

## Switching

"This is a joke." Peter Folkerts was shocked, his face white as a sheet while red blotches appeared on his cheeks. "Miriam, you can't seriously be asking me to do something like that!"

In stark contrast to his own anxiety, the woman who sat with Peter in this hotel room was smiling nonchalantly. She seemed to have foreseen his reaction. Miriam Beckman- investigative journalist - was only twenty-three years old, but she was already one of the best in her field. It helped that she was intelligent, young and energetic. But most of all Miriam was \*compassionate\* and full to the brim with a joyful sort of righteous anger. It just drove her to work harder than any of her colleagues did.

And Miriam was a beauty, which could help immensely to win the trust of witnesses. She was slim and sporty, with sparkling green eyes, curly brown hair that she wore in a ponytail and fair, freckled skin. You'd never see her with elaborate makeup or in high heels: Miriam was a girl who preferred sneakers and hoodies and kept her fingernails clipped very short. You couldn't find a less phony reporter in the business.

Peter loved her, although she probably wasn't aware of that. Or was she? With Miriam you could never be sure about anything. He had fallen in love with her when they had been on their first job together, two years ago. Peter as photographer, Miriam as writer/head of the operation. They had discovered that a local politician enjoyed beating up prostitutes, and \*man\* had they had fun bringing the bastard down. The story had been all over the news. And Miriam had become a rising star in her profession.

Since then she had worked exclusively with Peter when she went after a new story. She simply knew she could rely on him. And this made him a bit sour. He hated to be 'the reliable guy'. Reliable guys were boring. Reliable guys never had a chance with the cool girls.

But at least he knew Miriam better than any other man could claim to - she was a committed single due to the fact that she felt no man to be interesting enough for a lasting relationship.

"It is not as dangerous as it sounds", Miriam said now, still that knowing smile on her pretty lips, a soothing tone in her voice. She brushed a strand of hair from her forehead with the back of her hand. It made Peter wonder, once more if she truly was not aware of the effect that gesture had on him. Could such a clever girl be so blind? "Listen Pete", she continued, "I've been collecting information about those guys for months. They have a professional operation running Peter! They are more or less a secret society, and they are up to no good. Women disappear. Strange rumors show up instead. It's not easy to collect hard evidence about what they are doing. And I have a chance, but it might be the only one that I get, like \*ever\*! I desperately need you to man up and be cool about this."

Miriam's eyes were glowing with curiosity. Peter had seen that gaze before. It meant that Miriam was going to go after the story, no matter where to which dark places it would lead her. In that respect she was a danger-addict, a weirdness-addict or maybe an addict for depravity.

He nodded, slowly. He simply couldn't let her do something stupid without him being around to look after her. "Go on", he sighed.

"Their next meeting is tonight, Peter. Tonight! I know where it takes place. I know they are going to compromise themselves. I even have an invitation to their secret meeting!" She waved with an inconspicuous piece of paper. "But it is an invitation card for a guy. Those people don't seem to invite women to their club meetings, and sadly enough..." Miriam gestured at herself with some anger and a lot of irony. "... sadly enough I am visibly female!"

"Yeah, that's a shame." Peter smiled, helpless. They were both of the same age, so why the hell did he always feel so young when she talked him into one of her freaky adventures? "See Miriam, I'd really like to help, okay? It does sound like a big story, no question about that. But ..." He gestured at the stuff that was lying on the bed. "... I really don't know. You want me to put you into that stuff? It looks as if it's been taken from a movie with R-rating."

Most of the equipment on the bed was made from leather, some other items consisted of black rubber or latex. There were straps and laces, something like a cat suit, a corset - and pieces of equipment Peter had never even seen before in

his life. He could only guess what their purpose might be. "Well, it's going to be an evening with R-rating, no question."

Miriam chuckled a little silly, and Peter noticed how flushed her cheeks were.

"You are nervous yourself!", he yelled, pointing a finger at her. "I can see it! And if you of all people get nervous, shit is about to hit the fan!"

Miriam shook her head, and kept smiling that magical smile, unique smile. "I am nervous because I am going to be the bimbo who's being tied up and masked. So it's a natural reaction I guess, 'cause I enjoy being able to move my arms and use my hands, forgive me being sarcastic. I like to be not in bondage." She sighed. "So okay, yeah, I am nervous, I admit it. But you don't have to be nervous at all, since you'll be my..." She hesitated for a moment.

"You?" Peter looked cautiously at his colleague. "Your what?"

"My owner", Miriam answered finally, with a smirk on her face.

Now Peter's cheeks flushed as well. "Your owner... that's a bit over the top, don't you think?" He heard his voice get a little shrill and instantly hated himself for that sign of shyness. "Why don't we just go out once, have a drink or a salad...", he mumbled. "And anyways, why is this so important to you, Miriam? Is it worth the risk?"

"Well." She got up from her chair and walked over to the equipment on the bed, taking a single leather strap into her hand. "It is important to me, because I want to nail those guys. They maybe kidnappers of women or worse, and they must be stopped. And", she added a little slyly, "who knows if one of their members turns out to be a celebrity? They are quite an exclusive society, most of them must be stinking rich, and that's always interesting." Miriam shrugged. "And concerning the risk: It's not as big as you think, just like I already told you. You prop me up. A tux for you is in the cabinet over there, it should fit you perfectly. We use the exit at the back of this shabby motel. I have a limo waiting there and the driver won't ask any questions. We get into the limo, drive to the place, you use one of your micro-cameras to make some nice shots. I collect as much information as I can get and we leave. I write the story, you provide your pictures. Mission accomplished."

