to pain to *end*. I want someone I can share everything with, and who can share everything with me. I want to dance the dance of life with you, in all its convolutions and missteps. I want to hold you, and know that you welcome my touch. I want to love you."

"I'm here," she said, quietly. "And I love you."

Chapter 46

They spent the morning quietly cuddling on the couch in the living room. Jennifer snuggled up against him, while he held her and gently ran his fingers through her hair. "Darling?" Jennifer said, looking up at him.

"Yes dear?"

"I was wondering... when we're married, are you always going to want to be in charge of everything?"

Richard seemed to stiffen a bit. "What do you mean?" he asked.

She sensed his discomfort with the question. "I know that you don't want a dominatrix for a wife. I remember what you told me about Susana. But... are you always going to want to make **all** the decisions, about everything?"

Richard thought about this, and relaxed partially. "I'm still not quite sure... I have very definite ideas of what I want, and when I want it. That's not going to change."

"I don't think you understand what I'm asking," she said. "Do you want to pick out my clothes every day? Do you want to be the one to plan out every moment of our lives, and every move of our lovemaking?"

Richard was still silent. "I'm not trying to spoil anything for you!" she said. "I'm just wondering... I'd like at least a **little** input into what goes on around here.

"I'm not going to threaten you about this, or walk out because of it," she said. "But... remember when you were in the long corset, and I had my way with you?" she said with a broad smile from the memory. "Didn't you enjoy it at least a little?"

Richard looked down for a minute, then looked at her. "I have to admit that I did," he said.

"I was just hoping, that, sometimes, you would let me use my own dirty mind every once in a while," she said. "You are a very imaginative pervert, and I love you for it," she said. "But... isn't marriage supposed to be a partnership? I'd like to give something back! I don't want to take anything away from you... but, even if you can't let me be completely in charge, couldn't I at least ask for things that I want? "You've been wonderful so far, but how can you read my mind every moment?"

Richard spoke up finally. "I hear what you say," he said. "I... that's a hard thing that you ask. After Susana... I'm a little reluctant to let anyone be in control except me."

"You can't be **that** scared of it," she said. "You must have had at least a hint of what was coming that night, and you went along with it anyway. And I didn't keep you there."

"I... guess that a part of me wanted to be caught, that night," he said. "It **is** challenging to keep coming up with ideas every day."

"That's exactly what I mean," she said. "Two heads are better than one. I know you **loved** it when you came home from your trip and I was all dressed up, waiting for you." It was Vicki's idea... but why confuse things? "don't you want more of that?"

"I... no one has done something that special for me. Ever," he said.

"Let me do more special things for you," she said.

"I... I would like that," Richard said, a bit sheepishly.

Jennifer leaned forward and kissed him. "Thank you," she said.

"Do you have something in mind?" he asked.

Jennifer's eyes widened in surprise. "No..." she said. "Not specifically. But if you're interested, I'm sure I could think of something... don't you have a closet full of kinky stuff that fits you?" she asked.

Jennifer could not put her finger on why she made the choice she did. "How about this one," she said, pulling a black rubber outfit off of the rack by the hanger.

"Interesting choice," said Richard as she walked out of the closet, over to the bed, and put the outfit down so she could examine it more closely.

The outfit appeared to be a black rubber maid's outfit, very similar to the one she had worn repeatedly, with long sleeves, a high neck, and a very wide flared skirt. It was larger, of course, and it felt like there was something bulky inside of it. Jennifer unzipped it and looked inside. She could see that there was a fairly large black plastic bag attached to the hanger. It felt that there were several other items inside of it. As she detached the bag, she could see that the outfit had breast forms built right into it which would give a man a **very** full bust while wearing it.

"Any particular reason you picked this one?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," she said as she opened the bag and dumped its contents out onto the bed. "Maybe because I've been the maid so many times, I want to see **you** make lunch while wearing a maid's outfit. What is all this stuff?"

"This outfit was designed as a part of our Friday night games," he said. "It was after Susana left me, so I had no woman to put on display. Therefore, I had this made to wear myself.

"I guess I was feeling particularly down and masochistic when I designed this," he said. "These are rubber stockings, and a rubber garter belt," he said, setting them aside. "All the locks and keys for the outfit are in the small plastic bag here. The shoes are six and a half

inch stilettos, locking of course," he said, indicating a pair of shiny black patent shoes.

"This is the corset that I need to wear to get into the outfit," he said, holding up a black satin corset. She saw that the closure was of the type that would require his motorized corset puller to get into. "The outfit has a rather narrow waist for a man to achieve unassisted.

"This is a locking posture collar," he said, picking up a shaped four inch wide strip of stiff black leather. "And these are locking manacles, that attach to the collar."

"And this," Jennifer interjected, picking up the last item, "looks like a rubber chastity belt for a man."

"On the nose," he said as she felt the large rubber butt plug that was attached. There was a narrow opening at the tip of the plug. The belt did not have an opening for a penis. Instead, there was a sheath inside the belt that would hold the penis straight up, tight against the body. There seemed to be a tube built into the chastity belt that went from the tip of the penis sheath to the base of the butt plug. There was a hard lump at the front of the belt, between the penis sheath and the front of the belt. This hard lump and the butt plug were attached by a wire to a small box that had several knobs on it. The whole belt could be locked on, of course. "This chastity belt has a few... extra features," he said.

"I see that it vibrates," she said.

"Also, it can be worn for long periods of time," he said. "As you might have noticed, any fluids discharged from the penis travel through this tube, and through the butt plug, into the rectum. No excuse for bathroom breaks," he said.

Jennifer's eyes widened when he told her this. At least I'm not wearing it, she decided. It sounds like he's already done this before. "That seems... a bit excessive," she said.

"By now, I would think that you would realize that excessive is normal for me," he said with a twisted smile.

"I should," Jennifer agreed.

"Would you like me to put it on?" he said. "Or, after the explanation, are you interested in something else"

"Ah, sure, put it on," she said. She saw that the corseting device was on his dresser. Jennifer walked over and picked it up. "Corset first?"

Richard struggled into it, with the opening in back. Jennifer attached the metal rings in the corset to the hooks on the motorized device. "Here goes," she said, plugging it in.

From experience, she knew that it could easily take ten minutes to close a corset like this. "When was the last time you wore this?" she asked.

"Maybe three months ago," he said. "I mailed the keys to myself, then I put it on. It was a

day before the keys were returned to me," he said. "I probably cannot stay in quite that long, as I did not have an enema before this."

"What does the butt plug do for you, anyway?" she asked.

"Well... in clinical terms, it puts pressure on my prostate gland. What that does to me, is that orgasms tend to come much more quickly, and I feel them more intensely, at least physically. I wouldn't say that it's *better* that way, only different."

Orgasms come more quickly... she mentally filed that away for future reference. "Do you have anything else in mind?" he asked her.

"Maybe," she said, thinking furiously. She remembered him talking about Susana, and the fact that he did not like to be deprived of sexual release for long periods of time. I don't want to keep him waiting that long. But... there is a vibrator in that thing. That seems to keep him happy for a while. He also likes to see me dressed up in kink, and tied up. She remembered their contest with the dueling vibrators. He really seemed to like that, even though he lost. Maybe a game will appeal to him?

Jennifer also remembered how adept his tongue was at pleasuring her. That was something that she knew that *she* would like.

