



HOUSE OF SUBMISSION

Crimson Rose



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As if her life was not difficult enough without a pandemic, Jenna now had a jobless future and mounting bills she could no longer afford to pay to look forward to even if she shared expenses with four of her closest friends – all but one of whom were in the same sinking boat. Rent. Car payment. Her cut of the utilities. And virtually no savings to speak of. Wracking her brain say and night for a solid week on how she and the others could make money from home, she turned to her best friend Lindsey.

It was nearly midnight when Jenna knocked on her best friend's bedroom door. A brief muffled comment was followed by footsteps and then the door opened. "Hey," Lindsey whispered. "I just started a show."

"Oh. Sorry, I won't bother you." Jenna apologized as her eyes took in the form-fitting black latex mini dress and thigh-high boots her best friend wore.

"It's okay. I'm waiting for people to populate the room before things get going. What's up?"

"I actually wanted to talk to you about the shows. There are five of us living here and you're the only one still making any sort of a living and that royally sucks. I guess what I'm trying to say is: how does one go about becoming a webcam model?"

"Easy. You go to the website, make a profile and once verified start camming. If you want you can join me tonight to see if it's something you really want to do but I warn you I put on some of the kinkiest shows the site allows and if you join you'll be expected to participate. You know the kinky shit I'm into, Jenna, so ask yourself if you're willing to experience all of that before agreeing."

"I have no other choice. Like it or not I need to start making money so I'll do whatever you wish me to do for the show and if all goes well we should talk to the others about doing it as well."

"Correct me if I'm wrong but I had that conversation when I first told everyone

what I did for a living and I was unanimously shut down so I don't see any of the others changing their minds."

"The world wasn't falling to shit thanks to a pandemic the last time you asked."

"Fair enough. Anyways, I need to get back before people start leaving. You in or out?"

"What do I need to do?"

"Just be yourself. Actually, go ahead and get your laptop and you can make an account while I introduce you to the viewers. And just so we're clear, Jenna, straight or not if you join me we will have sex."

"Yeah, I figured as much. I'll be right back." Turning, Jenna fast walked to her bedroom at the end of the hall. Her best friend was right. She was straight. In fact, thought she could appreciate the beauty of the female form, she herself has never had any inkling in that direction but there was no other woman in the world she would rather lose her bisexual cherry to. Quickly stripping out of her shorts and tee short, she changed into a sexier thong, burgundy dress and heels to be more in line with what she saw Lindsey wearing. Trembling as if she had just stepped into a freezer, heart pounding in her chest she left her room and returned to her best friend's. She lightly knocked. It opened a moment later and she was invited in.

Putting her best friend's willingness to go bisexual in the name of making some money to the test right off the bat, Lindsey gently caressed Jenna's left cheek and then kissed her fully on the lips. Jenna made a shocked noise but managed to resist every urge to pull away. After a beat she allowed her lips to part. Their tongues met. Her hesitation fading quickly, she let herself be pulled in as her best friend's right hand squeezed her ass. The embrace lasted a full minute before Lindsey took a step back and grinned.

"Welcome to the show, babe."

"T-Thanks."

"Go ahead and get on the bed and I'll go over the rules."

"Okay." It was then Jenna realized her best friend's normally very feminine

room had been given a total makeover into what appeared to be a dungeon. Dildos, butt plugs and bottles of lube lined floating shelves where pictures and other personal items once called home. Canes, floggers, crops, clamps and various gags hung from small hooks lining the wall above the headboard. “Wow! So, this is what your room looks like when you do shows?”

“Only when I do bdsm shows. Which is what we’ll be doing tonight. Full disclosure everyone,” Lindsey said as she turned her attention to the chat room. “Jenna here is not only new to being on camera, she’s also new to bdsm and sex with women. Her limits are virtually unknown so we’ll be going through a few different fetishes tonight to see where she sits on the submission spectrum. And now for the rules. First and foremost, I’m the dominant one in this relationship and you’re the submissive. That being the case, you will call me Mistress or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. Rule two, while we’re limited to the fetishes we can do on this particular site, there are others not so restrictive. That being said, in order to make an informed decision whether you actually like something or not you will make every effort to give new things a try even if your gut reaction is to say no fucking way. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Rule three, as you’re in training to be my submissive and not sex slave we’ll use the traffic signal safewords. If everything is going smoothly you don’t have to say anything but you can use green to let me know for sure that you’re okay with how things are going. If you need to take a short break or there’s an issue that can be corrected without stopping completely you can say yellow. And if things are going poorly or there’s an issue requiring the scene to fully stop then you can say red. Any questions?”

“No Mistress. Well, actually I have about a million questions but none about what you just said. I’m ready to get started whenever you are.”

Leaning in, Lindsey kissed her best friend on the lips for only the second time in the seventeen years they had known each other. She then whispered in her ear. “I’m glad to see you’re eager to submit but we can’t give those watching too much too soon or we won’t make much.” Taking a step back, she smiled. “We’ll

set some goals to get you out of those clothes and then learning your first lessons so why don't you go ahead and get on the bed and introduce yourself to the..." pausing a moment to look at her laptop, Lindsey continued "nineteen hundred or so people watching."

"Wow, that many?"

"That's nothing, babe. Also, you now have ten swats coming for failing to say Mistress."

"Seriously? Um, Mistress."

