



Dolly Discovery

by Gromet

For nearly a week now I have been staying in Los Angeles for a business conference, it had been a very hectic schedule with many things to organize and several meetings to attend, but now it was Friday and I finally had some time to relax. I'd been invited out for a meal with several others from the conference, and then later head off to a nightclub, but after dinner I decided to call it an early night because of the busy week I'd had. On returning to my hotel, I decided to have a nightcap before heading upstairs to sleep, walking into the bar there were a few people who seemed to have the same idea. I moved over to the bar, ordered my drink, and sat on the barstool while the bartender prepared my drink.

I looked around the bar, and I noticed a few people were sitting at tables, and a couple were in a booth, obviously in love as they couldn't stop touching each other, and remembering my own earlier romances. My thoughts were interrupted when the bartender returned and placed my drink in front of me; I gave him the room number for the bill and took a sip of my drink. It was then that a figure caught my eye; a gentleman was sitting down the bar from me; he picked up his drink and raised his glass towards me. "Cheers," he indicated.

I responded, smiled back and raised my drink in reply. Thinking that the pleasantries were over I continued with my drink and was lost deep in thought when he sat down next to me at the bar. I didn't recognize him initially, it was only later that I found out that he was a well-known actor, though mostly on US television shows, not that I watch a great deal of TV back home. He introduced himself to me, and I gave him my name. He then asked what I was doing in town, and I told him about the conference. He picked up my accent and asked, "Are you, British?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'm over from London."

"Ah, London, love the city; I have been there many times." He said.

We then talked about various places in London and where we'd visited, some we had both been to and shared our experiences of them, and we spoke about what we'd done or seen there. The time seemed to fly

by as the conversation was interesting and entertaining; it's not too often that you get a guy who shows interest in your mind and not just your body, especially when I'm away from home. A few more drinks were ordered as we spoke, and soon I was getting a little tipsy, and my libido was now peaked by this man who was not bad on the eye but also had a brain that could engage me in conversation.

It was getting late by now, sometime in the early hours of the morning, and we somehow mutually agreed to go back to my hotel room and have another drink there. Well, as you can guess, things lead from one thing to another, and soon we were in bed, our clothing now strewn across the floor in our passionate embrace. I must say that he was very good, and I climaxed at least three times before he eventually came as well. But the best part was that he didn't get up and leave straight after doing the deed, like other guys have in the past, but he stayed and cuddled me as I drifted off into sleep, content and more satisfied sexually than I had been in a long time.

In the morning, I awoke to the unfamiliar but pleasant feeling of male hands moving over my body, I was laying there naked in bed, and the guy from the night before wanted some more of me so it seemed. This was one great way to wake up in the morning, not something that I was used to as I live on my own back in London, and truth be told I was more than willing to let him take the lead, and lay back and enjoyed what he was doing to me. After we'd had some more great sex, we were now hungry for other things and decided to order breakfast in the room; he headed off to the shower, and soon the breakfast arrived. I tipped the bellboy who delivered the food and I then set the tray on the small table. He came out from his shower, and we sat and ate breakfast.

As we ate he asked me what I was doing today, and I said that I had nothing planned as it was the weekend and the conference was on a break, so maybe I'll do some shopping and sightseeing. He said that sounded boring to him, and he then suggested that I come back to his place instead, and the bonus was that he had a pool, he suggested that we could swim and maybe even play some more if I wished to. I was surprised that he wanted to continue seeing me; after all, he was famous and he could have any woman that he chose to. I thought that this was much better than my own plans and agreed, but I said that I needed to freshen up first, so headed for the shower. He told me that he had a couple of things to do and had to go, and that I should get a cab when I was ready. He left his address on a note and then headed off.

After he had gone, I continued in the shower, cleaning up after the fun last night, also shaving my legs and in between too, as I like to keep it bare down there, it feels smoother and much more sensitive, plus I feel that I'm always ready should the chance arrive. He had told me that he liked it when he went down on me last night, and I said that it felt great too from my perspective. Once cleaned and preened I wrapped myself in the soft hotel towels, enjoying the feeling, but I had to get a move on and dried myself.

After applying my make-up, I went through the underwear I had brought with me and chose the sexiest pair of knickers that I could find; I had of course left the best ones at home, not thinking that I'd need to show them off here. I then pulled on my tight jeans and pulled on a t-shirt that showed my cleavage to its full advantage, 'it always pays to advertise,' as my mum would say.

Now ready, I headed downstairs and jumped in a cab, I gave the driver the address, and we headed off. The cab left the city and headed into the hills, and the houses became much more luxurious as we went further and higher. Finally, we arrived at the address my new found male friend had written down; looking at the place once I was out of the cab, it was a huge mansion with palms out the front, a well-manicured lawn with a driveway that circled the front of the building. I walked up to the gate and pressed the button on the wall, soon a picture appeared on the screen of him, he said to push on the gate when I heard the buzzer.

I entered and walked up the driveway, marvelling at the gardens and the house; by the time I got to the door, he had opened it and was standing there waiting. He welcomed me inside and then looked me over, commenting on my top and the tightness of my jeans. I love it when a guy admires and compliments me, so he was earning big points here in my book. He took my hand and led me inside, the door closing behind me automatically. We walked into a large lounge area with several settees, couches, tables, and cabinets, all

very expensive looking.

I said, "What a great place you have here."

"Thanks, it'll do I guess," He laughed.

He then asked if I'd like the 'ten-cent' tour as he put it; I replied that I'd love to. He took me around the house's ground floor; there were several rooms with more expensive designer furniture, a games room with a full-sized snooker table, a gym, and then we entered a massive kitchen that you could fit my whole apartment back home in with room to spare. Out through the windows, you could see the pool area and the landscaped gardens around it.

"Would you like to see the upstairs?" he asked.

I thought, okay, so this guy already wants to get back in my knickers, not that I had any objections to that after what I had experienced last night and again this morning, but just not that quickly as I had only arrived here moments ago.

He saw the look on my face and said, "It's okay, I only want to show you around, then we can have some lunch and play in the pool if you want to."

Feeling better, I nodded my okay, and he took my hand and led me upstairs; he showed me several of the bedrooms and adjoining bathrooms, each one more lavish than the last, though he missed out a couple and headed for the master bedroom as he called it. The word 'master' had thoughts of bondage and bdsm running through my head, and I expected to see chains hanging off the walls. But I was disappointed when it turned out to be a normal, if you can call a huge four-poster bed with canopies standard. The carpet was the type your feet sink into, and the décor was straight out of some fashion catalogue, "House & gardens would love to do a shoot here," I said.

"I've already had a couple of magazines do shoots here." He replied. "I'll show you when we go back downstairs if you like."

Of course, the Master bedroom had its own bathroom too; another massive room lined with marble, and I guessed that the bath could fit six people if you tried hard enough. One wall was lined with a mirror angled so that you could see yourself in the bath should you so wish to. Everything seemed to be so very neat & tidy, noting that seemed to be out of place and I made a comment about keeping the house clean and what a nightmare it would be.

He said, "That's why I have maids come in during the week to clean for me. I would never be able to keep the place this way otherwise."

Of course, I thought, why would you clean the place when you can employ someone else, I too would if I had the finances that he appeared to have.

"Okay, that concludes the 'ten-cent' tour." He said, "We should head back down to the kitchen and get some lunch."

As we headed back, I looked again at the rooms we'd missed and wondered why he'd not shown me those; maybe he has secrets that he'd like to hide from me, or maybe he didn't think those rooms were any different from the others that he had shown me. So I dismissed them from my thoughts, plus I was now feeling hungry and looking forward to some food.

He prepared lunch in the kitchen, and we took it outside to eat; there were tables and chairs set up near the poolside as it was a lovely sunny day, perfect weather for lunch outside. He also brought out a couple of

jugs of cool drinks, and we sat and talked while we ate. He explained about his acting role on television and told me of the films he'd been in. It sounded fascinating being in the movie industry, but he told me that it was long, exhausting, and most of the time tedious work as there were long times between shots while they set-up scenes, then there were the several takes, not so much in television though he said, they generally went with the first take if they could as they have a tighter schedule.

After lunch, we decided to have a dip in the pool; I said that I hadn't brought a costume with me, but I would swim naked if he didn't mind, what guy would I thought, and the sun would feel lovely on my naked skin. He said that he didn't have any problems with me being naked; after all, he'd seen all of my body up close and personal last night, but he said that you never know when a sneaky photographer was lurking waiting to get a snapshot and with me being naked in his pool, it would lead to all sorts of complications and I'd appear in several tabloids. He told me that he had some swimwear upstairs that would fit me.

He takes me upstairs again, and we got close to one of the rooms that he hadn't shown me around; he asked me to wait outside while he got the costume for me. He entered the room but didn't fully close the door, instead leaving it slightly ajar. I could just see the one wall in front of me from where I was standing, but being nosy, I moved around to get a better look at what he might be hiding. Then I spotted a dresser with a mirror above it, and this gave me an angled view into the room. It was dark inside, the kind of dark you get when you keep the curtains closed during the daytime. I could see a bed and then some furniture, and then I spotted a chair, one of those cloth-covered high-backed chairs with arms you find in hotels.

And then, surprisingly, I saw sitting in the chair what looked to be a woman, she was dressed in a white blouse and black skirt, with her legs crossed at the knees with black high-heels on her feet; women tend to notice more about other women than guys realize, especially what they are wearing. I wondered who she was, was she his wife? He'd never mentioned being married to me; maybe she was another girlfriend. I wanted to know more, and without waiting, I entered the room and walked inside to get a closer look at the woman sitting there. Just as I approached the woman on the chair, he re-entered the bedroom from a walk-in closet with the swimwear in his hand.

He quickly asked what I was doing? I answered that I'd spotted this woman sitting here in the mirror over there and wanted to know what his idea was. "Is this your wife?" I asked.

"Ah... No," he stammered, seemingly flustered at my being here.

I then looked at the female sitting on the chair; she was staring off into the distance, her eyes fixed, not moving. I reached down to touch her; he had now gone really quiet and looked embarrassed like a naughty schoolboy, I found out that her skin was cool and soft, but it was plastic, though softer, maybe more like silicon, so she wasn't a real woman after all. Embarrassingly, I'd now discovered that he kept a sex doll in this room, and she was dressed up as a woman with a blouse, skirt and stockings.

It was also at the point of realizing that this woman was indeed a just a doll, not a real-life flesh and blood female, but that this was something that he used for sex, a toy for his desires. Then it dawned on me that I had overstepped my boundaries in my being nosy and that I had put us both in to an uncomfortable situation. I saw the look of horror on his face, and I too became ashamed at finding out his little secret and stammered out an apology.

He sat down on the bed, his face was visibly drained, gone was the man that I had been with last night, he looked shattered and held his head in his hands. I was not supposed to have seen this, and I realised that this was a secret that the tabloids would love to find out about this actor, I've read about those things in the past and wondered how they got themselves into these situations, now it seemed that I knew. I could see that he was distressed by my finding out and I walked over to him and held his hands, trying to soothe him and allay his fears.

"I'm sorry, I thought that you had another woman in here and I wondered what was going on," I said.

"That's one of my dolls," he replied, "I didn't want you to see them. If this gets out, I'm ruined."

"I'm very sorry, but please don't worry, your secret is safe with me; everyone has something they don't want people to know about." And I hugged him close to my breasts to comfort him.

"You may think of me as weird having dolls, some sick pervert who gets his jollies off with plastic women."

"No, I once knew a guy that had a blow-up doll that he said he'd used before he met me." I said, recalling one of my previous boyfriends, "I also think that he used it when I was not staying over too!"

"So you don't think it too strange that I have these dolls here?" he questioned.

"You have more than one?" I said. The idea that he would have more than one doll didn't seem to surprise me. So I asked, "Can I see them?"

"You sure you'd like to do that?" he replied. Obviously, now less shattered that I discovered his doll.

"I'd love to see them," I replied, even though at that moment I didn't, but I thought it would be better for him if I did, even more so to get over my embarrassing moment where I had walked in to find the doll.

I had no intention of revealing his little secret; I had only just met the man but admired the way he'd treated me. Obviously, he had some consideration for women's feelings, their wants, and desires and put them before his own needs. It had shown in the way he had treated me so far, and that to him I was more than a collection of female parts to be used by him. So for me to make him feel better, I would look at the dolls in his collection.

He took me by my hand and led me out of this room and across the hallway into another room, where there were several dolls in various stages of dress, some naked, some wearing just underwear, while others were in costumes. There seemed to be 8 in total, either in chairs or on the floor, and one was lying on the bed.

Again, the curtains were closed, so the light was dim here, but I could see that these dolls looked expensive and well-made. I walked over to a naked one lying on the floor, the position of her legs were slightly apart, and her sex was visible. She was hairless down there like me, the folds of her vagina were there for all to see, but they had a plastic sheen to them like they were slightly wet.

I was intrigued at what I saw and wondered why he would need so many and I asked him so.

He said, "I just started collecting them, and it grew from there, some are different, like that one over there is Asian," he said, pointing to a doll on a chair. "That one over there is black; others have distinct features that at first glance you'd never notice, others only when using them." He blushed.

As he was explaining about the dolls, a very wicked thought had crossed my mind, what would it be like to be one of his dolls? The idea hadn't even crossed my mind before seeing his collection spread out in front of me. But I was having visions of him using me just as he would have with one of the dolls here; the thought of him just fucking me for his own needs and pleasure was turning me on; after all, he was a great and considerate lay.

Suddenly I realized that he had stopped speaking and was looking at me. I came out of my dirty, sexy thoughts and, without thinking, spurted out, "How would you like me as one of your dollies?"

"What?" he stammered.

"Well, you like to keep dollies, and you do have sex with them, right?" I questioned.

"Yes," he said, slightly embarrassed.

"I'd like to try being one of your dolls; you can use me for sex, fuck me like you do them, and we'll see how we go from there." I purred, my mind awash with images of me being used by him.

"Are you sure?" he asked, visibly more relieved at my request.

"Well, I'd like to know what you like about these dolls, and I guess that the best way to find out is to be one of them. Plus, I really enjoyed what we did last night and I was hoping for some more fun today," This time, it was my turn to blush.

"Okay, I'm not sure how we go about this, but we can give it a try if you wish."

It was now or never I guess, so I started the ball rolling by starting to undo my jeans and very slowly removing them; next, I pulled my t-shirt over my head freeing my breasts from their confines, and I stood there in just my knickers, waiting. "Well, Master, you'd better deal with this dolly before she changes her mind."

"Okay," he said again, though he looked still unsure of what to do with this strange woman standing in front of him.

"What do you normally do with your dolls?" I asked, trying to get things moving.

