



LOVE IN SUBMISSION

Crimson Rose



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Erica had been an escort for all of three hours when she got the call to meet her first client in room eleven at the Fremont Motel about fifteen miles from where she lived. On top of it being her first time engaging in sex for money, it would also be her first time with someone of the same gender, which, for a straight woman, was not a decision she came to lightly. In fact, it took the twenty-five-year-old mother of three nearly seven months and complete financial ruin brought on by the pandemic forcing the small business she owned to close before finally settling on this new career in the first place.

That was the easy part. She loved men and would have been more than willing to have sex with them for money, but was in no position to have more kids. Sure, condoms are a thing, but in her experience most men went out of their way to find a reason to remove them before ejaculating deep inside of her and since she was highly allergic to all forms of birth control she could not risk it. That left women. It took her another three months of watching lesbian porn and reading lesbian erotica before she felt mentally prepared to step further outside of her comfort zone than she thought possible. In the end she reasoned two things to be true. First, there was no risk of pregnancy. And second, if things went south and she had to make a hasty escape she fared a better chance against someone her own size.

And that is how she found herself wearing her sexiest little black dress, skimpy panties and four-inch heels standing in front of the closed door to room eleven of the Fremont Motel. Now that she was here she wanted to turn around and go home, but then she thought of her kids living on the street, or even worse taken from her for being an unfit mother. So, she knocked. The door opened a moment later and she was greeted by someone she had known practically her entire life. “Oh, hell no!” she exclaimed as she stared wide-eyed at her best friend Makayla.

“ERICA? No way! Since when are you an escort? Or lesbian for that matter?”

“I...this isn't...oh god, Makayla, you can't tell anyone about this.”

“Come in and we'll talk about it.”

“I’d rather not.”

“Hey, not to be that kind of woman, but I paid good money for your services and I fully expect you to deliver as promised. Now come in before you draw attention to yourself.”

Pausing a beat, Erica stepped into the motel room and then flinched as the door closed behind her. “Please, Makayla, if I had known my first client was going to be my best friend I would’ve declined.”

“But you didn’t and here you are. It’s okay, Erica, your secret is safe with me.”

“Thank you.”

“As long as you give me what I paid for.”

“Damn it, Makayla! You know I’m not a lesbian like you.”

“Says the woman sent by a lesbian escort service. So, I’m your first client, huh?”

“Yes.”

“Nice. I have to know, if you’re straight then why work for a lesbian escort service?”

“Because I didn’t want to risk getting pregnant again.”

“Good reason. And why escorting in the first place?”

“You know why,” Erica sighed. “My business is most likely closed for good and savings are getting dangerously low. I have to do something to put food on the table and to keep a roof over the kids’ heads and with the economy gone to shit this was all I could get. What’s Tamia going to think when she finds out you’re using an escort service?” she asked, referring to her best friend’s girlfriend in the hopes they could come to a mutual agreement that did not involve sex.

“She’d be pissed that she couldn’t be here to join me,” Makayla answered. “But I’m sure she’s making use of the same sort of services in Portland.”

“I don’t think she would ever cheat on you, Makayla.”

“It’s not cheating if both partners agree to let the other do it. Now, to the reason you’re here. I paid for an overnight date starting with a massage but I don’t see a table or any other equipment. You really aren’t prepared for this are you?”

“I wanted to get to know my client first, but I guess that isn’t necessary. Everything I need is in my SUV. Are you really going to make me do this?”

“I’m not making you do anything, Erica. You work for a lesbian escort service and all the stars aligned to bring you to me. If you want to leave the door is behind you, but don’t be surprised when you get fired for quitting on your first client. So, are you going to do your job, or do I have to file a complaint?”

“You know I’ve never done anything like this before so don’t expect me to be an expert.”

“We have all night to hone your abilities. And if you do a good job I might book you every day for the next month.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Come on, Erica, have you forgotten who you’re talking to? I’ve wanted in your panties since we were old enough to think about such things. Do you really think I’d pass up training you?”

“T-Training me?”

“To pleasure women. Now go fetch your equipment while I make myself more comfortable.”

Erica knew there was a chance she could be called to entertain someone she knew, but never imagined it would be her first client or that it would be her best friend, but despite the hesitation she was dedicated to seeing this through to the end. So, after taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling she walked back out to her SUV and grabbed a large duffel bag full of oils – scented and otherwise, and sex toys from the back before returning to the room where her best friend now sat butt naked on the foot of the queen-sized bed.

“Either you’ve got the world’s smallest massage table in that bag or you forgot to grab it,” Makayla said as she looked from the large black duffel bag in her best friend’s right hand up to her light blue eyes.

“A table will be a hazard for the type of massage I’ll be giving you,” Erica said as she sat the bag on the floor next to the small dresser. Heart pounding in her ears, she grabbed the hem of her dress and then pulled it off over her head.

“Jesus Christ you’re perfect,” Makayla purred as she stood and walked towards her best friend.

“Massage, first,” Erica said, holding her best friend at bay with an outstretched hand. “Trust me, things are going to get intimate very quickly. Just relax on the bed and I’ll let you know when I’m ready.” Keeping her hand out, she waited for her client to return to the bed before removing her panties and heels. Now fully nude, she unzipped the center compartment of the duffel bag and pulled out a roll of thick clear plastic which she unrolled and then spread out over as much floor as it would cover – weights along the outer edge there to prevent it from crumpling up in the first five seconds of use. “Alright, I’m ready. Please stand in the middle of the tarp facing the bed.

Curious where this was leading, Makayla did as her best friend commanded. A moment later she felt Erica’s oiled breasts and belly pressing against her back. Grinning, she was about to turn when hands came around either side and cupped her breasts. “Mmmm, not sure what sort of massage this is but I like.”

“It’s called a nuru massage and as you can see it’s very physical,” Erica said as her hands moved down her best friend’s body. “In fact, the whole point is to get us as slippery as possible and then see what sort of positions we can get ourselves into.” Stopping with the fingertips of her right hand a fraction of an inch above her best friend’s hooded clit and her left hand gently massaging oil into Makayla’s breasts she took a deep breath, closed her eyes and then went for it. First she cupped her friend’s vulva. Then she pushed two slick fingers into her. Surprised at how easily it happened and natural it felt, she paused for a beat before fucking her fingers in and out.

“I really like!” Makayla moaned.

