

BDSM BUNKER



Crimson Rose

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Michelle's introduction to BDSM happened on her thirteenth birthday which coincidentally fell on a Friday the thirteenth. Left home alone for the first time in her life while her parents went shopping, the budding teenager knew she had a few hours to herself so decided to let curiosity get the better of her. All her life she was able to go anywhere on the property and in the house except one place. Her parents' bedroom. With them waking before she did every morning and going to bed after her every night she had not even seen a glimpse inside. Heart pounding in her chest, she was soon to discover why.

Using a butterknife, she carefully opened the locked bedroom door. The first thing her eyes met was the high sitting king sized four poster bed with pillory built into the footboard, cage underneath and cuffs dangling from chains. Gasping, she nervously stepped in. Hanging from hooks to the right of the bed were nearly a dozen paddles, canes, floggers, riding crops, gags and clamps. While to the left numerous sex toys lined three floating shelves. Normal sized on the top shelf, they grew longer and thicker than anything she thought possible. Gulping back her hesitation, she continued to explore, unaware that she was being recorded by the eleven cameras her parents had hidden around the room to film their sexcapades.

Peeking into the walk-in closet, Michelle saw rows of normal clothing in the front, but something in the back caught her attention. Curiosity continuing to get the better of her, she walked deeper into the closet where the clothes tent from cotton, silk and polyester to leather and latex. What had caught her attention was a fluffy fox tail attached to a metal object she would later learn was a butt plug. Next to it hung a variety of other animal tail plugs. Below each sat a pair of patterned latex thigh high boots and a box containing the rest of the outfit. Opening one, she saw long black spotted white gloves, a cupless latex crop top and a headband with what appeared to be cow ears attached.

Knowing she would be grounded for life if she did it, Michelle resisted the temptation to try the outfit on. Exploring the rest of the huge closet, she found boxes filled with bdsm magazines and DVDs. It took her young mind a moment to process that the woman she was seeing on the covers of the DVD cases in all

manner of kinky position and outfit was her own mother. Nervously flipping through one of the magazines, she saw many images of things she had no right seeing, but one photo in particular caught her eye. It was of a young woman maybe in her twenties on a bed with head down and ass up wearing an outfit similar to one she saw just a few feet away including a very fluffy fox tail that appeared to be protruding from her backside. That is when the dots began connecting. Realizing that metal part went in the butt, Michelle shivered involuntarily and put the magazine back in the box.

To the right of the closet an archway led into a large secondary room filled with more sex toys, machines and equipment. Bolted to the back wall was a large padded metal X with leather cuffs at each of the four corners. There were benches and cages and machines and a seat with two dildos attached to it. She had no idea what any of it was or how it was used, but looking at it made her heart beat a little faster. Confused, excited, conflicted and still very curious, she went back to the closet, opened the box of magazines and began reading the articles while paying very close attention to the pictures.

It was never her intention to make use of her parents' bedroom dungeon or their closet full of fetishwear, but the more Michelle read, the more she felt the need to experiment. Particularly excited by images of women dressed as various animals, she went to the back of the closet and picked up a pair of thigh-high boots patterned after a brindle-coated canine. Sitting on a small bench, she put them on. A little big for her feet, she awkwardly walked around in them for several minutes before sitting back down to put on the gloves and headband. Holding the top in shaking hands, she nervously bit her lower lip before taking her shirt and bra off and putting the form-fitting garment on. That left only the tail.

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Dressed only in the puppy outfit, Michelle knelt in the corner of the closet and picked up another magazine – this one dedicated to different forms of bondage. Completely engrossed in pictures of women tied in all manner of position, stationary as well as hanging and stories of domination and submission she did not hear her parents coming home or the footsteps walking down the hallway. But she did hear her mother's voice.

“What the hell?” Brianna said, looking from her bedroom to her husband.

“MICHELLE?” she yelled for her daughter. “I know we locked the door this morning,” she said a little softer.

“I watched you do it,” Ryan replied. Hearing a shuffling noise, his eyes darted to the closet. Putting a finger to his lips he tiptoed into his bedroom. More shuffling. Throwing the closet doors open, he saw his teenage daughter scrambling out of the latex costume. “DEAR GOD!”

“D-DAD! W-W-What are you doing home? You’re suppose... MOM!”

“Jesus Christ!” Brianna gasped.

“I’m so sorry!” Tears of humiliation running down her cheeks, Michelle pushed past her equally shocked parents and ran to her own bedroom.

“Erase the video and I’ll go have a talk with her,” Brianna said to her husband.

“We both knew this day would eventually come so be gentle with her,” Ryan replied.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to do anything to further her humiliation.” Walking out, Brianna went to her daughter’s room and slowly pushed the door open to see Michelle on the bed, knees pulled up to her chest, face buried in tears. Stepping in, Brianna shut the door. “I know you’re feeling humiliated right now, sweetie, but you don’t need to be. There’s nothing wrong with being curious or experimenting.”

“T-Then... Then w-why did you keep me out of your room?” Michelle sniffed back the tears; face still buried in her knees.

“Because you’re only thirteen, Michelle, and that’s a bit too young to be thinking about sex, let alone of the kinky variety. But not that the damage is done and you’ve seen our secret we’ll be as open and honest about it as possible. I’m here to answer any questions you might have, but before you do know that we have cameras in our room recording everything around the clock including your snooping and running out dressed as you are now. Your father is deleting the video as we speak. That being said, about the outfit that you’re wearing...”

“I’ll take it off just as soon as you leave.”

“I’m going to step out into the hall. When you’re finished let me know so that we can finish this talk. Okay?”

“O-Okay.”

“And honey, your father and I are not mad at you. You’re not in any trouble.” Stepping out into the hall, Brianna closed the door and waited.

Wiping her eyes and cheeks, Michell got off the bed, stripped out of the latex puppy outfit and then put on something more age appropriate. “Y-You can come back in now.

Stepping back into her daughter’s room, Brianna saw Michelle sitting on the bed wearing a tee shirt and pair of shorts. “I’m sorry I broke into your room and stole your, um, clothes,” she said, her voice soft and still trembling.

“It’s okay. Like I said, you’re not in any trouble?”

“R-Really?”

“Really. I know you were curious and that’s why you broke into our room, but why did you put those on?” Brianna asked with a nod towards the latex garments lying at the foot of her daughter’s bed.” Seeing her daughter’s face turn bright red, she sympathized. “It’s okay, Michelle.” Walking over to her, she gently placed her left hand on her daughter’s shoulder and used the right to lift her chin. “I need you to know and understand that you can tell your father and me anything no matter how embarrassing you may think it is. Why did you put the puppy outfit on?”

“B-Because... I... I looked at some of your magazines and I thought it looked cool and it... It made me feel funny and I liked it so I put it on.”

“Are you okay?” her mother asked, eyes going to the tailed plug.

“Y-Yes. It hurt a little but not for long. Can we not talk about this please?”

“From your perspective I’m sure this is very humiliating, but your father and I are very much into the bdsm lifestyle and seeing as how you deem yourself old enough to dress in my puppy gear, I deem you old enough to explain all of this to so please speak your mind and ask your questions.”

“C-Can I keep the um, puppy gear?”

“Only if you swear to never tell anyone about it. Not even Ellie,” her mother said, referring to her daughter’s best friend. “I mean it, Michelle, you can never tell anyone about it until you’re out on your own. If you can do that then the outfit is yours to keep. But you can only wear it in your bedroom. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes. Thank you. I think I’m submissive, mom.”

“Oh? And what makes you think that, sweetie?”

“I was reading your magazines and found a quiz. According to the answers I gave it says I’m a submissive born to serve. I know I’m too young for any of this, but I promise I’ll be as obedient as I possibly can.”

“I think I know what quiz you’re talking about so I’m not sure what answers you could’ve possible given.”

“Um, I’ve never had sex before unless you count wearing that plug. I just answered based on how the pictures and stories I read made me feel.”

“Well, you might change your mind about that in the future. That being said, you can’t tell anyone about taking the quiz or being submissive either. You understand that, right?”

“Is that a command?” Michelle asked, testing the waters.

“Do I need to make it a command?”

“N-No ma’am. I promise I’ll never tell anyone about any of this until I’m old enough it won’t get you and dad into trouble.”

“Thank you. Now, your father and I brought you something for your birthday but given the circumstances I think something extra is called for. I’ll do some shopping and it’ll be here in a week or so.”

“What are you going to get me?”

“You’ll just have to wait until it gets here. Now, do you have any questions for

me?”

“Are you submissive or dominant?”

“I am submissive and your father is my Master.”

“Do you do the things in those magazines?”

“And so much more. I won’t go into the details with you because I think you’re still too young to think about such things, but if you’re still interested in a few years we can talk about it some more. I need to ask you a very personal question, Michelle, and I need you to be honest with me. Now that you’ve discovered our secret and have worn one of my pet outfits are you thinking about doing more? Are you thinking about using my other toys or finding a boy to have sex with? Or a girl?”

“I can honestly say I’ve never really thought about sex until today and now I’m very curious. Not that I’m going to go out looking for it, but I am curious.”

“It’s okay to be curious, Michelle, but you’re young. Please promise me that you’ll wait until you’re older to start having sex.”

“I’ll try.”

“I need you to do more than try, Michelle. Believe me, I know the temptation all too well. I started having sex when I was fourteen and had you a year later. And while your grandparents made sure we were both taken care of, and your father proposed to be on the spot and married me when we were old enough to do so, we got a lot of flack for having a child so young. Please promise me you’ll abstain for a few more years. And if you can’t do that then at least promise to be careful.”

“I don’t know that I can promise to refrain, but I can promise to be careful. As embarrassing as this is, I, um, I think... If maybe I had... Um, if I had something to satisfy those urges when I get them then I’m far less likely to find a boy to have sex with.”

“Are you telling me you want a dildo, Michelle?” Seeing her daughter’s face go even redder, Brianna smiled. “It’s okay. Say no more. The party will be at six. Your friends can stay over if they want and I’ll have something extra for you in a

week or so.”

“T-Thank you mom.”

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Nine days after her thirteenth birthday, Michelle came home from school and found three gift-wrapped boxes sitting on the foot of her bed. Grinning, she closed the door, ran over and ripped the largest of them open. Inside she found Half a dozen animal outfits like the puppy one she already owned. Fox. Cat. Cow. Pony. Monkey. Deer. Pig. And puppy with boots that would actually fit. Taking the hint, she grabbed the other one from her closet and returned it to her parents’ bedroom before running back to open the other two. In them she found an assortment of toys guaranteed to keep her entertained and her mind off of boys. Or so her parents hoped.

Two years later...

Calling her parents Sir and Ma'am, Michelle obeyed their every rule and command like the dutiful submissive she knew in her heart she was born to be. Pouring all of her concentration into doing her best at school, she still spent time with friends whom she gave no indication of her new lifestyle. Every day when she got home she stripped, showered and then put on one of her many animal outfits. Once in gear, she dropped to all fours because most of the animals she mimicked did not walk upright. It took her parents time to get used to her new behavior, including requesting meals in bowls, but they eventually accepted it if only because it made her happy.

Taking her new life to the logical extreme, Michell went so far as to speak only in the noises the animal she was dresses as would make except if the question required more than a yes or no answer. She also started sleeping on a thick memory foam pet bed placed in a large cage which she collapsed and stored in the back of her closet every morning. Within months, the only things she did as a human teenager were using the toilet, brushing her teeth and showering.

In the two years since she discovered her parents' secret, Michelle had many dreams and put a great deal of thought into the crazy things she would love to do, the kind of dungeon she would love to have if money were no object. Unfortunately, while her parents were well enough off to afford her a comfortable life, money was definitely a barrier to overcome. That is until four months after her fifteenth birthday. Winning one of the largest lottery jackpots of all time, her parents were instantly worth more than seven hundred million dollars. Seeing this as her opportunity to make her dreams come true, She waited until the chaos settled down before going to her parents with the request of a lifetime.

For the first time in over two years Michelle joined her parents at the dinner

table wearing clothing normal for a teenager and not someone completely obsessed with being a petgirl. “Glad to have you joining us at the table again,” her father said.

“It feels weird sitting in a chair again, Sir, but I’m happy to join you,” Michelle replied. “Also feels a little weird talking. I mean, I talk in school and to my friends, but it still feels odd talking instead of barking, mooing or oinking like a pig. Anyways, I have a huge favor to ask the two of you. You’re going to want to say no at first, but I ask that you please give it some thought before turning me down without question.”

