

# The Perfect Model

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 23, 2002



**by Mahgirb**

## **Prologue: Jessie answers the ad**

The ad simply read, “Models needed for private art/photography studio. Previous experience not necessary. Good looks and good attitude rewarded with above average compensation plan. Call 976-\_\_ for appointment.”

It was perhaps the best-looking ad that the starving waitress had seen all day. Jessie took every Sunday afternoon and read through all the Los Angeles classifieds. It was her only free time in the week, and she used it to dream of a better job, better pay, and a better life.

She was constantly being harassed by the patrons at the diner. For the two years since she graduated from high school, she took down their orders and delivered their food. All for what? Dismal pay, long hours, and hands that smelled of grease at the end of the day.

When she called the number, the receptionist seemed rather vague about the position, and she asked questions about Jessie’s measurements. Maybe that’s just what models have to go through, she thought. Finally, the receptionist gave Jessie

directions on how to get to the appointment.

The address alone impressed Jessie: Malibu. And when she wound her beat-up 86 Cavalier around the hills and into the beaches of Malibu, she almost couldn't believe she had the right address.

Jessie had been disappointed before, so she was half-expecting the business address to be one of those nearly condemned downtown Pasadena offices. But this was palatial. The office was actually a home; moreover it was three times the size of your average house.

She stopped at the gate and she was questioned by a beefy, no-nonsense guard. He looked at his chart and then let her through the iron gates. The grounds were immaculate. There were sculptures of every size and style, fountains dancing on either side of the drive, and several ornate gazebos looking out onto the Ocean.

As she pulled to a stop, she adjusted her clothes a little, fearing that these clothes were just too plain-Jane for this interview. A simple Spring dress was all she had clean to wear, and these dainty leather sandals were really her best shoes. Jessie was feeling understandably insecure.

She finally stopped fidgeting with her wardrobe and stepped out of the car. She heard a sizzle as she walked past the front, observing green radiator fluid dripping copiously from the engine. It reminded her that whatever she thought of herself, whatever the job was, she had nothing to lose.

Jessie started the long climb up the wide stairs to the front door. Just as she raised her hand to knock, the door opened and a maid stepped halfway through.

"We've been expecting you," she said.

Jessie immediately took note of the maid's attire. Her wardrobe was that of a French maid, yet more extreme. More cleavage was noticeable, and the girl's waist seemed abnormally small. The black dress did not even cover the maid's behind. When the maid turned to guide Jessie, her ass was virtually uncovered by any clothing, save for the lacy pantyhose. And examining her further, Jessie was taken aback by the black shoes the maid was wearing. The heel seemed incredibly high and thin, more

than six inches tall.

As Jessie was led into the den to wait, she took note of all the photographs and portraits that lined the walls. Thousands of pictures, everyone of them depicting women, gorgeous women in various states of undress. The wall seemed to illustrate an evolution of art, as the pictures became more disturbing, as the images became more distracting. Nudes along the beach at sunset evolved into nudes with whip marks lying in anguish covered with murky water.

Her examination ended abruptly as a man entered the den. Mr. Blaine introduced himself and then got down to business.

“What I am seeking is a new live-in model. The position requires someone with your raw beauty potential to sit for me, to pose for my camera, to allow me to mold you into your ultimate form. You see, I have several models already on staff here, but each one has little spark left for me, no new excitement lights up in their eyes, as they having been posing for me for so long.

“Do not misunderstand me, I love all of my pets and I would never think of abandoning them. Once you come into this house and work for me, you are always welcome in this house. That is one of the compensations that the ad speaks of.

“This is a full-time position make no mistake. I don’t always know when the mood strikes me, so that is why you must live, and work, here. There may be some things you are asked to do in a pose that will sound strange or different, but you will find that putting your trust in me will help you get through any of these assignments. I promise that you will be provided for while you are here. I have the contract already drawn up if you are prepared to sign.”

He held the long form in front of her; the print was so tiny it was indecipherable, not that Jessie made a point to read any contracts before signing.

However, something in his rush to have her decide sent chills down her spine. She wanted time to think it over.

“Mr. Blaine, it sounds just to good to be true. I mean, I don’t even have any modeling experience and I don’t think I am all that pretty and—“

“Did I fail to mention that the position pays a sum of \$1,000 per week, plus performance bonuses, in addition to your free room and board?”

Jessie’s mouth almost dropped to the floor.

“And this contract includes an escape clause if you want to leave at any time. And for deciding today, there is this small token of my appreciation, an incentive cash bonus of \$2,000.”

He waved the twenty one-hundred-dollar bills in front of her and then laid them next to the pen on the contract. Before she could blink, she picked up the pen and signed her name. She cradled the money in her trembling hand and was thinking of all the things she could buy tonight.

“Welcome home, Jessie. I know that you are going to find your time here to be most rewarding.”

## **End of Prologue**

---

### **Chapter 1**

Jessie rested uncomfortably on her new mattress. In fact everything in this room looked new and expensive. The doors were thick, highly textured wood. The walls were covered with erotic paintings and photographs. She could only guess their value and fame; Jessie really knew nothing about art, nothing about photographers.

And when Jessie thought on her own ignorance, she realized how little she knew. She wasn’t a scholar in high school, and she had no interest in college, though some of her friends tried to talk her into it. She never tried for anything, cheerleading, chess club, nothing. Not that she was overtly shy, but Jessie just seemed to have no direction or aim. At least not that she was yet aware.

The knock at the door awoke her from her reverie.

“Hello,” the sultry voice said as it rounded the door, “And you must be the newest

model of Mr. Blaine's collection."

The woman in the doorway was obviously a model, Jessie thought. She was tall, at least 5'9" without heels, with a slim figure. Not Kate Moss slim, but more like Elle MacPherson slim. In fact, she reminded Jessie of an American version of Elle MacPherson. Her golden brown hair flowed down to her waistline. Through the flimsy nightgown, Jessie could tell she had ample breasts and curves everywhere. Jessie never experienced lust for a woman before, but if she ever were to start, then this would be the woman.

"My name is Jennifer and Mr. Blaine instructed me to give you the tour before dinner." Jennifer smiled and held out her hand to Jessie.

"Don't be afraid of me, I don't bite—unless you want me to." What an odd thing to say, Jessie said to herself.

"But you know, we really need to change what you're wearing. That little summer dress is cute, but it's not Mr. Blaine's style." Jennifer moved over to the walk-in closets. She began collecting garments and shoes and underwear until she was satisfied with her selections.

"Mr. Blaine has already adjusted these clothes for your measurements here, put this mini-dress on."

