

LEASHED



Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

Brynn normally did not talk to strangers, especially when she was trying to concentrate on winning, but after a few daiquiris she was a bit more willing to converse with the woman that had just sat down at the one-armed bandit to her right. It was small talk at first but two more drinks and forty minutes later they were sharing experiences and life stories as if they had known each other forever. Her name is Caitlin and like Brynn the stunning twenty-seven year old brunette lived in the small town of Amber Gulch, New Mexico. With a population of less than three thousand both woman found it amazing they had never seen each other before, but their vastly different lifestyles – Brynn worked at the town's only advertising firm and Caitlin their only gentleman's club, explained a lot.

Brynn was feeling perfectly buzzed by the end of her third drink and probably should have stopped there, but good company and a fun environment – even if she was losing her hard-earned money, kept the liquor coming. After five drinks she had hit the giggling phase and halfway through the sixth she knew she was three sheets to the wind. She vaguely recalled Caitlin helping her to a room and out of her clothes. She sort of remembers their lips pressing together in their first kiss but she was as straight as an arrow so chalked it up to a wild imagination. Life was coming at her in a series of blurred, fragmented images as if she was watching a movie on maximum fast-forward and every time she blinked she missed several minutes.

There was a piece of paper she signed. Hands delicately caressing her naked body as they took several measurements. Then blackness as her head hit the pillow. More groping hands. A skimpy, form-fitting latex dress. A chapel. People she did not know watching as she said 'I do' as she stared into the gorgeous eyes of the beautiful woman she had just met a few hours earlier. Brynn vaguely recalled going back to another hotel room, being stripped out of her clothes and pushed back on a bed. A woman kissing her way up her nakedness and then getting on top. She saw images of herself having sex with Caitlin – of licking, fingering and sucking her lesbian lover, no, her wife to multiple orgasms. But that could not be right. She was as straight as an arrow.

Waking with the mother of all hangovers, Brynn did not want to even open her eyes, but the body pressed to her back forced them open. Craning her neck, she looked back over her left shoulder at the still sleeping Caitlin and the disjointed images from the night before hit her like a speeding bus. "OH GOD!" she gasped. She did not have to throw the covers back to know they were both naked. But she did bring her now trembling left hand up. Her eyes focused on the eighteen karat rose gold band with two karats of diamonds set along the top edge.

"Everything okay, babe?" Caitlin purred as she woke refreshed.

"What in the hell happened? Did we...are we...what in the fuck did you force me to do?"

"I didn't force you to do anything."

"BULLSHIT! I'm not a lesbian. We're not really married. Vegas marriages aren't legal!"

"I can assure you we are married and Vegas Marriages are legally binding," Caitlin said as she tossed the blankets back confirming that both women were indeed completely naked. "I knew you had your reservations and were a bit tipsy which is why I recorded the whole thing." Hopping out of bed, she grabbed the backpack sitting to the right of the dresser and plopped back down on the bed next to her new wife. She pulled a laptop from the bag and once it was up and running double clicked a video file.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Caitlin asked. "Don't get me wrong, you're absolutely stunning and I'd be a fool to say no, but you're more than a little tipsy and I don't want you or anyone else thinking I took advantage."

"I've never been surer about anything in my life!" a very drunk Brynn replied. "Get me a marriage license and a wedding dress and I'll marry you right now tonight!" Brynn shifted her gaze to the floor as she nervously bit her lower lip. "I've never been with another woman before but there's just something about you I can't resist. God, just thinking about it has me turned on."

Hungover Brynn watched as Caitlin left the room. She lay back on the bed.

Minutes passed and was right on the verge of passing out when the door opened signaling Caitlin's return. She then watched as Caitlin once again asked if she was sure she wanted to do it and her drunkenly claiming she was not nearly as wasted as she really was and could make up her own damn mind who to marry. She took the pen and paper and signed her name to it. She then stood up and initiated their first kiss. The video faded to black.

"I have another of us at the chapel signing all the necessary paperwork, a third of the ceremony and a fourth of us celebrating afterwards if you want to see them."

"I can't believe I married another woman," Brynn sighed. "That's it, I'll never fucking touch alcohol ever again," she voiced aloud. Internally, however, she was heavily conflicted. Despite video evidence to the contrary, she still considered herself straight. And then there was her very strict religious upbringing that not only taught her homosexuality was bad, but divorce was a sin worthy of an eternity burning in hell. Sniffing back the tears, she stared at her new wife. "S-So what now? Are you going to force me to stay married to you?"

"I'm not forcing you to do anything, Brynn. If you want to get a divorce, then file for it, but I for one would like to at least give us a chance. Now that we're married I feel I need to come completely clean. I did lie to you about one thing last night. I don't work at a gentleman's club. I work at a fetish club."

"A what?" the confused, anxious, scared and hungover Brynn replied.

"A fetish club. I'm a dominatrix. I train men and women in the ways of submission."

"GREAT! Not only did I marry another woman, I married a pervert," Brynn sighed.

"I'll let that go because you're clearly upset, but I'll tell you here and now I take great offense at being called a pervert," Caitlin shot back. "Just because you lived a sheltered life and never experienced or experimented with sexuality outside of what your parents dictated was normal doesn't make the rest of us perverts. Speaking of which, I need to use the bathroom so I think now's as good a time as any for you to step out of your naïve little bubble and learn a new skill so get up and come with me."

"Why? W-What are you going to do to me?"

“You’ll see once we’re in the bathroom. Now please be a good girl and do as you’re told or I’ll have to give you a lesson in discipline as well.”