Fingering her best friend for maybe ten or fifteen seconds, Erica pulled out, poured more of the colorless, odorless oil into her palms and then massaged it into Makayla’s back before moving down to her toned legs. “Get on all fours, put your head down and then spread your legs,” she said, surprised the words were coming out of her own mouth, let alone to her best friend.

“I thought you’d never ask. But first...” Spinning on her heels, Makayla hooked her right arm around her best friend and then planted a kiss on her lips. When she got no resistance, she introduced some tongue. It was met in kind. Naked, oiled bodies pressing against each other, they shared their first kiss for several euphoric seconds before Makayla felt herself being lowered to the floor. She offered no resistance and soon found herself lying on her back with her best friend kneeling on all fours over her legs. Erica lowered her well-oiled upper body and slid up her best friend’s legs, stopping with her mouth an inch from Makayla’s vulva. Staring into her eyes, Erica closed the gap. She had tasted herself on toys and cocks in the past, but this was her first time tasting another woman and straight from the source and despite being straight her throbbing clit was all the proof needed to convince her she was hooked.

Having no idea how to pleasure another woman, Erica did what she liked having done to her in the hopes it would get her best friend off. She started with sucking and then playfully nibbling Makayla’s inner labia. Moving up to her hooded clit, she pushed two and then three fingers into her pussy. Surprised at how little resistance she got, she added her pinky and fucked all four in to the knuckles. Feeling as if there was room for more, she took a chance. Tucking thumb into palm, she bunched her fingers together and pushed. After a moment of brief resistance her entire hand slipped in. “HOLY FUCK!”

“N-Now you know one of my fetishes,” Makayla moaned as her best friend’s hand pushed a little deeper. “Spread your fingers before pulling out and make a fist before punching it back in! And add some twist to it while it’s in me,” she explained what she liked. “Wait! Keep it in me.” When she was sure the hand was not going to be pulled out, she rolled onto her belly and then raised up onto all fours. “I love it up my ass as well, but it’ll take a little more work to open me up so don’t just go ramming it in. And if you really want me gushing use both hands at the same time.”

“If I’m going to give you the ultimate experience then maybe you should tell me what else you’re into,” Erica said, pulling her right hand from her best friend’s pussy so she could add more of the slick nuru oil to both.

“You’ll find out as we spend the next month together.”

“You do realize I cost fifteen-hundred for a full twenty-four hours, right?”

“And you’re a steal at that. Look, I get why you’re doing this and I’m never going to judge but why risk running into the wrong person? Quit your job and come work for me.”

“I don’t know the first thing about software engineering,” Erica said, referring to her best friend’s chosen profession.

“I meant as my submissive in training. In exchange, I’ll pay you twenty grand a month. Yes, it’s less than you could make as an escort, but you’ll be with someone you know and trust no to take advantage. You don’t have to answer now. But at least think about it. Also, now you know another of my fetishes. Or rather lifestyle choices. But we can talk about that after you’ve fisted me to multiple orgasms.”

“I accept,” Erica said as she pushed her oiled right hand back into her best friend’s pussy. “Your offer that is. I’m not entirely sure what it means, but I’ll be your submissive in training. But I need some sort of guarantee that you’re actually going to pay me. Not that I don’t trust you, but I have three kids to think about and can’t take any risks.”

“Understood. We can go over the particulars tomorrow. Until then, remember what I said as you use me as your puppet.” Lowering her head onto folded arms to make herself a little more comfortable, Makayla spread her legs and moaned as Erica’s knuckles occasionally glanced off of her g-spot. Twenty grand a month was a lot of money to spend training a submissive, but her best friend was worth every penny and even as Erica’s hand and fingers penetrated her holes she was already coming up with ways to add in monetary bonuses to ensure that she not only got back on track, but stayed there.

“I don’t know what’s more shocking; that I’m fisting my best friend, or how easily you’re taking it,” Erica said as she pushed three fingers into Makayla’s ass. “That being said, I want you to eat my pussy. If you want to that is.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then she found herself being flipped onto her back with her best friend kneeling between her legs. Holding her breath, she bit into her lower lip. The tip of Makayla’s tongue flicked over her hooded clit casing her back to arch as she moaned. Straight or not, she loved being eaten out and her friend’s tongue was already working miracles and she wanted to return the favor. “Get on top of me so we can eat each other.”

Using the slickness of their bodies, Makayla effortlessly moved up her friend's body. She sucked Erica's left nipple and then gave it a soft bite before switching to the right. Then they were kissing. "I know you're straight, but marry me."

"W-What?"

"I love you Erica. Always have, always will. And you obviously love having sex with women. Marry me. Be my submissive and you'll never want for anything ever again."

"What about Tamia?"

"I love her as well, but you're the one I want to spend the rest of my life with." Standing, Makayla turned around and then knelt over Erica's head. "Think about it, babe," she said, lowering until she was being licked. "Mmmm...see how easily you started licking me? I didn't even have to ask." Lying down, she bit her best friend's hooded clit. "I'm serious Erica. I want you to be my wife." She bit again, this time a little harder. "But no pressure. If that's too much then I'm more than happy remaining friends and training you as my submissive for as long as you wish to serve me."

Erica said nothing as she pleased her best friend as she did not want to seem as thrilled as she was, but knew beyond all doubt that she would say yes when the time was right. "Unlike you I can only take three fingers. That being said, I brought some toys with me if you want to use those as well. They're in the bag. And yes," she blurted out, as her clit was gently pinched between finger and thumb.

"Yes?"

"YES!"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning YES! Pinch it harder!" Erica moaned as her hips bucked beneath her best friend's ministrations. "Oh god that feels good!" the fingernails sank a little deeper. "LIKE THAT! N-Now keep pinching as you pull away." Her tiny love button now in a death grip, she gushed like a broken water line as it slowly slid free. YES! YES! A thousand times yes! Straight or not I want to spend the rest of my life doing this with you!"

“So...”

“I’ll marry you! I’ll be your wife. I’ll be your submissive. I’ll be whatever you want me to be if you promise to do that again.”

“I don’t want you rushing into something you’ll later regret so...”

“God damn it, Makayla! I wouldn’t have said yes if I thought I’d regret it. No pinch my clit and tell me you love me because I sure as hell love you and what you’re doing to me right now. You’re going to think I’m insane, but what really gets me off is putting a clamp on it and then quickly yanking it off. But not the alligator type as that’s a recipe for disaster. And yes, I have clamps in the bag as well. And a paddle. Thought it was more for me in case my client wanted to spank me I’d be more than happy to use it on you if you want me to.”