“We’re listening,” her mother said.

“Okay, so you know that I’m submissive and I can never thank you for allowing me to express myself the last two years, but I’ve been giving it a lot of thought and I want to do something crazy. We’re uber rich now, well, you’re uber rich now but I’m hoping you’ll help me out. I don’t know how much it’ll cost, but I’d like to buy some land, a lot of land, where I’ll have a house built over a massive luxury bomb shelter. Now, I know what you’re thinking, but please hear me out. This won’t be any ordinary bomb shelter. I mean, it will be, but I also want it to be my own personal dungeon and training facility. I’ve seen a million pictures on the internet of bomb shelters and I have a lot of ideas. And given how long it’ll take to build I’ll be well over eighteen when it’s finished.”

“That’s a very interesting idea,” her father said. “Ballpark, how much do you think it’ll cost?”

“For everything I’d like, Sir?”

“Everything you’ve thought of.”

“If built as big as I’d like it, um... Probably on the order of twenty-five to thirty million dollars. I know, it’s a lot, but I’m thinking of something that could house about five hundred or so people for up to five years with room enough for all of the toys, furniture, equipment and other necessary supplies. It also includes enough to hire staff and trainers and to pay for operating costs for five years.”

“I see you’ve actually put a lot of thought into it,” her mother said.

“I did, Ma’am. I’ve thought of nothing else for the last two years. Of course, it

wasn't always a bomb shelter, but I figured it would be private enough to not draw a lot of public attention or be out in the open for everyone driving by to see. Speaking of privacy, since I'm only fifteen and can't actually do any of this myself I'll need your help. I was thinking we could start a company in the name of a trust so people can't follow the paper trail directly back to us. And finally, Knowing how much it'll cost, I've sort of calculated how much we can charge men and women to come and be trained at our bdsm bunker. That's the name I came up for it by the way."

"Actually, I like it," her father said. "I also like your initiative, Michelle. Which is why I'm going to help make your dream come true."

"REALLY! THANK YOU DADDY!" Michelle said, getting up and throwing her arms around her father's neck. Kissing him on the cheek, she giggled excitedly.

"Your mother and I will place fifty million dollars in a trust fund which you may use to build your bdsm bunker. That is how much we were going to give you on your eighteenth birthday but seeing your excitement and enthusiasm I think we can do it a few years sooner. As for the company We'll start that and make all of the decisions with contractors and the like, but behind the scenes you'll be in charge. And when you turn eighteen we'll hand the business over to you to use for any future endeavors."

"I can't... I don't know... Thank you so much. Seriously, you're the best parents anyone could ever hope for and I appreciate everything you've done for me and continue doing for me every single day. I love you both so much."

"And we love you, sweetie," her mother reciprocated the affection. "And we fully support you embrace of the bdsm lifestyle and the things you wish to spread its acceptance. Which is why your father and I got you something special. After dinner put on your puppy outfit and meet us in the living room."

"Yes Ma'am. May I ask what you got me?"

"You'll see after dinner."

"Yes Ma'am."

In the two years since becoming a petgirl, Michelle had upgraded all of her outfits to include latex and neoprene masks resembling the animals she so loved dressing up as. Going full submissive, she opted for those including built-in ball gags, but after a few months of constantly drooling and having to clean up the mess, she removed and only wore them when out of costume. Doing as her mother commanded, she put on her puppy outfit and crawled out to the living room where she saw her parents sitting on the couch, her mother holding a small flattish wooden box in her lap. Going up to them, she knelt, spread her knees apart and put her gloved hands on the floor between them.

“Good girl,” Brianna said, smiling down at her daughter. “Your father and I have given it a lot of thought and we both agree that you deserve this,” she said, holding the box out.

Taking the offered box, Michelle lifted the top off. Inside, resting in felt was a sleek, blue leather wrapped metal collar with a paw tag hanging from the front. “Oh my god! It’s beautiful,” she said, using her human voice. “Thank you!” Lifting it out, she turned it over in her hands.

“We know what you’re thinking and the answer is no. That does not mean we’re collaring you as our submissive because that would be illegal on more levels than either of us care to count. What it does mean, however, is that we both agree you’re the epitome of petgirl and a good petgirl deserves a collar. If you lift the insert you’ll find tags of other animal paws that you can change out based on what you’re dressed as.”

“That is so cool! Thank you so much.” Taking a deep breath, Michelle placed the collar around her neck and slid the tabbed end into the slotted magnetic end before exhaling. “H-How does it look?”

“I think it completes the look,” her father answered.

“Thank you, Sir. Thank you Ma’am. This is the best gift ever.” Sitting back, Michele tenderly placed her right hand on her belly. “I won’t be able to hide it much longer so I might as well tell you now.” Taking a deep breath, she slowly exhaled. “Ellie and I have been having sex for the last eight months,” she said, referring to her best friend since the first grade. “Four months ago her brother Adam walked in on us. One thing led to another and... And I had sex with him. The toys are nice, but he was so much better so I let him do it whenever I visited.

We always used condoms, but a couple of months ago it broke. It happened five or six times since then. I found out last month that I'm pregnant. I'm so sorry. I know I promised to not have sex with boys, but once it happened I couldn't stop and then the condoms broke and... And now you think I'm a whore and..."

"We don't think you're a whore, sweetie," her father said. "And we're not disappointed in you."

"W-Well... I... I'm disappointed in myself," Michelle said, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Does Adam know he got you pregnant?" her mother asked.

"Y-Y-Yes. And he said he'd help take care of it but I don't love him. I love Ellie. I want to spend the rest of my life with her, not him."

"Does she feel the same way about you?" her father asked.

"Yes, but Adam thinks we should be married when I'm old enough so that he can be in our child's life and part of me agrees, but I don't love him. Not like that anyway."

"Honey, you don't need to get married for him to be in your child's life," her mother said. "And you certainly shouldn't marry someone you have no feelings for because that's just going to lead to divorce and make everyone including your child unhappy. If he's willing to take care of it and be in it's life then by all means let him, but don't marry him unless you're one hundred percent head over heels in love with him."

"I couldn't have said it better myself," her father said. "All I'll ass is that your mother and I are here for you no matter what and will do our best to help you raise your child while you finish school."

"Thank you. I'm so sorry I didn't listen."

"Hormones rarely do," her mother said with a knowing and sympathetic smile. That being said, with school starting in a few weeks it might be best to switch to home-schooling. That way you can be here with your child and get an education at the same time."

“While I’m disappointed that I got pregnant so young, I’m not ashamed. I agree that I need to put my child first and that’s exactly what I’ll do, but I’ll continue going to regular school until time to give birth. I’ll then switch to home schooling to finish out the year, but I’ll return the following fall. And if anyone there has a problem with me having a child then they can fuck off because it’s none of their damn business.” This was the first time she had ever cussed in front of her parents, but she felt the language was necessary given the topic of conversation. “Now, I’ve been thinking about it and have come up with two options. One, I continue living here and Adam and Ellie spend a lot of time visiting, or Ellie and I get married when we turn sixteen and I use some of the money you’re giving me to buy us a home. Either way they’ll know in a few months that I’m a petgirl and very much into the bdsm lifestyle. That being said, I’d much rather prefer to tell them sooner rather than later on the off chance they decide it’s a deal-breaker and they no longer want anything to do with me, but I thought I’d ask your opinions on the matter before telling them.”

“Personally, I think you should live here until you graduate high school,” her father replied. “As for telling them you’re a petgirl, well, that’s aa whole other ball of complication that can get us all into trouble.”

“Not really. There are no laws saying I can’t have sex or be into bdsm. And it’s not as if you’re dominating me or anything. I just really love dressing up and pretending to be different animals. And I’d rather know if they’re willing to stick by my side before proposing and getting married. And yes, I’m fully aware that if they freak out and stop being my friend that it’ll spread all over school like wildfire and honestly I don’t care. At least not for myself. My only concern is that it’ll come back and bite you in the butts.”

“Which is why I agree with your father,” her mother said. “You should wait until after you graduate and are out on your own before telling anyone. And when you do you can leave us out of it. Not that we’re ashamed of the life we’ve chosen to live, but we’ve taken great care to keep it private because as you said, it’s no one else’s business. I also don’t see the need to rush off and get married. I encourage you to wait. And if you can’t then test their reactions to the lifestyle before telling them you’re a part of it.”

“What do you mean?”

“Casually bring it up in conversation. And I don’t mean telling them you’re a

petgirl and love bdsm. What I mean is tell them you saw pictures on the internet and ask what they think of that sort of thing. If they react negatively to it then it's a safe bet that you shouldn't tell them you're into it. And if they react positively, then tell them a bit more. Tell them you saw some videos and ask if they want to watch. See how they react to seeing it in action. If they seem into it then ask if they'd like to experiment. If they agree, have at it. Then you can tell them what you are and if they spread rumors around school then you can do the same to them. Not that I encourage such things, but it's good to have a backup plan just in case."

"I agree with your mother."

"Then that's what I'll do. Thanks mom. Thanks Dad. Is it okay if I go for a walk now?"

"Of course."

Michelle always enjoyed going for walks around the neighborhood, but since becoming a petgirl she had to limit them to crawling around the large, fenced-in back yard where no one could see her in gear. Touching the tag and then the collar around her neck, she grinned at her parents, dropped onto all fours and went out for a lazy evening walk.

Three more years later...

Using her mother's advice, Michelle spoke to all of her friends one by one, telling them of the pictures she saw on the internet and carefully gauging their reaction. Those that said that sort of thing was disgusting were told no more. Those that seemed even the tiniest bit interest were told of videos that she preselected for potential viewing. Holding nothing back, she showed them everything from bondage and spanking, to petgirls and golden showers. Sure, they were the sort of thing no one her age had any right viewing, but for the future of her friendships she needed to know where everyone stood.

Ellie, her best friend in the world was not just into it, but admitted she loved being spanked and practiced self-bondage whenever she got the chance. Adam, the father of Michelle's twin daughters Emily and Alyssa, as well as son Brian was also into it and said he would gladly dominate her. As for other friends, a few wanted nothing to do with it some said they would never be friends with anyone into it and the rest said it did not bother them one way or another. Only three more out of her seventeen closest friends said they would try it at least once while two others said they actively practiced it behind everyone else's back.

The trust fund set up, Michelle purchased thirteen hundred acres of land in New Mexico and after a year and a half of working with architects and bomb shelter experts construction began with a seven-year completion date. Not wanting to wait that long to play with those friends into the lifestyle, she bought another thirteen acres where she had built a miniature version of her dream home which was completed four months before her eighteenth birthday. Using that extra time, she not only furnished the house, but the secret dungeon as well. And then she paid for plane tickets for all of her friends to fly out for an extended stay under the condition they were willing to live a bdsm life for one whole month. Adding a fetish limit list to the invite, she lost four friends outright. Five more said they

had no interest in bdsm and so backed out of the all-expenses paid vacation. But the remaining eleven – four men and seven women including her best friend turned fiancé Ellie agreed. Adam wanted to come as well, but with his sister there he thought things would get too weird so instead stayed home and took care of their kids.

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Arriving via two limousines, the friends got out and spent several minutes marveling at the mansion before them. As the vehicles drove off, they gulped and began stripping. The first time naked in front of each other, none of them locked eyes. Once their clothes were off and neatly folded in hand, they walked up onto the front porch, found the box with their name written on it, opened it and began putting on their new outfit – the women cupless crop tops, long gloves, thigh-high boots, mask and tailed plug of sheep and the men in the same but patterned to resemble sheep dogs. Still following their instructions, all eleven friends got on all fours at the same time to work the lubed plug into their asses. As anal virgins all of the men grumbled as the not entirely small silicone toy shaped like a canine cock complete with two-inch knot sild deeper. The women, on the other hand, moaned with the pleasure of having their asses stuffed even if it was by a canine cock sex toy.

Dressed, eighteen-year-old Ellie crawled to the front door and knocked. It opened a moment later and she was greeted by her fiancé. “We are dressed and ready to submit to you, Mistress,” she said as instructed.

“Does that go for you all?” Michelle asked.

“Yes Mistress, the rest of the group replied.

“Great. Come on inside Ladies, I’d like you to kneel head down and asses up. Men, I want you to mount and fuck them. And don’t you dare pull out until filling them with your loads. In the meantime, the ladies not mounted will pleasure me.” Stepping aside, Michelle watched her friends crawl into the house. When the last was inside, she closed and locked the door and then watched as all seven women nervously lowered their heads and spread their legs in preparation of being mounted by their male friends for the first time ever.