Brynn once again found herself conflicted. On the one hand her parents brought her up to respect authority and what was her new wife doing if not asserting her dominance in the relationship. And on the other hand she knew her parents had taken her indoctrination to the extreme. Unfortunately, old habits were hard to break and as much as she wanted to tell Caitlin to fuck off, she nevertheless got out of bed and followed her to the bathroom.

“I’m not going to lie to you Brynn. What I’m about to ask you to do is seen by many as one of the grossest fetishes there is but it’s honestly not that bad. If you can get through this first time without gagging, throwing up or spilling a drop then you’ll be able to do anything. And to help you along I’m going to teach you a little trick I discovered while learning to deepthroat cock. First, I want you to kneel in the tub. I then want you to take several deep breaths while squeezing your left thumb like this,” Caitlin explained as she held up her left hand, tucked thumb into palm and wrapped her fingers around it. “I’m going to get in the tub with you and put my pussy against your lips. You’ll form as tight a seal around it as possible and then I’ll count down from five. When I hit one I’m going to start peeing and you’re going to swallow it right down no problem.” Seeing the look of utter disgust on her wife’s pretty face, she continued. “I know what you’re thinking, but if you remember to keep squeezing your thumb and swallow you won’t spill a drop. And if you do I’ll let you discipline me for lying.”

“You can’t seriously expect me to just get in the tub and drink your piss.”

“I can and trust me when I say you can do it if you follow my instructions. I’m so confident, in fact, that if you do as I say and you still throw up, gag or slip a drop of it I’ll file for divorce just as soon as we take a shower. If, however, you do get it all down I want your word you’ll give this new relationship a chance.”

Knowing there was no way in the hell her parents brainwashed her into fearing above all else that there was even the slightest chance she would not gag, throw up or spit it out, Brynn readily agreed. “Fine, I agree.” Her stomach already churning at the thought of what she was about to do, she nevertheless climbed into the tub and got down on her knees. She closed her eyes and took several breaths before squeezing her left thumb. She felt her wife get in the tub. A hand on the back of her head drew her in. It was then her eyes opened and she looked

up into Caitlin's eyes. Her mouth covered her wife's vulva. She was drunk off her ass the first time she ate her out. This time she was sober and tasted all her flavors.

"Five," Caitlin started counting down. "Four. Three. Two. One." She started peeing.

The stream of warm bitter fluid hit the back of Brynn's throat. She instinctively wanted to pull away, but there was no urge to throw up so she gulped it down as quickly as her mouth filled. To her horror, humiliation and shock she could not believe how easily it went down. One mouthful. Two. Five. Each went down as easily as water. The stream slowed to a trickle and then she swallowed the last of it. "Oh my god!" she gasped, falling back on her ass and looking up at her wife in shocked surprise. "I can't...I just..."

"You didn't spill a drop," Caitlin smiled. "I'm proud of you and on top of hoping you learned something new about yourself I sincerely hope you're a woman of your word and give our marriage a chance."

"I know a lot of people that will be pissed I married a woman, including my boyfriend, but I'm a woman of my word and I promise I'll give us every possible chance. That being said, I noticed in the video that you appeared to be sober last night so I have to ask: out of all the women in the casino why did you pick me to marry?"

"Honestly, I didn't set out to marry anyone. Don't get me wrong, meeting a random beautiful woman in a casino, marrying her and then training her as my submissive pet has been a longtime fantasy, but I never actually thought it would come true until I sat down next to you and we started talking. We hit it off so well that I knew I had to try it and to my luck it worked out perfectly. And don't even get me started on your pussy eating abilities."

"Sorry, last night was my first time."

"No need to apologize babe. I meant that in the best possible way. In fact, you're only the second person to ever bring me to orgasm with their tongue and the first to get me off multiple times so I praise your natural talent and hope you enjoy doing it as much when sober."

"There's only one way to find out." And with that Brynn sat back up in a

kneeling position and flicked the tip of her tongue over her wife's hooded clit. She then leaned in a little more and sucked it into her eager mouth as a lifetime of indoctrination flew out the proverbial window. All of Caitlin's sweet heady flavors coated her tongue and lips and she liked what she was tasting. Her boyfriend of eight years the only other person to have eaten her out, Brynn relied on what he did to get her off in the hopes it worked on her wife. Peeling back Caitlin's hood, she gently blew on the sensitive bundle of pleasure a couple of seconds before gently gripping it between her teeth. Caitlin's kneed buckled under the pleasure and without hesitation the two women began eating each other out in the tub.

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Caitlin and Brynn were in the bedroom toweling off after their shower when Brynn let out a long, pitiful sigh. "What's wrong?" Caitlin asked with genuine concern.

"I'm pretty sure I told you about Seth last night. We've been dating for eight years. He's actually supposed to be coming out to meet me tonight and now I have to call and break up with him."

"Not necessarily. If he's like most men he'll love the thought of you with another woman and be all too eager to join us."

"I've already cheated on him, I'm not about to cheat on you as well."

"It's not cheating if everyone is on board. You do what's right by you but if he can get past the thought of you being married to another woman I think the three of us can have a lot of fun together."

"So, you want us to be in an open relationship?"

"Only if you're okay with it."

"I never thought I'd be okay being married to another woman but here we are. I'll talk to him but I have a feeling he's going to be more pissed than pleased and I only have myself to blame."

"All I can say is it'll be his loss. Now, I don't know about you but I'm starving so why don't we go grab a bite to eat and you can give him a call when we get

back.”