“Insane? No. Masochistic? Quite possibly. Do you get off from pain and humiliation, Erica?”

“Mmm hmm,” Erica purred as her clit was once again squeezed between finger and thumbnail. In fact, her masochism weighed heavily in her decision to go the route of lesbian escort because she could not think of anything legal more humiliating for a straight woman than that and the illegal ones that came to mind were too much even for a masochist of her caliber. “If we’re going to be married you might as well know everything. I drink piss so if you need to go then I’m your toilet.” And with that she pushed her right hand into Makayla’s pussy and four fingers of the left into her ass.

Things moved so quickly after her first night as a lesbian escort Erica nearly got whiplash. The next morning, from their shared motel room she called the company she worked for and quit. By the afternoon she had told everyone over zoom that she and Makayla were now engaged to be married. Shock was the general sentiment as she had been nothing but straight her entire life but she alleviated any fears she was going to ruin her friendship by telling family and friends they had already been intimate. By late afternoon, after their first small argument over money a contract was signed and she was officially her fiancé's submissive in training. Both women knowing such contracts were illegal and would never hold up in any court of law, it was written to describe Erica's role not as submissive, but as fetish porn star including a comprehensive list of fetishes she would engage in. And to make it binding all of her sessions would be recorded and uploaded to a website she would have shared control over.

By evening Erica told her landlord that she would be unable to stay past the end of the month. Thankfully, her lease had gone month-to-month so she would not have to pay a big fee for breaking it, but leaving on such short notice meant she had less than two weeks to pack everything and get it moved to her new home. Late in the evening she and her kids – nine-year-old Allison, five-year-old Tyler and three-year-old Brianna, were settled into their new home with enough clothes and personal items to last until more could be packed and moved in. This was not the first time the kids had visited Makayla's house with their mother. It was not even the first time they stayed the night so they settled right in and spent the evening playing until time for bed.

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When they were certain the kids were sound asleep, Makayla took her new fiancé down into the basement to show Erica a room in the house she never knew existed. At eighteen feet by forty it measured just over seven hundred square feet and Makayla made use of every possible inch to make the dungeon of her dreams. Taking ideas from thousands of pictures she found online, she had the room remodeled with shelving built into the walls and instead of two-by-fours for studs she had the carpenters use four-by-fours to hold up to the various

pieces of equipment that would eventually be bolted to them. The same was true of the rafters in the ceiling from which heavy-duty d-rings now hung.

“WOW!” Erica exclaimed as her eyes darted from one piece of equipment to another. “I don’t even know what most of this stuff is but if you like it then I’m more than ready and willing to try it out, Mistress.”

“Glad to hear it because we’ll be using it all during your training,” Makayla replied. “That includes even the largest of toys.”

“As long as you go slow, Mistress.”

“I fully intend to take my time with your training, babe.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“That being said, based on last night I’m confident I can fist your pussy and ass within two hours without causing you any pain. Do you trust me?”

“We wouldn’t be engaged or be friends for that matter if I didn’t Mistress.”

“I’ll make you a deal. If I can fist your pussy and ass at the same time within two hours without causing you pain then you agree to let me try one thing on your hard limit list. And if I fail I’ll let you do one on mine to me. Deal?”

“Hard limits are hard for a reason, Mistress. Or was what you told me earlier a lie?”

“Not a lie. But there are a few things on your list that I think you’ll enjoy if you just give them a try. I promise it won’t be tattoos or branding because I don’t know how to do them. And don’t forget, if I fail then you get to pick something from my list to do to me. That being said, no is a viable answer.”

“I appreciate that, Mistress, and despite knowing I’m going to lose and have to do something I’d rather not; I love and trust you enough to accept your deal.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then we’ll start with getting you relaxed because nothing prevents muscles from stretching like tension so why don’t you take your clothes off and get on the massage table for me?”

“Yes Mistress. Can I ask how exactly you’re going to stretch me open so quickly?”

“You’ll see when we get there.”

“Yes Mistress.” Curiosity piqued, Erica stripped out of her clothing and then walked over to the long, lightly padded massage table. The first thing that she noticed were two holes just about where her breasts would be. It was definitely not standard issue and that piqued her curiosity even more. Sitting on it, she rolled onto her belly. Her breasts went right into the holes and after adjusting the headrest, she found herself staring at the tiled floor. A few minutes later she felt more that saw her best friend turned fiancé and Mistress standing to her left. “Interesting table design, Mistress. It really lets the puppies hang.”

“That it does. It also allows me to do this...” Picking a pair of cloverleaf clamps up off a cart sitting to her right, Makayla attached one to her fiancé’s left nipple and then the right. Taking Erica’s masochistic leanings into account, she gave the connecting chain three hard tugs which caused the clamps to tighten. “How’s that feel?”

“You know me so well, Mistress. Now all I need is one on my clit and I’ll be in heaven.”

“You’re right, I do know you well.” A moment later Makayla attached a smaller cloverleaf clamp to Erica’s hooded clit. After that she drizzled rose scented oil from shoulders to ass. “Now do your best to relax. And no orgasms. If you orgasm before I give you permission...” Before she could even finish her command she watched as a stream of pussy juice gushed from her easily excited submissive. “That’s ten swats of the cane. As I was saying, if you orgasm before I give you permission you’ll be disciplined. The next will add twenty-five more.”

“Um, you do remember I’m a masochist that loves being spanked, right Mistress?”

“I haven’t forgotten. Now, I want you to be quiet while I give you a relaxing

massage.”

“I’ll do my best, Mistress but I might not be able to stifle every pleasure filled moan as your fingers work their magic.”

Starting at her fiancé’s shoulders, Makayla slowly worked her way down Erica’s back and sides to her ass and then down her legs before going in reverse and working her way back up. When she reached Erica’s inner thighs, she made a point of rubbing the side of her hand against Erica’s vulva – making sure to give the clamp several tugs and eliciting another orgasm in the process. “Hmm, looks like we’re gonna have to work on your self-control. Maybe a week in chastity will help with that,” she said, taking advantage of Erica’s post-orgasm relaxation to push a two-inch plug into her ass. “Time starts now,” she added as she pushed another same sized plug into Erica’s pussy. “In two hours, that’ll be my hands but until then relax and enjoy your massage.”