They just looked at each other for a moment. Peter really didn't know what to say until Miriam jingled the small strap around playfully.

"All you have to do", she added a little sarcastically, "is stay cool and somewhere inside yourself find the guts to tie me up properly." She was amused. Nervous, but still also very amused. "Guys dig that, don't they? Tying up pretty women?"

"Well, some of us..." Peter started. But Miriam had already taken the cat suit into her hands and made her way to the bathroom. "No more discussion about this. I need your help and you are not going to let me down - understood? I'll just have to get into this first..." Since she did not completely close the door, Peter could see her shadow move through the doorframe. Miriam took the shoes and socks from her feet and after that got out of her pants. Pulled the pullover over her head and threw it aside, took off her underwear... He raised his face, looking up to the ceiling, asking himself what he had gotten himself into.

In the bathroom, he could hear Miriam gasp occasionally while she worked her body into the cat suit.

"Wow is this tight... I'm not even sure it's real latex, the stuff feels so weird..."

"Miriam, where the hell did you get this stuff from anyways?"

"I persuaded one of my other connections to sell it. He designs stuff like this. It's expensive equipment; believe me, not the cheap SM-gear you can just go and buy in some sex shop. We will have to find out how it exactly works."

"Yeah. It looks sturdy." Peter cast another glance at the items that were spread out on the bed.

"It looks sturdy because it was designed to restrain people. Well, not people - women", Miriam added as she came back from the bathroom.

She winked at him in a humorous way, but he did not see much humor in the situation as a whole. In fact, he did not see a lot of things anymore, except Miriam in the catsuit, and she looked beautiful. He could only stare at her with his mouth

agape, forgetting everything around him.

The cat suit covered her body from her ankles to the lower part of her throat, leaving basically only her feet, her hands and her neck and head uncovered. It was obviously quite tight - so tight in fact that Miriam appeared to be naked, just covered by a black, shiny liquid. Peter could see every muscle on her calves, thighs, belly and arms accentuated. He could see her small, now quite compressed breasts as well. Even her nipples and the aureoles around them were visible.

"Yes", Miriam sighed, and wiped some sweat from her forehead with the back of a hand. "I know. It is definitely going to have a large impact on next years' fashion. But I tell you it's tight as hell."

Peter did not have the courage to look at her crotch directly. But he was quite sure something metallic glittered down there.

"Yes", Miriam sighed, instantly noticing what had caused Peters face to redden even more. "There is some device inbuilt there. I have something like a small pad on my ... button?" She looked down at herself, lost in the surreal comedy this situation provided. "Button, yes, let's stay with that word, shall we? And there are two small... dildos down there, for whatever reason that we are not going to discuss here and now. Or ever. Until the end of time." She looked up again, eyeballing Peter with absolute sternness. "I'll be happy if I get these things out of me again as soon as possible. And as long as I am on that ... party ... that part of the suit will stay closed, whatever happens later - do we have an agreement?"

"We do", Peter gulped hard. "Oh man, do we have an agreement..."

There were dildos in Miriam, and she herself had just mentioned it. He was not sure if he could take any more of this, weird as the situation might be. She had just inserted one dildo each into her pussy and anus in order to get the story of her life. Miriam was crazy. Here was the final piece of evidence.

"There's also a small remote control", she added, talking faster now because she obviously found the situation nearly as toe-curlingly awkward as Peter did. "It's that thingy over there on the nightstand. It resembles an iPod. But it sure as hell is

not designed for playing the Fab Four. I don't know what it does and I don't want to have to find out what it does, so we'll just forget it. Okay?"

Peter nodded. "What do you want me to do now?", he asked with a coarse voice. Miriam walked over to him, took the corset from the bed and handed it to him. It was made of rubber just like most of the other items were. Still, there appeared to be something else beneath the black material - metal or plastic maybe, that reinforced the structure. Straps and buckles were dangling from its open back. A collar, padded on the inside, high and heavy-looking, was attached to the thing.

"This is next. Put it on me."

The corset felt weird in Peter's hands, like something from another planet or maybe another dimension. When Miriam turned around and showed him her back he could just stare at the smooth skin at the back of her neck and her fine hair, and nearly forgot what he was here for.

"Put it over my head, place the collar around my neck, buckle it and then pull the corset tight. I couldn't do it myself since I can't reach all those locks and straps back there." Miriam turned her head and threw Peter a warning glance. "But don't buckle it tighter than necessary, okay?" When she turned again, he could only see the back of her head, her brown-reddish, curly hair flowing down in that practical, thick ponytail to a point between her latex-covered shoulder blades. But he just knew that she was smiling again. "I'm a modern girl and have never worn a corset, and I don't want to faint or anything like that. Just make it look real."

He approached her carefully, not completely believing what he was doing. He put the corset around Miriam's body, slung the collar around her throat. It was in fact so broad and high that it would prevent any movements of her head as soon as it was buckled. He pulled it tight, but he was careful as he did that, and he stopped when it started to press into Miriam's white skin. He closed the three buckles that secured it on the back of her neck.

