

# The Letter

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 16, 2007



## By slave cait

I've been thinking about you thorough the holidays. Many fantasies have come to mind involving you. Let me tell you of a few.... almost all are romantic, tender yet involve extreme bdsm and rubberism. I hope your enjoying your holidays.

One, I'm naked kneeling next to the Xmas tree when you get out a nicely wrapped present for me. I open the bow, and box, looking inside I smile. Within contains a lovely white ball-gag, quite a bit larger then I've been accustom to in the past, and much larger then my training/discipline ball-gags. You tell me that from now on, this will be the new size ball-gag that I'm to wear. The white ball-gag is a hollow ball, of quite a fearsome size. It has many holes in it, a lot like those training golf balls, only this one is to train me. You tell me the holes in the white plastic ball-gag are for breathing, as the gag will completely fill my mouth and stretch my jaws quite widely. Likewise since I may be sometimes required to sleep in my new gift, the hollow hole filled gag will allow me to breath easily from my mouth. For this feature I'm most thankful. The plastic white ball, is of course attached to a complex array of black leather straps, that would when applied interlock around a submissive's face. In this case mine.... the leather straps are held together by metal rings, that can be used to attach the head harness trainer to other devices, chains or rings embedded into walls.

I look at up, with big blue eyes, feeling very excited and happy about my new gift. I'm also very happy that you've thought about me and got me such a nice present. As I kneel, I tilt my head back, close my eyes and open my mouth widely, eager to try the new toy you have purchased for your slave.

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It's time for bed, and I've been laying naked on the floor for most of the day. Stretched out like a cat, in your TV room watching television with you, as you sit on the sofa. I lay about on the floor yawning, my slave collar has a long length of chain padlocked to the leg of the sofa your sitting on. I've been locked on the end of the chain for several hours as you watched movies from your sofa. I crawl about around the coffee table, however I can not venture far due to the length of chain.

You reach down and scratch me under the chin, adjusting the big pink satin bow you've placed in my hair, which pulls my short black hair into a bun behind my head. Held together by the lovely satin bow you placed there this morning. You tell me it's time for us to go to bed, and that I will be allowed to join you in bed tonight instead of my usual place, locked in my cage.

You de-tach the chain from my collar and attach a nice kid soft leather leash, pulling on it, I follow behind you on all fours up the chairs to the "Master" bedroom. There you have me kneel by the side of the bed. I sit there and watch you change into your usual sleeping attire. You then tell me, that you are going to prepare me for bed.

You take a pink latex slip-dress / chemise from the wardrobe closet and slide it down over me, after instructing me to hold my arms up above my head. You then remove my bow, and then I'm ordered to close my eyes and open my mouth. A tight pink punishment/sleeping hood is pulled down over my face. I can feel the constrictiveness of it against my head from all sides. I open my eyes but I see nothing; my entire world is black, as the hood has no eye holes, my big blue eyes covered by a thick layer of rubber. My mouth too is held open wide by a built in pacifier gag, which has a breathing hole through the center. I bite down into it, thankful that the pacifier's rubber is soft and designed to fit my teeth. Soon I begin to suckle on the familiar pacifier; this hood I know so well. It is my favorite sleeping hood.

My collar is replaced with a pink strict rubber posture collar. Who's tightness I can feel, as it restricts my throat, much like a neck corset. A single O-ring hangs from the front. To which the kid leather leash is reattached.

I'm ordered to hold out my hands, to which I comply immediately. Failure to obey, I have learned leads to painful punishments. My hands are engulfed in pink rubber fingerless mittens, the thumbs too are non-existent, as my hands are compressed into useless rubber balls. You gently stroke my hooded head and tell me that I will not be needing to communicate in any way for the remainder of the night.

I'm picked up and placed on the bed. You tug lovingly against the many rings in my cunt and the one in my clit. I feel a satin ribbon being laced into the rings and then tied off in a pretty pink bow, to which of course I can not see.

I'm rolled over onto the bed. You pinch my ass, then slap it gently a few times. I hear you comment on how it, like the rest of me is your property. I feel your hands rubbing over the area where my tattoo is, your mark of ownership permanently inscribed on my bottom.