"Well, I dress them, then carry them around as they don't walk, and place them where I want them, either for display or I use them." He replied.

"And what do you do when you want to have sex with one of your dolls?"

"I usually carry them into the main bedroom and place them down on the bed and then have sex with them." He said.

"Okay, so here I am, I'm your new dolly, just arrived fresh from the doll factory, it's time take me to your bedroom and make use of me, and test out me out," I instructed, hoping that he'd finally do something before the mood left me.

He realized that I was serious and that I really wanted him to take me into his bedroom. He walked over and picked me up from where I was standing, his left arm supporting my legs and his right holding my body against him. I had the urge to place my arm around his neck and did so, even though I figured that a doll could not move itself; I was new at this after all. He carried me back out into the hallway and turned left down to his master bedroom. We entered through the doors, me looking up at him while he kept his vision straight ahead; he then placed me down on the bed, still holding my legs high, and pulled back the covers; he then laid me down on the bed.

He soon stripped off his own clothes and was next to me on the bed; he then began playing with my breasts, my nipples raising eagerly with his tender touch, his lips parting around my right nipple, the warmth of his breath sending goosebumps over my flesh. He kissed each nipple in turn and then gently sucked at them, taking turns with each one as I lay there sensuously taking in what he was doing to me. His hand ran down from my breast over my stomach, sending more delightful goosebumps over my body and a shiver ran through my body.

He stopped and asked if I was alright; Lost for the moment in what he was doing to me, I whispered that I was fine and for him to continue with what he was doing. He played with my breasts for a while longer and then his mouth worked its way southward down towards my sex, spending time along the journey running his tongue over my tender tummy before heading down to the main event. By the time he got there, I was

dripping wet, and I could feel the moisture on my sex and the coolness of the air as it touched the exposed flesh there.

He explored every inch of my pussy, and his tongue found places that sent me to nirvana; occasionally he would blow softly on the flesh there, sending waves of pleasure through me, alternating with his probing tongue and the delicious warmth as it touched the sensitive flesh with its wicked movements. I was more than ready when he came back up, his tongue again working up my body, as he positioned his legs in between mine, moving my legs apart in preparation for what he was about to do to me.

I felt his erect penis touch me at first on my thigh, and then he probed at my opening before finally finding the soft folds of my pleasure centre and plundering the secrets beyond. The sheer sensation of him entering me sent delightful waves of pleasure throughout my entire body, and strangely I felt more alive at that moment, and as one with him as he began moving himself in and out, pushing further into me with each thrust until he was entirely inside me. He continued his movements, his body rubbing up against mine, his weight pushing me down into the mattress, firmly holding me as he began getting his rhythm.

I lay there trying not to move, overriding my natural instincts to run my hands over his naked flesh as he continued to pound into me, my thoughts on being used by him like one of his dolls sending me over the edge, bringing the most delightful orgasm out of my body, my first climax was very quick in coming, shortly followed by another and then again as I felt him grow bigger inside of me and then spurt his own climax into me, he continued pumping until all his seed was spent and then rested on top of me as we both came down from the high we had just shared.

He was clearly feeling much better with himself now that we had had sex, the endorphins had done their job, and he felt more relaxed with me now than before I had intruded on his personal life, Men are so easy to please and distract I thought. But for now I was content just to lay there unmoving, strangely I was feeling just like a doll that had been well used, and my thoughts began turning to what it would be like to be just another sex doll like those I'd seen.

He interrupted my thoughts when he asked me how I felt.

"That was amazing and also very enjoyable," Then I said, "Oops, I forgot dollies aren't meant to speak, are they?"

He laughed and said, "That's okay; this particular doll has permission to speak when spoken to."

"Thank you, Master," I jokingly replied, with a massive grin across my face, happy that we had moved past our recent mishap. "So what do you do now with your doll?"

"Usually I sleep after sex!" he laughed, "Then I clean up the doll and put her back in one of the doll rooms."

"You have more than one doll room?" I queried, wondering what other secrets that he had.

"Yes, well, let's see, you saw the other bedroom with the doll in the chair, that's Sarah, by the way."

"You name all of your dolls?" I interrupted.

"Yes, of course, they are like family to me; they're my partners, at least in the bedroom." He replied. "Then there's the main doll room you saw with the rest of the girls. After that, I have a couple of other rooms that I can use the dolls in." he ended abruptly.

"Can I see these rooms?" I asked, hopefully. "After all, a dolly needs to know where she is."

"Well..." he seemed hesitant, it seemed that he was unsure if he should reveal anymore.

"Please, I promise that I won't be shocked; after all, I am just another dolly now, and now part of your collection."

"If I show you these rooms, promise won't think me even weirder or some pervert."

"Your dolly promises," I said, crossing my heart with my fingers.

"I should carry you, but I'd prefer it if you walked while I show you around," he said.

"That's okay, this dolly understands."

He climbed off of me and got out of bed; he walked around and found a robe for himself and then one for me. Dressing himself in the robe first, he came around and got me out of bed and dressed me in the robe. Helping me out of bed, we headed back out into the corridor and down past the two doll rooms I'd already seen. We stopped outside of one door, and again he asked if I was sure I wanted to see this; I nodded my head.

He opened the door and held it open for me to enter first; I walked in to find several pieces of furniture that, shall we say, that you wouldn't find in the average home. This was more like a dungeon and what I expected when he spoke earlier about the Master bedroom, and had been disappointed at not finding any bondage stuff in the bedroom. But this looked like the real deal, yes, there were chains on the wall; what's more, there was a doll hanging there, bound to some sort of frame, dressed in shiny black material, 'That's latex,' he said.

Then I saw another doll that was bent over what looked like a four-legged bench, and her wrists were fastened in leather cuffs that were locked onto the front legs of the bench; her ankles looked to be similarly fastened to the back legs of the bench. This doll looked like she was dressed in a black leather corset, with long black boots that came up to the top of her thighs. On her head was what appeared to be a leather hood; it enclosed her entire head, and on closer inspection, had zippers for the eyes and mouth. Her body was also fastened down with several straps that held her firmly to the padded top of the bench. I knew that if I was bound like her that I wouldn't be going anywhere.

I wasn't sure whether to turn and run, get the hell out of here or stay, I was certainly fascinated by what I saw here, and bondage wasn't something that was new to me, but mine mostly consisted of being tied up with ropes to the bed and then fucked, much like the dolls I suppose. The whole room was dedicated to bondage and bdsm it seemed, and it started to spark my interest, and I could feel the first flush of arousal start, my nipple standing out, my breasts felt tender as the robe that I wore rubbed against the soft orbs of flesh, and further south things were happening too.

My mind was quickly made up and I decided to stay, I continued to look around now intrigued by what I was seeing, much to his relief as he had watched the expression on my face when he had revealed this room to me change from surprise to interest in what was in the room. He began trying to explain what he did here, and I asked questions about the stuff that I didn't understand; I was still a bondage novice after all. He explained that he was mostly into the bondage side of things; even though he had paddles, whips, crops and other bdsm type things hanging from the wall, he said they were more for decoration and set the dungeon scene.

Then I spotted in the corner was a cloth covering something hanging from the ceiling; he said that it was a cage and started to lower it down to remove the cover. Inside was another doll, and this one was covered from head to toe in what he called a latex catsuit. It covered her whole body from the top of her head to her feet; there didn't seem to be any eye holes or one for the mouth; he explained to me that this suit only had holes under her nose for breathing. I gave him a strange look, and he clarified that he bought the clothing from regular fetish stores that supplied clothing for women, not specifically for dolls, so they had the

same holes for breathing as it would do if they were fitted onto a living, breathing woman.

"You mean like me," I said, a shiver of delight ran down my spine at the thought.

"Well, yes, but you're a doll now, aren't you?" he said.

"That's right, Master, I'm just another one of your dolls in your collection." I smiled, feeling my submissive side rising up at the prospect of him controlling me, maybe binding me for some more sex.

"Is there anything you find interesting here?" he asked, wondering what would happen next.

"Maybe later, but the bench looks kinda fun." I winked, and a delicious thrill went through my entire body as I thought of my being bound there, my legs quivering as I looked on again at the doll bound there.

"On with the tour then?" he questioned, now more confident in his manner towards me.

"Yes, please Master, I'd love to see where you would like this dolly to be, and what you'd like to do to me."

We turned and left the dungeon room and headed across the hallway into another room, this was another bedroom, but there was no doll on the bed here. He took me through to the bathroom and showed me where he had set up a bidet to clean the dolls after he'd used them. Looking at the bidet, there was a steel probe standing up, with small holes in the top and down the side, which to my wicked mind looked like a sex toy or dildo. He then said to me that he placed his dolls on here after use and turned on the tap; the water would then squirt out to clean out their insides. I touched the steel probe, and it was cold to the touch, so I declined the offer to use it on myself.

The bathroom then leads into another room; this was more of a storage area and there were a couple of crates stacked up against the wall, and along another wall shelving that he said that he stored the dolls longer term when he was away or was not using them for a while, and not being displayed in the main doll room. There was a crate without the lid open on top of another one on the floor; looking down on the inside it showed the foam cut-out where the doll had been inside, with several straps that secured the doll while in transit from the factory to stop any damage, he explained.

"Sometimes, I have to send a doll away, back to the factory to be repaired, or I move them down to my villa in Miami; I usually spend some time down there in the winter or when I have to do location shoots in Florida." He said.

"So you pack the dolls and move them, what by FedEx?" I laughed.

"No, I have a private plane that I use and transport them in the cargo hold. I usually get some trusted and discreet removal people in to collect the crates from here, then transport them to the airport where they're loaded as cargo, flown down and then they pick them up at the other end to deliver to my villa. I can't chance the discovery of using public means to transport the dolls."

"So the dolly fits in the cut-out, and the straps hold the doll in place?" I asked, for some strange reason curious at what I'd been told, and I began having thoughts about being just cargo, moved about as nothing more than an object.

"Yes, why, do you wish to try it?" he said, interrupting my fantasy.

"Well, I am your new doll freshly arrived from the factory, I missed out on that and I haven't experienced the crate yet, which I should have been delivered inside of," I said as I dropped the robe from my shoulders and stood before him naked again.

"Well, let's get you inside then, dolly." He said as he again picked me up in his strong arms and carried me over to the waiting crate, as I lay there enjoying what was happening to me.

Reaching the side of the crate, he bent down and placed me gently inside of the foam cut-out; I adjusted myself to get comfortable inside the enclosure, the foam coming up each side of me, and the crate obscuring my view out of each side. I could only see out above me and at his smiling face as he looked down upon me, his naked doll in her box, he seemed to be happy that I was joining in with his doll play.

"How's it feel?" he asked.

"Fine, it's nice and cosy." I replied, "So, how about the straps?"

"Are you sure?" he questioned, not wanting to go too far and spoil the moment.

"Well, Master, I am your dolly, and you don't want me damaged now, do you."

"Okay then, but let me know when you want out." He began applying the straps, pulling each one across my limbs, first, my hands were fastened; these were held slightly away from my body in their own foam cut-out. Next, he fastened the straps over my ankles; again, my legs were separated by more foam. Straps were fastened around my knees, then my thighs. He moved to the next strap that held my waist and secured it; each time he secured a strap, he ensured that all the slack was taken out, and I was firmly held inside the crate.

Another strap went over my chest and under my breast, another above my breasts holding me firmly against the crate's foam backing. My head was already held in place by the foam cut-out, but another strap went over my forehead, and I found that I couldn't move an inch of my body, so tightly packed was I. He couldn't resist feeling my breasts as I lay there, and his hands explored the soft round orbs freely.

"How's my dolly feeling now?" he asked.

"Dolly feels very secure." I sensuously replied, though I couldn't say much, as I felt much more submissive now that I was bound. Behind bound inside the crate I felt more like an object rather than a living breathing female, my thoughts now seemed more subdued, it was like my captivity had thrown a switch in my mind to accept my subordinate role .

He continued to run his hands over my bound body, exploring every inch that he could, and sending delightful waves of pleasure through me. Finally, he began stroking at my little sweet spot with his finger, slowly at first rubbing the outer folds before concentrating deeper on my nubbin, sending electric shock waves to my brain, and then gradually building up more speed as I approached another climax. I was whimpering and desperately thrusting against his finger, so lost was I in my hunger to cum, it was lucky that the straps held me down as I would, at this moment, have leapt out and jumped on him. I eventually came with a roar that bellowed through the room, my body held tightly with the straps to the crate, stopping me from moving which then seemed to enhance my orgasm.

I came back to earth with him gently rubbing my body with his hand, the same one that he'd used to send me into orgasmic bliss moments beforehand. My breathing was coming down from desperate panting to shallow, more normal breaths. I found that I was quite content with being bound and used by him this way, and post climax, I now felt very relaxed, happy and contented.

"Would dolly like to get out now?" he asked.

"Dolly loves the feeling of the box, if possible, she would like to spend some more time in it," I replied, again, content to stay where I was for the time being, even if it was inside the doll's delivery crate, my body now spent from my orgasm and too weak to move.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, a look of surprise on his face.

"Does the dolly box have a lid?" I asked. "I mean, dollies need to be secured inside their boxes, don't they!" Feeling deliciously wicked as I basked in the afterglow of my recent orgasm, I really wanted to explore more of what it would be like to be used by him, if what had happened to me so far was just a taste of what I could expect.

"Well, of course they do; there's another piece of foam that covers the top of the doll, and then the lid gets secured down with screws." He answered. "But dollies don't breathe as humans do, so the box would be air-tight."

"Oh," I replied disappointedly.

"But I can make some holes for you to breathe if you like."

"Would you," I asked hopefully, "Dolly would be most grateful." I purred, happy where I was for now.

"Just give me a minute or two to get some tools." He said excitedly, stunned at the changes in me, "Will you be okay while I'm gone?"

"Dolly will be fine, Master; dolly loves her clever owner and his box."

He left me laying there tightly strapped inside the crate, unable to move a muscle or even to get myself out of the crate if I had wanted to, not that I did. I lay there in sheer bliss recovering from my recent orgasm and thinking of what I'd discovered today, and I know that I had enjoyed being his dolly so far and was looking forward to hopefully more to come, especially thinking about that bench in the bondage room.

Part 2: Leather Pleasure

I had now been left here alone while tightly strapped down in what he had told me was a dolly delivery crate, inside the storage room of this man I'd only met what now seemed like ages ago, but was, in reality, could be measured in several hours. This was not something I would normally do, but then this relationship was far from conventional, and I was actually enjoying what was happening to me, it reached a part of me that had long been suppressed. Plus, the added bonus was that I'd had some great sex with this kind, considerate guy, and he was very attractive, famous, and witty; which he certainly ticked all my boxes.