She let her mind work as the corset closed tighter and tighter around Richard's waist. His original waistline had been a flat, masculine one. Now, with the corset nearly fully closed, his waist looked rather feminine. He seemed to be concentrating very intensely on his breathing, although he did not say anything about it.

Click. Clickclick. Clickclickclickclickclick. The motors started to whine as the corset was fully closed. Jennifer unplugged the device and detached it from the corset.

Next, she helped Richard put on the black rubber stocking and black rubber gloves. Like the ones she had worn, the stockings came up to his groin, and the gloves came down to his armpits.

Richard walked over to his dresser and pulled out a tube of lubricant. He liberally applied it to the butt plug of the rubber chastity belt, then went to the bed to put the plug in.

She was sure that this one was larger than any that had been inside of her. She saw him roll his eyes once as he slowly pushed it inside. Once it was in, he guided his penis into the sheath, and locked the belt in place around his corseted waist. The control box was momentarily hanging loose.

"Are there batteries for the belt?" she asked.

He fiddled with the knobs, and she heard a quick buzzing sound from the belt. "There are fresh ones in here," he said.

Richard hooked the control box to a ring on the front of the chastity belt. The rubber

garter belt was next, and then he fastened the stockings to it.

Jennifer helped him to put the six and a half inch black stiletto heels on his feet. There was an odd sense of accomplishment in her when she locked them in place around his feet.

Richard stood up in the heels as Jennifer unzipped the maid's outfit. She could see that he was rather unstable in the heels. "Having trouble?" she asked innocently.

"I haven't worn heels in a while," he said. "It will take a while to get used to them again." Richard stepped into the maid's outfit, and Jennifer zipped it up. This outfit could be locked in place, and she did so with a click from a padlock.

Richard fastened the leather posture collar in place himself. This one had a built-in lock. After this was done, Jennifer locked the manacles around his wrists, and then locked the manacle chains to a ring on the front of the collar. The chains were only a foot long. She saw that he could not reach down far enough to touch the controls on the control box.

Jennifer stepped back to examine the whole effect. If the face was ignored, the entire ensemble looked like a larger version of what Jennifer had looked like. The waist was narrow compared to the bosom created by the maid's outfit. The skirt of the outfit was flared several feet out in all directions. The black rubber stockings looked rather nice on him, and she smiled when she saw him teeter slightly in the six and a half inch heels. The posture collar kept his chin up, and his hands were at his stomach, unable to move any lower.

If there wasn't a masculine, slightly unshaven face looking at her, Jennifer knew that Richard would be quite a traffic stopper right now!

Jennifer walked up to him in her own six-inch heels. "How does this work?" she asked, putting her hand on the control box under the skirt. "The knob on your left is the on/off and power control," he said. The middle one is the 'pulse on' knob, while the one on the right is the 'pulse off' knob. The belt can vary from pulses of less than a second to ten minutes, depending upon the position of the knob. The pauses between pulses can be similarly varied. You might remember something similar being used on you at one time, but with more random timing."

She remembered very well being tied up in front of Richard's bed that way. "You sure are being helpful about all this," she said. "Why?"

"I just think that you should have all the information that you will need," he said.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Well... I must admit that I'm looking forward to what you will come up with next."

Jennifer had to admit that it was hard to top the things that Richard had done to her. While she thought, she played with the knobs to determine how they worked.

As soon as she turned it on, she felt both a vibration and a slow motion within the rubber chastity belt that he wore. "Quite a hard on, you have there," she said, feeling his penis under the rubber covering and the built in vibrator.

She played with the other two knobs, and found that she could indeed vary the pulsing of the belt. Jennifer turned it to about five seconds on, then about thirty seconds off, and at about half of its full vibrating power. That ought to keep him nice and hard, she thought.

"Come on, you have to make me lunch," she said.

Richard was obviously not very practiced in moving around in the outfit. The process of making grilled cheese sandwiches took almost a half of an hour.

Jennifer sat at the table and watched him work. He moved very awkwardly, wobbling in his heels, and had to bend over at the waist in the stiff, tight corset in order to get his hands down to the counter to work. This exposed his bare buttocks to her, and brought a smile to her face.

When he was nearly done, she saw him move next to the counter and push up against it with his crotch. "None of that," she said, with a playful warning. "Or you'll have to be punished most severely." It must be driving him *nuts* if mister self-control himself has to rub up against the counter, she thought.

They ate together, with Richard sitting across from her. She watched him the whole while as they ate. Richard tried to keep a cool look across his face, but she could tell that it was very difficult for him to keep it. She saw that he was doing a lot of adjustments in his seat, especially when the vibrator was on.

"I'll let you clean up," she said. "Remember, if you cum, I'm going to turn the vibrator down even lower," she said. Richard did not reply to that. As she rose to leave, she thought that she saw a hint of red come across his cheeks. Now he knows what I feel like! she thought to herself.

He must like it, too, another part of her thought, but not be able to admit it easily. I think that Richard has to be talked into it, she concluded. It wasn't that hard to do, really. Filing that away, Jennifer headed for the basement, and soon found herself in the room with his kinky costumes designed for women.

"Let's see..." she said, looking at the drawer descriptions. She opened up a couple and rummaged through the contents. "Wouldn't it drive him nuts if I were tied up too, somehow?" she mused aloud.

"Bingo!" she said as she opened up a drawer.

Chapter 47

She had to return to her room to unlock her shoes and tiptoe back to the kitchen very uncomfortably. Jennifer first took the liberty of hiding the keys to Richard's outfit under the bed in her room. When she arrived, naked and with an armful of accessories, Richard was just finishing washing the dishes.

"What now?" Richard asked. He could not easily turn to look at her because of the posture collar.

"Oh, I just found something to wear," she said, putting her bundle on the table and sitting down in a chair. "Would you like to help me get into it?"

Richard put down the last dish, then turned to look at her. "You want to wear that?!" he asked, surprised.

"Is there something wrong with this?" she asked.

"Somehow, this is not something I was expecting," he said.

That brought a small thrill to her. He hasn't thought of *everything* yet, she thought.

Richard slowly stepped over to her. "Boots first," she said. The boots were thigh high, made of shiny black leather. They laced up the front, and extended all the way up to her crotch. The heels were easily as tall as the ones that Richard wore now. He had to concentrate intensely to kneel down in front of her. "Did you cum?" she asked as another vibration started in his belt.

"Not... yet," Richard said with his teeth clenched.

"Do you want to?" she asked.

Richard did not say anything, but the look on his face told her everything she needed to know. Slowly, she slid her left leg into the shiny black leather boot, then the right. The corset, collar, and manacles made it very tough for Richard to work the lacings on the boot. The first one took quite a long time, while the second was quicker. As he laced them tight, she felt herself becoming very sexually aroused by the whole scene.

When he was done, he was kneeling underneath her, looking up at her spread legs. "If you want to," she said, wriggling her hips invitingly. She brought one six and a half inch spiked heel up and touched his face with it. The leather had a distinct musky smell that was growing as she heated the leather up.

Richard required no more invitation. He walked forward on his knees, bringing his face up to her now wet pussy. The chains kept his rubber covered hands from resting on the floor, so instead he gripped the front of the chair.

