

Crimson

Nympho Erica #2

Rose

Birthday
SUBMISSION

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Erica entered the house – exhausted after nearly thirteen hours at the clinic. Kicking off her heels, she dropped her purse on the stand. “Thank god it’s Friday,” she exhaled, walking across the living room towards the kitchen. “What’s this?” she said staring at a closed laptop that was sitting on the table with a folded piece of paper laying on top. Curious, she picked up the paper and began reading.

Erica,

Today is a very special day. Not only is it April first, but it is also your forty-first birthday. 4/1, 41. Something like this only comes around once in a lifetime so I thought I would do something a little crazy for your special day. Open the laptop and listen very carefully to the instructions given.

Sitting the letter on the table, Erica opened the laptop and was about to hit the power button when she realized it was already on. Thinking it was in sleep mode due to the black screen, she moved her index finger across the touchpad, but nothing happened.

“The computer is fine, Erica,” A distorted, heavily modified voice came out of the speakers. Causing her to jump and look around. “Don’t bother looking around. You cannot see me, but I can definitely see you. Don’t believe me? You’re wearing a black skirt and white blouse and you kicked your heels off at the front door. First things first, happy birthday.”

“Um, thanks. Who are you?”

“You’ll find out in due time if you are a good birthday girl. I have it on good authority that you pride yourself on being kinky. I like kinky. I have three tasks

for you to complete before we get to the juicy event. First, you can't have a birthday without the birthday spanking. That being said, strip out of your clothes and go up to your bedroom. There, you'll find the first of your presents. Open it and use it."

"Excuse me? I'm not stripping for some pervert I don't even know! Sorry buddy, but I'm turning this thing off right now."

"That would be the biggest mistake of your life, Erica. Trust me, I know what you like and I know what you've been up to after hours in the examination rooms of your clinic. I hate to resort to blackmail, but you leave me no choice. Strip naked, go to your bedroom and open the present I left for you on the bed, or your little secret gets exposed."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Erica lied. "The only thing going on in the exam rooms are exams!"

"Oh, I know all too well the way you examined Amelia last week. I know how you wrecked her pussy and asshole with your fists. Don't look so scared. Do as you are told and I promise this'll be a night you'll never forget. Now get your ass in gear. The night isn't getting any younger and we still have a lot of ground to cover."

"How do I know you won't let my secret slip anyways?"

"You'll just have to trust me. After all, unlike you I haven't told anyone about it."

More furious than excited, Erica slowly stripped out of her skirt, blouse, bra and panties and then turned to leave the kitchen. As she reached the living room she heard the voice once again come from the laptop.

"God, you've got the sexiest ass I've ever seen!"

In her bedroom, Erica spotted a long, narrow box wrapped in festive paper and a big red bow. Picking it up, she forewent her usual weighing and shaking to figure out what it might be, and instead ripped it open – tossing ribbon, bow and paper on the floor. Lifting the top off, she saw a leather paddle. "What the fuck? They can't seriously expect me to use this on myself!" she exclaimed, sitting the box on the bed and going back to the kitchen.

“I believe I told you to use your gift.”

“You expect me to paddle myself?”

“That’s exactly what I expect you to do. Now go back to your room, bend that sexy ass over the bed and give yourself forty-one of the hardest swats you can muster. And take me with you. If I see you holding back it will not count and you’ll have to start over from the beginning so, unless you’re a masochist I’d get it right the first time.”

“I can’t believe this is happening to me,” Erica said as she unplugged the laptop and carried it to the bedroom. “Why me?”

“Because you’re a sexy birthday girl in desperate need of some kinky fun. Sit me on the dresser and bend over the bed so I can see every swat. And remember, if I don’t hear that paddle slapping hard on your ass you’ll start over from the beginning until you get it right.”

Doing as she was commanded – the excitement slowly creeping up her spine, Erica sat the laptop on the dresser and then bent over the bed with paddle in hand. Looking back over her shoulder, she drew her arm up and then brought it down hard on the right cheek. “Ahgh! One!”

“Mmmm, that’s it you dirty little slut, paddle that ass,” the mystery tormentor moaned.

WHACK! “Two!” WHACK! “Three!” WHACK! “Four.” WHACK! “Five,” Erica spanked her ass and counted – the right cheek now turning red. WHACK! “Six!”

“Four more on the right and then do ten on the left, “the tormentor commanded. “Alternate back and forth ten at a time.”

WHACK! “God damn son of a bitch!” Erica screeched as the paddle stung hard. WHACK! “Seven.”

“Wrong. That was actually eight. You fucked up and you know what that means. Start over at one.”

“Bullshit! You can’t expect me to get it right the first time. Give me a second

chance!”

“Alright, I’ll give you a second chance. That is number eight. Two more on the right, ten on the left and then you will swat your breasts ten times and your pussy eleven.”

“WHAT!?”

“You wanted a second chance and this is it. Now get to swatting or I’ll add a hundred more.”

“I so fucking hate you!”

“No you don’t. If you did you wouldn’t be bent over the bed spanking your own ass like a good little whore.”

WHACK! “Nine.” WHACK! “Ten”

Switching hands, Erica gave herself ten hard swats on her left ass cheek – both now as red as beets and feeling like they were on fire. Getting to her feet, she stared at the laptop pleadingly. “Please don’t make me swat my tits and pussy.”

“You have five seconds to get started or I’m adding another hundred. One... two...”

WHACK! “God damn motherfucking son of a bitch! ONE!” Erica bellowed in agony as the paddle smashed into her breasts.

“Oohhh, that looked painful,” said the tormentor. “Keep going, slut. Paddle those tits! Show me what a kinky painslut you really are. Say it after every swat.”

WHACK! “Two! I...I’m a k-kinky little p-painslut!” Erica said through clenched teeth.

“FUCK YEAH! That is so god damn hot! Again!”

WHACK! “Three! I’m a-a-a kinky painslut!”

WHACK! “FOUR! God damn it that hurts! I...uuhnnnn...I’m a k-kinky painslut.

WHACK! “Five. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Six. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Seven. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Eight. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Nine. I’m a kinky painslut.”

WHACK! “Ten. I’m a kinky painslut.”

“Those are the reddest and sexiest fucking tits I’ve ever seen. Before you paddle your loose cunt I want you to suck your nipples for me. Go on, give them a good, long sucking. That’s it,” the tormentor added when Erica cupped her sore right breast, lowered her head and began sucking her own nipple. “Now the other,” they said after about a minute. “Mmmm, look at that hard nipple. I bet your clit gets equally as hard after you paddle it. What are you, Erica?”

“I’m a kinky little painslut,” Erica answered as if rote – the words sending a sensation of humiliation and excitement from her brain down her spine and straight to her clit.

“That’s right you are. Now give your pussy the last eleven swats. This time, however, after you count I want you to say: Pain is my only joy.”

WHACK! “ONE! P-P-Pain is m-my only joy!” Erica screeched as the paddle landed hard against her pussy.

WHACK! “Aahhgghhh! T-Two! Oh my fucking god! Pain is...p-pain is my only joy.”

WHACK! “Three. Pianismyonlyjoy!” she said as one long word as he knees buckled and she went to the floor – her entire body shaking not only in pain, but pleasure as pussy juices squirted out more than three feet. Slamming her fists into the floor, she could not stop the floor as she experienced several aftershocks that left her seeing spots.

“Very fucking hot!” The tormentor exclaimed. “Grab the paddle, roll over, spread your legs and keep on paddling you kinky painslut!”

WHACK! “Four!” Pain is my only joy.”

“YES! That’s it!”

WHACK! “Five. Pain is my...ONLY JOY!” she once again orgasmed – pussy juices squirting out like a fountain even as the next swat landed.

WHACK! “Six. Pain is my only joy!”

WHACK! “Seven. Pain is my only joy!”

WHACK! “EIGHT! PAIN IS MY ONLY JOY!” She screamed as the paddle bit hard into her engorged clit sending mixed signals of pain and pleasure to her already addled brain.

WHACK! “Nine. Pain is my only joy.”

WHACK! “Ten. Pain is my only joy.”

“WAIT!” The tormentor said as Erica drew her arm back to give herself the last swat. “Tell me, slut, is pain your only joy?”

“Y-Yes,” Erica replied, not thinking straight.”

“You love spanking your hard clit don’t you?”

“YES!”

“I’m going to give you a choice now you kinky little painslut. You can either give your pussy forty-one more swats, or you can open present number two. Before you decide, however, you need to know and understand the rules. If you choose the swats, well, that’s pretty self-explanatory. If you take present number two, and refuse to do it then Not only will I know you lied to me about pain being your only job, but I’ll be forced to let your late night office visits out to the public.”

“I’ll take present number two,” Erica groaned. “I don’t think I can give myself that many more swats.”

“Very well. Then you have one last swat and you can open present number two.

It is in the bottom dresser drawer.”

Drawing her arm back, Erica brought the paddle down hard on her red and puffy pussy. “Eleven! Pain is my only joy.”

“Now prove it to me. Go and open your present.”

Unable to stand, Erica rolled onto her hands and knees and crawled across the bedroom. Opening the bottom dresser drawer, she found a small, gift-wrapped box within and grabbed it. Falling back so that her ass was resting on her heels, she opened it and stared at the contents – three sealed needles, a pair of tongs, and three rings, in confusion. “W-What do I have to do?”

“You have to pierce your nipples and clit hood for me like a good painslut. Use the tongs to make sure you don’t fuck up and put it in crooked.”