"Uh, you mean, right now. I mean, in front of you." Jessie flushed with embarrassment.

"Well, come on silly. We're models. We see each other naked all the time. It's really quite liberating. You'll see."

After fifteen minutes of changing, Jessie was led out by Jennifer.

"Now to begin with, this floor is living area for most of the models. About 20 of us live here right now. There are a few seasonal models that come up, but just us regulars right now. Everybody has their own room, although, we do tend to share a lot of times. You'll see that everybody shares everything in this house; we're a very tight bunch of girls.

“On this next floor, we have the workout facilities and recreation rooms. Treadmills, saunas, weights. There’s even a racquetball court.”

As the two women made their way, Jessie peeked in the window of the gym and stole a glimpse of her fellow residents. There was a group of five models running on the stationary treadmills. Each one working up quite a sweat in their form-fitting lycra outfits.

“And the third floor is the personal area of Mr. Blaine. He likes his privacy and he seldom wants to be disturbed. If he calls you up there for some reason, then you can go, but otherwise it is off-limits,” Jennifer explained.

“What’s up there?” Jessie asked, looking at the stairwell that led up to the doors of the third floor.

“I’ll be honest with you: I don’t know. I’ve been a guest here for almost a year and I’ve never gone further than where we’re standing now.”

“I wonder what’s so sec—“

“Come on,” Jennifer interrupted, “let me take you downstairs to the bottom level. First we’ve got to stop by my room and let me change into something for dinner.”

Once they entered Jennifer’s room, Jessie was nearly overwhelmed by the color pink. Everything in the room was some shade of pink. The lamps, the chairs, the bedsheets, the carpet. Jennifer was used to that look.

“I know, I know, you’re saying to yourself, ‘This girl is psychotic about the color pink.’ And, well, maybe you’re right, but after a while they let you decorate your room anyway you want, no questions asked. Mr. Blaine is always saying how too few people really indulge their passions, so he encouraged mine. ‘If you want pink,’ he said, ‘then pink it shall be my dear.’”

Jennifer unfastened her gown directly in front of Jessie, and revealed without much ado her beautiful nude form. Jessie tried not to stare or let on that she was curious about this beauty in front of her. She tried to keep her head up and her eyes straight.

“I’m going to shower real quick. You just make yourself comfortable—I’ll be right out.”

As Jennifer’s nude form turned to walk toward the bathroom, Jessie could not resist a casual glance. Jennifer’s ass was so perfectly round. There was just one thing out of place. Jessie thought she saw welts or red stripes across her thighs. It was one of those quick-takes. Only a glance, and Jessie couldn’t be sure of what she saw. Jessie put it out of her mind.

The newest resident was feeling curious. She flipped through a few photograph books that were collected on a bookshelf. Inside, pictures of Jennifer populated the pages. The photos started with rather innocent pictures, but they quickly took on a darker style. Jessie was flipping rapidly through the images, her brain unsure what to make of these.

Jennifer was chained to a grey wall in one series of photos. Another model appeared to be in the process of whipping her with a small cat o’ nine tails. Perspiration coated Jennifer in each frame and Jessie thought she saw numerous red marks. From the pained look on Jennifer’s face, the whip marks were made to look real. Surely, it was all just trick photography, Jessie justified to herself.

Jennifer reemerged from her shower with a new change of attire, startling her new friend. Jennifer was wearing a thin pink choker, with a small metal ring attached to it. Her top resembled a fishnet, with pink threads criss-crossing her trim stomach, and climbing over large breasts, allowing her nipples to breathe between the threads. Jennifer’s pink skirt showed off her sexy navel (which had a bar piercing it) and only extended about 12 inches down her thighs. Her long legs were complemented well by the extraordinary high heels she wore.

“How do you walk around in those things?” Jessie pointed down to Jennifer’s pink heels.

“Oh, these are easy. These babies are only 6 inches tall. I’ve got taller ones.”

Jessie stared back at her in disbelief.

“Come on silly, we can’t be late for dinner.” Jennifer took Jessie’s arm inside her

own. "Mr. Blaine really hates it when you're late."

## End of Chapter 1

---

## Chapter 2

Jessie made her way down the long staircase that spilled into the great room of the house. It resembled one of those meeting rooms you see on a luxury liner, with chandeliers and towering columns. Everything was designed to be large and imposing, and the desired effect was felt by Mr. Blaine's newest arrival.

Jessie almost got dizzy angling her neck up and down, but Jennifer held her hand and provided support.

"Okay, I hope you brought your appetite, because Mr. Blaine's chefs make enough food for an army," Jennifer excitedly related.

Finally, the pair reached the dining hall. They were greeted by the staring eyes of 20 models and the man at the head of the table, Mr. Blaine.

"You are late with our guest of honor," Mr. Blaine directed his scowl at Jennifer. Jennifer responded with a shameful nod. "Ladies, may I present to you our newest member of the family, Jessie."

As Mr. Blaine finished the introduction, the models (ten seated on either side of the table) stood briefly and curtsied. It was bizarre to watch. More bizarre for Jessie was the attire she observed on the women.

Everybody moved up and down so quickly it was difficult to catch all the details. Jessie tried to avoid staring at the girls' clothes (and lack of clothes) as she was seated, but in some examples it was hard to look away.

The girl just to her right, Christie (she would soon learn all of their names) was wearing only silver chains, from her neck to her toes. The links seemed to fasten together like a dress, but like no dress Jessie had ever seen or imagined.

Some girls had dresses that were designed to reveal their breasts, lifting them while being exposed. Other wardrobes were made of latex, and some resembled bikinis more than evening dresses.

Jessie took these erotic outfits as just the expressions of artist and model, but wondering at the same time if she would be expected to dress like this herself.

“Very well, we have held up dinner long enough,” Mr. Blaine started, “And I am too hungry to keep talking, so...”

He picked up a tiny bell and produced a ring.

From the door (leading from the kitchen, Jessie presumed) four maids emerged. Each one was dressed identical to the other. All were wearing the same tight-corseted short French maid outfits and the same ultra-high heels. They rolled out the first appetizers and set them properly on each plate.

Jessie had no idea what she was eating, but she followed the lead of her fellow models and scooped at the food. Not bad, I could get use to this, she thought.

There was small talk, but nothing above polite chatter. Christie asked about Jessie’s high school days, her likes in music, and so forth.

After the appetizers were finished, Mr. Blaine signaled for the main course. Again the four maids emerged but this time the rolling cart was notably bigger. As the cart came through the door, Jessie’s eyes grew wide like the china saucers in the place setting.

