



MAID FOR SUBMISSION
Crimson Rose



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Brenton Hills was one of the wealthiest neighborhoods in the state so when Alexis got a call from a potential client seeking her maid services, she happily accepted an interview. Arriving at a sprawling mansion easily worth ten million dollars, she got out of her car, smoothed out the navy-blue form-fitting skirt suit she decided to wear for the occasion and then walked up to a set of stained-glass French doors. Giving the one on the right three knocks, she waited. But not for long. She heard the click-clacking of heels on hardwood floors. The door was pulled open and she found herself face-to-face with a gorgeous olive-skinned woman with striking green eyes and braided black hair that hung to her narrow waist. But what drew Alexis' attention was the woman's attire. White leather collar around the neck. Matching cuffs around each wrist. The latex dress with semi-sheer top that she wore was black with white accents giving it the appearance of a maid's uniform. And to top it all off a pair of latex thigh-high boots in black with white accents.

"Good morning," the woman said in cheerful greeting. "How may I help you?"

"Um, my name is Alexis Hargrove and I've got an appointment with Mr. Reynolds."

"You're applying for the maid position, right?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Please, come in."

"Thank you," Alexis said with polite nervousness. The inside of the house was every bit as luxurious as the outside with curved staircases leading to a second-floor balcony, a chandelier that cost more than she would probably make in ten years and very expensive artwork hanging on several walls.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Reynolds had to step out to handle an emergency but he has given me full authority to do the interview, make an offer and hire you should you accept. I'm Ella by the way and I really hope you accept the position as we

can really use the help.”

“How many maids does it take to clean this place?”

“Mr. Reynolds tries to keep twelve maids on staff at all times and he had that until three of them went on maternity leave and decided to pursue other ventures.”

So, I’ve got to ask...” as the words were coming out of her mouth, Alexis saw two women enter from a room on the right. One was a very petite brunette with an obvious baby bump and the other a much taller blonde who also appeared to be pregnant. Both here dressed exactly like Ella. “Nevermind.”

“Please, feel free to ask anything that’s on your mind and I’ll answer to the best of my ability.”

“I was going to ask if that’s what all of Mr. Reynolds’ maids wore but I see the answer is yes.” As she watched the other two women continue through the large open living room, Alexis saw that the lower half of the back of the dress was completely open leaving their butts on full display. Or at least they would have if they were not wearing latex boyshort style panties. “Um, I couldn’t help but notice...”

“The collar and cuffs?” Ella cut in. “Or the back of the dress?”

“Yes.”

“You signed the NDA before the interview right?”

“I did.”

“Great, then I can tell you that Mr. Reynolds has very particular tastes including seeing his staff in latex and leather. As for the dress, it’s what is called a spanking dress as the open skirt makes it very easy to administer swats to the backside.”

“I see. And if I accept the job here I’ll have to wear that?”

“Yes Ma’am. I’ll also warn you; the panties aren’t what they seem to be. I mean, they’re latex panties, but every pair Mr. Reynolds’ gives you as part of the

uniform have two plugs build into them.”

“Jesus!”

“I know it’s a lot, but they’re actually quite comfortable and the plugs aren’t terribly big so wearing them all day isn’t really an issue. So, if the uniform hasn’t scared you away shall we talk business?”

“Um, to be completely honest I’m quite terrified of that uniform.”

“Understandable. But before you go may I tell you Mr. Reynold’s offer?”

“I don’t think any amount of money is going to get me into one of those things, but I came all this way so the least I can do is hear what he’s offering.”

“Very well. First, the position is for a live-in maid. Top earners in the field typically earn in the low sixties. Mr. Reynolds starts his maids off at one-fifty with a guaranteed ten percent increase for every year of employment that can go as high as twenty percent based on performance. You also get two weeks of paid sick leave, one week of vacation after six months and then an additional week on your anniversary up to a maximum of eight weeks. He also pays for up to three months of maternity leave.”

“About that. You said three maids were out on maternity leave and I couldn’t help but notice those other two that just walked through were pregnant. Is that something I should be concerned with?”

“That all depends, do you still want to leave or are you interested in hearing more about the job?”

“I’d like to hear everything please.”

“What are your measurements including height and weight?”

“Excuse me?”

“Your measurements. For your uniform.”

“Um, I said I’d listen to what you have to say, not that I accept the job.”

“I know, but wearing the uniform while I tell you the rest of the offer will give you a better sense of what you’re getting yourself into. So, what are your measurements?”

“I’m five feet eight inches, a hundred and thirty-four pounds and my measurements are 36D-25-37.”

“Very nice. Go ahead and take your clothes off and I’ll get you in uniform.”

“You want me to strip right here in front of you?”

“If you can do that then this is definitely the job for you. And if not, well, at least you know your limits. But before you refuse and leave, let me sweeten the deal. Accept the job or not, if you strip naked and follow me to the supply closet to get a uniform and you wear it for the remainder of the interview I’ll pay you two thousand dollars cash.”

“H-How big are the plugs?”

“Seven inches long, two inches thick.”

“Jesus! And you wear them all day?”

“Absolutely. The alternative is no panties at all. So, do we have a deal? Two grand plus a uniform for a nice conversation?”

“I’d like to see the money first.”

“Sure. Tell you what, strip naked and follow me and we’ll detour to my room to get the money. I’ll even give you half now and the rest at the end of the interview. Deal?”

In the five years since becoming a maid, Alexis has been hit on and asked to do everything from going topless and wearing skimpy uniforms, to pleasuring herself and the clients and while she made non-sexual deals with certain clients for the right amount of money, this was the first time she was seriously considering selling herself into submission. “I can’t believe I’m actually saying this, but... deal.” If I can do this then maybe she’s right. Maybe I can be a submissive maid. Still don’t like the idea of being knocked up by a random guy I just met, but then that’s what birth control is for, she thought as she unbuttoned

her suit jacket.

“Then please take your clothes off.” With intense interest, Ella watched as a very nervous Alexis slowly removed one garment after another. Suit jacket. Heels. Stockings. Blouse. Skirt. “I hope you’re not offended, but you’re stunning.”

“T-Thank you.”

“You’re going to hear a lot of crude talk around here so I hope you’ve got thick skin. And I’ll be the first to ask because I just have to know, are you lactating?”

“No,” Alexis answered as her bra hit the floor. “I’ve never been pregnant.”

“Well, I can see they’re natural. That’s good because if there’s anything Mr. Reynolds hates it’s fake breasts. The nipple rings are a definite plus. As is being smooth down there.”

“I’ve got to ask, did Mr. Reynolds impregnate all the maids?”

“He did.”

“And is he going to want to have sex with me? I couldn’t help but notice the collar and cuffs. A-Are you... are you his...”

“Submissive breeding cows willing to obey any command he issues without hesitation or complaint whether we like it or not? Yes, yes we are.”

“And that’s what I’ll become if I work here?”

“Believe me, I know it sounds insane, but Mr. Reynolds... no, I’m going to call him what he deserves to be called. “Master. Master trains every member of his staff and should you accept the position you’ll be no different. You’ll be trained three days a week during your first year of employment, two days a week during your second year and one day a week during the third. Of course, Master will require your services more often than that because you’re the new woman, but you won’t be the only one fulfilling his desires.”

“I now understand the need for an NDA just to do an interview. So, how far to your bedroom?”

“Follow me. Because I like that you stripped naked without much resistance I’m going to make you another offer. I’ll make it three thousand dollars if, instead of walking next to me, you crawl on all fours.”

Three thousand dollars was three thousand dollars. Alexis did not even think about it. One second she was staring the woman in the eyes and the next she was on all fours.”

“Damn, that’s hot! Follow me, babe. “How would you like to make it five thousand?”

“No offense, but do you actually have that kind of money just lying around?”

“None taken and yes.”

“And what would I have to do for five grand?”

Without saying a word, Ella smiled, pulled her dress up over her hips and then pulled her panties down revealing they did, in fact, have plugs built into them. “I’d like you to drink.”

Figuring she meant drink her orgasm, Alexis looked up into Ella’s beautiful green eyes. “Five thousand dollars?”

“That’s the deal.”

Moving into a kneeling position, Alexis placed her hands on Ella’s ass as she leaned in. Extending her tongue, she started to lick and then inhaled sharply as she was grabbed by the back of the head and pulled closer still. And then a warm, tangy fluid quickly filled her mouth and drink suddenly took on a whole new meaning.

“Swallow every drop without complaint or spitting it out or you get nothing.”