Makayla had fisted more than a hundred women in the seven years she had been dominating them. In the beginning she went slow – increasing the size of the toys only once a week or two, but as time went on and she grew in experience she discovered shortcuts that revolved around the fact that muscles become more flexible when they are relaxed after constriction. Patience taught her that fifteen to twenty minutes was usually sufficient time to allow the sphincter and pelvic muscles to accept their current level of stretch enough for it not to hurt when the next larger toy was inserted. And to prevent tearing from overstretching, she only went up in quarter inch increments.

Starting at two inches gave Makayla ample time to increase the size of the toys while testing her submissive’s limits. True, she had a comprehensive list but the only way to know it was true was to put it to the test. Stopping the massage, she went to the other room where she grabbed a short handled branding iron from the deep freeze she placed it in earlier that morning for this very moment. Returning, she crawled under the table and pressed it against Erica’s right breast.

Feeling the burn and thinking she had just been branded, Erica screeched and jerked back so hard the clamps pulled free which instantly caused her to once again squirt in orgasm. Falling off the table and onto her ass, she looked down to see the word OWNED burned into her flesh. “WHAT THE FUCK! YOU BRANDED ME!” She screamed in anger.

“Calm down, I didn’t brand you”

“I can see my own damn breast!”

“Please calm down and take a closer look. I would never give you such a permanent marking without your expressed permission. Feel the metal,” Makayla said, holding the branding iron out. “Go on, you’ll see that it isn’t even remotely hot.”

Focusing on her breast, Erica realized that the letters were actually raised on her skin and not burned into it. “But I felt the burn.”

“I know. And that was the point. Funny thing the human brain. When you’re unaware it’s next to impossible to differentiate intense cold from intense heat. Don’t worry, it’s temporary and will most likely be gone in a couple hours. That being said, I couldn’t help but notice it made you orgasm. Now, I have holes to stretch so please get back in position.”

“That was a cruel thing to do, Mistress,” Erica said as she gave her breast one last look before lying down on the table. “The next time you want to do something like that please warn me.”

“Like I said, it only works if you’re unaware. Just know that I will never do anything on your hard limit list without permission.”

“You just did, Mistress.”

“I didn’t brand you, Erica. What I did was no different than using ice cubes on you. Which is on your green list I might add.” Lubing the next set of plugs, Makayla pulled the one out of Erica’s ass and quickly replaced it with the slightly larger one. When she did the same to her pussy she was rewarded with yet another orgasm. “Man, I’ve never seen anyone so sensitive and prone to squirting in my life.”

“Sorry Mistress.”

“Don’t apologize. I love it. By the way, you now have two and a quarter inch thick plugs in your holes. You’ll be ready for fisting at three. And we still have well over an hour before time runs out.”

“I had no doubt that I was going to lose, Mistress. Sorry for freaking out like that.”

“Apology accepted. Honestly, I did it to see what sort of reaction I would get and you did not disappoint. Now, roll over and relax while I see how you react to the flogger.”

“Yes Mistress.” Rolling onto her back, Erica once again looked down at her cold branded breasts, sure that it was going to be as permanent as if her Mistress had used heat. “Are you sure it’ll go away, Mistress?”

“Yes. Now, had I used dry ice and liquid nitrogen it would be permanent, but since I only placed it in the deep freeze it’ll go away in a few hours. And to answer your next question, I know because I’ve done it to myself at least a hundred times.”

“I thought you said you didn’t know how to do branding, Mistress.”

“I don’t. There’s a huge difference between using heated metal to give you a third degree burn and pressing cold metal to your skin.” Raising the flogger, Makayla brought it down across Erica’s breasts. If the word isn’t gone with the marks from being flogged then I’ll get a real brand of your choice. That’s how confident I am.”

“I’ll hold you to that, Mistress.” Reaching down between her legs, Erica rubbed her clit as she watched the flogger once again falling towards her breasts.

When she went to bed Erica's breasts, belly, legs, arms and back were a crisscross mess of red welts, but when she woke the next morning the only thing visible, even if faintly, was the word OWNED on her right breast. Sitting up, she gently rocked Makayla awake. "Mistress, it's still there. I can very clearly see the word owned on my breast."

Bolting upright, Makayla stared at her submissive's breasts and even through tired eyes she too could clearly see the word. "It should've been gone by now. I've never seen one last more than a few hours. It is fading though."

"True, but you said if it was still there when the rest of the marks were gone then you'd get branded. Was that a lie, Mistress?"

"You know I never lie, Erica. What do you want me to get?"

"Seriously? You're really going to get branded just like that, Mistress?"

"I lost our deal and I'll pay the price so think about what you want me to get while I use the toilet."

"Um, you mean me, Mistress?" Hopping off the bed, Erica knelt on the floor with her mouth open. "I don't need to think about it, Mistress. I want you to have owned by Erica around a triskelion branded on your left breast."

"I'm surprised you even know what a triskelion is."

"I couldn't sleep so got up and did a bit of research last night, Mistress. I found a picture of a bunch of kinky temporary tattoos. One was a triskelion with owned by Master written around it, but I think owned by Erica sounds much better and far kinkier seeing as how you're the dominant one in this relationship. I suggest freeze branding if possible and if not then an electric current. And if that's not possible then heat striking or a cautery pen."

"You really did research didn't you?" Makayla asked as she placed her vulva

against her submissive's parted lips. A beat later she was pissing and Erica was swallowing. She had absolutely no desire to be branded, but at the same time she had a reputation as an honest woman of her word to maintain so, despite regretting making the deal, she steeled herself to the inevitable. "I'll see if Kayla is free to do it tonight if that's okay," she said, referring to their mutual friend that has spent the last six years doing all manner of body modifications including piercing, tattooing, branding and other forms of scarification.

Swallowing the last drops of Makayla's pee, Erica gave her several licks and then sat back. "That works for me, Mistress. If it's okay I'd like to drop the kids off at my parents and then spend the day packing while I still have time to do so."

"Of course. You know when needed I work from home now, right? I really don't mind watching them. Besides, this is their home now."

"Thanks, Mistress, but are you sure they're not going to get in your way?"

"They'll be fine. They have all the toys they can ever play with and it's supposed to be nice today so..." no sooner had she said it then thunder boomed in the distance. "Playing inside is good too," she grinned. Anyways, why don't you get dresses and see to them while I put on some coffee?"

"Yes Mistress. Can I take the plugs out or would you prefer I keep them in?"