“I can’t pierce myself!”

“Sure you can. Place the tongs on your right nipple and click the handles together until tight. Line up one of the needles, insert it with a hard and then place a ring in the hollow end. Once the ring is in the end of the needle you just push it the rest of the way through and you can move on to the next.”

“Is it too late to do the swats?”

“Yes. Pierce your nipples and clit hood for me, Erica. Prove to me that you are a painslut and that pain is your only joy.”

Hands trembling like leaves in a tornado, Erica attempted to place the piercing tongs on her right breast for nearly five minutes before finally getting it straight. Removing one of the needles from its sealed packaging, she placed it against her nipple, took a deep breath and pushed. “Son of a bitch!” she grunted, looking down to see the needle sticking out both sides of her nipple in a thankfully straight line. Placing a ring in the end, she ground her teeth together and pushed it through – letting out a sigh of relief when the ring dropped into place.

After the right nipple, Erica pierced the left and then took nearly half an hour to get the tongs clicked in place on her clitoral hood. Letting them hang, she stared at the laptop’s black screen with tears in her eyes. Picking up the last needle, she placed stretched her hood out. “Pain is my only joy,” she told herself as she

jabbed it through.

“Very well done. Now, in the bottom of that box, under the padding, you will find three little tags. Take them out and place them on the rings to close them.”

Looking in the box, Erica found three gold tags that contrasted with the platinum rings she had just placed in her nipples and hood. Taking a moment, she read them. PAINSLUT. BREED ME. PISS SLUT. She placed painslut and piss slut on her nipples, which left breed me for her hood.

“You only have one present remaining and then the real fun can begin. Are you ready?”

“Haven’t I done enough? I paddled and pierced myself. What more do you want from me?”

“We’re only getting started you sexy painslut. Now go get the box from the closet and open it.”

Letting out an exaggerated sigh, Erica cringed as she got to her feet and walked to the closet. Finding a large box on the top shelf, she pulled it down and sat it on the bed. As she did with the other presents, she tore the wrapping off and tossed it to the floor to be picked up later. Opening the box, she saw several articles of latex clothing. Withdrawing them one at a time she laid out a mini skirt, panties, corset top and a pair of thigh-high boots. Reaching back into the box, she pulled out a pair of wide, silver cuff bracelets with screw clasp and small d-ring, two shorter ankle bracelets and a matching collar.

“Get dressed. You’re going out.”

“Out? In that?” Holding the skirt up to her waist, Erica knew that it would barely cover her ass and fail to do that if she bent even in the slightest.

“You heard me.”

“Where am I going?”

“You’re going to a very special club to find your true self. If all goes well this should be a night to remember.

“I’ll already never forget this night,” Erica said looking down at her pierced nipples.

“Trust me, this is only the beginning of your special night.”

“Where do I find my first clue?”

“What have you done tonight?”

“Humiliated and degraded myself.”

“No, you paddled and pierced yourself and now you are going to get dressed in latex clothing. What do all three have in common? That is your first clue. Keep an open mind and have fun on your night out, Erica.”

“Hmmm,” Erica sighed as she stepped into the latex panties “what do they all have in common?” Pulling them up her legs, she sank her upper teeth into her lower lip as pain erupted in her aching ass and pussy. “P-Pain is my only joy,” she said with her eyes closed – taking slow, deep breaths to ease the agony. “KINKY!” She shouted. “They’re all fetishes. Fetishes...fetishes...spanking...piercing...latex clothes...three presents...three piercings...HA! That’s it!” She triumphantly exclaimed. “Ex cubed,” she said the name of the only fetish club she knew of.

A point of contention with most of the citizens of Willow Springs, ex cubed, or X³ as the sign read, went up amidst protests and threats of violence about seven years ago and though the majority of the small town supposedly steered clear of the place, the parking lot was always filled day and night. Though she had deep-rooted kinky fantasies, Erica had never paid the place a visit for fear some current or future patient would recognize her, but it seemed tonight, on her forty-first April Fool’s birthday, she would get her chance to see what all the fuss was about.

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Deciding to take a shower before going out, Erica finally got dressed in her clothing and other gear and headed out – still no sign of her husband Mark despite him being more than an hour late home from work and numerous unanswered calls to his cell phone. Something in the back of her mind told her that it was he on the other side of that laptop and that made her pussy tingle with excitement all the while throbbing in pain.

Now, I figured out the first clue, but how in the hell do I find the second? Erica thought as she got out of her car and walked across the parking lot to the back door of the windowless three story stone building designed as a small castle with fifty-foot high square towers at the corners and center. Pulling the banded wooden door open, she stepped into another age. Lit by sconce torches, she walked down the cool corridor to where a smiling, raven-haired woman waited in a booth behind glass – the tag over her left breast reading: Candice.

“Welcome to Ex Cubed,” Candice greeted Erica. “I’ll need to see your ID please.”

“Really?” Erica said in surprise. Sure, she looked ten years younger than her

actual age of forty-one, but she thought her days of being carded were far behind her. “Honey, I’m forty-one.”

“I still need to see your ID, babe. Wouldn’t mind seeing those perky breasts wither.”

“Excuse me?”

“Come on, pop ‘em out and I’ll waive the entrance fee.”

“How much is it?”

“Fifty bucks.”

“Jesus Christ!” Knowing she’d be popping them out sooner than later, Erica shrugged and carefully pulled her breasts out of her top.

“DAMN! Looks like you’re here fresh out of the dungeon,” Candice said staring at Erica’s red, welt-covered breasts and pierced nipples. “New piercings?”

“Yeah. Can I put them away now?”

“Not yet. You got your ID? By the way, those are the sexiest tits I’ve ever seen.”

“Thanks. Let me see yours, Erica boldly asked as she rooted around in her purse for her driver’s license.

Thinking nothing of it, Candice popped her breasts out. “Like what you see?”

“I do. They are very nice.”

“Not nearly as big as your, but I haven’t had any complaints,” Candice said as she took Erica’s ID. “Damn, you really are forty-one. I wish I had your genes. What do the tags say?”

“Pain slut and piss slut.”

“Very nice. Explains the welts. So, you drink pee and then?”

“What? God no!”

“Then why are you wearing that tag?”

“Long story. Can I put my tits away and go in now or what?”

“In just one moment. I actually have something here for you.” Sliding Erica’s driver’s license back under the glass, she grabbed a small square envelope and pushed it under as well. “Enjoy your stay.”

“Thanks.” Putting her license back in her purse, Erica stepped to the side and opened the envelope – knowing that it was from her tormentor.

Erica,

If you are reading this, you figured out the first clue and are at the right club about to embark on the wildest journey of your life. I know you Erica Wilson – probably better than you know yourself and if you keep an open mind and accept who and what you really are you’ll make it through. On the first leg we discovered you are a pain Slut, and together we are going to continue testing the limits of your kinkiness.

In order to unlock the beast you’ve kept pent up your entire life you’ll need the keys. You’ll need four of them in order to open locker 41 in the changing room where the next clue awaits. Do you have what it takes to rise above societal taboos and fulfill your wildest fantasies, or are you going to give in to the pressure and quit – never realizing your truest potential? Are you going to make me proud, or disappoint me in the extreme? I guess only time will tell.

“Do you know who left this for me?” Erica asked as she placed the letter back in the envelope and put it in her purse.”

“No idea.”

“Was it a man or woman?”

“Sorry, I have no idea. It was sitting here when I came in this evening.”

“Oh. Thanks.” Putting her breasts back in her top, Erica pulled the door to the club open and stepped inside. The first thing she noticed was the thump of bass followed by more than a hundred men and women in varying states of dress – from tailored suits, latex and leather, to topless and butt naked. At the back of the club was a single large stage where five women currently danced – three separately and two together.

Lining the left and right walls were tables where men and women ate, drank and talked amongst themselves while the rest of the floor was taken up by the fetish stations – each set within a ten by ten square with a sign hanging on a post for all to see what kink that particular area catered to. At the four corners were doors leading to the towers and rising up through the middle of the club was the central tower where more than a dozen huge bird cages were occupied by women dressed as various animals as if in a petting zoo.

Walking over to what she assumes was a Domme – a stern-looking brunette wearing black-rimmed glasses, hair pulled back in a tight ponytail, she asked about the towers. “Excuse me, Mistress, but what’s the deal with the towers? Are they actually used for anything?”

“Each tower is designed around a single theme,” Mistress Anne answered. “Beginning on the ground floor with something mild, it increases in kinkiness the higher you go. Unlike the rest of the club, however, once you enter a tower you cannot get out until you finish it as the door locks shut behind you and will only open in case of a fire.”

“That’s where my keys are,” Erica said out loud.

“Excuse me?”

“Hmm? Oh, sorry. I’m on a bit of a sexual scavenger hunt of sorts and I need to collect four keys to open a locker for my next clue. Four keys, four towers. I can only assume there’s a key at the top of each.”

“Mmmm, sounds interesting.”

“How long does it take to get to the top?”

“That all depends on how open-minded you are. If you accept the inevitable and do not resist what is going to happen to you, maybe a couple of hours each.”

“What are the fetishes?”

“The southeast tower is all about puppy play. As you go up the floors you will be required to act more and more like a puppy from eating and drinking out of bowls to using the restroom and going for a walk around the neighborhood. Southwest caters to fisting. As you go through the rooms and up the floors you will be fucked in pussy and ass by increasingly larger toys until you’re able to take two large fists in the same hole at the same time.”