Resisting the urge to gag, Alexis gulped the vile fluid down with the intent of voicing just how disgusting it was but her mouth filled faster than she could speak. Still gross, it went down slightly easier than the first. And the third was easier than the second. Fill. Swallow. Fill. Swallow. After eight or nine mouthfuls it tapered off to a trickle and as the last drops were hitting her belly she leaned back and gasped for air. “What the actual fuck?”

“Nicely done. So, still think you don’t have what it takes to be Master’s maid?”

“I’m not submissive.”

“Says the woman that, on command, just stripped naked and drank the piss of a woman she just met. Was that your first time? Drinking pee that is.”

“Yes and it was disgusting.”

“And yes you obeyed my command and didn’t spill a drop.”

“Only because you said I wouldn’t get anything if I did.”

“And if I commanded you to spend the day on your knees drinking piss?”

“Um, I don’t think you’ve got that kind of money.”

“Maybe not, but Master will command you to do that and if you disobey you’ll be disciplined until you do so why not learn to accept it sooner rather than later?”

“You really want me to drink the piss of I don’t even know how many people?”

“I do. And since Master isn’t going to pay you extra to be his plaything I’m not going to give you a penny more than you’ve already made. The choice is yours.”

“I don’t even know if I’m taking the job.”

“I think we both know you wouldn’t be humiliating yourself, and let’s be real, the look on that pretty blushed face tells me you’re feeling incredibly humiliated right now, if you weren’t going to take the position. You’ve got until we get to my room to decide.” And with that Ella pulled her panties back up and walked away.

Getting back on all fours, Alexis followed knowing full well that the maid several feet in front of her was right. Humiliated or not, the money was too good to pass up. Add in free room and board and all the other perks mentioned so far and submission seemed a small price to pay. “You’re right,” she said after only five feet. “I’m going to take the position. Humiliating as I think it is to be trained as a submissive, the money’s just too damn good to pass up. Go ahead and tell

everyone I'll be their toilet. After all, if M-Master is going to train me as such anyways I might as well get a head start, right?"

"Right you are. But there's one minor, no, I'd say it's a pretty major correction. Master isn't going to train you as his submissive. He's going to train you as his sex slave."

"Um, what's the difference?"

"Oh, so much. In simplest terms, all sex slaves are submissive, but not all submissives are sex slaves," Ella explained as she led the newest member of the Reynolds Harem to her bedroom. "To elaborate, submissives have limits and safewords and control over what happens to them physically. Sex slaves do not. A sex slave is nothing more than an object whose sole purpose in life is to please their owner no matter what form that takes. A sex slave has zero bodily autonomy short of what's prohibited by law and even then that's a very fine line. For instance, did you know there are still four or five states where bestiality is legal? Yeah, I didn't either until Master took me with him on vacation to New Mexico five years ago."

"OH MY GOD! A-Are... are you telling me he..."

"Oh yes. And if you're lucky he'll take you as well."

"Lucky? On what planet is getting fucked by animals being lucky?"

"This one. Trust me, as disgusting as it sounds it's seriously the best sex you'll ever experience."

"Um, I'm suddenly rethinking accepting."

"You can go if you want, but good luck finding another maid job paying this well. Not to mention all the perks."

"Has everyone working here had sex with animals?"

"Every single one of us and we'd do it all day, every day if it were legal in this state."

"Jesus Christ!"

“How long will I be working here before he takes me to one of these places? And how in the hell is it legal in any state?”

“Simple, because there are no laws on the books strictly prohibiting it. As for when? That all depends on how well you serve your new owner. Continually disobey and you’ll be disciplined which, in turn, will put vacationing with Master off. It also runs the risk of him firing you for insubordination. On the other hand, be a good, obedient slave and you’ll probably his choice in a few months,” Alexis said, stopping in front of a closed door. “This is me. Once we get the paperwork signed I’ll show you to your room,” she said, opening the door to her private master suite.

“Oh wow!” Alexis exclaimed as she crawled into a spacious bedroom overtly decorated with bdsm artwork and a four-poster bondage bed with sturdy metal cage underneath and pillory for a footboard. “Um, is this standard decorating around here?”

“Actually, yes. Well, the bed and the sex toys in the closet anyways. The art was my touch. Want to know a secret? Every woman depicted is a friend I convinced to give submission a try.”

“Really?”

“Really. And I don’t mean other members of staff. These are women I knew long before I ever knew of Master’s existence. Go ahead and kneel and I’ll get your money,” Ella said. Walking to the left side of the room she opened a door, stepped into a walk-in closet and then pulled the door shut behind her. Shelving along the left wall were lined with all manner of sex toy from dildos and butt plugs to gags and clamps. Clothing – normal and fetish, filled bars on the right. Going to the back left corner, she peeled back the carpet, opened a secret compartment and after pressing her right thumb to a scanner opened her personal safe where she, like many of the other staff of the Reynolds household kept a sizeable stash. Grabbing a banded stack of fifties totaling five thousand dollars, she closed and locked the safe, replaced the flooring and carpet and then walked back out into her bedroom to a kneeling and waiting Alexis. “Five thousand dollars as promised.”

“Thank you. So, what happens next?”

“Next, we get you into uniform and then through a mountain of paperwork.

Once that's done I'll give you a tour and fill you in on your daily duties and the rules of the house we're all required to obey at all times. After that, if Master isn't back from his emergency I'll take you to the dungeon for your first lesson."

"Wait, so you're going to train me? I thought I was Master's sex slave?"

'You are, but as the head maid I'm in charge when he's away and that gives me the authority to train you in his stead. Seeing as how you were so eager to lick me earlier I assume having sex with another woman isn't a problem for you?"

"No problem at all. So, do I call you Mistress now or how does that work?"

"Only when we're in the dungeon without Master. Okay, time for some complete honesty. Is this your first time submitting to someone?"

"As a sex slave? Yes. But I've dabbled a little with previous partners as well as a client or two."

"Sweet. Speaking of partners, to the best of your recollection how many have you had? You won't be judged so please be honest."

"I'm glad you asked how many partners and not how many times I've had sex. The answer is..." Swallowing, Alexis took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. "I've had seventy-two partners."

"Really?"

"Actually, are you counting what we did?"

'Sure."

"Then seventy-three. I've been with eight women and sixty-five different men. But not all at once. Well, mostly at once. Me and two female friends got drunk one night and thought getting gang banged by twenty men was the best idea in the world so we made it happen. We liked it so much we did it every month for six straight months. Then, about a year or so after that a client talked me into sticking around during a party he and his wife were throwing. It turned out to be a huge orgy and having previous experience with an admittedly much smaller group of men, I didn't put up much resistance when one of them pushed me over the arm of a couch, shoved my skirt up and took me like a bitch in heat. By little

resistance I really mean I begged them all to fuck my brains out and so that's exactly what all forty-five men and four women in attendance did."

"That's so fucking hot! Did they just fuck you or did they get creative?"

"Like I said, this isn't my first time submitting. I gave myself to them completely and they took full advantage. I was double and triple penetrated, experienced double vaginal and double anal numerous times and was fisted by all four women and the ten men with the smallest hands."

"Was that the only gang bang you did with them?"

"No. I joined them four more times and probably would have gone back for a fifth but they went through a nasty divorce and I stopped working for them. My friends and I also stopped as my best friend Michaela ended up pregnant and one of my other friends, Wendy, moved across the country to be with her ailing grandmother."

"Wo, what I'm hearing is you're experienced with gang bangs, love lesbian sex, now drink piss and can pretty easily take fists in both of your holes. Anything else?"

"My nipple piercings were done at one of the huge gang bangs. They also wanted to do some other work to me but I didn't want what they were offering so as punishment for refusing they gave me one hundred swats of the cane. It took nine for me to orgasm, fourteen to have a second and twenty-three to realize I'm a masochist. I ended up having six by the end of the caning but they didn't stop there. Stringing me up spread-eagle, they took turns caning and flogging me from the neck down. I had four more orgasms before begging them to stop. But not because of the pain as I was actually loving that."

"Then why did you ask them to stop if I might ask?"

"I was ganging there so long I got a nasty cramp that wasn't going away. I know, masochist, that should've turned me on, but it was the exact opposite. To their credit they immediately removed the cuffs and a few of them took the time to check and make sure I was okay."

"Nice. So, what I'm hearing is that you've got some experience with a wide range of fetishes including bondage, submission and discipline. You're sounding

more and more like a sex slave by the second.”

“Except I have limits.”

“Not anymore.”

