

Sunworshiper

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Alright, so maybe I overreacted. I'm a strong woman; I have wealth, health, and my own chain of tanning salons. I own a very nice home out in the country. I have no reason to be overly sensitive. But that girl really got to me. Her name was Amanda and I met her at a dungeon club.

Amanda was a high school dropout and a runaway from home, which was a small town in the sticks. Homeless and jobless, she was essentially a professional slave, providing her submissive services to dom types just to keep a roof over her head. The arrangements never seemed to last long. She said it was because they couldn't provide her with the 'real' slavery she desired. I think it's more likely they kicked her out after she got too annoying. She was ever hopeful of finding the sugar-daddy who would spoil her with the life she felt she deserved. I didn't think she was either pretty enough or clever enough to attract that type of man, but I kept my opinion to myself. She was attractive enough, young, with a nice figure and light brown hair. She had the pallid complexion of a consummate party-goer who usually went to sleep at dawn.

I let her move in with me for several weeks. I sometimes got lonely out there in the country and it was nice to have a little submissive companionship. I was the first female dominant she ever had, and she wasn't all that enthusiastic about the arrangement. At that time, however, I was the only one who would take her in, so her options were somewhat limited. As a personal companion, she was sub par. She was whiny, vain, and a terrible conversationalist. Yet as a submissive, she wasn't too bad. She would usually do what she was told without much complaint, even if she didn't like it. I supposed that sort of behavior was habitual for her. She always hated it when I had her wear a latex catsuit of mine, she said it was too hot and yucky. She had a complete aversion to anything that was physically uncomfortable to her, particularly heat. I felt that this was not an arrangement that was destined to last much longer.

I took her along with me to work at my biggest tanning salon one day, just so she could see what I did for a living and maybe even give her a free tanning session. It was the first salon I had opened, and I was proud of it. Inside, she started telling me how she thought tans were gross and unfeminine. She said she couldn't stand the thought of being hot and getting sweaty just to 'turn your skin to leather.' She kept going on like that: heat, sweat, skin damage. A couple of clients overheard her and I grew a little miffed. I rather enjoyed the sight of

tanned skin all beaded up with sweat. That's one of the reasons I opened a salon in the first place. Not to mention the fact that I was pretty tan, myself, so I took no small personal offense.

Her snotty attitude was bad enough, but I let it go. She wasn't worth getting upset about. Then, as the little twit was leaving, she put my car in the wrong gear and smashed it into my store! It took out the plate glass and two extremely expensive tanning beds. She might have killed someone if those beds had been occupied at the time. She was apologetic enough, sure, and insurance paid for most of the damage, but I couldn't get it out of my head. It felt like a personal attack.

I had a lot of old fantasies, cruel ones, you see, and whiny, vain Amanda suddenly took the starring role in them. She hated everything I loved about my work *and* she did me a grave injustice, even if it was accidental. So I began to plan for her to have an extensive stay at my place. I had a little guest house on my secluded property that was perfect for what I wanted, once I had the plumbing and wiring redone. Then there were outfits to buy and equipment to be ordered.

I won't go into all the little the details of how I wrangled her into agreeing to stay. I convinced her that she had a great deal of debt to work off for me, and she could do that by remaining as my slave for a while. The period of her servitude was to last at least a year, longer if she was disagreeable, and she would have to do everything I wanted. If she tried to leave early, she would have to pay off the entire debt, which she couldn't possibly afford. She moved into the guest house. I think she was intrigued by the idea of 'real' slavery, at least more real than she'd had any previous situation.

She let me lock a custom-made collar around her neck that, to her surprise, could provide paralyzingly painful shocks at my command. It would also shock her if she tried to leave the vicinity of the house. I warned her that if she tried to cut it off or run away, the constant shocks could quite possibly kill her. She wasn't quite as distressed by this as one might think. After all, it was captivity she wanted and, to her, this was just an intense game. Plus, she had a bad habit of burning her bridges behind her. Nobody cared to know where she was, so nobody was going to come checking on her whereabouts. The poor thing didn't realize that she had effectively let me kidnap her. Of course, I lied when I told the shocks could kill her if she ran away. It was an empty threat. I didn't want that kind of responsibility. Yeah, it would be really painful, but she could technically leave at any time if things got too much for her to handle and she felt the risk of 'death' was better than sticking around. It was her own mind that would keep her under my control.

Once I had her, though, I didn't provide her with much chance to escape.

After the modifications I made, the cozy guest house was now as secure as a prison. It was comfortable, though, just like a regular, small apartment. The living area, kitchen, and bathroom were at ground level, and the bed was located in a loft upstairs. She had everything she needed, plus luxuries such as television and an exercise bike so she could stay in shape during her captivity. I even brought her DVDs to watch; she wasn't big on reading. I had provided for her a very small wardrobe of casual clothes. There was no refrigerator in the kitchen, but she had filtered tapwater and coffee, canned foods, and fresh fruits and vegetables. She had nothing to complain about, really. I had seen her old apartment, and this prison, such as it was, was twice as nice.

She was intractable at first, and I had to be pretty harsh with her. I had to shock and whip her whenever she didn't obey orders. She wasn't fighting back to escape, mind you. It was a play for power, in her mind. She didn't have many responsibilities, though, so most of the time I just left her alone. After a few weeks of this, once she got over the begging, bargaining, and swearing phases, her will was decently broken in. Then I got to work making my fantasies come true.