"You may remove them until after you take a shower. Then I want them back in until tonight's lesson."

"Yes Mistress. While I was awake last night I did some thinking about us and the only thing I regret is not having sex with you sooner." Getting up, she gave her fiancé a kiss and then threw on some clothes before going to check on her kids.

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Nine hours after she started packing, Erica finished with two piles of bags and boxes in the living room. The one on the left with the furniture contained clothes, personal items, toys and other things she wished to keep. And those on the right were destined for the Goodwill and trash. Exhausted, she grabbed her purse and keys, flipped the lights off and then drove to her new home where she planned to take a desperately needed shower before grabbing a late dinner. As

she neared her fiancé's house she saw three cars parked in the guest spots of the wide driveway. She recognized one as Kayla's Nissan Versa. Pulling in, she quickly parked and ran inside in the hopes she had not missed her Mistress being branded.

"Hey babe," Makayla greeted her submissive.

"Am I too late, Mistress? Did I miss you being branded?"

"Nope. Where are your manners?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry Mistress. Hi Kayla. Sorry, I don't know you two. I'm Erica."

"Pleasure," a tall, curvy brunette replied. "I'm Daniela."

"And I'm Jaycee," the petite blonde to her right said. "We work for Makayla."

"And have been trained by me as well," Makayla added. "They're here to participate in your first lesbian gang bang. After I'm branded of course."

"Um, is that safe, Mistress? What if it gets infected?"

"I'll be using an electric current to do the branding," Kayla explained. "It'll hurt, but there won't be any broken skin. As long as she keeps it covered sex shouldn't be an issue."

"Cool. So, when do we start?"

"Same time as last night," Makayla answered.

"Cool. If you don't need me, Mistress, I'm starving and could use a shower."

Jokingly holding her nose, Makayla grinned. "I wasn't going to say anything. Go ahead. Eat up because you're going to need your energy."

"Thank you Mistress." After taking a shower, Erica added some chips and macaroni salad to go with the ham and swiss sandwich already on the plate. Despite wanting to scarf it all down, she took her time and enjoyed every bite before washing her plate and joining her fiancé and friends in the living room.

At ten the five women went the basement dungeon. While Kayla set up her

equipment the rest of them stripped naked. Knowing she could never hold still while being branded, Makayla asked to be tightly restrained to a Saint Andrews cross with extra straps added to minimize movement. Erica was more than happy to comply and even added some above and below Makayla's breasts – threading the strips of leather through d-rings in the wall.

“Alright, I'm ready to get to work now,” Kayla said as she pushed a cart towards her bound friend. “The rest of you may watch but please stand back so that I have room to work. Erica, this is going to be painful and she's no doubt going to scream so would you gag her for me?”

“Absolutely.”

“Before she puts the gag in your mouth I want to hear you say why you're here and restrained as you are,” Kayla said to her bound friend.

“I'm restrained because you're going to brand me and I don't want to fuck it up by moving.”

“And you're willingly?”

“Yes, I'm here willingly. This is my house and if I didn't want to be branded you wouldn't be here.”

“Do you suffer from any respiratory or heart problems that might otherwise exclude you from receiving such body modifications?”

“You know that I don't.”

“I still need to ask.”

“No, I don't have any health problems at all. And despite the insanity of what I'm about to do I'm also sound of mind. Now can we please get on with it?”

“Just as soon as you're gagged.”

Taking the cue, Erica placed the black ball in her Mistress' mouth and then tightly buckled the leather straps behind her head. She then kissed her left cheek before joining the others off to the side.

Using an alcohol wipe, Kayla cleaned her friend's left breast. "Just so you know exactly what to expect, after cleaning the area I'll place the template and then use the tool to trace it down to the tiniest detail. Assuming everything goes smoothly it should take about an hour and a half to two hours to complete. I strongly suggest not stopping but if you need to then use your knuckles to knock on the Saint Andrews and we'll take a break. Nod if you understand."

Makayla nodded and a few minutes later the most agonizingly painful two and a half hours of her life began. Not even remotely masochistic, she wanted to stop the second the tip of the branding tool began tracing the first letter but a deal was a deal so she suffered through it to the end.

"I have just two things to say, Mistress," Erica said as she removed the gag from Makayla's mouth. First, that looks hot as fuck. And second," turning to Kayla, she continued. "I want you to brand me next. But replace Erica with Makayla."

"It'll take me some time to make a new template. I don't want to waste time so are you absolutely certain you want to be branded?"

"I'm not sure want is the right word, but yes."

"If you're not sure then I'm not going to do it."

"I want, no, I need you to brand me. No, I don't have any health problems and yes I'm of sound mind," Erica said as one by one she loosened the straps holding her Mistress to the sturdy wooden X. "Oh, I don't know if she told you or not but I'm very much a masochist so don't be too surprised when I turn into a river as you brand me."

"Good to know. Why don't the four of you have some fun and I'll let you know when I'm finished making the template," Kayla replied.

"I drink piss and as of last night can take fists in both holes at the same time," Erica said as she joined the others, but her focus was on her Mistress' left breast. "I see it with my own eyes, Mistress, but I still can't believe you actually did it."

"Me? You're the one doing it for no reason."

"I'm doing it because I love you, Mistress. That's reason enough for me."

“I love you too my pet.”

“HOLD UP! Erica exclaimed. “That’s what I want. Instead of owned by Makayla please make it Makayla’s Pet. Um, if that’s okay with you Mistress.”

“You heard the woman,” Makayla smiled.

“Thank you Mistress. Now, how may I serve all you lovely ladies?” Erica asked as she got down on her knees.

“You can start by eating me out while Jaycee and Daniela grab the feeldoes for some triple penetration,” Makayla said, referring to sex toys commonly called a strapless strap-on. “Grab one for me while you’re at it.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Jaycee replied.

“I’m curious, Mistress. You identify as lesbian. I’ve never known you to have a boyfriend but you love getting fucked by some pretty realistic looking dildos. Have you ever had the real thing?”

“Nope. Doesn’t even interest me in the slightest.”

“I said the same thing about pussy, Mistress.” Moving closer, Erica sucked Makayla’s inner labia into her mouth and began nibbling at varying levels of intensity.

Four days later...