“Sounds easy enough,” Erica grinned. “I can already easily handle my husband’s fists at the same time.”

“In the same hole?”

“No, but I have a pretty good head start.”

“Sounds like it. The northeast tower has been dubbed five stories of hell and only the most masochistic are capable of making it all the way through with their sanity intact. I sincerely hope you have and incredibly high pain threshold if you’re planning on going in there. And finally there’s the northwest tower which is centered on the fetish of breeding and impregnation. You will be fucked and milked on every floor by increasingly larger groups of men until you reach the top and have your baby.”

“Um, are they planning on keeping me in there for nine months or something?”

“No, no, nothing like that. I don’t want to ruin the surprise for you.

“Thank you for the information.”

“Anytime. So, you really planning on going through all four of them?”

“I am.”

“Good luck.”

“Thanks again.” Knowing she had the best chance of making it through the fisting tower the quickest, Erica headed to the southwest door and pulled it open. Looking momentarily into a small empty room, she stepped in and jumped slightly as the door shut and locked behind her.

“Hello Erica, and welcome to the tower of stretching,” a man said over an intercom. “In order to make it out again you will be fucked and stretched open more than you probably imagined possible.”

“Y-You know who I am?”

“I do. And if you ever want to get your hands on my key then you’re going to have to take one hell of a stretching. Do you think you have what it takes?”

“I can already take a large fist in my pussy and ass at the same time,” Erica proudly stated. Looking around the small room, she saw a door straight ahead, and an elevator door to her right.

“Then this shouldn’t be much of a challenge for you, but the rules must be followed nonetheless. You will follow the prescribed route room by room, floor by floor until we meet for the final test. Good luck.”

“Wait! Who are you? How do you know me? Who set this whole thing up?” Because I seriously want to thank them, she thought as the door straight ahead swung open. Stepping into the new room, she saw a curvy brunette wearing the tightest corset dress she had ever seen and for a moment thought it must have been painted on, but the illusion was broken by a swinging lace dangling from a front bow.

“Welcome to the tower of stretching. My name is Mistress Helen and I’ll be your guide tonight. Have you ever been fisted before?”

“Yes Mistress. I can easily take a large fist in pussy and ass at the same time.”

“Well, that makes things easier.” Please strip out of your clothes and hop on the bench for me and we’ll get started after I explain the rules. First, you will be strapped to the bench and fucked in pussy and asshole by a sex machine. The dildos are eight inches long and one inch thick to start and after you have the minimum required three orgasms we’ll stop and move to the next room. Each floor has four rooms you must complete before moving on to the next. Any

questions so far?”

“Only an inch thick, Mistress? That’s nothing.”

“Maybe not, but the rules are the rules. The tower is designed to stretch you open a little at a time. Four rooms, four different sized dildos. By the time you reach the last room on each floor you should be able to easily handle another inch in thickness. Two inches for floor one, three for floor two and so on until you are so stretched open you can park your car in there and have room for the house.”

“So, it’s room after room of fucking machines and that’s it, Mistress?” Erica asked as she lay down on the padded spanking bench.

“Not exactly. To break up the monotony of getting fucked by machines, you’ll also have the honor of satisfying a few men and women along the way. Consider yourself their slave...their plaything. They may do anything they want to you short of permanent markings. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. You can relax and enjoy, or you can struggle and resist. Either way the results will be the same.”

“I have no intentions of resisting, Mistress. I need that key at the top of the tower.”

“Oh! So you’re the birthday girl we were told to look out for. I was wondering if you’d make it or not.”

“Told by whom? I’m still trying to figure out who set this all up.”

“No idea. We were told to expect you when we got to work tonight and that’s it. No names or descriptions of who set it up were given or asked for by any of us.”

“Dammit! I guess I’ll have to wait and find out later.”

“Are you ready to begin?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Walking over to where a sex machine sat against the wall, Mistress Helen pushed a button and spoke “Please send in the first round.” The door opened and six men and five women entered – lining up along the opposite wall as Mistress Helen set up the fucking machine. Once locked in place behind Erica, she lubed the dildos – pushing them about halfway into her pussy and asshole before switching it on.

“Aahhhh fuck!” Erica moaned as the dildos worked their way in and out. “T- That feels pretty damn good!”

“Glad you like it. They will go deeper and faster as we work towards your three orgasms. In the meantime, these men and women are going to use your mouth as their urinal. Do you fully understand what that means?”

“I think I have a pretty good idea, Mistress.”

“They are going to piss in your mouth and down your throat,” Mistress Helen explained. “Don’t worry, there will be no shit play, only pee. Spit it out, drink it, it’s all up to you, but either way they’re going to use you as their urinal. Remember, while in the tower you may only use the green and yellow safewords unless there is a serious problem that needs to be addressed. And not liking the taste of piss isn’t one of them. Go ahead when you’re ready,” she said to the eagerly waiting group.

The first man stepped up to Erica’s head and offered her his limp white cock. She opened her mouth and let him stick it in. Instinct took over and she started bobbing her head back and forth. The man grabbed a handful of her long brown hair and stopped her. His dick now semi-hard, he pushed it down her gagging throat and started to pee. Erica choked and attempted to jerk her head back, but the man’s grip on her hair tightened and the bitter warm liquid filled her belly.

“ACH!” Erica spit. “That is fucking disgusting!”

“You’ll get used to it eventually,” A tall, slender brunette said as she stepped forward. “It took me nearly five months, but now I can drink it like a glass of water.”

“Prove it!” Erica exclaimed. “Show us how it’s done.”

“Okay.” The woman dropped onto her knees in front of the last man in line and

took his cock into her mouth. He started peeing and she began gulping – swallowing every last drop with ease until the stream slowed to a trickle. Pulling back, she let the last drops fill her mouth so they knew she had really drank it. With a smile on her lips, she swallowed and then took her place in front of Erica. “See, nothing to it. The trick is getting rid of that pesky gag reflex. Once that’s gone there’s no end to what you can put down your throat.”

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No sooner was the second load of piss down Erica’s throat, then it all came right back up – covering the floor, and front of the spanking bench, but that did not stop the men and women from taking their turn one at a time until all eleven had emptied their bladders between increases in dildo speed and depth and Erica squirting in orgasm.

“It’s not enough to just let them piss in your mouth and down your throat,” Mistress Helen said as she moved the sex machine back and began unstrapping Erica from the bench. “You must savor it, love it as if it were the last thing on earth to drink. Only then will you become a true piss slut.”

“But I’m not a piss slut, Mistress,” Erica protested.

“That’s not what the tag on your nipple ring says. Now be a good slave and follow me to the next room. The dildos are only slightly larger, but the men are much bigger.” The door to the second room opened and Mistress Helen stepped through with Erica hot on her heels. “Send in the second round.”

No sooner had the door closed then it opened and twenty black men walked in. Where they came from Erica could only guess, but they were there nonetheless with big black cocks hard and ready for action. “Holy shit! You weren’t kidding, Mistress,” Erica said as she stared at the line of cocks – none of which was smaller than eight inches.

“Drinking piss is only one bodily fluid you’ll must savor if you’re going to be the perfect sex slave. While the dildos do their job, you’ll work overtime not only drinking their piss, but sucking them off and eating their semen as well.”

“But I’m not a sex slave, Mistress,” Erica said, bending over the padded bench without prompting.

“You can tell yourself that all you want, but it does not change the facts. Before and after you suck each cock and drink their piss, I want you to say: I am a sex slave. My only pleasure in life is serving others.”

“But I...”

“Say it,” Mistress Helen said as she secured the leather cuff around Erica’s right ankle. About to move to the left, she stopped, took a step back and removed it. “Say it before I place each cuff.”

“But I am not a...”

“If you finish that sentence I’ll add a hundred swats to your ass. You know what I want to hear.”

Erica inhaled deeply and looked up into the grinning faces of the black mean waiting to use her as their personal cumdumpster and urinal. “I...I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

The right cuff went back around her ankle.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

The left cuff was pulled tight and buckled.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

A strap was placed around her right thigh preventing her from jerking backwards onto the dildos that would soon be filling her pussy and ass.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

The same was done to her left thigh.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

A long leather strap was placed around Erica’s waist and tugged tight.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

The cuff was secured around Erica’s right wrist next.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

Followed by the left.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.”

Mistress Helen moved the sex machine in place, lubed the dildos and pushed them about halfway into Erica’s pussy and asshole as the first black man stepped up to off her his cock.

“I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others,” Erica said before taking it down her throat. And as she did when spanking her own ass, breasts and pussy, she said the lines over and over in her head – each silent repetition making it that much truer. After choking on the man’s piss and spitting as much of it out as she could, she once again said it aloud. “I am a sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.” And her first orgasm with the new toys quickly followed.

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Room by room ,floor by floor, Erica was not only stretched open further and further, but had drank more piss and semen than she cared to count. Her belly was full and aching something fierce, but she weathered the storm – repeatedly telling herself that she was a sex slave and her only pleasure was serving others. Dildos turned to hands on floor four and then fingers were added until by the time she reached the final room, there was no doubt in her mind that she could handle two large fists in the same hole at the same time.

The door opened and Erica crawled in – too exhausted, and knees far too weak to stand. There were no sex machines. No lines of men waiting to piss, or shoot loads of jizz down her throat. The room was completely empty with the only exits being the door now locked behind her, a door to her left and an elevator door to her right that she hoped would take her back to ground floor.