"I warned you with rule number one, Jenna, and you agreed so I guess you'll get to learn your first submissive position. There are several positions used for discipline but to give everyone watching the best possible view of your ass being caned we'll use one called wall. Go ahead and stand facing the wall to your right. You'll then put your hands on it shoulder height and then scoot your legs back and open until your torso is parallel with the floor. Make sure you keep your hands in place." Though she had the tipping sound turned off Lindsey could see the wall of yellow text on the screen indicating tokens coming in at a rapid pace. "This next part is very important so listen carefully as I'll only say it once. After each swat you will count and say thank you Mistress. If you break position, fail to count and give thanks or say anything other than the count and thanks five more swats will be added for every infraction and we'll start over from the beginning until you get it right. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"We've known each other practically our entire lives, but don't think for a second that means I'll go easy on you. Go on, get that sexy ass of yours in position and prepare yourself for a very painful lesson in discipline."

"Painful, Mistress?"

"You're about to be caned Jenna. Tell me, did anyone else in the house see you coming in here?"

"No Mistress. I'm pretty sure everyone else is asleep."

"Then unless you want to wake them with your screams I suggest taking a deep

breath, accept the fact that you will be caned and take it like a well-trained slave. That is to say without breaking position or making a sound other than the count and thanks. Now get into position.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” While the majority of her being did not want to be caned there was a miniscule part of her that was oddly intrigued. Gulping back her fear, Jenna walked over and placed her hands on the wall. Keeping them there, it did not take her dress long to ride up over her plump ass as she scoot back until bent at the waist. Her cheeks warming up at the thought of a few thousand people seeing her mostly naked behind, she stared at the light gray wall in front of her and did not move.

“Mmmm, nice ass,” Lindsey said as she walked up behind her best friend. But even though this was a dream come true, she did not want to rush in and start eating her out. “Punishment is always delivered on a bare ass so these will have to go,” she said as she hooked her fingers in the waistband of Jenna’s thong and slowly pulled the flimsy garment down as far as her friend’s spread legs would allow. “Resistance will only get you added swats.” At that Jenna clamped her legs together and let her friend pull her panties the rest of the way down and off. “Remember, count and give thanks. Nothing else or instead of having fun you’ll spend the rest of the night in pain.”

“Yes Mistress.” Jenna took a deep breath and exhaled. The cane lightly tapped her ass causing her to nearly choke on the next breath. THWACK! The cane bit painfully across her ass. With fundamentalist parents being spanked was nothing new to her, but the thud of a belt on her rear end paled in comparison to the focused sting of the thin length of bamboo. Digging her fingernails into the wall, she threw her head back. “One. Thank you Mistress,” she panted.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! Aiming a little lower, Lindsey struck the crease where ass and legs met.

Biting her lower lip so hard she nearly drew blood, Jenna barely stifled a yelp as the pain shot up her spine. “Four. Thank you Mistress.” Her temperature steadily rising, a tiny bead of sweat dripped from her brow as she braced for the next swat.

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress,” Jenna said between tightly clenched teeth.

Taking a moment to switch sides, Lindsey craned her neck at the computer screen and smiled. Not just at the nearly five thousand people in the chat room, but at the rapidly increasing token count. “It looks like everyone’s enjoying your first caning, babe. We’re only halfway in and have already gotten enough to meet the first goal so why don’t you go ahead and take that dress off so they can see the rest of your stunning body?”

“Um...”

“It’s okay, I’m commanding you to do it so no more swats will be added.”

“Thank you Mistress.” As humiliating as it was, Jenna would gladly go naked in front of the entire world if it meant even a small reprieve from the torment being administered by her best friend. Standing, she grabbed the hem of her dress and slowly pulled it up and off over her head and then as she nervously chewed her lower lip, let it slowly slip from her fingers as she turned to face the camera.

“God damn your gorgeous.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“There’s something I’ve always wanted to do so stand with your legs shoulder width apart and hands locked behind your head.” Not waiting to see if her new submissive was following instructions, Lindsey went to her closet where she kept the rest of her toys and grabbed a small black hard plastic case from one of the many shelves lining the walls. Returning, she sat it on the dresser and almost menacingly opened the silver latch. The first thing she pulled out was a pair of blue nitrile gloves which she put on while giving Jenna a wicked grin. Next, she opened a small packet containing an alcohol wipe which she used to clean Jenna’s nipples and areolas.

“W-What are you going to do to me Mistress?”

“You’ll see. Go ahead and close your eyes for me and unless you want another fifty swats added you’ll keep them closed until I command you to open them. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.” Jenna had a feeling she knew what was coming, but hoped she was letting her imagination run wild. Her eyes slowly closed. She could hear her best friend turned Mistress moving around and then her left nipple was pinched. At first she thought between finger and thumb, but it was too cold and spread out for that. The split second she felt the razor sharp beveled tip of the needle lightly pressing against her nipple she knew she was correct. If she did not say anything she would be pierced. Biting even harder into her lower lip, she remained silent. The thin length of surgical steel easily passed through tender flesh. She flinched but kept her eyes tightly closed. Whatever was clamping her left nipple was moved to the right and then it too was pierced.

Grabbing several more needles from the case, Lindsey knelt and slowly began pushing them through Jenna’s hood as well as her inner and outer labia. Jenna grunted but took them all with her eyes closed for fear of additional swats. Not that she was necessarily bound to do it if she did not want to, but that was a wedge she did not want to drive between them so she stood there as instructed and took every single needle which, compared to being caned was not actually all that bad. That is not to say it did not hurt as it very much did, but if the cane was a bullet, the needle was a bee sting.

Reading about it in a story, Lindsey plucked an extremely thin and flexible metal wire from the case and then threaded it through the needles – removing them as she went until it was the only thing left behind. Inserting the loose ends into a special pressure clamp with a small triskelion hanging from it, she leaned in and gently kissed Jenna’s hooded clit before getting to her feet. Grabbing a much shorter wire, she threaded it through her submissive’s left nipple, capped the end so that it could not be pulled out and then put it through the right. Using a pair of surgical scissors, she snipped the excess off before capping the other end, leaving enough slack to alleviate most of the pressure so the holes could be allowed to heal. “You may open your eyes now.”