After getting into her new uniform, Alexis filled out a mountain of paperwork consisting of contracts, consent and waiver forms as well as an incredibly lengthy and detailed non-disclosure agreement. Once all of her sizes were known, she was given six more uniforms – one for each day of the week, twenty-five different fetishwear outfits consisting of a mix of dresses, skirts, corsets, leather pants and catsuits as well as various boots. She was also given fifteen latex animal costumes complete with masks, ears and anatomically correct tailed butt plugs which she would have to wear upon command from her new Master. Like the rest of the staff, her new home consisted of a bedroom with huge walk-in closet with sex toys lining one wall, a sizeable bathroom and another room she could use for whatever purposes she chose. In all it was just over one thousand square feet making it comparable to her now former apartment.

Officially on duty, Alexis was taken back out to the living room where she was introduced to the rest of the staff. Of the eight other maids not including Ella, five were at different stages of pregnancy. As were two of the three chefs and four of the seven women Mr. Reynolds hired to maintain his property. “So, I’m noticing two things right away. First, Master seems to only hire women. And second, Master really likes to knock them up.”

“And he’ll knock you up too,” Ella replied. “Just as soon as the birth control is out of your system that is. Before I give you the tour I believe you have something to say to everyone?”

‘Um, I do?’

“About a particular drink?”

“Oh, that. Um, right. So, I drank Ella’s pee earlier which was the first time I’ve ever done that with anyone by the way but apparently Master is going to train me to do it so I figured I might as well get a head start by being everyone’s toilet so if you have to pee please use me so that I can get as much practice as I can. And in accordance with the contract I signed I must also tell you that I can easily take a fist in my pussy and ass at the same time, am a masochist that seriously

gets off to pain, have done numerous large gang bangs and that you may all use me whenever and however you desire as you are mine to use however and whenever I desire. And I understand that to mean we are free to use each other however we want without first asking permission because as sex slaves permission is always granted.”

“Well done, slave,” Ella said. Wanting to test the newest member of the harem, she grabbed a handful of Alexis’ hair and shoved her face into the hardwood floor. Alexis grunted from the force and was just about to protest when a hand quickly and roughly penetrated her pussy to the wrist. “Glad to see you weren’t lying otherwise you’d be in a lot of pain right now. Although if what you say about being a masochist is true then maybe that isn’t such a bad thing.” Pulling her left hand out of Alexis’ pussy, Ella shoved it into her ass. It went in with virtually no resistance. A beat later and her right hand was stuffing the new maid’s pussy.

Hair grabbed once again, her head was jerked up and she just had time to see the freckled face of another maid named Samantha before a vulva was pressed against her lips and her mouth filled with piss. Caught off-guard, she swallowed the bitter fluid as quickly as possible is only to minimize having to taste it. When Samantha stepped away, a busty blonde with BREEDING COW tattooed on her mound with a total of seven hashmarks underneath named Carrie took her place. Not asking, Alexis correctly believed the hashmarks were the number of pregnancies the thirty-year old woman has had. The taste still unpleasant but palatable, she drank every drop despite her stomach feeling full. A third woman – this one a brunette with heavily pierced vulva, named Gina stepped up. Alexis opened her mouth to say she could not hold anymore but her mouth was once again filled. And like a good slave she drank every drop. She then scrambled to her feet and ran through the house to the nearest bathroom she could remember the location of.

“You okay in there?” Alexis heard Ella asking from the other side of the closed door a few moments later.

“That was a lot,” Alexis answered.

“True, but like a good toilet slave you drank every drop before running to empty your stomach. But that doesn’t answer my question. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I know I said I’d be everyone’s toilet, but do they all have to use me at the same time?”

“Trust me, that was just to see how serious you were about being a sex slave. As was my fisting you. Also remember that you have free reign to use us however you see fit without asking first so if you want to use one of us as your toilet or to fist is or anything else you can think of all you have to do is, well, do it and you’ll get no complaints.”

“Anything I can think of?”

“As long as it doesn’t involve anything illegal.”

“So you’re never going to make me fuck animals?”

“Not in this state.”

Turning on the sink, Alexis washed her hands and then rinsed her face before opening the door to see Ella leaning against the opposite wall looking genuinely concerned. Walking up to her, she stared into her eyes and held the gaze as she leaned in and sucked her left nipple. Opening her mouth wider, she sank her teeth into tender flesh. Hard. Ella groaned in pain and put her hands on Alexis’ shoulders but did not push her away. Releasing, Alexis bit another part of Ella’s left breast hard enough to another well-defined dental impression behind. Then a third, fourth and fifth before switching and repeating to the right. “The tattoo on Carrie’s mound. Is that how many times Master knocked her up?”

“It is.”

“Why is she the only one with such a tattoo?”

“For the same reason Gina is the only one with chastity piercings. They asked Master for them.”

Grabbing Ella by the hips, Alexis pulled her in for a kiss before spinning her around and guiding her onto all fours. Hand raised, she brought it down hard onto Ella’s ass. THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Three more hard swats in rapid succession. “You’re not the only ones that can play rough,” she said as her hand landed for the fifth time. Scrunching the fingers of her right hand into as tight a cone as possible, she slowly pushed her entire hand into Ella’s pussy. “I see I’m

not the only one capable of easily taking a fist.”

“We can all take two in the same hole fairly easily.” When no more slaps landed, Ella turned, sat up in the kneeling position and then pulled Alexis’ vulva towards her mouth. “I’m going eat you to orgasm so I suggest lying down so you don’t fall.”

“I thought you were going to give me a tour followed by a visit to Master’s dungeon? Speaking of Master, any idea when he’ll be home?”

“The only answer I can give is whenever he decides to come home. Sometimes he’s gone for a few hours, other times weeks. I hope it’s the former but if it’s the latter then by default I become the Mistress of the house until he returns.”

“So, he doesn’t tell you when he’s coming and going? I mean, I just talked to him yesterday and he said he’d be here to interview me for the position.

“You’re not the first member of staff he’s done this to and you won’t be the last. That being said, we’re still short a couple of maids so if you know anyone looking for a well-paying job with lots of benefits – kinky and otherwise, let them know and if they’re anything like you I’ll hire them on the spot.”

“I know several people looking for work right now, but none that are interested in being a sex slave.”

“What about the ones that did the gang bangs with you?”

“I mean, I can ask, but I wouldn’t get your hopes up. Speaking of asking, can you call and ask Master when he’ll be home?”

“Unfortunately, no. We’re only permitted to call him in case of emergency otherwise we’ll be disciplined for disturbing him. Which might not be all that bad for a pain Slut like yourself, but for those of us that don’t like to be used as a punching bag we try avoiding it at all costs.”

“There’s a huge difference between being used as a punching bag and enjoying pain. I am definitely not the former thank you very much. Speaking of pain Sluts, you didn’t cry out or even attempt to stop me biting you so does that mean you’re one as well?”

I have a high threshold but I've never once had an orgasm from it. Gina is a masochist but she prefers humiliation and being degraded over pain. I just got an idea. Get on all fours and follow me. And no talking or using anyone for any reason until I give you permission to do so is that understood? You may reply to this command."

"Yes Mistress." Wondering what craziness her fellow maid had in store for her, Alexis immediately got down on her hands and knees and followed Ella through the house and down into the basement where, through a door at the back of their Master's private bar she entered her first ever dungeon play room. Without saying a word of complaint or putting up even the slightest amount of resistance, she allowed herself to be restrained standing spread-eagle.

"I'll be right back, slave." And with that Ella turned and left Alexis alone to her very naughty thoughts.

While waiting for her Mistress to return, Alexis tested the restraints keeping her upright with arms and legs spread wide. Pulling against them as hard as she could, they would not budge. She was stuck and there was nothing she could do about it. On the one hand that was a good thing as it helped foster a feeling of helplessness, but on the other it was wrong on so many levels it was making her furious. So furious, in fact, that as soon as the door opened ten minutes later and Ella as well as the rest of the maids walked in she went off. “Mistress, before you say or do anything I just want to say what you did by leaving me hanging here unsupervised was by far one of the most reckless things you could have done. Sure, I’m fine this time, but what would you have done if you came back to me with a dislocated shoulder, or severe cramp or worse? I may be new to being a sex slave but not submission. You never, ever leave a restrained person alone for a second, let alone however the hell long you were gone. I may be new here, but if you or anyone else ever does this to me again It’ll be the last time.”

“You’re a masochist, you’d just orgasm from the pain,” Ella said as a way of deflecting the seriousness of what she had done.

“Being a masochist doesn’t mean I’ll put my health, safety or life in jeopardy, Mistress, and if that’s the attitude you’re going to take in regards to my training then you can untie me right now because I quit.”

“She’s right,” Samantha agreed with the bound Alexis. “You should never leave a restrained slave unattended. I mean, it’s in the fucking rules,” she added, throwing her right arm out to the side to point at a poster hanging on the wall with DUNGEON RULES written across the top. “And since this is all recorded there’s no denying your fault, Mistress. You will have to be disciplined before we start. But before that, are you honestly okay, Alexis?”

