

The Slippery Slope Part IV

Maid For a Burqa

written for Baroness V by b.b. anonymous

The Baroness had talked about taking me to a party for several months before She announced the date and time for it. i was definitely nervous about being seen in public as Her sub, but i offered no resistance to the idea. She simply assumed my compliance and i went along.

i arrived about three hours before the party. She had me make coffee and we chatted for awhile, then She said; "Lets get you ready so I don't have to rush getting Myself ready later."

She had me bring in my bag, and then She led the way to Her bedroom. She hugged me and told me how pleased She was that i was doing this for Her. She kissed me hard, then pulled my head back with a firm grip in my hair. She just smiled at me. "Now strip slave."

She handed me a plastic garbage bag. "Put your things in here, everything but your dog tag and cock cage."

Then She sat on the bed and watched me strip down, dropping everything into the bag as i went.

Soon i was standing naked before Her wearing just the dog tag and chastity cage.

She chuckled that deep scary laugh of Hers and simply pointed to the floor at Her feet. i dropped to my knees and crawled forward. Without thinking, i kissed each of Her feet, then i knelt upright and looked at Her.

She smiled and said "Good boy. I'm going to enjoy showing off My newest slave tonight. you definitely must be proud of joining My inner circle, slave."

Then She reached up and removed my glasses. She rose to Her feet and crossed the room behind me. i heard a drawer open and close, then She was in front of me again.

you won't need to see much tonight slave. you will simply have to respond to My commands. She picked up a black leather harness from the bed and slid it onto my face. "Open wide," was all She said, then She pressed a gag into my mouth and buckled the harness tight. Two small padlocks clicked into place to secure it.

She grinned at me and caressed one of my cheeks. "you won't need to talk much tonight either."

"Now, go kneel in the corner. I have to get your outfit ready for you."

i crawled into the corner, pressing my forehead into it.

"Hands behind your back slave," She said as i heard Her pick up the plastic bag and leave the room.

It was probably only five minutes i knelt there, but it seemed like much longer. my mind was racing ahead to the party. i'd never been to such a thing before. i was nervous. No, actually i was scared. i trusted the Baroness, but She was taking care to make me totally helpless and dependant on Her. i trusted Her, but i remembered She had often told me that She was not a nice person and that i should be careful what i wished for. So here i was, kneeling naked, gagged without my glasses or my clothes. i was pretty much helpless and not a soul knew where i was. This was getting serious and i had not resisted or hesitated even once as She had ordered me into my present state.

"Stand up slave, and get over here."

i stood and stepped across the room where She stood beside the bed. There was a pile of mysterious black clothing in a heap on Her bed. She pulled a pair of long black gloves out of the pile and handed them to me. "Put these on first."

i took the first glove and turned it over in my hands. i located the open end and a thumb, then slid my hand into the glove and began pulling it up my arm. It was tight and squeezed my hand and arm. She grabbed the top and yanked it up tight, than handed me the other glove. Again, i turned it over in my hands to orient it, then began pulling it up my arm and again, She yanked it quickly up into place.

"Feel good slave?" She asked in a way that it didn't matter what i answered anyways.

"Yes Baroness." I replied

Next was a tiny black fabric item. She held it out for me. "Step in slave."

i inserted first one foot, then the other and She pulled it up my legs. It was a skimpy black thong! But wait, more than that, it had a split crotch!" She pulled my cock in its cage through the split and yanked the thing up around my waist. Wow. This felt extremely weird. She straightened it and yanked it up again in the back, settling it firmly into the crack of my ass!

Then She kissed me again, hard, with Her hand firmly on the back of my head.

"Sit on the bed slave." She demanded.

i sat and She pulled a pair of black nylons out of the pile and handed one to me.

i was so nervous that i felt nauseous. Yes, I admit that i had done this before, but never with anyone watching.

She watched me, smiling, knowing the turmoil i was feeling.

It took me a while, but eventually both stockings were in place.

"Up again slave." She exclaimed in an irritated way.

Next in store for me was a dress. It was small, tight and very short. She dropped it over my head and pulled it down. It had a tight turtle neck collar. She helped me get my arms into the sleeves. They were long, and they were tight over the elbow length gloves.

She pulled the hem down. It barely covered my cock cage. I felt slutty and felt my cock aching at it tried to get hard in the chastity cage. She reached under the dress and grabbed my balls. i winced. "you'll have to be careful slave, or the whole party will see your captivity." Then She let go and turned again towards Her bed.

This time She grabbed a frilly maid's apron and wrapped it around my waist and tied it tight, then carefully arranged the bow in back.

It was clear now, I was going to the party as a maid! Actually as a very slutty maid!

"That's right slave, you are to be my maid, and tonight is your coming out party. Remember how I told you to be careful what you wished for."

i was shaking my head. It was my first resistance to Her control.

"Maybe we should conceal your identity should we?"

I nodded my head vigorously.

"How about a mask or a hood?"

i nodded my head again.

"I have a better idea." She reached again to the bed. This time for a rather large, bulky garment. She turned it and opened it and then She draped it over my head. i was puzzled.

The garment cascaded down around me, almost to the floor. It covered me completely. i couldn't even see. Then She shifted the head portion and i could see Her through a tiny opening covered in mesh. It was hard to see much, but at least I could see.

"It's called a burqa" She said to me. "Just like Arab women wear, it conceals and protects you. No one will know who you are. In fact, you a non-person, just as a slave should be. She let me see myself in the mirror.

She finished off with a pair of low heeled shoes, then She ordered me back to my knees in the corner.

"We'll be leaving in about an hour slave. you wait here and think about what your life has become as My slave.