The door to the left opened and a cloaked and hooded figure – a man based on his height and build, entered. When he spoke, his voice was distorted beyond recognition. “Kneel in the center of the room and prove you are worthy of my key.”

Having gone too far to back out now, Erica did as she was commanded and crawled to the center of the room where she lowered her head to the floor and

spread her legs open. She heard the man approaching followed by the sound of a bottle being squeezed. The cool lube splashing down and into her gaping asshole was soothing, but short lived. A hand shoved its way in with ease and she bit her lip – the moment of truth was at hand and she feared she would fail even after hours of training.

Two more fingers went into her already stuffed ass and as the man worked them in and out for several minutes, a third was added. And then a fourth. Erica's body shook in orgasm. "I am a sex slave! My only pleasure is serving others!" she shouted as her pussy juiced coated her fister's hands and arms. There was a pinch as she was stretched open and she knew she had done it. She had two hands up her ass.

"Well done, slave. You've passed the first half of the test, can you pass the second?"

"Y-Yes Master," Erica purred.

"We'll see."

As easily as he fisted Erica's ass, the man worked both hands into her pussy at the same time. But he did not stop there. Withdrawing an incredibly fat dildo from the folds of his cloak, he pushed the full eleven inches into her asshole. Another was added causing her to once again squirt in orgasm. One hand filled her pussy – the toys stuffing her ass making it feel tighter than it really was. In minutes, he once again had both hands thrusting in and out of her pussy.

"Congratulations, slave. Not only do you have both of my hands in your gaping pussy at the same time, but the two dildos stretching your ass open right now are the same as taking two hands. You really are a fisting slave aren't you?"

"Y-Yes Master," Erica managed between orgasmic aftershocks that left her brain addled and tongue-tied.

"Stand and accept my key."

"I...I d-don't think I can stand' Master."

"Take your time. When you are ready stand with your hands clasped together behind your back and legs spread shoulder-width apart."

Rolling onto her back, Erica lay there staring up at the ceiling for more than forty minutes before finally able to stand on steady legs. Vision still somewhat blurry and head spinning, she watched as the still hooded man rolled a small cart out of the side room and stopped it to her left. Daring to look down, she saw a large needle, a pair of blue nitrile gloves, a grommet and a tiny key hooked on a ring.

“W-Where are you going to pierce me, Master?”

“This will go in your outer left labia, “He said pointing to the grommet. And then the keyring will be attached to that and you’ll be free to take the elevator down to the club.”

“Yes Master.”

Sore and exhausted, Erica collapsed to the floor and passed out within minutes of the man piercing her outer labia. Her dreams were filled with images of sex ranging from a very mild spanking at her own hands, to a gang bang with a hundred black men intent on breeding her. Pussy and asshole were stretched to epic proportions around larger and larger toys until nothing was too large to fit. Baseballs. Softballs. Footballs. Even a basketball was shoved in there at one point. But when she saw an army of sword-sized needles marching in her direction, she woke with a screech.

“How long was I out? Erica asked the hooded man sitting across the room from her.

“About an hour. How are you feeling?”

“Like I could sleep another week. But I’ve got three more towers to get through.”

“Three? You planning on doing all four in one go? That takes some serious dedication to the lifestyle.”

“I have four keys to collect and I’m pretty sure they’re all in towers. I just don’t know which one I want to do next.”

“I wouldn’t mind seeing your belly swollen with child, personally.”

“What’s with that anyways? I was told I’d be used for breeding and that I’d give birth at the top. How in the hell am I going to give birth when I’m not even pregnant? It makes no sense whatsoever.”

“It’s a birthing fetish,” the man explained without going into more details. “They will explain it all to you there. Or you could go to the tower of pain. A woman covered in welts is second only to one with a swollen belly. And then there’s the puppy play tower. Seeing as how you are going to do them all in one go, I’d get a move on. Besides, there’s another slut heading up to floor four so I need to clear the room for when she makes it up here. You may use the elevator to go

back down to the club. And happy birthday.”

“Thanks.” Climbing to her feet, Erica walked over to the elevator door, stopped and turned back around. “Um, Will I also be getting my clothes back?”

“They will be waiting for you when you’ve finished the four towers, or you decide you’ve had enough and want to go home.”

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Wearing only her collar and cuffs, Erica took the elevator down to ground floor. The door slid open and she stepped out into the club – no longer bothering to hide her body out of shame. Men and women both looked her way with varying degrees of lust in their eyes, but she ignored them all as she made her way to the puppy play tower in the southeast corner of the club.

“Welcome to the puppy tower,” a seductive female voice said over the intercom. “You may be human now, but by the time you reach the top you’ll be obeying commands and mastering tricks like a good puppy.”

“W-Will I, um...will I have to have sex with a real dog?”

“Of course not. Everything we do here is legal. Although, technically there are no laws in this state forbidding such an act. Hmmm, maybe we should rethink... nah, that’s too kinky even for me. Don’t worry, there are no real animals involved in anything you do here tonight. Except for the human kind, that is.”

“So, what do I need to do to earn my key?”

“You will be transformed into a playful and obedient puppy for your new owner. As you progress through the rooms you will lose your humanity and embrace your inner canine. You will eat and drink out of dishes on the floor. You will use the bathroom like a dog and as I said before – learn new tricks and commands. And should you make mistakes you will be disciplined as a dog. Do you understand?”

“Not really, but let’s get this party started, shall we?”

“Very well. From this point on you are forbidden to speak unless asked a question that cannot be answered with a yes or no. Once you pass through the

first doo you will only bark. Once for yes, two for no. Do you understand?”

“Arf,” Erica barked like a dog.

“You will also walk on all fours like a dog. Now get on your hands and knees and crawl through the doggy door to your right.”

Erica did not hesitate in dropping onto her hands and knees. And once through the large doggy door, she entered a whole new life and mindset. The spacious room was decorated as the back yard of a house with privacy fence going around three of the walls and what appeared to be real grass covering the floor. Though there were recessed lights in the ceiling, it had been painted to resemble a clear blue sky.

“Welcome to puppy training ono-oh-one,” a petite redhead said from the far side of the yard. “My name is Mistress Kelly. I know your real name is Erica, but I’m going to call you Fluffy. Do you have to use the bathroom, Fluffy?”

“Arf!” Erica barked excitedly, suddenly aware of the desperate need to pee.

“Go right ahead.”

Face turning red in embarrassment, Erica crawled towards the back of the yard, squatted down like a dog and peed.

“That’s a good girl, Fluffy. When you’re done crawl over and sit at my feet.”

Erica did as she was commanded.

“Here you go, girl, you deserve a treat for being such a well-trained puppy.”

Erica opened her mouth and it was stuffed with what appeared to be a dog biscuit shaped like a bone. Thankfully, it was an oatmeal cookie made to look like the real thing and she gobbled it down, also now aware of her intense hunger.

“In order to fully embrace your new life as a puppy, you’ll need to look the part,” said Mistress Kelly. Picking up a headband with ears from a picnic table, she placed it on Erica’s head. Next, she placed pawed gloves over her hands and feet and then helped her into a skintight, spotted latex dog suit that hugged every

curve. Thankfully, her breasts, pussy and ass were left exposed, but the latter was stuffed with a massive plug that stayed in despite the stretching she had taken at the fisting tower. “Now you look better. Do you feel better, Fluffy?”

“Arf.”

“Are you hungry, girl? You want something to eat?”

“Arf!”

“Oh, you must be starving after playing all day. Go ahead and eat and then we’ll get started on your training.” Lifting two large bowls from the table, Mistress Kelly sat them on the cool grass. One was filled with cold water which Erica lapped up as best she could, and the other was filled with what really looked like dry dog food.

Too hungry and embarrassed to say anything, Erica closed her eyes and lowered her face towards the bowl of food. Taking a piece into her mouth, she gulped it down without chewing. The taste was mild and hinted at various grains and possibly some sort of beef or chicken – she could not really be sure. Though not exactly delicious, it was not awful and she gobbled it down until the bowl was empty. After drinking more water, she sat back on her haunches and actually panted. I’ve finally lost my fucking mind, she thought as Mistress Kelly placed a leash to her collar. Self-spanking, self-piercing. Having my pussy and asshole stretched to take two fists at the same time. And now I’m acting like a damn dog! What in the fuck is wrong with me? And for the love of god why is it making me so damn horny?

“Okay, Fluffy, let’s see if we really can teach an old dog new tricks. Get it right and you get a treat. Get it wrong, and you get disciplined. Do you understand?”

“Arf.”

“You’re such a good doggy, girl,” Mistress Kelly said rubbing the top of Erica’s head as if she was praising a real puppy. “Okay girl, trick number one is sitting. Kneel with your legs spread apart and then lean forward until your front paws are touching the ground. GOOD GIRL!” She exclaimed when Erica managed to get the position right the first time – the outfit she was wearing making her look just like a sitting dog. “Catch!” She underhand tossed an oatmeal biscuit which hit Erica in the nose and bounced to the ground. “Bad puppy! I told you to catch.

Assume the position.”

Having no idea what the position was, Erica sat there staring up at her trainer in confusion.

“For a slave you know very little,” Mistress Kelly said shaking her head. “The position, Fluffy. Assume the punishment position. You know what that is, right?”

“Arf, arf.”