"And how are we today?" I asked her as pulled the satin sheet off her body and unhooked the thick, rubber restraints that were locked onto her wrists and ankles from the corners of the bed. I had been tying her to her bed every evening and letting her up in the morning since she got here. It was routine by now. She just glared at me. I think the slavery she had agreed to had turned out to be rather boring for her. I wasn't pushing her limits and I hadn't used her sexually since our deal had been made. She thought I had lost interest in her and she couldn't understand why I wanted to keep her around for a year. She didn't have a clue about what I planned for her.

She had gotten used to my presence, so she wasn't disturbed by my being there as she went about the usual morning activities of ablution and having breakfast. She was aware that I might be watching her at any time through remote cameras even when I wasn't in the guest house. She was sullenly silent most of the time those days. She had just sat down to watch tv, still wearing her nightgown, when I said, "I was thinking. It's such a lovely day out. I thought we might go out by the pool and get some fresh air, take in some sun."

"Really?" She was suspicious, but I could see how desperate she was for a change of scenery. She'd been locked up in the guest house for weeks.

"Sure. Here," I said, going through the chest of drawers, "put this on." I gave her a hot pink bikini that I had provided as part of her wardrobe.

Appropriately dressed, and with ankles tethered to keep her from running, she followed me outside to the pool. It was a mid spring day and the

sky was cloudless. It was already hot outside, though the humidity hadn't yet peaked as it would in the summer months. My house and pool were surrounded by a field of tall, green grass that was mowed short around the property. Beyond the field was a dense screen of trees, and the closest residence was a quarter mile away.

Amanda stayed in the house's narrowing shadow. It was as if she was a vampire afraid of stepping out into open sunlight. I had a couple of lawn chairs set out beside the pool and told her to have a seat and relax.

"I can't go out there, I'll get a sunburn," she whined.

"Oh, for god's sake. I've got sun block." I pulled her out of the shadow and slathered her down with the lotion. Over the years, the cocoa butter scent of the stuff had become like an aphrodisiac to me; the distinct perfume of a beautifully tanned woman. Amanda didn't appreciate the nuances and just kept complaining. She stumbled over her ankle cuffs as I dragged her to one of the lawn chairs and made her lie down.

"I don't want to. I said I don't *want* to! Aren't you listening? Wait. What are you doing?" she asked me, suddenly alarmed.

I was fastening her wrist and ankle cuffs to the edges of the lawn chair. "Making sure you stay put, that's what. Now stop bitching and try to enjoy yourself. This is fun!" Well, it was fun for me, anyway. I popped some sunglasses on her face and pulled her hair out of the way.

It was nice to see her struggling against the restraints that held her in a loose spread-eagle on the chair. The plastic strips that made up the chair squeaked as she moved. Her soft, pale skin was almost blindingly white in the sun. She grew stoically quiet after a minute or so. I settled into the other chair, glancing at her from time to time. Her struggling and little whiny sounds gradually increased as her flesh heated up. Drops of sweat were forming on her skin. She began to twist this way and that, as if the sunrays were something she could dodge. "I'm burning uuuup," she whined.

After thirty minutes I got up and undid the cuffs. Her warm skin was slippery with lotion and sweat and was very inviting. "Come on, roll over, you need to do your back."

"No! I don't want- Ow!" she cried. I had to give her a little shock to remind her of the situation. She sobbed a little but let me secure her face down on the flat chair. The whole process started all over, except now she was already lightly toasted on one side.

I squatted beside her. "You know what's going to happen, don't you? You're going to get a nice, deep tan, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"I don't *wanna* be tan! It's bad for you... don't you know anything? A tan means damaged skin! And I'm hot I'm burning up."

“What is more important? Health or beauty?” I asked.

“It’s not beautiful, it’s ugly!” she wailed.

“So you think I’m ugly, is that it? Well, I don’t think so, and you’re supposed to want to please only me. Remember?”

She just turned her head away and sobbed. I swatted her pasty butt cheeks a few times to watch them turn red before sitting back down. She moaned for the next thirty minutes as if being a little hot was some kind of horrible torture. It was very exciting to watch her taking in the sun in spite of her wishes, knowing I was changing her whole appearance by such simple means. The way she acted, it was almost as if she was being raped by the sun. That mental image turned me on, a lot. Her skin was deliciously hot to the touch when I finally let her up. She sulked all the way back to the guest house, where she plopped down on the vinyl sofa. Then she started a fight about how she wouldn’t do things she didn’t want to anymore. She lost.

The morning after that, there was a little evidence of her time in the sun. She was the tiniest shade darker and slightly pinkish all over. There were only a few small sunburned areas that I’d missed with the sun block. She bitched and cried, but goaded by the threat of punishment, she put the bikini back on and went out with me to the pool. It was a repeat of the first day, only this time we were out there for a little over an hour.

After a week of this, I introduced something new to her sunbaths. I had discovered only a few days after we met that Amanda was extremely susceptible to vibrators. The application of a vibrator always made her orgasm, no matter how much she didn’t want to. It was a weakness I intended to use against her.

I started her off face down and once she was hot and sweaty, I flipped her over. She didn’t whine constantly like she did a week prior, but she still moped the whole time. Then she saw me lubing up the vibrator in my hand. “No,” she said, “I don’t want that. Don’t you dare!”

“What’s the matter? I thought you’d enjoy this. You were complaining just the other day about how you never got to have any fun anymore. Well, here’s your chance.”

“Not like this! I don’t want to, not here! I said no!”