Not sure she really wanted to, Jenna nevertheless let her eyes flutter open. “OH MY GOD!” she gasped. “What did you do to me, Mistress? Jesus fucking

Christ! You sewed me shut!”

“Calm down, it’s only temporary but I think it looks really fucking sexy and if we can get twenty-five thousand tokens before the end of tonight’s show I’d like you to take a week to consider making it permanent.”

“Permanent, Mistress?”

“Once fully healed you can take it out when using the bathroom or showering but I’d like it to remain in the rest of the time as a constant reminder of your submission to me.”

“How much is twenty-five thousand tokens worth, Mistress?”

“We can’t discuss that while streaming.” Leaning in, Lindsey whispered in her friend’s ear. “It is twelve-hundred-fifty bucks.”

“Um, make it a hundred thousand tokens and I’ll keep them in until healed,” Jenna countered.

“I’ve never gotten even half that amount for a single show.”

“That’s my price, Mistress.”

“You heard her folks. If we reach a hundred thousand tokens in the next seven hours she’ll wear the lacing until healed. Now, I do believe you have five more swats coming so get back in position.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Running on pure adrenaline, Jenna's heart was pounding in her ears as loud and strong as it was in her chest. An hour had passed since she joined her best friend for her first ever cam show. And while she was still unsure about the whole bdsm aspect of it, she did find that she liked being watched. And apparently, those watching liked her because in that short amount of time she and Lindsey raked in more than fourteen thousand tokens which amounted to a little over seven hundred bucks. That alone was enough to tell her there was a lot of money to be made being a webcam model.

Spending the next two hours talking to those generously giving their hard-earned money to see her perform various acts, she introduced herself, made a room of her own which she did not broadcast on just yet and performed various sexual acts ranging from kissing her Mistress to eating her out. Both were new experiences for the budding submissive and while she continued to maintain her identity as a straight woman, she dove in tongue first without the slightest hint of hesitation. Spreading Lindsey open, she pushed her tongue in as deep as it would go and lapped up every drop of pussy juice it could reach.

"Sorry guys," Lindsey purred as her engorged clit throbbed with painful pleasure "I'm only spanking her tonight when she's disobedient so if you'd like to pick something else we can go from there."

"Actually, your ass is untouched and since it's your tip menu I want to see your ass covered in welts," a user named Frankenwienie typed into the chat room. "I do believe the five hundred tokens I just tipped buys me ten swats so now's as good a time as any to give your submissive a lesson in disciplining others."

"While that rule applied during normal shows, it is overruled by the one stating I do not accept spankings of any kind while training another so please choose something else or I'll pick something at random."

"And I'll report your ass for breaking the rules. Your room will be shut down before the night is over," Frankenwienie continued to argue as if he knew the rules of the site better than the woman that had spent the last three years

memorizing them.

“There’s always one in every crowd,” Lindsey shook her head. “Go right ahead and report me. In the meantime you’re banned.” And with the press of the button his name and messages disappeared from chat. However, they remained on her side of things as well as in the website’s systems as proof the conversation had actually taken place. And then her best friend looked up into her eyes and said something that confirmed her suspicions.

“If they pay for it I’ll do it, Mistress,” Jenna said, the tone of her voice soft and nervous.

“You want caned again?”

“No Mistress, but...”

“No buts. My room, my rules and the rules very clearly state that I will not accept spankings of any kind while I’m training a submissive. Now, you have eleven more minutes of eating my pussy before you may stop so I suggest getting back to it before I discipline you even harder.”

“Yes Mistress.” Immediately lowering her mouth to her best friend’s pussy, Jenna resumed licking, sucking and fingering even as her own was cut off from all avenues of pleasure thanks to the thin flexible cable keeping her laced shut. After nearly twenty minutes her tongue and jaw were starting to ache, but she was determined to make it through to the end if it was the last thing she did. Changing things up, she shoved four fingers into Lindsey’s pussy knuckles deep at the same time she playfully nibbled her clit. Biting a little harder, she let her teeth really sink into the sensitive bundle of nerves as she worked her fingers in and out. Once. Five times. Ten. On the eleventh thrusts, however, Lindsey’s hips bucked wildly. Her back arched. Throwing her head back she moaned as her orgasm covered her best friend’s face. Taken completely off guard, Jenna recovered quickly enough to gulp down several mouthfuls of her Mistress’ orgasm. It was in that beat that something in her brain clicked and she felt her identity shift from straight to bisexual. There was no guilt or shame, only acceptance as she continued pleasuring the writhing woman in front of her.

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By the end of the fifth hour Jenna and Lindsey had earned nearly thirty-seven

thousand tokens – a far cry from the hundred thousand the former demanded to keep the lacing in until the holes healed, but still a damn good day's pay even after splitting it two ways. Kneeling on the bed with her arms behind her back in a surprisingly comfortable box tie, Jenna kept her head bowed as her Mistress spoke to the more than sixteen thousand men and women viewing.

“Come on everyone, I know it's a tall order, but I can assure you Jenna is a woman of her word and if we can hit a hundred kay she'll keep the lacing in her nipples and pussy until healed, making the holes permanent for use in future shows. And if we somehow manage to hit one-twenty-five she'll agree to let me give her a few microdermal piercings. Isn't that right, babe?”

Jenna had made no such agreement, but if her math was correct she would gladly do it for the extra twelve hundred bucks. “Yes Mistress. And if we hit two hundred thousand I'll let you permanently mark me as your property with a tattoo given live on show.”

“There you have it folks. This might've been her first time submitting but it sounds as if it definitely won't be her last. The question is, do I train her on camera or off?”