"Oh, oh my!" she said. Instead of starting slowly, as she was accustomed to, he quickly thrust his tongue inside of her and brought his skill into play. Even with the posture collar in place, he was still able to reach her most sensitive places.

Judging by the number of times that Richard's belt vibrated, it couldn't have been more than three minutes before Jennifer pushed his head away from her. "Oh, god Richard!" she said, panting. For once, she could use her full breathing capacity to do this.

When she opened her eyes, she saw that Richard's hips were jerking back and forth as the vibrations coursed through the belt. His eyes were closed, and he was moaning softly. "Did I say that you could cum?" she asked.

Richard stopped jerking, and looked with his eyes, even while the posture collar held his chin up. He did not say anything to her. Jennifer reached over and turned one of the knobs on the control box. As she did so, she could see a last twitching of flesh under the rubber chastity belt. Now, his pulses were a little less than three seconds long each.

"Let's go to the living room," she said, "and carry my things, if you would be so good?"

Richard was slow getting to his feet. It looked like he was laboring for breath in his corset, and his cheeks were flushed. He gathered up the remaining items, and followed her to the living room. Jennifer directed him to help her get into the corset. This was also made of shiny black leather. There were a dozen buckles in front, in place of a busk. The lacings to the corset were in back. As the corset was unbuckled and she slid into it, she felt that it was extremely stiffly boned.

Jennifer stood with her hands against a wall as Richard tightened the back lacings of the corset. This corset completely encompassed both of her breasts, except for a two inch diameter hole for each nipple. As Richard drew the corset tighter and tighter, she could feel her breasts becoming squeezed and the nipples started to protrude through the holes.

At the bottom of the corset, which ended at her hips, there were two buckling leather straps build into it. After Richard finally had it tightened to his satisfaction, Jennifer put her hands down at her hips. "If you would?" she asked.

Richard fastened both straps in place. When he was done, her hands were held firmly at her hips, unable to move from the corset. Jennifer sat down on the couch as Richard put the last item on her. This was a leg spreader, maybe four feet long. Richard had to kneel down again to put it on her.

When he was done, she was seated on the couch, with her black leather booted legs spread wide by the bar. The bottom of the corset and the top of the boots framed her dripping wet sex. The black leather corset sent the room light careening off of it, and her nipples protruded through it like miniature volcanoes. Jennifer clenched her hands reflexively as they were bound to the bottom of the corset.

"You seem to like games," she said. "Here are the rules, if you want to play. Every time you

make me cum, I'll turn the vibrator up for you," she said. "I think you can get the box next to my hand. But every time you need to take a break, it gets turned down," she said. "We'll play until your batteries die. I know that you won't need to take a bathroom break in that, now, will you?"

Richard looked at her for a long time. Then, a smile came across his face. "You are a truly wicked woman!" he said. "Unbelievably so! No wonder I love you so!" As soon as he had stopped talking, he was down on his knees, and his lips were caressing her waiting, aching pussy.

Again, within minutes, she was writhing in her seat. The spreader bar was below Richard's body, so she could only bring her legs up so far. "Please, stop!" she said as he brought her over the edge. She tried to squeeze her legs together, but the bar turned that into a feeble effort. "Please!"

His tongue was relentless. Instead of stopping as she climaxed, he only paused for a moment before resuming his work. Less than a minute later, she was screaming again. A third one left Jennifer panting and sobbing on the couch. Richard finally relented and pulled away from her. "Is that sufficient?" he asked with a smile on his face. A few drips of her juices were running down a corner of his mouth.

"Ah, yes," she said as he walked over to her in his heels and waited for her to fumble with the controls.

Richard must have access to very long lived batteries, Jennifer concluded as she panted in her corset.

Richard was now on top of her, sucking on her protruding nipples. He had just finished sending her to another panting orgasm, and he was now up to about fifteen seconds on, thirty seconds off.

"How... ohhhhh!" she babbled as his teeth ever so gently scraped across the tip of her nipple. He reached over with a rubber coated hand and massaged her other one while his tongue and lips worked their magic on the first.

She knew that he had orgasmed at least twice more in the belt. That was nothing compared to the number that she had experienced. Richard moved up, and kissed her on the lips. She tasted her own salty, sticky juices on his lips. A tiny, rational part of her took control for a moment. She twisted as best she could, and found the power knob on the control box underneath Richards black rubber skirt. She turned it up to maximum. As the belt was quiescent at that moment, he did not appear to notice what she had done.

Richard slid back down to the floor and resumed his relentless assault upon her pleasure box. Suddenly, she felt him nearly stop as the vibrations of his belt took ahold.

Richard managed to keep going, even while the bulge under his chastity belt twitched.

Jennifer was grateful even for that partial reprieve as he was distracted. He moaned even while his tongue was moving within her. Once the vibrations were passed, Richard's tongue regained its original strength. Doesn't he ever get tired? she wondered while the world started to swim around her.

Chapter 48

Richard's batteries did indeed run out soon afterwards. After the last erg of energy died in Richard's belt, he finally pulled away from her. "It's out?" she said dreamily. "I'm afraid so," he replied.

"Would you care to untie me?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Perhaps I'll just leave you here while I get out of this."

"Good luck," she said, with a smile. "If you can find your keys."

Richard returned her smile. "Still devious. I have to admire that." He looked down at himself, and saw the black rubber that covered him. "It has been a long time since I've worn this," he said, "and the first time with a like minded partner. I would like to continue this a bit longer, if that's all right with you,"

Jennifer looked up at him. "If you want... but can we take a break for a bit?" she asked.

"Why don't you untie my wrists and legs... at least for a little while," she said with a wink.

"You'll get to tie them back up, don't worry!"

Richard knelt and released her from the bar and freed her wrists. "That's better. Now, why don't you be a good maid and find another set of batteries for that box of yours? I assume you have more?"

"Yes, I do," he said. "You'll have to put them in."

"I can wait," she said. Richard slowly walked away in his six plus inch heels. He returned several minutes later, with an odd looking square battery in his black rubber covered hand. "The entire bottom of the box is the battery," he said. "You have to pop it off and replace it with this."

Jennifer knelt down and replaced it without too much trouble. "There you go," she said, playing with the knobs to obtain a five second pulse with a minute between pulses. "Now, why don't you fix supper while I hunt down a few more ideas?"

By the time supper was ready, Jennifer had finished her search of the basement for interesting toys. She put them in the living room, then made her way to the kitchen to sit down for an early supper.

Richard was a fairly accomplished cook, and even with his outrageous outfit on, he had managed to cook without apparently spilling or breaking anything. "That smells good," she said as she crossed her leather booted legs.

The vibrations continued every minute, but there was no indication that Richard managed to climax with them. Dinner was very hurried, and quiet. She could almost taste Richard's eagerness to find out what she had planned.

Jennifer simply watched as Richard cleaned up the kitchen. When he was finally done, she led him to the living room again. "I think these were designed for a woman, but they'll serve nicely now," said Jennifer. "Care to sit down for a moment?"

Jennifer slid a pair of black rubber panties up past his high heeled shoes. When it was about at his knees, he stood up to let her pull them the rest of the way in place. These panties had an eight inch dildo protruding from the front of it. Jennifer had to move the control box a bit to put it in place. Richard grinned when he saw them, and she smiled back.

