

## The Dove Diet - Modified

### Part Two

The other two women, Mistress Janice and Ginny were ready to take Deb up on her offer. They were arranging with Deb to bring their slaves by to be trained. To be shown the ropes by Crystal. They wanted their slaves to obey as quickly as Crystal and with as much enthusiasm, seemingly how much so she enjoyed her punishments for her Mistress...

"Your slaves would have to be locked here, night and day, for at least a week. There can be no turning back once they are in my care. I will treat them the same as any of my own possessions." Deb said as a matter of fact. A stern look creeping over her face that made Ginny a little nervous, but made Mistress Janice feel secure. As Mistress Deb put out an air of confidence that was hard to feign... it had to be real...

"As you wish!" Mistress Janice replied. "I will have Tanya over as your slave for the week, or longer, if you prefer. I only wish to get her back in as many pieces as she arrives. No More!, No Less!" she quipped.

"You will spend the week showing our slaves how to act, by letting them watch Crystal, and you think they will learn from her?" Ginny replied a little worriedly.

"Crystal, would you like to answer Mistress Ginny's question for me, Please?" Mistress Deb commanded, even though asked as a question. Quick as a flash, Crystal removed the pink Dove gag from her mouth, dropping it into her left hand.

"Mistress Ginny. I can assure you that your slaves will learn more in one week with Mistress Deb's tutelage, than any other finishing school in the Mid-West or Eastern states combined for a Semester of full time training." Crystal said as she looked to Deb for her approval.

"And?" Mistress Ginny asked, or commanded Crystal to continue.

"And!" Mistress Deb continued for Crystal as Crystal knelt before her, "If your slaves don't learn what you send them here to learn, then you can have Crystal for a week each, to do with as you wish. For her boldness and commitment, and then not finishing what she started.

Crystal looked up, just in time to... <SLAP!> wide palmed across the left side of her face. "I didn't give you permission to look up, SLAVE!" Chided Deb. As she watched Crystal regain her balance and drop her head and her gaze to the floor. Swallowing hard, the residue of the soap in her mouth. Crystal returned the Pink Dove gag back into her mouth. Her face stinging where a red mark and finger welts appeared.

"How does Crystal handle Age Regression training?" Asked Mistress Janice.

"She will do what is required. I'm certain that you will be satisfied with your slaves when you get them back. As for Age Regression, what exactly did you have in mind?" asked Mistress Deb.

"Well, as you know, I have a fully equipped nursery, full of adult sized baby outfits. Diapers, wet pants, cribs, mobiles, bottles, and enough soap and castor oil for the enema equipment to make any slave a full time baby. All I need is a slave to play with. Ha Ha Ha Ha..." laughed Mistress Janice.

Deb took a quick look at Ginny and noticed her shifting her feet uncomfortably. Deb glanced over her shapely form, and couldn't help but notice a bulge where her panty lines should have been. Was it possible that Ginny was playing the baby in diapers tonight? Mistress Deb grinned as Ginny seemed to understand what she was thinking and started to blush.

Ginny nudged Mistress Janice and whispered quietly and quickly into her ear. Mistress Janice gave her a wink. Hugged Deb, and whispered into her ear, "Someone is a wittle tired and needs a feeding and diaper change before going night-night! They are getting grumpy!" she said as she kissed Mistress Deb on the cheek, said their farewells, and headed out the door.

Mistress Deb turned with a motion that was so sudden that Crystal ducked in response to it. "I wasn't going to hurt you. But who do you think you are, making a challenge to another Mistress?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry Ma'am. I was just..." Crystal said as she spit out the Dove gag, but was quickly cut off.

"You're sorry? You're sorry?" Mistress scolded Crystal. "Don't you know, they will go home and tell their slaves to learn as best as they can while their here. But the next time they see their Mistresses, they had better misbehave, or they will be left here. How would you like to go over to Mistress Janice's for a week, and then have to live as a baby the rest of your life?" Mistress asked her.

"No Ma'am. Please not that!" Crystal started to tear up. "I don't want to be her baby. I've heard stories about her and her babies... Please, not that!"

"Well, you wouldn't have to stay there, but if I'm right, you will be there for a week, at the end of next week." Deb continued, "How often am I wrong, Crystal?"

"You are never wrong, Mistress." Crystal answered her. "That's what makes you a great Mistress, and friend."

"Gag!" Deb said. Crystal complied and replaced the gag again, the length of the Pink Dove pressing against the side of her cheeks. "It's time for your cleaning, Crys!" Mistress said as she walked away.

Crystal hurried down the hall into the bathroom, and prepared a two quart red enema bag with the Ivory liquid and castor oil as she had been shown. She then took the bag that was still dripping with suds over the side of it, and capped it with the long hose and the douche nozzle. She headed into the Playroom and hung the bag over the drip-rod hanging down from the ceiling.

She laid across the leather sexercise bench, and slipped her wrists and ankles into the shackles that would soon secure themselves with a timed release mechanism. As expected, the leather and steel shackles closed and locked in place. A light above the door showed that the timer was on, and that only two things would release them. One would be a special over-ride command that only Mistress Deb and Crystal knew, (which wouldn't do Crys any good, as she couldn't reach the control pad), and the other was to wait out the duration that was pre-programmed into the timer.

Deb felt the cold touch of leather laying against her still sore ass. Remembering the beating that she took earlier at the hands of the three ladies. Then, to her horror, the one thing she really hated. The full head hood was being brought down over her face. It was secured with the tie straps, and the collar locked into place. Only nose holes that allowed her to breathe. Her mouth was full of pink Dove soap, and she was secured, blinded and deafened by the hood. Then she felt the leather lift off of her ass... and she waited...

The first stinging blow caused Crystal to bite the bar of pink Dove into thirds. With pieces between her cheeks and her teeth, and the other piece between her teeth. She knew that this would continue for some time. So she quickly positioned the soap as fast as she could between blows, so that her teeth would come down against the soap. The absorb some of the blow of the cat-o-nine-tails against her ass. But as the blows continued, the soap was quickly turned to mush.

Crystal's tongue searched her mouth for any pieces of the soap that would allow her to press her teeth against for some relief from the harsh beating her ass was taking. As the next severe set of blows landed, Crystal swallow hard. She didn't expect the blow to land at the balls of her feet. The ticklish spot was now being tortured. What used to send squiggles and squirms through her body, now sent searing hot pain through the very essence of her soul.

Crystal could feel the tears seeping into the leather hood, then she felt the warm flood of water entering her ass as the enema nozzle was inserted. Filling her up with hot soapy water. The cramps started, and then the electric shock, of the little metal clamp that was fastened to her clit. As she bucked with pain, the electric impulses would increase, causing more pain, thus creating more electric impulses. A vicious cycle that a temporary slave had created.

All of a sudden, the mouth plate came off from the hood. Crystal took a deep breath, coughed out several bubbles, and just as quickly found something plugging her mouth. Unable to see what the intruder was, she tried to feel it out with her tongue.

It was difficult as her tongue was numb from all the soap she had in her mouth for the last thirty some hours.

She felt the tip, it was soft, like latex, almost. The idea of a small dildo crossed her mind, but then she knew it wasn't. The she squeezed the tip with her teeth, only to get a squirt of liquid into her mouth.

To be continued...