I ignored her protests and, after swatting her clenched thighs to open wide, I gently worked it into her pussy. The bikini crotch held it in, no matter how much she squirmed. It took a few minutes to start to take effect. I knew it was working on her when she hissed, “Damn you. Damn you!”

It was simply beautiful, watching her sprawled and writhing in the sun. Her hips ground against the air while she groaned and panted, swinging between pleasure and discomfort. Her body was enjoying it even if she was not. The little pools of sweat that collected in hollows of her neck and navel

shimmering as she struggled. She was as limp as a noodle when she was let up. She told me how much she hated me for doing that to her. That was fine by me, I didn't expect to be thanked for any of this.

It isn't necessary to detail the following weeks as they were pretty much routine. I would force her to sunbathe late in the morning or in the afternoon, depending on the clouds, and the rest of the time she was left to her own devices. Every now and then she got to take a break for a day or two because of thunderstorms, but mostly it was nice and sunny, since the rain usually came in the evening. It was a great satisfaction to watch her pale skin get darker and darker each day. It was an even greater pleasure to see how much she hated it. I made her wear the same bikini every day since I wanted her to get sharp tan lines. The pale sections of her breasts, crotch, and butt showed just how tanned the rest of her was getting by comparison. By the end of a month her tan lines made her look like she was wearing a white bikini even when she was naked, so stark was the contrast. The days also continued to grow warmer as spring wore on, which made being out in the sun all the more uncomfortable. She got a couple of sunburns, but that was no excuse to stay out of the sun. She'd peel and bitch about skin damage and say I had no right to cause damage to her body like that, but she'd stretch out in the sun anyway. It wasn't like she had a choice. Eventually, even the burned spots succumbed and turned tan like rest of her.

She gave in and stopped complaining as much during her sunbaths. She got so she would just lie there, quiet and unhappy, while her unwilling body soaked up the rays. I still kept her restrained, even though she wasn't fighting as hard. Sometimes I sunbathed with her, other times I took in a swim while she was spread out on the lounge chair. I never let her swim, though, as that would cool her off. After a while I bumped her up to sunbathing twice each day and stopped letting her use sun block, only tingling tanning lotion and melanin-producing supplements. She got a couple of sunburns because of that, but her abused skin was ultimately up to the task and darkened up twice as fast. I didn't use the vibrator on her the whole time she was sunbathing. After thirty minutes it tended to lose its effectiveness, so I only used it for short periods. After a month of such treatment, I knew she started to look forward to lying in the sun just a little, since it would result in as much pleasure as discomfort.

There was something I discovered I loved and she loathed. After spending an hour by the pool, her bikini was so soaked through with sweat that it was as if she'd just been swimming. The bikini material was thick, so it could absorb quite a bit. It would actually drip if you wrung it out, and usually it would still be damp the next day when she went to put it on. She absolutely hated putting on the clammy, damp articles, repelled by the fact that they were not only wet, but dirty with her own sweat. I loved her expressions of disgust as

she snuggled the wet lycra against her crotch. She would actually get goosebumps. She re-soaked and warmed them up quickly enough from lying in the sun. I had punish her once for hanging them up to dry out better. I made her just drop them in a pile on the tile floor of her little bathroom after that, just so they'd stay nice and damp until she had to wear them again.

It was around that time that she discovered that the guest house plumbing had mysteriously screwed up. The cold water faucets no longer worked. All she had was hot water to drink and wash with. She begged me to get it fixed, but I told her I wasn't paying for a plumber just so she could have cold water. Of course, you can probably guess that the plumbing was that way on purpose. With the turn of a valve, the only water she could get was heated to 120 degrees—just short of scalding. She had to let her bathwater sit a while before it was comfortable to get it and she had to leave pitchers of hot drinking water on the counter to turn lukewarm. With the ambient heat of the coming summer, lukewarm was as cool as things got in the guest house. There was neither air conditioning nor fans to cool her off. The place started to get pretty stuffy during the day and, since the windows wouldn't open, she just had to deal with it. With the ambient temperature so high, it took a long time for her to cool down after the slightest exertion. Simply toweling herself dry after a bath was enough to make her work up a sweat. She'd just lie around, lethargic from the heat, trying to get her fingernails underneath her rubber restraints and collar to scratch at the itchy rash forming beneath them. Poor Amanda.

The morning when I untied her from bed and learned she'd had a hot and sleepless night, I knew it was time to ramp things up a bit. She sat and watched me in confusion as I replaced most of her wardrobe. I took away all her shorts and t-shirts and replaced them with a small selection long-sleeved, high-necked, rayon/polyester dress blouses and satin pants. In addition, she had to wear pantyhose all the time. My fashion choices for her might sound strange, but I had reasons for having her wear them. For one, those materials can get very unpleasant in warm weather. The other reason is I simply wanted to watch her get sweaty and bedraggled in such nice clothes. She thought I had gone nuts for giving her such outfits to wear just sit around in, especially in the summer. She didn't need much encouragement, however. I told her she could either wear them or wear the damp bikini all the time, one or the other. She chose the clothes.