The next thing she brought out was a shiny black latex hood. There were eyeholes, and tiny nose holes, and a single small breathing tube. On the inside, there was a short dildo in place, with a breathing hole through it.

Richard did not object as she put it in place. There was just enough space between the posture collar and his head to get the latex through and under it. "I thought that we'd try this without talking," she said, bringing out a small ball gag for herself. "Let me change your adjustments a bit," she said, fiddling with the knobs of the controller, "then, after I put this on, you can put the bar back on and tie my wrists. After that... no rules are needed, I bet."

Jennifer put the gag in her mouth and buckled it in place. She lowered herself to the carpeted living room floor and spread her legs wide while lying down. Richard obligingly put the spreader bar back in place. Kneeling, he tied her wrists to the corset. Jennifer knew that she was wet yet again. Richard climbed over her, and slowly lowered his rubber phallus into her.

As the vibrations in his belt kicked on, he started to thrust inside of her. As he finished his thrust, she felt a small throb from the dildo that was inside of her.

With a shock, she realized that the dildo itself was vibrating, but only when he had it pushed fully inside of her. No wonder he was grinning! she thought. He probably has some sort of pressure switch in it!

Richard's belt continued to vibrate, and he kept thrusting inside of her, with the rubber skirt of his maid's outfit brushing her with every stroke. He brought her closer and closer to a culmination, oh so close...

The vibrations in his belt finally stopped. She thought that she had set it to about two

minutes on, and ten off. After Richard's belt fell quiet, he leaned down on top of her.

Jennifer's theory about a pressure switch turned out to be correct. As soon as he was fully inside of her, the vibrations from the dildo continued without a pause. I've created a monster! she thought, looking up into Richard's smiling eyes.

Chapter 49

Jennifer woke up to the feeling of sunlight warming her body. She was lying on her side, and she could feel Richard's warm body at her back. Last evening was something of a blur to her. Did I pass out? she wondered. Jennifer snuggled up closer to him, and he put his arm around her body. He felt naked against her. I must have told him where the keys were, she thought.

As Jennifer stretched and scratched, she discovered that she was not completely naked. The shiny black leather boots with the six and a half inch heels were still on her legs. The corset, gag, and leg-spreader were gone.

All she could remember was her hot body squirming against Richard's rubber encased form. She thought she had passed out... but then she remembered waking up, and Richard going to it immediately afterwards. Jennifer stopped trying to think about it and just enjoyed being next to Richard. One of her eyes cracked open, and she saw a familiar piece of jewelry on the nightstand.

It was her engagement ring. She had not been wearing it much, as the ordeals that she went through for Richard could easily have resulted in the ring becoming damaged. Smiling, she reached out and worked it onto her finger. Tomorrow, there will be another ring, to go with it, she thought.

She was finally motivated to get up when her stomach started to grumble. Jennifer turned around to face Richard. "Awake yet?" she asked, then kissed him on the lips.

A gentle smile came across his face. "Not yet," he said. His eyes opened up. "Now I am."

Jennifer shook her head slightly. "My stomach clock went off," she said. "Want me to make it?" "If you would be so kind," he said.

Jennifer kissed him again, then swung her legs around and off of the bed. The heels were taller than the six-inch heels that she had almost grown used to. However, the boots seemed to reinforce her feet more than a pair of shoes would. By the time she was in the kitchen, she felt that she had the hang of it.

Richard was still dozing in bed when she returned. "So," she asked. "Are you going to let me organize the fun sometimes?" she asked.

"I think so," he replied. "When I first met you, I thought you were such an innocent. I'm glad that I was wrong."

"I had a good teacher," she replied.

Richard was slow to eat his food, and seemed to be moving sluggishly. "Are you alright?" she asked.

"I... just didn't sleep too well last night," he said. "I don't think I dozed off until two in the morning."

"When did you put me to bed?" she asked. "I'm a little fuzzy on that detail."

"About eleven, I think," he said. "You were so out of it, that I had to go and find the keys myself."

Jennifer looked up at the ceiling. "Sorry. How long did it take?"

"About a half of an hour," he said. "I really had to take a dump."

"My apologies," she said again.

"No. I should have cleaned everything out first. I'll remember for next time."

"So," she said, putting down her fork. "what do you have planned for today?"

"Very little, actually," he said. "Or a great deal, depending on how you look at it. There are going to be some workers coming in to get the back yard ready for tomorrow, and there are numerous other details to attend to," he said. "We should both be at least somewhat presentable."

"What you call presentable is very different from what everyone else calls presentable," she said with a grin.

"Point taken."

"So, what should I be presentable in?" she asked. "And what is going to be under it?"

"Reading my mind, I see," he said. "I think I have just the thing in mind..."

Jennifer looked at herself in the mirror. "Right on the edge, but where else would you be?" she asked. The thigh high boots of before were still a part of her outfit. A very tight leather pencil skirt started at her waist, and ended at her knees. The black leather corset that she wore under it was visible above her tiny waist. The corset ended below her breasts, leaving a bit of her ribcage exposed.

The coverage of her breasts was the minimum necessary to appear in public. Triangles of supple black leather no more than four inches on a side covered her nipples. At the

corners of the triangles, thin shiny metal chains emerged, forming what looked to be a bikini top with shoulder straps.

Her arms and shoulders were bare. Richard had let her bathe and do her hair before donning the outfit. Her curly brown hair was now pulled back by a large hair clip, and cascaded down her back in a way that resembled a horse's mane.

Richard was dressed in a dress shirt, slacks, and a tie. "You look splendid, darling," he said.

"Thank you," she replied.

The doorbell rang, and Richard went to answer it. "Probably the carpenters, or perhaps the florists" he said as he left the room.

After he was gone, she heard the phone ringing. That must be Laura, she thought as she wriggled over to the phone in her tight skirt and picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Jennifer? Is that you?" came an all too familiar voice.

"Mother?" she said. Her hand started to tighten around the phone.

"What do you think you're doing, going out and getting married without even talking to me about it! I haven't even met this man! What's come over you, girl?"

Jennifer tried to reply, but her mother continued on. "You haven't even talked to me for over a month! I'm your MOTHER, for god's sake!"

"I can never forget that," Jennifer shot in, with an edge of bitterness.

"Your fiancée must be some real weirdo!" her mother continued. "Have you seen the dress he wants me to wear to the wedding? How could anyone go out in public like that?"

"My fiancée is a wonderful man," she said. Jennifer was trembling, but her voice did not show it. "His tastes may be a little different... but your dress will actually be rather mild, compared to what is required of the other guests," she said. "That's what Richard... that's what *we* have decided. If you don't like it, you don't have to show up."

There was a silence from the other end of the line. I don't believe it! I actually shut my mother up!

Jennifer's victory was short lived. "Of course, I will show up," she said. "Even with this atrocious dress. I can make this sacrifice for my daughter." Jennifer almost choked on this. Trying to make me feel guilty? Trying to sound like the martyr?

"Is there anything else?" Jennifer asked, "or did you just call to tell me that I'm making a terrible mistake and talk me out of this? Or would you prefer to just insult me and tell me what a failure I am?"

"It's your life," she said sweetly. "No need to get angry with me."

No need to... Jennifer started to shake more violently. There are over twenty years of need to get angry with you. If it's my life, why have you kept messing with my life and Laura's? Why don't you just butt out and stay out?