I spent some time in the crate lost in my own thoughts, bound by the straps and held securely inside the foam casing, keeping my limbs tightly secure. He eventually came back with the top of the crate and he had made a couple of holes in it so I could breathe while contained inside the crate. He then placed the lid of the crate on but did not screw it closed, and he said to me that he'd be leaving me here for about twenty minutes to make some telephone calls and again asked if I would be okay. I was not sure if I was disappointed that he'd not screwed the lid down, but my overactive libido would have to be content with what we'd got.

"Yes, Master, your Dolly is feeling fine," I replied from inside of my confinement.

I drifted off again into thoughts of me being taken and used by him, as his doll, to me it was just like submitting myself, which I have done in a past relationship, though not to the extent that I have been doing here, something about the whole thing seemed to feel right to me, this was something that I had longed for and missed in my relationships, to be managed, controlled and submitting myself to the desires of someone else, their own needs more important than my own. More of a role reversal of my current life and career I guess.

I'm not sure just how long I was left inside of the crate, but it felt like much more than twenty minutes; when he eventually returned and removed the top of the crate, he had a concerned look on his face. "I'm sorry the calls took longer than I expected." He said apologetically.

"How long has dolly been in her box?" I asked, not knowing how long I'd been in here.

"Just over an hour and a half since I placed the lid on." He said.

"Wow, that was really intense but comforting; Dolly likes her new home." I had indeed enjoyed being secured and left inside; seemingly forgotten, or just left as just another plaything, used and discarded. I felt even more like one of his dolls now than before. I had entered the crate as a human female and emerged as a doll, more so in my mind now than in a physical sense, but I was loving being kept by him even though it was longer than intended; I found the whole experience life changing.

"I'd better get you out now." He said.

"Yes, dolly needs to wee-wee." I giggled, suddenly feeling my other urges come to the fore.

"Sorry dolly, forgot that what goes in must come out!" he laughed.

He removed all the straps that had held me down inside the crate, but now my arms felt like lead, as did my legs; my mind didn't want to move any part of my body, and my body felt the same way; I was more doll-like now than before. Though I figured in my more rational thoughts that it was more likely to have been caused by being bound for so long inside the crate that caused my limbs to freeze up, though in my less logical and more lustful thoughts I was more inclined to believe that my mind had changed slightly to become more like his dolly than just a sexual partner.

Luckily at this point he took over; his arms reached in and picked me up as he would do for his other dolls, lifting my body out of the crate, and then he carried me out from the storage room and through into the toilet; placing me gently down, he left me to tinkle in the toilet. Something none of his other dolls can do, I thought.

"See, I have special features too!" I laughed at the sound of water splashing.

"More able to move now?" he asked, now that I had finished.

"Yes, the feelings are returning to my limbs."

"Good because I think it's time to feed this dolly, and I'm sure that you're thirsty after your long journey in the crate." He winked.

It was true, now that he mentioned it, I was thirsty, and there was a little tummy rumble too!

We headed downstairs and into the kitchen, where he handed me a drink and bade me sit on one of the stools. I sat there, sipping my refreshing drink while he went about preparing some snacks to eat. We adjourned to one of the lounges with the food and sat there eating and talking more about his dolls. I didn't even notice that I was still naked while he wore his robe, but I was quite content not wearing any clothing, and he hadn't brought up about my lack of clothes, so it seemed natural for me to be there naked; it made me feel more submissive too, something that I had again enjoyed previously.

"So how did you get involved with dolls?" I asked him between bites of the delicious food he had prepared.

"The first time that I bought one of the dolls, it was on a spur of the moment thing, I was living on my own at the time, and the moment that it arrived I knew that I had made the right decision, I opened the crate

like a kid at Christmas," he told me.

He still seemed to have that sparkle in his eyes as he described looking at that doll for the very first time.

"It was like being on a first date, but with a doll instead of a shy young girl. Though I was shy enough for both of us," he laughed. "The first time in bed was pure magic; it felt like I'd finally found out what was missing in my life, although it was not a true companion in the physical sense who I would be able to share my life with; this was more someone who I could rely on, and it wouldn't make demands."

We both laughed at that one.

"You see I have dated several actresses here in LA and New York; it was one of the things most studios demanded of their actors, and the studios believe that the more publicity, the better is their motto." He said as he shook his head.

"But most were either air-heads or self-obsessed with themselves to have any sort of relationship with, meaningful or otherwise. To me, the dolls seem more real than any of the women I've dated in Hollywood, and they have less plastic!" he laughed.

"I've been married a couple of times, again something my agent and the studios had requested of me, the first time I thought it was love, but I soon realized that she was using me more for publicity and to boost her own image and career than ever to care and support me. I felt more like the doll in that relationship as she used me and then discarded me for someone else at the first opportunity she could."

"The second marriage only lasted six weeks, and we were soon divorced; she had found my first doll and had ridiculed me mercilessly about the fact that I had used a doll for sex, 'wasn't a woman good enough for you' she had taunted whenever she could." He said, with a sad look on his face, the painful memories coming back.

"But when I pointed out that the doll was better in bed and moved more than she did, she hit the roof and called her lawyer. Several hundreds of thousands of dollars later, she had a nice home, and cars, and has even kept hold of my first doll out of spite." He paused, then continued, "She threatened to go to the press with the information about the doll unless I paid up, but she soon realized that it would be better financially in the long term for her if she kept quiet. And she still gets money from me every year."

"What a bitch!" I quipped, "especially keeping the doll."

"Yes, I suppose she keeps it to have a hold over me." He replied, "But I've managed to move on from that disaster, and I decided from then on that dolls were a better and safer option than the women on offer around town, so that's when I bought my second doll. I felt the same exhilaration as I did from getting the first one, but I wasn't as shy in using it as I had been with the first." He winked.

"So, what then? You seem to have many more dolls now." I asked.

"About this time I started on a show that was based in New York, the studio provided an apartment for me to live in and as I had been a friend with the producer of the show for some time, he had said that he had bought me a gift that he knew I would like. When I arrived at the apartment, there was a large wooden crate in the main area, I soon recognized what the crate contained; it was my third doll, which was the one you saw in the other bedroom called Sarah."

"He must really be a great friend," I said.

"One of the best, we have known each other since our early days in the movie industry, and we keep in contact as much as possible."

"I hope to meet your friend one day and thank him for understanding your love of dollies." I smiled.

"He also collects them too; that's how we've been friends all this time, we meet and talk about them, and sometimes we get together and share our love of dolls." He grinned.

"You share your dolls?" I asked.

"No, not like a three-some or anything sordid, we may have times where we would dress the dolls, move them around, play with them, and sometimes have sex with them but usually in separate bedrooms. When I'm at his place, I may use one of his dolls, and when he visits here, he may use one of mine." He explained.

"Sorry, I had visions of a gangbang, both of you using the same doll for your pleasure." I grinned.

"That's just your fertile imagination running away with you!" He laughed. "The most we might do is play with the dolls in the dungeon room together, but sex is usually only a one-on-one affair."

He saw the look on my face. "But maybe we could make an exception with you, dolly!"

I smiled back at him, "Whatever my Master wants."

I then slid down onto the floor on my knees; I wanted to reward him for my time in the crate, and also everything that he has done to me, so I moved over closer to him while still on the floor.

He quickly got the message and leaned back, his robe came open revealing his cock in all its glory, which was starting to perk up and engorge itself with the thought of what I was about to do to it. I moved my face over and into his lap; I opened my mouth seeking out his member with my tongue, and pretty soon had both lips around him, holding his flesh softly between them. My tongue moved around on the underside of his now erect manhood, teasing the tender flesh there with the tip of my tongue. Next, I began to move my head up and down his shaft, providing both warmth and moisture to give him more pleasure.

His hands then came down on the back of my head, he began holding onto me as I continued giving him oral, I love it when a guy holds me by my hair as I blow them. I could taste the salty pre-cum on my tongue as his member slid back and forth within my mouth, brushing against my tongue and tastebuds. He was growing larger the harder I pumped my head up and down, my lips sliding down the sides of his tool.

Soon he was holding my head tighter, his hands gripping my hair holding me down further on him and deeper into my mouth as his passion built; I knew soon that he would be wanting to climax, and I wanted to reward him for being so wonderful to me.

He came with big spurts into my mouth, though more like the back of my throat as he pushed himself further into me and held my head there as he came in my mouth. I continued to hold him with my lips, and my tongue moved around, teasing him and tasting his cum. I swallowed as much as I could, but some still dribbled down each side of my mouth, and I lapped up what I could while not removing him from my now well used mouth. I continued to play with his little man as he recovered from his workout, licking and kissing it as it softened after climaxing.

I licked my lips and looked up and into his eyes, "Thank you, Master, your dolly now feels very happy."

"Wow, dolly, that was incredible, thank you." He sighed.

"Dolly loves to please her Master." I purred.

"You're very good at it too." He grinned.

"My pleasure." I smiled.

"Now dolly, I really need some time to recover, what would you like to do?" he asked.

"Well, this dolly has been used and played with, so maybe you need to put this dolly away again."

"Mmm!" he said, "you're right there but not back in the crate though, I don't know how long you'd be left there."

"Dolly wouldn't mind trying out the dungeon room." I blushed, it was my turn now to be sheepish and embarrassed.

"Is Dolly sure she wants to go there?" he questioned.

"Dolly liked what she saw with the bench." Again a wave of embarrassment flowed over me, and I'm sure I went several shades of red. I felt my insides turning at the thought of being that doll bound there.

"Well then, dolly, let's get you prepared." And he got up from the seat.

I followed on behind as we headed back upstairs, and soon we were standing outside the entrance to the dungeon room he'd shown me earlier.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he again questioned.

"I'm sure, I think..." I answered, my desires overcoming my fears.

"Okay, but from this point on, you are really going to become one of my dolls to be used, tied up, and kept for my amusement, once bound you're going to stay there until released by me, say now if you want to change your mind?" he asked.

Hearing him speak about being bound, and as his doll too was sending delightful waves of pleasure through me, I could feel my body responding sexually, a particular area especially was getting all tingly, and moisture was forming down there, the cool air brushing against the soft folds letting me know about my own arousal and desires, a knot was forming in my tummy, the familiar hollow ache deep inside me.

"Please, Master, use your dolly for whatever you want to," I melted as I spoke those words.

He opened the door, and we walked inside; as I looked around, there was the doll covered in latex hanging on the wooden frame, secured by the cuffs holding her limbs against the framework. Her feet and legs were covered in fuck-me boots that screamed sexual desire. The heels were incredibly high and not something that you could walk around the shops wearing. I hadn't noticed before, but she was also wearing a gag, which to me, it seemed strange as dolls don't speak, but it looked right and fitting in with the scene that she was supposed to be in.

In the middle of the room was the padded bench, there on top of the bench was the other doll, her corset enhancing her appearance, the long boots displaying her legs, gloves again covered every inch of her arms, her head covered by the hood. All of this was leather; he explained as he bent down to start un-cuffing the doll from her bondage. Soon he had released the doll's arms and removed the cuffs, placing them down on the floor near each of the bench's legs. Her foot cuffs were similarly taken off and left ready on the floor. He removed the belts holding her body to the bench, and gently eased the doll off the bench and laid it down to the floor.

He began removing the corset from the doll as I stood there, transfixed at what I saw. I knew that soon I

would be bound up exactly like she had been and secured to the bench too. I took the time to check out the bench with a closer inspection of the covering; it was kind of soft to the touch, again leather covered it, but the foam underneath was firm; I began to wonder how comfortable it would be. I would soon find out, I thought. I left him to continue with undressing the doll and looked around the rest of the room; I checked out the side bench and some of the implements of pain that were displayed upon it. He'd said that it was mostly for show purposes only, but I wondered what some of these things would feel like.

I picked up a paddle and gave myself a smack on the palm of my hand, the noise echoing around the room, and my hand turning a shade of pink from the strike. I quickly looked over at him, but all he did was smile at me and carry on with the doll in front of him. I then came over next to the cage; it was suspended from the ceiling by chains that went up to a hoist; this was what he used to raise and lower the cage and its contents, I reasoned. The doll inside was like the one hanging on the wall, covered head to toe in latex; the black was polished to a deep shine that you could see your reflection in.

This doll was on her knees inside the cage, and her feet were cuffed and locked to each side of the rear of the cage; her hands were cuffed to the bars above her. The latex totally covered up her head; you could clearly make out her face's features but could not see through the latex to see underneath. She looked amazing; the latex indeed showed off her curves to great advantage and clearly advertised the package's contents within. I was getting quite turned on thinking about me being in the same outfit as this doll and maybe even spending some time in the cage too.

My naughty thoughts were interrupted by his voice, "You'd best head over and use the toilet before we place the corset on you. Last chance." I came back to reality and started walking out of the room.

"There's some talcum powder in the cabinet. Could you bring it back with you," he asked as I was leaving.

Soon my business was done; I cleaned up and then looked for the powder. I found the container in a cupboard and headed back to present myself to my dolly master. As I walked back in, I saw that the doll was now naked and sitting in the corner of the room; all she had worn was now laying on the floor waiting for the next doll to wear it; that doll would be me, and a shiver ran down my spine at the thought. I handed him the talcum powder, and he emptied some onto his hands, he told me to hold my arms above my head, and he spread the talc around my waist and hips.

He then picked up the corset from the floor and helped me step into it; he pulled up the corset on each side until he covered my breasts with the leather. It was very cool to the touch; well, I thought dollies don't generate heat, so it would obviously still be cold. He fussed about moving the corset about my middle until he was satisfied with the result, he then began to tighten the strings and fasteners. I could feel the restrictiveness of the corset as he tugged and pulled, closing me within the grasp of the material. The corset covered my breasts, and the tightness made them push up as you see in those historical dramas' movies. They certainly looked good from where I was.

"Shallow breaths, this is going to get tighter dolly, " he said.

He continued pulling and tightening, my breathing getting more and more restricted by the corset closing in on me, crushing me inside its grasp and making breathing more intensive. I was starting to sweat from the effort required to breathe, and he explained that was why he'd used the talc; I didn't want to be sweaty inside the corset. Finally, he finished or was at least satisfied with what he saw and began tidying up the remaining string from the corset. I looked over at myself in the mirror and was amazed at how much had been taken off my waistline.

He told me to sit on a chair and started to use the talcum powder on my legs. This he said would help ease the boots up my legs; again like the corset, these were very tight, and I figured that I wouldn't be able to move much wearing this ensemble, but then dolls don't move much now, do they.

My legs were stiff and solid by the time he'd finished. Next came the gloves, again more talc, but these were a more softer leather, and all too soon these were laced up each of my arms, holding them in a tight embrace. He helped me stand, and I walked more like a robot than a doll, my movements were stiff and jerky as he helped me stand in front of the mirror to see what I looked like.

