

## A Lady Dreams

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*This story was written for and inspired by my Muse and my Lady, Miss Porcelaina Valeriana. Her dreams inspire me, and I hope that I can live in hers this way as well.*

She stepped into her spacious bathroom, hearing her heels click on the gleaming marble floor with a delightful echo. The water was gushing out of the glistening taps and just about finished filling the large claw-footed tub that stood out in the centre of the room, dominating. This bathroom, her personal one, was the size of some typical apartments but it suited her perfectly and fit into the scale of her sprawling castle delightfully. The tall, arched windows rose up nine feet above the floor, and the flowing sheers billowed lightly with a gentle breeze.

She drew down the zipper of her fitted leather top, exposing her flawless porcelain flesh and her firm breasts, smiling softly to herself as she ran a fingertip across a crease that her top had left imprinted in her skin. She hung the top on the wooden valet that stood beside the screened dressing area. The zipper on her skirt was a slightly harder tug, as it drew the lightly elasticized fabric tightly to her sculpted derrière. She lay the skirt aside as well, and sat on the antique wooden chair roll to unclasp her garters and roll the vintage silk stockings down her legs.

She strode to the tub, swung her petite frame gracefully over the edge, and let herself slowly sink into the steaming water and

mound of bubbles. She felt the water wash and flow over her, drawing her into a separate world of relaxation. As she lay her head back against the molded pillow fitted to the end of the tub, her eyes closed and she let out a soft purr of a moan.

Her day, while having been supremely satisfying, had been a tiring one, and her respite was well-deserved. Perhaps it had been a slightly more trying day for her slave, but that was to be expected, the thought, as her lips curled into a silent smile. In the quiet, with only the soft rustle of the breeze and song of an occasional bird, she could let the experiences and memories of her day float over her, reliving them in toe-curling detail.

She let each individual highlight have its own spotlight in her mind's eye: the first look on his face when she made him strip completely as he stood only steps inside her doorway, watching him struggle into the stockings and garters, his groans as she tightened the corset around his waist, pulling and pulling the laces, the blush on his face as she stuffed his bra with the breast forms, then watching him fight to wiggle his entire body into the form-fitting rubber dress, the way his lips stretched around the ball gag, the way that same gag made his groans a gurgling blubber when she bent him over and plowed the giant plug up onto his ass. She had been so strict with him, making him clean her entire kitchen, bottom to top, in that condition.

Watching each of these acts had been wonderful and reliving them now in her mind was just as sweet, especially as she knew his torment was still continuing, for even now, he was waiting in the torment she had left him in: trapped in a cage that was little more than an upright tube of cast iron bars, the dildo stuffed inside his ass mounted to a pole on the floor of the cage, keeping him standing on his toes on the steel deckplate of the cage's base, barefoot in his stockings, drooling and moaning around his gag, his wrists cuffed together in steel shackles, behind his back.

She pushed at the taps with her toes, letting fresh hot water pour into the tub, as she thought gleefully about his predicament, his humiliation and his transformation from the normal, if nervous man she met not so long ago. She could think of him now only as her whore, her slave, her big-titted slut in shameless clothing, doing any and all of the shameless things that floated into her mind.

There were times she feared the place that he had carved out in her heart, for she loved him with a kind of pure burn. She loved the way he moved, both when free and when laden down with heavy chains. She loved the way he talked, when he tried to express his thoughts and dreams, when he struggled in fear to give honest answers to her interrogations and still avoid punishments, and even the gurgling mmpphhs that he forced out around gags. She knew, in her love of him, that he still tried to reject what he was, what she had help make him, and while that conflict in his mind made his humiliations all the more powerful, it also made her think he might one day try to flee from her again. She could barely stand the thought of being without him, so she put the unwelcome concept out of her mind. After all, if he tried to leave her his own needs and addiction would bring him back, like a 10 year old boy who runs away from home, only to come toddling back in time for lunch. She brought her mind back to him now, as he was, and smiled widely, even if a question still lingered in her mind: was she as much his as he was hers?