Lying in response on the cart was a nude female (another model?). Her body was outlined by carved slices of turkey meat positioned along every curve. She was completely naked save for the warm turkey dressing which ran down her legs and breasts. Held tightly in the girl’s mouth, as if to complete the picture, was a bright red apple.

Jessie watched speechlessly as the maids made their way around the dinner table, serving slices to the girls.

Christie leaned into Jessie's ear, "That's Pauline for you. She's loves to be the center of attention."

It was then Christie's turn.

"How many slices would you like, mademoiselle?" The maid asked with her head bowed, not looking directly at Christie.

"Oh, don't bother, I'll help myself." And with that Christie raised her knife and fork to the cart, jabbing at several different pieces, as if to select just the right one. In her efforts to select, Christie quite purposefully jabbed into the girl on the tray. Pauline let out a muffled whimper as she was poked in the thigh by Christie's fork.

After choosing two pieces, Christie then took her spoon and starting sliding it across Pauline's breasts, scooping some of the warm dressing. She went again to her body for more dressing and made sure to roughly slide her spoon over Pauline's hard nipple.

"Excuse me," Christie began, "but where is the stuffing to go with my turkey." Christie knew all along, but she enjoyed taunting Pauline.

"Why, where it usually is preserved, Mademoiselle."

Jessie was already having a hard time believing her eyes, but now the limits of her believability were being tested. The maid bent Pauline's legs up and out to expose the mound between her thighs. Jessie had an unobscured view and she watched intently as the maid calmly removed a thread which had been used to sew together Pauline's pussy lips. With each tug of black thread, Pauline's cries became louder behind the apple.

With great care, the maid now pulled at the outer lips and uncovered the resting place of the turkey stuffing mix. Christie took her fork in hand and thrust the prongs into Pauline's warm vagina. Pauline reacted to the fork and let out a loud, yet garbled yell when the utensil scratched against her sensitive pussy lip.

Mr. Blaine watched all of this quite calmly, all the time taking mental notes, and continuing to eat.

Jessie had lost her appetite at this point, and motioned her head for “nothing, thank you” when the maid came by.

What have I gotten myself into?

Christie turned again to Jessie. “Don’t like turkey, huh? Well, maybe you’ll have an appetite for the dessert.”

## **End of Chapter 2**

---

### **Chapter 3**

Jessie asked to be excused before dessert was served, as she said she was not feeling well. Jennifer also left the table to escort the young girl back to the living quarters.

Still in shock, Jessie did not even resist when Jennifer undressed her. Jessie revived herself however when Jennifer began to tug at her panties.

“No, that’s alright, I prefer to sleep in them,” Jessie quickly snapped.

“And your bra too?”

“Uh, yes, my bra and panties.”

“Oh come on, stop being so shy.” And with that Jennifer unfastened the bra and peeled the fabric back to reveal Jessie’s 36C breasts.

“Now you have nothing to be ashamed of here, in fact,” Jennifer added, “You really have beautiful breasts.”

To illustrate her point she reached out to cup Jessie’s naked breasts. Fondling them just enough to make Jessie begin to tingle. Jennifer rubbed her fingers around the growing nipples and Jessie’s sensations grew exponentially. She had never been touched by a woman before; and she found herself captivated by this new experience.

Jennifer slowly moved her hands down to Jessie's panties. At this, Jessie again awoke from her daze and resisted.

"No, please, it's been a long day. I'd just like to go to bed now."

"Okay, silly. I'll let you get some sleep." Jennifer walked to the door. "Oh, and if you need anything, like a midnight snack, just help yourself to the leftovers in the kitchen. 'Night."

Jessie actually preferred to sleep naked, but for some reason felt nervous in doing so this evening. She turned the lights out, wrapped the covers tight around her, and closed her eyes.

The next morning, she was awakened by a knock at the door. At first Jessie ignored it, but the knock was steady and persistent.

"Come in," she moaned.

Through the early morning haze in her eyes Jessie could make out the familiar Maid's uniform. It was one of the maids from the kitchen—she could not tell any of them apart from the others—and this maid was ushering in breakfast on a tray.

"The master of the house thought you could use a breakfast-in-bed this morning, mademoiselle."

As Jessie lifted herself up to sit, her eyes began to focus better. This maid had something different about her. Jewelry, and what strange jewelry it was. The maid busied herself with the trays while Jessie stared without blinking at the woman's face.

Small metal rings pierced her eyebrows and a row of earrings lined each earlobe. More breathtaking was the heavy silver ring that pierced through her nose, through the nasal septum actually, almost touching her upper lip.

"Do, do those things hurt?" Jessie asked while pointing at the objects.

"What things mademoiselle?"

“The things, the metal rings in your, in you—”

“Oh, no mademoiselle,” she responded, always looking down and away, “Well, yes, at first, but now they feel quite normal. In fact, I have many more. If Mr. Blaine permits, I will show you sometime, mademoiselle.”

Stunned, Jessie followed the maid with her eyes as the high-heeled woman exited the room. Last night was not a dream, she realized now. The girl on the dinner table—Pauline—was real, and the maid was real. What have I gotten myself into? Jessie repeated to herself over and over.

## **End of Chapter 3**

---

## **Chapter 4**

Today was Jessie’s first modeling session. Much more than that she did not know. Mr. Blaine had sent one of the other French Maids to fetch Jessie and the appropriate clothes for the shoot.

Jessie entered a small studio and watched as Mr. Blaine readied his assortment of cameras.

“Please, dear Jessie, relax yourself. This is going to be fun.” Mr. Blaine moved hurriedly among his lenses, inspecting each one over and over, making adjustments to this switch and that lever.

“Now, go with Maid No.3 and get dressed before my inspiration expires.”

So, he can’t remember their names either. He must have given each maid a number, Jessie justified.

Maid No. 3 led Jessie into a changing room and began to undress Jessie. It was unnerving to be nude in front of this total stranger, but the maid hardly looked at Jessie. Maid No. 3 was intent on selecting the right pieces.

She emerged with a tiny two-piece bikini. Jessie seldom wore anything so revealing

and she remarked at the thinness of the lines. First, the maid ran the bottom half up Jessie's legs. Jessie uncomfortably situated her thighs and allowed the bikini brief to greet her crotch.

Not much there, Jessie noticed. The bikini was a thong style, so her butt cheeks were wrapping around the thin fabric. Jessie wiggled her ass slightly at the strange feeling.

Maid No. 3 then brought up the top portion and tied the loose ends around the back. Jessie shifted her breasts inside the tight bikini, realizing that her breasts could fall out at any moment. Jessie's nipples were naturally large and because of the bikini's tight fit, her nipples were making an impression through the fabric. The look was completed by a pair of platform high heels that lifted Jessie off the ground by six inches. The maid fixed two straps around the ankles and then lead Jessie out. She stumbled back onto the studio set, but she could at least walk without falling.