“I’d rather get it out of the way now before he starts driving this way. Plus, if we’re staying in your room I should probably get my things from mine and cancel the rest of my stay there.”

“Or we could both cancel and go home where we can have some real fun,” Caitlin countered.

“Speaking of which, where do we live?”

“I’m partial to my place but only because I had it custom built, but I’m not against moving.”

“I live in an eleven hundred square foot, two-bedroom home with a tiny yard and loud neighbors.”

“I live in a secluded fifty-three hundred square foot, five-bedroom, and six-bathroom home with finished basement and fully stocked sixteen-hundred square foot dungeon play room sitting on thirty-one acres and surrounded on three sides by woods.”

“Your place it is then. I guess being a dominatrix pays pretty well.”

“It does if you’re popular and thanks to my openness and willing to do whatever pleases the client I just happen to be one of the favorites at where I work.”

“So, I’m your submissive now? Is that how this works?”

“It works however you want it to work, babe. If you liked drinking my piss and are willing and open-minded enough to continue experimenting with your sexuality then I’ll be honored to train you as my submissive. And if you’re not, well, then I hope you understand that I’ll continue doing whatever it takes to please my clients up to and including having sex with them.”

“I’m not sure I can say I enjoyed drinking your pee, but I am surprised at how easily it went down. Given that and the fact that we’re actually married and I’d say I’m pretty open-minded.”

“So, do you want me to train you as my submissive?”

“Honestly, I’m not even sure what that means.”

“It means I will train you in all things fetish from obedience and etiquette to drinking pee, fisting, gang bangs and everything in-between and you’ll listen, obey and try everything commanded as we slowly weed out the things you genuinely don’t like and concentrate on the rest. It means relinquishing control and trusting that I have only your best interest at heart. If you can do that then I’ll gladly train you as my submissive.”

“What about you? Do I get to train you as well? Not that I know anything about that, but wouldn’t that only be fair?”

“Honestly, I’ve never submitted to anyone in my life, but seeing as how we’re married I’ll happily make an exception if you want to try your hand at domination.”

“I think that would only be fair.”

“Then consider it done. That being said, I’m not just going to submit to someone with no knowledge of the lifestyle so when we get home I’ll spend the first three months training you in domination as well as submission and once you’re comfortable with taking charge I’m yours to train. Is that fair?”

“I guess that’s fair.”

“Please don’t guess, Brynn. Communication is key to a happy and long bdsm relationship so if you have any doubts whatsoever please voice them.”

“Sorry. This is all happening so fast and I’ve never done anything like this before and honestly don’t know what the heck I’m getting myself into.”

“No need to apologize,” Caitlin said with a reassuring smile. “Tell you what, why don’t we go grab breakfast and when we get back I’ll show you a few training videos to give you an idea of what you’re getting yourself into?”

“Okay. Um, are you going to collar me? That’s something that happens in this sort of relationship, right?”

“It is, but we don’t have to do it right away. That being said, there are different stages of being collared. Assuming you want to be my submissive we’ll start

with the training collar and then when you're ready we'll have a collaring ceremony where you'll accept my permanent collar. And if things go well I'll accept yours as well. Now, there's just one other small detail and then we can go grab some food. Part of being submissive is acknowledging your superior and I don't mean that in an 'I'm better than you' sort of way. It is considered good etiquette to call the dominant partner Master or Mistress. And while I will never demand you call me Mistress in public, I do ask that you say it in private."

"Yes Mistress." No sooner were the words out of her mouth then Brynn's clit tingled with an all new type of excitement. "I've still got a pretty bad headache, Mistress, but I'm starving so I'm ready to get food when you are and I'll call Seth when we get back."

Feeling only slightly better with her belly full of something other than liquor and pee, Brynn looked over at Caitlin as she drove back to the hotel. "I've been thinking, Mistress, and given my family's extreme religious views I think it would be better to hold off telling Seth anything if only so that my parents can hear it from me first if that's okay. Not that it'll make much difference," she added with a sigh.

"Then why don't you give them a call and then contact Seth accordingly?"

"I'd rather do it in person, Mistress. Also, I'd much rather enjoy the rest of my vacation than deal with them disowning me. Also, is this our honeymoon?"

"Absolutely not. We can discuss that once we get settled in at home. As for Seth, you're going to have to tell him something so either he comes here tonight or you tell him something so he doesn't."

"This is going to go all sorts of bad, Mistress, but I'll call and tell him everything." Unzipping her purse Brynn grabbed her phone and stared at it for a long moment before calling the man she still very much loved. So that nothing was hidden from her new wife she put the call on hold as it rang.

"Hey babe," Seth answered the phone. "I was just about to step out the door."

"Um, about that," Brynn replied. "You may want to hold off until you hear what I have to say."

"Okay, that doesn't sound ominous at all."

"There's no easy way to say it, but I...oh god...I got completely wasted last night and...and I...I married a woman I was talking to."

"Good one but we both know you're straight so..."

"I can assure you she's telling the truth," Caitlin said.

“Um, who’s that?”

“My name is Caitlin and I’m the woman Brynn married last night.”

“Okay, you had your fun, babe, but that’s not funny.”

“I’m not joking Seth,” Brynn replied. “I’m married to another woman and on top of that we had sex twice and even though I think I’m straight I promised to give our marriage a chance. That being said, if you still want to come out for the next ten days we guarantee to make it the most memorable time of your life. Meaning if you can keep this to yourself until we get home you can have both of us. Isn’t that right babe?”

“That is absolutely right,” Caitlin confirmed.