"Can you still breathe?"

"Sure", Miriam gulped. "I can breathe just fine, but I still feel pretty strange with

this thing around my neck." She looked at Peter, serious as stone, and then said: "Woof."

"Very funny."

"Thank you."

"You know Miriam, 'strange' is a good word to describe you and your lunatic plans and plots", Peter muttered under his breath. Then, just as Miriam flashed him a sweet, feline smile as an answer to his remark, he started to fit the corset around her body.

It covered most of Miriam's torso except for her breasts and breastbone. Thus, when he started lacing and strapping the device on her, the girls' black, latex-covered boobs were pushed upwards remarkably. At the same time her waist got narrower with every strap Peter pulled tight. The material creaked as more pressure was put on it and it continued to mold Miriam's body into a slightly different form.

And while he worked, Peter lost some of his nervousness. In fact, it felt interesting to harness a woman like this. It was kind of pleasing. He found that she indeed looked beautiful in the outfit, even though it sure as hell could not be comfortable for her. He worked his way upwards, tightening and buckling one strap after another, until Miriam moaned under her breath and produced a wheezing noise.

"Hey, Pete... for Gods' sake I told you to just make it look real. You are. crushing me...!"

"I'm really sorry", he answered and tried to hold back a little smile. It was unusual hearing discomfort in Miriam's voice, and in a certain way it was good to know that she was also just human. "We are nearly finished, I promise."

Peter took the last strap, the one that was far up between her shoulders, and tightened it as well. The corset creaked a little more and a little louder when he pulled.

When he had reached the fourth of six notches Miriam spoke through gritted

teeth. "Holy shit, how tight is it now? It feels as if this was already at the last notch..."

Peter didn't know where the words came from. They just flew out of his mouth.

"No, it's just the second notch. The second of six I think. I can stop now, but if someone has experience with this maybe they will find it a little... too slack looking?"

"Oh... my... God." Miriam sighed, and there was already a good amount of strain in the sound. "Okay, one more notch. Just one more... okay?"

Peter had the feeling he was lucky standing behind her, where she could not see the guilt on his face. But he still nodded and pulled the strap with force, causing the corset to compress Miriam's body even more. He buckled it at the last notch and felt weirdly good doing so.

Miriam had an extremely narrow waist now, the upper part of her body strangely changed and molded by the unforgiving device. And when she turned around, Peter could see how forceful her breasts were being pushed upwards, appearing larger and outright swollen, pushing against the latex that covered them in a way that accentuated them even more.

Miriam's face was red, and droplets of sweat had begun to appear on her forehead and her cheeks. Most of her irony and humor seemed to have left her and only the last remnants of her original ironic smile still existed.

"Is this... really a slackly tied corset? It feels as if you overdid this a little", she wheezed.

But Peter shook his head. "I did it so that people will hopefully not see how loose the thing is on you."

"This is loose?" Miriam seemed to be a bit shocked and turned to the mirror to check if he was telling the truth, but since she could not move her head to the sides she wasn't able to see her back in the reflecting surface. So she gave up, gulping again.



"Okay, if this is in fact a loosely tied corset I'll try to feel happy about how comfortable my existence is. Thank you." She swallowed and seemingly composed herself a little before pointing to the items on the bed. "I'll sit down, you help me to get those high heels on my feet."

The shoes were streamlined, high-heeled boots, made from black leather. When Peter took them into his hands he found them to be quite heavy despite their slender appearance. Miriam would be forced to walk on the tips of her toes like a ballerina and she would not be able to take them off so easily by herself: There were several laces and straps for securing them quite thoroughly.

Peter took each of her naked feet with great care into his hands and led them into the boots as steady-handedly as he could. "I'll tie the laces as firmly as possible - I guess if you stumble in those things you have a high risk of breaking your ankle."

Miriam mumbled a 'thank you', but obviously her heart was not in it. When the boots were on her feet and laced properly and she got up from the bed again, Peter could see why she had looked so doubtful: Her legs wobbled manically in an attempt to keep balance.

"Shit shit shit, I NEVER wear high heels and these have been designed by an especially wicked bastard..."

"Do you want me to take them off again?"

"No! I have to wear them, don't I? People would wonder why a 'slave' is allowed to walk in Nikes. At least their insides are thickly padded, that gives me a little more stability. I will just have to learn how to walk in them, and I have to learn that FAST if I don't want to look like a stork on that party..."

"If someone makes a remark, I'll just tell them that you are a new slave", Peter offered. "And that won't even be a lie. So, what comes next?"

"Now", Miriam said with a little reluctance in her voice, "you tie me up." The reluctance grew when Peter did not object, but just nodded once and just took another item off the small heap on the bed.

"Yes ... that's what exactly the thing we need now. How did you know? It's called an armbinder..."

Peter shrugged. "I knew because this looks like it's ... supposed to bind something. It just seemed to be the right kind of thing."

"Well, you guessed really good." There was just the smallest amount of doubt in her eyes - but after something that might have been a short mental fight taking place behind her eyes, that doubt was gone again. "Pull it over my arms, put the holding straps around my body." She turned around and placed her firm, slender arms on her back, hands and wrists touching.

Peter grabbed Miriam's wrists and led her hands through the opening at the upper end of the armbinder, realizing in the last instance that her palms were hot and sweaty, indicating just how nervous she really was about the whole situation.