"Good, good." Mr. Blaine was ready with camera in hand, "Now, Jessie I want you to walk over to our sand set piece and relax."

The set was a typical fake beach. The mounds of sand were pinned in by a wooden box measuring about 12 by 12 feet. It reminded Jessie of a child's sandbox, only adult in size. Along the far side of the box there was a row of four short wooden posts, the kind you see holding up long piers. Wrapped around each of those was rough hemp rope, adding to the set's oceanside quality.

"That's beautiful, Jessie, just like that. Run your fingers through your hair. Beautiful, gorgeous." Mr. Blaine gave her instructions as though he were directing traffic. "Now, move your right leg about an inch more to your right, that's it-hold that look! Great."

As the morning wore on, he had snapped about a thousand pictures. Jessie was getting more comfortable in her role, and she was concentrating on Mr. Blaine, trying to obey all of his directions.

After a short break, Mr. Blaine stepped up to Jessie, who was sitting on one of the

wooden posts, sipping a glass of spring water.

“Okay, that was a warm-up. Now let’s go for something increasingly erotic, increasingly sensual.”

Jessie was sure he was going to ask her to take her top off. She was almost disappointed when he didn’t.

“Maid No. 3,” he shouted, motioning her over to Jessie. “Okay now Jessie, I want you to lie back, put your hands above your head, stretch them until they touch that post. Perfect. Now, we’re going to do a little beach-bondage theme.”

Jessie’s heart began to pick up its pace.

The maid took some of the slack hemp and tied Jessie’s wrists together and then pulled them firm and tight against the post. Jessie tested the bond, her heart racing now, and realized that she was not escaping this knot without help.

“Alright, relax now, Jessie,” he said calmly, snapping the cameras to life again. “Okay, Maid No. 3, bring in the additional props.

Additional props? What props? Jessie was trying to arch her neck in order to see what was going on behind her.

“No, no, look this way, Jessie. Look into the camera,” Mr. Blaine directed.

As she re-focused on the lens, Jessie felt something brush past her ankle. She looked down instinctively. Snakes! The maid was lowering snakes into the sand pit. Jessie squirmed and wiggled and slide her wrists back and forth. It was no use, she was stuck.

Jessie started to cry and scream as dozens of snakes slithered around her near-naked form. She pleaded with Mr. Blaine to get her out, to free her. He ignored her pleas and, in fact, wrangled the dormant snakes closer toward her restrained body. All the time keeping the cameras rolling.

Several of the tiny snakes had made there way in between her toes, and two or three were wrapping their long scales around her bare thighs.

“Quickly, maid, place that large one on her chest.”

“No, no, don’t, please—”

Maid No. 3 did as she was told and decorated a large boa on top of her chest and shoulders. The boa wasted no time; it began to sensually coil around her neckline. Jessie was forced to lift her chin up, her eyes wide in disbelief.

Forgetting for a moment the snake she could see, she was equally worried about the snake she couldn’t see. One of the medium-sized black snakes had wrapped its way around her thigh, moving toward her bikini bottom until it had slithered its head between her skin and the bikini. Jessie gulped as she felt the snake’s rapid tongue tickle her clit.

A half dozen more tiny snakes were reaching for her asshole. They were squirming under the thong of the bikini and entering her ass, poking in and out, exciting her despite the awful shock of the invasion.

“Beautiful, this is spectacular Jessie,” Mr. Blaine raved. “We just need one more perfect placement for a cover shot.”

Mr. Blaine removed the constrictor wrapped around Jessie’s neck. He then reached into the pen and wrestled with a copper-colored snake. Once he had control of it, he held it in front of his screaming model. In between screams he thrust four to five inches of the snake into her open mouth.

Snakes in her ass, a snake invading her pussy, and now a snake slithering its way down her throat; Jessie was shaking and crying. The copper snake in her mouth was now some 8 inches down her throat, and the camera captured the bulge as it plunged deeper.

Just as Jessie was about to blackout from a lack of oxygen, Maid No. 3 ripped the snake out.

“I didn’t tell you you could do that!” Mr. Blaine stopped his camera and fixed his focus on the French Maid.

“But sir, she was about to pas—“

“You will have to be reprimanded for this act of disobedience,” he informed her. In the meantime, Jessie was glad to be breathing normally again. “Maid No. 3, report to my upstairs chambers at once.”

Without another word, the maid hung her head in shame and walked out of the room.

Mr. Blaine collected all of the snakes and secured them. He was wordless. Jessie was upset, but fearful to say anything right now. It was obvious he was mad. He approached Jessie’s restraints and untied her wrists.

“It was a good session, my dear,” he started, “but we are finished for the day. My inspiration has been interrupted. I will call on you when I’m ready again.”

And with that he walked out of the room.

## **End of Chapter 4**

---

## **Chapter 5**

Jessie took a quick shower and she inspected her body where the various snakes had inspected. But even as she was shaking, she was curious as to what was going to happen to that maid, the one that Mr. Blaine referred to simply as Maid No. 3. He had said to report to his living quarters upstairs.

She stepped out of the shower and toweled off. She tried to find some inconspicuous clothes, the kind of attire for snooping, but everything in her closet was at the very least risqué. Finally, Jessie settled on a pair of tight blue jeans, and a cutoff top that allowed her sexy midriff to show. She couldn’t find any shoes save for heels, and none of those had less than a five inch heel. She slipped on a pair of black heels and crept into the hallway.

Jessie didn't hear anything from this level. All of the girls must either be on shoots or are out shopping, Jessie surmised. She walked upstairs to the third floor, half expecting that the doors leading the way would be locked or electronically secured. To her surprise, the solid oak doors were unlocked, and as she passed the doorframe, no sounds, no buzzers, no security system alerted to her presence. She decided to press on.

The carpet was a thick burgundy color and the walls were decorated with Mr. Blaine's work. Not his models' pictures, or his other collections of beautiful women. These works were different. Even to her unlearned eye, she felt that these works were expensive. And more than that, she felt that they were wonderful. It was abstract and surreal stuff, nothing precisely drawn or painted in these pieces. The subjects were vague images and the colors were mostly shades of grey and black, contrasted with white and red. It was powerful to look at, and Jessie found herself admiring what she could not put into words.

Slowly, a soft whimper broke into her senses. She closed her eyes to concentrate on the sound. There it was again. Jessie walked carefully by each door, resting her ear against the oak, trying to determine what direction to follow. The whimper was getting stronger. Jessie continued to follow it until she was sure.