“I’m fine. The cuffs are tight enough to make it impossible for me to free myself but still loose enough to allow unrestricted circulation. I just wanted Mistress to understand the seriousness of her mistake and that I won’t put up with being treated like garbage because she thinks that’s what a masochist does.”

“Since you were the one she wrongs you’re the one that gets to administer her punishment so let me free you so that you may do so.”

“Um, what is the punishment for breaking the rules?”

“The rules are posted on the wall right over there and to the right of that is the list of disciplinary actions. I strongly suggest reading and memorizing both, but the seriousness of Mistress’ rules violation calls for one hundred swats of the cane to be administered eighty on the ass and twenty on the breasts,” Samantha explained. “Have you ever caned anyone before?”

“Several times.”

“Great. Just to get it out of the way so you know what to expect here in terms of discipline, after every swat the person being disciplined is to count the swat and then say thank you, Master or Mistress – whichever applies to the person doing the disciplining, not both, for teaching me this lesson. That is after odd swats counting the first. After even swats the count is followed by: ‘I’ll use it to become an even better slave for you.’ If they forget to count, give thanks or say anything other than the count and thanks including crying and complaining, five more swats will be added per infraction and the discipline won’t stop until the last swat has been delivered whether it’s ten or a thousand. Any questions?”

“No Ma’am. Well, not about what you just explained, but I’m curious how you discipline masochists that get off on pain.”

“Chastity,” Samantha answered. “It can take the form of piercings like Gina’s, or more likely a chastity belt which you won’t be able to remove save for using the toilet and showering for a number of days equal to the number of swats you would’ve received. I should mention we also use chastity bras to prevent pleasuring your nipples as well.”

“Damn! So, will I be getting disciplined for going off as I did when you guys walked in?”

“Absolutely not. You had every right to call out Mistress’ mistake and I for one am glad you did because it shows you’ve got your head on straight,” Samantha said as she released Alexis’ left ankle. Still kneeling, she leaned in and kissed her smooth mound and then her vulva. “I love a headstrong slave so I think we’re going to get along great.” Standing, she uncuffed the newest member of the

team's wrists and then checked them for any signs of potential bruising. Finding none, she smiled. "I don't think there'll be any bruising. The canes are over there," she said, pointing to a section of the left wall lined with canes, floggers, riding crops, slappers, paddles, belts, whips and cat o' nines. "Mistress, you know the position so assume it. And let this be a lesson to all of us that no one is above being punished for breaking the rules. Go ahead and get a cane while she gets in position. And remember to give her enough time between swats to count and give thanks."

Walking to the rows of punishment toys hanging on hooks, Alexis grabbed a rattan cane and gave it three hard swooshes to get a feel for it before putting it back and grabbing one made from mambo. Liking the weight and length of it more than the previous, she walked over to Ella whom was now bent at the waist with hands on the wall and legs together. "Mistress, I want you to know that I don't do this with any hatred or anger in my heart. I also want you to know that even if I wasn't a masochist I would get no pleasure from inflicting pain on another person. I do this because you broke the rules and that cannot go unpunished." Standing slightly behind and to the right of Ella's exposed heart-shaped ass, Alexis took aim, brought the cane back and then let it slice through the air.

This was not Ella's first punishment nor would it be her last. In true slave discipline, she took every swat with barely a grunt of impact. After the first eighty she turned and dropped onto her knees with hands clasped together behind her head for the last twenty. No matter how hard that thin length of wood landed, she counted and gave proper thanks without missing a beat. And when the last swat fell, she looked up into Alexis' eyes. "I'm sorry I left you restrained and alone," she apologized. "In my excitement to play with you, to give you a taste of what life here will be like, I forgot my own training. I promise it will never happen again, Mistress."

"Apology accepted. And now that that's over, what were you going to do to me before I so rudely interrupted, Mistress?" Alexis asked.

"We were going to introduce you to a game we like to call mark the masochist," Ella said as she stared at the wicked welts now covering her breasts. "Basically, we'll have one hour to mark you however we like in a non-permanent way. If you can make it to the end you'll get a prize. And if not you'll go into full chastity for a month."

“And what if I don’t want to spend an hour having pain inflicted on me, Mistress?”

“Then none of us will believe you’re actually a masochist, we’ll believe you to be a liar and you’ll spend three months in full chastity for refusing to play.”

“No need to get all excited, Mistress. I’m definitely a masochist and I’ll gladly play your game. I was just curious what happens if I say no. Also, I’m not going anywhere so there’s no need to restrain me. Unless you really want to that is. I won’t argue either way.” Looking down at the cane still in her right hand, Alexis grinned. “Looking up from Ella, she locked eyes with the redheaded Samantha. “If you’re going to spend an hour marking my body it’s only fair that I get a few swats in,” she said as she spun, landing the cane hard across the pale freckled skin of Samantha’s breasts.

“Ghaahhgghhh!” Samantha wailed as she jumped back in pain. “What the hell?”

“The rules are we get to use each other however we desire without needing to ask first, right?” Alexis said as she brought the cane in for another strike. Appearing to aim for the breasts again, she changed her target at the last moment and instead struck Samantha across the thighs and then spun on her heels to deliver the third to her naked and unprotected ass. “Well, If you’re going to spend an hour marking my body then the least I can do is get a few swats in.” Running across the dungeon, she grabbed another cane and then like a Tasmanian devil swung and spun her way through her fellow maids delivering swats to asses, backs, breasts, legs and bellies. “If you want to use me for your game then you’re going to have to get the canes away from me,” she said with a wicked smirk that told everyone in the room she meant business.

“I’m commanding you to put the canes down right now,” Ella sternly replied.

“You only get to use the Mistress card when actually training me, and since this is a game I don’t have to obey but nice try, Mistress.”

“If you don’t have to obey then why are you calling me Mistress?” Ella asked as she attempted to get close only to be rewarded with a swat to her left side that caused her to stop short.

“Out of respect, Mistress. Come on, are you telling me nine women can’t get a couple of canes away from one?” Adjusting to a more defensive posture, she

clocked every movement and waited. “Oh, and if I’m wrong about not needing to obey your commands right now please correct me.”

“No, you’re right,” Samantha replied. “That only applies to when she’s actually training one of us. Come on ladies, let’s just rush and overpower her. There’s no way she can take all of us on!”

“That’s the spirit,” Alexis laughed. “I might not be able to take all of you but I can take a few down with me!” Slowly backing up to put distance between them she circled behind a spanking bench where her left eye caught something interesting that she had only ever seen in porn. A battery powered branding gun. Nah, that’s too cruel, she thought as she resisted temptation.

“I thought you got no pleasure from inflicting pain on others?” Samantha said after receiving her fifth swat – this one to her inner right thigh.

“I don’t. But I do like games and seeing you all looking for an opening to take me down without getting caned is the funniest thing I’ve ever seen,” Alexis said as she twirled the canes around like flexible, pain-inducing extensions of her own body. “Let’s make it interesting,” she said as she moved from the cover of the spanking bench to a sex machine with two long metal rods sticking out of it that was the closest piece of equipment to the branding gun she saw only moments ago. “Every minute you fail to subdue me equals one day you all must spend in full chastity.” Tossing one of the canes behind her and far from the rest of the maids, she grabbed the branding gun and pulled the trigger.

“Oh hell no!” A petite, pregnant brunette named Janine exclaimed. “That’s just playing dirty!”

“You planning on branding us now?” Ella asked.

“Only one way to find out, Mistress,” Alexis said as she watched the tip – thin wires forming a triskelion, go from cold gray metal to orange and then red-hot in a matter of seconds. She really didn’t want to brand anyone, but it made for one hell of a shield against them rushing her. “I wonder how many days in chastity you’re all getting before the battery dies and you can come at me?”

“The batteries are always fully charge. It’ll last about an hour,” Samantha answered.

“So, you’d all rather spend two months in chastity than risk getting branded?” Looking from one maid to another, she grinned like a Cheshire cat.

No one moved a muscle for several minutes, but when the dungeon door swung open and a tall, imposing figure of a man with short black hair and neatly trimmed goatee wearing a tailored dark gray suit walked in they all dropped to their knees with heads bowed in submission.

“You must be Alexis,” Mr. Reynolds said. “I apologize for not being here to conduct your interview personally, but pressing business kept me away longer than intended. Now, would you like to explain what’s going on here?”

