**Lisa's Letters
by Meghan**

Lisa stood, nervously shifting her weight from one foot to the other as she waited for her roommate Claire to come home from work.  As she waited she looked down at her clothes, black 4” ankle-strap pumps, black thigh-high stockings, a short, black pleated skirt that barely covered the tops of the of her stockings, and a thin, white, button front blouse that seemed at least one size too small for her.  She wore nothing else, no underwear at all and her erect nipples were clearly visible through the thin white blouse.

Lisa held a sealed envelope addressed to Claire in her hands.  Lisa’s mistress, Anne, had ordered her to give the envelope to Claire as soon as she got home.

Lisa was terrified of the letter that was contained in the envelope, and would have done almost anything not to have to give it to Claire, but her mistress had ordered her to do so and she was even more scared of what Mistress Anne would do if she failed to follow her orders.

After what seemed like an eternity of waiting, Claire finally arrived.

As Claire entered the living room, Lisa stepped forward and, with a shaking hand, held out the envelope and said, “This is for you.”

Without reaching for the envelope, Claire asked, “What is it?”

“P-please j-just read it,” Lisa stammered, trying hard not to either cry or run from the room.

With that Claire took the envelope and, as she opened it, sank down into her favorite chair.  Relieved of her burden, Lisa continued to stand with her head lowered and her hands behind her back.

Claire pulled the letter out of the envelope and read:

June 14, 2008

My dear Claire,

I trust this letter finds you well.  I am writing this letter to you on behalf of our friend lisa, who has wanted to ask you this favor for some time, but who has been too much of a wimp to actually do it.

Before I go any further, I want to assure you that the favor lisa wants should not be difficult for you to grant, in fact you shouldn’t have to lift a finger to do it.

As you know, lisa and I have been in a relationship with each other for the past few months.  What you probably do not know is the nature of our relationship.  For the last six months, lisa has been my slave.  She is a natural submissive, someone who craves being controlled and dominated.  I have been helping her fulfill her cravings by allowing her to clean my apartment, wait on me hand and foot, and worship my body.  I have given her a strict set of rules and responsibilities, and have, at her request, punished her when she has failed to live up to those rules.

But it has turned out that’s not enough for her.  She still craves more control over her life, and it has turned out that my having allowed her, out of respect for you, to violate some of her rules while in your apartment has made her sloppy in fulfilling her responsibilities in other times and places.

So, in the interest of becoming a better slave, lisa has begged me to ask you to allow her to follow her rules and responsibilities while in your apartment.  In exchange for you granting her this favor, she has asked me to tell you that she will gratefully take over all of the cleaning, cooking, laundry and any other chores that you might like her to perform.  And of course, if she fails to complete those chores in a satisfactory manner, all you need to do is let me know and I will see to it that she is appropriately punished.  (Or if you would like, I will be happy to provide you with the equipment (paddles, canes, floggers, etc) to punish her in a more immediate manner.)

I should let you know about some of her rules and responsibilities:

Her first responsibility is respect.  It is important for her to remember that as a slave she is less important and of lower status than any person who is not a slave.

With that in mind, she has been instructed to keep her eyes down and not make eye contact with any free person.  She is not to speak unless spoken to (which as you’ll see later shouldn’t be much of a problem.) and when she does speak, she should use as few words as possible and begin and end with an honorific, as in “Ma’am, yes Ma’am” or “Sir, yes Sir.”

She is not allowed to refer to herself in the first person, nor is she allowed to use any personal pronouns.  When she does refer to herself, normally she should say “Mistress Anne’s slave.”  However there will be times when she is being punished when she will use phrases like “Mistress Anne’s stupid cunt,” or “Mistress Anne’s dirty slut.”

While you are, of course, welcome to continue to refer to her as lisa, or to not refer to her at all, I know that she would be very grateful if you were to call her things like:  cunt, slut, bitch, whore, pig, slave or whatever else comes to mind.

Her next rule is that, with very limited exceptions, she is to be naked while in your apartment.  Ideally, she would disrobe in hallway before setting foot in the apartment and then carry her clothes out and dress again in the hallway when she left.  However, I would understand if you felt that this would be embarrassing for you (embarrassment for her is not a problem, in fact it’s the point).  If that’s the case, then I would ask that you designate a small area within a couple of feet of the door to be the only place in the apartment where she is allowed to wear clothes.