She cautiously tested the handle, finding that it too was unlocked, she turned the knob completely and pried the door open ever so slightly. With trepidation, Jessie leaned her head forward to peek inside.

Through the crack she could see only shadows. There was a light source further into the room, but from here Jessie couldn't see anything clearly. However, the muffled sounds were louder. Too curious to go back now, she told herself. She steeled her nerves and walked all the way through.

The first item she noted was that her heel clicked against the floor. Obviously this room wasn't carpeted; it was either wood or concrete beneath her. She removed her heels and left them by the door so as to reduce the noise of her own footsteps.

Jessie walked in silence, sliding along the wall since she had no light to guide her. The wall felt rough and scraped against her jeans. She continued for several feet and

then felt her body turning a corner, getting nearer the faint light source. As she cleared that corner, she stood still in her tracks, focusing on the scene that lay before her.

The light was emanating from dozens of thick candles on the cement floor. Their light was reflecting off the body of Maid No. 3. She was completely stripped of her uniform, hanging by her wrists, her naked body three inches off the ground. The chains that held her aloft disappeared toward the ceiling, but Jessie had enough light to see that the maid's wrists were cut and bleeding from the weight of her body.

Maid No. 3 was motionless except for a barely perceptible sway as she tried with little success to adjust her wrists and her body into a more comfortable position. The maid's head was limply hung down, but Jessie could make out that a harsh gag was simultaneously covering the maid's mouth and expanding her jaws. It looked uncomfortable, maybe painful.

The flickering candle light played off what was a firm and voluptuous figure covered in sweat that made her body look even more desirable. As Jessie squinted her eyes (she needed glasses and her eyesight was poorer in the dark), she made out several distinct marks up and down the maid's taut body. Whip marks. In some places along her thighs and stomach, the whip marks were lined with small traces of blood.

Jessie was stunned and frightened. Just when she was beginning to assimilate her own feelings, she heard loud, crisp footsteps approaching from the opposite side of the cavernous room. She crawled down and hid herself out of the light, but managed to keep her eyes locked on the display unfolding before her.

Mr. Blaine, dressed in his casual attire, walked slowly, purposefully to the hanging Maid No. 3. He inspected his work, running his fingers along her whipped body, dipping his fingers into the trickles of blood that his whip had provoked.

"I am very disappointed in you, Maid No. 3," he began, circling her tortured body as he talked. "How long have you been in my service? Two years, I believe. Two years I have been your master and your keeper, and yet you still question my authority and intervene when I am in a session? I have trained you better, No. 3. Or have I failed

to train you properly?”

Mr. Blaine unlatched the hooks that held the maid's gag in place. The maid straightened her neck for this, and Jessie watched in amazement as a penis gag was extracted. It was a realistic looking penis, Jessie noted, and it took some time to withdraw as the rubber shaft was three inches wide and at least six inches long. Drool issued from the maid's mouth as the thing finally emerged across her lips.

“Have I failed to train you properly, No. 3?”

“No, sir. No, you cannot fail. It is your maid that failed. It is your maid that is worthless. I understand that now. Please, don't use the whip on my body anymore. I have been properly trained and I will obey. I beg you sir, please.”

Maid No. 3 had a look of panic, and her dark brown eyes were imploring Mr. Blaine.

“I am still not convinced, my pet. I have whipped you before and yet your insolence occurred today. Is your past whipping not firmly planted in your mind? Do you not remember your place in this house?”

“Oh, please, master, I will do better. I know that I am your servant. I will not interfere ever again. I know my place. I know that I am only a slave.” She started to tear, but those tears were irrelevant to Mr. Blaine.

“I am not swayed; I am not sure you can remember who you are in this household. Therefore, I offer you a permanent reminder.”

He walked into the darkness for a second and rolled in a brazier which was red hot with several metal implements soaking up the heat.

Upon seeing this, the maid began to twitch and shake, she was panicking, kicking and screaming for help. Mr. Blaine firmly wrestled control of her body and reinserted the nasty penis gag. He picked up one of the hot brands and turned her slender body around so that he was facing her backside.

“You will always remember who you are, Maid No. 3.”

And with that, he applied the brand to the small of her back, just above her ass

crack, and held the brand there for what seemed like that an eternity. The maid screamed through the entire process, and even the gag could not muffle the distress in her raw throat. Jessie was trying to keep from vomiting her breakfast as she couldn't turn away from this spectacle.

When the brand was pulled away, Jessie could make out a large number "3" emblazoned on the thin skin of the maid's back. The maid was panting and perspiring heavily. Mr. Blaine was dispassionately admiring his work.

Jessie had seen enough, too much. She started to crawl back, not wanting to attract attention, least of all, not wanting to attract the attention of a madman. On her quiet retreat, she stumbled over an extinguished candle. The sound of the knocked candle was minor, but Jessie froze, fearing that Mr. Blaine heard the disturbance. Several tense seconds passed and she did not hear him stir toward the noise. Maybe he left the room through another door, she thought (she hoped).

Jessie retreated again, quickening her pace and slid along the dark walls until finally reaching the door. She hustled out and made her way quickly back to her room.

Once she returned to the safety of her room and locked the door behind her, she rested momentarily against that door. She closed her eyes and hung her head in disbelief at what she had just witnessed. As she opened her eyes, she caught a glimpse of her feet on the carpet.

In her haste, Jessie had left her high heel shoes upstairs.

## **End of Chapter 5**

---

## **Chapter 6**

Jessie was still leaning up against the door, when Jennifer knocked.

"Come on silly, let me in, it's Jen."

Gradually, Jessie's mind returned to her body and she heard the voice on the other

side. She opened the door, slowly, as if expecting more surprises.

“Hey, how did the shoot go?” Jennifer questioned busting her way through the doorway, not allowing for an answer. “Hey, have you had lunch yet? Some of the girls are getting a picnic ready outside. Hello, hello in there.”

Jessie was just staring back, not really listening to anything being said to her. Jennifer continued, taking her friend’s arms and waving them around.

“Hey, sleepy head, it’s one in the afternoon, aren’t you awake yet?”

“I, I, uh, I’m not feel—“

Jennifer cut off the new resident. “Oh, you’re being shy again, right? No excuse.” Jennifer reached for Jessie’s pants and started pulling them off. “It’s too hot to wear these outside.”

Jennifer went into the closet and fetched a white bathing suit. She wrestled Jessie’s cut-off from her body and wrapped the top half of the suit around Jessie’s luscious chest.

