

# The Ultimate Doll, Chapter 1

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*Lynn begins her journey into the world of the unknown.*

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The add was deceptively simple. "Female, blonde, blue eyes, tall and sexy. Owned by a loving husband and Master is now available for weekend use by those desiring a fully compliant, service-oriented slave with no limits, an unbelievable sexual appetite, and a huge pain tolerance." "Apply to this add with proof of your abilities and references that are checkable." She had no idea that Master was in the final process of selecting her first tryst. She knew that the add had gotten many replies, but most had turned out to be wankers, Master had told her. That Friday morning Master left her a note before he went to work. "Be ready to leave for your first tryst tonight at 6:00pm. Wear the outfit you will find laid out in the den." Reading the note several times, she finally understood the impact of what it meant. She was really going to be traded out for another to use, without her Master being present. They had spoken about this many times, and fantasized about it, but now it was to become a reality. Her moods quickly changed from disbelief, to excitement, to fear of the unknown. She had no idea who she was to meet, nor what was to happen to her over the next two days, but the ability to fantasize about her plight was keeping her aroused, as she struggled to finish her breakfast. Not bothering to put her dishes into the sink, she rushed into the den to see what Master had selected for her to wear. A hot-pink, batwing crop-top of fine latex, with long bell sleeves and moulded bra cups, a very short, black vinyl flare-skirt that she knew only covered to the bottom of her behind cheeks, pink-latex panties, and black vinyl thigh-high platform boots finished off the outfit. Her favorite collar made of black leather, with a large chrome ring in front, heavily adorned with studs, that locked with a tiny gold lock was placed carefully in the center of the table, along with matching wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs. She noted that there was no key among the articles she was to wear, rather it was in a sealed envelope marked: "To be opened by your new Master, only." This excited her to no end, the weekend was to be strict bondage, she thought to herself. Somehow she managed to get through the day without going totally crazy from fantasizing about what was to come. She did find that masturbating herself several times during the mid morning, helped ease her anxiety. She began to prepare herself early, not wanting to be late for Master's home coming. She began with a total cleaning of her inside, using an enema on herself several times, alternating between hot, cold, and warm water with salt and soap. Each time she chose another nozzle that was larger and longer than the prior one she had used. Her last filling was with her favorite Bardette inflatable nozzle and a mixture of warm water with

wintergreen oil and cinnamon oils. Feeling like an enema of pure fire, she was only able to force herself to retain it for about ten minutes, before the intensity of the mixture got the best of her. Being an enema fetishist, this was enough to set her off and cause her to masturbate herself once again, during one of the final cold water rinses. She paid particular attention to her hair and makeup, wanting to look her absolute best for Master. Her eye's done up like cats eyes, highlighted with several shades of eye shadow and just the right shade of lipstick. She picked up her pink-latex panties which, unknown to her, Master had placed her favorite butt plug inside of them. Happily, she picked it up and with a moan of excitement, pushed it into place then pulled the panties up to firmly hold it inside of her. Pulling her batwing top on, she carefully situated her breasts inside of the moulded cups, making them stand out prominently, and making the top look more like a bra with sleeves than a true top. The eroticism of her breasts being placed firmly outward was not lost to her as she looked at herself in the mirror. The skirt was tight, short, and very revealing to say the least. Barely long enough to cover her ass cheeks, it allowed for the pink panties to peek out from the hemline as she walked. By the time she was finished, Master's car was coming up the driveway. She took one final look in the mirror and smiled. She was perfection, and Master would be proud of her. As she walked down stairs to greet Master, the butt plug was already doing its job, she was dripping wet, horny as hell, and about ready to scream with sexual tension. Master's dinner was cooked to perfection as always. She knew her place and never faulted to stay well within it's limits and confines. She knew that Master was not the quickest to react if she erred, but he always knew what she had done wrong, and kept absolute mental notes of all transgressions. Well knowing her place, kneeling at Master's side as he ate, she kept silent, with her head respectfully bowed as he finished dinner. "You may clear," he said, and she did so, without hesitation. "It's time to go," he said. "Tonight, things will be a bit different. I have spoken to your new tormentor, we have met, and we agree on your plight. He is a good man, and very proficient. You are to take your own car tonight. You will drive to the location on this paper, park and take the bag of alternate clothes for your stay with you, and await his arrival. You will stand on the sidewalk, as a common street walker, a cheap whore and cunt. You will allow everyone who passes to view you as you wait. This is the first step of your public humiliation, more of which we will discuss when you return home. You will go with him when he arrives, and leave your car behind. Do you understand?" "Yes Master" she said, and taking the paper, she read the instructions and walked out to her car. The red convertible sat in the drive, polished and ready to go. Her gym bag was on the rear seat, and as she trembled to fit the key into the lock, Master stood her up, looked into her eyes, told her that he loved her very much, kissed her goodbye and walked inside. This gave her the reassurance that as in previous trysts, Master would be awaiting her return to shower his love on her, tend to her bruises and make her even more important his life. She had come to realize that in her Master's eye, giving her to another was the highest measure of his love for her, and his desire that she always be sexually charged and satisfied. She realized that being traded away was the ultimate amount of control he could have over her, dictating the very safety and use of her body, and the intimacy that she would be giving and receiving from another man. Taking a deep breath, she started the car and sped off into the setting sun of the evening. The meeting spot was familiar to her, it was a