The next forty or so minutes passed with barely any tokens coming in at all. Jenna and Lindsey had their answer. Or so they thought. What she did not know that while she talked her moderator was secretly collecting every possible token from everyone willing to part with them. An hour passed and they just went past the thirty-seven thousand mark when all of a sudden Long_Dong_Silver tipped 184,623 tokens bringing their show total to a whopping record breaking 222,215. Record breaking for her room anyways. Jenna's eyes went wider than her gaping jaw. Lindsey stared blankly at the screen as if waiting for them to disappear in a cruel joke. A full minute of silence passed. Then two.

“M-Mistress?”

“Jenna, the people have spoken. Your training as my submissive will take place on camera and as promised you'll let me give you some microdermal piercings and a tattoo during our next show.”

“Yes Mistress,” Jenna replied as she just stared at the number of tokens tipped. Over eleven thousand dollars. That was as much as she made in six months at her previous job. Even split in half it was three months' pay. “Mistress, before

we log off I think it only fair to give them a sneak peek at what's to come so if you have the stuff here, and I'm hoping you do as we're under a stay at home order, I'd like for you to give me at least one or two microdermals if it isn't too much work."

"Only if you think you're up for it."

"For what they just tipped, Mistress, I'm up for anything."

"Alright, if you're up for extending the show another three hours I'll give you five of the many I have planned."

"Deal, Mistress."

"God damn I love you."

"I love you too, Mistress." Jenna's clit tingled with excitement even before the words came out of her mouth and she knew then and there she would marry her best friend. Six hours ago the idea would have never entered her mind and now she want to blurt out a proposal. So she did. "Marry me, Mistress."

"If you were anything other than straight I would."

"Marry me, Mistress," Jenna repeated. "Don't give me that look. I'm serious. We've been attached at the hip since we were three. We already live together. And for the record, I absolutely loved eating you out and can't wait to do it again. I'll be the first to admit I no longer know how I identify, Mistress, but it sure as hell isn't straight anymore."

"Yes," Lindsey said as she stared her best friend in the eyes for any signs of deception.

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Yes, Jenna."

Tears suddenly cascading down her cheeks, Jenna threw herself at her best friend and after a long, tight hug kissed her hard on the lips. "I love you so much, Mistress."

“I love you too, Jenna. Now, I have a few microdermals to give you so don’t go anywhere.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Mistress.”

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By the time Lindsey screwed the last lettered top into the dermal anchor spelling out the word OWNED along Jenna’s left collarbone it was well after nine in the morning and both women were beyond the point of exhaustion, but that did not relieve Lindsey of her duties as Jenna’s Mistress. Once the cameras were off, she went straight into aftercare mode starting with inspecting every millimeter of her submissive’s gorgeous body.

“I am so proud of you Jenna. Seriously, not many women would let someone sew them shut like that. Can I ask why you didn’t open your eyes or at least use the safeword to make me stop?”

“You commanded me to keep my eyes closed and if I’m being completely honest, after the caning the needles kind of actually felt pretty good, Mistress. Now it’s my turn to ask you a question. You had that stuff before I ever agreed to be your submissive so who exactly were you planning on using it on?”

“I got the idea from a story I read and a few videos I watched online. As for who I planned to use it on, anyone that would let me. How are you feeling right now? And please be honest. Also, here,” Lindsey said as she grabbed two bottles of water from the mini-fridge in the corner of the room. “You need lots of liquids after a show like that.”

“I also need a shower, Mistress,” Jenna said as she jokingly sniffed her own armpit.

“I think we could both do with a nice long soak. But seriously, I need you to communicate to me, Jenna. If you’re feeling depressed, guilty, ashamed for what you’ve done or even completely elated and besides yourself. I need to know how you’re handling everything.”

“I’m not going to lie, Mistress. I’m feeling all of those things right now and more, but most importantly I’m feeling absolutely giddy with excitement. I look at my pierced nipples and vulva and the first thought in my head is ‘what the

holy hell have I done', but it is quickly followed by 'god damn that's hot'. Same with the stinging in my ass. You caned me Mistress. And you didn't hold back. It hurt like fucking hell but I took it in silence. Not because I was afraid the others would hear me, but because on some twisted level I wanted to make you proud of me."

"That you did, Jenna. Now, about that proposal..."

"I meant it, Mistress, but if you want to back out..."

"Absolutely not! I just wanted to make sure it was not a spur of the moment thing you didn't mean or even worse will come to regret.

"I can say with all honesty that I will never regret asking you to marry me, Mistress. It's just a shame we can't go pick out engagement rings for at least another few weeks."

"That's not necessarily true," Lindsey said as the right side of her mouth curled into a wicked grin. "Given our new relationship we could always wear rings of a different sort to signify our love for each other. I've only ever done a few of them before quitting and becoming a cam model but seeing as how we're anything but traditional how do you feel about an engagement ring piercing?"

"Um, what do you mean Mistress?"

"I'll show you a picture and then we should probably take a shower and go to bed."

"Yes Mistress."

Going to her laptop, Lindsey quickly went to Google and typed in microdermal engagement ring and found a picture of what she had in mind before calling her new fiancé over. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jenna took one look at the picture showing a woman's hand with a ring going around most of it and then through the skin at three different points on top. "What do you think?" Lindsey asked.

"It's beautiful, Mistress, but at the same time very risky. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm no doctor but isn't there all kinds of nerves and whatnot in the fingers? What if something goes wrong and the piercing is rejected? At the very

least there would be scarring and worst case we could lose a finger.”

“All valid points. It was just an idea.”

“I like the look of it, Mistress, I really do, but I think that’s a little too risky for my blood. Um, what about a nipple ring? OH! Actually, I have something even better. What if we both got microdermals of each other’s initials?”