It was Tuesday afternoon. Erica was in the kitchen making lunch for herself and the kids who were loudly playing in their toy room thanks to a thunderstorm keeping them inside. Though she normally worked from home, a problem arose at the office requiring Makayla to be there in person so when she heard the front door open Erica figured her Mistress had finished early or had come home for lunch and called out a greeting accordingly. "Hi Mistress. I'm Making lunch, do you want anything?"

"I'm not your fucking Mistress you home-wrecking cunt!" a familiar voice shouted back.

Butterknife in hand, Erica poked her head out to see the caramel skinned beauty that was her Mistress' now ex-girlfriend. "Tamia? What are you doing here?"

"Fuck you!"

"First of all, there are kids in the house that don't need to hear that sort of language. And second, why are you here?"

"Where the FUCK else would I be?" Tamia replied, making a point to raise her voice when cussing. "This is my house."

"No, it's Mistress Makayla's house and I want you to leave."

"I don't answer to you and you'll do well to keep the FUCK out of my way."

"This isn't your house. You don't live here anymore but I do and I'm asking you to leave before I call the police and have you arrested for trespassing."

"Go ahead. And they'll have to arrest me for a hell of a lot more by the time they

get here.”

“Really? You’re going to stand there and threaten me?” Stepping back into the kitchen, Erica grabbed the largest knife she could from the block and then stepped into the living room. “Get out right now or you’ll be leaving on a stretcher.”

“Now who’s doing the threatening?”

“Not a threat. Whatever issues you have are between you and Makayla and can be sorted out when she gets home but you are not welcome here so for the last time get out.” Flipping the handle in her hand in a reverse grip, Erica prepared to slash in self-defense should her unwanted guest make any sudden moves. Keeping her eyes on Tamia, she took three steps into the room and picked her cell phone up off the coffee table. “I’m dialing 911.”

“Go ahead, Until I’m evicted I’m a lawful resident of this house and you’re the one threatening me with the knife.”

“Again, not a threat,” Erica said as the phone rang.

“911, what’s the emergency?”

“Hi, I need the police at 1574 Dunbar Street.”

“What’s the emergency Ma’am?” the woman on the other end asked.

“My fiancé’s ex just walked in unannounced and is refusing to leave.”

“Are you at risk of harm? Does she have a weapon?”

“No, but she threatened me and I have kids in the house so grabbed a knife for my own safety.”

“TELL THEM THAT I FUCKING LIVE HERE!” Tamia shouted. “TELL THEM HOW YOU STOLE MY GIRLFRIEND AND BRAINWASHED HER INTO MARRYING YOU!”

“Ma’am, the local police have been notified and are on the way, but I have to ask you not to take any unnecessary actions.”

“If she goes for me or my kids I will defend myself.”

“FUCK YOU AND YOU’RE WORTHLESS SPAWN! You’re the trespassers here, not me! You’re the ones that need to get the fuck out of my house!”

“For the last time this is not your house, Tamia. Look, I’m sorry Makayla broke up with you for me, but that doesn’t give you the right to barge in here acting like a damn loon and threatening me. The police are on the way.”

“FUCK YOU!” Tamia screamed in anger. She lunged, but greatly underestimated herself. Erica swung. A fist connected with the side of her head and the next thing Tamia knew she was on her ass seeing stars.

What’s happening?” The 911 operator asked. “What was that thump? Are you okay?”

“She lunged for me so I hit her. With my fist, not the knife. I don’t know what’s gotten into her but please tell the police to hurry because I really don’t want to hurt her.” It was then Erica saw movement out of the corner of her right eye. Looking, she saw her eldest daughter Allison standing in the hallway. “Go back and play sweetie, mommy will call you when lunch is ready.”

“M-Mommy? Is everything okay?”

“Everything’s fine sweetie. Now go play with your brother and sister and I’ll call you for lunch in a few minutes.” Silence hung in the air but after a long beat Erica watched her daughter disappearing down the hallway. “Can you please tell the police the door is open and to not shoot me when they come barging in?”

“I strongly advise dropping the knife when you hear them arriving.”

Erica loved the privacy that came with living in the country, but it was times like this she wished she was once again in the big city. Seven more very tense minutes passed before she heard at least two cars pulling into the driveway. She continued holding the knife on her Mistress’ ex. Car doors opened and then closed. Heavy booted feet thumped up the stairs and into the front porch. “It’s open!” she called out as she tossed the knife into the kitchen behind her. The door flew open and she found herself staring down the barrel of a gun. Trying to remain calm, she slowly raised her left hand while the right held the phone to her ear. “The police are here now so I’m going to hang up. Thank you for staying on

the line.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Thank you for getting here so quickly, Officers. My name is Erica Silva and I want this woman arrested for trespassing and threatening my life.

“It’s not trespassing when I fucking live here you moron!”

“You don’t live here anymore, Tamia. Why can’t you get that into your head?”

“Alright, alright,” one of the officers – a well-built black man with smoothly shaved head and eyes that commanded attention. “Officer Monroe, why don’t you stay here and get her statement while I take Mrs. Silva’s in the kitchen? Do you mind?” he said, motioning towards Erica.

“Not at all Officer...Caldwell,” Erica answered, her eyes going from his to the nametag he wore. Stepping into the kitchen, Erica leaned against the counter and sighed. When asked her side of things, she told Officer Caldwell everything that happened including the phone call with 911 and her daughter walking in to see her holding a knife on someone she once considered a friend. She then asked to call her fiancé and when given permission put it on speaker so everyone could hear. “I’m so sorry for interrupting you at work, Mistress, but we’ve got a problem. Tamia barged in while I was making lunch. I asked her to leave until you got home but she threatened me and said this was her house. She refused to leave and I had to call 911 and, well, the police are here taking statements.”

“Ma’am, this is officer Brian Caldwell. Do you know Ms. Tamia Cummings?”

“Yes Sir. She’s my ex-girlfriend and she is not supposed to be there. She does not live there and has never lived there. She only has a key because we were dating. Do I need to come home?”

“That’s not necessary Mistress. I think the officers have things covered.”

“I think that’s for us officers to determine,” Officer Caldwell replied.

“Sorry Sir.”

“That won’t be necessary, Ma’am. I think we have things covered here,” Officer

Caldwell said with half a grin. “Just one more question, what is your relation to Ms. Erica Silva?”

“She’s been my best friend for more than twenty years and now we’re engaged to be married. She and her kids are the only ones living with me. Are you sure I shouldn’t be there?”

“That won’t be necessary, but you might wish to look into getting a restraining order against Ms. Cummings.”