There are two exceptions to this rule: She is allowed to wear clothes if her parents or other family come to visit, and if you have guests that you would be embarrassed to have a naked slave running around in front of, then you can give her permission to wear clothes.  (If you didn’t want her around at all, you could just order her to go to her room and kneel in a corner until you tell her she can come out, she loves that.)

Next, she is not allowed to use furniture.  If she has been honest with me, she has not slept in a bed for four months, sleeping on the floor at the foot of the bed instead.  She is also not allowed to sit on chairs or couches.  In fact, she is not allowed to sit at all, she may stand, she may kneel and at night she may lay down but she is not to sit.  This is to remind her that her ass doesn’t exist for her comfort, but so that she may be punished more easily.

Fourth, what she is allowed and required to wear in the apartment.  I firmly believe that nothing should be easy for a slave, and that a slave should always be at least a little uncomfortable, lest they forget what they are.  To that end, there are certain things that she is required to wear and do just so that her life is not too easy.  First are her shoes, we have acquired several pairs of high heels, each at least four inches, and each of which able to be locked onto her so that she is not tempted to slip them off.

Then are her bonds, at the very least she should be wearing her collar, ankle shackles, and her hands cuffed in front.  She is not bound in case she might run away, but rather to make everything she has to do as difficult and uncomfortable as possible.  As part of her punishments she will be required to add additional bonds.  These may include weighted cuffs, chains to further restrict the movement of her hands and feet and things to cause her pain, such as nipple clamps.  When those times arise I’ll be sure to have her bring you a note detailing them so that you can ensure that she is in compliance.  (I’ll also use a Sharpie to write something on her skin like “bad slave” so that she won’t be tempted to not give you the note.)

Most of the time she should also be gagged, which is what I meant when I said you needn’t worry about her being too talkative.

Her shoes, her collar, her bonds and her gags all lock on, and her standing order is to keep the ring of keys in her slave bag. (lisa’s slave bag contains a supply of bonds, toys and punishment devices that she is required to have with her at all times.)  However, I would encourage you to take control of them, so that she is dependent on you to regain her freedom.  It will make her even more conscientious about doing everything she can to keep you happy.

While she will be expected to prepare beautiful and delicious meals for you, she will not be partaking of them.  She is highly restricted in both her diet and in the way that she is allowed to eat.

Just as she is not allowed to use furniture, she is also not allowed to use human dishes, glasses or silverware.  She has a pair of dog dishes that she is allowed to eat and drink only from them.  On her knees without the use of her hands.  She is also not allowed to wash her dishes, but must use only her tongue to keep them clean.  (I find that requiring her to finish her cleaning of the bathroom fixtures and the kitchen floor by going over all of them with her tongue really encourages her to do a good job.  You may want to try that at your place, too.)

I think that’s probably all that you need to know right now.  I’ll be in touch to find out what you decide.

Yours truly,

Anne.

When she had finished reading the letter, Claire quietly and deliberately folded it and returned it to its envelope.  For a few moments she sat there, holding the envelope in her right hand and tapping it against the palm of her left while she stared at the floor.  Finally, when she seemed to have come to a decision, she lifted her head and looked at Lisa, who was still standing in front of her.

“You worthless fucking cunt,” Claire said angrily.  “How dare you be dressed in my apartment?  Get your flabby ass out into the hall and get those rags off.  Then, put on your shackles, cuffs, collar and gag.  I want you in front of me on your knees, bound with your hands behind your back in three minutes, so you better hurry!”

Lisa ran from the room, shuddering at the thought of what her life was about to become.  As she raced out the door of the apartment she grabbed her slave bag.

Out in the hallway, Lisa took barely a second to see if anyone was watching before ripping open her blouse open and dropping her skirt to the floor.  Her hands were shaking so badly, she fumbled for a moment with the ankle strap buckles on her shoes before she could step out of them to remove her stockings.

Once she was completely naked, Lisa stepped back into her shoes, re-buckled the ankle straps and reached into her slave bag for the small locks that would prevent her from taking them off again.