“I wish I had breasts like yours, “Jennifer observed, “Makes this bathing suit fit just a little too tight doesn’t it? Makes your nipples poke through too, doesn’t it? Oh, god, I’m getting wet just looking at you. Okay, we better go outside or I’m going to ravish you right here and now.”

Jennifer led her reluctant guest along the grounds and finally to the picnic area. Five other models were already gathered, wearing either swimsuits or birthday suits. Some of these girls, Jessie began to realize, prefer to go nude most of the time.

The picnic consisted of sandwiches which were provided by another of Mr. Blaine’s maids. The girls were referring to her, as she stood at attention with a picnic basket, as Maid No.2, or simply No. 2.

This was the maid with several piercings punctuating her facial features. Jessie did not mean to stare, but she was trying to count the number of studs and rings that sparkled in the summer California sun. Six rings pierced each earlobe and three

small rings were pierced through the maid's eyebrow. And of course, there was the heavy silver ring that pierced through No. 2's nasal septum.

Once the girls were finished eating, they settled back on their blankets and began to suntan in earnest. Jennifer removed her two-piece and she gave Jessie a quick nod, as if to say, "Well, come on, you don't want to be left out."

Christie, the model who wore chains to dinner the night before, motioned to No. 2 to come closer. Christie dug into the picnic basket and withdrew a collar and chain leash.

"Bow your head, No. 2."

The maid did not hesitate. Christie fixed the collar snugly on the maid's neck and jerked on it hard to make sure it was attached. The maid's neck snapped back, and she offered no resistance.

"On your knees, maid, hands on your thighs."

The maid complied with the order. Petrified, Jessie was lying next to Jennifer, afraid to move and afraid of Christie who was in control of the scene.

Christie pulled out her bottle of suntan lotion and handed it to the slave.

"I want you to oil me down, you cunt. I want you to oil ever part of my golden naked body." As she gave this command, Christie reclined her statuesque body along the blanket, waving her long blonde hair away from her neck, anticipating the oil.

The maid popped off the top and began to pour the liquid out into her hands when Christie shot up and grabbed the maid.

"No, you stupid cunt! I want you to take your tongue and lick the oil onto my body, lick the oil everywhere on my body."

The other models looked back and forth at each, giggling and smiling, loving every minute of the maid's humiliation. With some unsure looks at the contents of the lotion, the maid slowly formed her resolve and lifted the open bottle over mouth. She extended her tongue and the oily liquid met her mouth quickly, in perhaps a heavier

volume than she was ready for. (It was only now that Jessie noticed a bar was pierced through the maid's tongue.) Maid No. 2 worked hard not to swallow any of the unpleasant stuff, then she leaned down to Christie's long, lean legs.

The maid began with Christie's toes, licking in between all of the models well-pedicured toes. licking them and sucking on them to make their owner pleased. After replenishing her oral supply, the maid focused on one leg at a time, working her way sensuously along Christie's ankles and calves, raising her legs to create a better angle.

Jessie had to admit to herself that this was an erotic display. She found herself turned on, and she hoped that Jennifer didn't notice that her nipples were hardening. Jessie took her eyes off Christie and the maid long enough to see Jennifer fondling herself. The Elle MacPherson look-a-like was rubbing her clit in quick circles, her breathing becoming more labored. The other girls too were exploring their own bodies, extolling their own juices.

By now, the maid was up to Christie's pussy. The licking servant dispatched more oil inside her mouth and lovingly applied it to the model's lips. In this exchange, the maid's silver tongue piercing paid dividends for Christie's clit, as the slick metal rolled around and around her exposed clit, sending chills down Christie's spine.

Jessie couldn't tell if Christie was wet naturally or was incredibly oiled, but either way, Christie was profusely wet, dripping without remorse on the blanket beneath her. It was at this point that Jennifer lowered her hand to Jessie's thigh, and began to stroke her leg. Jessie started to push away, but the eroticism was too much and her mind shut down all inhibitions.

The maid continued the lotion assault, licking Christie's well-toned abdomen and her sexy navel. She worked her way up to Christie's naturally firm breasts and prompted the model's nipples too grow even harder with pleasure.

Christie was flat on her back, enjoying the moment, but she wanted more, more humiliation for No. 2 and more pleasure for herself.

"Hey girls, don't let all of this picnic food go to waste. Why don't we plug this cunt

with those dills.”

Two of the girls, Ashley and Dana, immediately rushed to action. They picked up a half dozen of the whole dill pickles nobody liked and approached the maid. They unhooked her black corset and then pulled off her short skirt, revealing her panty-free ass. Jessie leaned for a closer look and counted at least three metal rings poking out of her pussy lips. Maid No. 2 started to look around her, but Christie yanked on the tight leash and refocused her attention on oiling her breasts.

Ashley wanted to lube the maid first, so she picked up the half-used mayonnaise and spooned out a portion. She inserted the mayonnaise-slimed spoon inside the maid’s cunt and rolled it around.

The maid moaned with the insertion of the spoon, and she let out an audible yell when Ashley rammed a thick pickle into her cunt. One went in too easily, Ashley decided, so she hammered a second one, watching with delight as Maid No.2 squirmed.

Dana picked up the mustard jar and reached for a spoon.

“No, no, Dana, use a fork on her ass,” Christie directed.

Dana found the correct utensil and coated it with mustard. Jessie watched with eyes wide open, her own pussy being massaged by Jennifer’s busy fingers. With a one motion, Dana inserted the yellow fork, penetrating the maid’s tight asshole. Her scream at this invasion paled by comparison when Dana threw the first dill inside her ass. And the maid’s scream grew worse as Dana found a second pickle to ram into her.

Ashley and Dana worked their “insertions” together as a team, pushing the pickles from the outside, eliciting howls and screams from the maid who couldn’t think to concentrate on her original sun lotion job. Christie had to remind her with a harsh yank on her leash.

In the meantime, Jessie was about to climax at this scene. Jennifer sensed her friend about to come, and she reached for Jessie’s mouth. The two were locked in a French kiss as Jessie’s clit rocked the rest of her body. Jessie came and Jennifer didn’t let

up, sucking on her lips and Frenching her tongue until Jessie collapsed on the blanket.

Maid No. 2 was forced to come as well. Ashley and Dana removed the pickles as the body of No. 2 fell onto Christie in exhaustion.

Christie rolled out from under the maid and recovered the pickles.

“Ashley, give me the ones in her cunt.”

Ashley handed them over and Christie pulled on the chain. The maid moved, neck first, and knew what was expected of her.

“Lick it, lick it up and down real good little cunt.!”

The maid did as instructed, applying her pierced tongue to the pickle covered with her own pussy juices.