Nineteen-year-old stunning redhead Amber was the first to be mounted as eighteen-year-old Nate crawled up behind her and sniffed as dogs are want to do.

Enjoying her scent, he licked and she softly moaned. Next, Ellie was sniffed by Paul. Jill was sniffed by Rick and Heather was sniffed by William. That left eighteen-year-old Renee, Connie and April who crawled over to Michelle and knelt in waiting. Reaching down, Michelle playfully pet her friends' heads as she watched the others being mounted.

"Alright, you three, ready to pleasure you Mistress? You may use your human voices."

"Y-Yes Mistress," twenty-year-old April answered. "I've been dreaming of this day since we met. Um, well, I've been waiting to have sex with you, Mistress. BDSM, not so much but I'll do whatever it takes to pleasure you."

"That makes two of us, Mistress," Nineteen-year-old blue-eyed blonde Connie said.

"You're the first woman I've ever had sex with, Mistress, so I can't promise I'll be any good, but I'll do my best to please you."

"I'm sure you'll do fine. Go ahead and lay on your back and I'll get on top. April, you may use the strap-on there on the coffee table to fuck me up the ass. And just so that all of you know, that toy, like the plugs now filling your asses is an exact replica of a dog's cock including the knot. That's the large bulge near the base." Getting on all fours, Michelle crawled over Renee's body and immediately started licking her friend's pussy. Fingers nervously played with her vulva, spreading her open and teasing her hooded clit.

Picking up the leather harness, April ran her fingers along the thick shaft and then wrapped them around the knot. Falling more than an inch short of touching, she shivered at the thought of it stretching her open. Putting the harness on, she secured the dildo, lubed it up and then eased the tapered head into her friend turned Mistress' ass, not stopping until reaching the knot nine inches below.

Purring, Michelle raised her head only slightly. "I can very easily take the knot so please feel free to slam it in and out of me."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Hesitantly, April pulled back and then slammed forward. "HOLY SHIT!" she exclaimed as her Mistress' asshole easily stretched to accept the baseball sized bulge. "How is this even possible?"

“I’ve been fisting myself for three years,” Michelle answered. Both holes so please feel free to shove your hand in me, Renee.”

“Yes Mistress. Hand me that lube, April!”

“Um, Mistress, what would you like me to do?” Connie asked, the only one left out of the action.

“You’ve got the most important job of them all,” Michelle answered. “When the guys blow their loads and the ladies keep their heads down you’ll lick them clean. Until then I want you to sit like a good girl and wait. Oh, and if anyone needs to pee, Connie, Ellie, Amber and I are your toilets. Ellie and I are both well-trained but Amber and Connie have never done it but are curious enough to try.” Lowering her head, she once again licked her friend’s pussy, this time adding three fingers.

“I can take a fist too, Mistress,” Renee moaned. “Not easily like you, but I can take it.”

“Good to know.”

“I can take a fist as well,” Ellie said as Paul’s eight-inch cock slammed balls deep in and out of her. “In both holes at the same time.”

“M-Me too, Heather confessed. “But I’ve only ever fisted myself so I can’t take anything bigger than my own hand.”

“Concentrate on being bred like the wild animals you are and we’ll go over fetishes and limits afterwards,” Michelle said, adding a fourth finger to Renee’s gushing pussy.

“I’ll try drinking pee as well,” Jill said, adding the fetish to her will do list out of nowhere.

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Her friends fucked, licked, fingered and satisfied; Michelle stood in front of them grinning ear-to-ear. “I am so proud of all of you. Sincerely. I know this whole vacation was a huge ask and not all of you were completely onboard and have stepped far outside of your comfort zone to be here and I greatly appreciate

that.”

“I need to pee and I’d like to use you as my toilet,” William said. At six feet five inches and two hundred thirty pounds of solid muscle, he towered seven inches over the next tallest in the room. “Assuming you really drink it that is.”

“I can assure you she’s been drinking my pee for years,” Ellie replied.

Kneeling, Michelle smiled. “I’m ready whenever you are big boy.” Her lips parted and she waited. But not for long. Sucking him into her mouth, she relaxed her gag reflex and a beat later was swallowing the warm, acrid fluid as if water. When the last drops were going down, she sucked him for about ten seconds before sitting back. “Thank you for using me as your toilet.”

“It was definitely my pleasure,” William replied.

“As I was saying,” Michelle said as she got to her feet “I appreciate that all of you are here and willing to spend the next month living a life of submission. And while I genuinely hope you all love it enough to continue doing so after you leave, I fully understand if you don’t. Anyways, there are a few things I need to go over before we can relax and take a tour. First and foremost, as indicated in the invitation there are cameras hidden in every single room of the house except the bathrooms which, at least for the next month will have visible cameras recording everything twenty-four-seven. If that’s a problem you probably shouldn’t be here because I will not shut them off for any reason.”

“Um, what are you planning on doing with those recordings, Mistress?” Ellie asked.

“I’m going to keep them stored in a safe place never to see the light of day again unless required to do so by law.”

“Then why have them, Mistress?” Amber asked as Paul gently guided her to her knees to use as a toilet.

“They are there to keep everyone in line. Not that I think anyone will force anyone else to do anything against their will, but it’s better to cover all of our bases. That being said, copies may be provided if everyone here agrees that said videos may be used for any reason including being uploaded to the internet. I’ve prepared rooms for everyone including the clothes you’ll all be wearing for the

next month and a selection of toys you may use when not in the dungeon. The clothes and toys are yours to take home. To save yourselves the humiliation of being bag checked at the airport I'll ship everything to you once you're home. With the exception of Ellie. Hun, will you please join me?"

"Yes Mistress." Dropping onto all fours, Ellie crawled over to her fiancé and knelt to her right.

"As you all know, Ellie and I are engaged. We've talked about it and for her this is a one-way trip. Meaning she will be staying here with me, Adam and the kids. Now, back to the agenda for the next month. I've spent weeks going over everyone's fetish list and I have to admit I'm surprised by the answers most of you gave. I'm not going to name names, but three of you checked the section agreeing to be used as sex slaves without limit. The rest of you will discover your kinkiest friends in the coming days and weeks. Anyways, we'll all be staying here for the entirety of the vacation. I'll be providing drinks and all meals so all you need to worry about is relaxing, submitting and pleasing one another within the confines of their limits. And with that, if you'll all get on all fours and follow me I'll show you around the house ending with the dungeon."

Rooms designated; the group of friends followed their temporary Mistress down into the basement. The first eighteen by twenty-four-foot room was set up as a bar with seating for up to fifteen, but being under the drinking age the shelves were lined with other types of drinks offered. Off that was a smaller laundry room, a utility room containing only the furnace and a fourteen by twenty-foot lounge and gaming room. This is where Michelle led her friends. Swinging a picture of an EKG heartbeat of her twin daughters aside, she quickly tapped eight digits on a keypad. There was a click and a section of the wall released. Pushing it open, she reached in and flipped a light switch revealing a short hallway ending in another door.

“Holy shit!” Heather exclaimed. “You’ve got secret passages?”

“Only the one that leads to the dungeon.”

“I don’t get it,” William said “If you’re so openly into bdsm why hide your play room, Mistress?”

“Because I don’t need my kids walking in before they’re ready and able to understand what the room symbolizes and what the toys and equipment are for. Also, having a secret room is pretty fucking cool. That being said, As far as I know I’m the only one with any knowledge and practical skill using everything inside of the dungeon so please don’t pretend you know what you’re doing or someone will get hurt and that’s the last thing any of us wants. If you have questions, ask and I’ll help to the best of my ability.”

“And how exactly is it that you’ve got practical knowledge?” Paul asked.

“The same way I’ve got practical knowledge and experience being a petgirl. My parents. Get your minds out of the gutter. It wasn’t like that. They never touched me sexually. I found their bedroom dungeon when I was thirteen. Long story short, I read some bdsm magazines which piqued my curiosity and led to me putting on my mother’s puppy outfit. They came home and caught me and to my surprise they encouraged me to embrace my submissiveness. Anywho, I’ve read

and watched everything I could get my hands on and when home alone practiced using various pieces of equipment and toys including paddles, floggers and canes.”

“And she really does know how to use them,” Ellie said. “You’ve all seen the dozens of tiny scars all over my body. Those are from her using the cane and cat o’ nine on me. And before you say anything, I asked, no, I begged her to tear into me, to beat me until I bled because I’m a masochist that truly loves pain. I might as well come clean now, I’m one of the three sex slaves here today so please feel free to use me however you desire. You don’t even need to ask permission. For the next month I belong to each and every one of you, but that being said, Mistress Michelle’s word trumps all and if she commands me not to play with anyone but her that’s what I’ll do.”

“I’m also one of the slaves,” Amber said. I guess the same rules that Ellie just mentioned also apply to me.

“I thought we were keeping it secret while everyone else discovered our secret, but since the two of you have already come clean, I’m the third,” William said.

“And I make four,” Michelle said. “But I’m also in charge and will go full dominant if and when needed. “And as Ellie said, my word trumps all. Now, without further ado, let’s have some fun.” Walking down the fifteen-foot hallway, Michelle entered a different set of eight digits into a keypad to unlock the door. At thirty by seventy, the twenty-one-hundred square foot room was filled with every toy, machine, piece of furniture and equipment one could hope for strategically placed for optimal use of space. “Welcome to my dungeon! Please take your time looking around and if you’ve got any questions don’t hesitate to ask.”

“I’ve got a question,” William said as he crawled into the dungeon between Connie and April. “Can I breed you like a fucking animal?”

“Possibly. Ellie and I are not on birth control so it’s entirely possible one of you will knock us up sometime in the next month.”

“Um, I’m not on birth control either, Amber said. “Does that mean I have to let them breed me too?”

“You’re here as a sex slave so what do you think?”

“I think I’m about to spend the next month being creampie’d, Mistress.”

“Like any good breeding cow should,” Michelle grinned.

“No time like the present to get started,” Nate said as he leaned in and tenderly kissed Amber on the lips. She welcomed the show of affection and the pair split off from the rest of the group. Taking her to the four-poster bondage bed at the back of the dungeon, Nate kissed his way down her body, stopping to give her hard nipples some attention before continuing down to her vulva. Moaning, she bucked her hips to press her vulva harder against his lips. Reaching under, he grabbed her ass and sank his teeth into her hooded clit.

Meanwhile, the rest of her friends wandered around the dungeon while Michelle leaned against a spanking bench and watched. To the left, Jill sat in a sex swing legs spread with ankles resting in stirrups. Kneeling between her legs, Rick put his fingers and tongue to work. Across the dungeon, Heather was checking out shelves of glass and metal dildos and butt plugs while next to her April placed the bulbous end of a dildo into her pussy. Stepping behind her friend, she grabbed Heather by the hips, pulled her back and then shoved the front nine inches in. Heather gave no resistance as she dropped to all fours, the toy still buried deep. Smiling, Michelle watched with resounding pride as ten of her closest friends submitted to each other.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen a more beautiful sight, Mistress,” a kneeling Ellie said. “I wonder how many of them will continue living the lifestyle after the vacation. Or how many will want to work at the bunker once it’s finished.”

“I’m hoping all of them, but even if none of them do then I’ll be satisfied in the knowledge they at least gave it a try. What about you, babe? Are you going to spend the rest of your life in submission? Are you going to accept a position somewhere other than at my feet?”

“I’m your slave for as long as you’re mine, Mistress. And I’m definitely planning on working at the bunker in whatever position I qualify for.”

“Well, seeing as how we have about five years before it’s complete we’ve got plenty of time to train you for any and all positions available. Speaking of positions, I think I’d like to do a sixty-nine.”

“Yes Mistress.” Knowing her fiancé preferred to be on top, Ellie Lay on her

back. A moment later and she was eating her lover's pussy.

Seeing many things he liked, William divided his attention between Michelle's perfect ass and the branding gun sitting on the shelf in front of him. Resembling a battery powered soldering gun it had a plug at the end where something could be attached. That something was one of the many plates also laid out before him – some shaped like pictures, others humiliating, degrading and perverted words. She said she was a sex slave, he thought as his eyes drifted over the plates. Time to see if she really means it. Seeing one that he liked, he plugged it into the tip of the gun and squeezed the trigger. It took about ten seconds for it to start turning red. Trigger held down, he walked up to his friend, winked at Ellie and then pressed red-hot metal into Michelle's right ass cheek.