I set the thermostat, located in the main house, so that the temperature in there wouldn't go below ninety in there, even at night. That, combined with the midsummer weather, helped to keep her overheated at all times. She'd get up in the morning, leaving an Amanda-shaped wet spot on the satin fitted sheet (since she was bound at night, she couldn't even change positions to get to a cooler,

dryer part of the bed), drag a brush through her tangled, sweaty hair, and change from her clinging, damp nightgown and into her nice, heat-retentive clothes. In just a few hours, those would be spotted with sweat stains, too. She would be bound beneath the sun for an hour and have a nice, little reluctant orgasm, then try to cool herself off with a hot bath. She'd drink her warm sports drinks (she hated the taste of those drinks, but I made her drink them just to replenish what she was losing from perspiring so much) and eat a little something in front of the tv. In the early afternoon it was back into the bikini and back to the pool to spend another hour in the sun. Come evening, she'd be so hot and listless it would be all she could do to just peel herself off the vinyl couch. Then she'd put her stale nightgown back on and be tucked under those hot, satin sheets to try and sleep.

Every now and then, she'd freak out when I wasn't around. I watched her on the remote video a couple of times as she screamed at me, using all manner of foul language. She swiped and shouted at the warm air as if she could bully it into being cooler. She strained to open the locked windows, stopping just short of shattering them with something heavy, just to get some fresh air. Eventually, she would overexert herself, collapse, and cry for a while. Well, she had to blow off steam some way or other.

Her crying was so pitiful and pathetic when I told she'd have to start using the exercise bike every day that I almost relented. But, considering how sedentary she had gotten, I needed her to do something to stay in decent shape, so she ended up on the bike in the end. Have you ever seen a girl wearing satin pants and blouse pedaling away on a bike in a one-hundred degree room? It's hilarious! She sobbed the whole time, sweat stinging her eyes, and practically melted off the bike when I let her stop. Her entire outfit was drenched by the time she was done. After just a couple days of that, she decided that wearing the perpetually sweat-soaked bikini while exercising was preferable to regular clothes, despite how much she hated wearing it.

I decided she was getting too comfortable around the guest house. I put holes in her pitchers and cups so that she would no longer be able to let the water sit before drinking. She had to drink it almost straight from the tap at near-scalding temperatures when she got thirsty, which was often. The only tepid water in the house was the toilet water, and she wasn't quite desperate enough to start drinking that. The meals I prepared for her started getting more and more spicy. She absolutely hated spicy food, her face would flush red and her eyes would water whenever she ate it, but hunger always won out in the end. Almost everything she ate and drank was hot in some way or other, and don't think I didn't get my ears whined off about it.

I also decided to do something about her baths. She'd let the water sit in

the tub for hours to let it cool down. I installed a special plug into the tub that would open automatically and let the water drain out after twenty minutes, leaving her enough time for a quick bath and not allowing the water to drop much below 120. I had to force her to take a bath the first time. She kicked and screamed and splashed around as I pushed her under the water and held her there so I could scrub her down. She left a few claw marks on my arms. I let her up after a few minutes; her steaming body was as lobster-red. She was as weak as a kitten and just leaned against me as I towed her off. It was almost romantic. To me, anyway.

That lovely summer wound down and the weather started getting a little cooler. The changes the sun had worked on Amanda were breathtaking, compared to how it looked just six months earlier. Her skin, except for her pale bikini line, had gone from peaches and cream to a rich, golden brown. She looked like someone who had spent all season at the beach. Her brown hair, even her eyebrows and eyelashes, had been sun-bleached to a streaked blonde. Her skin had soaked up so much cocoa-butter lotion that no amount of bathing and scrubbing could rid her of the scent, which followed her around like a cloud. It was delicious. She perspired almost constantly, day and night, so much so that I doubted if she'd once been completely dry since summer began. Her skin was getting used to being hot and damp all the time, so she was getting fewer rashes by then.

It was definitely the most miserable summer Amanda had ever had. Yet, ironically, she probably had more orgasms in those months than in the rest of her life, even if most of them were forced. I think that she was getting adjusted to her captivity, and even though she despised being tanned and constantly too warm, her submissive side was learning to appreciate her total loss of control of the situation. She didn't fight or even mope as much as she used to. I don't mean to say she'd turned all rainbows-and-flowers happy all the time, but she was finding at least *something* worthwhile in her slavery, I think.

She still didn't see the beauty of a tan and hated her appearance in the mirror, but at least she had gotten used to sunbathing. Since she no longer burned and it didn't hurt, and since she had grown somewhat accustomed to being hot all the time, she was able to enjoy other aspects of her sunbaths: the soothing and relentless heat of the sun's rays penetrating deep into her restrained body, the buzz of the vibrator held in place by her bikini, the combination of blinding sun and heat and pleasure swirling in her mind until she was half-delirious from getting fucked by the sun...

Excuse me, I'm getting a little carried away. Anyway, she never came right out and told me that she was starting to really look forward to her time in the sun, but I had gotten to know her pretty well, and I could tell. I suspect she

had even started to get turned on by putting on her damp, pink bikini purely by association. She showed a distant, dreamy sort of look instead of pure revulsion when she'd pull it on. Maybe it was just the anticipation of pleasure.

Earlier in the summer, I know she was looking forward the time when the weather got too cool and cloudy for proper sunbathing. By the time it did, I think she was a little sad. But I wasn't going to let autumn and winter interfere with her tan. I didn't own a tanning salon for nothing, you know. So I had a tanning bed installed in the guest house.

I didn't need the contractors who worked for my company seeing a sweaty girl in rubber cuffs hanging around while they did their work. But, I couldn't just let her sit in my house until they were finished. My house was much cooler than the guest house and I had become pretty much obsessed with keeping Amanda from getting comfortable, if even for a day. On the day of the delivery, which was still a surprise for Amanda, I wrapped her up from head to toe in her thick, satin comforter and secured it with belts. It was a challenge getting her to shuffle, cocooned like that and demanding to know what was going on, across the yard and up the steps. I tucked her in a corner and pointed a space heater at her to make sure she stayed nice and cozy. I wouldn't have wanted her to catch a chill, after all.