This was spoken only in her mind. "I'll see you tomorrow," Jennifer said, and slammed the phone down before hearing the reply.

Richard walked back into the room. "What was that?" he asked.

"That... was my mother."

Richard ran over to her, and held her as the tears started to roll out of her eyes.

Chapter 50

Jennifer was back in the cave.

Her guide was gone, and she was walking down a long tunnel. Close, she knew, so close...

Suddenly, there was light all around. "You're here," came a female voice.

A woman stepped forward, out of the light. She was dressed in rubber, as a properly corseted and heeled French maid.

"Do I know you?" Jennifer asked.

"No," she said. "But Richard does, and always will. I'm his mother."

Jennifer thought furiously. I had to defeat Susana on my way. How do I defeat her?

"You cannot defeat me," she said. "I am a part of his life so deeply ingrained that there is nothing you can do to remove me."

"I..." she paused to think. "Why should I want to?" she said. "Because of you, that's the way he is. Or certainly, you're a large part of it."

The woman smiled at this. "You may pass. There are no others that will stand in your way."

The cave faded away. Jennifer found herself in a spring meadow. Now, she found herself dressed in the outfit that Richard's mother had been wearing.

A short path led to a clearing. There, a small wooden box was on a treestump. She took the key that she had won as a mermaid, and put it into the box.

The box opened up, and a dazzling array of light emerged from it. At first, she saw a huge

diamond inside of it, then a ring.

She reached inside of the box and took hold of the ring. It slid easily onto the ring finger of her left hand.

Jennifer flung the feather into the air. The two birds were now back, circling overhead. One of them held huge clumps of billowy clouds in its talons while the other swooped down upon her.

Moments later, she was walking in the clouds, with the birds swirling around her. The sun was beginning to set, and the first of the evening stars could be seen. She was dressed in a gown of voluminous white clouds, and she could see Richard walking towards her, smiling, down a staircase that led from the sky.

Saturday. Jennifer opened her eyes, and saw a beautiful blue sky outside the window. The window had been left open a crack, and the sweet smell of spring flowers travelled to her nose. "Mmmmmm," she said, snuggling closer to Richard.

She had spent the night in the boots and corset. The wet spot had been on Richard's side of the bed, which was why they were both huddled together on her side. Richard nuzzled her neck, and kissed her ear. "I am going to go to take off soon," he said.

"Why?" Jennifer said, alarmed.

"It's bad luck to see the bride in her dress before the wedding," he said. "Vicki and Mary will be here soon to help you get ready. It's after nine now, and the wedding is scheduled to start at four. I have a feeling that you will be rushed for time as it is."

Jennifer did not reply as Richard left the bed. "You should soak in the tub for awhile," he said. "By the time that you're done, they should be here."

"I'll miss you," she said.

"It's only going to be for a few hours!" he said. "And after we're back together, you'll be Mrs Jennifer Hane. That is, if you want to change your name. I guess we could have one of those awful hyphenated monstrosities, if you want..."

"No. Mrs Jennifer Hane sounds wonderful," she said. Jennifer swung out of bed and walked up to him in her high heeled leather boots and corset. "I love you," she said, then kissed him.

"I love you too," he replied. Richard kissed her, then looked at her leather clad body. "Oh, do I love you!" He tore his eyes away and headed down the hallway.

Jennifer walked out of the bathroom, wearing her pair of five inch heeled slippers and one of Richard's bathrobes. She heard sounds of voices from the living room. "Who's there?" she asked as she walked towards the voices.

"Just us," came Vicki's voice. "Richard gave us a key."

Jennifer saw Vicki and the dressmaker Mary sitting on a couch in the living room. There was a movable dress rack that had the various parts of Jennifer's wedding dress hung up, obscured by protective plastic bags.

Vicki was wearing a black leather miniskirt, fishnet stockings, six inch black heels, and a black leather halter top. "This is not my bridesmaid's outfit," she said as Jennifer examined her. "I know. This look is rather plain."

Mary and Jennifer smiled at this little joke. Mary was wearing a black vinyl bodysuit, with a cutout around her bellybutton. She sported slightly shorter heels than Vicki. "I think that we had better get started," she said. "We don't have a lot of time."

Jennifer was sitting on a chair in the large main bathroom of the house, still wearing the bathrobe. Behind her, Vicki was combing her hair while Mary worked on her nails.

"How many tangles do you have in this jungle back here?" Vicki asked.

"Too many," Jennifer replied. "I... haven't had a chance to attend to little things like that lately."

"Been too busy?" Mary asked.

"You could say that," she replied.

"And these nails!" Mary exclaimed. "They are really going to need help!"

"Do whatever you have to," she replied.

Mary picked up Jennifer's hand and looked at it closely. "Maybe we should just cut them all off and wait a few months before trying this again," she said. "The wedding can wait, can't it?"

"Mary!" exclaimed Jennifer.

The dressmaker smiled, and started to pull out supplies from her manicure kit. "A bit of high tech first aid is called for, especially for your wedding day," she said. "You have to look your best."

She watched Mary work as she felt Vicki starting to pull and braid her hair. "We'll have to talk to the florist to finish your hair," Vicki said. "No veil for you, honey. Just a bouquet of flowers woven into your hair."

"No veil?" Jennifer said. She did remember that she had never tried one on during her fittings.

"I think that Richard want's everyone to be able to see his bride very clearly," said Mary.

Jennifer smiled at this, relaxed, and let the two of them do their work.

Jennifer looked at herself in the mirror after they had finished the next stage of their work. Mary had expertly glued extensions to her fingernails that were done so well as to be undetectable. They were now painted a vibrant, passionate red and were almost dry. Her hair had been arranged into a French braid, with elaborate crossings and re-crossings. The florist was not yet there, so more work needed to be done.

Jennifer had never been terribly good with makeup and was watching with amazement as they worked on her face. Her eyebrows were plucked, penciled, and perfectly shaped. A delicate blue eyeliner had been used, and a similar color eyeshadow had been lightly applied. Her eyelashes were now long and luxurious, and just a bit darker than before. The makeup hid the few tiny blemishes that existed on her face. Just a touch of red had been applied to her cheeks, giving her that slightly flushed look. The lipstick was the same vibrant shade of red as her fingernails and applied perfectly. Jennifer was almost afraid to talk, afraid that she would smear it. The face that looked back at her from the mirror was truly stunning. In its entirety, it even frightened her a bit. I didn't know that I could look like that.

Jennifer braced herself against the wall as the two women pulled her white satin corset tight. "I knew that there was a reason that I used the motors in the dressing room," said Mary.

"That doesn't help us now," replied Vicki. Her two corset pullers were breathing heavily. Jennifer's face was in the airstream of a fan, and she tried to stay relaxed as the corset grew tighter and tighter around her. The corseting ordeal took almost a half of an hour. After that, the other parts were swifter.

Jennifer was expecting the hobble slip to be next. But, instead, Vicki pulled out a white leather chastity belt with two built in phalluses. "That wasn't in the fitting sessions," she said. "No. This is a surprise from Richard," she said, applying lube. "I dare not say anything more about it, except that he was sure that it would fit."