“No? Whomever trained you must be an idiot. Get up on your knees with your head down and arms outstretched over your head and feet raised about a foot or so off the ground.” Erica thought about it for a brief moment and correctly assumed the position. “Well, you got that one right, but seeing as how it’s the punishment position I don’t see how you should get a treat for assuming it. For failing to catch the treat when offered you will receive three swats of the cane. After that, we will practice catching until you get it right. Do you understand me, Fluffy?”

“Arf,” Erica said with a slight canine whine to her voice.

WHACK! The cane came down hard across the center of Erica’s ass and it was all she could do to remain silent

I am a puppy sex slave, she thought to herself.

WHACK!

I am a puppy sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others.

WHACK!

I am a puppy sex slave. Pain is my only joy.

“Sit, Fluffy, sit.”

Erica moved back into the sitting position and watched as Mistress Kelly picked up another small treat and tossed it slowly in her direction. Bobbing to the right, it hit the corner of her mouth and rolled to the ground. Three swats. The next missed completely adding three more. Number three landed on her chin, but

when she attempted to snatch it with her tongue, she knocked it off and added three more swats and lowering her moral accordingly. Frustrated that she could not catch the treat no matter how Mistress Kelly tossed them, she racked up fifty-one swats of the cane before luck finally decided to pay her a visit. Her hopes increased ever so slightly, she caught the next four before missing again.

Two more catches and another miss and Mistress Kelly was running out of treats. “There are only five more left, Fluffy,” she said tossing one directly into the waiting puppy’s open mouth. Finally figuring out that she should have been watching the treat arc through the air and not Mistress Kelly’s hand, Erica managed to catch the remaining treats. Though she now had fifty-four swats of the cane.

“Assume the position, Fluffy. You’ve got to be disciplined for your mistakes.”

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After her harsh discipline, Erica spent another hour learning various tricks and positions before the door opened and she was finally permitted to move on to the next floor. Designed as a dog park, floor two of the puppy tower had the same real grass as the first. Along the right wall were three park benches where three men and two women sat, but that’s not what caught Erica’s attention.

So, that’s what I must look like, she thought as she looked upon four women and six men dressed exactly as she was. Two of them – a male and female were going at it doggy-style while the rest either lazed about under the shade of an artificial tree, or play wrestled with each other.

“Welcome to the puppy park. My name is Master Ryan,” one of the men sitting on the bench said as he got to his feet. “Mmmm, you are a pretty puppy aren’t you?”

“Arf,” Erica barked in reply.

“Suck,” Master Ryan said pointing to a young man dressed like a puppy.

Knowing exactly what was expected of her, Erica crawled on all fours to the indicated man and took his cock into her mouth. Thanks to the dozens of men pissing and cumming down her throat, taking his seven inches was a simple task.

“Mount,” Erica heard Master Ryan say. And within second there was a weight on her back and a hard cock pushed into her gaping pussy. The man did not seem to mind one bit as he gripped her hips with pawed hands and thrust in and out harder and faster than she thought possible. When she had gulped down the man’s load, she was commanded to lick one of the women dressed as a puppy – a petite raven-haired beauty named Celeste that she recognized immediately as the clerk from the local grocery store she always shopped at.

The two shared a frantic glance which Erica diffused by pushing her tongue into Celeste’s dripping wet pussy. She lapped up the heady mixture of pussy juices and semen as if another treat while repeating the same thing over and over in her head. I am a puppy sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others. I am a pain slut. Pain is my only joy. I am a urinal. Drinking piss is my only goal in life. I am a puppy sex slave. My only pleasure is serving others. I am a pain... She never got to finish the thought as she exploded in orgasm in time with the man fucking his load deep in her fertile pussy, and the woman squirting into her hungry mouth.

Another man dressed as a puppy took over from the first and Erica continued to either suck or lick any cock and pussy offered. But her fun was short-lived as the door opened and she was commanded to the third floor.

Feeling happier than she could ever remember, Erica crawled over to the Mistress of floor three and brushed against her bare legs as if she were a dog greeting her owner after being left alone all day and now desperately seeking attention. A foot came up and connected with her side shoving her to the floor. Looking up at the Mistress like a scolded dog, she got back onto her hands and knees and repeated the show of affection. And once again she was maliciously knocked on her side.

The Domme walked over and drew her leg back as if to deliver a powerful kick, but Erica rolled away, unsure what was going on. “You worthless fucking mutt! I’ll teach you to mind your fucking manners! Get over here right god damn now!”

Having done everything commanded of her nearly without hesitation or question, Erica Rolled onto her knees and assumed a sitting position – teeth bared as she growled in anger. When the Domme approached as if to attack, she lunged forward and sank her teeth into the woman’s shin.

“Aahhgghhh! What are you doing you stupid fucking slave?”

“I may be a worthless slave to you, but that gives you no right to kick me!” Erica snarled. “I will accept punishment if I’ve done something wrong, but don’t you dare think that means you can abuse me!”

“WAIT! Hold on a second! I’m sorry you got the wrong impression of me. My shoving you away was meant as a test and I would have never really kicked you.”

“It sure as hell looked like you were going to kick me!”

“Up until now you’ve been a very good puppy in training. You’ve obeyed every command given and gone above and beyond to please those you serve. It is my duty to make sure you’re not a pushover, so to speak, and I am truly sorry that I had to do what I did. The fact of the matter is, had you allowed me to continue treating you like shit you would have failed this tower and made to leave.”

“I...I don’t understand.”

“We train puppies here, Fluffy, not punching bags. And you’ve shown that you have what it takes to not only obey, but to stand up to those you serve when they step out of line. Now, how about we chalk this up to learning and move on?”

“Arf,” Erica barked – once again assuming the role of puppy.

“Very good. There’s just the matter of the key and you’re free to go. Assume the position.”

Erica climbed to her feet with hands clasped together behind her back and legs spread shoulder-width apart as she did when the hooded man pierced her in the fisting tower. Biting her lip against the intense pain of having a small chunk of outer labia removed to make room for the grommet, she nearly broke into tears as an orgasm swept through her body like wildfire.

“Come on, let’s get you caged for the night. You’ve been through quite the ordeal and need your rest.”

“Caged, Mistress? I have two more towers to complete.”

“Not tonight. I know you’re keen on getting them done as quickly as possible, but they were never meant to be done in one go. Back on all fours you go.”

“But...”

“No more arguing.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Dropping back down on all fours, Erica followed behind the Domme as she was led across the large room towards a row of kennels. The Mistress opened one and Erica crawled in – turning around a few times as she had seen dogs do in the past, before laying down and closing her eyes.

Erica woke feeling incredibly groggy and sore – her entire body aching from a long night of rough treatment. Rolling over in her cage, she assumed the sitting position and looked around the room dimly lit by a nightlight plugged into an outlet to her left. As the events of the previous night came flooding back, she felt the juices flowing from her pussy and despite the pain, she reached between her legs and eased her entire hand into her pussy – something that took a bit of work prior to her visit to X³. So it wasn't all a crazy dream, she thought, pulling her hand back out of her pussy and bringing it to her mouth to lick clean.

“How are you feeling today, fluffy?” A familiar voice came from the right. Looking in that direction, Erica saw the same Mistress that had caged her the night before. “It's okay, you may speak.”

“I'm sore and feel as if I could sleep another ten hours. I also really need to use the bathroom.”

“I saw you push your hand in your pussy. Did you like that?”

“Arf,” Erica barked – remembering the rules.

“I have something else I think you'll enjoy,” The Domme said carrying a metal briefcase over and sitting it on the top of the kennel cage. “I thought about it all night and I think it's the perfect gift for such a good puppy. And you are a very good puppy. Shame I can't take you home and train you as my personal puppy slave, but alas your owner has other plans for you.”

“Owner, Mistress? I don't have an owner.”

“That's not what the one that set this all up said. You are going through the four towers as the beginning of your new life as a sex slave.”

“Do you know who set this all up, Mistress? I've been trying to figure out who it is. Is it my husband?”

“No. But it is someone you know, and someone that knows your deepest, darkest

secrets. After breakfast you have a few hours to rest before the club officially opens and you can continue with your training.”

“Wait, the club is closed now?”

“It is. I remained to keep an eye on you throughout the night.”

“Thank you Mistress. But why did you cage me? Why not just send me home?”

“Because I had very specific directions and to give you the fullest experience your owner wished for you to spend the night in the kennel. Well, assuming you made it this far that is. And I’m really glad you did. We may have gotten off on the wrong foot, no pun intended, but I really like you. So, which tower you going to next?”

“The tower of pain, Mistress. Can you tell me anything about it?”

“Sorry, but you’ll have to learn about it the hard way. Come on, let’s get you out of the kennel and down to the changing room where you can use the bathroom and take a much needed shower.”

“What’s in the case, Mistress?”

“You’ll see when you’re in the arms of your owner tomorrow. No more questions. Remain on all fours like the puppy that you are until we’re in the changing room. You may shower as a human and then you will get back into your puppy outfit and return to the main club. Do you understand?”

“Arf,” Erica barked, crawling out of the kennel and stretching before following the Domme whose name she never got out of the room and down to the changing room. After using the bathroom, she stood under a hot shower until the water ran cold. After drying off, she got back into her puppy outfit, dropped back down on her hands and knees and crawled out into the club – catching locker forty-one out of the corner of her eye as she went. Curiosity winning out over her orders, she crawled over to the locker, unhooked the keys from her two outer labia piercings and placed them in the locks until finding the right ones. They clicked open, but without the other two keys she might as well have none.