“Yes Master. Sorry, no one told me I had to kneel in your presence,” Alexis said as she got down on her knees. “Ella did the interview and hired me. After showing me to my room and introducing me to the rest of the staff she brought me down here and tied me up. She then left me alone for a bit and when they all came back to dominate me I sort of went off on how careless she was. Samantha agreed and said I was to give her – Ella, not Samantha, one hundred swats for breaking the rules. I did so and they were going to restrain me again for a game they call mark the masochist. Since we’re all allowed to use each other as we want without asking I was okay with that but thought it would be more interesting if I made them work for it so I grabbed another cane and started delivering swats. When it looked as if they were going to pounce I grabbed the branding gun to keep them at bay. The deal was one day of chastity for every minute they failed to subdue me, Master. Maybe three or four passed before you walked in and here we are.”

Looking down at the welts covering his head maid’s breasts,” Tomas smirked. “Is what she said true, Ella?”

“Yes Master.”

“Every word of it?”

“Yes Master.”

“I see.” Turning his attention back to Alexis, Tomas continued. “They did explain that by accepting the job you’re also accepting being trained as my sex slave, right?”

“Yes Master. I am yours to train however you see fit.”

“I think I’d like to see how this little game ends so I’m just going to have a seat and watch. As you were, slaves.”

Jumping to their feet, the nine maids rushed towards Alexis. Ella reached her first. Bending down to grab her, she suddenly reeled back wailing like a banshee as the red-hot tip of the branding iron pressed into her mound.

“MOTHERFUCKING GOD DAMN SON OF A BITCH! You branded me!”

“Sorry! I honestly didn’t want to but I’m also not just going to give up. Let that be a warning to you all,” Alexis said as she got to her feet. Carrie circled around to the right. Gina went left. Samantha rushed straight in but at the last second veered off. Cane swinging in her right hand, she made contact with Carrie’s inner left thigh. Carrie slammed her legs shut to trap the thin length of wood but the searing heat of the branding gun pressed against her right hip opened them back up as she dropped to her knees in tears. Alexis’ left arm was grabbed. Dropping the cane, she moved the branding gun to her free hand and then pressed it to Samantha’s left breast.

The damage done; Samantha gritted her teeth through the horrible pain as she moved in to strike. Balling her hand into a fist, everyone in the room thought she was going to deck Alexis across the face but instead she brought her fist up between the new maid’s legs and punched it right into her pussy to the wrist knocking the air from the surprised woman’s lungs. Seizing the opportunity, others moved in and grabbed the branding gun from Alexis’ hand. It was then taken by Ella who pressed it against Alexis’ right breast.

Overcome with the sensation of being fisted and the intense pain of being branded, Alexis dropped to her knees and then onto the floor writhing in pleasure as the orgasm tore through her like greased lightning.

“Fucking hell!” Samantha exclaimed. “Did you seriously just orgasm from being branded?”

“Mmm hmm,” Alexis purred. “And you all have about fifteen days in full chastity. Mmmm... I’m ready to play mark the masochist now.”

“Seeing as how you’ve been branded there will be no games until you’re healed. I don’t want any of you risking infection so that goes for everyone that’s been

branded. All slaves with the exception of Alexis will place themselves in full chastity for the next fifteen days which should be long enough for the brands to heal. Alexis, since yours is on your breast you'll join me in bed for the next two weeks so that I can breed you. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master, but..."

"No buts."

"Oh, I'm not going to argue with you Master. I absolutely want to join you in bed or wherever else you want to take me, but you need to know that I'm currently on birth control so there's little to no chance of you impregnating me for at least a few days so if there's anyone else you'd rather use until then you probably should. Unless you don't care to waste your sperm that is. If that's the case then please fuck me morning, noon and night, Master."

"Are you really that eager to please, slave?"

"Yes Master. As I told Ella this morning I'm new to being a sex slave but not submission and I'm sincerely looking forward to serving and being properly trained by you, Master."

"Well, I might not be able to breed you until the birth control pills have worked their way out of your system, but that's not going to stop me from trying. You'll join me in my bed every night until you're pregnant. Is that understood, slave?"

"Yes Master. May I ask a question?"

"You may."

"Thank you Master. I accepted the job and my new role as your sex slave but I had a life before this including an apartment I'll have to move out of. When will I be able to do that?"

"Since it'll be two weeks before you're able to play with any of them I'll give you that time to get everything in order but you are to return here no later than ten every night so that I can train and breed you. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master. Does that mean I won't be working for the next two weeks or do I have to do my work and pack up my old apartment at the same time?"

“You’ll have two weeks to take care of everything before your first shift begins.”

“Understood, Master.”

“Good. Now crawl your sexy ass over here and suck my cock, slave.”

“Gladly, Master.”

The next day...

Waking to the feeling of someone having sex with her, Alexis' fight or flight instinct kicked in. Pulling away from the strong hands holding onto her hips, she rolled off the bed, hands raised and balled into fists ready to strike. That was when she saw the bemused look on Tomas' handsome face. "S-Sorry Master. I'm still wrapping my head around the whole 'being used whenever anyone here feels like it and without permission' thing. I'm not accustomed to being woken up in such a manner but I promise I'll try to get used to it."

"What you displayed just now is a completely natural response to what happened," Alexis, and to be honest I'd be somewhat alarmed if you had just laid there and let me have sex with you."

"But I'm your sex slave, Master. I am yours to do with as you please whenever it pleases you to do so. By pulling away from you as I did I'm denying you the pleasure you seek and that cannot go unpunished."

"True, but you're also new to this life and the way things work around here so I won't hold it against you. For now. That being said, I really have to pee so..." Before he could finish his command his dick was in his newest slave's mouth. Tenderly caressing her right cheek as he stared into her eyes, he started to pee and she gulped it down. "Good girl. You know, it usually takes weeks, if not months of training for most submissives to drink their Master's piss so eagerly. Between you and me, not having to threaten discipline every other second is a welcomed change. I can only

"There's no need to hope, Master. I am your sex slave now and that means obeying every command without hesitation or complaint whether I like it or not. And that's exactly what I intend to do. Assuming you don't command me to do anything illegal that is. That being said, why don't you lie back and let me do all

the work?” Alexis said as she gently encouraged her Master onto his back. Straddling his hips, she lowered herself onto his manhood with a pleasure-filled moan. “Mmmm... I always imagined the man I married would father my children, but this is good too, Master. I just have one question before I shut up and ride your cock. Is it true that you take slaves on vacation to watch them having sex with animals?”

“It is and you’re at the top of the list for the next one, slave,” Tomas said as he gave the rings in Alexis’ nipples a hard tug. How does knowing you’ll be fucked by numerous animals in a few months make you feel, slave?”

“Honestly, Master? I find it absolutely revolting, but as your slave I can’t say no.”

“You can always find employment elsewhere, slave.”

“Nowhere with such interesting people, Master. Besides, I’m a masochist and while I get off more from the pain I do like to be humiliated and degraded and I can’t think of anything else that’ll do the trick. Just know that I’ll be looking into the claims of its legality before we go and if it isn’t legal I won’t be doing it.”

“I wouldn’t ask you to do anything illegal, Alexis. Now, less yapping and more riding.”

“Yes Master.”

∞ ∞ ∞

After their early morning breeding, Alexis joined her Master in the bathroom where he pumped another load into her before they ever stepped into the large five-headed shower where he bred her for a third time. Alexis did not know where he got his stamina from but she was loving every minute of his hard manhood planting her plowed fields with seed. As she dried him off afterwards, she had to ask a question that has been on her mind ever since she took the job. “Master, may I ask why you’re not married? It can’t be because you can’t find a woman into your perverse lifestyle, so why?”

“That’s a pretty personal question for someone that just met me to ask don’t you think, slave?”

“Sorry Master. I was just curious. I won’t ask again.”

“It’s okay, slave. To use a very crude metaphor: why buy the cow when the milk is free? Simply put, I’m a man of great wealth with no shortage of women ready and willing to obey my every perverse command, yourself included, so why would I ever want to risk losing everything I’ve spent a lifetime building? And to answer another question I’m sure you have, three-hundred-seventy-one. That’s how many women I’ve knocked up in the last twenty-odd years. Some more than once and some have had multiple birth pregnancies so I’ve got a lot of children out there.”

“HOLY HELL! How in the world can you support that many children? Nevermind. Please forget I asked, Master, as it’s none of my business.”

“No, it really isn’t, but so that you know I’m not a heartless bastard that wants nothing to do with his kids, I give every woman I impregnate a choice. They can keep in contact and allow me to be a part of our child’s life in which case I pay for all related medical bills and give them one million dollars to help take care of our child, or they can walk away with nothing. You’d be surprised how many prefer not to be associated with a man that keeps sex slaves.”