“At the same time I completely understand if you never want to talk to me again. I don’t know what else to say other than I’m truly sorry and despite what I’ve done I still love you with all my heart and want you in my life.”

“Says the woman that got drunk and married another woman,” Seth bit back. “I don’t want a cheating whore for a girlfriend.”

There was a pause and then the call went dead. Dropping the phone in her lap Brynn broke down in tears. “H-H-He...he’s r-right,” she sobbed. “I’m nothing but a cheating whore.”

“Nothing could be further from the truth. You were honest and gave him the chance to not only have sex with you but with me as well and he refused. What more could you have done?”

“I could’ve not gotten drunk off my ass and marry a woman I just met.”

“That’s fair, but what’s done is done. The question is: are you a woman of your word or do we file for divorce?”

“As I said before, Mistress, I’m a woman of my word. I promised to give us a chance and that’s what I’ll do. But I’m not really in the mood for sex right now.”

“Understandable. Why don’t we get your things from your room and spend the day getting to know each other in a non-sexual way?”

“Thank you Mistress.”

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Caitlin was just pulling into the hotel parking lot when her phone rang. Hoping it was her now ex-boyfriend calling to apologize she quickly grabbed it from her lap only to see MOM written on the screen. Sighing, she answered and immediately put it on speakerphone. “Hi mom.”

“What in God’s name is wrong with you?” Marion laid into her daughter. “I just got off the phone with Seth and he tells me you married another woman. If you don’t want to be with him anymore then tell him and stop making up...”

“I’m not making up anything,” Brynn cut her mother off. “I’m married to a stunningly gorgeous, intelligent, funny and caring woman named Caitlin and...”

“And nothing! Unless you get divorced right now and repent you’ll spend all of eternity burning in hell! Is that what you want?”

Brynn took a deep breath and held it in for a long moment before slowly exhaling. “What I want is to be happy and she makes me happy. If you can’t handle me being married to another woman then that’s your problem, not mine. And for the record, threats of hell don’t scare me anymore because I know it doesn’t exist and I’m pretty sure god doesn’t either. If he does then he certainly isn’t a benevolent deity because only a malevolent piece of shit would create a place where untold billions suffer for all eternity and that’s not someone worthy of mention, let alone worship. The fact of the matter is, thanks to Caitlin I’m learning who and what I really am and that’s bisexual. You now have two options. You can accept me for who I am and meet her when we get home, or you can continue being a religious nutjob and never see or talk to me again. The choice is yours.”

“Your father and I will have no part of your wickedness!” her mother seethed. “You need to break whatever hold that she devil has on you and...”

“FUCK YOU!” Brynn angrily bit back. “She isn’t a she devil and the only hold she has on me is my heart. I love her and if you can’t accept that then it shows what a shallow, bigoted piece of shit you truly are and I don’t need that kind of negativity in my life.” Silence followed and then the call ended. Brynn hung up and once again dropped her phone in her lap. “That pretty much went as

expected, Mistress.”

“I’m sorry. And thank you for what you said. I honestly didn’t think you even liked me, let alone love me.”

“I know it’s crazy to have these feelings about someone I just met yesterday, but I can’t help it Mistress. I’ve lived my entire life with the fear of upsetting god and burning in hell for all eternity, but not anymore. I love you, Mistress, and I’m looking forward to being trained as your submissive. And I’m not just saying that because I just lost my parents and the only man I have ever loved. I genuinely want to learn what I’m truly capable of and I feel like you’re the one to teach me.”

“And I genuinely want to see what you’re capable of and am honored to be the one to teach you.” Turning the engine off, Caitlin pulled the key from the ignition without breaking eye contact with her wife. “

“I want to go home and get started right away, Mistress. If that’s okay with you that is.”

“I’ve trained a lot of men and women and broken a lot more out of their shells. I’ve seen pleasure and dished out pain. But if there’s one thing I pride myself on it’s my ability to see when someone is genuinely into bdsm and when they’re using it as a tool to drown their sorrows. That is not a healthy attitude to have and will only lead to you resenting it and me so instead of rushing off to do what we have our entire lives to do, why don’t we stay here, finish out vacations and get to know each other better? If you still feel the same way in a couple of weeks we’ll sit down and talk training.”

“I don’t really want or need to wait but if that is what you recommend I’ll do it, Mistress.”

“I think given everything that’s happened in the last fifteen or so hours it’s for the best. And besides, if you truly desire training as my submissive then the wait will only make it that much more enjoyable. Now, I’m feeling incredibly lucky so let’s take care of your room and then hit the casinos.”

“If either of us is lucky, Mistress, it’s me.” Brynn replied as she leaned in for a kiss.

Ten days later...

Brynn and Caitlin spent ten more days in Vegas exploring each other's bodies and getting to know one another before packing up and returning home. Pulling into her driveway, Brynn saw papers covering her front door and spilling out of the mailbox even before she came to a stop. She parked in front of the closed garage door that had not worked in months. Caitlin stopped behind. Both women got out and walked up on the front porch. Looking at all manner of religious and homophobic propaganda, Brynn was just about to reach up and yank the papers from her door when she heard movement within. She quietly backed herself and Caitlin off the porch and then called the police to report an intruder. Three minutes later the front door opened and she watched her mother emerge.

"Mom? What the hell are you doing here?"

"I came to drop off some literature for you to read to bring you to your senses," her mother answered with an air of authority that turned Brynn's stomach.

"You have no right to be on my property or in my house without permission."

"I have a key. That's all the permission I need."

"Um, no, that's not how things work. I called the police to report an intruder and I'm not going to stop them from arresting you. And I'll make sure to add whatever plastering all this bullshit all over my door and stuffing in my mailbox to the list of charges."