“I’ll do that just as soon as I’m able to leave the office. Erica?”

“Yes Mistress?”

“When Tamia and the police are gone please call your brother and see if he’s able to change the locks on all the doors.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good precaution to take,” Officer Caldwell said. “She’ll be arrested but given the state of things she’ll most likely be out in a few hours or in the morning at the latest. I strongly suggest looking into getting a restraining order as well and if possible installing exterior cameras.”

“As Tamia is well aware I have cameras inside and out,” Makayla said. “Things here can wait another day. I’ll be home in an hour.”

“See you then, Mistress.” Hanging up, Erica sighed. “Trust me, it’s best not to argue with her. Besides, she owns the business she works at so it’s not as if she’s going to get fired for leaving,” she said to the officers. A few moments later she was watching them taking Tamia out in cuffs and wondered what she thought she would gain by losing her shit. Once the cruisers were gone she tossed the plates of now dried peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in the trash, dressed the kids for the bad weather and took them out for lunch instead.

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Later that evening, with new locks on the doors and the kids sleeping soundly in their beds, Erica snuggled with her fiancé on the couch. “I really don’t understand what she was thinking, Mistress. Don’t get me wrong, I’d be

devastated if I ever lost you so I get that, but for her to say this was her house and she still lived here and to threaten me? I just don't get it."

"That makes two of us. She seemed to take it well when I broke things off. She said she would drop by when she got back to town to pick up the few things she had left here and that was it. Had I known she was going to fly off the handle like that I would've packed her stuff up and dropped it off at her parents' place while she was still out of town. I'm so sorry you had to go through that."

"Thank you Mistress, but she's the only one to blame. I know this is normally the time we go down to the dungeon, but do you mind if we skip a night?"

"I'm perfectly content sitting here with you in my arms all night."

"Thank you Mistress."

"Thank you, my pet."

"For what, Mistress?"

"It could have been very easy for you to lose your shit and overreact to the situation but you kept your wits and remained calm and now you're still here with me and not behind bars."

"Believe me, Mistress, it could've gone very wrong but luckily it was my fist that connected with her temple and not the knife in the same hand. Anyways, I'd rather not talk about her anymore." Nuzzling her nose into Makayla's neck, Erica softly purred. "Please just hold me until I fall asleep."

"Nothing would make me happier, my pet, but why don't we make ourselves more comfortable in the bedroom?"

"Yes Mistress."

Three months later...

Erica thought she was happy, but she never truly knew the meaning of the word until she began living a life of lesbian submission with her best friend turned fiancé and Mistress where she could freely express her newfound sexuality without fear of being judged. And with the myriad toys at her disposal and a bevy of beauties to use them on her she did not even miss having a man in her life even if a small part of her still identified as straight.

Once Erica was settled into her new home she and Makayla got to work on the website that would eventually host all of her experiences in her Mistress' dungeon – training or otherwise. A week after that it went live but did thanks to a minimal social media presence did not bring in the membership numbers she had initially hoped for. Not that she needed the money earning a cool twenty grand a month as a submissive in training, but a small part of her felt as if she was taking advantage of her fiancé even if Makayla insisted on paying her and she wanted to do something, anything to help provide for her children.

By the end of her first month of training, Erica managed to more than triple her online presence and with it came an increase in membership to her website, but the numbers were still falling far short of financial independence. Some women would have said to hell with it and moved on to bigger and better things, but for the now twenty-six-year-old submissive there was no such thing. She had found her paradise. Now all she had to do was make it work in her favor. And with the suggestion of multiple followers that is exactly what she did. It started with creating an account on an adult webcam site called Chaturbate. Next, with the help of her tech savvy Mistress she designed one of the most comprehensive bios anywhere on the site that spelled out who she was, what she was willing to do and how much viewers would have to tip to see her do it.

Her first night as a webcam model which lasted about six hours, Erica gained

nearly three thousand followers and earned herself a few hundred dollars for what amounted to a prolonged striptease interspersed with the use of clamps, gags and a few sex toys. Scheduled to put on shows five days a week, she figured she would make about eight grand a month before taxes assuming the same level of pay per show. While a far cry from the twenty-thousand her Mistress was paying her, it was nearly ten times what she was making from her website. But that did not mean she was ready to give up on it just yet.

Day after day, show after show, Erica gained more and more followers and with it more money. Sure, there were hundreds, if not thousands of women on the site doing the same things as her, but she was new and horny men loved nothing better than to jerk off to a fresh-faced woman willing to fulfill their every perverse desire. Within the confines of Chaturbate's rules. And she did not disappoint.

It was Friday night. To celebrate her three-month anniversary as a submissive she was planning an extended twenty-four hour show with her Mistress for her fifty-nine thousand followers. Makayla hinted at a huge surprise, but refused to provide further details. At her Mistress' command, Erica spent the day with her parents. When she got home around five, it was to a driveway full of vehicles she did not recognize. Thinking her Mistress invited a few friends over for a lesbian gang bang, she grinned ear to ear. But when she walked into the house the only person she saw was her fiancé.

"Hi Mistress. Um, throwing a party or something?"

"Or something. I would like you to take a shower and put on the outfit I've laid out on the bed. When you're dressed you'll come out here where you'll be blindfolded before we go down to the dungeon. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress, but I already know you're planning a gang bang so do I really need to be blindfolded?"

"Yes."

Getting nothing further, Erica's mind raced as she excused herself to take a shower.

Wearing a maxi halter dress with high slits up each side over a full leather harness and pair of four-inch heels, Erica held onto her Mistress as she was guided from the living room, into the kitchen and then one slow step at a time down to the dungeon where their daylong show would take place. The blindfold was removed. She saw several figures but it was not until her vision cleared that she realized she was looking at more than a dozen handsome young, well-fit men. "Mistress?"

"You said something early in your training that I haven't forgotten, my pet, and after a great deal of self-reflection I've decided you were right. So tonight, in front of you and all of your followers I'm going to have sex with men for the first time in my life. If you're willing to join me in our first heterosexual gang bang that is."

"I..."

"Wait, before you answer let me finish. I did not come to this decision lightly, my pet. I don't know whether I'll like it or not, but knowing there's every chance this will be my first and only time doing something like this I've decided to go all out. I've instructed them to attempt to breed me, my pet. And if you join then they're going to attempt to breed you as well. Now you may answer."