Reaching deeper into her bag, she pulled out a pair of leg irons connected by a 12-inch chain.  After locking those on she proceeded to her three-inch leather collar and her head trainer ball gag.  The collar slipped on easily, one buckle and one padlock, but it seemed like it took an age to tighten all seven buckles and place all seven small padlocks on the harness for the gag.

When the gag was finally secured, the only things that remained were the heavy, hinged handcuffs.  Making sure that the keyholes were facing her hands, Lisa locked the cuffs behind her back.  She squatted down so she could pick up her slave bag, leaving her clothes lying in the hall, and turned around so that she could grope for the doorknob.  Once she had managed to turn the knob, she stepped inside, dropped her slave bag in the foyer and hurried toward the living room as best she could.

Claire was still sitting in her chair, but had retrieved her laptop and appeared to be surfing the internet.  Lisa hobbled over in front of her and dropped to her knees, after a moment, without looking up, Claire grunted, “You’re late.”

A few minutes later, Claire looked up from her computer and said, “Go get me your keys.”  As Lisa started to struggle to get to her feet, Claire added, “No, don’t get up, you can wriggle out there on your stomach like the worm you are.  But hurry back, if you're quick enough, I might forgive your being late earlier.”

Lisa wriggled as best she could back out to the foyer, dragging her already sensitive nipples across the carpet.  With her hands behind her back she struggled to blindly dig the keys out of her slave bag, then she began to Claire.

Once she managed to get back, she worked her way back up onto her knees and worked her way backwards toward Claire so she could hand her the keys.

When Lisa had worked her way back to her spot in front of Claire, Claire began to speak, “So you’re a slave.  I always thought you were so normal and well behaved.  I guess I should have known that you were a filthy pervert deep down inside.”  Claire held up the letter and continued, “I’m going to grant your favor and let you live out your slavery here.  But I’m not happy about being pulled into your twisted world, so you better do your damndest to make me happy, or I’ll make sure your mistress makes you regret it.  And even if you do everything perfectly, I still may tell your mistress you fucked up, just for the fun of it.”

Just as Claire finished speaking, her cell phone began to ring.  Claire glanced at the caller id as she answered it. “Hi, Anne, I was just talking about you.”

“Yes, she’s here, but I don’t think she’s going to be very talkative, that’s a pretty big gag in her mouth.”

“Yes, she did give me the letter.  You won’t have to punish her for that.  But, when she gave me the letter she did speak to me twice without saying ‘Ma’am’ and she was fully clothed, so she’ll definitely have to be punished for those infractions.  And when I had finished reading the letter, I gave her three minutes to get out of her clothes and into her bonds and gag, and it took her almost four minutes, so she has another punishment there.”

“About the clothes.  I don’t think having her strip in the hallway is sufficient.  I think she shouldn’t be allowed to where clothes in the building.  From now on I think she should be stripping down out in the parking lot.”  Lisa felt the bottom of her stomach drop out when she heard that, but it got worse.  “And I imagine that if all she is doing is driving from here to your place, or vice versa, she really shouldn’t need to take any clothes with her at all.”

“I thought you’d see it that way, too.  I think it’s obvious that she can’t be trusted to make the right decisions about her clothing.  Tomorrow I think I’ll have her go to the hardware store and get some hasps and padlocks to put on her drawers and her closet.  I’ll keep the keys and that way she won’t even be tempted to break the rules if I happen to be gone.”

As Claire and Anne continued to chat amiably about her, Lisa had time to think about her new life.  She had loved being Mistress Anne’s slave these months, nothing in her life had ever been so sexy, so thrilling and so scary.  Mistress Anne had ordered her to do things she never even would have imagined, let alone had the courage to try and she had loved every minute of it.  But, through it all she had been able to come home and restore a little normality in her life.  Now that had been taken away from her, she was going to required not only to expose herself to Claire, but to everybody in the building, she would be spending practically every minute at home cleaning and cooking and she was going to lose control of even when she could get dressed.

But all that wasn’t the scariest thing, right now the thing that scared her the most was the other letter in her slave bag, the one addressed to her boss. . .