“Eat it, you slut,” Christie shoved the two pickles fully inside the maid’s mouth. Maid No. 2 chomped on the dill and she tried to stomach the lingering suntan lotion that was trapped down her throat. She swallowed slowly, hoping that the dislike didn’t show on her face.

“Now, lick these two you stupid maid cunt.” Christie then presented the two dills that were rammed into No. 2’s asshole. The maid was less enthusiastic with this offering. Christie recognized the reluctance and yanked on the leash. “Lick!”

“Please, Miss Christie, don’t make me lick those. They were in my a—”

“I know exactly where they were, No. 2. And I know exactly where they’re going. Now, lick, or I’ll call Mr. Blaine.”

She offered it again, and this time, the maid closed her eyes and opened her mouth to comply. She licked the pickles which were covered with yellow mustard and brownish-yellow traces of her own asshole. Her jaws trembled, her face twitched, and yet she continued to lick them clean.

“Now, beg me to eat them,” Christie said.

“Please, let me eat the pickles, Miss Christie,” the maid asked, sobbing just a little as she begged.

Christie rudely threw the dills into the slave’s mouth and kept her hand over the mouth, making sure that nothing fell out. Once the slave had swallowed everything down, she tried to stop her own crying.

“Good slave, very good.” The other girls were exhausted from the scene, masturbating themselves and each other. They were satisfied. Christie, on the other hand, had one more objective. She looked around the grounds, making sure that Mr. Blaine wasn’t by chance walking a slave on the grounds.

“Okay, No.2, now let’s wash that down with my piss.”

Instantly, all the models (except for Jessie) perked up and gasped. Finally, Ashley spoke up.

No, Christie. No. You know the rules. No peeing on or in the slaves. Only Mr. Blaine can do that to them. If he finds out—“

“He’s not going to find out, Ash. I’m not going to tell, this slave isn’t going to tell him, and no one here is going to tell. Right?!”

The other models were silent, and Jessie felt like only an ignorant observer. Christie looked around again, and then she was ready. The dazed and defeated maid felt her chain shorten, and she was drawn closer to Christie’s pussy.”

Open your worthless mouth, cunt, and take my piss. And I want you to swallow it all, do you hear me, all of it.”

Christie positioned the slave and began a steady stream of piss directly running into the maid’s mouth. The piss was bitter, but the slave kept on swallowing, as if her life depended on it. It went on forever, it seemed, but finally the stream ended, and Christie threw the slave down onto the wet blanket.

Jessie looked on in amazement. Part of her mind told her to run away, run quickly and don’t look back. But another part reminded her that she herself hadn’t been

harmed, and she needed the money that Mr. Blaine was offering.

Christie ultimately ordered the maid to go, and the rest of the picnic was spent in silent sunbathing.

## **End of Chapter 6**

---

### **Chapter 7**

A week came and went in the Blaine mansion and Jessie observed only a few things in passing that seemed odd. Nothing cruel or unusual as she had observed on her first couple of days. But then, the relative quiet of the last week might have been due to the absence of Mr. Blaine.

He was out on “business.” Everyone seemed to wink or share a knowing smile whenever this phrase was used, and Jessie knew something was being hidden from her.

For the first time in her life, Jessie had money to spend and she was doing just that. Her first paycheck brought tears to her eyes, and the girls encouraged her to go on their shopping trip. Jessie figured with a check this big, she could afford to blow several hundred dollars and still have more than enough left over.

Jennifer, her constant companion, helped the most when it came time to shop for “real clothes”, as Jennifer put it. Jessie was becoming more comfortable shedding her clothes in front of the colleagues and especially around Jennifer.

After a day-long outing to some California malls, Jessie was fully stocked with sexy clothes, revealing clothes that she could hardly believe she was buying.

Jessie was organizing her new wardrobe that night when Jennifer came knocking.

“Guess what, Jes? Mr. Blaine flew back in tonight. He’s got some kind of theatrical presentation he wants to make, so time to put those new clothes to good use.”

Jennifer invited herself into Jessie’s closet and started picking out what she thought

was appropriate.

“Here, put this one on,” Jennifer extended a tiny black mini skirt and halter top, “And wear those new stilettos.”

Jessie trusted Jennifer’s opinions, so she fit into the recommended attire. For herself, Jennifer chose a see-through black bodysuit, no bra, no panties. Jessie was incredibly aroused by what that outfit did for her friend, but much of the shyness remained, so Jessie resisted reaching out and touching the object of her arousal.

Jessie and Jennifer made their way down the stairs together and walked into the large parlor room where all twenty models were gathered in the various plush and leather seats. The seats were re-arranged to face the immaculate fireplace and mantle. In front of the fireplace, the coffee table had been removed leaving a notable empty space in this corner of the room.

Without warning, Mr. Blaine breezed into the room and stood in that empty space. He was trailed by two of this maids, No. 1 and No. 3. He did not waste any time. He had an agenda and he was anxious to proceed.

“Ladies, I am happy as always to be home, and happy to see all of you. I am afraid though, I have some unhappy news. One of you has broken the rules. It has come to my attention—and I shall not bother to say how—that one of you that I trusted has ruined that trust by breaking a rule with a Maid. To put it succinctly, one of you pissed in the mouth of Maid No. 2.”

The models began to look around at each other, wondering how much he knew and wondering who had told. Everyone seated knew that Christie was guilty, but no one would have betrayed her. In fact, most of the models feared Christie only slightly less than they feared Mr. Blaine.

“It goes without saying how sad this whole situation makes me,” Mr. Blaine continued, “There is good news, however, to counterbalance the bad news.” He turned to his maids and waved his hand. “You see, on my travel this week, I stopped in to see an associate in Europe. He is an artist like myself, only his subjects, how shall we say, are not permanent residents in his manor. He takes on special projects

and utilizes his tools and talents to produce incredible results, incredible art if you ask me.”

The two maids returned, rolling in a large object covered by a sheet. It had roughly the dimensions of a pool table and it must have weighed hundreds of pounds, as the strain of rolling it showed on the necks of the maids. They centered the object and then returned to stand behind their master.

“My associate, Professor Wrecten, allowed me to purchase one of his latest technologies. He first trained me and let me learn the basics on his test subjects. Well, I made a few mistakes at the beginning of the week, but I improved with every day. Now I believe I am ready to master his machine. I give you: El Tormada.”