The armbinder was narrow and pulling it over her arms was hard work for Peter. Only with Miriam's help was he able to work the tight single-sleeve further and further upwards, covering her hands, forearms and elbows, a moment later even her upper arms, until the item was finally set with its upmost part right beneath her armpits, covering her arms completely.

Miriam opened her mouth as she was still trying to get accustomed to the position her arms had been brought into. "And now you have to..."

"I get it", Peter said, nodding. "I have to lace the thing, right?"

"Right", she agreed sourly, "because I don't already feel confined enough."

"Can't get enough of this, can you?"

"Very funny." Miriam sounded like a woman who really wished she had had an idea for a witty comeback. "You know, it is weird, hearing you joke about this stuff. Normally you aren't the kind of guy who gets all ironic."

"It's a strange situation", Peter remarked as he was already starting to tighten the

straps that were running through grommets integrated into the design. The thinnest of the several straps was on a level with Miriam's wrists, and pulling it taut effectively pressed her hands against each other beneath the thick, padded leather that lay already firmly around her arms. When her hands were secured, Peter started again working his way upwards, tightening straps around her forearms and elbows. At first Miriam obviously controlled herself, but when the material started engulfing her arms tighter and tighter and her forearms started getting pressed directly against each other, Peter could hear her breath quicken. She straightened her back as if trying to get into a more comfortable position, but it obviously didn't improve things so much for her.

"Oh my god I would not have thought this thing could be so ... fucking tight", she hissed under her breath. "Are you done?"

"Not really", Peter answered. He looked at her arms, their slender shapes fused from the hands nearly up to the elbows. "I will at least have to strap your elbows if it's supposed to look appropriate.

"My elbows? Are you kidding me? I am a flexible girl, but this is a bit too much...!" Miriam jerked and for a moment tried to pull her arms free, but the bondage was already much too strict for that. Peter saw the muscles of her arms working beneath the material and felt curiously aroused.

He placed a hand on her strapped arms, his other hand on Miriam's shoulder. "Calm down, okay? Calm down, come on - your arms are already kind of ... fused together. Strapping your elbows won't even make such a big difference at this point."

Miriam stopped her futile attempts to free her arms and took in a deep breath - as deep as possible with the tight corset.

"And you don't think this will suffice? I mean what does it matter if my fucking elbows touch?" "It does matter", Peter said with all honesty. "It's hard to explain, but ... it will look stylish when your arms are strapped properly. I am doing this for the first time, but I can see why guys like it. Having your arms tied like that will make you look very helpless and very ..." He had to search for a good word. "... very molded."

Somehow that took the tension away for a moment. Miriam giggled, obviously in discomfort but still amused. Peter laughed with her. The situation was too crazy and the laughing comforted both of them, made their feet to touch the ground once more, even if only for a few moments.

"I look molded! Yes, that's what every girl wants to hear once in her life Pete, thank you so much!" Miriam couldn't hold back another laughing fit, even though the corset made it close to painful for her.

After that her face was redder and not only her forehead but also her pretty cheeks were shining with sweat. But she had relaxed, at least a little, and now she threw her head backwards in a defiant demonstration of pride and with just a little sarcasm mixed in.

"Okay, so mold my arms, if that is going to make me look better. But please don't dislocate my arms."

"I won't", Peter promised. It felt like a small victory when he grabbed the elbow-strap and started slowly tightening it. His arousal grew when he pulled it, so that - slowly, very slowly - Miriam's elbows were drawn even closer together.

"Oh holy crap..." Miriam moaned and grumbled, again straightened her back as far as possible, thrusting her breasts outwards even more in order to get into a more comfortable position. Rubber and leather creaked louder as Peter was pulling with increasing force. Finally, the strap forced Miriam's elbows directly against each other. He buckled it with a quick move and started slinging the two holding straps around the upper part of her body as long as she was still speechless, trying to get accustomed to the crushing position her arms had been forced into. "Oh my god I don't know how I'm supposed to... hey, wait you don't have to ... wait you don't need to ... Peter, stop!"

But he had already crisscrossed the holding straps between her breasts and buckled

them -and again he had chosen the last notch for that. Miriam's arms now were not only severely restrained behind her back, they were also securely pressed

against her body without any slack left. There was no way any women could have gotten out of this bondage without significant help from another person.

"Oh, man..." Miriam blinked several times, because some droplets of sweat were running down her face now and threatened to get into her eyes. Peter reacted fast and wiped some of the sweat away with his hand. More was appearing on Miriam's skin, but she still tried to nod thankfully, even though the collar was still immobilizing her neck and didn't allow more than the suggestion of the gesture.

She made an almost shy impression which was a weird and unusual sight. But Peter liked it. He grinned a little.

"I don't like to see that smile on your face", Miriam said gloomily. Then she smiled, a little exhausted and a little astonished. "You have fun doing this, don't you?", she whispered.

Peter nodded, slowly, as they were looking into each other's eyes. "It is... interesting", he said.

Miriam looked curiously at him. "Well, we will have a discussion about this later, as soon as I can move my arms again... ouch, you can't imagine how this feels..."