"Ghaahhgghhh! Son of a motherfucking... What the god damn hell?" Michelle screeched, lurching forward several feet. Rolling onto her ass, she yelped and jumped to her feet. Looking back, she saw a triskelion with OWNED SLAVE written around it seared into her flesh. Teary eyes went to the branding gun in William's hand.

"Are you going to yell and throw me out or are you going to accept your mark like a good sex slave?" William asked. "You are a sex slave, right?"

"Apparently an owned one now. But not by you." Walking up to William, Michelle grabbed his long black ponytail and yanked his head back as she snatched the branding gun from his hands. Glancing down, she pulled the trigger and pressed the tip into the skin just above his cock. With a scream he hopped back. "Looks like you're an owned slave as well. You are a slave, right?"

"Yes, Mistress, I am."

Holding the branding gun up, Michelle looked around her dungeon. "Attention everyone! I've got another rule. No one is to brand, tattoo or pierce anyone else unless they explicitly ask and both parties confirm that with me. That is all."

Ellie rolled onto hands and knees and then looked back over her right shoulder. "Mistress, will you please brand my ass?"

"You sure that's what you want, babe?"

"Yes Mistress. As you are owned by me I am owned by you. Please brand me,

Mistress. Please mark me as your property.” Facing forward, Ellie bit into her lower lip and waited for the pain. She felt the heat first. Biting harder, she closed her eyes. She had been burned before and it hurt. She was a self-proclaimed masochist that got off on pain, but the red-hot metal permanently searing her flesh was more than even she could tolerate. Crying out, she fell flat on the cool tiled floor. “Mother fucking bitch that hurt!”

“I thought you were a masochist?” William asked.

“Fuck you!”

“Please do. Would you like me to get the strap-on?”

“Go away or I’ll shove my hand so far up your ass you’ll be able to see what color nail polish I’m wearing!”

“Mmmm, promise?”

“I think you should back off,” Michelle warned.

“Yes Mistress. For what it’s worth I think the brand suits you both.”

“And I should point out given the location of your brand you won’t be able to have sex for at least the next week or two,” Michelle countered. If I see you fucking anyone or even masturbating in the next two weeks you’ll be asked to leave. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” William answered while mentally kicking himself. “To be clear, I’m not allowed to masturbate or fuck anyone, right?”

“Correct.”

“So, I can still get fucked by others?”

“Only up the ass. Your dick isn’t to be touched by anyone except yourself and only then to clean in the shower. Remember, I’ve got cameras in ever room and I’ll be watching. Now, go put this back on the shelf and put the tip in the sink to be cleaned.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I think you went easy on him, Mistress,” Ellie said as she rolled into a kneeling position. “If he had branded me without permission like that I don’t think I would’ve been able to hold back kicking his balls into his throat.”

“To be fair, I did announce that I was a sex slave and a sex slave accepts any and everything without hesitation or complaint so in a way I only have myself to blame.”

“Fair enough, Mistress. Um, unfortunately, with my ass branded I don’t think I’ll be able to lay on the floor again but I’ll gladly pleasure you in other ways.”

“Yeah, that does limit what we can do to each other but I think we can find other ways to entertain ourselves.”

Five more years later...

On the surface, spread across thirteen hundred acres sat thirteen houses including Michelle and Ellie's thirteen-bedroom, thirteen-bathroom, thirteen-thousand square foot home built to her exacting specifications as a reminder of when Michelle discovered and embraced her inner petgirl. Like the previous house she had built, she made sure to include a secret underground dungeon with several layers of security preventing unwanted discovery or intrusion. The same eleven friends that spent a month as submissives now working at the BDSM Bunker lived in nine of the houses – Nate and Amber married with two children, Connie and April married with three. Two of the homes were reserved for Michelle and Ellie's families whenever they chose to visit. In the last house lived the babysitter that took care of all the kids while the parents were working below.

Hundreds of feet underground a massive parking garage connected to a central complex via tunnels which in turn connected to four thirty-story towers. The first thing visitors saw upon entry was a huge park surrounded by storefronts and office space separated by the corridors leading to the housing towers. Restaurants. Shops where guests could purchase fetishwear and all manner of sex toy. A small movie theater. Bowling alley. Game room. Pool and sauna. Offices for checking in. Elevators to the upper floor where vegetables grew in a state-of-the-art greenhouse, and the lower seven floors where training of submissives and sex slaves alike would take place.

Twenty-five of each of the towers thirty floors were for housing – each consisting of eight small apartments surrounding a small park. With two beds in each, the BDSM Bunker as a whole could house up to sixteen-hundred people. One floor was a fitness center. One floor was a lounge. One floor contained water pumps and treatment, an air filtration system and everything needed to power the tower. One floor contained the fire suppression system. And the last was workshops for electrical, plumbing and other maintenance needs.

Through the power of the internet and word of mouth, the BDSM Bunker was not only open for business, but booked solid for three years. The first guest

arrived during the early hours of a Friday the thirteenth. She entered through the sliding glass doors. Tall. Curvy in all the right places. Long jet-black hair hanging braided to her waist. Flawless tanned skin. Piercing green eyes. The black and burgundy latex dress she wore clung to her like a second skin. Walking across the park with an air of authority, she did not make the lobby to sign in before she was joined by more patrons. One. Five. Thirty. In under a minute the park was filled with men, women, trans and others with more incoming. Expecting the influx of guests, Michelle had everyone available to get through them as quickly as thirteen receptionists possibly could.

“Welcome to the BDSM Bunker,” Michelle greeted the stunning raven-haired beauty. “How may I serve you today?”

“Hi, My name is Abigail Richards. I’ve got a reservation to be trained for the next year.”

“Great. Let me just look that up. I’ll just need to see a driver’s license or other form of identification with your picture on it as well as the reservation form.”

Opening her purse, Abigail grabbed the required items and slid them across the counter towards Michelle who took them, looked from the driver’s license to the woman standing in front of her and then the curved monitor as she input the information.

“Alright, I see here that you’ve put down a one-month deposit. In order to complete your reservation for the entire year you’ll need to pay the remaining balance today. At the extended stay discount rate of thirteen thousand per month that comes to one-hundred-forty-three-thousand dollars. Due to the amount we are only able to accept payment via cashier’s check.”

“No problem. I’ve got it right here.” Reaching back into her purse, Abigail pulled out an envelope and slid it across the counter – eyes darting left and right to see if anyone was paying her any attention. They weren’t but she did not let her guard down for a second.

Taking the envelope, Michell opened and then withdrew a cashier’s check in the exact amount of the balance due made out to the BDSM Bunker. Depositing the check into the safe under the counter, she typed some more information into the computer. A few minutes later she handed Abigail a keycard and a dark green leather collar with magnetic clasp. “As a registered sex slave you are required to

wear the collar at all times,” she said, handing both items to her guest. “You are also required to perform any and all sexual acts without question, complaint or hesitation. Failure to do so will result in you being disciplined in accordance to the rules you’ve agreed to follow for the duration of your stay with us. Any questions?”

“Only about a million, Ma’am, but I can see that you’re extremely busy so will only ask when will training begin?”

“We have one hundred and fifty well-trained Masters and Mistresses on staff that are ready and waiting to train you and our other guests just as soon as you get settled into your apartment. Training is on a first come, first serve basis and due to the number of guest will never be one on one so feel free to head down to one of our fully equipped dungeons at your leisure. If you need to know where you are at any given time there are maps hanging on the wall on every level and there are smaller ones in the container below that are free for the taking,” Michelle said, pointing to the four-foot-wide, eight-foot-tall detailed map of the BDSM Bunker hanging on the wall to the right of Corridor Alpha.

“Thank you Ma’am.” Placing the collar around her neck, Abigail slid one end of the clasp into the other and smiled.

“You’re in Alpha One,” Michelle explained. “If you take the corridor there on your left it’ll be the first door on the left. I also see in the system that you requested a fifteen-man gang bang. The men will arrive at four o’clock as scheduled and will remain until midnight. As a registered sex slave you are required to obey their every command whether you like it or not. In accordance with the rules you’ve signed and agreed to follow, you will be disciplined for every infraction and if you acquire too many you may be asked to leave to make room for someone that honestly wants to be trained.”

“I’ve been waiting for this day my entire life, Ma’am. I’m not about to screw it up on the first day. May I ask who the men will be?”

“They are male guests that have been carefully selected to meet as much of your listed criteria as possible. Unfortunately, only eleven of the fifteen are black, but they are all at least eight inches. Or at least that’s what they put on their registration form. If non-blacks are an issue please let me know now so that I can free them from their duties but doing so will reduce the size of the gang bang

accordingly.”

“I prefer black men, but if I’m being honest I’ll have sex with anything with a cock. What I’m more interested in is size. The bigger the better.”

“Then you’ll be happy to hear that four of the men selected claim to be ten inches.”

“That’ll be amazing, but seeing is believing. Anyways, I don’t want to take up all of your time so thank you for checking me in and setting up my gang bang.”

“It was my pleasure. The shops and restaurants are open twenty-four-seven so please feel free to use them at your leisure,” Michelle explained. “If you need help with anything you may use one of the phones placed all around the bunker to call for help. Thank you for choosing the BDSM Bunker and enjoy your stay.”

“Thank you for coming up with such an amazingly awesome and accepting place for those into the lifestyle to come for training.” Collared, keycard in hand, Abigail stepped away from the counter, wondering as she stepped out of line to make room for the next submissive to check in how long it would take before someone wanted to use her. Although she carried herself with an air of authority, she had been submissive all her life. Unfortunately, being brought up in an extremely religious family prevented her from living the life she had dreamed of until now. At the age of twenty-nine she was finally free from their oppressive beliefs and control. Not that she wanted them entirely out of her life, but they were the ones that made the choice to disown her after hearing about her plans to visit the very same bunker she now stood. Sighing, Abigail walked over to the huge map hanging on the wall and closely examined every detail as her right hand absent-mindedly reached out and grabbed one of the much smaller folded versions.

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Each fully furnished apartment is small at only five hundred square feet spread out over a living room, bedroom, bathroom and kitchen – the latter two barely big enough to be functional. Double folding doors in the living room opened into a closet with five long shelves hanging on the back wall where purchased toys could be stored. The kitchen had cupboards and fridge, both empty. The bathroom – longer than it was wide had a tub/shower combo, toilet and short vanity over which hung a large mirror. The bedroom was furnished with a

bondage bed, long six-drawer dresser and nightstand. Double mirrored doors slid open to reveal a long closet where clothes could be hung, or more toys stored. Cameras were visible in every corner of every room. Heavy-duty d-rings were bolted to the bedroom and living room ceilings for bondage play.

Knowing she would be spending most of her time naked, Abigail arrived with only the clothes on her back. She also knew she would be doing a lot of shopping which is why she brought along her credit cards and a bit of cash. Though she did not have to, she stripped down to her strappy heels and with purse hanging at her right side stepped out of the apartment. Heads turned. Eyes made no attempt to hide they were checking her out. Knowing smiles were shared between her and several men and other women. Unfortunately, they were more interested in seeing their rooms and exploring the place they would be calling home for the next weeks, months and in some cases years than a woman flaunting her perfection.

Spotting an interracial couple – a white woman with a black man, both wearing the green collar of a sex slave around their necks heading to apartment seven, Abigail's heart skipped a beat as she wondered if he was one of the men that would be gang banging her later in the day. Leaving them to their business, she walked back towards the corridor leading back out to the main bunker complex where she could grab a bite to eat, do some shopping or take the stairs or elevator down to the dungeons. The collaring system for the BDSM Bunker was simple. Black for submissive guests. Green for guests wishing to be trained as sex slaves. Light blue for submissive employees. Navy blue for employee sex slaves. Red for Dominant employees. And purple for those employees that preferred to switch roles as a scene dictated. So when two men approached – one wearing a red collar and the other purple and both dressed in leather vest, pants and boots, she stopped and nervously chewed her lower lip.

“C-Can I help you Sirs?” Abigail asked.

“As a matter of fact you can,” the man wearing the red collar answered. “My name is Master Tyler and this is Master Brandon and we’re in need of a toilet and cumdump so if you’d...” before he could finish his command Abigail was on her knees with lips parted.

“Um, I don’t want to make a mess so could you command that pretty brunette slave that just stepped out of line to lick me clean after?”

“That’s my job,” Master Brandon replied.

“That’s hot!”