“Do you only impregnate your slaves, Master?”

“Only my slaves.”

“So, they were trained as your sex slaves and had your child but are too humiliated by that fact to let you be a part of their lives, Master?”

“Correct.”

“That makes absolutely no sense, Master. I mean, I get that it’s humiliating telling family and friends that you’re submissive, but who cares? The way I see it, if they can’t accept me for who and what I am then they don’t deserve to be a part of my life.”

“So all of your friends and every member of your family knows you’re a sex slave?”

“No, but they do know that I’ve at least dabbled with bdsm in the past. It was harder to accept for some than others, but in the end they realized they’d rather

have a kinky friend, daughter, sister and niece than no me at all.”

“That’s good because I now require all of my slaves to tell family and friends about what they do for me and I require that it be recorded as proof you actually told them. But first must be willing to sign NDA’s. And before they’re permitted to visit they must read and sign consent and waiver forms.”

“Consent and waiver forms, Master?”

“Everyone that visits is required to follow the rules and before you ask, no exceptions will be made for anyone unless they are mentally incapable of making the decision for themselves in which case they aren’t mentally capable of signing NDA’s and thus not privy to the information in the first place.”

“I understand, Master, but what exactly are the rules visitors must follow?”

“You can read them in the paperwork you’ll receive after breakfast. You’ll have one week to tell everyone you know. If you fail to do so you’ll be fired. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

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Dressed in uniform and ready to work, Alexis was greeted by several grumpy maids that looked as if they would rather be doing anything else. At first, she thought it might be due to their dildo panties being replaced with chastity belts and bras, but what the head maid herself said immediately correct that assumption.

“I just want you to know that thanks to you branding us we didn’t get an ounce of sleep last night,” Ella huffed.

“I’m sorry you didn’t get any sleep, but how is you running at me while I was holding a hot branding gun my fault exactly? And in case you forgot, I was branded last night as well.”

“Yeah, except you’re a masochist and probably had fifty orgasms from the pain.”

“Actually, I only had the one. That being said, I distinctly remember only

branding you, Samantha and Carrie so why do Gina, Janine, Michelle and Amanda look equally tired?"

"Because after Master took you to bed Ella got the brilliant idea of showing us just how much getting branded hurts," Gina answered.

"Wait, so you branded them, but somehow I'm the bad slave in all of this? That makes no sense at all. Anyways, Master is done breeding me for now so if you'd like to pick up where we left off yesterday I'd like to know exactly what my duties are please."

"You're a maid, your duties are to make sure Master's home is spotless," a very tired Ella snapped back. "Sorry, I get very grumpy when I don't get any sleep," Ella apologized. "And this damn chastity belt isn't helping. Come with me and I'll show you where you need to clean."

"So, you won't be needing another pair of hands in here?" Alexis joked as she watched the seven women half-heartedly cleaning the living room.

"No, no we will not. You're responsible for your own suite and doing your own laundry. And since you're Master's chosen breeding cow you're also responsible for cleaning his room and doing his laundry until he picks another favorite."

"Um, I don't think I'm his favorite."

"You're the one he's chosen to take to bed therefore you're his favorite. That's how it works around here so get used to it. Since you're the tenth maid currently on staff we reworked everything so that you can pick up some of the extra work the rest of us have been doing since the other three quit. You'll clean all of the unoccupied rooms between yours and Master's. You'll also help with the dishes three to four times per week. I say times and not days because we have to clean up after every meal. I've redone the list to add you. You're first time in the kitchen will be today after lunch. Oh, and I should point out that also includes the dining hall. Any questions?"

"Many, but about my duties I just need to know where the cleaning supplies are and if there's anything in particular Master wishes done. For instance, is there a certain way he prefers his bed to be made, or his clothes folded?"

"His bed is unmade far more than it's made so as long as it's presentable he

really doesn't care. As for his clothes, his suits are dry cleaned and as you'll see when you go into his closet, hung in order of color. The same goes for the regular clothes you'll be washing for him. Trust me, it isn't too hard to figure out where things go. Cleaning supplies can be found in the utility room off the kitchen. Make sure to put everything back where you found it or you'll be disciplined. As for cleaning, you'll dust everything from ceiling to floor. Carpeted floors will be vacuumed, hardwood will be mopped. Master likes his home neat and white glove clean so make sure you do it right or you'll be disciplined. And yes, your work will be tested with a white glove."

"By you?"

"By a random maid selected by a computer program. Your name has already been added to the list but you won't start testing others' work until next week when the new list is generated. Any questions?"

"Do I have permission to open all the doors between mine and Master's to see which ones are unoccupied? And if not then how do I determine which ones are?"

"You have permission to use us all whenever you like morning, noon and night so you have blanket permission to enter any and all rooms. Just know that there are multiple motion-activated cameras in every room including yours."

Hiking her spanking dress up over her hips, Alexis grinned. "I'm in need of a toilet." To her surprise, Ella got down on her knees and put her mouth over her vulva without so much as a hint of complaint. And a beat later the salty fluid was warming its way to her belly. "Save the last mouthful so we can share it with a kiss. And for what it's worth, I really am sorry the brand is causing you so much discomfort, but I think it looks really hot... pun intended."

Resisting her natural urge to swallow, Ella kept the last mouthful of pee in her mouth. Getting to her feet, she kissed Alexis on the lips. The pee was swapped back and forth several times before they each swallowed. "It's okay," Ella sighed. "Honestly, I'm surprised it took this long to happen."

"Why does Master even own a branding gun?"

"Because he's had the rare slave like yourself that gets off to the pain and humiliation. That being said, other than being a toilet for whomever needs to go,

with the exception of breaks you're not permitted to use us and we're not permitted to use you during normal working hours which for us is eight to six on whatever days you're scheduled to work. Speaking of which, I've got to get back to mine. If you have anymore questions don't hesitate to ask any of us."

"Thank you." Suddenly remembering the conversation she had with their Master the night before, Alexis facepalmed. "Oh god! You're so going to hate me. I just remembered Master gave me two weeks to take care of my old place and get myself fully moved in here."

"I see. Well, it would've been nice for him to tell me before I redid everything."

"I am so sorry."

"It's not your fault. Master really should've informed me last night before I redid everything. Between you and me, it's times like these I wish he could be disciplined for his mistakes."

"Maybe he can be," Alexis mused. "He did tell me this morning that everyone is required to follow the rules and he didn't exclude himself. Um, he also said I'd be getting some paperwork to give to my family and friends. I assume I'm to get that from you?"

"I'm fairly certain the whole Master/slave aspect of our employment precludes him by default. As for the paperwork, follow me. How many copies will you need?"

"Well, I have to tell all of my friends and family members so..." Tallying up everyone she thought important enough to tell, or at least those at least eighteen years of age or older, she continued. "Fifty-three copies should do it."

"Fifty-three?"

"All of my friends and family members. I'm assuming I only have to tell those at least eighteen years old. If it's everyone no matter the age then I'm going to need a whole lot more."

"I think it's more for immediate family."

"Master said my entire family and I don't want to risk being wrong so I'm telling

aunts, uncles, cousins, everyone I can get ahold of in the next week he's given me to do it."

"Fair enough. Fifty-three copies it is. Just remember that they must sign the NDA first."

"I understand. And it'll be recorded as Master requested," Alexis said as she followed Ella to their Master's office on the opposite side of the house. "So, what does Master do with all those recordings anyways?"

"What do you think he does with them? The boring, everyday stuff gets deleted and all the juicy bits are sold as porn. Master makes millions off of us every year."

"I see."

"If that's going to be a problem I suggest quitting now."

"If I had a problem I would've stopped at the word slave."

"Fair enough."

"I assume part of the waivers family and friends must sign to visit is about the videos being sold?"

"You assume correctly."

"Do a lot of family and friends actually visit?"

"Surprisingly quite a few. Some come because they know this is the only place they can be dominated without being judged by everyone else they know, other come because they love us no matter what and the risk of being subjected to perverse sex is just the price of admissions so to speak. Master says guests don't have to submit, but the wording of the consent and waiver forms makes it clear that they do."

"So, they'll be trained as sex slaves?"

"Trained? No. Used as? Absolutely. Remember, by signing everything and visiting they're offering themselves up for use just as if they worked for Master."

And since your family and friends will be new blood so to speak, I can guarantee they'll be used in one way, shape or form."

"And that's why I don't think I'll be getting many visitors," Alexis sighed as she entered their Master's large office.

"Didn't you tell me at least a few friends did gang bangs with you? I wouldn't count everyone out just yet and even those that refuse to sign might come around once they see how serious you are about being a sex slave."