Erica smelled the pancakes, eggs and bacon even before she opened the changing room door and her belly rumbled with hunger. And the aroma of coffee

nearly made her heart skip a beat as the only thing she's had to drink since last night other than the water out of a dog's bowl was pee, pussy juice and semen from a few dozen men and women.

"Come join me for breakfast, Fluffy. You know, it dawned on me while cooking that I never gave you my name. I'm Mistress Zoe," the Domme said as she sat a bowl of food and liquid on a mat on the club floor. "Try not to make too much of a mess."

Crawling over to the bowl – her heart sinking in her chest a little, Erica's spirits were immediately lifted when she saw a mix of bacon, eggs and pancakes in one bowl and orange juice in the other. Giving Mistress Zoe a thankful smile, she lowered her head and lapped up about half of the juice before gobbling down a strip of bacon.

"All of that sex and training made you a very hungry puppy, huh?" Mistress Zoe said rubbing the top of Erica's head.

"Arf!"

"Would you like some more?"

"ARF!"

Mistress Zoe dropped another small pancake and three strips of bacon in Erica's bowl and watched her gulp it down as if she had not eaten in a week. "When you're done we can go back to the puppy tower and rest for your big night, or we can play. Which would you prefer?"

"As much as I'd love to play with you Mistress, I am incredibly sore. I think resting is in my best interest."

"Not a problem. I was going to put you in the public kennel, but I think I'll keep you separated until time to go to another tower. Are you looking forward to it?"

"Arf."

"And you still don't consider yourself a sex slave? Who else would look forward to being bred and going through so much pain? Look, I probably shouldn't do this, but I actually feel kind of worried for you. I have access to the other towers

and can put you through a watered down version before giving you the final two keys. Hell, I can take you straight to the top, pierce those puffy outer labia and give you the keys right away if you prefer not to go through the whole ordeal. The only thing you'll have to do is get a brand so they think you really went through all the pain. What do you think?"

"I don't know, Mistress. I don't want to get anyone into trouble if they find out I didn't actually do them the right way."

"If you get the brand no one will know the difference. Or you can wait until tonight and go through hours of unnecessary suffering at the hands of a very sadistic Dom."

"Is this another test, Mistress?"

"No, no test. This is a concerned Mistress looking out for a slave in training. You've been through a lot in a very short period of time and considering what lay ahead I'm worried it'll prove too much and you'll have a mental breakdown."

"How are we going to do the breeding and giving birth, Mistress? I was told I'd have to give birth at the top of the breeding tower."

"I'll tell them I called in a few dozen men to breed you. Considering you took at least three dozen loads last night I'd say that qualifies as being bred, wouldn't you?"

"Yes Mistress, but what about giving birth?"

"That's just a little trick the Master of the tower likes to do. You are fitted with a ball that inflates inside of you as you go up in floors and when you reach the top you give birth. It's about as big around as a baby's head so it's as if you are giving birth. We can say you did it and not worry about it. Honestly, I've done it a few times before and trust me, it's nothing compared to the real thing."

"I have a daughter," Erica said as she lapped up the last of the orange juice. "She'll be twenty-one in August, but I still remember the pains of childbirth."

"I have six."

“Six, Mistress? I didn’t think you were that old.”

“Thanks. I’m twenty-eight. But yes, I have six kids. I had two girls one year apart and then three years later I had a set of twins followed two years after that by another set of twins.”

“WOW! At my age I’ll be lucky if I have another.”

“At your age? You act as if you’re sixty. I know plenty of women your age that have three to five more pregnancies. In fact, my sister April just turned forty-seven and is pregnant for the eleventh time.”

“ELEVEN!?”

“That’s right. Call her the less famous Duggar,” Mistress Zoe laughed. She’s had seventeen babies in the previous pregnancies. That includes twins and triplets. Multiple births run in my family. So, is breeding something you’d seriously consider? Because if it is I know a very good place you can go to have as many pregnancies as you wish.”

“Here, Mistress?”

“No, a farm my sister April goes to. Like you, she’s a sex slave. Actually, that’s another family tradition – one I didn’t follow for long I might add. My mother, both sisters and five aunts are all sex slaves. I was too for about five years, but then I got a taste for dominating others and never looked back.”

“HOLY SHIT, Mistress. I think my daughter Lana is a sex slave. Her friend Amy as well. They took a trip to Tijuana last summer and some rather...bizarre things happened to them there. When they came back they were branded: Property of the Drunken Burro.”

“Nice. Seems it might run in your family as well. Do you mind that she’s a sex slave?”

“Not if it’s what she wants. And honestly, I have submissive leanings, but no formal training as such. Other than my husband and Amy’s parents I’ve never served anyone until last night.”

“And what do you think so far?”

“I think I’m a sex slave in training,” Erica admitted. “And for the first time since this all began I think I just might be okay with that.”

“So, you interested in my deal then, or do you want to earn those last two keys the hard way? Also, what do you think about the prospect of being used for breeding?”

“I’ll answer the second question first, Mistress. Honestly, the thought scares the hell out of me and turns me on at the same time, but I can’t just start being used for breeding without consulting my husband first. As for the first question, as long as you can assure me no one will get in trouble, myself included I’ll do it your way, Mistress.”

“You have my word no one will get in trouble. Think about it, Fluffy. Do you think they’d let just anyone stay here overnight?”

“I never really considered that, Mistress.”

“I’m married to the owner. This is my club, Fluffy. I make the rules and I am free to bend them to my liking. And I’d like to bend them for you.”

“Thank you Mistress. If I’m going to be completely honest I was kind of dreading the tower of pain. What will I be branded with and where?”

“You’ll have slave to pain branded on your mound. And I’m not going to lie, it’s going to hurt like bloody hell which is why I’ll have you strapped down when I do it. I’ll then give you two more grommet piercings and you’ll have all four keys.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Are you done eating?”

“Arf.”

“Good girl. Now be a good puppy and go over to the Saint Andrews and I’ll be with you in a few minutes to do your work.”

Pussy aching terribly from being branded and pierced two more times, Erica crawled into the locker room and over to locker forty-one. Fingers trembling with excitement, she opened the four locks and pulled the door open. It was empty save for an envelope with her name typed across the front sitting on the center shelf. Opening it, she began to read.

Erica,

If you are reading this, let me first say how very proud I am of you. In order to get your hands on the keys to this very special locker you had to put yourself through hell and back – submit to the most humiliating and degrading acts of kink known to man and come out with your wits about you. It takes a very special person to do in a lifetime what you accomplished in a couple of night and I sincerely hope you now realize who and what you really are at the core of your being.

Take some time to rest and recuperate from your ordeal and then meet me at the abandoned school on May first at midnight for your final gift and to see who masterminded this whole thing. I am looking forward to seeing the look on your face when you learn my identity.

“What does it say?” asked Mistress Zoe.

“It says I have to wait another month to figure out who’s behind it, Mistress.”

“A month? After everything you did that doesn’t seem fair.”

“Tell me about it, Mistress. I think I’m going to go home now if that’s okay.”

“More than okay. I highly recommend plenty of bed rest. Don’t forget your birthday gift from me. And if you’re ever in the need to play puppy again just come on in and let me know.”

“Thank you Mistress. For everything. Can I open it now?”

“Sure.”

Lifting the metal briefcase onto a table, Erica flipped the latches and opened the top to reveal more than a dozen oddly-shaped dildos in their own molded insert. “Um, what are they, Mistress?”

“They are sex toys, of course, from Bad Dragon. They specialize in bizarre and fantastical dildos. That one there’s a demon cock,” she said pointing to a seven and a half inch long red and black dildo with tapered head, ridges on the underside and raised nubs evenly spaced around the rest of the shaft. And the massive one there at the end is Tyson the water buffalo. My personal favorite is the tentacle there in the middle. And you can’t forget the drag ones there along the top and the canine ones at the bottom.”

“I don’t know what to say. Thank you Mistress. But how did you know I was even going to be here to give them to?”

“I didn’t. If I’m going to be honest, I bought them for my pet at home, but after the performance you put on last night I felt you deserved them.”

“I can’t take her gift, Mistress.”

“It’s quite alright. I’ll order another batch for her. Take them and enjoy.”

“Thank you so much Mistress. Um...is that really what a dog cock looks like?” Erica asked, looking at the row of dildos with tapered tips, slightly flared shafts which narrowed and then bulged out about three quarters of the way down.

“It is. The bulge there near the base is called the knot and is meant to keep the dog locked inside of his bitch during mating. You ever seen two dogs stuck together before?”

“Arf.”

“Well, the knot is the reason for that,” Mistress Zoe smiled at Erica’s dedication to remaining in character even after the scene long ended. “The last one is Cole the Great Dane,” she said pointing to the nearly fourteen inch long dildo with a three and a half inch thick shaft and nearly five inch diameter knot. “I’d say take your time and work up to it, but I don’t think that’ll be much of a problem, do you?”

“Arf, arf.”

“You know you no longer need to bark, right?”

“Arf,” Erica barked with a grin.

“You really are a good little puppy, aren’t you?”

“Arf!”

“Go on, get dressed and go home before I kidnap and train you myself.”

“Thank you again for everything Mistress. You have my word that I’ll put these to good use, and I’ll definitely be back for more puppy training once I figure out who’s turning me into a sex slave.”