“We could, but depending on where I won’t be able to do it to myself.”

“I was thinking on top of the wrist, Mistress. That way everyone can see it. Or maybe we should just go take that shower and get some sleep and talk about it when our heads are a little clearer.”

“That’s probably for the best,” Lindsey agreed.

Waking at dinnertime was not something Jenna was accustomed to doing, but after a long night of submission she slept like a stone next to her best friend, fiancé and Mistress. Unfortunately, now that she had regained consciousness the first thing her brain registered was the pain in her nipples, vulva and along her collarbone where she had been pierced. Her ass, thankfully, did not hurt at all. “Mistress, you awake?”

“Mmm hmm,” Lindsey yawned. “You okay?”

“I feel like I went twenty rounds with a tornado, Mistress.”

“I bet.” Rolling over, Lindsey stared into her fiancé’s eyes. “Why don’t you go ahead and get up and I’ll check to make sure everything’s still okay?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I’m going to give you some leniency with that by the way. You only need to call me Mistress when we’re doing our training shows.”

“But isn’t showing respect part of being submissive, Mistress?” Jenna said as she slowly got out of bed. “Also, it’s not going to take long for everyone else to find out so why hide is from them? Besides, I thought the idea was to get us all into being cam models so you don’t have to pay for everything.”

“To be fair I’m not paying for everything,” Lindsey said as she got out of bed to inspect her fiancé’s naked body. “You and the others are contributing what you can.”

“Yeah, which amounts to nothing, Mistress. Anyways, even after splitting last night’s earnings I’ll still have enough to pay you back for what I’ve been lacking and still have enough to hopefully stay on track.”

“Split? We’re not splitting last night’s earnings, babe.”

“Oh,” Jenna said with obvious disappointment.

“You earned every token.”

“Mistress?”

“You’re getting everything we earned last night and I won’t take no for an answer.”

“I want to drink your pee, Mistress. I mean, I’d like to try drinking your pee that is,” Jenna said as her cheeks turned bright red.”

“Oh?”

“Well, I figured you were going to train me to do it anyways so why put off the inevitable?”

“You’re right, I was going to ask you to do it, but it’s even better that you volunteered. That being said, you’re nipples are a little puffy but that’s to be expected. Same with your vulva. We’ll take it easy for the next few days to let you heal before doing anything more strenuous than walking.”

“Thank you Mistress but I think I’ll be fine.”

“Trust me, Jenna, the last thing you want is for the piercings to migrate or get infected to please listen to the expert and take it easy for the next week.”

“The next week?” Jenna exclaimed. “I mean, yes Mistress.” Dropping to her knees, she placed her mouth within an inch of Lindsey’s vulva. “I’m ready whenever you are.”

“I’m sure you are, but I don’t want my room smelling like piss so I think we’ll use the tub until you can actually drink it without gagging. Go ahead and put your dress on and we’ll go take more than one shower together if you know what I mean.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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No sooner did Jenna and Lindsey leave the bedroom then they were greeted by their roommate Heather. Tall. Lanky. Busty. Platinum blonde. A chip on her

shoulder the size of Jupiter acquired from years of thinking she was better than everyone else because her family had money. When the pandemic spread like wildfire, however, her parents cut her off to fend for themselves. Unfortunately, the chip remained even as her funds were quickly depleted. She attempted to keep the flow of cash coming, but her parents made it crystal clear that she was an adult and they did not want her moving back home.

“It’s about time the two of you got up. And since when do you sleep in the same room?” Heather demanded to know as if she were the boss of the house. “Well?” she said with a tone that made Jenna want to punch her in the mouth when they did not answer immediately.

“Who I sleep with is none of your business,” Jenna answered. “Now get out of my way.”

“Are you having sex with each other? You know that’s a one way ticket to hell, right?”

“I’d say you sound as ignorant as a fucking rock but that would be giving you too much credit. Come on, Mistress, we don’t have to stand here and listen to her holier than thou bullshit.”

“Mistress? Good lord, please tell me she didn’t pressure you into...”

“She didn’t pressure me into anything so get out of our way or your parents won’t be the only home you’re not welcome.” That hit her least favorite friend, if she could even use that word to describe their tenuous relationship. Huffing, Heather stomped away. “Sorry about that Mistress, but she has no right talking shit about us.”

“You’ll get no argument from me.”

“Thank you Mistress. Honestly, I think she if anyone needs to be trained as a submissive it’s her.”

“You’ll get no argument from me, but good luck convincing her to sin.”

“I’m already thinking of how to do exactly that, Mistress.” Before making it to the bathroom they were once again stopped by one of their other friends and roommates – a petite freckle-faced redhead and the only reason Heather was

living with them, Megan. “Oh for crying out loud, Jenna groaned in complaint. “Can’t a girl use the damn bathroom in peace?”

“Look, I could not care less what the two of you do but we all know how Heather is so if you could please just keep it to yourselves and stop flaunting your perversions all over the place we’ll all be happier for it,” Megan replied.

“First of all, no one is flaunting anything yet. Heather confronted us in front of my Mistress’ room. And second of all, if she doesn’t like our perversions then I suggest she find another place to live because there’s going to be a lot more of it on display.” And with that Jenna tore her dress off and threw it at her supposed friend. “No need to look too hard because you’ll have plenty of time to take it all in. Spread the word, from now on this is a nudist only house and anyone that doesn’t like it can move the fuck out today.”

“You can’t...”

“Yes, I actually can. Or have you forgotten that we’re renting this place from my uncle? I’m not kidding, Megan, we’re going full nude around here. You all have until Mistress and I are done with our shower and anyone wearing even a stitch of clothing will be asked to leave.”

“You can’t evict us as long as the moratorium is in place.”