There was no lock on the belt, but considering what she would be wearing over it, it hardly mattered. She was about to put it in herself, but Vicki stopped her. "Can't risk the nails," she said. Jennifer tried to stay still as Vicki worked the butt plug and dildo up inside of her. Jennifer was half expecting the plugs to vibrate as soon as the buckle was closed, like Laura's would do. She was surprised when they stayed quiet.

"I bet that will make the walk down the aisle **really** interesting," said Mary.

The shoes were next. These were the same seven inch white heels that she had worn in the fitting room. They had buckling straps that made them impossible to kick off. "It's a bear to walk in these," she said, "even with the practice I've had."

"Believe me, we both know," said Mary.

Next, Vicki helped her into the white satin hobble skirt that served as her slip. "Most brides have to concentrate to walk down the aisle slowly," commented Vicki. "I don't think that will be a problem for you."

"Doesn't look that way, does it," she said.

The crinoline underskirts were next. Instead of slipping them on over her head, as before, they helped her to slide them up over her hips. "Don't want to mess up the hair or makeup," Mary said.

There were six of them, and they fastened to the bottom edge of the corset. She was now surrounded by stiff, fluffy petticoats for at least six feet in each direction.

There was the sound of a doorbell ringing. "That must be the florist," said Mary.

"What time is it, anyway?" asked Vicki.

Mary did not reply immediately. When she returned, she had several boxes containing flowers. "It's almost three," she said. "First guests will be here in a half of an hour. Vicki, you'd better get ready yourself. I think I can finish Jennifer up on my own.

Vicki looked at Jennifer. "You look fabulous!" she exclaimed. "But I have to get myself ready. Oh," she said, in the doorway, "just a bit of trivia I managed to pick up. Chastity belts with toys

are mandatory for all the female guests, with the exception of your mother," she said. "I don't know what makes *her* so special!"

"Join the club," Jennifer replied with a hint of bitterness.

"But Richard has a sense of balance, this time. All the men will *also* be wearing belts. Theirs will all have plugs and tight sheaths for their precious little penises."

"You've got one *kinky* man there," said Mary.

"Don't I know it," she said as Mary pushed through Jennifer's petticoats and helped her to get into her dress.

Mary rolled out a mirror to let her see the full effect. "What do you think?" she asked.

Her hair had been French braided and pulled back to her head, held there by a diamond studded hairclip. Mary had carefully teased out a few hairs, to form a delicate halo of gold around her head. White flowers were woven into her hair, forming their own halo. The sweet smell tickled her nose, and she almost sneezed once. Miraculously, her makeup had survived to this point, and Mary had to apply only one minor touch-up.

The dress itself was a wonder of shiny satin. It covered her neck tightly and had very full puffed shoulders. The sleeves were long and ended with delicate white lacing surrounding

each wrist.

The ladylike neckline was completely at odds with the heart-shaped cutout in the satin. The bottom tip extended deep down between her breasts, and it was large enough to almost expose her nipples to the world. This opening was covered by the thinnest of flimsy white veil-like materials, and in Jennifer's mind, it might as well not be there.

The outline of the heart cutout was decorated with a dizzying array of beadwork. This abruptly ended and the waist of the dress was detailed only by a barely visible network of pale blue stitching. After the tiny waist was reached, the dress flared out in a spectacular display of white. Beadwork, embroidery, and lace were sparsely but very effectively used in gentle curves to actually accentuate the huge size of the dress.

In front, the dress ended with a lace edge just an inch above the floor, even in her seven-inch heels. Behind her, there was a train that extended a good thirty feet behind her. Three large bows of white satin had been worked into the fabric behind her, one just behind her derriere, and two more further down on the back of the dress. "This definitely has Princess Di beat," she declared.

"I think our first guests are here," said Mary.

Chapter 51

"Oh my god, Jennifer! You look fabulous!"

She saw her sister Laura walk into the room, taking small steps in her blue vinyl hobble dress. She had a matching heart-shaped cutout in her dress, covered with thin blue fabric, and her figure was definitely accentuated by a corset. She seemed to be walking confidently in her matching blue heels.

Laura walked up to the edge of Jennifer's skirt. She heard a faint buzzing noise, then saw a look of intense concentration come across Laura's face.

"Belt is in, I see," she said.

Laura nodded. "I practiced," she said.

Jennifer remembered that the belt used two C batteries that lasted an hour or two. "How many batteries did you go through?" she asked.

"A dozen or so, I think," Laura replied.

Jennifer smiled and giggled a bit. "Hey! I had to make sure I had enough practice," Laura declared.

"You won't hear me objecting any," she said. "Vicki told me that belts like that are

mandatory for all the female guests, except mother," she said.

"Is mother here yet?" Laura asked suddenly.

"If she is, I haven't seen her yet," replied Jennifer.

Laura shook her head and took a shallow breath. "Does that mean that you..."

Jennifer nodded. "I've got one too. And the guys have something like it in too."

Laura rolled her eyes. "Sometimes, I just don't believe I'm doing this," she said.

Jennifer heard more shoes on the floor. "I'm ready," said Vicki.

Vicki's outfit was very similar to Jennifer's, but was made out of tight blue rubber.

"Oohhh," she said suddenly, leaning against a wall, with the faintest of buzzing sounds being audible. There was an intense look of concentration, and a waggling of the hips.

"Maybe I'm not ready."

"Should have practiced more," Laura said sagely.

"That's easy for you to say," Vicki shot back. "I doubt that you have a husband that would take the belt off you at the slightest hint of sexual excitement, and insist upon doing it himself!"

"Ah, no. I don't have one of those," Laura said quietly. Vicki's buzzing stopped, only to be replaced by a buzzing from Laura. She hardly flinched at all, only stood still for a few seconds with the slightest of pelvic twitching visible, then the buzzing stopped. There was again the clicking of heels upon the floor. The four women looked up, and saw a woman dressed up as a French maid approaching.

"Becky!" exclaimed Vicki. "You're finally here!" The woman was dressed in a very tight black rubber French maid's outfit. She had matching black heels, and fishnet stockings underneath. This outfit had only short sleeves and extended down far enough to expose most of the top halves of her breasts. The waist was very narrow and rigid, indicative of a corset underneath. As she walked towards them, they heard a distinctive vibrating noise, but this time from the newcomer.

Becky too had to stop to deal with the interruption. However, she did not seem to have Vicki's trouble with it. "You were able to practice when doing your chores," Vicki said.

"It certainly spiced things up," she replied. "Although Arnold was a bit frustrated by it at times."

There was the sound of music from outside. "All of the rest of the guests are here, loitering about in the back yard," said Becky. "Let's get this on the road!"

Jennifer maneuvered through the house slowly, taking baby steps in the hobble slip and ultra-high heels. Her belt had not buzzed once. Is it defective or something? she wondered.

She was left there to wait as Vicki walked out the doors and was met by her husband, Henry. He was wearing a black rubber tuxedo, and seemed to be walking a bit awkwardly.

Jennifer could not see any of the guests. However, she could see what the carpenters had done. They had constructed a solid wooden path from the double back doors, all the way out through the yard. Evidently, Richard had remembered that it would be impossible to walk in these heels on a dirt surface.

The music continued, and she watched Vicki and her husband slowly walk down the path. "Here's your bouquet," said Mary.

"When are you going?" Jennifer asked.

"I'm just coordinating," she said. "Laura, you're next."