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“Where in the hell have you been?” Mark asked when Erica entered the house. “I’ve been calling everyone we know and was just about to call the police to go looking for you!”

“Yeah right,” Erica said to her husband of twenty-two years “as if you didn’t already know where I was.”

“What are you talking about? I came home last night and you were gone. No note, no voicemails, nothing. I’ve been up all night worried sick something happened to you. So, you going to explain where the hell you’ve been all night?”

“Being trained as a sex slave,” Erica answered.

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me. I was at Ex Cubed being trained as a sex slave as part of an elaborate birthday gift I thought was from you.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about. And what on earth do you mean you were being trained as a sex slave?”

“I came home from work to find a laptop on the kitchen table alongside a note.”

“I was in the bedroom several times and I never saw a laptop on the dresser.”

“I’m telling you I left it on the dresser. The person on it gave me very specific instructions to follow or my little office secret got out to the public. I had no choice, honey. I...I had to give myself forty-one birthday swats with a paddle and then I had to pierce my own damn nipples and clit hood!” Erica said yanking her top off to show her husband the rings she now sported. After that I got dressed as you now see me and went to Ex Cubed where I had to go through these four kinky towers to get keys to open a locker to get another gift. Only this time it said I had to wait until May first to get it. HERE!” she said thrusting the letter at her husband. There’s the letter! And here’s the rest of me,” she added – taking off the rest of her clothes. “If you weren’t behind it then who?”

“I have no...OH MY FUCKING GOD! Is that a brand?”

“Yes. And four grommet piercings in my outer labia which is where they hung the keys when I finished a tower.”

“Tower? What are these towers? What did you have to do?”

“The first was the fisting tower and in order to claim the key I had to be able to take two large fists at the same time.”

“That should’ve been easy considering you take my hands,” Mark said as he read the letter his wife handed him.

“In the same hole. The master at the top double fisted my ass and then he shoved two massive dildos in me and double fisted my pussy. It was as if I were taking four hands at the same damn time!”

“Sweet Jesus! I’d like to be a fly on that wall!”

“You don’t have to. You can shove your hands up my ass right now if you want proof I’m telling the truth. And while I was slowly being stretched open I was used as a cumdumpster and urinal for dozens of men and women.”

“Did you drink it?”

“Yes.”

“Then what happened?”

“After the fisting tower I went to the puppy tower where I got a crash course in being a puppy slave. Mistress Zoe was incredibly kind to me after a rather unpleasant start. She gave me these as a birthday gift,” Erica said, sitting the briefcase on the coffee table and opening it for her husband to see.”

“HOLY SHIT! Are those dildos?”

“Yes. Mistress Zoe said they were from a website called Bad Dragon. Ever hear of it?”

“Nope, but we can look later. Um, I hate to ask and I’m not even sure I want to know the answer, but did you, um, you know, do it with a real dog?”

“No. I feared and asked the same thing when I first entered the tower.”

“And the slave to pain brand?”

“I got that at the end of the tower of pain where I was caned, flogged, had hot wax poured all over my body and needles used on me.”

“Jesus Christ! Are you alright?”

“I’m a kinky painslut. Pain is my only joy,” Erica repeated the mantra.

“I see.”

“The person that set this all up made me repeat that after every swat I gave myself. I swear to god it must be true because I had more than one orgasm from pain since last night. And after that I went to the tower of breeding where I was fucked by a few dozen men before giving birth.”

“Um, what?”

“To an inflatable ball. But considering how far I was stretched open at the tower of fisting it wasn’t all that difficult.”

“Wow...just...wow! I don’t know what to say. It sounds like one hell of a night. But couldn’t you have at least called and told me where you were and that you were alright?”

“I didn’t have access to my phone and, honestly, I really thought it was you behind the whole thing.”

“It wasn’t me.”

“Then who?”

“Good question. How many people know about your office affairs?”

“Only you and Lana. And she only knows because I asked her to help me with Amelia. You don’t think she put me through this, do you?”

“Who else could it be? I never told anyone about you having sex with patients after hours, so it must be her. Are you sure no one else knows? What about the patients themselves? Could one of them blabbed about it?”

“I suppose anything’s possible, but if they did then why am I still in business? Word would have spread pretty quickly and my clinic would have been shut down. No, the only one it could be is Lana.” Grabbing her cell phone from her purse, Erica called her daughter.

“Hey, what’s up mom?”

“Don’t hey what’s up mom me!” Erica bit back. What’s the big idea blackmailing me like you did?”

“Excuse me?”

“Don’t act all innocent. I know you’re the one behind it all.”

“Um, behind all what, mom? And where have you been? Dad’s been worried

sick about you.”

“I’m at home and have already told your father everything. Why? Why would you want to turn me into a sex slave?”

“WHOA! What in the hell are you talking about?”

“It was you on the laptop so stop pretending you don’t know what I’m talking about.”

“What laptop? I swear to god mom, I have no idea what you’re talking about. But I want to hear more.”

“Did you tell anyone about what I do at the office after hours?”

“Of course not.”

“Well, you and your father are the only two that knows and you’re both claiming innocent. If you’re both going to lie to me then I guess the only thing I can do is wait and meet my blackmailer next month.” Angry, now believing either her husband or daughter is lying to her, Erica hung up the phone and stomped her way to the bedroom.

One month later...

With her piercings and brand healing nicely, Erica dressed in a black and purple corset, latex miniskirt, and garter belt which she hooked onto the tops of the skin tight, thigh-high latex boots she also wore. "I'm off to see my blackmailer," she said to her husband.

"Are you sure you don't want me to come with you? What if they try something?"

"Then I'll handle it. I was told to come alone and that's exactly what I'm going to do. And when I find Lana really was behind it I'm going to give her a swift kick in the ass for lying to me over and over."

"Honey, we've been over this a million times. I believe her when she says she's not behind it."

"Who else could it be, then? Go on, give me another name?"

"I don't know who set it up, but I sincerely wish to god they hadn't. It's been nothing but hell with you for the last month and frankly I'm getting sick of the damn attitude and accusations."

"You're not the one being blackmailed and trained as a sex slave!"

"Something you've repeatedly admitted to liking so why are you still pissed off?"

"Because my career is on the damn line! I could lose everything because someone couldn't keep their damn mouth shut so, yeah, I'm fucking pissed off!"

"None of this would be a problem if you weren't such a damn nympho needing sex all the time. You wouldn't be in this situation in the first place if you learned

to keep your legs shut at work,” Mark shot back.

“Fuck you!”

“As many dicks as you’ve taken I’m not sure I ever want to stick mine in there again.”

“Then you are free to get the hell out of my house!” Erica yelled as she stormed out – waiting until she was locked in her car before letting the tears roll down her cheeks. “God damn son of a bitch! She sobbed – feeling as if her entire life had come crashing down. Pulling off to the side of the road, she let it all out for nearly fifteen minutes before resuming her trip.

Knowing of only one abandoned school in a ten miles radius, Erica drove to Parker High School which had closed its doors nearly seven years ago due to severe water leaks which in turn led to habitual mold problems. Pulling in the parking lot, she drove to the back where she saw the only other car and a light on inside. Taking a deep breath and quickly freshening her makeup, she got out of the car and went in.

Looking left and right down the long stretch of hallway, she was somewhat surprised by the distinct lack of odors. Shrugging, she went right towards the light and stopped at a closed door. Doing her best to calm her jittery nerves, she pushed the door open and walked into the gymnasium. Memories of running laps, playing volleyball in tight shorts and shirt that drove all the boys wild and climbing the dreaded rope came flooding back and she smiled.

“I didn’t think you were coming,” A voice said from the darkness. The same disguised voice Erica heard through the laptop a months ago.

“You can stop with the act Lana, I know it’s you.”

“No, it is not. Strip out of your clothes. I want to see the woman you’ve become.”

“I’m not doing another thing you say until I know who you are dammit!”

“Strip out of your clothes and you’ll find out soon enough.”

“NO!”

“Then leave and wonder for the rest of your life.”

“God damn it!” Erica shouted. Unlacing her corset, she pulled it off over her head and dropped it on the floor.

“Mmmm, love the nipple rings. Are you as glad as I am that I had you pierce them yourself?”

“I’ve grown to like them,” Erica said as she stepped out of her skirt. “Do I really need to take the boots off? They’re such a pain to get back into.”

“The boots can stay. You look very sexy in them Erica. Or should I call you Fluffy? And those outer labia piercings are fucking amazing! How are they feeling? The brand?”

“They are healing and no longer hurt. I did as you asked. Now who are you?”

“A longtime admirer.” A figure emerged from the shadows at the far end of the gymnasium and approached – a hood covering their head and a mask over the face. It was a woman. That much Erica could tell by the size and shape of the body. “Close your eyes.”

Erica’s eyes closed.

The woman stepped closer and pulled the mask back. Leaning in, she kissed Erica hard on the lips. Erica’s eyes opened and she saw her blackmailer for the first time. “AMY!?”

“Hello Mrs. Wilson,” Lana’s best friend Amy Branson smiled.

“You were behind all of this? You made me spank and pierce myself? Sent me to that club to be trained as a sex slave? But...but why?”

“Because I love you Erica. I know you’re married and nothing will ever come of my crush, but I also knew from previous acts and discussions that you were a slave at heart. And I wanted to see you embrace your true self. And now that you have, I would like an honest answer. How does being a sex slave make you feel?”