The two men pulled out their dicks while dozens of people lined up outside of check-in watched. Going first, Master Tyler placed the head of his cock against Abigail’s lips. She sucked just the head in and as the trained toilet she already was gulped the warm, slightly acrid fluid down while looking him in the eyes. When the stream trickled to a stop she sucked him off for about fifteen seconds before he took a step back so that Master Brandon could feed her another bladderful. Afterwards, grinning ear-to-ear, she crawled between Master Tyler’s legs, straddled his hips and then lowered herself onto his hard manhood. While smaller than she preferred, he still filled her nicely. Less than a minute in Master Brandon got into position. He teased her asshole so she relaxed to make penetration that much easier for him. But that was not the hole he desired. Not yet anyways. Sliding down, she pushed his larger cock into her pussy alongside Tyler’s.

“H-Holy fuck!” Abigail moaned.

“Are you okay?” Master Tyler asked with genuine concern.

“Yes Master! This isn’t my first double penetration and it definitely won’t be my last so please fuck me and use me as your cumdumpster knowing that I’m not on any form of birth control and that you very well may be the father of my first child.” And that was her hope and the reason she ordered a fifteen-man gang bang twice a month for the entirety of her year-long training. Not that she really needed it as she had long ago decided to obey any command given whether she liked it or not, but it was nice knowing that this officially made her a sex slave.

Detective Brynn Dawson's job was simple. Going undercover she was to do everything in her power to find even the tiniest hint of forced enslavement, abuse, blackmail or coercion to use as evidence in a case to shut the BDSM Bunker down just as the doors were opening to the world's kinkiest. Arriving at noon, she was finally checked into apartment Omega thirteen at a quarter after three. With black collar around her neck and keycard and folded map in hand she took the appropriate corridor to her housing tower and then the elevator down one floor. Stepping out onto the walkway going around the outer perimeter of the small park, she inhaled sharply at the sight of six women in a daisy chain while five men jerked off around them. Cheeks growing uncomfortably hot, she quickly made her way to her apartment realizing for the first time just how in over her head she really was.

Having lied on her registration form, Detective Dawson marked enough fetishes beyond the mandatory to come off as being incredibly submissive without going so far as to declare herself a sex slave despite anal being the kinkiest thing she had ever done in what even vanillas would call a boring sex life. She had no real desire to be trained in nearly all things submissive, to be humiliated and degraded by men and women she had never met, but her duty was clear. She accepted the undercover operation of her own free will and as a woman that never backed down from a challenge she would see this one through to the end. And with three years paid for with taxpayer dollars her journey into perversion was just getting started.

The strapless black leather dress and thigh-high boots her only fetishwear, she spent a few moments exploring her new home for the next three years, noting the locations of every camera and mentally attempting to figure out if there were any blind spots. That was when she noticed the channel lineup sitting on the stand below the TV hanging on the wall opposite the couch. Eyes glancing down it, she stopped at the bottom where her room number was written alongside four stations and a six-digit code. Turning the TV on, she went to the first station and was immediately prompted for the code. Putting it in, she was met with herself from four different angles covering every inch of the living room she now stood. The next channel showed the kitchen. The third showed the bathroom and the

last the bedroom. So much for that, she thought, turning the TV off.

Turning to leave her apartment, a knock at the door made her jump. Opening it, she was greeted by a fiery redheaded woman wearing a purple collar to match the cupless latex dress and knee-high boots she wore – the nametag piercing her left nipple reading AMBER. “C-Can I help you?” Brynn asked.

“Hi, my name is Amber and I’m one of the managers here at the NDSM Bunker. Do you mind if I come in for a moment?”

“Is there something wrong?” Brynn asked as she stepped back to let the woman in.

“That all depends on you,” Amber said, closing the door behind her. “I don’t want to waste your time or the money you’ve paid to be here so I’ll cut to the chase. Your name is Detective Brynn Dawson and...”

“I think you’ve got me mixed up with someone else. Yes, my name is Brynn but I’m not...”

“We will not tolerate liars. You pulled me over about four years ago for speeding so I know you’re a cop. A little digging revealed your promotion last year to detective. While you’re here to be trained in sexual submission we have no doubt you’re also here to investigate us for any wrongdoing. We fully understand the need and will not get interfere unless it interrupts our business, or you are found harassing our other guests with probative questions. There are also areas restricted to employees. If you’re discovered in those areas of the bunker you’ll be escorted out and banned from entering again without an actual search warrant. We’re accepting and open to all, Brynn, including detectives and other law enforcement but will protect ourselves to the fullest extent possible. Do you have any questions before I leave you to your training?”

“I’m actually not even into bdsm,” Brynn confessed. “Maybe it’s best if I just stay in my room for the next three years.”

“I’m not entirely sure why you’d sign up for three years of training if you weren’t into it.

“I’m here because no one else in the department would volunteer.”

“Into it or not, you do realize that after three years you’ll leave a fully trained submissive, right? You’ll be trained in proper submissive etiquette, obedience and everything else on the fetish list you returned with your registration forms. If that’s not what you want then you’re free to leave at any time but remember that we do charge a twenty-five percent, non-refundable cancellation fee.”

“As much as I’d love to leave, I’ve got a job to do and like it or not I’ll do it to the fullest of my ability even if that means being trained as a submissive in the process.”

“Something tells me you’re at least a little curious, otherwise you wouldn’t have volunteered to be trained, but be that as it may, you’re here now and as long as you follow the rules you’ll be fine. That being said, as far as staying in your room goes that’s not a possibility. Under the terms of the registration forms you signed you’re required to attend a minimum of thirty hours of training sessions per week. Failure to meet that quota will result in you being disciplined. Continued refusal to attend will result in you being asked to leave to make room for those actually wanting to be trained.”

“With so many people here I don’t see how you can possibly keep track of who goes through what training.”

“Simple, the collar around your neck contains several microchips containing all of your information and keeps track of where you go within the bunker. There are sensors in every doorway that send signals to our computer system every time anyone enters and leaves a location. Then there are the thousands of cameras capturing every millimeter of the bunker. Now, I’ve got four more of these stop to make so unless you’ve got actual question I’ll bid you farewell and good luck.”

“Four more? As in four more cops?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny that. Anyways, enjoy your stay and training and if you have any questions please don’t hesitate to ask any of the employees you see wearing blue, red or purple collars.” And with that, Amber turned, opened the door and stepped out of the apartment, leaving Brynn standing there contemplating her future.

Thirty hours a week. One-hundred-fifty-six weeks. 4,680 hours of training. Yeah, I'm definitely going to be well-trained by the end and I only have myself to blame, Brynn thought as she paced the living room. Taking a deep breath, she slowly exhaled and then stepped back out onto the sidewalk encircling the park where the women were still pleasuring each other and the men themselves. Skirting around to the exit, she made her way back to the main complex where lines of men and women still waited to be checked in. Taking the elevator down, she got off on the second floor – the first of seven massive dungeons, where she was greeted by a statuesque blonde with a red collar around her neck to match the corset dress she was wearing.

“Welcome to Training Bunker One. I’m Mistress Jodie. Have you already been checked in or is this your first time visiting the training facilities?”

“This is my first time, Mistress.”

“Not a problem. This dungeon is actually filled to capacity but there should still be plenty of room in Bunker Five on the sixth floor.

“Wow, four dungeons have already filled up?”

“They are the reason everyone, yourself included is here.”

“Yes Mistress. I’ll just head down there now.”

“What’s your name?”

“B-Brynn, Mistress.”

“Pretty name. You know, Brynn, we do offer private one-on-one lessons for a modest fee if you’d prefer something a little more intimate.”

“Um, how intimate and how modest a fee, Mistress?”

“Considering where you’re at I’d say very intimate. As for the fee, that depends on how many private lessons you’d like.”

“Um, I’m here for three years, Mistress.”

“Nice. Well, each Master and Mistress sets their own prices for private lessons.

Personally, I charge one hundred dollars per hours or twenty-five-hundred a week but I can make better deals for longer term training.”

“Unfortunately, that’s out of my price range. I’ve basically spent my entire life savings to spend the next three years being trained in submission,” Brynn lied. “In fact, I’ll be here for so long I might actually try applying for any available positions so that I can have some money when I leave.”

“No offense, but why on earth would you spend everything you’ve got to be trained as a submissive? Not that we don’t appreciate the patronage, but handing over your entire life savings to do so isn’t the brightest of ideas.”

“You’re probably right, but after spending my entire life hiding who and what I really am from family and friends I thought it was time to ignore them and finally do something for myself,” Brynn continued with her false backstory. “I had to hide my submissiveness from the world, but the second this place was announced I knew I had to sign up and I did. Anyways, I should probably head down to Bunker Five and sign in for my first lesson.”

“That you should. And if you’re serious about working here talk to Mistress Michelle up at check-in. She’s the owner and will know about any available positions. And hey, if you make enough you might consider me as your private tutor.”

“I’ll think about it. Thank you, Mistress.”

“My pleasure, Brynn.”

Heading back to the elevators, Brynn found herself actually considering asking for an application for employment just to see if they would actually hire her knowing she was an undercover cop. Stepping into the elevator she reached out to hit the button for floor six, but did not press it. Instead, she pressed the button for floor one and rode it back up to the huge park. Going to the offices, she was greeted by Amber who gave her a raised brow.

“How may I help you, Miss Dawson?” Amber asked.

“Um, May I talk to Mistress Michelle please?”

“She’s busy checking guests in right now. Is there something I can help you

with?”

“I was told to talk to Mistress Michelle if I was interested in working here.”

“I see. Why don’t we go ahead and step into my office?”

“Can you hire people?”

“I’m one of the managers so, yes, I can hire. So, will you join me in my office or should I go back to what I was doing?”

“Sure, I’ll join you in your office.”

With a smirk, Amber got up from the desk and walked towards the door in the back of the lobby. “This way.” Opening the door, she held it for Brynn who then followed her down a long hallway. Stopping at the fifth door on the right, Amber opened it and stepped inside. “Please, have a seat,” she said, motioning to a comfortable looking high-backed office chair as she stepped around her desk. “So, you want a job here at the BDSM Bunker?” Sitting, she continued. “Why on earth would a detective want a job at a bdsm resort?”

“Well, to be honest, I didn’t. Not until talking to Mistress Jodie at Bunker One anyways. She mentioned private lessons and when I told her it was beyond my means she suggested asking Mistress Michelle for a job. I was going to Bunker Five to start my training, but instead I came up here. Mostly I was just curious to see if she would actually hire me, but the more I think about it, the better the idea seems. I mean, I’m not a woman of wealth and I’ll be here for the next three years and while three free meals a day is nice, I’d like to leave here with more than my training if that makes sense.”

“It does. But correct me if I’m wrong but you already have a job which not only paid for you to be here but continues paying you a salary as well so it’s not as if you’ll leave with nothing.”

“True, I am still being paid, but so is my car payment, mortgage, utilities and several other bills that I can’t neglect and that leaves me very little for myself at the end of the month. Anything else will help greatly and since I’ll be here for several years I figure why not at least ask. Believe me, I completely understand if you say no, but if you’ve got any job openings whatsoever I’ll take it.”

“Well, we do have a few positions available but You’re not going to like any of them.”

“I don’t like being here at all yet here I am. Name it and if the money’s right I’ll do it.”

Opening the top left drawer of her desk, Amber reached in and pulled her hand out holding a green leather collar which she sat on the desk in front of Brynn.

“Um, what’s that for?”

“Every available position requires the applicant to be a registered sex slave,” Amber explained. “That means you’ll be trained as such for the next three years. That means no limits. You’ll obey every command without hesitation, or complaint whether you like it or not. If you can do that then we may continue.”

“Is that really true, or are you just trying to trick me into becoming a sex slave?”

“It’s absolutely true and is in the job description.”

“Which is?”

“Given your current career I’m thinking security. You’ll work first shift under Master Security Chief Wayne Ashton. That means you’ll have to figure out where in the day you’ll fit in the required hours of training.”

“And what does this position pay?”

“Given the nature of our business we pay well over the national average for most positions. Starting out you’ll be paid Twenty dollars an hour for a forty-hour workweek. You’ll also have immediate access to insurance and you’ll receive one week of paid vacation per year up to a maximum of four weeks as well as two weeks of paid sick leave and twelve weeks of maternity leave if and when you are pregnant. So, if you’re interested in the position remove that black collar and put the green one on.”

“No offense, but I’d like to get all of that in writing before I agree to being a sex slave for the next three years.”

“I’m a woman of my word, Detective Dawson. Besides, like every other inch of

the resort this office has several cameras recording everything said and done. So, put the new collar on or leave. Your choice.”