"I'm your mother, you can't..."

"You stopped being my mother the second you disowned me for marrying another woman. This is my wife Caitlin by the way," Brynn said as she wrapped her left arm around her wife's waist.

There were no sirens but everyone could see the flashing lights as the patrol cars sped down the street. Two pulled into Brynn's driveway while a third blocked it off. Several uniformed officers got out with hands on holstered pistols. "Officers, there's been a huge misunderstanding," Marion called out as they cautiously approached. "My daughter..."

"Officers, I want her arrested for breaking and entering as well as harassment," Brynn cut her mother off. "She may be my mother but she had absolutely no right or permission to step foot on my property, let alone enter my home and plaster her religious and homophobic crap all over my front door."

"She gave me a key to enter in case of..."

"Officers, my wife and I just got back from Vegas. There was no emergency other than what she thought in her own deluded mind. In fact, the last time I spoke to her ten days ago she disowned me for marrying another woman so she really has no right whatsoever to be here and I want her arrested for breaking and entering."

Marion, Brynn and Caitlin were questioned separately and after a very tense twenty minutes of Marion threatening her daughter and daughter-in-law with hell, she was arrested and hauled off in the back of a cruiser. Two officers swept the house and after finding it empty of other intruders left Brynn and Caitlin to their business. Brynn put on a brave face, but her wife could see through it to the pain she was bottling up inside.

"You did the right thing," Caitlin said. "Family or not, she had no right entering your home without your permission."

"I know, Mistress. I guess deep down I hoped she would eventually come to accept us both but I fear there's no chance in hell of that ever happening now. Anyways, once I'm out of here and into your place I'll never have to worry about it again."

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After packing a few essentials, Brynn followed her wife and Mistress across town. They pulled into a long tree-lined driveway leading up to a massive Spanish Mediterranean home with three car attached garage and at least one second floor balcony that she could see. Getting out of her car, Brynn walked up

to her wife. “Wow! Your home is beautiful, Mistress.”

“Our home,” Caitlin corrected. “Let’s get your things inside and then I’ll give you the fifty cent tour.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Ten minutes later the trunks and back seats of Brynn and Caitlin’s cars were unloaded into the living room. Leaving everything sitting there for the time being, Caitlin showed Brynn around her new home starting with the living room that opened into a large kitchen with a dining room off to the right and moving back along a hallway lined on either side with bedrooms, bathrooms and a large office and ending in a closed door to the Master suite they would now be sharing. Returning to the kitchen Caitlin opened the sliding glass door leading onto a huge back deck with built-in fire pit and semi-circular seating overlooking a massive natural pond and the vast expanse that was her property at one end and an impressive outdoor kitchen at the other.

“I never knew a place like this existed so close to home,” Brynn said as she took in the serene beauty of it all.

“I tend to throw some pretty wild and kinky parties so seclusion was top priority when I was looking for a place to build and as you can see we have that in spades,” Caitlin replied.

“It really is breathtaking, Mistress.”

“Thank you. I spent nearly a year going over every detail with an architect to make sure it was absolutely perfect.”

“And it is, Mistress. My only question is: what does one person need with all this space? Don’t get me wrong, I love it but it seems like way too much work for one person to maintain.”

“Which is exactly why more than one person maintains it. I suppose now’s as good a time as any to tell you I don’t always live here alone. I have a lot of friends and family that pay me extended visits from time to time. I also have two live-in housekeepers named Amanda and Renee who should be getting back from their own vacations tomorrow. To answer your next question, they are fully trained submissives and, yes, you absolutely have my permission to have sex

with them whenever you like. In fact I encourage you to get to know them as well as you've gotten to know me. As for the outside, I have a company that takes care of all the landscaping and another that maintains the pond to keep it clean and safe for swimming."

"So, your family and friend know about your lifestyle and are okay with it?"

"They are. But believe me when I say that was not always the case. My parents aren't extremely religious like yours. In fact, they're atheists like myself, but they have their own views on things and it took me the better part of three years to not only get them to talk to me again but to accept this as normal sexual behavior. They want nothing to do with it themselves and won't even talk about it if brought up, but at least they accept me for who I am. It'll take time but I'm sure your parents will come around and see that having a submissive, bisexual daughter in their lives is better than having none at all."

"I had my mother arrested," Brynn sighed. "I'm pretty sure they'll never talk to me again. Anyways, I don't want to dwell on that because I'll just end up getting all depressed and that's the last thing either of us wants."

"Then let's finish the tour shall we?" Opening the door, Caitlin led her new wife back into the house where she opened a wooden door with stairs going down into the basement. The two women descended into a huge modern furnished rec room complete with bar at one end, a massive seventy-five inch TV hanging on one wall, a ten seat poker table, a roulette table and a craps table that looked as if they had come straight out of one of the casinos the two lovers had spent the last two weeks losing their money and getting to know one another.

"Why go to Vegas, Mistress, when you have your own casino right here?"

"Playing strip poker with friends is fun but I think you'll agree nothing beats the atmosphere of an actual casino. So, are you ready for the room you've been waiting nearly two weeks to see?"

"YES MISTRESS!" Brynn excitedly answered.

In the spare moments she had when not getting to know her new wife, or gambling away her hard-earned dollars Brynn did as much research as possible on the bdsm lifestyle and browsed hundreds, if not thousands of images of dungeons to get an idea of what to expect, but none of them prepared her for the

real thing. Caitlin opened the closed heavy wooden door in the corner of the rec room. Brynn looked down a flight of stairs and then gave her Mistress a confused look.