With that lasting flourish in his voice, he leaned down and ripped away the sheet covering. It was a cross between a dentist’s chair and operating table. Mostly constructed of metals, the “El Tormada” contraption sparkled with newness and meanness. Metal pipes twisted on the outside and underneath the seat in the center. Shackles and straps lined the bucket seat, which had several holes allowing access to whomever sat down in it. The pipes fed into hoses of every size, and the hoses all joined at one side at the head of the table/chair. Indeed, a series of controls let you know where the head of the machine was located. There were long cannisters and metal jars and hooks and sharp metal projectiles that had no name stationed at the table’s control panel. Mr. Blaine smiled with delight as he could not take his eyes off his newest toy.

“The Tormada is my newest medium, ladies, and I am going to enjoy practicing with it. Let me be more specific, I shall enjoy practicing with Christie. Maids, bring her up here.”

Two of the maids had remained unseen behind the parlor doors and they made their way to Christie. Christie jumped from her seat as though the seat was on fire, but the two maids subdued her and dragged her kicking and screaming to El Tormada. They wrestled with Christie’s flimsy skirt and tore at the thin fabric. Her clothes were soon in tatters, leaving Christie with only her high heels to wear.

“Restrain her in the center,” Mr. Blaine instructed, motioning for the other pair of

maids to assist. At one time or another, each of the four maids had been terrorized by Christie, so each one obviously took great pleasure in locking Christie down in the chair. Leather restraints held her wrists and ankles, while a metal collar snapped around her neck, forcing her head upright and back against the cold metal of the machine.

“Now, my dear Christie, I suggest that you relax and let the machine do most of the work.”

Mr. Blaine adjusted the controls and El Tormada came to life. Christie continued to fidget and squirm, sliding in the bucket seat. All at once, two hatches opened and metal claws lifted into the air. They were directed at Christie’s mouth. Each claw set upon her mouth, slipping inside and firmly holding against her lips and teeth. With the click of a button, the four claws rested against her teeth and forced her jaws wider and wider apart. Just when Christie thought that her mouth could open no further, Mr. Blaine expanded them a little more, inching them painfully apart.

“The first lesson learned, Christie, is payback. A piss for a piss, if you will,” Mr. Blaine mused, “And you shall be the toilet for all for of my maids.”

The first maid climbed on top of Christie’s naked body and flipped up her black uniform. She leaned down and positioned herself directly above Christie’s wide mouth. Mr. Blaine nodded and the maid began a long steady stream of golden piss, aiming it to follow directly into Christie’s reluctant orifice. Christie wanted so badly to close her mouth, to shut off this terribly bitter taste, but she had no choice. She had to endure this. Moreover, Christie knew she had to swallow the piss as it rained down on her because the volume was too much to just hold in her mouth.

Finally, the first maid ended her shower. The next maid continued the procession, and her piss seem to go on for an equal amount of time. Christie continued to swallow, swallowing just so she could continue to breathe. Then the third maid followed and the shower went on.

Now, Maid No. 2 climbed up Christie’s tanned naked body. She was the maid humiliated most recently at the picnic and hers was the greatest revenge. Maid No. 2 had been instructed to refrain from going to the restroom all day, as Mr. Blaine

was anticipating this evening's entertainment. Maid No. 2's stream started with a great burst of energy, or relief, and it proceeded for almost two full minutes. Ultimately, Maid No. 2, smiling, descended from Christie's naked wet figure.

Christie was utterly humiliated. How could she face her friends after this night? She was the one accustomed to being in control, and now that time was over. She prayed that Mr. Blaine had finished teaching her this lesson. Little did she realize the full extent of his plan, the full extent of her use as a toilet.

Mr. Blaine slowly withdrew the metal claws and Christie's mouth relaxed into its normal shape. She moved her tongue around her lips to moisten them, instinctively, and quickly realized she was licking up some residue piss on her lips. She recoiled with this bitter taste again.

"Dear Christie, I am determined to make sure that you fully appreciate your crime, and always remember what your place is in this house."

With this pronouncement, Mr. Blaine set the machine in motion again. Several buttons were depressed and a pair of cannisters opened at the head of the table. Christie was unable to see behind her, but this did not stop her anxiety and her efforts to move her neck despite the thick steel collar.

The two cannisters were filled with ink, red and black. Mr. Blaine punched more commands and two more metal hands emerged from the corners, extended out to meet Christie's worried face. At the end of each hand was a metal clamp, which had a powerful spring. Just looking at these made the models, especially the wide-eyed Jessie, cringe in their seats.

Mr. Blaine positioned the clamps over Christie's eyes and lowered them slowly down to the eyelids. As they descended, Christie began to shake violently, so much so that Mr. Blaine couldn't focus his aim properly. He worked the controls and arc-shaped steel band rolled up and over Christie's forehead. It pressed against her head, restraining her head from any free movement whatsoever. Only her mouth could open and scream as the clamps dug precisely into the ends of her eyelids, pulling them down over her tearful eyes.

Next, what looked like a tattoo artist's needle rose up and the black paint was syphoned into the hoses leading from the mechanical needle arm. The menacing needle zoomed over Christie's right eyelid and Mr. Blaine began the delicate work of tattooing.

It looked painful, Jessie thought to herself, and she unconsciously moved her body with each twitch that Christie made. Her fingers made wild dances in the air, her heels swished side to side in their bonds. Christie screamed until her throat got raw, and still she had muted screams to give. Mr. Blaine injected more ink into the needle tool and re-emphasized his work on her right eyelid. The needle worked fast, and to Christie it felt like thousands of little needles were pricking her skin all at once.

Mr. Blaine then adjusted the cannisters and began to inject the red paint for the next part of his work. This slow torture continued for the next eyelid as well. Black ink followed by red ink, back and forth for nearly 45 minutes. Some of the models leaned in to get a closer look at the project, but the needle arm blocked a good view. Finally, after a few minor embellishments, Mr. Blaine raised the chair up and showed his work to the audience.

In a type of Victorian Calligraphy, Mr. Blaine had tattooed letters across her eyelids, first in black, then shaded with red ink. On her right, the words, "I LOVE" and on her left, "PISS". It really was breathtaking artwork, Jessie thought, in spite of her revulsion at the obvious pain it caused poor Christie. "I LOVE PISS" in such magnificent display.

"Maid No. 2 would you please inform Christie, who cannot see her own beauty right now, what message is written on her eyelids."

"Yes sir," Maid No.2 stepped forward so all could hear, "It reads, 'I love piss.'"

More tears came streaming down Christie's face. Mr. Blaine concluded his sermon to Christie. "And this message means that whenever and wherever any of you needs to piss, you may feel free to utilize Christie as your convenient toilet. She will not complain and she will not refuse. After all, whenever she blinks her eyes at you, she's telling you 'I love piss.'"

**End of Chapter 7**