An extra forty thousand a year on top of the sixty-seven she made as a detective sounded like an obvious decision, but being trained as a sex slave, giving up her humanity to become nothing more than an object to be used however anyone desired not so much. But on the other hand she was practically there already with the number of fetishes she checked on the registration form. Staring Amber in the eyes, she reached up, slid the magnetic clasp apart and then laid the black collar on the desk. Maintaining eye contact, she picked up the green one. A moment later it was secured around her neck. “There, now I’m wearing the collar of a sex slave.”

“And it suits you, slave. Give me a minute and I’ll get you the paperwork. While you’re waiting I want you to strip down to those sexy boots, get on the floor and start fingering yourself. You may start with three and if you’re not using at least four to the knuckles by the time I’m finished you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

To say she was embarrassed would have been an understatement, but Paige had a job to do and if wearing a ridiculously revealing latex outfit would get her through the doors then that was a price she was willing to pay. Staring at herself in the full-length mirror hanging on her bedroom wall, she took in the sight. While technically a bodysuit in that it was a single piece of latex going from neck to wrists and ankles, it was open in all the wrong places. Well, at least for her more sensible tastes anyways. With only two straps arching under her breasts and an inch below the belly button, the rest of her torso was on full display. Thankfully, it also came with a latex bra attached to a harness that barely covered her areolas and recently pierced nipples.

While the suit and bra were white, the harness was silver rings connected together by strips of black leather that only served to accentuate her everything she preferred to keep hidden from public eye. Snapping to the suit at the collarbone her breasts went through the two largest rings. Below that it crisscrossed her belly, waist and hips before snapping securely at the thighs giving the appearance that she might be wearing a garter belt.

The lower half of the outfit turning into chaps leaving her ass and heavily pierced vulva on full display, she was given a choice. Remain exposed, or wear the approved panties sent with the outfit. Not particularly fond of either, she reluctantly went with the panties if only to be covered. Unfortunately, attached to the form-fitting material were two fist-sized plugs. Not used to taking anything nearly that large, she spent the first two weeks stretching herself with other provided toys before she began the agonizingly painful process of self-piercing. Following very detailed hand-written instructions with photo examples, she added five tunnels down each outer labia if for nothing more than the offered fifty thousand dollars and one year of free training.

Sighing, face and most of her body beet red, she placed the white leather collar symbolizing that she was a guest of the BDSM Bunker around her neck. The last part of the outfit also took her time to adjust to. Walking over to the bed, she grabbed a pair of bondage boots from the box of gifts. Unable to drive with them on, she would go barefoot until reaching her destination where she hoped to get

the story of a lifetime.

Arriving a few minutes before seven, Paige opened her car door, put on the bondage boots and then stepped out just as a man carrying a camera approached. Recognizing him as her cameraman Logan Moore, she relaxed a little and then tensed right back up as this was the first time being seen in fetishwear by anyone other than herself. Fortunately, he too was in latex and leather.

Wearing an open leather vest with matching chaps and latex underwear, Logan was every bit as humiliated as the woman he has spent the last seven years working with and did everything in his power not to ogle her stunning body as he approached. “H-Hey Paige.”

“Hey Logan.”

“Can you believe these ridiculous outfits they’re making us wear?”

“They’re not making us wear anything. Fetish clothes are required for entry and this is what they sent. And while I don’t like it even a little bit I’d rather wear this than nothing at all or to spend hundreds of dollars on something I’ll never wear again. At least you get to wear normal boots.”

“And you’re wearing normal panties. The damn underwear they sent me has a plug in it as big as my damn fist.”

“At least you only have one hole stretched open,” Paige said even as her face burned from the humiliation of the confession.

“Holy hell! Yours have plugs in them too?”

“Two of them. Is yours really as big as your fist?”

“I spent the last ten days stretching myself to take it. And yes, it’s as big as my fist. Anyways, we should probably go check in.”

“Right.” Nervously chewing her lower lip, Paige led the way through the parking lot knowing full well that her friend and cameraman’s eyes were on her ass. “For what it’s worth, both of mine are as big as fists and considering we’ll be here for a couple of days wearing them we’ll be completely wrecked together. Also, you make for a very handsome cowboy. That outfit suits you.”

“Thanks. I’m not going to lie, Paige. I’m having an incredibly hard time holding back the urge to...”

“To what?”

“Nothing.”

“The urge to turn around and leave?” Paige asked as she continued walking towards the entrance of the BDSM Bunker. “Or to throw me to the ground and take me like you own me?” she asked, looking over her shoulder to see from his tented underwear that the latter was most likely.

“You’re an incredibly beautiful woman, Paige.”

“Thank you.”

“Considering our assignment I’m just going to come out and say it and if you want to find another cameraman after then I understand. I want to tear those panties off and ram my fists in you until you’re writhing uncontrollably in orgasm. And as you are I’d roll you onto your belly and fuck you from behind, pumping my load into you in the hopes of knocking you up. There, I’ve said it. I’ve been crushing on you since the day we met. I’ve imagined doing all sorts of twisted and perverted things to and with you.”

“I see. Well, if we’re suddenly being all open and honest with each other, I’d be lying if I said that doesn’t intrigue me.” Stopping, Paige walked up to her cameraman and stared him in the eyes for a long moment before bending at the waist. Tugging the front of his underwear down, she gasped as his stiff, thick nine-inch cock sprang free. “Holy shit! Good thing I can take a fist now.” Locking eyes with him, she smiled and then sucked him into her mouth. Skilled with using her mouth for more than talking, she put her hands on his hips for support as she bobbed back and forth, taking him completely.

While hidden hundreds of feet underground, they were not hidden from the view of the six cameras now focused on what they were doing. Seeing one of them out of the corner of her left eye, Paige paused for a long moment with Logan’s dick shoved down her throat. Five seconds. Ten. Thirty. A minute. She could feel every vein with her tongue and the throbbing as he fought back the urge to blow his load. Ninety seconds. Two minutes. Eyes now watering, she was reaching the limits of her deepthroating abilities as the need for air quickly approached. After

two minutes and seventeen seconds, she pulled back to take a breath just as the first ropey strands of semen coated her tongue. Airways unblocked, she kept him in her mouth and breathed through her nose, never once breaking eye contact. His cock slipped passed her lips. Standing, she gave him a wink and then swallowed.

“That was... I’ve never... Jesus Christ, Paige, that was fucking amazing.”

“Thanks. Now you know I wasn’t kidding when I said I was intrigued. Now, we’ve got a job to do so put that thing away.”

“We’ve got time and I’m still horny. I figure you don’t want to get that sexy new outfit of yours dirty so put your hands on that column and bend over because I’m going to fuck you, Paige.”

Although she had relentlessly screwed herself with increasingly bigger toys until she was able to pretty easily fist herself, Paige’s experience with real dicks was unfortunately on the average to small side until now. Wanting to feel him filling her, she did exactly as commanded. A beat later she heard him gasp as her panties were pulled down and the plugs slipped free.

“HOLY SHIT!” Logan exclaimed as he saw plugs lining Paige’s outer labia spelling out OWNED SLAVE. “I think that just might be the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“W-What’s that?” Paige stammered, knowing full well what he was talking about.

“The piercings. I’ve never seen anything like it and I love it.” He said, eyes darting from the plugs to her gaping pussy and asshole. Scrunching the fingers of his left hand into as tight a cone as possible, he pushed his hand, his entire hand up to the wrist, into her pussy. Making a fist, he pushed three inches deeper. Her entire body began trembling and when he pulled out to shove it up her ass, she gushed in orgasm. Thankfully, latex was easy to wipe clean. “Sorry, I just had to see if you could really take my fist.”

“You can apologize by fucking me,” Paige purred. A hand filled her ass causing her to main. Then Logan’s cock slid into her pussy. Hornier than she thought possible, it took all of five thrusts before she was once again squirting. Doing her best to use her pelvic muscles to offer him at least some semblance of tightness,

she quickly relaxed and loosened back up as she felt fingers also penetrating her pussy. Two at first, the third and fourth quickly followed. As did another orgasm. With a push, Logan's right hand was in her pussy and wrapped around his own cock as he slowly fucked her. "Sweet motherfucking Jesus!" she loudly moaned.

"I've always wanted to do this but you're the first woman I've ever know that's stretched enough. Forget crush, I love everything about you, Paige. This probably isn't the best time to propose, but please make me the happiest and luckiest man alive by saying yes."

Feeling another orgasm building to climax, Paige did not hesitate in giving him an answer. "YES! Now fuck me like you own me! And for the love of god don't you dare take your fists out until you fucking breed me!" Not really into the bdsm lifestyle, or kinky sex in general, that all changed the day she was chosen from a pool of more than a thousand reporters to get a BDSM Bunker exclusive. It started with stretching herself open to take the massive plugs attached to the latex panties now around her knees. But it did not end there. Research a part of her job, she scoured the internet for any and all information she could find. She read stories both true and fiction. She watched hundreds of hours of porn. She talked to Master, Mistress, submissive and sex slave alike in order to see things from every possible angled.

Still considering herself as what others might describe as sexually vanilla up to the day the care package and registration forms arrived, that all changed when she took an extensive quiz to determine once and for all where she fell on the spectrum. It took her three days to complete if only because she wanted to give every question the weight it deserved, she was somewhat surprised that it revealed she was, in fact, borderline sex slave. Using that as an excuse to experiment, she introduced herself to other fetishes. Golden showers. Toilet training. Self-bondage. Pain in the form of spanking, using a paddle flogger and cane on herself. Even more extreme pain in the form of needle play and self-piercing.

"Seriously?" Logan exclaimed, shocked that she had actually said yes. "Is that the orgasms talking or do you really want to marry me?"

"YES!" Paige moaned in reply.

Pumping his hips faster, Logan lasted another two minutes before blasting her

cervix with the first of what he hoped would be many loads.

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Using some wipes to clean herself, Paige pulled her panties back up. “So, that just happened. Not how I imagined this day going but no regrets. And for the record, that was an emphatic yes. I want your big cock pounding me and your hands filling me every day.”

“God, I wish I knew you were this kinky years ago.”

“I wasn’t. This is all new to me thanks to being picked for this assignment.”

“Cool. What else are you into?”

Looking at the time, Paige sighed. “We can discuss it once we’re settled in. For now we should probably get in there before we’re late.”

“You’re right. So, are you really an owned slave?” Logan asked as they walked towards the entrance. “Are you going in there as a sex slave? Because that would be hot as hell.”

“I’m going in as a guest of the BDSM Bunker, but I did take an extensive quiz they sent with everything else and apparently I’m incredibly submissive and the things I’ve done during the last few months more than proves it.”

“Ah, come on, you can’t leave me hanging like that. Tell me something to keep my imagination going.”

“I drink piss, and did all of the piercings myself,” Paige said as the doors into the BDSM Bunker slid open. “They also sent me a bunch of toys which I’ve been using to paddle, flog and cane myself.”

“Holy shit! Seriously?”

“Seriously. What about you? Did they send you toys or anything to use?”

“They sent several dildos and butt plugs to use to stretch my ass open for the underwear but that’s it.”

“Cool. Well, at least you’re open enough to give fisting a try. Pun definitely intended.”

“I’m open to a lot more than that, babe. Let’s just say you’re not the only one in this relationship that drinks piss.”

“Nice. That being said, I’d prefer no one knows that we’re engaged until we’re home and can inform family and friends first.”

“Agreed.”

Camera off and at his side, Logan and Paige were escorted by security to Mistress Michelle's office. Larger than the rest, she had a Saint Andrews bolted to the left wall with a spanking bench to the left and a sex machine to the right. Lining shelves hanging above each were two dozen dildos of varying sizes. Along the opposite wall sat a row of seven chairs – each with a large dildo attached to the seat. And at the back was her large mahogany desk where she sat absent-mindedly flipping through cameras when a knock drew her attention away from the dungeon full of men and women going through their first lesson in obedience.

“Enter,” Mistress Michelle called out.

The heavy wooden office door swung open and the BDSM Bunker's newest security guard, now wearing the latex uniform of the station walked in. “Pardon the interruption, Mistress, but these people came in with camera equipment claiming to be here on your request.”

“As they are. You may go.”

“Yes Mistress.” Giving Logan and Paige a once over, Brynn walked out.

“Please, come in,” Mistress Michelle commanded. “I apologize for Brynn. She's still learning the job.