“The size of the dungeon would have extended well beyond the rest of the house and I needed high ceilings so it was basically built as a separate underground room attached to the main house by a hallway and the stairs before you,” Caitlin explained.

“Cool. But what happens if there’s an earthquake and the hallway is collapsed, Mistress?”

“The entire structure has been built to withstand a nine-point-five earthquake with minimal damage but if it is somehow collapsed there are three additional escape routes in the dungeon itself.”

“Good to know, Mistress.” Descending the stairs, Brynn walked down a twenty or so foot hallway ending in a door – this one made of metal.

“Go on inside,” Caitlin said from behind.

Brynn turned the knob. The door pushed silently open and she stepped into her first dungeon. Low red lighting flickering off stone gray walls gave the impression of torchlight dimly highlighting shelves lined with all manner of sex toys built into the walls and the many hooks from which hung paddles, canes, crops, whips and an assortment of clamps and gags, but the large pieces of furniture and other equipment is what drew her attention. From her research she recognized three different types of stockade, a bondage bed, and kneeler, spanking bench, three Saint Andrews crosses and a large round topped cage with lit flooring. She also notices heavy-duty d-rings set into the ceiling and recessed in the floor. She also saw five doors – two in each of the left and right walls and another in the back wall.

“WOW!” Brynn exclaimed. “This is...wow, Mistress! What’s through the doors?”

“The one in the back wall is the bathroom where we can do enemas and other related acts as well as clean up after we’re done playing. The doors on the left closest to you leads to a room dedicated to medical fetishes while the other is one of the escape routes. The door closest to you on the right is another escape

route and the other is a room I use for office and schoolgirl fetishes.”

“You said there were three escape routes, Mistress. That’s only two.”

“The third is in the bathroom. Each is basically a steel-reinforced concrete shaft with a ladder leading straight up to the surface.”

“I don’t remember seeing any holes in the yard, Mistress.”

“That’s because they are cleverly concealed to blend in with nature. Do you remember seeing the three large boulders off to the right of the pond?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Each of those is actually fake and sit on top of the exits. They only weigh around twenty-five pounds and can easily be moved by simply unhooking them from the inside.”

“Wow! Is there anything you didn’t think of Mistress?”

“Not when it comes to safety. The medical room over there isn’t just for fetish play. It is also fully stocked with all the first aid equipment available to the public. The entire place is also wired with cameras and has its own dedicated internet connection and landline in case there’s an emergency and cell phones aren’t working.”

“Being a dominatrix must pay a hell of a lot, Mistress.”

“It does when you’re popular and own your own fetish club and dungeon. That being said, I would like you to strip out of your clothes and kneel in that blue square facing the back wall.”

“Yes Mistress.” Despite being tired from the long drive, dealing with her mother and spending hours packing, Brynn did not hesitate to obey her Mistress’ command. When she was naked she stepped into the four foot square and knelt with hands palm side up on her knees, back straight and head slightly bowed. From the corner of her left eye she watched her Mistress opened the doors of a cabinet built into the wall, reach in and pull out a thin rectangular wooden box which she carried over and sat on a small table next to a pillory.

“I think we’ve gotten to know each other quite well in the eleven days since we first met and despite the circumstances of our marriage you have proven yourself a woman of your word,” Caitlin said as she opened the box. “As your Mistress it is my duty to supply you with all the tools you need to be the best possible submissive and to discipline and correct any and all disrespect and disobedience whether it is directed at me or someone else,” she continued as she withdrew a wide, fur-lined black leather collar from the box. “Being in a bdsm relationship isn’t just about kinky sex or one person dominating another though those are aspects of it.” Turning, she held the collar out and open for her wife to see.

“Brynn,” Caitlin said solemnly as she placed the collar around her wife’s neck, “with the placing of this collar around your neck and your acceptance of it, I vow to do everything I can to be worthy of you. I promise to hold you and keep you safe, to stretch you and give you flight, to respect the needs of our relationship above all others, to love you, honor you, support you in all things and be sensitive to your needs and desires . I recognize the trust you have placed in me and the responsibility that goes with my acceptance of that trust. I will never violate or even threaten to violate that trust. I acknowledge and accept with all my heart the gift of submission you have made to me. This collar will be a symbol of that which we already know: that you are mine, and by wearing it you will always be safe to be everything that you are. Do you accept this collar in the spirit by which it is given you?”

Looking up at her Mistress, Brynn felt her heart fill with love and happiness such as she had never known. Without any hesitation, she spoke clearly and with conviction. “Mistress, of my own free will, with clarity of mind, heart and conscience, I surrender my life to you, submitting to your will in all things.” She struggled to hold back tears of happiness as she spoke from the depth of her heart. “I accept your collar as the outward and visible sign of my deepest joy: that I am yours. I gladly accept your authority and trust you to guide me on the right path. I vow to honor you with my every thought, word and action. I promise to stay with you, support you and fulfill your needs and desires as you allow. You are the center of my universe, the light of my life and the love of my heart. I give you my love, my heart and myself, now and always.”

“Brynn,” Caitlin continued, “I will never forget the responsibility that I have undertaken here. I am charged with your wellbeing in all you do. My decisions will affect you in every way. Your life is literally in my hands and I will never shy away from that responsibility, but use the power you have given me wisely. I

will never consider only myself. I will always remember that you will follow wherever I may go. I will not lead you into danger and I will be mindful that you will look to me in all things for guidance and teaching. I promise to learn from you what is good and safe for you, and be prepared to give as much, or more than I receive from you. The Mistress' hand is a double edged sword. It can give pleasure and it can punish. I will never forget that and will consider every facet of any situation before using that power. It will never be used in anger and will always be justifiable. Thank you for giving me the gift of your submission, Brynn," she softly said as she finished buckling the training collar.