"That'll be nice but I'm not holding my breath. I mean, being submissive is one thing and as I told Master this morning everyone I know accepts me for the things I've done, but there's something about the words sex and slave that make even the most open-minded cringe."

"Bit of advice? Set the bar of expectations very low. That way, if even one person comes and visits you win."

Sending texts to her friends and those family members living in a relatively short distance, Alexis went to the UPS Store and bought up a huge stack of boxes, tape and bubble wrap in preparation of the move. With time to spare before the first guests began arriving, she also stopped off at the post office to put in a change of address. Despite everything that had happened in the last thirty or so hours, it was only when she was driving home that her new reality hit her like a speeding train. OH MY FUCKING GOD, I'M A SEX SLAVE!" she mentally exclaimed. I don't know what's crazier; that, or the fact I'm about to set up my family and friends to be the same. God, I hope they don't disown me for this. I hope at least a few try it themselves. How fucking hot would it be for them to move in and work for Master? To also be his sex slaves. His breeding cows. Who the hell am I kidding? There's no way any of them will ever go that far. Hell, I'll be lucky if I can convince them to sign the NDA's.

The first guest arrived a little after three. Having a very slow work day, her parents closed down their bakery early to see what their daughter had to tell them. Unfortunately, other than some small talk about their day, she was not giving anything away. Like everyone else, they would have to wait. As did her Aunt Sandy and Uncle Ron who arrived next. More family and friends trickled into her rapidly filling apartment. An hour in and she realized the mistake she had made in holding the impromptu meeting at her place. With her parents' permission, she sent out another string of text asking everyone to meet there instead as their nine-acre fenced in yard would provide more than enough room for everyone. Also with her parents' permission Alexis stopped off at the grocery store to pick up a few things to make it a backyard BBQ.

Her laptop and three webcams set up to record everything, Alexis called for everyone's attention. Family and friends stopped conversing with each other and turned towards the back deck where Alexis stood looking nervously excited. "First, I want to thank you all for showing up on such short notice to hear what I have to say. Under normal circumstances I would've sent text or talked to you individually, but I've been given very clear instructions that I must follow to the letter. That being said," she went on as she picked up the folder containing the non-disclosure agreements "what I have to say is so secretive that I must ask you

all to sign an NDA before I proceed. Anyone not willing to sign may leave now as you are not privy to the information otherwise.”

“An NDA?” her mother said with raised brow. “You’re kidding, right?”

“I’ve never been more serious in my life, mom. I know it’s a lot to ask, but as I said, I’ve been given very clear instructions that I must follow so please, read and sign the form and I can tell you the biggest news of my life.”

Her best friend Michaela – a twenty-five-year-old caramel-skinned woman with shoulder length curly black hair, light brown eyes and full lips, was the first to step out of the crowd and up onto the deck. “I don’t know what this is all about but if you’re asking us to sign an NDA it must be good,” she said, taking one of the documents from her best friend. After reading it over twice, she turned to everyone down in the yard. “It seems pretty standard. It basically just says we’re forbidden from ever speaking about what she tells us here tonight to anyone not currently present on penalty of lawsuit seeking no less than fifty thousand dollars in damages.” And with that, she grabbed a pen and signed.

“Fifty thousand dollars?” Her Aunt Wanda scoffed. “Seriously? You’d sue your own family and friends?”

“For breaking the NDA? In a heartbeat,” Alexis answered without hesitation. “The choice is yours. Sign and stay, or refuse and leave.”

“This isn’t your house so I don’t think you have the...”

“She’s our daughter and she has every right to ask you to leave,” Laura said in her daughter’s defense as she and Ryan – her husband of twenty-nine years, walked up onto the deck.

Natasha – Alexis’ twenty-year-old sister, and Brian, their twenty-three-year-old brother were followed by their eighteen-year-old sister Zoe. The train put into motion, family and friends rapidly joined. Documents were read, signatures were signed in black ink. Although some grumbled and complained, everyone wanted to know what Alexis had to say.

After going over every page to ensure everyone actually signed, Alexis placed the NDA’s back in the folder. “I’ll make copies for you all after I give you the news,” she addressed her eagerly waiting family and friends. “Which I can now

tell you. As you all know, I've spent the last five years working as a maid for a number of clients. You also know that I have, on rare occasion, given in to sexual temptation. I've done gang bangs. I've been fisted, I've submitted to men and women alike and I've made no attempt to hide this from any of you because I don't like secrets."

"Says the woman that just made us sign NDA's," her Aunt Wanda interrupted.

"Not by my choosing. I was recently contacted by someone looking for a live-in maid and yesterday I went in for an interview. Now, normally I would never take such a position, but the pay and benefits are way too good to pass up so I accepted and was hired on. To that end, I'll be moving out of my apartment and into the client's house over the course of the next two weeks. But that's not why you had to sign. The reason for the NDA, is because I'm not just the client's maid. Part of the job and the reason the pay is so incredibly high is that I must also allow him to train me as his sex slave." Up until now there were soft murmurs here and there, but as soon as those two taboo words were spoken silence fell. "I know how it sounds, but after spending the night with my new Master and the rest of the staff I can honestly say I'm in the best of hands."

"Sex slave?" her father exclaimed. "You're telling us you're a sex slave?"

"I am. And before you go off the handles telling me how screwed in the head I am, it's no different than being submissive. Okay, there are some differences, but you know what I mean. Which brings me to my next point. I'll be living with my new Master and the rest of the staff from now on and he has some very strict rules concerning guests. I'm allowed to have them. In fact, you're free to visit anytime you like."

"I sense a really big but coming, "her best friend Michaela said.

"Due to the nature of his household, Master requires anyone wishing to visit to sign several consent and waiver forms as well as another NDA," Alexis continued. "To put it bluntly, his employees may use each other however they like without permission and he asks the same level of openness with anyone visiting."

"WHOA! What the hell do you mean used without permission?" her mother asked.

“I mean just that. If Master or one of the other staff wishes to use me sexually they can just do it and if I want to use them then I’m also free to do so without asking first. The same applies to guests. For instance, if you dropped by for a visit and the other nine maids all wanted to do a lesbian gang bang with you, you’d have to let them. Of course, you’re always free to leave, but if you do then you’ll have to be disciplined upon your next visit. Five such refusals to follow the rules and you’ll be permanently banned from ever stepping foot on his property again.”

“Jesus Christ!” Zoe gasped. “You’re basically telling us we have to be sex slaves to visit you?”

“Not at all. Being a sex slave requires a very specific mindset and years of training. What Master is asking is that all visitors be open-minded enough to enjoy sex in all its wonderful and varied forms and to give yourselves freely to the pleasures his slaves can offer. That being said, let me ease your worries by saying nothing illegal will happen. He isn’t going to command me to have sex with family and family will not be required nor permitted to have sex with me. If you never want to visit me there, that’s your choice to make and I won’t hold it against you. But for those of you that are open-minded enough to let go of your inhibitions I have another folder here containing all of the necessary documents. And if you have any questions please feel free to ask.”

“Who the hell is this client?” her father asked with a tone that said he was ready to hunt him down.

“His name is Master Tomas Reynolds. And before you do anything stupid, don’t. I’m his very willing and obedient sex slave and will testify as such if need be. I am not being forced into this even in the slightest as the cameras hidden all over his house and the ones recording this meeting will attest.

“I’ll sign them,” Zoe said.

“You’ll do no such thing!” her father stated matter of fact.

“I’m eighteen, dad, you can’t tell me what to do anymore.”

“I can if you’re living under my roof.”

“Master is down two maids if you’re looking for a place to live for free on top of

a really high-paying job,” Alexis said, giving her parents a wicked grin.

“Um, I don’t think I want to be trained as a sex slave,” her youngest sister replied. “I’m only signing because it’s the only way I’ll be able to come visit. But just out of curiosity, how high-paying are we talking?”

Leaning in, Alexis whispered into her sister’s ear so that only she could hear. “The job starts out at one-fifty a year plus all kinds of benefits and goes up at least ten percent a year after.”

“Holy shit! Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

“I’d be able to pay for college in like a year with money left over!”

“It’s a lot of money but entering into a life of sexual slavery isn’t something that should be taken lightly.”

“One sex slave in this family is enough,” their mother said. “You are not going to work for that man and that’s final!”

“Um, I’m eighteen, mom. Like I told dad, you can’t control my life anymore.” Irritated her parents were making a spectacle in front of everyone, Zoe, turned back to her older sister. “So, how exactly do I get a job where you work?”

“After we’re finished here I’ll take you to talk to my Master. Just remember, you can’t tell any of your friends any of this unless they too sign NDA’s.”