semi-deserted area, where an old mall had once prospered, but as things go, it was now run-down and a bit dingy. She found a well-lighted area for her car, grabbed her bag and walked to the designated corner to await her new date. She glanced at her watch, she was about 20 minutes early, so the wait would be considerable. She knew however, that if she had been late, and Master found out about it, there would be hell to pay. About ten minutes later, she heard the unmistakable sound of a Harley Davidson rumbling toward her. She adjusted her skirt, and smiled as she saw the headlight grow bigger and bigger. She put her hand up as to be a hitchhiker, her idea of a joke. The bike approached, slowed down and stopped in front of her. "Great, a biker," she thought, with all the sexual connotations it held for her. The biker turned the engine off, and rolled the bike back a few feet to where she stood. She was amazed as she glanced at him. He was a tall, ruggedly handsome, hugely built black man, bald, and with no helmet. He looked her up and down and she returned the glance. She saw his rippling muscles beneath the black latex tee- shirt he wore. The skin-tight black leather jeans outlined his thighs and huge bulge between his legs. The black boots he wore reminded her of a logger's boots, laced high to the knee, and very tough looking. "GET ON," he ordered. She was on the bike before he finished the order. She wrapped her arms as far around him as she could manage, feeling his rock-solid abs, as she bent forward to put her head on his shoulder. With a snap of the starter, the Harley roared to life and off they sped into the setting sun. The ride was long, and as they wound through back roads and strange areas, she fantasized about her first black man. She was very excited to find out just how well endowed he was, and how he would use and torment her. "What a fabulous date," she thought. There was no way for her to know what did lay ahead for her. No way at all. That was what she craved, the unknown, the dangerous, and the erotic. Regardless of what was in store for her, she would submit, and without question, she was very well trained. As they rode on, her mind was racing as she fantasized about the weekend to come, her mind was reeling with sexual scenarios, and she felt her panties leaking the wetness pouring from her pussy onto her thighs. About a half-hour later, they pulled up to large iron gates standing in front of a secluded drive. He pushed something next to the gate and they slowly swung open. The road ahead was gravel and dirt, rutted from years of use and very well worn. About a mile further, they pulled up to a restored farm house, probably a hundred or more years old, she imagined. As the bike stopped, he motioned with a flick of his hand for her to dismount, she did as he instructed. He dismounted as well and turning her by the shoulder toward the house, he followed her to the front door. "My name is Lynn," she said. She looked at him and smiled. Not responding to her veiled inquiry about his name, he replied, "Tell me about you, Lynn." She replied with a five minute diatribe about her life so far . . . Then she told him about why she was there with him, and how Master had arranged it all. He just smiled and told her to call him, "SIR, at least for now." Raising his hand above his head, he snapped his fingers. Quickly: an exotically clad figure appeared, dressed in a beautiful, black-latex catsuit, a super-small, heavily- boned corset of the finest leather, and wearing brightly polished, thigh-high boots with six-inch heels and an impossibly high platform. Over the catsuit and most strikingly, she wore a fully anatomically correct, full-head hood of an oriental girl with a long mid-back length, black wig. Around her neck was a very wide, and tight, leather, studded, neck-collar with a chrome ring