“It's no problem, Mistress,” Paige replied. Opening her purse, she reached in and pulled out a small metal case. Walking across the large office, she sat it down on the desk. “That is five terabytes of video of me taken over the last three months showing me stretching myself, performing other perverse sexual acts and piercing myself.” And with that she pulled the bra aside revealing her pierced nipples. Next, she tugged her panties down to show the owner of the BDSM Bunker the plugs lining her outer labia. “As you can see I'm wearing the plugs as requested in the letter you sent.”

“Very nice. I can say in all honesty that I never expected you to go that far. I'm

genuinely impressed.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“A deal is a deal. You’ve upheld your end and once I’ve viewed your videos I’ll uphold mine. Seventy-five thousand dollars and one free year of training here at the BDSM Bunker. But that can wait until later. You’re here to report on our business so please, set up your equipment and we’ll get started.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Yes, thank you Mistress,” Logan added.

“As a reminder, nothing is off limits and while I cannot speak for our guests I can promise that all of the employees will answer any and all questions that you might have for them. You’re also free to go anywhere you wish unaccompanied except for those areas marked restricted. For those places you’ll need an escort. Any questions?”

“No Mistress,” Paige answered. “That being said, if it’s okay with you I’d like to begin filming out in the parking garage and then work our way in. We saw that there were still quite a few people still checking in so we’ll try not to get in the way of that but I’d like to interview a few of them while they wait in line. Afterwards I’d like a tour of the facility during which I’ll talk to the employees, yourself included.”

“That sound fine.”

“Before we get started I just have one question. You said I’d be getting seventy-five-thousand?”

“Correct. I know what the letter I sent said but seeing as how you did both and I’m hoping so much more I’m throwing in a bonus.”

“Thank you Mistress. Come on, Logan, let’s go get set up.”

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Camera rolling, Paige stood with her back to the entrance. “Good evening ladies and gentlemen, Paige Whitfield with KFST channel thirteen here at the BDSM

Bunker where I'll spend the next three days exploring the brand new, highly controversial fetish resort and interviewing guests and employees alike in a world exclusive. But before we go inside I'll answer the question on everyone's mind. The BDSM Bunker has a strict dress code and the outfit you'll see me wearing for the next three days was sent to me by the owner herself so thank you Mistress Michelle. I'll also say that this is not going to be your normal news report. During the next three days you are going to see some of the kinkiest, most perverse sexual activities you can imagine and then some. No legal fetish is off the table so if you are offended by such behavior then you might want to change the channel now. You have been warned. And with that, let's head on into the Bunker and find out together just what goes on several hundred feet below ground."

Letting Paige get several steps ahead, Logan slowly panned the camera down and then back up, giving everyone watching a clear view of his fiancé's stunning body. When she reached and opened the door, he panned again before following her inside. The wide corridor with arched ceiling was painted a light grey and decorated with planters and paintings to make it as inviting as possible. But the camera was focused on Paige's every step. As they entered into the lobby, Logan panned the camera around the massive room. His first go around he did not stop, but on the way back he made sure to get the multiple lines of people still being checked in.

Approaching the lines, Paige hoped for the best and prepared for the worst. "Good evening, Ma'am, my name is Paige Whitfield with KFST Channel thirteen. Would you mind answering a few questions?" she asked a petite brunette with perfect lightly tanned skin and the greenest eyes she had ever seen.

"Sure."

"Great. Can I please get your name, age and bdsm experience level?"

"My name is Sandra, I'm thirty-three and I've been curious about bdsm for the last ten or so years but this is the first time actually doing it. Well, once I get checked in that is."

"And how has that been going? Are the lines moving fast? Slow?"

"Considering this is their opening day I'd say it's moving pretty quick. But even if it went at a snail's pace I still wouldn't mind because there's plenty to keep us

busy until it's our turn?"

"Oh? Would you care to elaborate?"

"Well, I've been in line for about an hour now and so far I've sucked three dicks, had my first double and triple penetration and drank some guy's pee which was another first."

"And how did you like that?"

"Which part?"

"All of it."

"I knew I'd be introduced to numerous fetishes that I've never tried but fantasized about. It was different, but not unpleasant, but what I'm honestly looking forward to more than anything are the lessons in obedience."

"And why is that?"

"Because I've been described by many as a rebellious brat and I'm curious to see if this place has what it takes to put me in my place."

"Sounds like the Masters and Mistress have their work cut out for them. Do you mind telling our viewers how long you'll be staying at the BDSM Bunker?"

"I'll be here for seven months."

"Very nice. I'm on assignment for three days, but thanks to a challenge accepted and completed I'll be here for the next year," Paige confessed.

"Cool. Maybe we'll see each other during the mandatory lessons."

"I'd like that."

"You know, we do have time before it's my turn to check in and I've been horny as hell all day so if you're interested in getting to know me on a more intimate level just say the word and I'm yours."

"That's very flattering, but I've never been with another woman before."

“What better place to learn than a fetish resort? Why don’t we start with seeing if you can actually bring yourself to have sex with another woman?”

“And h-how do you propose I do that?”

“Well, for starters you can get on your knees in front of me and then put that tongue of yours to work on something besides talking. If you can get me off before we reach the doors then I’ll be your slave for a week. How’s that sound?”

“Like I’m about to have a slave,” Paige grinned in reply.

“Maybe. But if you fail to get me off in time then you have to be my slave for a week. Deal?”

“Deal,” Paige said, confident she would be able to get the woman off with plenty of time to spare even if she had no idea what she was doing. She was also confident in the knowledge that tens, if not hundreds of millions of people around the globe were about to watch a live broadcast of her first ever lesbian experience. Handing the microphone off to Logan, she dropped onto her knees in front of Sandra who was in the process of pulling her leather dress up over her hips. “So, um, what do you like? What gets you off more than anything else?”

“That’s for your tongue to find out,” Sandra smirked in reply. “And I mean just your tongue. No fingers, toys or other body parts are permitted. Understood?”

“I’ll agree to use only my mouth but I won’t limit it to just my tongue.”

“Agreed.”

While she considered herself to be straight even as the tip of her tongue flicked over Sandra’s clit, Paige had come to terms with the fact that she would inevitably have sex with many women during her year of training at the BDSM Bunker which is the only reason she agreed so quickly. As with most women who have fingered themselves or used sex toys for a bit of self-gratification, she had tasted herself on numerous occasions and figured if she liked her own flavors then another woman would be just as good. And she was right. As she let her tongue slide between the meaty folds of Sandra’s inner labia, she knew beyond a shadow of doubt that she was thoroughly going to enjoy exploring this side of her sexuality.

Unable to use her fingers, Paige put her hands on Sandra's ass to pull her closer in as she alternated between licking, sucking and nibbling the panting woman's inner labia and clit. At first she was extremely gentle, but it did not take long for her to realize the effect sinking her teeth in hard was having. As the line grew shorter, she was only two people away from being a sex slave, but as intrigued as she was by the idea there were some limits she was not comfortable crossing. Concentrating on Sandra's clit, Paige licked, sucked and playfully nibbled for another three minutes. The line she was in inched closer to the door. Butterflies dancing in her belly, she went for it. Giving Sandra's exposed and engorged clit three hard bites in rapid succession, Paige was rewarded with a mouthful of orgasm. Swallowing as much as she could, she continued the pleasurable assault.

"Y-You win," Sandra panted. "And a deal's a deal. Once I'm checked in I'll be your sex slave for one week." Putting a hand on the top of Paige's head she tried to take a step back but her new Mistress' grip only tightened on her ass. "Mmmm, you won, Mistress. You don't have to eat me out anymore."

Looking up into Sandra's bright green eyes, Paige grinned, pussy juice running down her chin. "You're right. I don't have to eat you out anymore." And with that she leaned in and went back to what she was doing without further complaint from her new sex slave.

Camera skillfully balanced on his right shoulder, microphone in his left hand, Logan stepped closer to his fiancé. "Excuse me, Miss Whitfield, did we hear you correctly? Did you just say that you're going to spend a year here being trained in submission? Were you always submissive or is this a new development? And how will this news affect your career in reporting?"

Paige did not want to stop pleasuring Sandra, but at the same time she knew her cameraman well enough to know he would not stop asking until she answered so she sat back in a kneeling position, sighed and then got to her feet. "That's right, Logan, I'll be spending an entire year being trained as a submissive. This is actually a relatively new development in that I only got interested after being chosen for this assignment a few months ago. As far as my career as a reporter goes, well, that all depends on our bosses at KFST."

"How did being selected for this assignment pique your interest in bdsm?"

"Full disclosure, Mistress Michelle, the owner of the BDSM Bunker sent a few

extras along with the outfit I'm currently wearing. Including the dildo panties which required me to learn how to fist myself before being able to take. That led me down the deep rabbit hole of researching the lifestyle and trying a few things I considered too extreme until then."

"Could you elaborate on what those things are?"

"Well, seeing as how the world is going to see me performing all of them and more in the next three days, sure. I started peeing on myself and drinking it. I also let my inner masochist out by spanking, paddling, flogging and caning myself. And then there's the piercings."

"Piercings?" Logan grinned.

"Part of the challenge was to pierce my own nipples and outer labia. The nipples were pretty simple, but the outer labia ones were indescribably painful, but I managed to do all five sets."

"As you said, people around the world will see you being trained as a submissive for at least the next three days so could you give your viewers a sneak peek at what you did to yourself?"

"Sure, just give me a minute to say bye to my new friend." Not waiting for a response, Paige turned back to Sandra. Gently caressing her left cheek, she kissed her on the lips. "While I won our deal I won't hold you to being a sex slave, but if you ever want to play again I'm in Omega sixty-nine."

"I appreciate that, Mistress, but a deal's a deal and I'm a woman of my word. I am yours to command and use however you desire for the next week. I'll come by your room first thing in the morning unless you command otherwise."

"I'll await your arrival." Giving her another kiss, Paige fought the urge to get back on her knees. Turning back to her cameraman turned lover, she pulled the tight material of her bra aside to show off her perfectly perky breasts and hard nipples. Next, she pulled her panties down. As the huge plugs slid free several men and women watching in the background gasped at the sight of them. Without having to see it, she knew the camera was zooming in so spread her legs a few inches to give everyone a better view of the plugs spelling out OWNED SLAVE.

“Wow! That is a sight to behold. I don’t even think I can imagine how much that hurt. And to do it yourself? I mean no disrespect, but do you have proof that you did it yourself?”

“None taken, and I do. I’ve got hundreds of hours of me performing all manner of sexual perversion including piercing myself which might become available depending on how things go during my year of training. But that’s a story for another day. We’ve got a lot of bunker to explore and a lot of interviews to conduct so what do you say we do the jobs we’ve been selected for?” Paige said as she took her panties off. Turning, she handed them to Sandra. “You can bring those back in the morning, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Whoa! Are you going to spend the next three days without panties on?”

“Maybe. Maybe not. There are a number of shops here if I feel the need to put something on.”

“You’ll get no complaints from me,” Logan said, his cock growing hard in his latex underwear. “So, where are we off to next?”

“Well, seeing as I’ll be here for the next year and don’t want to wear the same outfit every single day I think now’s as good a time as any to check out the shops.”

“Are you planning on buying toys as well?”

“Maybe a few, but I think I should see how much room I’ll have in the apartment first.”

“Why don’t we head down there first, see what you’re working with and then go shopping?”

“Good idea. And while we’re checking it out you can try breed me again.”

“I’m up for it if you are.”

“I can see that,” Paige said with a knowing grin. “Which brings me to two things I feel compelled to tell the world. First, breeding is another fetish I was

introduced to during my research and Logan was kind enough to start the process before filming began. I will also point out that during our first time together he proposed and I said yes so we're technically engaged. Now, that might seem odd to many of you, but Logan and I have known each other for more than a decade so it's not as if I agreed to marry a complete stranger. That being said, I'm the only one in this relationship staying at the Bunker for a full year and in that time I'll be gang banged twice a month by twenty men who have been instructed to never pull out. So, babe, in front of the entire world, are you okay with your future wife having sex with at least five hundred men and impregnated by one?"

"I'd prefer to breed you myself, but seeing as how I don't have a hundred and fifty grand to stay here for a year I'll settle for someone else knocking you up if you agree to get a breeding cow tattoo on your mound and dairy cow on your left breast for when you start producing. That is my deal. Accept it and we'll have a very long and happy life together. Refuse and, well, I'll have to find another reporter to work with."