"Mistress, I don't remember our wedding, but this I'll never forget," Brynn said as she threw her arms around her wife's waist. Unable to hold back, she let the tears cascade down her cheeks like tiny waterfalls as she cried the happiest tears of her life. "I love you Mistress."

"I love you too Brynn. Which is why that's not the only collar you'll be permitted to wear. The box I took that one from contains a wide variety of discrete leather and metal day collars that can be worn without telling the whole world you're in a bdsm relationship. But at home and functions you'll wear the one currently around your neck until you're training is complete. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Then you're training begins now. I've always wanted a puppy slave so that is exactly what you're going to be. Head down, ass up so I can give you a tail and then I'll show you to your new bed."

"Yes Mistress."

"From this point forward you will only speak if asked something requiring more than a yes or no answer. Otherwise you'll bark one for yes and twice for no. Is that understood?"

"Arf," Brynn barked as she lowered her head to the floor.

"Good girl. As part of your training you will also wear the puppy gear I provide including the tailed plug I'm about to wreck your sexy ass with. Tell me, Brynn, are you required to wear any sort of uniform at work?"

“Arf, arf.”

“Good girl. You will wear the plug at all times except when using the toilet and showering though the tail may be detached when at work. You may still whatever you like when going out but on days you opt to wear pants you will also wear the canine stockings and the camisole as reminders of your place. Is that understood?”

“Arf.”

“Good girl. As a puppy you will eat and drink from bowls as well as learn the appropriate tricks and commands. You will also be leashed and taken on at least two walks every day while in full gear including a mask that will conceal your identity. From now on the only things you’ll be permitted to do as a human while at home is take showers and use the toilet. Everything else you’ll do as a puppy. Is that understood?”

“Arf.”

“Good girl.” Caitlin said as she lubed and enormous butt plug modeled after a real canine dick including a three inch thick knot guaranteed to provide one hell of a stretching and to leave Brynn open and ready for fisting and the largest of cocks. “Now relax your ass and don’t fight it or it’ll hurt more than it has too.”

The tapered tip of the reddish-purple toy slid easily into Brynn’s ass. As did the three or so inches that followed before the shaft thickened considerably. She grunted and adjusted her position slightly but did not pull away or ask her Mistress to stop. Five inches. Seven. Nine. She was wondering just how long the plug was when it stopped and she felt what she thought was the base pressing hard against her hole. She had no idea how wrong she was until her Mistress pulled the plug out so only the tip remained before adding more lube and plunging it back in. Out. In. Out. In. She felt her asshole opening a little more with every hard thrust but not so much that it caused her any undue pain. Doing her best to relax, she quickly came to realize what she thought was the base was actually a much thicker part of the toy her Mistress was attempting to work into her ass. She also understood what she meant when she said she was going to wreck her ass. Determined to take it, Brynn offered no resistance and no complaint as her asshole was slowly stretched to accept the huge plug.

Used to getting up early, Brynn got out of bed and immediately went down on all fours. She then crawled to the foot of the bed and waited for her Mistress to wake and use her as a toilet as she had done every day since they met. It was only when she put her feet together and sat on her heels that the pain of sleeping with a massive plug in all night hit her just as hard as the sudden urge to relieve herself. Looking to the bed where her Mistress still soundly slept, she craned her neck to the right, dropped back onto all fours and then crawled into the bathroom. Brynn grabbed the base of the plug and pulled. It felt like she was trying to pull a basketball out of her ass. Eyes tearing up from the pain, she bit her lower lip and tugged harder. Several moments of tense resistance passed before her sphincter finally gave up and released the toy it had spent the last seven hours holding in.

Brynn grew up with dogs. She had seen them mating on more than one occasion and despite the perversion always wondered what it would feel like to be taken by one so when she sat the size and shape of the toy that had been plugging her she knew it was molded after the real thing. Given the immense size she figured it was from one of the huge breeds – Great Dane, cane corso, Saint Bernard, possibly even a mastiff, but there was no way to be one hundred percent certain. As she sat it in the sink to wash before reinsertion, a terribly perverse thought popped into her head. Her new role was that of pet. She would wear a dog cock plug up her ass until instructed otherwise. As she sat on the toilet she wondered if her longest and wildest fantasy would soon come true.

When she was done, Brynn washed the plug, grabbed a bottle of lube from the cabinet to lube it and then pushed it back into her ass with a stifled grunt before dropping onto all fours and returning to the bedroom just in time to see her wife getting up. Crawling to the foot of the bed she assumed a position akin to a puppy begging and waited to be used as her Mistress' toilet.

"Morning my pet," Caitlin said as she stretched her arms up and back. "I hope the plug didn't keep you up all night."

"Arf, arf," Brynn barked in reply.

“Glad to hear it. Have you already used the bathroom?”

“Arf.” Brynn formed as tight a seal over her Mistress’ vulva as possible. A beat later she was gulping down the warm bitter fluid she had come to look forward to drinking.

“After we shower and eat breakfast you’ll put on your puppy gear for your morning walk. When we get back we’ll spend the day in the dungeon and assuming Amanda and Melissa make it home on time you’ll get to meet and play with them,” Caitlin said as she finished peeing. Tomorrow I’ll send them with you to finish packing your things and get you settled in here and then your training will resume again Monday morning. Does that sound good to you my pet?”