"If you want out soon we better get finished all the sooner", Peter said with a nod. He took the last item from the bed, studied it with deep fascination: It was a hood, made from latex like most of the rest of the outfit. It had eyeholes, but they were covered with transparent plastic. It also had openings where the wearer's nostrils would be. Miriam's mouth, however, would be completely covered - there was only a small valve on the outside. "Wow. Now I understand why you said the hood would be the scariest part."

Miriam looked pretty stern now. "Take a look at the inside - that's the really scary part."

Peter did so and instantly saw what she had meant: There was a mouthpiece on the inside, made from black rubber, with a very small opening in the middle.

"That's a gag", Peter said and nodded. "Well, it's just logical their slaves aren't permitted talking."

"And..." Miriam hesitated again, watching Peter closely. "And what do you think the small opening in the center is for?"

"I guess it is a valve?", Peter guessed. "Maybe it's been designed for feeding and watering a slave without having to ungag her every time."

Miriam just stared at him. "I guess that's right", she said after a moment of silence. She tried to smile, but she didn't really accomplish anything convincing. "I have been thinking about somehow ripping or cutting the gag out of the mask. People won't see if I am really gagged or if I just pretend it, right? And I feel already... controlled enough. I enjoy talking a lot, even if I am supposed to keep my mouth shut. It would feel really... crappy to have something like that between my jaws." Miriam looked at Peter with that uncharacteristic insecurity again. "What do you think?"

Peter did not have to think about the question, but he still paused for a moment in order to make her think that he was calculating the risk. "No", he finally said. "I think that if we remove the gag we take the risk of someone noticing. Tied and gagged women are their field of expertise, aren't they? And if someone realized you are not appropriately trussed we would be in deep trouble. So I think that you should be properly gagged when we attend that meeting."

"Okay ... the gag it is then." But just as Miriam had made that decision she suddenly seemed to understand - maybe because she had seen an emotion on Peters' face which he had not been able to hide any longer. "Wait... I..." She was scared of him now, suddenly. He cursed himself for having allowed his mask to slip, but Peters bad conscience about scaring Miriam was much too weak to stop him now. It did not stand a chance against his fascination with all this. That new kind of darkness he had discovered within himself drowned it easily.

"We can't wait, Miriam. We need to get you finished, or we'll lose too much time.

She shook her head and even took a step backwards, away from Peter, but he tried to ignore that clear signal.

"Pete wait... you look weird and I'd like to know..."

He felt as if he was flying on autopilot. He approached Miriam, had the hood in his hands and she shied away from him until her back and her tightly strapped arms were touching the wall of the hotel room. Her sweaty face was close to his and he could feel her warm breath in his cheeks. Her perceived so many tiny details in her face: Every single droplet of sweat glistening like a diamond, a strand of her hair caught on her cheek, how her green eyes had the color of emeralds, now that they were so remarkably widened. How red her lips and her small tongue were, how white her perfect teeth shone as she opened her mouth to protest.

"Pete, please stop!"

"Don't be scared", he muttered under his breath like a man in a dream. "It's going to be fine."

"No it's not! We have to talk and we need to..."

Everything happened in slow motion, but still very fast: He grabbed her collar to keep her at least halfway still, then pulled the hood over her head. He could see her eyes widen even some more and she screamed his name of course, shrill and still very confused sounding, maybe also with some panic mixed in. For a moment she was blind, then the hood was well enough in place so that Peter could see her scared eyes behind the plastic lenses. She stared at him from inside the hood and tried to shake her immobilized head like a mad women.

Just for a second the bad conscience tried to get Peters' attention again, but he pushed it away with violent force. Instead he concentrated on the hood again, which still looked awkward on Miriam: It bulged where it obviously was supposed to press tightly against her skin. Peter concluded the reason had to be that the gag was not yet in her mouth, and so he put a hand to the lower part of her now covered face and started pushing. As he did that, Miriam started jerking, her arms straining in the tight bondage, her eyes widening so far now behind the plastic lenses that they looked as if they were close to just popping out of her head.

"MMMMmmmmmmffffhfffh...."

A wheezing noise escaped her as she fought against him. He could feel that she held her teeth clenched shut to prevent him from getting the gag inside her mouth. She obviously was not prepared to be gagged right now, and she tried to send him that message with all possible clarity. Her legs kicked out at him and he had to turn half sideways to protect himself, her arms tore at the armbinder frantically, fighting against the bondage with all possible force.

Peter slung one arm around her compressed, slender body, pushed her backwards until she met the wall and kept increasing his pressure on the part of the hood where the gag was. "Can't you get it inside?", he asked in a tone of voice as harmless and naïve as possible. "It didn't look that big, and we cannot just leave the hood like this..."

She tried to tell him again that she wanted him to stop, and in a moment of weakness she opened her mouth to scream at him in anger and terror. That was the moment Peter had been waiting for, and when he finally forced the gag past her teeth he was rewarded with a literal 'plopping'-noise as the gag finally jumped into her mouth.

She kept fighting for some seconds before she produced a muffled sobbing noise and relaxed at least a little, an elongated moan escaping her throat - the sound of capitulation and despair.

Peter kept her in his grip and reached behind her head to tighten and fasten the straps that tightened the hood around her head while Miriam shuddered and occasionally jerked in his arms. He checked the small tubes on her nostrils and found they had slipped in place perfectly, securing Miriam's air support. Once he was sure she could not suffocate he tightened the hood some more.