I was amazed at the transformation; I was now covered in leather, leaving only my shoulders and lower-section exposed, my sex prominently on view; those areas seem to stand out more now because they were not covered, and the black leather contrasted with my pale English skin. As I took in the sight presented in the mirror, I thought that I looked wonderful, and I felt really great in the outfit, even though it required more effort to breathe. I was a sex fetishist's dream come true.

He then interrupted my thoughts and helped me over to the bench, I was a little anxious about this now, and he again asked if I wanted to continue.

I replied, "Yes, please, truth be told I have wanted to try this ever since I saw the doll on here the first time we came in here. I'm okay with being bound, and I want to continue to be your doll to play with, so please Master, bind this dolly and play with me as you wish."

I also asked if he could take some pictures of me dressed like this and again when I was bound to the bench. He left to get the camera, and I looked down at my leather-covered body and was amazed at how I looked; I would never in a million years have believed that I would be in this position now, clad in a leather corset, boots and gloves, waiting for someone to bind me even tighter.

He came back in with the camera in hand and began taking pictures, I posed for some, but most were just shots of me standing there as my movement was quite restricted. After he was satisfied that he'd taken enough pictures for now, he placed the camera on the chair and then helped me to walk over to the bench. He directed me to one end of the bench, so the end was between my legs, and then he helped lower my body down until it was resting on top of the bench.

It didn't feel uncomfortable and, in a way, eased my breathing, but not for long as he again adjusted the tightness of the corset. Then he started to apply the straps that would hold my body down onto the top of the padded bench, and soon I was secured against the bench, unable to get off without his help.

Happy with what he'd done so far, he then started applying the cuffs to each of my limbs, wrists first, the cuffs were placed around each one, and then he locked that limb to a leg of the bench. When it came to my legs, they had to bend slightly to fit the length of the bench legs, the cuffs securely held my feet against the base of each leg, and I was now bound to the bench until he decided to release me. A sexy tingle went throughout my body at the thought of my helplessness.

"How's that feel?" he asked.

"Fine, I cannot move an inch, but I feel comfortable." I panted.

"You look incredible." He said.

"I feel very sexy," I replied. "and very turned on too!"

"You look it too." He said.

"Do I look like your other dolly bound here?" I asked, knowing that I had wanted to be her from the moment I had laid eyes on her.

"Yes, you do dolly, in fact, you look even better than her, magnificent," he told me.

"This feels so good, and I'm all warm and gooey inside," I replied, my lips quivering with excitement.

"Well, that's a first for one of my dolls!" he laughed, "I will find out just how warm you are shortly."

"Please finish me off, Master; dolly wants you to play with her." I pleaded.

"All in good time dolly." he said, "Let's get the hood on, and we'll see. Or rather I will."

He reached down to pick up the leather hood from the floor and moved over to place it on my head.

"Before I place the hood on you, any last requests, dolly?" he asked.

"Please treat me as just another one of your dolls Master, use me like you would the doll that was just in my place." I urged, now deep in my submissive side.

"Request granted, from this moment on, you'll be just another doll in my collection. To be kept and used, stored and cared for," He stated.

The hood was placed on the top of my head, and it was soon pulled down to cover my face; he carefully adjusted the fit so I could see out of the eye holes and made sure that the holes for my breathing under the nose were in the right place. He then started to close the hood at the rear, pulling the zipper closed and then using the drawstrings to tighten the hood against my head. The zipper for my mouth remained closed, and I wouldn't be able to speak again until he allowed me to. He tidied up the lacing on the hood and then made one final check that everything was in place.

"There you go dolly, all bound up and nowhere to go." He said.

I was indeed now his captive; even if I were not a doll I would not be able to get free from this bondage without his help, I was truly his until he decided otherwise, and there wasn't a thing I could do about it. The restrictive corset and hood's tightness kept me rigid, but everything just felt so right; it was like I was made for this. I felt that this was where I belonged; to be subjugated and to be mastered by him, the feeling I was experiencing from being so tightly bound and then ignored played into my own arousal.

He pottered around cleaning up the room; he took some more pictures of me bound on the bench, moving around to take many from several angles. Then he picked up the doll that I'd recently replaced and carried her out of the room. I found that even with the tight hood that I could still move my head around to look around at what was in the room, and I could see my sister dolls held in their bondage positions; I felt at one with them, they were my fellow bondage playmates, and we were all dollies that belonged to our master.

I was left alone and bound to the bench for some time, I guessed while my Master recovered from his previous use of me, but the length of time spent there didn't seem to register in my mind, my thoughts lost deep in my fantasies of being used as his doll. Master came in a couple of times to check on me; we had agreed beforehand that I would blink once for yes and twice for no whenever he asked me a question. He would ask if I was okay, and I would blink once. Happy that I was settled into my bondage and position on the bench, he left me to stew as he termed it.

Though I was shocked after his last visit to check on me; as he left the room, he turned off the light, and when he closed the door, it plunged the room into total darkness. This really brought home the fact that I was just another doll in his collection, an object to be used by him when he desired and discarded or ignored when not being used. After all, dolls don't need the lights left on!

Part 3: Latex Dolly

After the last check on me, I was left bound to the bench in my leather outfit, unable to move, now just an-

other doll waiting for her Master to use her, it seemed that he was now ignoring me and I was in heaven. I had asked for this, I wanted to become another one of his dolls for his use and pleasure, I wanted to feel what it would be like to be one of his dollies, and now it seemed that I was. Left alone by him as just another dolly bound in his playroom. I had loved every part of it so far. To me I felt like Alice going down the rabbit hole, it seemed that I was hooked and wanted to find out more about dolls, and why he liked using them.

I wondered as I lay there bound to the bench, what had come over me to allow this to happen, a grown woman with her own thoughts, desires and needs, and why was I now in this situation, maybe it was my submissive side, or maybe, I had wanted to be used as his sex toy, just another doll in his collection. I had asked him for me to be bound to the bench in his dungeon playroom just like the doll that I had seen tied there previously on my tour around the house.

I had felt somewhat jealous of the doll and I really wanted to feel what it was like to be in her place, which I was as I was now wearing the same restrictive outfit that the doll was wearing, any movement in my limbs was already contrained by the outfit, but each one was also bound to each leg of the bench, and there were several straps that held my body tightly to the padded benchtop. Anyone seeing me bound here I guess would assume that I was indeed just another doll bound in the playroom.

Master as I had started calling him, after all, if I was just another one of his dollies, he must be my owner and therefore my Master, had been in several times while clearing up and checking on me. Happy that I was settled into my bondage and position on the bench he left me, and as he left the room, he turned off the light, and when he closed the door, it plunged the room into total darkness. This really brought home the fact that I was just another doll in his collection, an object to be used by him when he desired and discarded or ignored when not being used.

I'm not sure how long I was left there bound up in the dark; I'd gotten over the initial shock of being left in the dungeon playroom and had settled myself down into my own submissive bondage space and was quite comfortable, even bound the way I was. I was brought out of my dreams and fantasies by the wall lights coming on; these were not as bright as the main lighting and they gave the room that dim dungeony feel, gloomy but functional.

I then heard his footsteps behind me as he entered the room, soft against the flooring, he must be in bare feet I thought, I hoped that maybe he was naked and was about to use me roughly and again for his pleasure, while I was helplessly bound, well a gal can dream can't she! I heard him moving around the room. I tried to keep myself still, not moving my head or body, not that there was much movement available for my body anyway.

He finally came into view as he walked in front of my head to get something off the table. He was dressed head to toe in the same glossy black material as the two dolls in the room, the one hanging on the wall and the one in the cage. Latex, he'd called it; I'd never seen it worn like this. I had a friend who'd worn a pink latex mini-skirt one night at a party, but that seemed to be flimsy when compared to this latex; this must be a bit thicker, I would have to find out!

Master walked over to me and rechecked I was still okay, I blinked once for yes as my given signal that everything was okay; it would be even more okay if he shagged the guts out of me too! But he moved over to the side of me where the other doll hung from the cross-frame on the wall, he began to polish the latex clothing that the doll was wearing, bringing up an even deeper shine, or so it seemed in this dim light.

He continued until he'd covered every inch of her body with the liquid polish and had buffed it up, so she gleamed in the light; I was jealous of the attention that she was getting. But she was another one of his dolls just like me, I reasoned, and therefore he would play with them too, I just wished he'd play with me too. I'm sure that my pussy was boiling hot now, I was so horny and more than ready for sex; any sex would be good right now. But I would have to wait until my Master was ready to use me again.

Satisfied with his work, he placed the cleaning cloth and polish back on the table and walked back over to the doll; he hadn't seen me move my head to watch him while he worked on the doll, and not now that he seemed to be more interested in the doll hanging there than me. What I hadn't seen in the dim light was that he had worked himself up and was now fully erect, encased with the black latex. I guess that it didn't stand out as much as I would have thought, or maybe I'd missed it. I must get my eyes checked, I thought if I'd missed something like that.

I'd just turned my head back to watch him walk back over to the doll when he started having sex with the doll on the wall; he was standing there thrusting himself into the doll's sex hole, holding onto her hips. I could see his bum clenching and the muscles moving as he pounded himself into the doll. I'd never seen anyone having sex standing before, especially from the angle that I was now in, and I was fascinated by what was happening in front of me. I had lost all thoughts about him using me and was just enjoying watching him using the other doll.

She, the doll, was moving up and down against the bindings that held her against the cross-frame; each time he thrust into her, she moved up and was held by the cuffs that were fastened to the base of the frame. She had straps that were also around her thighs and her waist, but he was using her that hard that they had trouble holding her. And it seemed as he got closer and closer to his climax, the doll moved about even more wildly, the bondage the only thing holding her down.

I heard him grunt and then he thrust his head up to look at the ceiling, his climax had arrived, and he was continuing to pound into the doll for all he was worth as he reached his plateau and then started his journey back down. He stood there shaking; his muscles seemed to be shuddering as he stood there; it must be from the exertion of screwing while standing, I thought. I'd never seen anything like it, and now I realized where the term 'knee-trembler' came from.

I was lost in thought and dreaming that I was in the place of the doll and he was fucking me like that when I realized that he was looking at me and my head was still turned in his direction. Oops, I'd been busted; dollies aren't supposed to move and watch their Master, especially when he's using another dolly.

"Dollies look forward only," he said, "unless I move their heads otherwise."

I didn't say anything; I didn't want to get in any further trouble as dollies don't speak either. I couldn't say much through the leather hood anyway, only just "Mpph."

"I hope that you enjoyed the show." He said, "But we'll have to fix it so you cannot look around when you're not supposed to."

He headed over to the table with the bondage goodies on and searched through until he came back with what he'd been looking for. He held another leather-looking object in his hand; he then grabbed hold of my head and lifted it up, while with the other, he placed the object around my neck.

"This posture collar should help you maintain your dolly position." He announced. "And also stop you from sneaking peeks at me with the other dolls too." He laughed.

He continued fitting the collar around my neck, it came up under my chin and made me hold my head up, and I could only look forward from now on, forward that is while laying on the bench, if I were standing all I would be able to see would be the ceiling, hey no differences there in bed at least I chuckled to myself. He adjusted and tightened the straps of the collar until he was happy that I wouldn't be able to move an inch now.

"Mmm!" he exclaimed, "Now you do look good wearing that collar, and you're in just the right spot for me to have some more fun."

He walked back to the table and brought back something with more straps hanging from it; I thought that I was bound tight and that there was nowhere else that needed tying off, I couldn't move, and now that my head was fixed too, I was stuck there until he released me. He came back and, using his fingers, began to undo the zipper of the hood that was closed across my mouth; once he'd opened it to its full extent, he said, "Open wide!"

I opened my mouth as best I could, given my position and the collar holding my head up at this angle. He then started to slide what he had in his hands into my mouth and began adjusting it behind my teeth. Then he pulled on the straps attached to whatever was in my mouth and pulling them behind my head, and buckled them there. I could push my tongue out through the middle of whatever was in my mouth, and I felt what appeared to be a ring holding my mouth open.

I looked up to see him begin to open the cock sheath he'd worn while screwing the doll on the wall; the black latex sheath was removable and only fastened to his latex suit by a couple of straps and clips. Soon he revealed himself in all its naked glory, Mr. Happy was shining before me in the light, still covered in his spending from the previous session with the doll, he'd shot his load into the sheath, and it was held there along with his manhood until he released it.

He moved closer to me, and I could see his little man starting to get happy and erect again. He guided himself to stand in front of my face and moved his penis around until he entered my waiting and very open mouth. His member fitted nicely through the ring of the gag, 'ring-gag'. I'd heard of those but I've never experienced one until now, that is! As he entered my mouth, he began pumping himself in and out, and I could taste the cum from his previous climax still on his erect member.

His hands moved around to hold either side of my head, and he got himself into a rhythm of using my mouth for his pleasure. I love to give head, don't get me wrong, I've done it enough times to know what a guy wants, and more importantly, when he was going to explode into my mouth, I could play with him and keep him on edge or just go the whole hog and deep-throat until he came in my mouth, but at least I could control that, but not here, I was just another hole in a doll, something he could use to gain his pleasure without a thought for the other person or doll in my case.

He continued for some time, pushing himself deeper into my mouth and throat; I held my gag reflex in check; I had some experience doing this and concentrated more on that than the fact that he was pounding his dick into my mouth. After all, I was just another doll and Master was using me as I wished for beforehand, 'be careful what you wish for' went through my mind, 'you may just get it.'

I felt him start to tense up and knew that he would soon be spurting into my open mouth very shortly; I'd better get ready. He got more excited as he neared his climax, and the more excited he got, the further he pushed into my mouth and more so my throat. I took breaths when I could, he moved back every so often, enough for me to draw a quick breath. His penis was getting bigger at this point too, and I knew that the end was coming, as was he!

I heard him groan and then felt the first spurts of his cum as he shot his load into my throat; as I swallowed each spurt, as he sent more of his juices into me. I spluttered slightly, overwhelmed by the amount hitting the back of my throat, and he eased himself out slightly, enabling me to suck on him and continue to swallow whatever was left of his orgasm. He held himself there as I continued to suck and swallow; I moved my tongue around his now softening penis, and I know that this drives guys wild as I try to keep their prick in my mouth as long as I can. And I cannot have a Master with a dirty penis now can I, what sort of dolly do you think I am.

"Woow! That was something else," he said. "I've never had anyone do that to me before."

I smiled around the ring-gag and continued licking around my mouth, making sure I got every ounce of his

seed from my mouth, and I was nice and clean, ready for more.

"Dolly, that was amazing," he exclaimed, "But I've got to go rest now. My knees are like jello."