She concentrated on his trials, current and past, and let his embarrassments thrill her even more, letting her thoughts circling around them. As she did, she felt as though she could actually start to imagine his thoughts, the reactions of his mind and body, almost feel the burning redness he must feel on his cheeks when she shames him before her friends, or in front of strangers. His thoughts, his dreams, his desires, his deepest needs seemed to wash over her and cover her as completely as the bathwater.

Relaxing there more and more deeply, reclined in the scented water, she could almost physically feel the tightness of the clothes she put him in, she could almost feel the cool air up his short skirts, almost feel the boucing of his slutty fake tits in those low cut tops, and how the latex or leather would just cling to his body. She could almost feel the sensations of helplessness and of being completely controlled that he must feel when his body was trapped by the cages or bandage she put upon him, or the internal and external torment from the toys use upon him.

The link between their minds was so strong, and she was sure that this was what allowed her to feel these things almost as if they were happening to her herself, as is she was standing there in his place,

feeling the complete dominance by another almost overwhelming. That image, that experience, that near-perfect link between the two of them, allowing his thoughts to flow into her like never before, filled her mind as she drifted off into a light sleep.

The rich and real world of her thoughts transformed into dreams, and she saw and felt herself fully in his place, but with subtle changes she became aware of as she felt her body squirm. Instead of being in a small cage in a darkened basement storage room, she was in the centre of the castle's spacious library. Her wrists were drawn high over her head, chains from cuffs at her wrists disappearing up to the ceiling. Instead of being up on her toes in bare feet, she felt the tight grip of leather ballet boots holding her feet pointed in an extreme point. She wasn't balanced atop a dildo pole, but she felt the intrusion of large phallises inside her pussy and ass, though all she could see of them was the rubber thong that sealed them inside her.

Just like she left him, she wore a tightly laced waist cincher, but in place of the full coverage bra holding his latex breast forms, she wore a demi cut bra constructed of fine lace and ribbon, barely covering her nipples. The part of her mind that knew she was dreaming filled with strange joy as she felt his fantasies almost guiding hers, as she was able to look down at her own breasts just as cartoonishly large as his were made, but in this dream hers are completely real, and she felt her flesh tingle and her nipples stiffen as stray breeze flowed across her body.

She felt and tasted the dominating presence of the penis gag in her mouth – it pressed down on her tongue with the strong smack of both her own pussy and his cum. It was a taste of submission, and it gave her a high that she had never felt in that way before.

She squirmed, pulling at her bonds, not to truly try to free herself, but rather to feel their strength, to feel how tightly they held her, to give her body the full release of being able to throw all she had at them and know they would still hold her tight. She felt her body stretched tight, pulled long and taut, and she felt the sensation of it growing in her shoulders and her sides. The weight that she was able to transfer to the floor made her toes ache with their enforced posture, and she felt the boots to tight and hot around her feet.

As the experience of her position intensified with the passage of time she began to shift her weight from foot to foot, not only to give her body some relief, but also, she realized with a blush, because she wanted to feel the rigid toys inside her move. She could feel her pussy so wet, so hot, reacting to everything she was experiencing. Her thoughts were changing; it wasn't like in the tub, where she was aroused by watching him struggle, or imagining him undergoing these things for her, but she was tingling from the sensations themselves, the mental experience as well as the physical one. She could feel the toys up inside her, teasing her, and she could imagine what she looked like, writhing to feel them more intensely, but she wanted it, needed it at that moment.

She stopped after a few minutes, with a groan of frustration. It wasn't enough! She couldn't make them move the way she wanted them to, needed them to. It was exasperating, feeling her arousal grow and grow until she wanted so badly to bring herself to release, but being held back by the control of another. She wanted just be back in her bath, to feel her fingers freely splay between her thighs, to bring herself off, but she just couldn't make herself wake up.

At the same instant, she realized that her desire to be free wasn't quite complete. She wanted to feel this slow rolling boil of sensation last longer and longer, not wanting it to end just yet. Even more powerful, more affecting on her mind, was the realization that it didn't matter what she wanted. There didn't seem to be any way she could change her situation, her sensations, she was trapped, a captive of these strange new dreams.