"Wow, and here I thought we were friends above all else. Guess I was wrong. Suit yourself. Find another reporter to work with, but good luck finding another kinky enough to fist your gaping ass and use you as a toilet." Seeing him open his mouth to speak, Paige put her left hand up to stop him. "Don't bother backtracking. You've made your intentions perfectly clear. Since the camera and footage belong to me you'll leave it and I'll call a friend to come help me finish the assignment."

"Don't you think you're overreacting just a little? Seriously, you come at me stating matter of fact that you're going to have sex with hundreds of men in an attempt to have one of them knock you up and then you fire me for setting terms for our continued relationship and somehow I'm the asshole?"

"I never said you were an asshole. I'm also not the one setting ultimatums."

"Really? And what would you have done if I said I didn't want you having sex with other men?"

"Considering we had many discussions and we both agreed that there's no way in hell I'd make it three days without having sex with at least one man or woman, I'd say our relationship was off to a bad start. You've also known for at

least a few hours now that I'd be spending an entire year here and this is the first time you've had a problem with it. Anyways, I'm not going to argue so please leave the camera and go before one of us says something they'll regret."

Dropping the camera off his shoulder, Logan glared at Paige as he resisted the urge to start yelling. "Actually, the camera belongs to KFST and is my responsibility so it'll be going with me. Good luck reporting without it." Shaking his head, he turned and walked away, leaving her standing there half naked and red in the face.

Cell phones and other devices capable of taking pictures and recording video were strictly prohibited at the BDSM Bunker so Paige had no means of contacting her best friend to come in and pick up where Logan left off. Unfortunately, she did not think to bring it and leave it in her car so her only option was to buy another pair of panties and maybe something else to cover up, and then drive three hours back home to make the necessary calls. But first she would have to explain all of this to Mistress Michelle and hope she still had an assignment afterwards.

“Sorry to bother you, Mistress, but I find myself in a bit of a bind. Logan and I had an argument and he left with the camera leaving me with no way of doing the assignment I was chosen for unless I’m able to make a phone call. Unfortunately, since we’re not allowed to have them here I left mine at home.”

“Not a problem. While cell phones are prohibited to guest I’ve got mine right here in my desk. I’ve also been viewing the videos you sent me and I’d like to make you an offer of employment,” Mistress Michelle countered.

“Y-You want me to work for you, Mistress? What would I even do? Not that I’m saying yes because I love my current job, but it’s just good business to know one’s options.”

“Agreed. You’ll be doing the same thing I chose you for. We have an extensive camera network throughout the BDSM Bunker recording everything around the clock. In accordance with the terms of the registration forms all guests sign in order to stay, said videos are the sole property of the BDSM Bunker and may be used at our discretion for any and all reasons up to and including advertisement and sale. What I would like you to do is more interviews and facility tours. Get to know the people that visit us. Find out what brings them to us over some other fetish resort and what we can do to make their experience one they’ll never forget. We can go over what hours work best for you, but the pay is eighty-five-thousand to start on top of paid sick leave, maternity leave, paid holidays and up to four weeks of vacation per year. Assuming you’re with us long enough to accrue that much time off that is. So, interested?”

“Will I have to live here to work here, Mistress?”

“Not at all. But if that’s what you want we do offer employee housing in Bunker Delta. The apartments are one thousand square feet and come free of charge and cost a very reasonable three hundred dollars a month to cover the cost of utilities and internet.”

“Will I have to get tattooed, branded or further piercings to work here,

Mistress?”

“To work here? No. But to complete your one year of training as you filled out in the paperwork? Yes. Branding is very rare here and when it’s done we use violet wands to minimize the risk of infection. There may be a piercing here and there, but for the most part it’ll just be tattoos which will be placed in areas easily hidden by clothing.”

“And exactly how many tattoos will I be getting in the next year, Mistress?”

“You’ll receive a total of five as you finish training milestones such as obedience training and being bred for example.”

“Last question, if I chose to live here will I be able to have guests and will they be required to participate in submission to see me?”

“Yes and no. You may have as long as they’re at least eighteen years of age and are willing to sign waiver and consent forms. They will not be required to submit to anyone unless they want to. That being said, if they submit to anyone outside of your apartment they’ll be charged a fee for one day of training. Let me rephrase that. If a guest participates in any activity in any of the dungeons they’ll be charged for a full day of training,” Michelle clarified.

“I’m sorry, Mistress. I lied. I just thought of one more question. Let’s say I accept your offer and I choose to live in an employee apartment. What happens when I get pregnant and have a baby? With cameras in every room including bathrooms that’s going to break some serious laws.”

“True. Which is why just as soon as the employee leaves to give birth the cameras are removed from all but the master bedroom. We also provide free daycare to employees with children and have an entire floor and staff of seventeen dedicated to just that. We’ve taken every possible precaution to keep anyone under the age of eighteen away from what we do and that includes requiring them to leave via a back exit into the parking garage that bypasses the rest of the bunker.”

“Seems like you thought of everything, Mistress.”

“I’ve had a lot of time to think this place up and make changes and improvements before it was built. I’m sure I missed something, but I did my best

to cover all the bases.”

“Are the employee apartments furnished like the others, Mistress?”

“No. Each comes with a stove, dishwasher and refrigerator. Anything more than that is your responsibility. Or we can furnish it for an additional five hundred per month.”

“I accept your offer, Mistress. And I think I’ll be bringing my own furniture.”

“Glad to hear it, Paige. And welcome to the BDSM Bunker team.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“My pleasure. I’ll have the necessary paperwork drawn up and ready for you to read by morning. Just drop in whenever you get the chance and we’ll go over it. That being said, Employees are permitted cell phones so that they can keep in contact with friends and family, but it must remain in your apartment at all times. If you are caught using it anywhere else you’ll be fired on the spot. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Great. You have Omega sixty-nine for the next three days. Hopefully that’s enough time for you to pack up what you wish to bring and get settled into your new home. Um, assuming you’re going to live in the employee apartment that is.”

“Seeing as how I have to drive three hours to get here and another three hours back, I’m seriously considering it, Mistress. Plus, living here will save me more than eleven hundred on mortgage alone. Fuck it! I don’t even know why I’m debating it. I’ll take the apartment, Mistress.”

“Then I’ll add a lease into the pile of documents you’ll need to read and sign. Until then, might I suggest paying a visit to the dungeons for at least one lesson before turning in for the night.”

“Thank you, Mistress, I will. And if there’s ever anything I can do for you please don’t hesitate to make it a command even if it’s something I put on my hard limit list.”

“Are you saying you wish to be trained as a sex slave, Paige?”

“I’m already riding the line, Mistress. I mean, I put what, five out of more than a hundred fetishes on the hard limit list? I’ve spent the last three months coming to terms with my sexuality and that I won’t be walking out of this place untrained so why not go all the way? Get me the paperwork, Mistress, and I’ll change my status from submissive to slave.”

“I’ll have it with everything else in the morning. Until then I strongly suggest you think about what you’re agreeing to so that you can give me an informed answer in the morning.”

“There’s nothing to think about Mistress. Before you chose me for this assignment my sex life was about as boring as possible. I wasn’t even remotely into bdsm and only accepted because I thought such a world exclusive would further my career. And then you sent all those packages. The outfit I’m currently wearing. The sex toys. I only owned one dildo before that. When I started reading the registration forms and the instructions spelling out exactly what you wanted me to do I nearly backed out. But instead of making a rash decision I thought about it. I started doing research. And then came the experimenting. It started with stretching myself open to eventually be able to fit the plugs in the panties. Golden showers and drinking it followed. It wasn’t long before I was flogging and caning myself. Then needle play. That hurt, but in an oddly exciting way that made me want to push my limits. I pierced my nipples first and was going to stop at that, but after thinking about it for a while I thought, fuck it, I’m having so much fun why stop now? So, I placed the marks, used the piercing forceps that you send and went to work. It took me three agonizing days to finish all five sets, but what cemented my submissiveness in my mind even before taking the quiz was the fact that each and every one of the holes made for the tunnels gave me the most intense orgasm of my life.”

“Sounds like you’re a masochist.”

“I believe that is true, Mistress. In all honesty, the only reason I put those five things on the hard limits list is because I feared what others would think if I told them I was coming here to be trained as a sex slave and I didn’t want to be completely covered in tattoos, piercings and brands that might hurt my future career prospects. But seeing as how I’ll be pierced and tattooed as part of my training anyways, I might as well accept the rest of it as well. I’m not an

employee yet, so I understand if you can't give me the navy-blue collar of an employee sex slave but I'll gladly accept the green one for guest slaves to prove just how serious I am about letting go of the last of my inhibitions."

"Have you considered wearing the purple collar?" Michelle asked as she opened the top left drawer of her desk.

"Not even for a second, Mistress."

"No?"

"No Mistress. Everything I've done the last three months has pointed me towards borderline sex slave. There wasn't even the tiniest hint of dominance in that quiz I took and honestly, I've never been the controlling type so I think the navy-blue collar is the best fit for me."

"Agreed." Michelle said as she pulled a green collar from the open drawer. "You may wear this for now and we'll switch it out for a blue one in the morning. I just need to transfer your information onto it so the system knows where you are at all times so just give me a few minutes and you'll be all set."

"Yes Mistress. And thank you for everything you've done for me and continue doing for me. This truly is an amazing place you've built and I personally can't wait to put it to good use. May I ask if it's true that you started training as a petgirl in your early teens?"

"The earliest teens," Michelle answered. "It has been my obsession since I discovered it at thirteen which is why I've made it one of the mandatory fetishes all long-term guests must go through."

"What do you mean by long-term, Mistress?"

"Long term is anyone staying with us for one or more consecutive months. Which is currently about ninety-three percent of our guests."

"Wow! What's the longest anyone has paid to stay here if you don't mind me asking?"

"The longest I've seen so far are Brynn Dawson, she's the new security guard that escorted you into my office. She will be trained for three years. Then there's

a trans woman named Joyce who has paid for five years of training. But the record so far goes to a man named Lance Cain who has paid for ten years.”

“WOW! How long does it take to train a sex slave, Mistress?”

“That all depends on who you ask. Personally, I don’t think a slave’s training is ever complete. Others say a slave is fully trained when they can obey any and all commands without hesitation or complaint whether it’s something they like or not. There really isn’t a right or wrong answer. Same goes for training submissives, Masters and Mistresses.”

“Um, you train Masters and Mistresses, Mistress?”

“Of course. A person might be sexually dominant, but they don’t just suddenly know how to control another. Well, at least not in a healthy way. Most sexually dominant people learn over many years with many partners. We condense that training down to a one-year program that teaches Master’s and Mistresses everything from the fundamentals to advanced fetishes such as proper discipline techniques and suspension bondage. This minimizes the risk of injury and death to anyone wishing to serve them.”

Cool. I can’t wait to interview a few Masters and Mistresses in the making. If you have any questions for me please feel free to ask, Mistress.”

“Are you absolutely certain you want to be trained as a sex slave?” Michelle asked, holding the green collar up in her right hand. “There’s no turning back from this, Paige. Once you’re in the system as a registered sex slave that’s it. Even if you decide to give domination a try somewhere down the line you won’t be able to do it here. At least not in any official capacity.” Laying the green and white collars on the desk, she continued. “Both collars now contain all of your information. If you want to be a sex slave choose the green one. If you want the possibility of being trained to dominate then put the white one back on.”

There was no hesitation. Reaching out, Paige snatched up the green collar and quickly closed it around her neck. “Thank you for the offer, Mistress, but as I said before I’m not even the tiniest bit dominant.”

“I would like for you to go to the pet store and pick out five outfits of animals that walk on all fours. I’ll call ahead and let them know they are to give them to you free of charge.”

“Thank you Mistress. That is very generous of you.”

“Let me finish. Once you have your new outfits you’ll go to your apartment and change into whichever one you want. From now on, when you’re not working you’ll wear one of those outfits and remain on all fours unless a Master or Mistress directs otherwise. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. Then go, my pet, and I sincerely hope you enjoy your new life as a sex slave.”

“I have no doubts whatsoever that the next year is going to be the best one of my life, Mistress. Thank you again for giving me the ability to be myself without being judged.”

“It’s my pleasure, Paige. I see a lot of me in you and that’s something that should be encouraged to blossom and grow, not hidden behind ignorance and prejudice. Now go get yourself some new clothes and enjoy everything we have to offer.”

“Yes Mistress. And thank you again.” Leaving the owner’s office, heart beating in her ears like a drum, Paige breathed a sigh of relief. A lot had happened in a few short hours, but she had never been happier or prouder of the decision she made three months ago to experiment and fully embrace her submissiveness.