With that he walked around me and left the room; I was left bound as I was just another doll that had given her Master pleasure and was left there waiting for the next time or whatever he wanted to do with me. 'At least he left the lights on this time,' I thought. However, there wasn't much to see now that my head was firmly held in position by the posture collar. I just lay there thinking about what had happened to me so far.

I must have dozed off. As I was suddenly shocked awake by the movements of my Master in front of me. He seemed to be flustered and was in a bit of a panic.

"I'm sorry, I must have slept." He said, "I'm sorry that I left you bound here for so long."

If I could have said anything, I would have said that it was no problem, I was not in any pain and that I was okay if he wanted to fuck me. But unfortunately, all that came out was a grunt or two.

"I'm sorry, but a friend has turned up, he's a very important producer, and I need to speak with him urgently as he has another role for me coming up." He said. "The thing is, I don't have the time to undo your bondage. Are you okay here for now?"

I blinked once for yes, the signal we had agreed on. I wouldn't have minded getting out, but he seemed so flustered at the moment so I thought it better to let him go.

"Thing is he knows about my doll collection, so he's bound to come up and have a look; in fact, I can hear him coming up the stairs now..." he said as he rushed out the door.

I could hear talking out in the passageway, and soon the conversation became louder as they walked into the dungeon playroom.

"So what have you been doing in here?" I heard his friend say.

"I had been playing with one of the dolls before you came and must have dozed off," he said, "I should get her cleaned up and redressed."

"No problem let me give you a hand; which doll was it?" his friend asked.

Looking between me and the doll on the wall and not wishing to reveal that, in fact, I was a real-life doll to his friend, he decided to clean the doll on the wall. "The one on the wall." He said.

They both moved over to her and began unfastening the straps that held the doll to the frame, while I kept as still as possible, afraid even to breathe, I took shallow tiny breaths as I heard them continue talking while taking the doll off of the wall.

It seemed surreal as they spoke about movies and everything else and said nothing about the doll or the other dolls in the room, we were just objects to them and something that could be used and discarded. I was just another possession, an object, something to be used and admired but nothing more. It sent a glorious tingle down my spine that ended up tickling my sex.

The conversation continued as they unfastened the doll and then picked her up and carried her from the room, I heard the door close behind them, and the room was again plunged into darkness as the lights were switched off. I was just another doll in his collection to his friend, something to be used and then ignored until used again. I adjusted myself in my bondage as best I could and settled myself to accept my situation as best I could. I knew that he would free me the first chance he would get, but that would have to wait un-

til his friend left.

It was much later when I was stunned again by the lights coming back on, the main lights brightly lit the room, and I was dazzled by their intensity momentarily. I could hear his friend speaking again as they entered the dungeon playroom again, maybe they were putting the doll back in place, I wondered. I couldn't see my Master or his friend as I still couldn't move my head in any direction, and I should have been thankful for the collar because I'm sure when they startled me when they entered, I would have moved my head and given the game away that I wasn't really a doll.

The conversation seemed to me to be one-sided, as my Master hadn't yet spoken since they entered the room, and it wasn't until I picked up on the conversation that my Master had been bound and gagged by his friend and had been brought in here to play with. His friend kept referring to a latex dolly, and I wondered if it was the doll they'd just taken out or the doll in the cage. I then heard straps being fastened and movement to my side where the cross-frame was fixed to the wall. Someone or something was being placed there.

I listened intently as the one-sided conversation continued; he kept repeating 'latex dolly' and referring to his 'latex dolly.' I was at a loss as to what was going on and why hadn't Master spoken yet, as the last time they were in here, they couldn't stop talking to each other. Now the talk was all about the latex doll and the things he was going to do to it, how nice the latex dolly looked in the latex, and how the dolly looked great tied against the wall.

I suddenly realized who or what the latex dolly was when his friend described the doll as a 'he,' Master was the one tied against the cross-frame, and I wondered if he was still dressed in the latex catsuit he'd worn before, that would explain the 'latex' in 'latex dolly.' I could now hear slight groaning and 'mpps' as the straps were tightened; he must be making sure that his 'latex doll' was held securely against the frame.

I saw his friend move to the bondage goodies table as I now called it and retrieve several items each time, several more straps, and even a small corset. I thought surely he's not going to fit that on Master. I tried to envision the sight of Master bound on the frame and wearing the corset in my mind. Each time I did, the picture dissolved, and I was the one held in place of where my Master was currently being bound.

Then he began playing with his 'latex dolly' I heard him say about how he loved to have his latex dolly bound and unable to move, he described what he wanted to do to his latex doll, and I heard hands moving about as he continued building himself up while playing with my now bound Master and owner.

His friend then moved back to the table and picked up a flat black paddled-shaped item, and walked back out of my view. I then heard a smack followed by more; he must be using it on him. Each smack was followed by an 'ummph!' from my Master and now this guy's latex dolly. It was only when he'd finished using the paddle on his dolly and placed the item onto my back that he noticed that there were other dolls in the room with them.

"Well, what do we have here?" he said. "This doll is nicely bound and fixed tightly to the bench."

I heard a 'mmph' from the wall as I felt his friend place a hand on my back, luckily he touched where the corset held me tightly, and I held my breath as he left his hand there.

"And we have another locked in the cage too," he exclaimed, "maybe I should put my latex dolly in the cage instead."

More 'mpps' came from the wall. I chuckled at the thought of Master being locked in the cage, suspended from the pulley in the ceiling.

Then I felt his friend move behind me and the bench I was fastened to, I thought that he was going around

to the cross-frame again to play some more with his latex-doll, but instead, I heard the door close as he left the room. All was now quiet in the room as we both endured our bondage situations, me on the bench and him against the wall. He didn't speak or make any noise while we were alone, and I was unsure as to just what was happening here.

A short time later, I heard the door open again, and his friend walked back into the room; I wasn't sure, but I'm sure I heard these types of footsteps before, and it wasn't until I heard and then saw his friend walk in front of me that I saw that he was clad from head to toe in black latex too. And my eyes darted down this time to check out down below, and sure enough, he was wearing a sheath on his cock too; he seemed to be semi-flaccid at this point.

He picked up some more items from the table and walked back to his latex plaything hanging on the wall, several 'mpps' and more groans were heard, but no more smacks, it seemed that the kinky stuff was more subtle this time. It turned out that he had applied several clamps to various parts of Master's anatomy, I found out later, including two rather sensitive appendages that dangle between a man's legs, so it seems.

Again as he was playing, he talked, more a running commentary on what he was doing and what he wanted to do with his latex dolly. This kept me informed about what was happening and entertained me as I wasn't exactly the centre of attention here. I imagined myself in my Master's place, and I was experiencing what was happening to him, and I was getting quite turned on by what I heard and imagined, so I was nicely wet between my legs, which by the turn of events would come in useful.

His friend continued playing with his latex doll and describing what was happening, and then he shook me out of my enjoyment of the goings-on here with what I heard next.

"I don't think I want to play with you anymore latex dolly," I heard his friend say. "Maybe I should just play with one of the other dollies here and just ignore you."

I heard him move around the room and head over to the caged dolly, "Maybe I should play with her? What do you think of that latex dolly?" he stated.

I heard an 'mmph' from the wall.

"Or maybe I should use this dolly bound on the bench; she looks open and available." He said as he moved around behind me and pushed himself against my rear. "Maybe this dolly wants me more than you do!"

I felt his now rigid member push up against my thigh and hit my bum cheek, another inch or so to the left, and he would find ground zero. I kept myself tight and as tense as I could, 'breath slowly,' I thought, 'don't give the game away, you're just another doll.' Then I felt his hands touch either side of my hips; he pulled his member away slightly and then thrust forward and into my sweet wet hole; he plunged into me and then pulled out.

"Gee, you must have used a lot of lube on this doll!" he exclaimed as he pushed himself forward and deeper inside me.

I could feel his erection enter into my pussy, and luckily I was wet and ready for sex; I wouldn't have wanted him trying to put lube there and finding out my little secret. I was amazed that he hadn't discovered that I wasn't a doll; after all, he had both hands on my hips, and his penis shoved all the way inside my guts. Wouldn't the soft tissue on my hips, okay the fat, give the game away or the heat he surely must feel as he plunged into my depths.

'The latex must be thick, either that or he his!' I thought. 'Maybe he's used to bimbos laying there while he banged them.'

He kept up pounding into me, all the while still talking and describing what he was doing, mainly for the benefit of his 'latex doll,' but I found it annoying and couldn't get into my groove as I like to call it, plus I was trying as hard as I could not to move any part of me that wasn't being moved by his banging away at my rear.

Just when I thought he would finish, he pulled out, "That was a great starter!" he said, "Now on to the main course." And he moved from behind me, leaving me more open than I had ever felt and slightly disappointed that he hadn't finished in me. I heard him move over to my right and where his latex doll was bound to the wall.

I heard him continue talking and heard my Master 'ummph' several times as his friend entered him behind. I could hear the latex rubbing and squeaking as they moved against each other. Obviously, his penis was in some other hole now, and my Master was on the receiving end. This went on for a little while, and I think they stopped every so often to make it last, to prolong my Master's agony, I suppose, and make him feel more of an object, like the rest of us.

I heard them climax; well, I still couldn't see due to the posture collar; maybe it was just the friend and not the Master; I wasn't sure there certainly was enough groaning from both of them. And for once, he finally shut up; his running commentary had finally ceased; god, that was annoying. If I hadn't been gagged and pretending to be a doll, I would have told him to screw himself and send me the tape so I could hear what happened.

There was the sound of straps being undone; there were several trips to and from the table where the equipment was placed back after being used. Shortly I saw my Master moving around in front of me, he caught my eye, and I winked at him to indicate I was okay; I did see a look of concern; after all, I had been fucked by his friend, and he didn't ask beforehand, hey a girl likes to be asked first, we have progressed from the caveman and the club, now it's drink spiking and where the fuck am I!

His friend had now changed his tune, and it was back to general conversation; nothing was said about the arse reaming that had just occurred moments ago. All the while they were cleaning up the gear they'd used and putting things back in place. I spotted out of the corner of my eye that my Master was now sprouting a fine hard-on, the black latex sheath covering his member. I licked my lips, and as I did this, my Master spotted my actions and walked over to me.

"I've just got to knock the head off this," he said to his friend. Who looked down at his friend's erection and smiled knowingly.

Without any further notice, he pushed his latex covered erection into my open mouth, and through the ring-gag, he began thrusting in and out of my mouth as before. I tried to help him along by using my tongue, I know it's cheating for a dolly to do that, but I consider it one of my optional features. It felt good to have his cock back in my mouth, and finally some contact from him. I'd felt neglected even though his friend had just used me from behind.

Then I felt it again; his friend had become aroused at what was happening at the mouth end and had decided to join in on the action and go back behind and use one of the two holes available there; luckily, he chose the one that he'd used before and was well lubricated, I shudder to think if he'd used elsewhere without plenty of lube. So now I had two pricks, one at each end; I felt like a skewer on a spit roast; all I needed was to be spun around.

Hey, it's not as if I'm complaining, as I was finally getting some usage from my bound body, they were both going at it, and I wondered who would go off first, mouth or vagina man. As it was, it was me; an orgasm suddenly hit me, it sneaked up upon me; I must have been aroused the whole time I was bound here. Luckily vagina man scored the same time as I went off, and he was shortly followed by mouth man, who shot his load into his latex sheath and denied me the pleasure of swallowing his spending.

They were now both shattered after their efforts and left the room, leaving me still bound in the same position; well, I was just another doll, and I could wait. It wasn't as if I was going anywhere after all as I was still bound to the bench. Again the lights went off, and I was left to ponder what had happened in the dark.

Much later, my Master came back into the room; I was again startled by the lights; I must complain to the manager about that! He came over to check that I was still breathing and was okay; he said that his friend had only just left, and this was the first chance he had to untie me. He started to remove the bondage, but I protested and made it known that I didn't want out just yet.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The ring-gag rendered my speech unintelligible, bondage speak, through a series of 'uughs' & 'mmpphs' I managed to get him to understand that I wanted to be screwed again before he released me; I'm a glutton for punishment, it seems.

"You want me to use you again?" he asked.

Finally, he got the message, and he moved around behind me, I felt his body against my rear, and soon his little man was knocking at the door to my world of pleasure. He plunged himself into me and rode me for what seemed a long time, but in twenty minutes, I had climaxed twice to his once. He was totally spent by the time he was finished and rested his body against me, laying down on my back.

After getting his body back into near normality, he started to undo the cuffs that held me down to the bench, my arms felt like lead weights, and it was difficult for me to move them; they had been in that position for some time now, and I wonder just how long I'd been tied there. He unfastened the cuffs to my ankles and shortly after that the straps that held me down onto the bench. I still could not move, and he picked me up in his arms and carried me out of the dungeon playroom.

As we entered the main bedroom, I noticed that sunlight was now streaming in through the windows; I had been in the dungeon room the entire night. He said I'd been there for at least 10 hours; no wonder my arms and legs felt so heavy. He laid me down on the bed; I was still dressed in the corset, boots, and gloves, only the collar and ring-gag were removed. As I lay there, I slipped my legs apart and, without thinking, took up the dolly posture, with my legs slightly spread and my arms at my sides but just away from the body.

My legs were still semi-rigid from the fuck-me leather boots that encased them, so they were lying straight in the bed; I couldn't raise them even if I wanted to. My Master re-entered the bedroom from the ensuite with a glass of water in hand and noticed how I was laying on the bed; he even remarked how good I looked lying there. As he helped me take the first sips of water, I could see a gleam in his eyes; well, I was very sexy and just another doll ready and available for his use after all.

Later after he'd used me again and then undressed me and bathed me, he fed me breakfast in bed and began to talk about last night. He told me that he not only likes playing with dolls but sometimes he likes to be one himself, and that was what his friend did to him last night; he was just another doll in the house and available for anyone to use. He typically is dressed head to toe in latex for those sessions, and he becomes a latex dolly for his friends to use, usually while they are dressed in latex too.

He told me how he'd been dressed before by his friend, then brought into the dungeon room and tied to the cross-frame. He described the events in detail, including explaining about the clamps that were placed on various parts of his body; he said that he enjoyed the pain and also being bound that there was nothing he could do to stop it, one of the reasons he likes bondage, the removal of control.

As he continued telling me about last night and some of the things he gets up to with some special friends, my body recovered from the tight bondage position I'd been held in. And before we knew it, the meal was

finished. There was a strained silence, which I broke when I said that I had enjoyed the evening and used the two of them. I was okay with it.

"After all, I am just another one of your dollies!" I said.

He laughed, "Yes, with some special features!"

"Hey, that's my line!" I objected, and we both fell about laughing.

"Maybe I'll use it on the show." He said with a wink.