“Well, seeing as how mine is the only name on the lease and the rest of you are basically just long term guests, yes, I actually can. Especially since none of you have paid a dime in rent since the stay at home order went into effect. Now, I’m giving you exactly one minute to take your clothes off and then you can go inform the others.”

“Lindsey, are you just going to stand there and let her dictate our lives like that?” Megan stammered.

“Actually, I’m going to stand here and take my clothes off,” Lindsey replied as she untied her robe.

“Go on, I know it seems embarrassing right now but trust me, you’re going to love the freedom and liberation that comes with being nude,” Jenna said as she stared into Megan’s wide blue eyes.

“This is complete bullshit,” Megan complained even as she reluctantly pulled her shirt off. “And what the fuck is that in your nipples and pussy? Please tell me that isn’t real.”

“Of course it’s real. Mistress sewed me shut last night in front of thousands of people and I love it.”

“You’re absolutely insane!”

“And you’re absolutely gorgeous,” Jenna said as she reached out and gently rolled Megan’s right nipple between finger and thumb, eliciting a surprised gasp from her red-faced friend. “I know you’re not bisexual or anything, but neither was I until last night.” Stealing a quick kiss, she stepped back and watched her friend continue to undress. “Forget about telling everyone right now. I want you to join us in the shower!” Taking Megan by the hand, Jenna pulled her along.

“W-What are you doing? Let go. I’m not...” The three friends walked into the bathroom and the door closed behind them. Though soft, it sounded like a prison cell slamming shut in the scared Megan’s mind.

“Just relax. I’m just going to try drinking Mistress’ pee and then the three of us are going to shower together,” Jenna said as she walked over and stepped into the tub.

“You’ve lost your minds if you think...”

“Dammit, Megan, for once in your life stop arguing and just do as you’re told. Now get your sexy ass over here and kneel in the tub with me or else.”

There was something about the way her friend said the words ‘or else’ that gave Megan a sense of finality. Her eyes drifted to the closed door. Then to the tub. Back to the door. At Lindsey who was now standing next to the tub. Feet like lead, she took one step. Two. Three. Like lifting a heavy weight, her left foot went into the tub. Then the right. And then she was as light as a feather. Knees buckling under her, she found herself face-to-face with Jenna.

Jenna smiled and reached out a hand to tenderly caress her friend’s cheek. “Just relax and do as Mistress commands and I promise we’re all going to have an amazing time.” Stealing another kiss, this one a little longer than the first, Jenna scoot back as far as possible to make room for Lindsey to join them. Stepping

into the tub between her kneeling friend and fiancé, Lindsey smiled at Jenna and then turned to face Megan. She placed a hand on the back of her friend's head and guided her towards her vulva. "I'm going to pee in your mouth, Megan, and you're going to swallow it like a good girl or I'll have to discipline you for making a mess. You're gut reaction is going to be to gag and spit it out, but think of it like drinking apple juice and you'll be able to gulp it right down.

Visibly trembling, Megan reached out her hands. Jenna took them in her own and held them as she watched her friend's lips part. Warm. Tangy. Salty. Pee filled Megan's mouth and as instructed she imagined it was apple juice. And in a weird way it almost tasted just like that. But she knew it was not and her brain demanded she spit the foul liquid out. She resisted and forced it down. Her mouth filled a second time. She swallowed a little easier. Then a third. "Good girl," Lindsey said before turning to feed her fiancé the rest.

"I can't...I didn't...oh my fucking god I drank your piss!" Megan exclaimed.

"Yes you did. Now be a good girl and stay where you are so you can sample Jenna's after she finishes me off. And Megan, I know that couldn't have been easy which makes me all the prouder of you for trying." And with that Lindsey pressed her vulva against her fiancé's open mouth and pissed.

Not to be outdone, Jenna drank the rest of her Mistress' pee without gagging, spitting or throwing up despite her body telling her to do all three simultaneously. Not wanting to wait for fear Megan would change her mind, she quickly got to her feet, pressed her vulva to her friend's mouth and without further warning started to pee full force. Not used to it coming at her so fast Megan instinctively gagged even as she attempted to swallow. Expecting that would happen Lindsey laughed as she watched Megan struggle to regain some sense of composure while being drenched in urine. "What the hell!" Jenna exclaimed. "You drank her s why aren't you drinking mine?"

"Probably because I fed it to her one mouthful at a time and you tried emptying your whole bladder in her mouth. You'll both get to that level with practice, but until then you need to go slow. If not drinking mine I suggest peeing into a glass and giving it to the other to drink at their own pace. But I'll warn you, if you let it go cold it's much harder to get down. Or at least that's what I've found."

"So, you drink it too?" Megan asked between coughs.

“I do. Now, before we all take a shower together I want to see the two of you doing a sixty-nine. And don’t stop until you’ve given the other at least one orgasm. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Jenna quickly replied.

“But I’m not...”

“And five minutes ago you never drank pee,” Jenna cut her friend off. “Just do it once and if you absolutely hate it and never want to do it again we’ll never ask. Isn’t that right, Mistress?”

“That is correct. But you have to give it a real go which is why I say no stopping until you have at least one orgasm.”

“And if I don’t want to try, Mistress?” Megan asked, the last word slipping out before she could tell her brain to keep it in.

“The fact that you just called me Mistress tells me you’ll do it anyway, but if you’re adamant about not having sex with another woman then you’re free to kneel on the floor covered in piss while we shower,” Lindsey answered.

“I’ll let you in on a little secret, Megan,” Jenna said as she took her friend’s hands in her own. “Me, you, Heather and Kelly are all out of jobs and barely bringing in any money and it’s not fair to Mistress that she has to cover our expenses so on top of making this a nudist only house I’m also declaring it a house of submission. Mistress, Lindsey, will dominate and train us all on camera for all the world to see and if last night was any indication we’ll all be sitting pretty in no time.”