“Arf,” Brynn barked.

“Good girl. Come on, let’s go take a shower.”

Wanting to do more than bark, Brynn brushed against her Mistress’ left leg and then assumed a begging position. When given a nod she spoke. “Thank you for letting me speak, Mistress. When I removed the plug to use the bathroom I couldn’t help but notice it looked identical to a dog’s dick.”

“Oh? Have a lot of experience with dog dicks, do you my pet?”

“I had dogs all my life until moving out on my own, Mistress. I’ve seen them mating more than once so know what one looks like.”

“Mating other dogs or you, my pet?” Caitlin teased.

“Other dogs, Mistress, but I’m not going to lie. I’ve thought about what it would feel like and now I sort of know so thank you for at least partially fulfilling my most perverse fantasy.”

“So, you want to have sex with dogs?”

“Arf,” Brynn barked in reply.

“I see. Well, I don’t have any dogs here but I do know some people into it that I’m sure will love seeing you doing it.”

“Have you had sex with dogs, Mistress?”

“For the sake of having no secrets between us, yes, I have had sex with dogs, horses, pigs, goats and donkeys. My first time was when I was nineteen and I’ve been doing it at least once a week ever since.”

“HOLY SHIT! That’s amazing, Mistress. Now I’m really jealous.”

“Tell you what, be a good girl and when your training as my pet is complete we’ll celebrate with a canine gang bang. How does that sound?”

“Like I’m going to be the best pet you’ve ever trained, Mistress.”

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After showering with her wife, Brynn put on the rest of her puppy gear which consisted of a pair of thigh-high canine patterned latex stockings, matching bicep length gloves, and a cupless camisole that left her perky, perfect breasts on full display. For modesty sake and so she was not arrested for public nudity she was allowed to snap cups to it. She then put on a pair of latex shorts with a built in dildo for her pussy. The tail as reattached through a small hole and to complete the look she put on a snout mask with built-in ears that covered her face from the nose down. Caitlin hooked a long leather leash to her collar and then led her through the house, out the front door, down the driveway and onto the sidewalk for her first walk as a puppygirl.

Not used to going long distances on her knees, it was slow going as Brynn crawled two feet behind and to the right of her Mistress. Cars slowed down to look as them. More than a few with male drivers made rude comments about her ass and all the things they wanted to do to her. Most of the people walking on the same side of the street crossed to the other if only not to be confused as part of the spectacle but a few followed close behind if only to watch and see what happened next. To Brynn’s surprise, none of them threatened to call the police on them.

Out in the middle of the boonies the houses were several hundred feet apart and the nearest street was more than a quarter mile away. When they reached it Caitlin led her pet to the right. The woman that had been following them for the last few hundred feet turned with them. Looking back over her shoulder, Caitlin gave her a smile. “If you like what you see then get on all fours and walk with

us. Otherwise you're bordering on stalking."

"Except I live this way," the woman nervously replied.

"Right. I know everyone on both sides of this block and you're certainly not one of them so I'll ask you again to get on all fours and walk with us or stop following. Otherwise I'll have to call the police."

"Whatever," the woman huffed and crossed the road.

At the next corner Caitlin and Brynn watched the woman go to the left. After a brief wait they went to the right. After maybe an eighth of a mile they crossed the road and walked up to a beautiful mansion with roman style columns supporting a second story balcony. Caitlin knocked on the front door. A minute passed before it opened and they were greeted by a stunning woman with caramel colored skin, jet black hair and piercing blue eyes wearing a skimpy, lacy French maid outfit that left little to the imagination. Through the semi-sheer front Brynn could see her nipples were pierced with dangles from which hung tiny bells.

"Good morning, Mistress," the woman greeted them. "Please come in. Is Mistress Laura expecting you?"

"No, but if she's not busy I'd like to introduce her to my new submissive and perhaps introduce her to lesbian gang bangs and anal fisting."

"I'll see if she's available. If not the others and I would be more than happy to help out just as soon as we're finished with our morning duties, Mistress."

"Do you want to be gang banged by Aurora and the others, my pet?"

"Arf!" Brynn barked in reply.

"Oh, where are my manners? Aurora, this is my new pet in training Brynn. Brynn, this is Aurora and as you can no doubt guess she's one of the maids that works for Mistress Laura."

"Pleasure to meet you Brynn," Aurora said. In response Brynn sat and raised her right hand. Aurora took it in her own and shook it as if shaking a puppy's paw. Gently letting it go, she stood up and smiled at Caitlin. "She's very well behaved

for a pet in training, Mistress. How long have you owned her?”

“Less than two weeks but her training as my pet began just last night.”

“Nice. Please make yourselves comfortable and I’ll see if Mistress Laura is free.”

Caitlin walked Brynn towards the couch and after sitting unhooked the collar.

“Laura and I have known each other since we were three,” she explained. “She was my submissive until discovering domination suited her better. I’ve tried to get her to work for me but she has other interests and prefers to train her submissives on a more intimate level. Aurora is just one of a dozen that lives and works here and with any luck you’ll soon be joining them in your first lesbian gang bang. Do you like the sound of that my pet?”

“Arf!”

“I thought you would.”

In truth, Brynn knew the minute she agreed to give their bizarre relationship a chance that she would do anything her wife and Mistress wanted and the thought of getting gang banged by a dozen women made her feel all manner of excited. But more than anything she could not wait to wear the leash and finish her walk. If not for the humiliation factor that made her feel all sorts of warm and fuzzy, then for the euphoria of being watched.