The hood was so tight by now that Peter thought he even recognized the shape of her face and head beneath the material. He looked into her scared eyes behind the lenses and smiled at her.

"It's okay, Miriam. See, you didn't have to panic, you are safe. And we are as good as off to that party. Your next big story and all that, and wouldn't you curse yourself if you lost your courage now and missed the opportunity to discover who



these people are?"

It was unbelievable how much his perception of her had changed during the last twenty minutes. Even more unbelievable was how much his perception of himself had changed. He patted Miriam's head and found that she had really calmed down a little more, just because of his tone of voice and the level of newfound sureness in his voice.

"I know you aren't comfortable, but I guess you knew that before, didn't you?" He smiled at her with irony and saw her blink helpless and insecurely. "I should get dressed as well, and that will take some minutes. You should maybe just relax as good as you can and try getting used to your outfit."

But when Peter turned, Miriam still leaning on the wall behind him, trying to catch her breath, he saw the remote on the nightstand. And curiosity overwhelmed him. "But we should try to find out how this thing works first." Her eyes widened some more and she produced a muffled noise that could very well have been a "No!".

But he nonetheless took the small device - it indeed had some resemblance to an iPod - into his hand. "Come on, I don't want to make things harder for you Miriam! But if you want me to play the role of your Owner I should know at least marginally how this works. Don't you think people will wonder what an incompetent Master I am if I don't know how to control this thing?"

She still mumbled warningly into her gag as he switched the thing on and browsed through the options, but there was no way she could stop him. There were indeed only symbols shown on the touch-screen. One of them showed the head of a hooded female, resembling very much Miriam's momentary appearance. The only difference was that the cheeks of the iconic woman were bulging quite remarkably and that three points were hovering in a cartoonish bubble above her head.

Peter touched the symbol. It highlighted instantly. Behind him he could hear Miriam issue a questioning sound before her voice suddenly got shriller. He turned around and saw that something was happening beneath the hood: The gag obviously enlarged itself in Miriam's mouth and she was more than just

displeased by that development.

Her eyes had widened so much that Peter thought she looked a lot like a cartoon figure herself now, her breasts heaved in an attempt to suck air into her lungs and she started stumbling through the room in an uncontrolled, aimless way on her high heeled feet. He stared at her. And the warm throbbing in his pants increased.

"Awesome", he whispered and studied the display again. A scale had appeared there, showing the pressure that was administered to Miriam's jaws as the gag further enlarged itself. The scale was still green. So he waited. He had to, could not force himself to stop the process. Miriam meanwhile had started tearing at her bondage in a fruitless attempt to pull her arms free, and with much more force than before, when she had been involuntarily gagged. Still, even though her muscles bulged beneath the material that covered them, Peter could barely see them move at all. She also tried to shake her head and stomped her feet, but she could not prevent the gag from filling her oral cavity more and more completely.

"Hrrrrrrrrghhhhhh!"

The noises Miriam was still able to produce got more quiet now, even though she obviously did her best to make Peter aware of her discomfort. The display showed a yellow icon now and he put his thumb on the icon for the gag, but did not press it yet. He could hear her breathing fast through her nostrils, so he knew she was not in mortal danger. And the way her cheeks bulged now, the way the gag muted her more and more, all that gave him a feeling of power he had never before felt in his life.

"Wow", he said absolutely stunned, staring at the stumbling, jerking woman. "Just ... wow." Miriam had been so completely muted by now that her breath and the smallest wheeze from her gagged mouth were the only noises audible in the room. She cringed and tore at the armbinder that restrained her so severely only once more, then turned to Peter to stare at him with pleading, pain-filled eyes.

"gggggh....." She could not utter any more than that in her current state. And Peter stopped the process now. The scale had already turned orange anyways.

"Oh I'm so sorry Miriam. I just wanted to know ... hey it was my mistake, I

apologize." He went over to her and streaked a hand over her head once more, seeing relief in her eyes that he had stopped the gag from growing even more. She was breathing fast, and to Peters amazement there were small droplets of sweat on the latex that covered her body. No wonder the whole equipment had been so expensive.

But if Miriam hoped that he would reverse the process, her hopes were not fulfilled. Peter found it very helpful that she could not talk or gesture towards him and he decided to simply ignore the fact that her cheeks bulged as if an especially flexible tennis ball had been forced deep into her mouth. When she tried to utter more noises and rocked her body forwards and backwards to make him aware that he had forgotten to decompress the gag again, Peter just turned away from her.

"Okay, I will dress now, like I should have done before. I know that we need to get going." He cast a glance at the suit, slung over one of the chairs. Then he studied the remotes display again. He had seen another symbol there, the same female head, just without visible openings at the eyes, and he had by now a good idea what function that icon might offer.

"But I don't really want you to see me in my underwear", he stated with a thin smile. And activated the function.

This time the effect was less crass - but still fascinating, at least to Peter. For another moment he could see Miriam's blinking, helpless eyes behind the thin plastic that covered them. Then the material turned black. First it looked as if she was staring at him through sunglasses, a second later they disappeared completely behind the now opaque material. Miriam jerked once. She tried to shriek but couldn't, tried to pull her arms free again - but couldn't. She stumbled and nearly fell to the ground, crashing into one of the cabinets. Peter had to catch her and support her with one arm.