Laura took dainty steps forward in her blue vinyl hobble dress. She had to stop suddenly as the vibrations started within her again. "I almost hate to do that, sometimes," she said. The man who met her at the door was Collin. He was wearing a black and white tuxedo made of shiny vinyl. He was also walking a bit awkwardly. Collin offered his arm to Laura, and she took it. The two of them walked through the doors, and down the aisle.

"Almost," said Mary. "It's almost time. Richard will be waiting for you at the altar.

Jennifer nodded, and walked forward, taking one tiny step at a time. She looked back, and saw that Becky was carefully arranging her dress behind her. "I'm here to carry the train," she said. There was a sudden change in the music, and it grew louder. "That's for you," Mary said.

Jennifer slowly started to work her way forward, carrying her bouquet in both hands. The hobble slip that she wore slowed her down to less than a crawl. She found herself amazed that she could balance at all in the hobble slip and heels, especially with all of the bulky dress that she carried.

Jennifer had to turn a corner in the path. Then, she had a clear view of the wedding proceedings. There was a raised platform at the end of the path, and she recognized Arnold, dressed very convincingly as a French maid, standing there, with book in hand.

Richard was there, at the end of the path, dressed in an apparently normal tuxedo. Her sister Laura and Vicki stood on one side, while Collin and Henry stood on the other.

Off of the path, sitting down, she recognized the other guests. Adam was there with the fiancée that she had never met. John was there with his wife, who Jennifer also had never met. The two men were dressed in leather tuxedos, while their significant others wore very tight leather hobble dresses.

Ben was there, as well. There were three women seated near him. Two of them, wearing very tight silver vinyl hobble dresses, must have been his two live-in girlfriends. And seated next to him...

Her mother sat next to Ben. She was wearing a red rubber hobble dress that stopped at the knees, instead of extending to the floor. Her heels were shorter than the rest of the women there, but still at least five inches tall. Jennifer stared at her, and almost lost her balance. The look on her mother's face... could almost be classified as *envious*.

This brought a smile to her face like nothing else could. She gave the attendees her best smile, then took a moment to look behind her. There, Becky was holding the end of her bridal train up with both hands, holding it at the level of her corseted waist. At that moment, the two phalluses within her started to vibrate gently.

The startlement almost made her fall. Jennifer managed to recover, and slowly work her way down the aisle. Kegel exercises, she reminded herself. Between steps, she tried her best to clench her muscles around the vibrating phallus in her crotch while staring straight forward. Five times. Nothing. Ten times. Nothing. Fifteen times. Nothing. Twenty times. It started to buzz slightly faster now.

Something must be wrong with this, she thought as she grew nearer to the assembled guests. Maybe it's not *designed* to turn off that way, a subversive corner of her mind put in. Her breathing grew more rapid against the tight corset. She clenched the bouquet in her hands with a death grip, as he concentrated with every step that she took. Richard! she wanted to say. You are a *sick* man!

Jennifer was more than halfway down the aisle. It was getting harder and harder to concentrate upon the task at hand. Oh god! How the heck am I going to make it? She had to concentrate like she never had before. She noticed nothing else, not the music, not the guests, not Richard, not even her mother's staring at her. One step at a time...

She was now only six feet away from her spot. This translated to a couple dozen steps for her in her hobble slip while trying to balance in seven-inch heels. She could hear the rustle of her dress as she slowly inched forward. Finally! She was there! As a reward for her achievement, the vibrators within her sped up incrementally. Jennifer sighed in relief anyway. At least I don't have to try to walk anymore this way!

"Dearly beloved," came the very masculine voice of Arnold from the French maid. "It may be truly frightening to behold, but I am indeed certified to conduct legal weddings within the state." There was a chuckle from the crowd, and at least one gasp, as the buzzing continued within her. She saw out of the corner of her eye that her sister was intently concentrating herself. Vicki seemed to be struggling for air against her corset, and was fidgeting madly, especially with hip wriggles. Jennifer had to guess that she wasn't keeping up well with the demands of the vibrators within her.

"Weddings are solemn occasions and deserve the proper respect. But they are also times of great joy, and great pleasure," said Arnold as the vibrators within her sped up yet again. "I know that you are all eagerly waiting to enjoy this blessed event, and to celebrate their happiness with them. Therefore, I will keep this brief."

"Richard, do you take this woman Jennifer, and I do mean take, to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, 'till death do you part?"

"I do," he said, reaching out with an arm to take ahold of her hand.

Jennifer had to consciously release her death grip on the bouquet to take his hand. The buzzing inside of her reached the highest intensity that she had ever remembered experiencing. Oh, God! Her willpower was failing, and she was starting to wriggle inside of her dress. "And you, Jennifer, do you take Richard to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, 'till death do you part?"

"I... do," she said, in a voice not much above a whisper. She did not trust her voice any more than that because she feared that she might start to moan.

Collin stepped forward and brought forth a ring. "Repeat after me, Richard. With this ring, I thee wed."

"With this ring, I thee wed," Richard said, slipping the ring on her finger.

Jennifer barely noticed it as her breath came in short, ragged bursts. Oh my God. Right in front of everyone...

"You may now kiss the bride," said the reverend Arnold.

Richard stepped towards her, pushing the voluminous dress back as he did so. Jennifer turned, fell forward, grabbed ahold of him. She kissed him suddenly and deeply and held on for dear life as a massive orgasm swept through her body.

Chapter 52

The recessional was a blur for her. Even as the vibrations stopped within her, she somehow did not feel in touch with reality.

The walk out was just as slow as her trek down the aisle. However, it was much easier with Richard to lean on.

"How... why...?" she asked him as she stumbled slightly.

"Would you expect any less from me?" he said with a smile.

Richard had arranged for a reception of sorts in the house. There was a buffet table set up, and music was playing in the background.

She felt something happening behind her. Becky, the rubber French maid, was industriously folding up her train and bustling it for her.

All of the guests were about. She saw her mother flirting shamelessly with Ben, who egged her on. "These are my nieces," he said, to introduce his two live-in lovers.

Jennifer smiled at this. Be careful what you ask for, mother, she thought. You might just get it.

Richard was flitting about, making small talk with the guests. Jennifer, in her very restrictive and cumbersome dress, was not about to try that. Instead, she walked very slowly and let the guests come to her.

Laura walked over to her. "That was a hell of a kiss you gave him," she said. "I don't think I've **ever** seen a kiss that intense before."

"I doubt you ever will again," Jennifer replied.

There was again a buzzing sound from Laura. A few seconds later, it disappeared. "Vicki is really having a rough time of it," she said, gesturing.

Jennifer turned her head to look. Vicki had taken a seat in the corner of the room. She was writhing and twisting in the dress. Finally, she stopped writhing and let out a tiny sigh in her corset.

"It's on more than it's off with her," Laura said.

"What about the others?" Jennifer asked.

"Ben's two nieces are doing all right," she said. Oh, she doesn't know, thought Jennifer. "The other two women are not doing so well, either. I don't know who they are with, or what their names are."

She spotted Mary as she walked into the room. She headed straight for Richard. They exchanged brief words, then she saw Mary hand Richard a small box with a short antenna on it.

He touched a button briefly, and her vibrators momentarily came to life. "Richard, you sly devil you!" she said.

"What?" replied Laura.

"Nothing," said Jennifer. "Nothing at all."