The workmen complained about how hot it was in there. I thought that was pretty funny. Once the installation was finished, I added a few touches of my own to the bed. Then I brought her back and unbundled my flushed, sweaty slave. She couldn't believe she was seeing a brand new tanning bed taking up one wall of her living room area. It wasn't top-of-the-line, those were too big for the space, but it was a very nice twenty-four lamp model. I had already switched out many of the UV lamps with heat lamps. Had to make sure that her tanning experiences remained nicely warm, of course, and fewer UV lamps meant she'd be able to stay in longer before burning. I told her that it would help her keep her tan until next summer. She started shaking her head and backing away from it as if I had just unveiled some medieval torture device.

"What have you done? What is this?" she asked me.

"It's a Christmas present! An early one," I told her. "Isn't it great? Now you won't lose your lovely tan during the winter, dear."

"But... but, but... I didn't ask... I didn't want," she stammered. She was twisting a sun-bleached tendril of damp hair around her finger nervously.

"You don't have to thank me, I know you appreciate it," I said. "It's been two days since your last tan, so let's try it out. Get your suit on."

"But I don't want to get any tanner!"

I touched her collar remote. "Are we going to have problem?"

"It... uh, it's just, I don't... uh. No, ma'am," she said with a pitiful look on

her face. She was so much easier to control after a summer of shocking, whipping, bondage and sunburns.

It still took some arm-twisting to get her undressed, lotioned up, and into her well-used bikini. She was sobbing and pleading as I helped her onto the table. I had bolted some rings at the corners so I could restrain her flat like on the lawn chair, but I didn't use those the first time. I wanted to see how she reacted. I had her put on a pair of uv-blockers so she wouldn't go blind and closed the top. In addition to the rings, I also added a latch for a lock. Once it was closed and the lamps came on, she wasn't getting out until I wanted her to.

After a few minutes, it was just like old times when I first started her tanning. She was twisting this way and that, rolling over onto her stomach and back again, just trying to escape the light and heat. It was pointless; the light shined on her from all sides. Then she started shoving at the lid and tried to crack the glass by banging her heels on it. Her slippery hands and feet squeaked against it once she got hot and sweaty. I couldn't see her too well through the edges of the lid, but I could hear her thumping around and panting. Finally, she just went kind of limp and laid there like a stunned animal. I'm not sure why she was reacting like that. Maybe she needed to prove to herself that she couldn't prevent it before she could permit herself to enjoy it, or some such submissive logic. She didn't seem to be enjoying it too much, though, at least not the first time.

She was thoroughly baked by the time I let her out. The glass surface she lying on was painfully hot to the touch, but not enough to cause a heat burn in that amount of time. I could tell she was going to have a little sunburn after I let her get out. I made her wipe the puddles of sweat off the table before she could go and try to cool down.

"I don't like it," Amanda said. She had peeled off the bikini and was working to get her long-sleeved blouse back on to her wet skin. She knew I wouldn't permit her to stay undressed for long, no matter how hot she was. "It's like being cooked alive in a coffin."

"Hmm," I said thoughtfully, "there's an idea."

She backed away from me fearfully, her blouse half-buttoned.

"I'm just teasing, you know that. Looks like you got a burn, so you'll get tomorrow off. Maybe the next day, as well. But after that you'll get to tan twice a day again."

"Oh... crap." She moped.

Autumn passed quickly for me, but probably not for Amanda. In keeping with the season, I switched her wardrobe over to snug, cableknit sweaters with turtlenecks. Those, and some thin yet surprisingly warm, silky microfiber leggings and camisoles under her clothes did a splendid job keeping her cozy.

They didn't soak through like the thinner clothes, but at the end of the day you could smell her clear across the room. She wasn't happy to wear them, but neither was she surprised that I wanted her to.

I started putting space heaters in the guest house in order to compensate for the chilly weather. She didn't appreciate my help in staving off the cold, considering it was still around 95 degrees in there. Wherever she went in the house, there were radiant heaters blowing hot air on her. Even when she was tied in bed, with the satin comforter tucked up under her chin, there was a heater there to keep her warm. She'd get to sleep eventually, when she got tired enough. I caught her on the remote camera once pressing herself against a window to try cool off, but to no avail, poor thing. The glass was the double-paned efficient kind, so no matter how cold it got outside, the inside pane was always room temperature.

A side effect of all those heaters was that they dried the air out really bad, and she was starting to chapped. So I threw a humidifier into the mix. A strange sensation, entering the house. Outside, you needed a coat, but once you got inside, it was like some Brazilian jungle or something. And Amanda was stuck in there all the time. If she ever complained, all it took was a short workout on the exercise bike to shut her up. Then she'd be too busy trying to catch her breath in the humid air to worry about bitching.

True to my word, I made her keep using the tanning bed several times a day. I took out some of the lamps so that she would be able to stay in there longer without getting burned. She'd have to spend several hours a day, though not all at once, slowly baking her skin darker and darker. Sometimes I would tease her, because I'm cruel like that. I'd tell her things like how her skin would never be able to return to normal again and that she'd be tan for the rest of her life, which wasn't quite true but she didn't know any better. I'd tell her, while she was at the peak of her orgasm, that she probably would end up aging prematurely from all the tanning she was doing, she'd end up as a leathery and wrinkly middle-aged woman in a bikini, just like she feared, but that the damage was already done and she couldn't do anything about it now. She hated to hear things like that, but after a while they only made her orgasms stronger. She was getting to enjoy, just a little, the fact that her body was changing in spite of herself.