How hot her skin felt through the latex. How intense her perfume smelt, now that she was clad in latex, sweating and panting. He could no longer believe he had been so shy towards her for all that time.

"Shhh calm down." He patted her head once more, a gesture that already felt quite natural. "I just want to change and I thought this would be better than having to use into the cramped bathroom. It's okay, I am here and you don't have to worry." He led Miriam to the bed, even though she obviously had to restrain herself from jerking and fighting once more. He helped her to sit down on the edge. Once there she had no choice as to stay where she was, blind and completely muted, shuddering and sobbing in a barely audible way.

There was an icon with sheet music symbols floating in its center. He activated it and checked the options it offered. He started to get an understanding of how this thing worked, and he liked it. "I'm going to dress now. And you please calm down, okay? You don't have to be bitchy all the time Miriam. You are not in control this time, so just ... relax. You are a slave, remember? We better both get into the mood, else people will sense we are intruders once we get there."

He chose a techno-rhythm and switched it into Miriam's hood. There were obviously small headphones built into it, and as soon as he had activated them. Her head jerked a little upwards. She shuddered some more and this time he could actually hear her wheeze, even though she was thoroughly gagged.

"Listen to the music and try to unwind, will you?" He was quite sure she didn't even hear him; her ears being flooded with the loud techno rhythms. She turned a bit to one side, then to the other, blind and deaf. Maybe it was her deafness and blindness, her complete isolation, that did it.

However, suddenly he had the courage to speak it out loud, quite sure that she was oblivious to everything that happened outside the hood. "I like you like this. I wish I could keep you in this outfit. Forever."

It made Peter feel stronger and more self-conscious, having spoken out such a wicked thought. He grinned like a madman as he started dressing for the evening.

Until Peter had finished dressing himself in the expensive tuxedo, Miriam had calmed down - or at least it seemed so, since she was calmer on the outside. She had leaned back on the bed until she was just lying there with her latex-covered face towards the ceiling, breathing more controlled through her nostrils, her tightly corseted body straining against the encasement with every intake of

breath. The restraints set a pretty tough limit for her and she wheezed a little still, her lungs by far not able to expand completely as much as she tried and tried.

More sweat had appeared on her new black skin, droplets glistening on the latex like tiny diamonds. Peter deactivated the music and instead activated a feed of white noise to be played into Miriam's ears. He started to get a feeling for the device and its capabilities - by pushing the small 'talk' button and holding the controller to his mouth he could even communicate with his slave, white noise or not.

"I turned the music off because I have finished dressing. I hope you had enough time to get accustomed to your ... situation?"

A barely audible mewling sound came through the gag and the hood - of course she did not like the white noise either.

"No Miriam, the white noise will stay", Peter said sternly. "You are too much used to being in charge, you know that? It can be a problem, and tonight it can be more than that - it can be a major threat for both of us. You will have to trust me for the next hours and I want you to get used to it." Since Miriam could not express her thoughts in any way he could only assume that she had vivid fantasies about killing him. And indeed: as he used the controller to grant her vision once again she looked at him with reddened, puffy eyes, either from anger or from crying.

"Everything will be okay as long as you relax and play your role", he told her with a caring smile, and when she tried to move her useless arms, when she again bucked in the bondage and tried to win his attention, to show him that wanted out of this, he just ignored her senseless efforts. He used the time to check his appearance in the mirror until Miriam moaned frustrated and stopped fighting the restraints.

The look in the mirror had further strengthened his ego: Peter found that he looked better than ever before and realized he was a pretty good-looking guy. He had just worn the wrong clothes all the time.

Smiling he connected the leash he had found on the bed to Miriam's collar,

keeping the controller in his jacket. "Come on, let's go. I'm really curious about the kind of parties these guys throw.

He led Miriam outside the room and she followed insecurely, still trying to get used to the ballet boots. From time to time he turned to look at her, and he realized that Miriam was as good as gone: In his perception and against everything he knew on the rational level this wasn't Miriam anymore. This was a faceless, helpless doll whose opinions, wishes or ambitions counted in no way to him anymore. He owned this, he decided if it was able to see or to hear, and he was looking forward to using the small opening in her gag to feed her. Would they offer him the chance to do that at the party? Peter was pretty sure they would: His doll was covered in sweat now and the other slaves would quite possibly be in a similar state when they arrived. There would be machines or facilities to feed them, and Peter was going to try those out as soon as possible.

No one stopped them until they reached the shabby hotels back exit. There was indeed a limo waiting for them. The chauffeur who was standing next to it was a big but sophisticated looking guy with calm eyes and a perfectly fitting uniform.

"Good evening Sir. My name is Viktor. I believe that you are the guest I have been ordered to pick up?"

Peter would have been more than just nervous under ordinary circumstances. But to his own amazement he felt more secure than maybe ever before in his life.

"Yeah, that's correct. I can't wait to get to that party."

"Very good." The man nodded and without hesitation took Miriam's leash from Peter's hands. He led the stumbling black doll to the car with professionalism and routine. "May I ask if this one has given itself or was taken?" He eyed the restrained girl with mild interest.

"She... it was taken". Peter nodded as if it was the most normal thing to discuss something like that. "And only recently. That's why it walks like this."

"I see." Viktor half lifted and half pushed Miriam into the rear door of the limo and made her sit down there. He Put the seatbelt around her and returned to

Peter afterwards, helping him out of his coat.