There was no dancing scheduled for the event. It was not like Jennifer or any of the female guests could have danced anyway. She noticed that all of the male guests, Richard included, were walking a bit more cautiously and awkwardly than usual, and sat down very gingerly in the chairs.

More people showed up as the afternoon turned into evening. Most were people associated with Fantasy Supreme, and came garbed in kinky and bondage attire. There was a sudden quieting of the general din as a leather garbed woman made her entrance.

She wore a tight leather corset over a black leather body suit and heels. In each hand, she held a leash. After she walked inside, she saw that he leashes were connected to the collars of two men that wore little except thin leather harnesses and minimal leather shorts.

"Susana," Jennifer said, under her breath, as she recognized the woman.

Richard immediately walked over to Jennifer and took her arm. "That's my ex-wife," he said. "I didn't know that she would be here. I did not invite her."

"It'll be all right," said Jennifer.

Susana made directly for Richard. "So! It's been a long time!" she said.

"It has," replied Richard. "Please meet my wife Jennifer. Jennifer, this is my ex-wife Susana."

The woman nodded to her. "Found your soul-mate at last?" she asked.

"I could ask for no more," replied Richard. "And yourself?"

"I don't think I could ever settle on just one," she said. "Here are my two favorites, Edward and Gerard."

"You don't look happy to see me," Susana said after a pause.

"I... was not expecting you," replied Richard.

"I still have contacts at FS, you know. It's not hard to find out about such things, really."

"I see. Why did you show up, then?" he asked cautiously.

Susana smiled at him. "I don't have any ill will towards you anymore, dear Richard. You have a very lovely wife, and I wish the best for both of you." "I just showed up to say that it's truly over between us. You can get on with your life with you new wife and not concern yourself with me. I live a life that I love, and I am surrounded by people that adore me. "Be happy, for a change, Richard. I heard how you moped around after I was gone. Just be happy."

Susana turned to Jennifer. "You are beautiful in that dress, Jennifer. You've caught a wonderful man. It just wasn't meant for me." With that, she turned and looked around the crowd. "Henry!" she said, and with her two men in tow, she headed away from them.

Jennifer leaned over to Richard. "So... you have the remote control now?" she asked. "How did you know about that?" he asked. "I saw Mary giving it to you," she said.

Richard reached into the pocket of his jacket. A moment later, the vibrators within her came to life. "You twisted man!" she said, holding on to him and twisting. "That's for later," he said as the vibrations ceased.

Her mother stopped by to talk to her on the way out the door. "I'm so happy for you," she said. "But I have to go now."

"I'm sure I'll see you later," said Ben, giving her a leer. "I'll stop by just to get a look at you." Her mother and Ben walked out together, followed by the two younger women. There was a brief moment of buzzing from the two women, but within seconds, the buzzing had stopped, and they were continuing after the couple as fast as they could go in their heels and silver vinyl hobble dresses.

The other guests parted soon afterwards. Vicki and her husband Henry had been the first to leave, and Jennifer had heard a loud moan just moments after she had disappeared out the door. Richard and Jennifer were left alone, with the mess all around them. "Well, I'm pooped," said Jennifer. "I'm ready for bed. Are you?" she said with a wink.

"Not quite," said Richard, as he pulled out the remote control. "We have some batteries to run out, first. Then we can retire to the bedroom. The evening is still young." "Run... out?" she said, with eyes wide.

"You might want to sit down for this," he said with a broad smile. Jennifer was in the middle of the room, with all of the chairs and couches at the periphery. She tried to hurry as best she could towards a couch, but all that her extra efforts seemed to accomplish was to move the vibrators around within her even more. Gasping for air against her corset, she was seized by a wave of pleasure just feet away from the couch. She fell forward, onto the couch, as the vibrations continued relentlessly.

Epilogue

"I won't be long on the phone," Jennifer said as she dialed. It took several rings before the phone was picked up. "Hello?"

"Mother! How good to talk with you!" she said, enthusiastically with an evil grin on her face.

"Jennifer... I don't know if I really want to talk right now," she said.

"Oh, but I'm being a good daughter. I have to call my beloved mother to tell her how much I love her!"

"I... had a rough night," she said.

"I heard that you went home with Ben after the reception. Is that true?"

"Well... he invited me over for a drink afterwards," she said.

Turn down a drink? Never! thought Jennifer.

"You know, Richard just talked to Ben. Ben really wants to have you over again," she said. "Now, be honest with me, is Ben going to be my stepdaddy?"

"I don't think so," replied her mother curtly.

"Did you at least have a good time?" Jennifer asked.

There was dead silence from the other end of the line. "Ben sure seemed to think that you did. Is that the first time you did it with a woman?"

There was another long pause, and the sound of ragged breathing. "All he did was watch!" she exclaimed. "That's all he did!"

"So, maybe I should buy you another dildo for your birthday," she said. "You seemed to really enjoy it."

"Shut up!" her mother exclaimed. "I don't want to talk about it!"

"Did you really offer to suck his cock?" she asked.

"Jennifer! You horrible daughter!"

"I really don't have to ask you," she said. "Ben taped the whole thing. We're going to go over there and watch it next week..."

Her mother's voice was replaced by a dial tone. "Hmmm... I guess she doesn't want to talk to me anymore."

Jennifer stood up and smoothed out her dress. It was made of black vinyl, and covered her from neck to the floor. It was a very tight sheath dress, with no slit, and her steps were restricted to less than a foot. Six-inch black heels were locked onto her feet. Jennifer was becoming used to maneuvering around in dresses like this. Underneath it, there was a corset, and the chastity belt that she had worn under her wedding dress. There was a buzzing from the belt. "Hey, just watch it!" she said, picking up her own remote control.

Richard was wearing a pair of tight black leather pants, with a white silk shirt. Underneath, he wore a butt plug and penis sheath, with vibrators attached to each. As Jennifer pushed the button on her remote control, she heard his vibrators come to life.

"En guard, Jennifer!" he said, holding his remote control with antenna like a rapier.

"I'm ready... I think," came Laura's voice.

Laura walked in, balancing in black six inch heels. She was wearing the rubber maid's outfit that Jennifer had worn so many times. Long sleeves, high neck, very flared skirt. Her figure was accented by the tight corset she wore underneath. Laura turned around, and as her skirt rose up, Jennifer saw the chastity belt that she had worn to the wedding.

Jennifer knew that Richard had tinkered with the settings. Now, it only waited half as long before resuming its vibrations. Laura had to work twice as hard to keep it from distracting her endlessly. From the flush on her face, Jennifer guessed that she might not be able to make it the whole night.

There was the sound of the doorbell. "That must be Collin!" Jennifer said, walking over to her sister and fussing with her hair. "Now, you have to look your best for this job," she said.

"And answering the door is a part of your duties," said Richard.

"Looking like this?" she said.

"I've done it," said Jennifer.

As Laura walked out of the room, Jennifer spoke up. "Do you think that Collin will like her?" she asked.

"He'll positively drool over her," Richard replied. "*I'd* drool over her, if I wasn't married to you," he said. "It must run in your family. I just wonder how much longer we'll have a maid

after Collin sees her." "I'd have to say three weeks, at the most," replied Jennifer. "But... there *are* advantages to privacy," said Jennifer, as she pushed the button on her remote control.

The End