For fun, right about Thanksgiving (on which she got some leftover turkey and dressing marinated in a very spicy sauce) I thought I'd give her more pleasure, in addition to her tanning bed orgasms. She took to the bed pretty well, by the way, once she got used to it. I don't think it was as erotic as being tied out in the open sun was getting to be for her, but she adjusted all the same. Anyway, what I started doing was tying her in her pink bikini to that vinyl sofa,

ankles to the sofa legs so that her thighs were nicely spread and her arms tied up over her head. I pointed a space heater right at her spread crotch and inner thighs. She'd go from whining and whimpering to squirming around with sweat trickling down her body in no time at all. Once her skin was hot to the touch, I slid the vibrator into her pussy and kept it in place with the bikini, in the usual fashion. Her reaction startled me the first time. After a few minutes of trying to maintain her dignity, she started moaning and screaming. The combination of superheated pussy and thighs and a vibrator she couldn't get away from were driving her up the wall. She didn't want to enjoy it, at least she didn't want to admit it, but there was no way to deny that she was getting off on it. She had the strangest little smile on her face afterwards.

In only a few weeks, she started looking forward to those heating/vibrating sessions more than tanning. I guess because it was 'safer' than suntanning, what with no physical changes to worry about. She still didn't enjoy being hot all the time, but to my great surprise, I discovered her beginning to get off on the space heater pounding away on her bikini crotch and thighs even *before* I applied the vibrator. I never teased her about that, because I wanted to explore it and didn't want her getting self conscious about it. Before long, she was shamelessly grinding her hips against the waves of heat as if it was a lover, panting, with her eyes rolled back in her head. She was eventually able to work herself up to an orgasm that way, without being touched or vibrated at all. I tried different configurations, like pointing small heat lamps at the soles of her feet or focusing them on her breasts. Those by themselves didn't excite her as much, but as long as the heater was cooking her crotch, it all drove her crazy. I didn't even have to tie her up for it anymore, but she needed me to. She just couldn't enjoy it as much if it wasn't 'forced.'

Christmas came and I got her some presents. I got her some movies and new cd's I knew she'd like, as well as a new DVD player since the old one was starting to malfunction because of the humidity. I got her a brand new bikini to replace her old pink one, which was no longer pink or pretty because of all the heat and sweat it had absorbed over the months. Her new bikini was white and contrasted beautifully with her golden brown skin. I knew that soon it would be just as sweat-soaked as the old one. She wanted to keep the old one, but wouldn't tell me why. I guess it had sentimental value. A few months later I discovered she'd been keeping it under her pillow. I never did ask her why. Sometimes a girl needs secrets.

I got her one very large present to compliment her tanning bed—a personal sauna. It was a small steamer box, a modern version of the ones they made in the old days. Nowadays, they were mostly used for new age ozone therapy stuff and cancer treatment, but I was only interested in how much it'd heat her up.

Essentially, it was a plastic box large enough for a shelf-like seat, with doors in front. The occupant's head would stick out a hole in the top. I had attached some restraint rings for Amanda's wrists and ankles on the seat, of course. Amanda was both fascinated and frightened by the thing; she knew it would only add to her daily discomfort, but she couldn't help wondering what it would feel like.

I sat her down inside in her new, white bikini and locked her in. She had a worried look on her face as I closed the door and wrapped a hot towel around her neck (to keep the steam in). Soon that worried expression became desperate as the cabinet was filled with 140 degree steam. I couldn't see her body, but it was a delight to watch her pretty, tan face turn red, her hair getting plastered to her head. Wisps of steam would drift up over her neck and face. She gritted her teeth, panted, cried, and begged me to let her out, but she had to stay in there the full thirty minutes. Her skin was steaming like a cooked lobster after I opened the doors and unlocked her. The funny thing was, she was almost shivering as she cooled down, wrapped in a towel. Compared to the sauna, her hot and humid home was downright chilly.

Sitting in the cabinet became a regular part of her day. It immediately followed tanning, which meant she sat in that box for sixty minutes to an hour and a half per day. She got used to it, sort of. Oddly enough, I couldn't really make her get off on it like she learned to do with tanning and 'heat-fucking.' She'd sit in there with the vibrator in her bikini bottom, but had trouble reaching orgasm. Maybe it was just too damp and strange for her.

Since she couldn't enjoy it as much, I had fun making it even more unpleasant for her. While she was locked inside that box I couldn't get to her body, but still had unrestricted access to her bleached little head. I might position the small heat lamps to shine on her helpless face or wrap her head in a warm, winter scarf with just her eyes and nose showing. I'd also take the time to spoon feed her one of her ever-increasingly hot and spicy meals. Sometimes, I would just make her eat whole peppers, or something sweet dipped in cinnamon oil, or maybe a spoonful or two of hot sauce. Something along those lines. Her eyes would water and her nose would run and she would tell me how much she hated me after she regained her ability to speak. I was beginning to wonder if she still meant it when she said that. I don't know if even she knew for sure.

On a side note, I have to say I was quite impressed with how tough her tongue had gotten. This girl would refuse eat anything hotter than a 'mild' microwave burrito when I first met her, and now she was able to handle some of the spiciest of dishes with only a little difficulty. She could eat things even I wouldn't touch, I *liked* spicy stuff. Of course, she didn't have a choice: it was get used to it or starve, but still, I was impressed. About halfway through the winter

she did develop a stomach ulcer from her spicy diet, but I got some good prescription medicine for her which took care of that.