"May I propose that you help it relaxing? It seems to be very tense, which is natural when they are fresh. If it is allowed to relax a little it will learn to obey much faster."

"Relaxing?" Peter looked at Miriam and Miriam returned his glance with a half warning, half pleading look in her eyes.

"mmmgmmmmmmmmffffhhh..."

Peter took the controller out of his jacket and studied it for a moment. "Help it relax... okay, what do you propose...?"

"I would advise you to administer a massage", the chauffeur explained politely. He seemed to be amused, but in a benevolent way. "A massage on a low setting, of course. You don't want it to get exhausted already." He pointed at the touch screen to guide Peters' way through the menus until a symbol popped up that depicted nothing than some edgy lines.

"nnnmmmmmm-hhoughh...!"

Peter looked at Miriam again. Her eyes were screaming 'No' with all possible intensity. His own face was absolutely blank as he activated the function.

There was a humming noise. It was a very weak humming noise that hovered at the brink of being audible at all. But it was still a deep, bassy humming noise. It originated in Miriam's crotch.

The dolls' eyes widened as if they were intending to swallow the whole of her face. She twitched, she rocked back and forth in an effort to get into a more comfortable position. She clenched her thighs, then opened them again, and obviously couldn't find a way to stop what was happening. Peter was sure that he knew what was going on: The vibrators and the small pad on her clitoris had jumped to life.

Finally, Miriam mewed. The sound combined confusion, helplessness, capitulation

and an intense plea for mercy. It was a pretty sweet noise and Peter hoped with all of his soul that he would get a lot of opportunities to hear it from now on.

"It will improve her mood, given some time", Viktor stated with nonchalant politeness. He didn't seem aroused, didn't seem fascinated or stunned or in any way affected by what he had just helped Peter to do. And that was, in Peter's opinion, right-out unbelievable. How could any man not be affected by this?

As the driver helped him into the limo - and afterwards closed the door, making his way to the driver's seat in front - Peter could only stare at Miriam in awe. He didn't mind that she stared right back at him, he even smiled at her a little to show her she didn't have to feel embarrassed.

"Come on", Peter hissed a bit impatient when Miriam moaned into her gag again, still all so shy and insecure and pleading. "You really need to relax and stop being like this. Just... swim with the current, kind of. Get into your role! I mean, your pussy can't feel that bad right now?"

Her encased, shining black figure strained and jerked some more, every flexing muscle showing through the thin layer of latex that covered her. Her nipples were erected now, visibly hardened and stiff. Peter thought he could even see goosebumps on her skin.

"nnngnmmmmooouugh...!"

"No", he said firmly, shaking his head. "I am not going to turn it off. In fact, every minute I see you not trying to adapt a little..." - he chose a higher setting and the hum that emanated from Miriam's crotch increased in strength - "...I will set this on a higher level. You are not the boss anymore, so get used to it!"

She kept protesting, and so he darkened the lenses again, until she was completely blind. Then he turned the white noise in her ears louder, making sure she was completely isolated from the outside world.

When the lenses in front of her eyes were pitch-black, she leaned back into her seat and he thought he heard her gulped sobs. Then another shudder... she spread her legs, tried to stay in that position, closed them again. She moaned and



bowed forward as far as the belts allowed, then sank back into her seat, accompanied by a frustrated intake of breath. Shuddered again. Jerked once again at the bondage.

The limo started to move and they were off, Peter mixing himself a martini with ingredients from the small bar that was built into a corner of the compartment. He sipped the drink and watched Miriam shudder and move a little now and then, moan and sob from time to time, open and clench her legs. He browsed through the other options the controller offered - and there were a lot more to try out.

And while he did that, while the city lights flew by and they made their way to that strange party she had talked him into attending, he asked himself if she had told anyone what she would be doing tonight, where she was going and whom she was going with. He was quite sure she had not.

Some door had been opened inside of him, and out had come some strange, dark, strong and confident doppelganger of himself. That doppelganger was a guy he liked, a guy he was comfortable with handing over control to for some time. Maybe he could even truly become that guy one day?

At some point during the journey Miriam suddenly jerked upwards again, but this time in a completely different way. This was not resistance or an effort to free herself anymore, it was... Peter watched her in fascination as she jerked and rocked and then wheezed loudly. All of her muscles strained again, then she inhaled deeply and produced a snorting noise. Her heels kicked the limos floor repeatedly. And after that she sank back into the seat as if she had been hit by a drug or an electric shock, limp and weakened, breathing as if she was exhausted.

He changed seat and sat next to her now, padding her hooded head. She leaned against him, still recovering, resting her head against his shoulder. He kisses her latex-covered, bulging cheek and held her close to himself and imagined how it would feel to fuck her later.

And when the limo finally crossed the security checkpoint and reached its destination - a large mansion with more than one hundred parked cars in front and every single window brightly lit - he already felt like that other guy he had dreamt to become.

He got out of the limo and took Miriam with him. Security personnel were professional but respectful and accepted his invitation immediately. Inside, there were others like him and others like Miriam, and the atmosphere was solemn but also cheerful. They looked at him and his doll and smiled, and he smiled back, and shook hands, and introduced himself to them. He didn't lie to them about who he was or who Miriam was, and why should he have done that anyways?

He was at home now, and that was all that counted.