Next, I feel a plug similar to the pacifier already in my mouth pressed against my tight rosebud. It too ends in a plastic pink ring attached to the base, though like it's cousin in my mouth, it is a fair bit larger. Once firmly in place, you are satisfied that both of my ends are plugged. A black satin blanket is pulled over me, up to my chin, and I quickly fall asleep in your arms. No doubt dreaming about how to best serve you.

I often have fantasies like this, they are in fact a constant flow. My mind seems to come up with them every day. I in the past have not written them down, and they have been lost in my forgetfulness. I'm taking to recording them, so that someday someone might read them and better understand me. So that someday I will find someone with an imagination similar too or greater than my own.

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I lay on a long white leather sofa, in a large sun-room with many windows that open up onto your private backyard. The sunlight reflects off the clean pure crisp white

sun filling the room with light. Above me on the sofa hangs a lovely painting of a young Asian girl in leather and metal bondage.

I'm stretched out, in a simple white skin-tight latex catsuit. My hands and feet are bare, as I've spent the entire day inside watching TV, reading and listening to music. Around my neck is a simple thin white leather collar with a silver bell attached to it by a single O-ring at the front of the collar. Next to me on the sofa, is my Sony MP3 CD player.

Connected to it, are my Sony headphones, they are chromed with light blue highlights that match my eyes. The chromed earphones are offset by my jet black hair. Likewise the body of the CD player is chromed as well.

In my hands, I hold a copy of the latest edition of the Linux journal. I'm reading an article about mail filtering with procmail. I eagerly await your return home. I then hear your footsteps as you enter the room and look down at me on the sofa.

You say in your lovely voice "Hello Kitten, how has your day been?" I quickly turn my head up to look at you, my short black hair swings around framing my head, the only reply I make is the noise from the silver bell hanging from my neck. I smile, happy that you have returned. You reach down and attach a soft white leather leash to my collar, claiming control over me once more. I quickly remove my headphones and place my magazine on the glass coffee table. You tug on my leash, encouraging me to follow you, wish I do. I crawl behind you, into the dining room my little bell ringing happily. You take your seat at the end of the table, and I kneel on the floor next to you. Looking down at my large silver bowl placed on the floor next to your feet. On it my name is written "Caitlen".

A rubber maid enters from another doorway, asking you what you shall have for dinner tonight. She is dressed in a tight black rubber French maids uniform, her head hooded with holes for her eyes, mouth and nostrils. Around her waist she wears a strict looking black rubber corset, she must be laced down to at least 18 inches. On her feet she wears knee high black leather ballet boots. A small length of chain dangles from the front of her leather collar.

You reply, that you will have some white wine and a T-bone. You then inform her

that I will be having blue berries, and that I should be prepared for dinner as well. The rubber slave maid then walks behind me and takes my wrists into her hands. My wrists are pulled behind my back and white leather cuffs are wrapped and padlocked around each of my wrists. The leather cuffs are connected by a small bit of chain. Next my hair is pulled back behind my head into a small bun and tightened with a white length of satin ribbon.

She leaves the room, walking quite elegantly in her ballet boots. 5 minutes later she returns with a tray, on is it a white glass and a bowl. She sets the tray down behind you and informs you that the t-bone will be another 10 minutes. She offers you the glass of wine, which you accept. She then walks around to the side of the table and kneels next to me emptying the bowl of blue berries into my own bowl.

You turn to me and tell me to eat, I lean forward like an animal without the use of my hands, and place my mouth into the bowl, the cheeks on my face rubbing up against the blue berries, as I pull berries into my mouth using only my lips. All the while my bell rings. You look down at me, laughing at my humiliation. The maid looks on, her face invisible, her opinion unimportant.

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I've had these fantasies since I was at least 16 years old. I'm 27 now, and I still eagerly wish to make them a reality. I hope reading these will give you greater insight into my character, and I hope to read your own in your reply.

## **The End**

*Send comments to [slave\\_cait@thndrshark](mailto:slave_cait@thndrshark)*