"I said the same thing about pussy, Mistress," Erica smiled as she recalled the incident as if it had happened yesterday. "I remember, And I'm in. What other rules have you given them, Mistress? How long will they gang bang us? What happens if you don't like it? Are you in till the end or will I have to pleasure them myself?"

"They will be here for the full twenty-four hours. I've been planning this for the last month. They know our limits and will follow them upon pain of immediate and excruciating castration. That being said, I'm going to give it an honest try so you have my word I will not stop for any reason until we get to the first break at midnight. If I absolutely hate it then you may continue pleasuring them for the rest of the party as you see fit, or we can send them home with our profound thanks. Now, why don't you get your room up and running so we can get started?"

"Yes Mistress. I can tell you right now that everyone is going to wait to see you pleasuring men right off the bat. We don't want to give them everything at once

so I suggest setting goals to that end. We can start with blowjobs and work our way to gang bang from there. Oh, and for all of your information,” Erica said, turning her attention to the men standing at the back of the dungeon “while I might be a well-trained toilet such activities are not permitted on this particular chat site so if you need to go then you’re going to have to use the actual toilet. The same goes for fisting. Don’t ask me why because I’ve seen women taking some truly ginormous toys and fist-shaped dildos are permitted but no real fisting or I could get banned.”

“You heard her, men. Golden showers and fisting are off the table. Is there a finger limit, my pet?”

“As long as the whole hand doesn’t go in we’re fine, Mistress. Now, may I ask how you know these men?”

“They’re the family members of the women that work for me,” Makayla answered. “I’ll let them introduce themselves as we engage in sex with them”

“Yes Mistress.”

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Her first goal set at ten thousand tokens – the equivalent of \$500, Erica explained why the men were there and the tips immediately began rolling in as horny men the world over wanted to watch a lifelong lesbian having sex with a man for the first time even if said sex was only a blowjob. But even if they did not reach the goal, the tips would not be wasted as those matching something on Erica’s extensive tip menu would be honored. Which is how both women found themselves butt naked save for their heels in the first ten minutes of the show, nipples clamped five minutes after that and asses plugged three more minutes later.

Two thousand. Five. Eight. The tips continued coming in at a fairly regular pace. Erica’s ass was caned twenty-five times during which she had three intense orgasms. Setting her dominance aside, Makayla allowed her submissive to give her breasts five swats of the cane and swore enough to embarrass a sailor after each. And then it happened. Two hours and seventeen minutes into the show they hit their first goal. The moment of truth was upon them and everyone watched with breath held as Makayla got down on her knees in preparation of sucking her first real cock. Approaching it as if it was one of the dildos she had

sucked a thousand times, she gently wrapped her fingers around the big black shaft of a twenty-two-year-old man named Zack. Leaning in, she closed her eyes. The head touched her lips causing her to gasp. And then the firm warmth was filling her mouth.

Like some of her favorite dildos, Makayla could feel every vein as it passed over her tongue. But unlike them, she also felt it twitching and throbbing as it grew in length and girth. She took a deep breath through her nose and then took Zack fully – head bobbing back and forth as he grew harder.

“God damn that’s hot, Mistress,” Erica said as she watched her fiancé sucking off her first man. “I guess all that practice on the toys is paying off, huh? By the way, I’ve set the next goals. Every twenty-five hundred tokens will add another man to the party. If the one you’re sucking now hasn’t come he’ll be the first to fuck you as you suck another. When all of your holes are filled then I’ll join in.” Hearing the ding of tips coming in so fast it almost sounded musical, Erica looked at the screen to see they had already reached two more goals and were on their way to a third. “What’s your name?” she asked the man now fucking his nine-inch black pole in and out of her Mistress’ throat.

“Zack.”

“Congratulations, Zack. You have the honor of not only being the first cock my Mistress has sucked, but the first to fuck her as well.”

“Seriously? Already?” Makayla exclaimed.

“Actually, Zack and another get to fill your pussy and ass while you suck off a third, Mistress. I told you they’d want to see you gang banged fast. On the bright side, the next three are mine. We’ve done gang bangs with women, Mistress. You know what to do.”

Zack lay on the cool tiled floor. Hesitant though she was, Makayla straddled his hips and while biting hard into her lower lip grabbed his cock and guided it into her pussy. Just the head at first, but as his hands wrapped around her waist, she closed her eyes and took the rest. She owned one-hundred-eighty-four dildos and had used them all numerous times – orgasmed at least once on each, but none of them prepared her for the real thing. She felt it throbbing inside of her. Felt the warmth and hardness that filled her oh so nicely. She wanted to hate it, tried to hate it but god damn if it did not feel amazing. Overcome by the surprised

pleasure, she did not realize another man had joined in until he was pushing his lubed dick into her ass. Before he went balls deep, she was gushing in orgasm – something she rarely achieved and then only when really excited. Her lips parted. She moaned. Her mouth was filled with another cock. She had another orgasm.

“I take it that means you like it, Mistress,” Erica beamed at her fiancé’s reaction to having sex with men for the first time. “Don’t answer. I’m glad you like it because they’ve tipped enough to add another seven men to the party. I’ll do my best to monitor things, but the next three are mine so if I miss anything I’ll get to it when I’m free to do so.” Getting onto all fours, she crawled over to her Mistress and pulled the dick from Makayla’s mouth so she could give her a passion-filled kiss. “I love you so much, Mistress. And now that you’ve gotten a taste for the real thing how does it stack up to silicone and glass?”

“I don’t want to like it, my pet, but...”

“Go on, you can say it, Mistress.”

“I guess I’m as much a lesbian as you are straight, my pet.”

“Meaning what, Mistress?”

“Meaning I like...” As she spoke Makayla felt Zack’s load shooting deep into her pussy. “Nope, I love it, my pet. Zack just came inside of me.”

“Nice. There are at least four more lined up, Mistress so rotate and continue while I enjoy my first triple penetration by men.” Crawling away from her Mistress, Erica looked up at the men and smiled. “Remember, we’re your breeding cows for the next twenty-four hours so don’t forget to come only in our pussies. If you’re not the one fucking it then ask whomever is taking our ass to move so you can double penetrate and make a deposit.” Pointing to three black men only because she had never been with a black man before, Erica waited for one of them to lie down. When one was in position she crawled between his legs and sucked his dick until hard. In the background she heard the steady stream of tips and knew the next twenty-four hours were going to be amongst the best of her life.