hanging in front. On her wrists and ankles were matching locked, stainless-steel, cuffs. Master pointed to the bag that she had brought with her, and the girl immediately took it into the house, without a word being said. "Wow," she thought, "This is some place he has," as he lead her by the hand into the house. The interior of the home was beautiful, decorated with antiques of a class that she had only seen in museums, Gothic to be sure, but fabulous to a fault. Walking her into what seemed to be his study, the latex clad serving- girl was already waiting for them. She held a silver tray in front of her with two pencils. A few long, thin, strips of leather and a ball gag. "The party is about to begin," she thought. Taking the pencils from the tray, he carefully placed them on the hard, marble floor in front of her. He then took the trips of leather, wrung them out, (as they seemed to be very wet), and proceeded to wrap them tightly, several times, around her throat, just below her jaw, and tie them into a knot. The ball gag was then placed almost ceremoniously into her mouth and the strap fastened behind her neck. He then produced a pair of polished-steel handcuffs, from his own back pocket, and clicked them onto her wrists, which he had pulled sharply behind her back. "Kneel and place your knees directly on the pencils, and do not move until you are instructed to do so, or you will live to regret it," he ordered. She had never experienced this sort of punishment, but in her mind, she deemed it to be very lame, sort of childish she thought. Not too many minutes later, she would quickly change her mind. The pressure of her body-weight on her knees, pushing down on the pencils under her knee caps was rapidly becoming unbearable. In just a few minutes, she was sweating profusely, and starting to feel very weak and faint from the rapidly increasing level of real pain, not the fun kind of punishment she was used to. Looking around the room to try and divert her mind from her agony, she saw several diplomas, all from top notch, Ivy-League schools, All engraved with the name of "Samuel Jackson, MD." "A Doctor?" She thought to herself, "But a biker and sadist as well? Could it really be he?" She was sweating profusely, her body shaking all over and the tears were pouring from her eyes when he glanced over to her. "Only 11 minutes?" he mused, "What kind of slave are you? Shake your head if you want to be released, but know that your term here is already over if you do. The tortures ahead of you are serious ones, not this child's parlor game you now seem to be unable to endure . . . " She thought for only a second and moaned, "NO," as best she could with the gag so deep into her mouth, and shook her head as to indicate "NO," as well. "Good," he said, and went back to his work. She tried her best to ride out the agony, trying her best with her imagination to turn the pain into pleasure. To her credit, she lasted another 25 minutes before he looked at her once again, and motioned to the serving girl to help her stand up. "That was very good, Lynn, I am proud of you," Master complimented. She beamed happiness as she was assisted from her plight by the serving girl who rubbed her legs and knees to relieve the terrible cramps that had developed. The ball gag was removed, allowing her to speak once again, and the steel cuffs were removed from her wrists. Master however, instructed the girl not to remove the leather strips which were slowly drying, shrinking, and tightening around her neck. No stranger to breath play, Lynn was becoming more and more aware of the slowly increasing constriction and was feeling the sensual arousal that it was causing. It took some time for her to be able to stand unassisted. The ordeal had been so severe that she lost all sight of what the weekend was about. To Lynn it was torture, until she was able to

