



[Slave Mistress 3000](#)

- by [bound-nicole-babe78](#), Feb 20, 2014, 1:30:29 AM
- Minor Edits by [JaneDoe-2010](#), 8/13/2019 2:21 AM
- Special Thanks to [Clay3570](#) for use of the artwork.

Miss Severin, the little blond haired girl was telling Treanna, "Mistress Treanna, I assure you that the SlaveMistress 3000 would be the perfect asset for your household." The dark haired Lady of the House looked over the perky little blonde then back at the somewhat unsettling pink robot standing behind her with a wide grin on its face.

Treanna had only become Mistress in her own right after her Aunt Collette passed on and left all her American holdings to Treanna her last month. Collette, and now Treanna, had nine slave girls, and three full time maids, in her service and needed some help with keeping things calm and cool. Treanna replied, "Ok Miss Severin, I've seen this model in action before but what if I am not satisfied with it, or am in need of assistance with any upkeep?"

The grin never left the sales lady's face as she walked over to the machine and turned it around; on its back was a panel which contained the user interface. Opening the panel up, Miss Severin took out a small phone and tossed it to the Mistress saying, "This phone is directly linked to whomever in our company you wish to make your primary contact, may I recommend..."

Mistress Treanna cut her off, "You will do nicely Miss Severin. As you are selling me this thing, if anything goes wrong, I want you to fix the problem." What seemed to have been a permanent grin finally disappeared, and then changed to pursed lips. Miss Severin wasn't an IT person but wanted to make the sale, so she said, "Alright just type in the following code D78WV and it will be automatically programmed to contact me should you need assistance. Now if I may direct your attention to..."

Mistress Treanna only half heard what the sales lady in the white turtleneck sweater and form fitting black skirt was saying about the panel, and how to operate the robot. She rambled on about recognition protocols but all the Mistress could do was smile while admiring her blonde's sexy black pumps. Then Treanna heard, "And that's all you need to do Mistress, now if you'll excuse me, I really must be off. Please enjoy your purchase! I am sure your slaves and servants will."

After calling one of her gagged, and chained, bondage maids to escort her guest out, Mistress Treanna rose up and looked over her new robot. Though it didn't look strong enough, it had the strength to move a half ton with ease. And with its versatile design, the robot could work with everything from harsh metal restraints to the thinnest of silken cords for binding, all Treanna had to do was program it.

Opening the panel on the back of the robot, Treanna smiled at the simplistic system. In a matter a moments, she had set parameters for daily operations. The robot was, first and foremost, to secure the household. No slaves were to be out of their proper places and the maids were to be kept working. She took her time in identifying all her slaves and maids so the robot could recognize them then thought to herself, "Ok...let's see...what else?"

Mistress Treanna blinked as a pop up screen appeared; it was a mandatory security protocol which had to be filled out for proper function. Most of the form was simple enough like permission to restrain intruders, perform punishments for slaves, etc. But when it came to the dominance setting, she wasn't sure what to do. Shrugging her shoulders, she set it for the highest setting of 10. Might as well see how tough this thing could be on her slaves since she paid so much for it. Then Treanna signed the electronic

agreement and pressed activate.

The pinkish glow of the eyes was a bit odd as the robot looked around. Taking her gaze from the machine, Mistress Treanna called for her youngest, most rebellious, maid to come to the patio where she and the machine were.

In a matter of minutes, a brash young redhead came out onto the patio. She was well gagged and seemed annoyed by just being there. Mistress Treanna had bought her from some slavers who said they acquired her from the south and that she had a fair amount of sass. The Mistress thought that her sass was growing to be a bit annoying and wanted to see if the robot could fulfill its duty.

Mistress Treanna told the maid to stand straight and still while she got something. Purposely turning her back on the maid, it only took a few seconds to hear scared muffles, when Treanna turned back, the robot had the maid restrained, grasped by her neck, and responded in a cold metallic voice, "Maid has been neglectful, and disobedient! Punishment shall be given at once." The robot forced the maid off her feet for a moment and directed her back toward the house, that made Mistress Treanna call out with a bit of concern, "Be gentler...ok?"

The robot paused and turned to look at Mistress Treanna. It seemed to make a humming sound as it looked her way and then left with the maid in a slightly gentler manner. Mistress Treanna had to admit that it was quick with putting her rowdy maid in her place. She always thought that maid was doing something behind her back when she wasn't looking.

Treanna turned and returned to her chair, she accidentally hit her glass of iced tea on the armrest and it spilled all over the patio, breaking the glass in the process. Sighing to herself, she began to pick up the shards, happy that it didn't shatter into tiny splinters. But while she was bent over, she had an odd feeling of being watched and heard a humming sound, turning around she saw the robot staring at her from the doorway she asked, "What are you doing?"

The machine responded, "Re-evaluating," and turned and returned into the home. Treanna didn't exactly like the way it said that and the way it looked at her, she paused and saw the phone Miss Severin gave her just in time to see the robot coming back out of the house.

Five miles away, heading toward her home, Miss Severin was happy with her sale. The commission would be so nice to get at this time of year, when her phone suddenly went off. Even though it was against the law, she fumbled around with it and saw it was one of her private direct calls. Answering it, she said hello but didn't hear any words only what seemed like a lot of noise and then nothing.

After seeing it was her latest customer that called she thought, "Great she probably can't even set up the robot without help." Pulling off the side of the road, she turned her car

around and headed back towards Mistress Treanna's home. Pulling into the driveway a short time later, she didn't bother with the front door since she had just left there but went around the side and found the gate to the back yard still unlocked. The only thing she could hear was the sound of her own heels on the stepping-stones.

She called out, "Hello?" Heard nothing and continued on, finally hearing the sound of the robot and its familiar hum. Turning the corner of the home, Miss Severin mouth dropped as she saw the robot holding a leash tightly with who could only have been Mistress Treanna on the ground dressed like a PonyGirl. The Mistress whimpered pitifully as she was forced to walk on the hard patio deck. She was covered in latex from top to bottom, blinded, and well gagged. The PonyGirl had so much gear on her that she was forced to stay on her hands and knees. In all honesty, it was the two huge black pigtailed bouncing about that confirmed it was Mistress Treanna.

Miss Severin yelled, "Robot...desist, and stop this at once!" The robot turned its head like a creepy owl and looked at Miss Severin who had placed her hands on her hips. The machine made a louder humming sound as it examined the small blonde's petite frame, soft looking sweater, and even the way she wore her heels, then said, "Evaluating!"

Miss Severin took a few steps forward as the robot turned to attach poor Mistress Treanna's leash to the railing on the patio and said, "What are you babbling about evaluating anyway? You are to..." Miss Severin blue eyes widened as she saw on the display panel the number 10. That rating was only used for the most serious and hardcore of Dominates. If a person even showed the tiniest bit of submissiveness the robot would respond accordingly and..., she thought, "Oh shit!"

But her realization and her attempt of getting, the heck out of there wasn't fast enough for Miss Severin as the robot clutched her left wrist and pulled her toward it. Although she knew the capabilities of the robot that didn't stop the blonde from trying to fight it, off. Everything about the outfit she was wearing to sell these things was meant to seem slightly submissive and sexy, and now the machine was responding.

The machine began to multitask, removing Miss Severin's sweater, and forcing her into the house. She accidentally stepped on the phone that she had given Mistress Treanna and now fully understood why she hadn't said anything when she called her. The robot's pink eyes glowed ominously as it looked Miss Severin over then said, "KittyGirl," and proceeded to drag her fully inside to get her properly attired. Soon both the former Mistress Treanna and Miss Severin, the saleslady would find out how the other half lived.