"Hey, what day is it today?" I asked.

"Sunday." He replied, "Why?"

"Nothing, I wasn't sure; it seems like I've been here for ages," I said.

"Only two nights," he said, "so far..."

"Mmm! I like the sound of that." I replied.

"But we've both got work tomorrow." He said, "You've got another week at the conference, and I've got the taping and read-throughs tomorrow."

"Bugger the conference!" I replied.

"No, but I do have to go through the scripts ready for tomorrow, so I will be spending the afternoon and early evening reading them." He said sadly.

"Mmm, well, you need me out of the way then," I asked.

"Well, you are a bit of a distraction, a very sexy one at that..." he laughed.

"I wouldn't be a distraction if I were put away somewhere, would I?" I asked, hopefully.

"You do have a point, out of sight – out of mind," he replied.

"How about you pack me away for a little while and maybe get me out to play with later when you're finished?" I asked and grabbed his hand and led him back to the dolly storage room.

Once there, I jumped up into his arms; I was now naked again as I always seemed to be around this house, except when dressed by him. "Please put your dolly away!"

He carried me over to the crate I had been in before and laid me back down in the foam cut-out; I felt all snugly and warm; it felt like coming home. Soon he had fastened all the straps that would hold his dolly secure in her crate so she didn't get damaged in transit. I lay back dead still and kept my eyes focused on a spot on the ceiling. I was his dolly, and dollies only look forward, he'd said. I saw the crate's lid come into view, and soon the top was being placed down. Then I heard the electric screwdriver as he began placing the screws in the crate and sealing me inside.

I was a very contented dolly, now that her Master had stored her away waiting for the next time her owner wanted to use her...

Part 4: Just Another Latex Dolly

Now that I was secured away in my crate as just another doll in his collection, I reflected back on how I got to this point. I had met this wonderful and attentive man one night in my hotel's bar, and from there, we had moved on to have the most wonderful sex that I'd ever had. He had invited me to his home, where I embarrassingly discovered his secret desires for dolls. But as it turned out I was more fascinated than shocked and I found a desire to experience for myself his passion for his dolls. It had been wonderful to be played with all weekend with me as his doll in various locations, especially the 'dungeon' room where I'd been unexpectedly used by him and his friend, and then been left overnight.

I wanted to stay a while longer and not to return back to my boring business life, so I had asked to be 'stored away' just as he would with one of his other dollies. I had loved it the first time being bound inside a crate, and now I would be experiencing a much longer session as he had told me that he had to read through his scripts for the coming week, without me distracting him. I was in heaven as the straps fastened around my body, preventing any movement or chance of escape. Then to top it off, he had placed the lid on the crate and then screwed it down as if I was getting ready to be shipped somewhere. I was in dolly heaven.

I don't know how long I had been left there or even when he'd placed me in here, binding me in place and leaving me as just another doll. I seemed to lose track of time when I became just another one of his dolls. Well, I figured that a dolly doesn't need to know the time, does she, her only role is to wait for her Master/owner to play with her again. I was content inside the crate; it was warm, comfortable and secure, and anyway, I wasn't going anywhere until he decided to release me. I was indeed now just another one of his dolls.

The sound was what first woke me from my dolly dreams; I had been dreaming of being used by him, bound in place on the wall in the dungeon room, wearing the latex catsuit I'd seen earlier. The sound was my Master undoing the screws that he had used to fasten the lid down when he placed me in storage. Soon the lid was removed, and I blinked as the light streamed in, blinding me with its intensity; he bent over me and asked if I was ok?

My mouth was dry, and my limbs were feeling weak after being bound for however long it was; I blinked my okay signal to him, not wishing to spoil my 'dolliness' as I thought about my current state. Dolls, after all, don't speak unless they have one of those pull chords I wondered. He quickly undid the straps, and soon I was being picked up in his arms and carried from the storage room and with a quick pit stop to the toilet, I was soon placed back onto his large comfortable bed.

He brought me a glass of water and held my head as I took small sips of the refreshing drink. I took in most of the water before giving my one-blink signal again; he lowered me back down onto the bed and placed the glass on the nightstand beside the bed. I lay there not wanting to move even if I could; I was a doll more now than ever. I began to think that the more time I spend in the crate, the more doll-like I had become.

My thoughts were soon interrupted by my Master joining me in the bed; his hands began to run over my naked flesh as he began to play with me, his new dolly. I lay there as he continued his attentions to my body, his lips running over my skin, causing goosebumps to appear wherever his smooth, moist lips met my soft skin. His mouth began playing with my hardening nipples, the warmth of his breath causing them to become even more pronounced, like hard little bullets, each time he played with them, they sent signals which lead directly down to my moistening pussy.

Delightful shivers ran through my body as he continued his ministrations, his tongue exploring my naked flesh as he moved down from my breasts and over my now sensitive tummy and then further down to explore the folds between my legs that made up my sex. His tongue was running up and down the outer lips to reveal the hidden delights behind those curtains and the hot epicenter of my being, sending delightful shocks throughout my body with each touch.

I was soon in the throes of an intense climax as he continued to probe my pussy with his soft tongue; he took his time as he played with me, making the orgasm last much longer. He continued to push me further, his tongue giving way to little nips and grazing with his teeth. As I came down from the earth-shattering climax, he kissed me gently down there and began making his way up my body. I could not move, nor wanted to; I was his fucktoy now; he could take me and use me for his pleasure and my delight.

Soon he was above me, and I felt his erect member against the folds of my pussy; he pushed gently and eased himself inside me, I was already well lubricated and ready for him, and he began to move in & out of my dolly opening, pushing deeper with each inward thrust. He continued to fuck his latest dolly, taking his time to get maximum pleasure for himself from his toy. This was not a wam-bam-thankyou-maam moment; as he brought another climax out of me before he let loose his cum inside me; his climax made him shudder, and he pushed himself hard into me as his orgasm overtook his body.

We both lay for a while there, now spent, he still on top of me, his penis still inside me though now softening and slowly withdrawing from me. He eventually rolled off of me and was soon asleep. I lay there still in my 'doll mode', not wanting to break the spell that had turned me into his doll. I must have drifted off not long after and slept the sleep of one who is content with herself. His seed was slightly oozing from my moist hole, the feeling of just being fucked still lingering in my pussy.

I awoke well before him, the sun had just started coming up, and the first rays were coming in through a gap in the curtains of the bedroom. I knew that today was the day we returned to reality and that I would be going back to the boring conference and him to some studio somewhere to film more episodes of his current show. I lay there listening to his soft breathing, not wishing myself to move an inch if I could help it, but nature intervened, and I felt the urge to pee, so I had to break the spell and answer the call.

After refreshing myself in the bathroom, I wandered back into the bedroom; my Master and owner was still sound asleep; I was not sure what time he would wake up and decided to leave him there sleeping peacefully. I wandered out into the corridor and began exploring the rooms that contained the dolls again. The main doll room was where the dolls either sat around or lay there on the floor or propped up against the wall, their legs splayed, holding them in place. I sat down next to one and adopted her position, my legs parted, and my back to the wall. I created a blank expression on my face and just sat there.

I then noticed a mirror in the room, one of those in a frame on wheels that could be moved, and I got up and moved it over in front of where I had just sat next to the other doll, I say other doll as I was now one of them too! I again sat back down and adopted the same pose, only this time I could see the reflection of both of us in the mirror, I looked just like the doll sitting next to me, and as long as I didn't move then, I could have passed as just another dolly in the room.

Next, I moved over to another doll sitting on a sofa, there was a space next to her, and as I sat down, I placed my hand on her thigh just below her short skirt and again posed in my best dolly fashion and tried to mimic her posture as best I could. Again I moved the mirror to see us both and appreciate how good I looked as another of my Master's dolls.

Having played being dolly in this room, I decided to venture out and explore some more; the other bedroom with the doll Sarah, which was the first doll I had discovered, turned out just to be another bedroom with the doll just sitting there in the chair, not much for me to see in there. I moved on to the dungeon room again; the bench was still the way we had left it after playing, the straps that had bound me lay there waiting for their next victim, ready to hold down the next doll to be placed there, and I wondered if that would be me again.

The thoughts and memories of what had occurred when I was bound sent a delightful shiver through me, and I lay down on the smooth leather of the padded bench and just ran through in my mind the session that I'd recently had on there.

I started looking around the room again; the cross on the wall was also still empty, the doll that had been tied there had been removed by my Master and his friend, and then my Master had been tied there by his friend and used as just another dolly, like I was. I got up and walked over to the cross and held my arms in place above me, and spread my legs to fit myself on the cross. I felt stretched, and my pussy started to become wet at the thought of being bound on the cross and used by my owner. I slowly slid one hand down and slipped my fingers in between the soft, and now slick folds of my labia, shifting my middle finger to by now hard little nub, and teased myself while fantasising that my Master was using me here. While it felt pleasant and it wouldn't take much more to put me over the edge, it wasn't the same as him using me.

I then wondered about the latex catsuit that the doll had been wearing and wondered where it was; since seeing the doll covered in that tight suit, the thought had occupied my mind, what would it feel like to wear it, and what would my body look like in it. I decide that now would be the time to find out as I may not have another chance to try it. So I moved out of the dungeon room and back into the bedroom with the Sarah doll sitting there, I knew that there were several walk-in wardrobes built into the room where he kept the clothes for all of the dolls, and I moved over to one and slid the door open.

Inside were many costumes; each item was of female attire, on one side there were many costume like outfits, some schoolgirl attire, a cheerleader or two, a couple of bunnygirl suits, many maid outfits in different styles and shades. On the other side most of the other clothes were 'normal' outfits that I could buy in the stores, with many in several shades. I discounted this wardrobe and moved onto the next one. Upon opening, I was overwhelmed by the smell that came from this wardrobe; this one contained many items, all of which were made from latex or leather. Again there were the costumes, schoolgirls, maids, and cheerleaders; some nun's habits were also hanging there along with skirts, blouses, etc.

Then I came across my goal, there hanging in front of me was a black catsuit, all shiny and glistening as the light caught it, this I believed was the one the doll was wearing and grabbed it from the rail and took it out from the walk-in and over to the bed. As I examined the suit closer I found that it was all one piece, including the hood, gloves, and feet. And whoever wore it would be covered from top to toe in latex, which I wickedly decided would be me very soon. I then remembered the talcum powder Master had used on me when he fastened the leather on me previously and headed to the bathroom to fetch some.

I was already naked, which seemed to be natural for all the time I had been in his house, I didn't mind, and he certainly didn't object to my naked body. I covered myself in the white talc; a small cloud seemed to be building around me as I applied the cool powder to my body. Soon I was covered from the neck down and was ready to try on the catsuit. Heading back into the bedroom, I picked up the latex and sat down to place my legs in the suit; the latex slid up my talc covered skin covering me in its tight confines.

My feet popped into place as I pressed them down inside the suit, and then I pulled up the latex over my legs. The suit was cold at first but soon warmed as my flesh radiated heat. My legs were soon enveloped by the inky blackness, and then I pulled the suit over my hips, they were soon covered, and I ran my hand over my sex, feeling the smoothness against my pussy. I could feel the outline of my lips as my fingers probed; I had to stop myself from playing with them, at least until I was fully covered, I thought.

My arms seemed like the next obvious to go into the suit, and I would have trouble fitting them in if the suit was any higher up my body, and I didn't want to ruin the latex suit. So I pushed my left arm down the black hole that was the sleeve, it took more effort than my legs but soon my hands were near the wrist of the suit, again like my feet my hand popped into place into the glove and I quickly sorted out my fingers to fit in the glove. Happy with the result, I repeated the same steps with my right arm, my hand entering into the glove like my left.

I then pulled the suit over my shoulders, covering my front in the cool black latex, the zipper open in back, waiting to enclose me inside the glossy second skin. The feel of the latex against my sensitive breasts sent my nipples into overdrive; they became instantly hard little nubs, sending their little signals of delight

throughout my body. I ran my hands over them and squirmed as an exhilarating feeling hit me from the mere touch, sending more arousing signals through my covered body.

I looked down to see the hood dangling in front of me, and reluctantly taking my hands away from my over-sensitive breasts, I took the hood and moved it up to cover my head, it was slightly challenging to do at first, but by bending my body and wriggling the hood, I managed to get it over my head. Now covered, I adjusted the holes for my breathing, then I realized that there was no hole for my mouth and only several pin holes for my eyes to see through. I reached behind me and started to close the zipper on the hood; as I did, the hood became tighter and conformed to my facial features, gripping them tightly.

I finished closing the hood at the back of my neck, and then I reached down and pulled the other zipper closed, sealing me inside the tight enclosure of the latex suit. I managed to get the zipper closed all the way to where I had stopped with the zipper of the hood; it just seems like an excellent place to stop the zippers rather than go the whole way up or down. I looked at my latex covered body in the full-length mirrors of the wardrobe doors and took in the delightful spectacle before me. My body was covered head to toe in this tight, black second skin of latex; every curve of my body seemed to be enhanced.

I decided to check up on my Master and found that he still hadn't stirred, so it appeared that I could play a while longer. So I moved back to the dungeon room to see what I looked like if I was held against the cross on the wall. Back inside the dungeon, I placed my back against the cross and held my arms above me, I also spread my legs apart again as before, and tried to replicate how I'd seen the other doll tied here in the first instance. I imagined myself bound there waiting for my owner to come and play with his latex dolly; maybe even his friend could use me too. I then moved the mirror so that I could see myself, and marvelled at the view of my latex clad body stretched out on the frame.

Then I thought that I should be able to tie myself to some of the cross, just see what I looked like and bent down and began fastening the straps around my ankles, satisfied that they were not going anywhere now, I moved up to the straps below my knees and fastened them also. Next came the thighs, and now my legs were held apart against the frame of the x-cross by the straps binding me there. I tightened the one around my waist next, making sure to pull this one extra tight. Another just below my breast and one above, though this was not as easy as the lower ones but I managed and congratulated myself for my achievement. My body was now held immobile, then I fastened the collar around my neck which not only held my head in place but covered up the zips behind my neck.

I stood there bound to the cross against the wall delighting in my bondage, the slinky second skin of the latex keeping my body in sensual heaven. I then wondered if I could bind my arms in place and came up with the idea of first fastening them closed and slipping my hands through them. I doubted that I could do my arms, but my hands were feasible. Working one-handed, I managed to get the tongue through each buckle and pulled them closed as far as possible and left enough room for me to insert my wrists into them.

Now was the moment of truth; I reached up and pushed first my left hand in through the leather cuffs and followed closely by my right hand. I could see from my reflection in the mirror that I was now bound like the other doll had been onto the cross in the dungeon room, and proudly I had managed all by myself to get myself into the bondage that the previous doll had been in. I luxuriated in the delightful feelings of my bound and latex-clad body. I was held secure and dressed up as just another sex doll waiting for her Master. I drifted off into fantasies of being used bound as I was and left here after he had finished using me.