She leaned her head back, closing her eyes and letting out a soft moan of pleasure and frustration and desire, all wrapped up in one. In that moment, in that temporary darkness, she felt his touch. She could tell instantly that it was him, her slave, even though he had an unfamiliar confidence to his motions. He was behind her, pressing his body up against hers, grinding his stiffness against her as he slid his body downwards. Then she feels his hands – had they always been that strong? – pushing her legs apart. The strain at her arms and shoulders only increased as her legs were spread, at least two feet apart, but if he noticed her anguish he didn't let on, as she only felt this new position forced upon her by a spreader bar he

was locking onto her ankles.

She let herself feel it, let the sensations sink in, both painful and the arousing, letting them mix together. She kept her eyes closed, as his unseen touch now moved up her body, letting his fingers graze up the insides of her thighs, along her stocking seams, over her ass, curling over hips, up her sides, curving to her front, over the tight waist cincher, until he cupped her breasts in her bra firmly and lovingly, but also with a tangible, inexplicable tone of ownership. She felt their strange new fullness, the weight of her breast in his grip, and his kneading made them feel alive in his grip.

She felt his fingers slide over her breasts, making her tingle. Her nipples responded, stiffening the moment his thumb and forefinger gripped them, and they only grew stiffer and more sensitized as his pressure increased, pinching and rolling them, until her eyes jerked open, looking down to see his fingers closing gleaming steel clover clamps upon them. They stood out stiffer and farther than she'd ever seen them, poking out over the top of her bra cups, the clamp device weighing them down and the linking chain swaying in a gentle arc between her massive new tits.

The clamps hurt, shooting a kind of intense shooting pain into her body, but they also made her even hotter, and the way her own motion caused the chain to sway and tease her nipples only made her wetter. There didn't seem to be words she could put to this sensation even in her silent thoughts. They hurt, yes, but the buildup of sensations over her entire body, from her aching feet, her stiffening calves, the maddening invasions of her ass and pussy, the hugging grip of her waist cincher, and even the pulsing pain at her nipples and soreness at her shoulders, they all just seemed to give her the ability to feel everything with a new intensity, like the volume had been turned up on her nervous system.

It made her want more, just more, more of everything. More pleasure, more pain, more of anything to feed her growling need. She became aware that she was moaning non-stop around her gag, and that slick ropes of saliva were trailing down her chin and making thick drops upon her heaving breasts.

She got an answer to her needs, thought it wasn't the answer she would have chosen. Her moans were shocked into screams as

without warning she felt the cheeks of her ass explode in near blinding pain. She could tell, in the panting seconds after the strike, that she was feeling her leather flogger first hand – the way the leather tails spread and curled around her curves as they slapped at her. She wasn't given much time to contemplate that strike, however, as it was quickly followed with another, and another, and another. He was building up a rhythm, moving his arm and the flogger in the practiced figure-eight of an expert tormentor. She was screaming against her gag, her spittle bubbling around it, and her body jerked in a vain attempt to avoid each landing. Her spasming motion only served to shake her nipple clamps, increasing that torture as well.

He was guiding the strokes carefully, changing his target so slightly each time, so that he was reddening her ass and the backs of her legs completely and evenly. She couldn't escape, she couldn't avoid them, as they rained down over and over, in a seemingly never-ending torment.

And then, and quickly and as wordlessly as it began, it was over. She was panting, her heart pounding, and she felt as though a fire had been lit under her skin, as though it must be glowing and visibly throbbing. She slumped down, and could do nothing but let herself be suspended by her wrist bondage. She was buzzing, aching, and in disbelief. How could she be dreaming this, feeling this? She never had dreamed of taking his place before, she had never had the slightest interest in it, and yet here she was, not only dreaming it, but loving it, and seemingly trapped in a dream that wasn't near done with her yet.

She wondered, in a haze, what would it take to wake up? Was orgasm that much like a little death? Would it take release to free her from the slavery of these thoughts?

Her musing was interrupted by the feeling of the strength of his hand on her body, a body she only now realized was glistening all over. He had moved a piece of furniture in front of her; it looked like those pommel horses from gymnastics, and it was stretched out before her, lengthwise. Her hands were freed from the ceiling, still cuffed together, but she could lower her arms, which she did with a gingerly soreness. He took firm hold of her wrists too soon, and pulled her forwards, so that she was laying down along the horse,

and she felt its padded surface beneath her from her belly to the middle of her chest, which only pushed her breasts higher upwards, as they squeezed over the end and sides, with her nipple clamp chain swaying, keeping the sensations of her nipples fresh and raw.