“Last night was a fluke,” Lindsey said “but it’s not unusual for me to make five hundred or more per eight hour show.”

“That’s thirty-five hundred a week,” Jenna said. “Where else are any of us going to go and make that sort of money doing anything legal? Now please do a sixty-nine with me.”

“You’re asking me to step way outside my comfort zone Jenna.”

“I know. Believe me, I know. Until last night I was straight as an arrow but I had

to put my inhibitions aside in the name of making some money to keep a roof over all our heads and besides, I'm not asking you to do anything I wouldn't and haven't done myself. All you have to do is get on top of me and start licking. Don't even think about it. Just let your fingers and tongue guide you." Letting go of Megan's hands, Jenna knelt and then lay on her back with legs spread as wide as the tub would allow.

Megan hesitated for a long moment as she weighed her options. Sure, she could tell them both to go to hell, but on the other hand she did just drink both of their pee and she barely flinched when Jenna kissed her twice. "You know you'll never convince Heather to do this, right?" she said as she got down on top of her friend.

"Maybe not alone." Spreading Megan open, Jenna pushed her tongue in as deep as it would go.

Not as eager as her friend, Megan was slow to action as even this close she was conflicted. I'm not a lesbian. I'm not bisexual, she thought as Jenna's tongue flicked over her hooded clit. There's no way in hell I'll ever, Uhn...ooohhhh fucking hell!" her thoughts turned to moans as teeth gently nibbled her clit. Lowering her head, she was about to eat her first pussy but was blocked by the thing metal lacing. "Um, small problem," she panted. "You're sewn shut."

"You can lick mine," Lindsey said. Moving into position, she knelt in front of Megan. A beat later she felt her friend's tongue slowly sliding along her slit.

Butt naked, Jenna, Megan and Lindsey walked into the living room where Kelly sat watching TV. Her eyes going to her naked friends, she let out an audible gasp. “What the...OH MY GOD!” she exclaimed as she saw the lacing in Jenna’s vulva.

“I’m only going to say this once so listen up. Things are changing around here. From now on this house is nudist only. And before you open your mouth to argue, don’t. This is non-negotiable so if you don’t like it find another place to live,” Jenna cut right to it. “On top of that, Lindsey and I are now engaged. Megan and I are her submissives and if you want to continue living here you’ll submit to her as well. She will train us on camera so that we can all make a living in this crisis. Now, if any of that’s a problem consider this your eviction notice.”

Seeing Kelly about to say something, Megan held up her right hand. “Don’t bother. None of our names are on the lease so yeah, she can toss us out on our asses without going through an actual eviction,” she said, unaware that was not actually the case. “Trust me, I know how you’re feeling right now as I was in your shoes an hour ago but if I’m being honest going nude is actually kind of liberating. And having sex with other women is pretty fucking exciting even if I’m straight so do yourself a favor and just take your clothes off so we can all go convince Heather this new life is in all of our best interest.”

“Yeah, that’s never going to happen,” Heather said from the hallway leading from the living room to the rest of the house. Come near me and I’ll have you arrested.”

“Then consider yourself evicted. You have until the end of the week to get out,” Jenna said with an icy coldness that hit Heather like a punch to the gut. Kelly? You going to take your clothes off and submit to Mistress Lindsey or join your friend on the street?”

“I want to tell you to go to hell, but I have nowhere else to go,” Kelly answered, her voice quivering with anxious fear. After a deep breath she pulled her shirt off

and dropped it on the floor. “You might as well swallow your pride and play along,” she said to Heather who was staring daggers at her. “We’ve talked in private, Heather, and we both know your parents will never take you back and let’s face it, if it wasn’t for me you wouldn’t even be living here so drop the holier than-thou-attitude because I’m not going to keep fighting for you.” Unbuttoning her pants, she pulled them and her panties off at the same time. “I’m fucking straight, Heather, and look at me. I’m about to do something I never even imagined and I’m doing it because I’d rather suffer some humiliation than be homeless.” Taking a step forward, she dropped to her knees in front of Lindsey and then started licking.

“You’re all a bunch of sickos,” Heather huffed. “And you’ll burn in hell if you don’t...”

“Give it a fucking rest,” Jessa cut her off. “If your all-powerful god existed he wouldn’t have let countless billions suffer and die throughout the ages from shit he came up with in the first place. Unless, of course, you’re saying your god is a spiteful asshole that doesn’t give a shit about the people he supposedly created.” Moving behind Megan she got down on all fours. Megan raised her hips. Jenna moved a little closer and licked. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Heather turn and walk back down the hallway towards her bedroom.

“I have a feeling she’d rather live in the street than have sex with us,” Lindsey said as Megan’s tongue pushed a little deeper.

“She made her decision Mistress,” Jenna replied. “She has until the end of the week to change her mind. Anyways, I’d rather concentrate on serving you than thinking about her so please command me, Mistress.”

“M-Me too, Mistress,” Megan stammered.

“Jenna, you’ve been through enough and should be resting to minimize the risk of infection or migration,” Lindsey said “so get up and get to recuperating.”

“But I’d rather play with Megan, Mistress.”

“And I’d rather have an obedient submissive but we don’t always get what we want.”

“Yes Mistress. Sorry Megan.”

“It’s okay. I’m not even going to pretend to know what you went through but I definitely agree your rest is more important than my pleasure.”

“You heard her,” Lindsey said. “Now for the last time before I cane your ass get up and go relax.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Are you going to sew me shut like that, Mistress?”