I mentioned before how much she disliked wearing my latex catsuit. During the winter I started introducing latex and rubber into her life. I ordered lots of stuff online: bodysuits, hoods, rubber sacks, latex sheets. I didn't have her wear it exclusively, but often enough. Wearing that stuff was torture for her in that heat. She'd sweat worse than ever. It was great fun having her wear a clear latex bodysuit that covered her from head to toe while she was in the tanning bed. She gasped and panted and squirmed, and you could almost see the sweat pooling up in the folds of the outfit. I couldn't wait to get her back out into the sun wearing something like that. Other times I had her wear a baggy, plastic suit over her normal clothes, just because it was interesting. I had to take extra special care to make sure she was drinking enough and wasn't getting too hot while in rubber. I didn't want her getting heat stroke, after all.

She saw me one day starting to add a set of latex sheets to her already uncomfortably hot bed. She begged me not to and then, in desperation, dared to grab my wrist and pull me away from her bed. I wanted to punish her for that, but not in the normal fashion. The next day (after she spent a sweltering night under a latex sheet and satin comforter), I made sure she washed up very well. She was able to stand the hot bathwater a lot better now and was able to take longer baths. Then I stuck her inside a black, rubber sack that covered her whole body with just a tube to breathe through. She didn't put up much of a struggle. I tied her, standing up, to one of the loft posts and positioned a couple of space heaters near her (but not *too* close). After listening to her moan and squeal through the tube for a few hours, I lifted up her legs and cut a small hole in the bottom of the sack. Nearly a pint of her sweat drained out into a pan I'd positioned underneath. Pure essence of Amanda. I admit I couldn't resist dipping a fingertip in for a taste. A little salty, didn't have much flavor, but I did detect a hint of a cocoa-butter. Heavenly.

I put the pan on a stove burner before taking her out of the sack. She still had no idea what was going on. I had her put on her bikini and tied her to the sofa in the usual way for one of her heat fucking sessions. Even though she'd just been heated up in the sack for hours, the vibrator and pussy-heating still had an effect. While she was getting worked up, I transferred the heated sweat into a glass and added a straw. When she was close to orgasm, I took the glass to her.

"You see this?" I asked her. "This is your own sweat."

"Huh?" she said, thoroughly distracted by her pussy.

"Your sweat. You just made it. And now you're going to drink every drop."

She looked horrified. "No! No way!"

“Are we going to have an argument about this?”

She knew that meant she was about to get a shock when I said that. She whimpered and wrapped her cringing lips around the straw as I held the glass close for her. I chose a straw specifically because I wanted her to have to savor every mouthful instead just gulping it down quickly. She gagged some on the first sip, but then discovered that it didn't really taste gross. The only unpleasant thing was her knowledge that it had just come out of her own body. She paused every few swallows to catch her breath. The debasement of her act and the helplessness which she loved was working on her, along with the heat and vibrator. As crazy as it sounds, by the time she got near the end, she was sucking it up greedily, even though there was still the occasional gag. I had been slowly brainwashing her to love this sort of thing, after all.

I was so turned on by seeing her drink her own sweat, I could no longer retain my composure. For all these months I hadn't used her sexually, only satisfying myself by masturbating in private while watching her. I'd planned to try to wait a while longer, but I just couldn't. I stripped off my clothes and settled myself on top of her face, pressing her head against the top of the sofa. She was never too good at licking pussy, but it didn't take much to get me off at that point. I came in no time, looking down at my bound, baking, force-tanned slave who had a belly full of her own hot sweat. God, it was exciting.

I had her lick me frequently, after that. She got better at it. Most of time I would wear a pair of loose, latex shorts with a hole in the crotch large enough to fit her head and neck in. It had a few perforations in the front and back so that she could get a little fresh air and not suffocate down there. It was so nice having her sweaty face down between my legs. I liked it best when she'd just come out of the tanning bed or sauna box and her body just radiated heat. Well, that's getting a little too personal, so I'll stop that little bit of reminiscing.

Amanda really got into the sweat-drinking thing, as long she knew she'd be punished if she didn't comply. Of course, it's not something she would ever have admitted, but her growing lust for that sort of thing betrayed her. And I was only too happy to oblige. She would practically quiver with disgust and anticipation when I ordered her to give me her bikini after a particularly sweaty day. I'd have her tip her head back and wring every drop of sweat out of the bikini into her open mouth. She would gag and moan at times, and bitch about it, but I knew the wetness that appeared between her legs wasn't just sweat.

I commissioned the guy who built her shock collar for me to make another little toy for her. This was a stainless steel vibrator with a heating element inside: like a curling iron only not as hot. After about five minutes, it would heat up to the point of nearly burning bare skin... nearly, but not quite. Amanda hated it so much that she had a screaming orgasm the first time it was used on her in front

of the space heater. She cooked her pussy with that thing almost every day after she got it.

For Valentine's Day, I gave her a plastic heart filled with those little redhot heart candies. I think she was touched, at first. She wasn't so touched when I poured a handful of the hearts into the foot of a stocking and shoved it in her mouth. The stocking kept her from swallowing them whole and strip of tape kept her from spitting it out. She had to suck on the mouthful of hot candies until they were dissolved, at which time I'd add handful until they were all gone. I know, poor Amanda never got a break.