He used wide leather straps in three places to strap her body immovable to the horse, and he ratcheted them so tight that she thought she wasn't going to be able to breathe. He freed her left wrist from the cuffs, but only long enough to pull her arms up behind her back, and lock them secure once more.

She strained to lift her head, to meet his eyes, but he seemed to move around her with the shadows as his ally, always just in the dark out of her sight, shielding his face and expression from her pleading eyes.

His motions were quick and efficient, professional, as if he didn't want to waste a single motion or second as he prepared her for what was to come. For her part, she felt so strange and unsure, feeling his hands move over her now with little more expression or emotion that he might have had building something out of wood. She felt cheap, exposed, helpless, frustrated, needy, humiliated – she was so open, so exposed, hardly dressed and with mouth, cunt and ass stuffed up with sex toys, while her thighs were wet with dripping need and her drooling lips felt swollen and hungry. And in this position, this predicament, her thoughts didn't even seem her own, as they were telling her body that she loved it. She craved nothing more than to be this for him, to be his sex toy, to be placed and used to please him, visually and sensually. Her lust was boiling up inside her, with a brazen need to cum, but at the same time if he wanted to just hold her this way so he could look at her, she could wish for nothing more.

Watch her he did, as his hands were suddenly gone from her body, and he was circling her, watching her flesh strain, pressed between the tight bondage with each breath, her breasts heaving, her nipples swollen around the cold steel grip of the clamps, and he pulled down on the chain, only making them bite harder into her.

He was behind her once more, dragging his fingertips over the smoldering embers of her assflesh, he seemed for a moment gentle,



but then with a rip and jerk he tore her thong from her and the integrated dildos were torn from her holes in a wet slurping double pop. She screamed anew into her gag, with the pain and shame of it. After wearing them inside her body for so long she felt as if she her holes must be gaping wide open.

And as if testing that assumption, he was suddenly inside her, driving his thick stiff cock up into her pussy, slapping his body against her sore ass and testing the strength of the straps holding her body in place. She felt him drive so deep; she felt so full and so shamefully wet, knowing he could tell in an instant how much she needed this. Five thrusts up into her soaked sex were all he took, however, before he withdrew from her completely, sliding his slick shaft between her ass cheeks, making her wait, agonize, before he refilled her, this time pushing against the dildo-stretched rosebud of her ass, lubricated with her own nectar, and his thrusts were no less deep and full, if only slightly slower, and she feel his hands gripping her immobilized hips, as he thrust deep, over and over.

She couldn't believe this, she couldn't comprehend the state she was in. She was taking her slave up her ass, taking his cock, taking him complete control. This wasn't a case of her giving him sex, but rather him taking her, riding her, fucking her on his own terms, at his own pace and exactly how he wished to, and more than just taking it or allowing it, she felt more lust and need than she could remember. Her lust was rising off any chart she could think of.

But just as she was fighting to accept that his warm wet cock in her ass, pumping, seemed just about to make her cum, he was out of her again. She didn't stay empty long, as he clearly prepared for this transition, and twin dildos pushed into her at once, so thick and deep into her pussy and ass – they were so big, and she felt the patterns and ribs on their surface, but she was shamefully glad to be filled up again, even by humiliating toys. And oh god, even as they started to pump into her on their own, merciless alternating thrusts. Each dildo was mounted on a steel rod, fixed to rotating wheel powered by an industrial strength fucking machine, secured behind her, and it spand and ran and drove the toys into her, slow and deep and non-stop.

She had been left on the edge by his cock, on the precipice of orgasm by his fucking, so she hoped to her own disgrace that this

impersonal machine would grant her the release she needed with every fibre of her being. But it wasn't enough – it was too slow, too methodical – it just made her feel like a whore, on display, getting the most mortifying kind of fucking she could imagine.

At least it was a dream, at least it was only in her head, at least no one could see her like this, no one would know, none of them could possibly ever be allowed to know... She knew as soon as the thought entered her head that she never should have allowed it.