“I don’t want to out of commission submissives so, no. What I will do, however, is train you to take my fist, continue drinking pee and perhaps learn a few positions. But not here in the living room. If you’re going to be a cam model we need to go to my room where I keep all my toys.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Can I at least sit and watch the show, Mistress?” Jenna asked. “Actually, I did agree to let you tattoo and give me a few more of these microdermal piercings during your next show and we don’t want people thinking we’re liars, right?”

“Right. Alright, you can join us long enough for me to do the rest of the work and then I want you in bed. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then let’s go.”

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By nine o’clock Lindsey had the chat room set up and everyone introduced to her second new submissive in as many days, told them what the plan for the show was going to be and set the first goal for them to strip out of the clothes they put on solely for the purpose of generating tokens. They were butt naked by ten-thirty. By midnight Jenna’s first tattoo depicted a triskelion with the words Owned by Mistress Lindsey written around the outer edge. As Lindsey did the work Megan practiced various positions while doing her best to fulfill a rapidly growing list of perversions for the thousands of men and women watching.

Kneeling on a toy covered bed, Megan worked a long, fat plug in and out of her

ass with one hand while furiously rubbing her clit with the other. After more than two hours she had increased them from a modest one inch thick – the first thing to ever enter her ass, to the two and a half inch thick one she was currently using. Her Mistress' instructions were clear. She had until the last top was screwed into the anchor to get the largest plug in her ass or she would be caned twenty-five times for each one she failed to take. Breathing deep, she exhaled and pushed the last of the huge plug in. Her asshole snapped shut around the narrower shaft between the thickest part and the rectangular base.

Allowing herself a few minutes to get used to the increased stretching, Megan read the next item on the tip menu and audibly gulped. "Um, Mistress, someone by the name monster_cock_Dan tipped twenty-thousand tokens to see me tattooed. What do I do?"

"What does he want me to give you?"

"Cumguzzler on my left breast, Mistress."

"Do you want me to tattoo that on your breast?"

"Not particularly, but it is twenty-thousand tokens Mistress. OH GOD!"

"Don't tell me he also tipped to see you sewn shut," Lindsey said as she carefully placed the anchor under the skin below her fiancé's right collarbone.

"No Mistress. Someone else tipped to give me a hundred swats of the cane on my ass and another twenty on my tits."

"I can cane your tits tonight or tattoo you and do the caning in a few weeks. Your choice."

"I'll take the tattoos, Mistress," Kelly said after finding two more on the long list.

"Tattoos? As in plural?"

"Yes Mistress. The same one you gave Jenna on my back right shoulder and a sexy bondage fairy on my left thigh. Um, what are tunnels, Mistress?"

"You ever see someone with stretched ears? Those are tunnels. Why?"

“Um, because people are fucking insane, Mistress. They tipped to see me getting five in each outer labia.”

“You sure about that? Don’t get me wrong, I’ll gladly give them to you but make sure they tipped a hundred thousand tokens for that alone.”

“I triple checked it before mentioning it, Mistress. They were very clear in what they wanted for the tip. Does that mean I’ll be sewn shut?”

“It means you’ll have five tiny tunnels in each outer labia through which a great many things can be placed. Locks. Ribbon. Rings. Pretty much anything that’ll fit. So, yes, in a manner of speaking you will be laced shut. You’ll also have much larger holes that will take surgery to close fully so you had better be certain you want them because once I start I will not stop until done. If you have any doubt whatsoever then tell me now and I’ll refund the tokens.”

“I have a great deal of doubt, Mistress, but that’s a lot of money we can all use right now so as much as I don’t want to do it, I will. I give you consent and full permission to give me all of the work I’ve already mentioned. But that’s it,” she said with a tone of finality. “I mean it, do not tip for more body modifications because I’ll refuse them all.”

It was then the bedroom door creaked open and a butt naked Heather took a step over the threshold. “I don’t like any of this, but I have nowhere else to go so I agree to your terms. You...you can train...you can...oh god I’m going straight to hell for this. You can train me.”

“I’m not playing games, Heather, so if you leave this room before the end of the show it had better be to pack your shit and get out. If you can agree to that then get your ass over here right now. And I don’t want to hear a word of complaint,” Lindsey commanded.

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Not hesitating, Lindsey put the microdermal punch down and picked up a needle. Pinching Heather’s right nipple, she quickly pushed it through. Heather flinched and immediately started complaining, but a stern look from Lindsey shut her up as a needle passed through her left nipple. They were followed by rings and then Lindsey changed gloves and resumed working on Jenna’s microdermals. “Megan is next up to have work done, but until then I want to see

you pleasuring each other. Fingers. Tongue. But them both to good use or I can promise you'll regret it. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress." For the record, I hate all of you for making me do this but I'll do it if only to keep a roof over my head."

"No one is forcing you to do anything," Jenna shot back. "If you want to be a freeloader then you can be one somewhere else because Mistress isn't the only one tired of your bullshit."

Getting on the bed next to Megan, Heather stared her best friend in the eyes as she nervously bit into her lower lip. "I can't guarantee I won't stop after two seconds so you better get on top." Not saying anything else, she rolled onto her back and waited. Megan got on top of her in a sixty-nine position and did not hesitate to shove three fingers into her virgin pussy. "UHN! Oh god!"

"Holy fuck!" Megan gasped when she saw a tiny trickle of blood. "Are you a virgin?"

"Not anymore."

"Wait, what?" Jenna exclaimed. "But you've had boyfriends."

"That doesn't mean I had sex with them," Heather grunted as Megan's digits thrust in and out. Trying not to think about the numerous sins she was committing in the name of keeping a roof over her head and friends in her life even if two of them could barely stand her, she adjusted her position, pulled Megan's hips back and sucked her hooded clit.

"Welcome to the house of submission," Jenna smirked.