Lost as I was to my fantasies, I didn't notice that my Master had stirred himself from his sleep and was now wandered around looking for me. He had even looked into the dungeon room to see if I was there, obviously entirely forgetting that he'd removed the doll from the bondage cross previously, and left the room to see if I was downstairs. Not finding me down there, he must have assumed that I had awoken early and left to return to my hotel; he had slept in later than usual it seemed, and the driver was already here to take him to the studio.

Getting showered and dressed quickly, he hurried out of the house without so much as a second glance in my direction, except to close the door and turn off the light. I was now on my own, bound by my own hands, while dressed head to toe in a latex catsuit, hanging against the wall in his playroom looking for all intents and purposes as just another one of his dolls.

After the shock of the door closing and the lights going off, I tried to get myself out of the bondage that I'd placed myself in, but it seemed that while it was easy to squeeze my hands into the cuffs, it was going to be much harder to pull them out again. They seemed to hold me fast against the cross; the more I tried to get myself free, the more they seemed to tighten around my wrists. It didn't help that I'd bound the rest of my body so tightly to the cross, which restricted my movements and hindered my ability to get free.

I was stuck by my own hand, but I wondered if he'd seen me bound there and decided to leave me here. I struggled in the dark of the room to get myself free, but each time it proved futile, and each attempt seemed to sap my strength, so the more I tried, the weaker I became; soon, it was all I could do to hang there and let the bindings hold me against the cross. I would have to accept that I was now just another bound dolly in his playroom and I'd now have to wait for him to return to release me, but hopefully, play with me first. I had wanted to be his bound latex dolly, and now my wish was coming true...

Part 5: The Latex Maid

So after spending a wonderful weekend of being used and kept as merely a plaything for my new Master, and being used as just another one of his dolls, along with some great sex and plenty of climaxes, I might add, I had decided to try on the latex catsuit I'd first seen on the doll in the dungeon playroom when I first visited that room.

Now here I was clad head to toe in the shiny black latex catsuit and I had managed to bind myself to the x-cross that was on the wall in the playroom just as the previous doll had been. And I had managed to get myself stuck in bondage, and my weekend partner had just looked for me, but seeing what looked like to be just another latex doll bound to the wall of the playroom, he had shut the door and turned off the light.

He had assumed, I guessed, that I had left early and returned to my hotel to get ready for the conference I was attending; he had been in a rush to get out as the driver sent to pick him up by the studio was already waiting for him. I was just another dolly of his, it seemed that he'd forgotten that he'd removed the doll while playing with his friend, and now I hung there exhausted from trying to gain my freedom, held tight by my self-applied bondage, clad head to toe in latex, just what I had wanted to do to myself.

I don't recall how long I was held self-bound there as there was no light in the room, and with no window to see what time it was outside. But I began to hear noises outside, they sounded like machines, and then I realized what it was, it was the sound of someone using a vacuum cleaner, and they were using it in the hallway just outside of the room that I was currently held in.

It must be one of the maids I thought, he'd said that he employed them to keep the house clean and tidy, so being a Monday they must be working today, and I began to think that maybe my freedom would not be too far away. But then I thought of my embarrassment and humiliation at them finding me this way, here I was dressed just like the other doll and bound like one of them, what would they think? Should I let them find me this way or continue to pretend I was just another doll.

The sounds moved away, maybe towards the main bedroom, I thought, they may not come into this room as it could be off-limits to the maid, just as it was when I got the first tour of the house, which seemed so long ago now. I just hung there, slowly simmering in my latex bondage, with each breath that I took my nipples were brushing against the soft latex and kept sending little shivers of delight throughout my bound body.

Eventually, the sounds of the vacuum stopped, and I wondered what was happening. I strained to make out

what was happening. But the latex hood covered my ears and restricted what I could hear. It wasn't until later that I was startled by the lights coming on in the room, shortly followed by the door opening and the sound of the vacuum again as the maid cleaned out the dungeon playroom. I had guessed wrong; this maid had access to everywhere on this floor. She didn't seem even to notice me bound to the wall and continued with her vacuuming; she must be used to seeing dolls bound to the walls.

I decided that I couldn't face the humiliation of this maid finding me and held myself still, not that it was that hard to do bound as I was. The maid continued around the room, stopping to pick up the bondage gear that we had left lying on the floor from when I was previously bound to the bench. She continued to tidy up and clean, then she came over to where I was bound to the cross and noticed that my arms were not bound; she then brought the two halves of the cuffs together and fastened them tightly against my arms, now I had no hope of escaping.

She continued cleaning and then got out the polishing stuff that I'd seen my Master use on the original doll that had been bound in the same way as I now was. She first rubbed it over the doll in the cage, making the latex gleam in the light, then she moved over to me, and it was my turn.

She sang to herself as she applied the thick cloth to the latex that covered my body; from what I could see, it seemed as that she had some headphones in her ears and was listening to music, so she wouldn't have heard me even if I could attempt to make some noise through the latex that covered my mouth. I thought for sure that she would notice that I was a real flesh and blood woman and not just another of Master's silicon dolls, but maybe it was the thickness of the cloth or the rubber gloves she wore; she didn't seem to notice my body heat.

I tried to get a better look at her through the small pinholes of the latex hood that covered my head, she was dressed in a maid's outfit, just like those I'd seen in the wardrobes in the other bedroom, but this one seemed to glisten in the light too, then I realized that she was wearing latex too. So the maid was kinky too, I concluded, maybe it wouldn't be so humiliating to be found out by her, but no sooner than the thought had hit me than she had finished and was packing up her stuff to leave the room, satisfied that she had cleaned enough in this room she would head off and do the others.

The maid had also tightened the bindings that held me to the cross, not only my hands and arms but legs too; each time she had used the polish, she had slightly loosened them and then retightened them after she was done in that area. I was now more securely bound than when I'd applied to bondage to myself. I was well and truly stuck now, and the maid didn't seem to be of any help to me whatsoever; in fact, she'd made it worse, and I was now regretting my decision not to attract her attention to get myself free.

Soon the lights went out again, and the door closed, and I was left hanging in the darkness, alone with just the other doll in the suspended cage. Just two latex-clad dollies waiting for their Master to come and play with them. Leaving me wondering just how long it would be before I was discovered and how long before my Master would come home.

It was much later, or so it seemed that the lights came back on; I was stunned by the brightness at first and I couldn't see who entered the room. It was the maid who adjusted the lights so only the dimmer ones were lit, this made it easier for my eyes to be accustomed to the darkness as they were to see what she was doing. She was still dressed in the latex maids outfit and seemed to be going around the room gathering stuff. She started to apply leather cuffs to her ankles, followed shortly by more around her wrists; she was tying herself up just like I had done.

Gathering what she needed from the cupboard and table, she headed back to the bench in the middle of the room, the same one I'd been tied to the night before, which seemed so long ago now. Not even taking the time to acknowledge the doll tightly tied to the wall or the one bound in the cage, she sat herself down on the bench, her legs on either side of the legs of the bench. I watched, fascinated by this maid's actions to bind herself in place in front of me.

She soon had her ankles fastened to the legs of the bench, the speed of which made me wonder if she'd done this before. She placed the same posture collar that I had worn around her neck and secured it in place with a padlock. She then lay the front of her body down against the bench's padding; reaching behind her, she started to fasten the straps to hold her body down. I was amazed at her agility as she seemed able to reach behind her and pull the straps tight easily; she must be really flexible, I thought.

I continued to watch her through the pinholes that allowed my vision as she continued to bind herself to the bench in front of me. The final binding holding her neck was finally in place, now all she had to do was fasten her wrists to the front legs of the bench, and she would be finished. She quickly managed to do one as she had both hands free, but she struggled with the other, but she finally managed to get the wrist cuffs secured to the bench with another small click of a padlock.

Now the maid was self-bound in front of me; she seemed content that the bondage was secure; she tried to get herself free but could not manage it, her body held just as tightly as I was to the padded bench, her limbs held fast to the legs of the bench. She settled herself down and waited.

Waiting for what? I wondered, if she was bound now, who would free her?

The maid couldn't move her head, just as I couldn't when my Master had applied the posture collar to me when he caught me watching him screw the doll that had been bound in my place beforehand. I took the opportunity to look around; I had limited movement of my head due in part to the collar holding my neck in place and the stringent bondage that held the rest of my body. I could see that she had closed the door before binding herself, but she had left the lights on, the ones that gave the dungeon that dim, gloomy look and feel.

I would have to wait and see what was going to happen; it wasn't like I would be going anywhere soon. The maid started making grunting noises, and I could see her hips gently gyrating against the benchtop, she was rubbing herself on the surface trying to get off. Maybe once she climaxed, she would free herself, and then I could get free. It turned me on watching someone else bound and masturbating in front of me, and I could feel the moisture building-up down below as my pussy reacted to the scene in front of me.

It seemed to take a while for her to orgasm; I wished that I could rub up against something too to bring myself off just like she had done; I was left feeling frustrated and very horny by the time I heard her first climax. She seemed to take this in her stride and continued to grind herself against the bench, working herself up to another, it seemed. She wore the latex outfit which made soft, very sexy sounds as she moved; the way it shone in the dim light accentuated her curves just like my catsuit had done when I looked at myself in the mirror. I was very horny by now and would have fucked the maid just to get my end away.

The time seemed to drift, and the maid continued to hump the bench; she seemed to be able to go & go. I wondered if she'd ever stop. It just made me all the more frustrated at not being able to get myself off like she was doing. Then there was a cool breeze from my left as the door was opened, and a figure clad in latex walked in; he was definitely male as his member stood out loud and proud. He came in and approached the bound latex maid, running his hands over her, checking her bindings, and tightening them wherever they needed.

He walked behind the maid bound on the bench and lifted up her skirt; he pulled aside her underwear and, without any foreplay, entered her from behind. I could only hang there and watch as he fucked the bound maid.

He seemed to take his time and savour the maid and what she had offered him for his pleasure. I could hear the maid panting and making odd sounds with her throat as he thrust into her. Soon she came again, her muffled grunts indicating her pleasure as the orgasm overtook her, soon he followed suit and, after pumping furiously for a short while, must have exploded inside the latex sheath that covered his member that

was deep inside the maid.

No sooner than he was done he left the room, leaving the maid tightly bound on the bench. I wondered what would happen now; who was the man clad in latex? Would he come back and use me? I could only hope!

The maid continued to remain bound, her ability to escape, like mine taken away; she simmered as she savoured the climaxes she had had, luxuriating in her bondage.

Sometime later, the latex-clad man walked back into the room; I was hoping it was my turn, only to find that he started to release the maid from her bondage. First her wrists, then her ankles, followed by the bindings that held her fast to the bench. He picked up the cuffs and took them back to the table where the maid had first found them; it was then that he passed me bound on the wall; on the way back, he reached up to touch me and felt the softness, okay fat, and warmth of my body and started to realize that I was not just a doll bound on the wall.

He looked into my eyes and saw me blink, and then he realized it was me and started to undo the bindings that secured me to the wall. I was thankful that someone had, at last, realized that I was a real woman bound here in latex, but on the other hand, I was horny as hell and wanted a good fucking. I struggled as he started to release me; I didn't want to be untied until he'd taken me.

"Don't you want to be untied?" he asked.

I shook my head to indicate no as best I could, one part of me wanted to be free, but my libido wanted release in another way.

"Blink once if you want to stay tied?" he asked.

I blinked once.

"Okay, then what do you want then?"

I tried to move my crotch towards him, indicating that I wanted him to fuck me, the bindings only allowing me limited movement.

"You want me to fuck you?" he asked.

I blinked once again.

"So you want to remain tied and for me to fuck you bound there?" he said.

I blinked again.

"Okay, but the trouble is I've just fucked the maid, so you will have to wait for a little." He answered. "You just hang in there, and I'll be back soon." He laughed.

Meanwhile, the maid had recovered her senses and use of her body and was now standing on the other side of me, her hands started rubbing against the latex catsuit, I had never been touched this way by a woman before, but her touch was turning me on and giving me great pleasure. I was so hot, and aching, and so desperate. The latex man left, but the maid stayed and continued to play with my bound body. Her touch was electric, especially over my nipples and sensitive areas. I closed my eyes and indulged in the sensual delights that she was causing.

She got down on her knees and started to run her tongue over the latex that covered my sex, and soon she

was undoing the zipper that granted full access to my fever-hot pussy, her began tongue probing the folds that made up the outer edges of my pussy, her tongue continued to play with my lips before pressing further in and finding my little bud. The first touch sent powerful shocks through my body; she seemed to know just how to touch me down there.

By now, I was getting worked up and was wishing that she would finish me off. Any actions that would involve a massive climax would be most welcome at this point. But as they say, be careful what you wish for. The maid stopped using her tongue and began to stand up, her hands all over my latex-clad body, and she reached my neck. She stood as tall as me now, and her hands stopped playing with my body and moved down to her skirt; the next thing I knew was that she had gotten closer to my bound body, and something was probing the lips of my pussy, something which if I wasn't mistaken felt like a penis.

The 'she' was a he, it turned out, and soon I felt his erect member slide between my well-moistened lips; he pushed his penis inside me and started to fuck me as I hung there in bondage. The initial shock gave way to more pleasure as he continued to pump into me, his member cooling down my super hot pussy. This was what I wanted, someone to fuck me, use me, take me to new heights, but for god sake, bring me off!

I should have thought it strange that this maid, who up until now I'd thought of as female, was now fucking me with his erect penis, but then nothing should have surprised me after finding out about the dolls and the dungeon. The fact that my Master had been used by his male friend should have given me more insight into just what happens in this house. The latex maid kept up the pounding as I got closer to my first climax, going over the top just as I caught a glimpse of my Master in the corner of my eye, wearing the same latex catsuit he wore when he fucked the maid, only minus the hood now.

I fixed my eyes on him as the maid brought me to my first orgasm; he continued pumping into me and brought me onto the second one before he shot his load in me. He quickly withdrew, and my Master stepped forward and entered me without any other action than to stand there and shove his dick in me. Soon he was pumping away, and all too soon, I was in the throes of another climax; there were three more before he let loose himself inside me.

I hung there on the wall panting and trying to get my breath back; the latex hood had restricted my breathing, something I didn't realize as the endorphins careered through my over-excited body. I had been starved of oxygen, and this had enhanced my orgasms, my Master later informed me. They left me bound to the wall to recover, and only when they thought it right, they started to unbind me from the cross.