The weather started turning decent around March and almost a full year had passed since she agreed to be my slave and captive. I decided it was time for a little celebration; I would let her be normal again, if just for a night. I prepared a very nice dinner in my house, with candles and everything. She was a little uneasy. For the first time in a year, with the exception of being bundled up for the tanning bed delivery, I allowed her out of her cottage and into my house. Since September, she hadn't even been outside of the guest house at all. As much as she wanted out, I suppose the confinement had made her somewhat agoraphobic. She was still restrained, of course, with chains connecting her restraints so she couldn't take big steps.

I surprised her by giving her a nice little sundress to wear for the occasion and nothing else, no latex, no wool tights, no hot blouses. She looked lovely. After a year of constant tanning, her body and face had gone past golden brown to an almost exotic brown, like a Pacific islander or something. Her tanlines, visible above the top of the sundress, practically glowed in comparison. Her formerly brown hair was a pale, streaky, bleached blonde that many women would pay a lot of money to duplicate in a salon. A year of sun, sweating, and little appetite had given her a firm figure and smooth, tight skin. Naturally, she still smelled of tanning lotion. No other perfume was required.

After just a few minutes in my house, she began to shiver. Even though my thermostat was set to a comfortable seventy-eight, a year of living in that hothouse had completely fucked Amanda's own internal thermostat. As much as she didn't like being hot, her body had gotten so used to it that normal temperatures now felt awfully cold. She sat hugging herself and rubbing her arms for warmth until dinner was ready. "Why do you have it so cold in here?" she asked me during dinner. "I'm freezing."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Maybe I have it set too low. How is your food?"

"It's okay, I guess," she said, then added, "I mean, it's good. It's just a little, you know, bland." I wasn't surprised, since I hadn't added any spice at all to this meal. I just wanted to see if she'd notice. Her eyes lit up when I gave her a glass of icewater. Those ice cubes must have looked like ambrosia. She took a

big swallow and suddenly gagged and coughed up the water. Her throat was in shock from the sudden cold, considering she'd been drinking only scalding water and hot sports drinks (and sweat), since last summer. She began to shiver violently, complete with chattering teeth, as the water cooled her belly. Sadly, reluctantly, she put down the glass. She declined with near panic when I offered her a bowl of ice cream for dessert.

"Well," I said, after retiring to the living room, "it's almost time that you can get back into the sun and tan outside again. Won't that be nice?"

"Yeah." Even after all this time she still couldn't admit she couldn't wait to get out and orgasm under the sun again. Oh, well. As long as she did it.

"What's happened to me? I'm so cold," she said.

"I think you know," I told her. She just made a noncommittal noise and shivered some more. "You know," I ventured, lying, "your year is almost up. I didn't want to say anything before, but the damage you did to my storefront was more expensive than I first thought. I think, to be fair, you should stay another year, just to compensate."

She looked at me with wide eyes. "Another year?"

"At least."

Many conflicting emotions played out on Amanda's face as she sat there in silence. Finally, in a whisper, she said, "I can't go back, can I?"

"No. I don't think you can."

She kind of nodded slowly to herself with a distant look in her eyes. She fingered the chain connecting her wrists. "You wouldn't let me go even if I didn't agree. Would you?"

"No. I don't think I would."

She nodded to herself again. She straightened up a little. "I just want you to know that I still think tans are ugly and they hurt your skin."

I smirked.

"And I hate being hot all the time, and I hate tanning, and I hate being sweaty. I *especially* hate it when you make me... drink my... sweat," she added.

"I know," I said.

"Okay. Just so's you know." She shivered again.

"Come on," I said. "Let's get you back to your place. You're going to catch a cold in here." I took her back to the guest house where she immediately started sweating. I made her spend an extra-long session tied with her crotch spread in front of the space heater. Just to get her warmed up again.

And so she stayed. I did feel sorry that she had to stay in that little house all the time, so I removed her collar and started taking her out in public again on the hottest days. She was frightened at first and wouldn't even get out of the car. Eventually, she got used to being around other people again. She would get

such envious looks. I was so proud. Whenever we went out, some woman would accost her and want to know if she got so tan. Amanda couldn't tell the truth, of course.

The problem with taking her out the rest of the year was that she'd get too cold. I started devising outfits that would keep her hot and not look too unusual, like latex and layers of thermal underwear under her clothes in warm weather. I had a couple of airtight sauna suits made for her with heating elements imbedded in them, like in an electric blanket. Powered by a battery she carried in a tote bag, with a discrete cord, it kept her body stewing in her own juices at all times. People just couldn't figure out why she was sitting there, panting, with sweat stains spreading on her nice blouse in an air-conditioned room. With that, and all the warm clothes layered on her, she is constantly on the verge of fainting from the heat, no matter how cold it gets outside.

I'm pleased to say that Amanda has become a model, of sorts. I took pictures of her posing in her bikini (another new one, she goes through them in a matter of months, and she keeps them all). Posters of her incredibly tanned young body now grace the foyer in each of my salons. Something for all my clients to aspire to. I don't think Amanda is displeased.

Right now, she is soaking up the sun by the pool, occasionally tugging at her restraints, delirious from the sun, the heat lamp pointed at her crotch, and the scorching, metal vibrator thrust inside her. Not a day has gone by that she hasn't spent a few hours in the sun or tanning bed. She's probably right; all that tanning probably isn't too good for her skin, but it's become a drug for her. She can't stop now, no matter what. And if I have anything to say about it, she'll be hot, sweaty, and fucking the sun for the rest of her life. And I know she'll just *hate* it.