fantasize about what was in store for her as the days progressed. Once she was able to stand freely: he approached her, and grabbed both of her nipples, through their rubber covering. His fingers bit sharply into the tender flesh as it jutted so prominently through her skin tight latex top. With a swift, clear move, he pinched each nipple as hard as she could imagine, causing a spasm of sharp pain to course through her body. Being well trained, and so desirous of more attention, she hardly professed her pain, just showing a grimace and a small wince of her face. Not knowing her, he was not aware that this was one of her key passions, and she was secretly hoping for more severe and harder nipple torture to be administered. Looking directly into her eyes, he put his arms around her body and pulled her close to him, pressing her against his physique. She felt her breasts crush into his chest, as his rigid cock pressed into her lower regions, through his skin-tight, leather jeans, which imprisoned it from her. Holding her still close to his body with his left arm, he slid his right hand down her back, until it reached her behind. He stopped as he ran it across her latex panties and felt the protruding base of her butt plug pressed against the panties. He grabbed the base of the devilish device and began to slowly push it further inside of her, and slowly withdraw it to it's cock-head. Her reaction was immediate and obvious, she moaned each time, and melted into his body with passions yet to be realized. He ceased his attentions to her ass and ran his hand around to the front of her panties. She was at once excited and frightened. He was about to discover her secret identity, being that of a true Unicorn, a creature of sexual identity both fabulous and unique. As his hand ran across the slippery pink latex, he stopped when he felt something he was not expecting. Her heart almost stopped as he remained fixed with his hand constricted around his find. Without releasing her, he moved his face closer to her and kissed her so deeply she almost fainted. Not a word was said by either: his kiss ended, beaming with passion in his face, as he pulled away from her, slowly sliding down to his knees before her. She stood there motionless, not knowing what to do. He reached up to the sides of her panties, and with the deftness and precision of a Master, slowly lowered them to her thighs. Peering up at her face, he smiled and said, "I have searched the world for you, for unending years, now you are here." With that, he opened his mouth and pressed his face against her abdomen as he gently slid his mouth down the length of her she-cock and into his mouth. Licking and sucking on her so gently, and so reverently, he ministered to her desires without regard for himself. He brought her to a fabulous orgasm, nearly causing her to faint as she climaxed. He remained on her even after she was satisfied, just holding her in his mouth so gently. She told him that the orgasm had caused her to need to relieve herself very quickly, and that she wished permission to pee. Releasing her she-cock from his lips, he shook his head, "YES," and returned to his place with his lips holding firmly onto her cock. A bit confused, she took a while to understand his statement. He wished her to fill his mouth with her pee! . She and Master had shared each other's golden juices several times, but she had never had such experience with a stranger. It took a minute or so to become relaxed, and then the flood began. She was very full from the ride and the orgasm, and felt near to bursting. Her golden juices flowed into his mouth for so long, he reverently swallowed each drop, not allowing a single drop to leave his mouth. Lynn felt so satisfied and so very special, as Master had chosen to accept her uniqueness without reservation. Removing himself from her after the session was done, he again

hugged her and kissed her as he slid her panties back onto her hips. Putting his arm around her shoulders, he said, "Come with me my child, we have many things for you to experience." Holding on to her like a treasured pet, they walked through the house and into the rear property, across a field and toward what seemed to be an old barn several hundred yards away. Along the way, she told her new tormentor that the wet leather strips that he had bound around her neck were slowly becoming tighter, feeling like his hands were holding her necktightly, but in a loving embrace. She hastened to tell him that she was becoming highly aroused by the feeling, and that she wanted to please him in any way that she could. He told her to be patient as the strips would be a constant and gentle reminder of his dominance of her mind, body, and soul. Looking into her eyes as he told her, he saw little reaction, only "Yes Sir," issuing from her lips. The acknowledgment of the power she had so willingly given to her new Master excited him greatly, knowing that she was now completely his. ----- As they reached the barn, she knew that it was only a facade to shield it from the unsuspecting. The barn door slid open to reveal a heavy iron door behind it. Opening it with his key, which looked like something from a Frankenstein movie, he ushered her inside and turned on the lights. As the huge door swung closed, with the finality of a jail cell, she stood frozen in terror. "Could it be . . . no, it isn't, is it . . . ?" she cried out.