She opened her eyes and struggled to lift her head and look around the spacious room. She him, her slave, so close, and his delicious cock still wet with her juices, he was stroking it slowly and firmly while he moved around her. She looked around more, struggling to see, and her fears were realized, as there, just at the edge of the shadows, were the two other men. They were men she had allowed to serve her as slaves; men whom she had sissified and humbled when it pleased her. Now, even though heavy chains locked to metal collars around their necks held them away from her, she could see that each had his own meat in his hands, jerking off ferociously at the sight of her debasement.

Her thoughts were strange and alien to her once more, even in this horrifying moment, as she realized that the sight of them, these three slaves now watching her trapped and fucked, was only making her wetter. Her cherished favorite and these two servants were clearly aroused, watching her. The sight of her body, her torment, her use, it was stiffening their cocks, making them breathe in quick jerking gasps. Chained as they were away from her, they had no choice but to take themselves in their hands, so great was the desire she was inciting in them. How could this make her wet, make her aroused? She was a lady, a dominant, a Mistress – not some common whore to be entertainment for men, but her body was not accepting her reasoning, and she felt herself grinding against the horse she was strapped onto, aching to fuck back against the pistoning rubber cocks. She wanted them to fuck her harder, faster, deeper.

He unbuckled her gag and drew it from her mouth, letting it slide out in a long wet slurp. He spoke to her now, finally, and the sound of his voice flowed over her like honey.

“Are you my slut?”

She moaned in shame. How could these thoughts be in her head, how could all of this be making her body react this way. She tried to mumble in the affirmative.

“Speak up!” There was rage in his voice, something she had never heard, and it frightened her to the core.

“Are. You. My. Slut?” Each word hit her like a slap across the face.

“Yes!”

“Are you my whore?”

“Yes. Oh god yes.” There were tears rolling down her face with the rawness of it all.

“Does my slut want to cum?”

“Yes! please yes!”

“Does my whore *need* to cum?”

“Oh yes! Oh god please yes, please!” The sound of her voice in ragged pleaded was so foreign to her ears.

“Good girl.”

She was confused; was that yes, was that no? His stiff cock silenced her, and she felt him drive fully into her mouth, sliding over her tongue, until she felt the spongy purple heat hot against the back of her throat. He slide back, then into her again. One more withdrawal, taking him nearly out of mouth, was met with the suction of her lips, as she needed to feel him inside her, as the machine never stopped filling her up from behind. With the third thrust, he spoke to her, only to her, and commanded her, “CUM.”

She felt the thick heat of his explosion in her mouth and throat, and she tasted it filling her up as her own release fell upon her like a crumbling wall. It ravaged her completely, and screamed with her mouth full of him, bubbling jism all around her lips. Her mouth

gripped and sucked him with all she had, and her body was gripping the mechanical dildos with such force that she managed to slow the motor noticeably. The orgasm just wouldn't stop, and became not quite multiple, but one that just seemed to last and last and last, until she felt lightheaded and her vision began to blur and darken at the edges. She slumped motionless on the horse as she lost consciousness.

She awoke with a jerk in the tub, sending water rolling out over the edges as splashing across the floor. Her face was flushed, and she was breathing rapidly. She couldn't remember a dream ever being so so vivid. She ran her hand over her face, and tried to calm herself, but there was something there. A taste, on her lips. Her eyes jerked wide open in disbelief and shock. But there was no way it could have been.

She bounded out of the tub, wrapping a bath sheet around her as she ran to him, barefoot, her wet feet pounding down the castle's corridors, until she reached him.

He was there, caged, trapped, just as she left him. She turned from him, breathed a long sigh, and wondered if she would bother to explain her appearance, when she returned again, properly dressed. One thing seemed strange, though, and she turned back to him quickly. There, on his thigh, was his cum. She just couldn't imagine how he could have brought himself to release while trapped so completely.

Even more troubling was the knowing smile in his eyes, that bared her to her core.

*Please send any comments/suggestions to me at [froman.author@gmail.com](mailto:froman.author@gmail.com), and thanks again to my Lady for her inspiration, and to all you who have taken the time to read this.*