“Alive,” Erica stated matter of fact. “I’ve never been on such a roller coaster ride

of emotions in my life. Mistress Zoe at Ex Cubed said my owner set this up. Is that what you are now, Amy? Are you my owner? Are you the one that's going to continue my training as a sex slave?"

"Only if it's what you want."

"Arf!" Erica barked, dropping down into the puppy sitting position.

"Are you absolutely sure about this?"

"ARF!"

"Then I have one last gift for you. Remember the trip Lana and I took to Tijuana?"

"Arf."

"I know how much you've been dying to go ever since we got back so I took the liberty of booking you and Mark a two week, all expenses paid vacation to the very same hotel that we went to. Does that excite you, Fluffy?"

"ARF!"

"You know what I'm expecting of you, yes?"

"Arf."

"And you are okay with that?"

"Arf."

"You will be branded just like me and Lana and you'll be putting on the kinkiest sex shows for hundreds of drunk and horny Mexicans. Do you still want to go?"

"Arf!"

"Then I'll get you the tickets when we are finished here. Before we move on, I want you to know that I would have never told a soul about your after work affairs with patients. I only said that to motivate you into action. I hope you're not pissed off at me for what I put you through."

“Arf, arf.”

“That makes me so glad. I really do love you Fluffy and I will be the best Mistress I can be for as long as you wish to serve me. That being said, you are under absolutely no obligation. If, at any time, you want to stop and go back to the way things were just say the word and it’ll be done with no hard feelings from me. Now, I will ask one more time, is it your desire to be my sex slave?”

“Arf!”

“Then your first task as my slave is to apologize to Lana and Mark for your recent behavior. Lana told me all about how you were treating them like criminals and acting like a bitch and that is not proper slave etiquette. And just so you know, neither of them told me about what you do at work. I heard about it from your latest conquest Amelia. I know her through Lana and she could not stop going on about how nice you were to her and how much your fists made her orgasm. Don’t worry, I made it perfectly clear that she is to never mention it to anyone again and she agreed.”

“Thank you Mistress. And I will apologize to my husband and daughter as soon as I get home.”

“See that you do. One more thing. Get used to the idea of being pregnant because I’m using you as a breeding cow from now on. And once you are producing milk I am not going to let it dry up. You will be milked day and night until you have enough to feed twenty people. Is that understood?”

“Arf.”

“We will be seeing a lot of each other at the breeding farm.”

“Mistress?”

“I just found out three days ago that I am pregnant with my second child. My first from the breeding farm.”

“Congratulations Mistress! Does Lana know?”

“No. I wanted you to be the first to know. I love being bred like an animal and I fully intend to have as many as humanly possible. I expect no less from my

slaves.”

“Slaves, Mistress? Am I not your only one?”

“That is the next surprise. After Amelia dumped her boyfriend and would-be Master, we talked and she now serves me. The two of you will be slaves together. And before you ask, yes, she too is being used for breeding. Are you up for some more pain, Fluffy?”

“Arf.”

“You really are a pain slut aren’t you?”

“Arf!” Erica barked – the thought of suffering more pain making her pussy wet.

“Men, you may come in now,” Amy said over her shoulder. Two men emerged from the men’s changing room carrying a collapsed Saint Andrews. “These men are here to give you some more body work for me,” Amy explained. “On top of three more grommets in each outer labia to even out the rows, your right breast will be tattooed with breeding cow, your left breast will be tattooed with milking MILF and you will have property of Mistress Amy tattooed on your left hip. Do you understand?”

“Arf.”

“Then get into position so these kind men can do their jobs.”

“You finish setting up, Jake,” one man said to the other “I have to go take a piss before we get started.”

“I will drink it for you,” Erica offered. “I’ve had a lot of practice and won’t even spill a drop.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Amy smiled. “Go ahead guys, use her as your personal urinal.”

Erica moved into position and took a deep breath before taking the ma’s cock into her mouth. Relaxing her gag reflex, she allowed the warm, bitter liquid to slide effortlessly down her throat. When the stream trickled to a stop, she bobbed her head back and forth. His dick grew harder and her sucking intensified.

Cupping his balls in her hand, she gently squeezed then until she got the desired results – a semen chaser.

“Very well done, Fluffy!” Amy congratulated her newest slave. “Tattoo public urinal on her ass.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“You must have gotten a lot of practice to drink it so easily.”

“More than three dozen men and women at the club, and then Mark has been feeding his to me twice a day for the last month, Mistress.”

“That’s very thoughtful of him. I want you to continue drinking his piss.”

“Yes Mistress,” Erica replied. After gulping Jake’s piss and semen down, she got up and placed her hands and feet at the four corners of the large metal X. The two men hastily strapped her in place and then gagged her before setting up the rest of their equipment and getting to work.

“When you get home, and after you apologize to Lana and Mark for your rotten attitude, you are to tell them you are now my sex slave and that I will be moving in with you on a permanent basis. Is that understood?”

“Yesth Misthrest,” Erica said around the ball gag stuffing her mouth.

“Good. You will also tell him that he will have full access to me and can father my next child if he so desires.”

“Well? Was it Lana?” Mark asked when his wife entered the house. Lana was sitting on the couch bouncing her left leg up and down.

“No. Before I tell you who it was, I owe you both a huge apology for the way I’ve treated you the last month. I was completely out of line and I am truly, deeply sorry.”

“Apology accepted,” Lana smiled. “So, who was it?”

“You honestly don’t know?”

“No, mom, I’ve told you a million time I don’t know how the secret got out and who set this all up.”

“I guess Amy is a much better actress than I ever imagined,” Erica said.

“Amy? What do you...oh my fucking god! You mean AMY set this up? She’s the one that blackmailed you into becoming a sex slave?”

“Yes. And I accepted her offer. She will be moving in here as soon as possible to continue my training and in return you get to fuck her all you want,” she said to her husband.

“I think I can deal with that. Are you sure this is what you want, honey?”

“Absolutely. Mistress Amy also said you could father her next child of you wanted to and that we’d both be used for breeding. Mistress Amy and me, that is. And, I got more work done for her. More piercings and several humiliating and degrading tattoos. So, are you certain you’re okay with a sex slave wife?”

“Absolutely,” Mark grinned. “I knew you had submissive leanings, but I never imagined they leaned quite this far. And I can fuck Amy any time I want?”

“That’s right. One more thing. She is sending us on an all-expenses paid, two week vacation to Tijuana.”

“Hot damn!” Lana exclaimed. “Are you going to do what I think you’re going to do?”

“Yes.”

“That is so fucking hot, mom.”

“Thanks, sweetie. So, I can call Mistress Amy and tell her all is good?”

“Yes.”

Not wasting a second, Erica picked up her cell phone and dialed Amy’s number. “Hello Mistress. I’ve apologized to Mark and Lana and told them you will be moving in to train me as your sex slave. Mark is happy with the arrangement and you are free to move in whenever it is convenient for you.”

“Glad to hear it. Did you tell him anything else?”

“I told them about the vacation and being used as breeding and that he may father your next child, Mistress.”

“And?”

“Based on the size of the bulge in his pants I’d say he can’t wait to knock you up, Mistress.”

“Did you tell them I was pregnant?”

“No Mistress. Do you want me to?”

“You may.” I’ll get my things packed and start moving in within the week if that’s okay.”

“I’ll have Lana’s room ready for you, Mistress.”

“Thank you. Good night, slave.”

“Good night Mistress.”

“You’re giving her my room?” Lana asked.

“It’s not as if you need it anymore. You have a place of your own now, remember?”

“Yeah, but I always thought if something happened and I needed to move back home I’d have my old room.”

“We can fix up the spare for you. Mistress Amy deserves the bigger bedroom and that’s what she’s going to get. There’s one more bit of news concerning Mistress Amy. She told me that she is pregnant with her second child and was knocked up at a place called the breeding farm. I’m afraid you’ll have to wait until it is born before you can give her another.”

“Fine by me as long as I still get to fuck my seed into her as much as I want.”

“That is the arrangement.”

“What I want to know is how Amy found out about you and work in the first place. I was very careful never to mention it in her company,” said Lana.

“Amelia.”

“That conniving cunt!”

“Amelia is also Mistress Amy’s sex slave and breeding cow.”

“Really? When did that happen?”

“Not sure. Mistress Amy told me about it, but I did not think to ask many questions. All I know is we’ll be trained together. Which, I guess, means she’ll also be moving in.”

“Do I get to fuck her as well? Is she hot?” Mark wanted to know.

“She’s adorable,” Lana answered.

“And I’m sure Mistress will let you use both of her slaves,” Erica added. “Now, if you’ll excuse me I need to get out of these clothes and into a hot bath.”

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After seeing his daughter out, Mark joined his wife in the bathroom. Standing

next to the tub, he offered her his cock. Knowing exactly what he wanted, Erica took it in her mouth and barely had her lips closed around it when the piss poured down her throat.

“God, I love the way you drink my pee! You are the best wife ever!”

“Thank you,” Erica said after licking her husband’s cock clean. And you are the best husband ever. Not many men would like the idea of their wife being trained as a sex slave, you know.”

“Believe me, I know. Were you fucked tonight?”

“No.”

“Good. Then hop out of the tub and get on all fours so I can fuck my sexy bitch.”

“You know just how to turn me on,” Erica grinned, jumping out of the tub and getting into position as commanded. Before Mark could fuck his cock into her, however, she reached in and pulled the drain. “I’ll run us a new bath when you’re finished using me.”