As the binding freed my arms, they hung limp and useless at my sides, my legs felt like jello; there was no way I could stand, let alone walk. My Master realized this and picked me up over his shoulder and carried me from the room towards his own bedroom. The maid followed to help with me. They both laid me down on the bed and left me to rest, I must have gone to sleep straight away as the climaxes I'd experienced had overwhelmed me, plus the fact I'd been bound all day to the cross. They left me to sleep and recover.

I awoke still dressed in the latex catsuit, laying on his bed in the Master bedroom; there was no sign of my Master or the maid. I lifted my head as much as I could and saw that it was dark outside, I tried to move my limbs, but they wouldn't work; as much as I tried, they just would not respond, only slightly lifting off the bed before flopping back down again, I was honestly just like his other dolls now, unable to move and awaiting my Master's pleasure.

Part 6: Back in the Box

I was later informed by the maid, my Master had slept in the other bedroom with his other doll Sarah; I was left on my own to recover from the very long bondage session that I had endured. I was pretty tired from being bound all day; who knew that having limited movement could be so tiring. I awoke to find the sun coming in through the windows, and shortly after, the maid, dressed again in a latex maids outfit, entered

to check on me. My Master had been keeping an eye on me as I slept but didn't disturb me and left me to recover. He had, so the maid informed me, left for work already and wouldn't be back until late.

"I've been given instructions to look after you today and tend to all of your needs. I want you to relax and recover, as does the Master." The maid informed me.

I couldn't still believe that 'she' was a he after all, but she seemed to be more female in her actions, so I left it in my mind not to enquire more about this at present. She walked into the bathroom and started to draw a bath for me; she came back in and asked me to roll over to undo the zipper that ran down the back of the catsuit. She had to help me move, and eventually, with some struggle, she managed to get the catsuit off of me.

I now felt naked, more naked than before, once the suit was removed and wished that I was still clad in the confines of the suit; it was like a layer of skin had been removed to reveal all my nakedness to the world.

She then left the room and came back in with a wheelchair; she told me that she used it to move the dolls about the house, as some were really heavy to lift, especially on your own. She helped me sit in the chair and then wheeled me into the bathroom. Here she assisted me to ease my sore, tired body me into the warm water and left me there soaking, the bath helped with relaxing and soothing my muscles aches and pains, and I found that I had slightly more movement now.

She returned and started to wash me all over with a soft sponge; she used soft scented soap to wash away the sweat that had built up under the latex. I had been wearing the suit for some time, and I didn't realize just how sweaty & smelly it got under the rubber. She then put a defoliating glove on her hand and started to rub more life back into my limbs; her hand moved up and down my arms, then she started down on my legs, her hand would get higher with each pass until she 'accidentally' brushed against my sex. Soon her hands were between my legs and playing with my pussy down there, her hand felt tremendous, and soon she brought me off with her touch, the climax sending shudders throughout my body.

I felt much better after the bath, and the maids' special attention helped too; she eased me out from the bath and gently rubbed my body dry with some big fluffy towels, all soft and pre-warmed; they felt luxurious against my skin. A dressing gown was then placed around me, and I realized that this was the first piece of real clothing I'd worn in days. She brushed my hair, taking great care to make sure it was done correctly. Now cleaned and preened, she wheeled me out of the room and into the corridor. I hadn't seen it, but there was a lift there, and as we entered, she pressed the button to go downstairs.

She took me into the kitchen, where she made me breakfast of juice and fruit, toast, and coffee. I felt full and satisfied afterward, and the strength in my body seemed to be returning. We were joined by two other maids occasionally; the latex maid stated that the other two were normal maids and cleaned the downstairs only, while she cleaned the special areas upstairs herself. The other two didn't know what goes on up there, only that she, the upstairs maid, likes to wear latex, and Master indulges her and allows her to wear it. They don't even know about her sexuality either, so she asked me to keep that secret from them too, to which I agreed.

We spoke for a while, and she explained how she had met my/our Master and had even been his dolly on many occasions. She preferred being female and dressed as one when outside the house.

I said, "I would never have known if you hadn't used me for sex last night."

She laughed and said, "Well, we both got used last night!"

She then said that she had work to do, that she would take me back upstairs, put me back to bed to continue to recover, and wheeled me back to the lift.

When we reached the upper floor and headed down the corridor toward the main bedroom, I asked if she would stop for a moment. She was curious and asked if anything was wrong.

"No," I replied, "but I really liked being enclosed in the latex catsuit." And I sheepishly asked if I could get re-dressed in the catsuit. "I think I have developed a taste like you for latex," I said.

"Well, the only problem is the catsuit you wore is still drying, but we have many more you can try if you wish; Master has said that I was to attend to your every need today." The maid replied.

With that, I was wheeled into the bedroom where all the clothes are stored; the maid opened the door and started to go through the latex clothing hanging there. She went through several items of clothing, picking this one and rejecting that one before she turned and asked.

"Mmm, what type of catsuit are you after?" she inquired.

"Well, one similar to the last one I wore would be nice. What do you have?" I asked.

"Well, we have ones with hoods with eye & mouth holes, ones with one of each, and some with none at all." She replied.

"I liked the one yesterday that had no mouth hole, but maybe I should try the one that covers me completely with no eye holes," I said daringly.

"This one here has only two small holes just under the nose to allow you to breathe, but none for the eyes or mouth; you'd be completely unable to see or speak." She said.

"Just like a doll!" I replied, "that's the one I want then."

The maid retrieved the talc from the bathroom and started to apply it to my body, and I stood up with her help as she continued to talc my entire body. Sitting back down, she started to cover my legs with the latex suit, easing my feet into the booties of the suit, enclosing them in their inky smooth, clingy feel—the first touch of the latex sending delightful little shivers up and down my spine.

"Do you help get the dolls ready as well as play with them?" I asked.

"Yes, often Master leaves the dolls for me to clean, redress, or asks me to prepare them for one of his sessions." She answered as she continued to cover me in the latex suit. "I like to play with the dolls as well as becoming one too and being played with. I also take care of the dolls whenever the Master is away on business."

The latex catsuit was now at my hips, and she helped me stand again, then eased the latex over my hips. She then helped me put my arms in the sleeves and down into the gloves of the suit. Happy with the way the suit had gone on so far. She fussed about getting the latex stretched over my body, taking out any wrinkles she found. All that was left now was the hood.

"Would you dress me & treat me as just another doll? I would really like that." I asked.

"Sure, that's not a problem; I would be honored." She replied.

"Before you enclose me in the hood, could I ask one favor of you?" I asked.

"Ask, and it shall be done." The maid said.

"After I'm dressed, I'd like you to take me into the storage room and place me in the crate there, then use the straps to hold me down in place and then close me in with the lid and screw it down and leave me there, just another doll in Master's collection," I said.

"Are you sure, as you still haven't recovered from the bondage session yesterday yet?" She said.

"I'm sure I'll be fine; I can lay around in bed or in the crate; either way, I'm getting some rest, and besides, I'd be out of your hair!" I exclaimed.

"You're no trouble, and it's good that you're here." She said. "So you really want to spend some time locked in the crate, just how long for?"

"Leave me for Master to find," I said.

"He won't be back until late!" she replied. "I may not be around for when he gets back."

"The later, the better, I love being inside the crate as just another dolly, and I won't mind or even know if I'm all alone; the other dollies don't seem to mind," I stated.

"Okay, though I don't think I should leave until Master returns," she said.

"One more thing before you seal me inside this suit, I would like to reward you for your time and effort," I asked.

"No, that's not necessary; I have loved taking care of you." The maid insisted.

"Well..." I shyly said, "the fact is I want the taste of your cum in my mouth as you bind me away; dolly needs to feel used before being put away."

"If that's what you want, then as my Master instructed, I was to take care of your every need." She smiled.

The maid helped me out of the chair and onto my knees in front of 'her,' she lifted her skirt and pulled her underwear down to her knees, she removed the cover that hid her bulge, and her manhood was quickly responding to my touch. Soon I had her in my mouth and was using my tongue on the underside of her member, which was very rapidly becoming hard. I used my mouth to get her excited and took her penis deep into my mouth; her hands held on to each side of my head as I moved back and forth on her. I coated her whole penis with my saliva, the warmth from my mouth, along with the moisture, had the desired effect, and her erection became much more substantial.

Pretty soon, I could feel her stiffen, and her breathing became more rapid as she was starting to build into her climax. I took her deeper into my throat and let her push herself down and into my throat, relaxing and breathing as best I could, I had done this with many guys, and they all loved it. I certainly did. Soon she exploded in her climax, and I could taste her cum as it hit my throat; she eased herself back slightly and let the rest splash into my waiting mouth and coat the sticky substance over my tongue and tastebuds. I love the taste of male semen; each man different from the last, and the act of taking him in my mouth makes me feel all gooey inside. I kept her in my mouth for as long as possible to savor the taste and prolong the feelings inside me.

She withdrew and reached down to kiss me on the lips, then she brought the hood up over my head and enclosed me within the dark confines of the latex; the light was now gone as the dark latex enclosed my head and covered my eyes. I would not be able to see again until released from the suit. She adjusted the hood and lined up the two breathing holes; she smoothed out the latex hood and then began to close the zipper, sealing me inside. I felt the latex grow tighter as she pulled the zipper closed; this suit seemed slightly tighter than the last one. She finally managed to close the zipper, and the suit closed over my naked flesh

with its smooth covering like a second skin. She took the time to run her hands over me with care, making sure I could breathe alright and smoothing any further wrinkles she could find.

“Right then, let’s get this dolly dressed.” Said the maid as she started to rummage through the wardrobe and began gathering things. I thought that I was already dressed covered as I was from head to toe in the latex catsuit; how wrong I was, as it turned out, as she had other ideas about dressing dollies.

I felt the maid reach around my waist and bring something around me, then she adjusted it and started to pull me at my back, and I realized that it was a corset that she was fitting around me, she pulled on the strings making the corset tighter around my waist, and it started to restrict my ability to breathe. Each tug of the laces brought the corset tighter around my waist; her knee pushed into my back gave her extra purchase to close the laces. The corset ran from just under my breasts to just on the top of my hips and pinched my waist in a couple of inches, she told me. Happy that she had achieved the desired result, she tied off the laces behind me and then pushed me backward to fall into the wheelchair.

She then picked up one of my feet and started to enclose it; the material ran up my lower leg and then further getting higher and higher up my leg; when she finished with the zipper at the top of the boot reached just below my crotch, her touch here sent little ripples of pleasure through me. She then added the other boot to my uncovered leg and then started tightening up the laces on both of these, making it very tight; my legs became very stiff as she continued to tighten and enclose my legs, I doubt very much that I’d be able to walk, let alone stand in these boots and certainly bending at the knee was not an option, but they weren’t designed to be walked in, just fucked in - fuck-me boots would be their best description.

Now she started work on my arms, and soon two long gloves adorned my arms, these too had laces that tightened and restricted my movement, though not as strictly as the boots on my legs; the leather wasn't as thick as the boots were made from. Now she placed another hood over my head, this one also made from leather, like the gloves and boots; she took great care lining up the breathing holes, she again tightened the laces behind my head, pulling the hood tighter against my head and face, and holding my mouth closed, there would be no way I could talk through this hood nor see where I was.

The last thing she added was a posture collar around my neck; this one was different from the previous one I wore in that it just held my head in place and didn’t force my head up. I was now tightly bound in boots, corset, gloves, collar, and another hood on my head, and I couldn’t move very much at all. I was covered in the latex catsuit from head to toe, and then she'd added the leather boots, corset, gloves, and collar, and topped that off with the second hood. I wondered what I looked like, bound up as I was.

“There now, dolly, you are one fetish fucktoy dream, the boots to keep your legs from moving, the gloves to hold your arms, the collar for your head, and the corset to hold you in,” she said proudly. “You look like a latex leather fetishist's dream date, a sort of punk latex barbie doll.”

“Now, let’s get you packed away in storage.” She said as she pushed me backward into the wheelchair.

She pushed me from the bedroom out into the hallway and then into the storage room, where she helped me out of the chair and positioned me before pushing me back into the crate; with one swift move, she grabbed my feet, lifted them as I fell backward and helped position me in the foam cut out in the crate, she then adjusted my position inside until she was happy that I was in place and comfortable. Then she started fastening the straps around my limbs and body to secure me inside and take away any last movement that I may have had; the straps tightened over each limb in several places like before, each one taking away my freedom. I was loving it.

She then came to the top part of the crate and bent down next to my head, and asked if I was okay; she held my hand and said to squeeze once if I was okay and twice if I were any way uncomfortable, she would only be able to adjust anything now, and once the lid was placed in the crate I was going to be just another doll, so better make sure now.

I squeezed her hand once.

“Okay, dolly time to lock you away then.” She said, checking over the straps one last time to see if everything was safe and secure.

She picked up the lid of the crate and brought it down on to the crate itself, adjusting it until it slid into position, then I heard her start applying the screws to fasten the lid down to the crate; the battery screwdriver made the job quick and easy, all too soon she had finished, and I was now secured inside the crate, bound, dressed like the barbie from hell in leather & latex and now stuck in here until someone decides to release me.

“Okay, dolly, you’re all packed and ready for shipment; I don’t know when you’ll be set free again or if Master will just decide to send you to one of his friends for you to become their plaything.” She teased, laughter in her voice. “Enjoy yourself, dolly!”

Then she left me alone in the crate, bound and waiting for my Master or maybe one of his friends to take me out and play with me again; just how long that would be could be anyone’s guess.

Later...

I was enjoying my time inside of the crate, the maid had dressed me in a latex catsuit that covered me from head to toe, then added a leather corset, thigh high boots, full length gloves and a leather hood over the top of the latex one too. I was now secured away as I had requested of her, the straps holding me tightly inside of the crate and the lid screwed down, so there was no way for me to get myself free, not that I wanted to anyway. After she had finished with me, she left and got on with her work, cleaning up and making the beds, and I was totally ignored, just a doll in her box waiting for her owner to free and use her.

My mind drifted off into dreams and fantasies of my body changing and actually becoming the doll that I seemed to be now. I had changed while I was secured and stored away, now when I am removed from the crate my body had changed from flesh and blood to silicon like my other sister dolls, though I could still think and feel, but I was totally unable to move or speak, I had become the doll that I had desired to become, and my owner then added me to his collection, placing me on display and later on using me for his pleasure.

I was awoken from my dream state when I felt something knock on the crate that I was secured inside of, and there were some voices outside of the crate, though with the latex catsuit, the leather hood and the foam inside of the crate it very difficult to hear what they were saying. Then I felt the crate being picked up and carried, I was being moved as if I was just another doll, I was carried out of the storeroom and I thought that maybe I was just being taken to another room in the house, but the people carrying my crate started going down the stairs. Where were they taking me?