“If he doesn’t hire me I’m never going to live this down so, um, what are the chances he’ll actually give me a job?”

“Pretty fucking high if I’m being honest.” Taking her sister aside so that they could talk in private, Alexis continued. “Here’s the thing, sis. Master loves breeding women and if you work for him he will impregnate you.”

“Oh my god! Is... is he... breeding you?”

“He started pretty much as soon as we met yesterday.”

“Wow! And you’re okay with him using you like that?”

“A sex slave has no say over what her owner does to her body, Zoe. If you cannot come to terms with that not so simple fact then please don’t apply because you’ll just end up quitting and that won’t look good on either of us.”

“And you’re okay with the same man impregnating us both?”

“I see nothing wrong with it. The question is, are you okay with it?”

“Honestly? This is a lot to take in. Maybe I should just come visit you tonight and see how that goes first.”

“Just remember, by visiting you agree to let him and everyone else working and living there use you however they want without needing to ask permission first. Well, everyone but me that is. So, if Master rips your clothes off and fucks you up the ass, you’ll take it with a smile. If one of the maids or other members of staff want you to eat them out you won’t stop wagging your tongue until you’re gulping down their orgasm. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Perfectly.”

“Then if you’re serious about visiting all you have to do is sign the necessary paperwork and then you can follow me back when I go home this evening.”

“And you’re certain no one is going to make us have sex with each other?”

“They will not make us do anything illegal.”

“Then give me the papers to sign.” Leaning in, Zoe whispered into her sister’s ear. “Between you and me, I’d fuck you in a heartbeat. I just thought you deserved to know that.”

Smiling, Alexis whispered back “Between you and me, I’d let you. And do you know why?”

Zoe nervously shook her head no.

“Because I love you and sex slaves have no limits whatsoever. Our sole purpose in life is to obey our owner’s every command and fulfill his every desire without

hesitation or complaint whether we like it or not. If you can do that then you can come visit and ask for a job. If not, then you should probably just stick to visiting or meeting somewhere not on Master's property."

"Can I tell you a secret?"

"Of course."

"I've sucked Jordan's cock about a hundred times now and am pretty good at deepthroating if I do say so myself, but I'm actually still a virgin and all this talk of becoming a sex slave is kind of turning me on."

"First, that's fucking hot. And second, you need to ask yourself if becoming a sex slave is worth losing your boyfriend and potentially every friend you have."

"Your friends seemed to accept you."

"True, but the same cannot be said for everyone. I don't doubt your friends will stick by your side no matter what, but you need to be prepared for if they won't."

"I understand." Taking a step back, Zoe slowly exhaled. "Give me the paperwork and I'll sign."

Smiling, Alexis resisted the urge to pull her sister in for a kiss. Instead, she watched her walk back towards the rest of the party wondering if encouraging her was the right choice.

Zoe, Natasha, Brian, their parents, two aunts, five uncles and a dozen nieces and nephews as well as all of Alexis' friends signed the paperwork required to visit her at Master Tomas Reynolds' home if only to be courteous, but several made it abundantly clear they would most likely never step foot on the property under any circumstances.

Arriving just after 9 o'clock, Alexis got out of her car and walked up to her sister's before Zoe could get out. "This is your last chance to leave before offering yourself up to the sexual perversions of all those within. I'm serious, sis, if you go in with me you will be fucked by Master and at least a dozen women. You will be humiliated, degraded and made to perform perversions you can't even imagine."

"Did you run away when they used you for the first time?"

"No, but I already had a very healthy sex life that included submission." It was then a familiar car pulled into the driveway. "I need to go give Michaela the same warning so please just sit tight until I get back and if you're hell bent on losing your virginity in the kinkiest way possible we'll go in together." And with that, Alexis walked back to her best friend's car and gave her the same spiel. Not surprisingly, sibling and friend got out and followed her inside where they were greeted by Master Tomas, Ella, Carrie and Samantha.

"Glad to see you made it back in time, slave," Tomas said. "And you brought company."

"Yes Master."

"Holy shit, it's true!" Zoe exclaimed. "You're really his sex slave?"

"I am. Master, this is my sister Zoe and my best friend Michaela. They both know exactly what can happen to them here and have signed all relevant paperwork to that effect. I should also point out that before coming over, my sister informed me that she's still a virgin but can suck a mean cock."

“Is that so?” Tomas smirked.

“Y-Yes Master,” Zoe replied, only calling him such because of the rules.

“Well, don’t just stand there, let’s see what you can do,” Tomas said as he spread his legs.

Suddenly incredibly nervous, Zoe looked to her sister for guidance.

“Don’t look at me. I warned you this would happen and you insisted on coming so do as Master commands or go home. As for you,” Alexis said, turning to her best friend, “all of the maids are in chastity for the next fifteen days so it looks like I’ll have you all to myself.” Taking two steps forward, she grabbed the hem of Michaela’s tee shirt and yanked it up and off. She then pushed the shocked woman’s bra up so that her firm 38C’s popped free before reaching back to unhook the garment.

“Jesus Christ! You weren’t kidding about that either were you?” Michaela gasped.

“I would never kid about something like this. We’re going to sixty-nine and we’re not stopping until you give me at least five orgasms. Is that understood?”

“Only five? That shouldn’t take more than half an hour.”

Getting on her knees between Tomas’ spread legs, Zoe nervously unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Pulling them and his boxers down, her eyes went wide at the sight of his large cock. “Oh damn! You’re much bigger than my boyfriend,” she said, not taking her eyes off of it until leaning in and sucking the bulbous head into her mouth. Looking up, she made eye contact as her head bobbed up and down the full, growing length of his shaft. When it hit the back of her throat, she relaxed that pesky gag reflex and swallowed it deeper. He moaned his satisfaction and she continued sucking.

“Master, so that things don’t get weird do you mind if I take Michaela to my room?”

“You may. And if your sister can get me off in the next ten minutes she’ll be spending the night in my bed.”

“Yes Master. Oh, before we forget, she actually wanted to see about filling one of those vacant maid positions. Come on, babe, let’s go have some fun.”

“After you,” Michaela grinned.

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Hearing that she would be spending the night in Tomas’ bed filled Zoe with a mix of conflicting emotions. “I understand and fully accept everything that might happen to me while I’m here, Master, but I really am a virgin so if you could please go easy on me for my first time I’d greatly appreciate it.” Licking along his throbbing shaft, she sucked his balls into her mouth.

Looking up at Ella, Tomas mouthed the words: branding gun. Property of Master Tomas. She nodded and then left the living room. “So, you accept everything that’ll happen to you while visiting?”

“Yes Master.”

“What if I commanded my slaves to tie you up and ram their fists in your virgin pussy and asshole? Would you accept that?”

“Well, I’d be tied up so I’d have no choice but to accept it, Master. I can only hope you’re not so cruel as to do that to me especially since it would most likely end with me at the hospital explaining to the doctors how I came to be there.”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head off, Zoe was it?”

“Yes Master.”

“I’m a bit of a sadist but I’m not a monster. Now suck my cock and don’t stop no matter what happens. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

“I’m serious, Zoe. If you stop before I give you permission to do so you’ll be disciplined.”

“Yes Master.” Butterflies swarming her stomach, Zoe sucked Tomas’ cock back into her mouth and down her throat – using the latter’s muscles to massage him

as her head bounced up and down.

All it took was three minutes for Tomas to nearly reach the point of no return. Holding off as long as he could, he watched Ella approaching with the branding gun, tip blazing red-hot. He nodded. Walking up behind the kneeling young woman, Ella pressed the tip of the branding gun against the flesh of her right ass cheek. Unlike her sister who would've instantly gushed in orgasm, Zoe was not a masochist. And despite her promise not to stop sucking no matter what happened, she reeled back screaming in agony.

"W-W-What the fuck?" Zoe winced as she looked back at her ass. "You branded me!"

Hearing her younger sister screaming bloody murder, Alexis rolled off of her best friend, jumped to her feet and sprinted to the living room to see her sister twisted around so far she wondered how her back wasn't broken, and Ella with branding gun in hand. Giving Ella the evil eye, she walked over to her sister. "Are you okay?"

"No I'm not okay! She branded me!" Zoe screeched. It was then she saw the very raw brand of a triskelion on her sister's breast. "Jesus Christ! Did she brand you too?"

"Actually, I branded her and several other slaves before Samantha over there got the gun and branded me," Alexis explained. "Why did you brand her? Not that I'm mad or anything because she knew what she was getting into. I'm just curious."

"I told her to do it," Tomas answered. "Ella, brand Alexis and her friend's ass to match Zoe's."

"Yes Master."

Knowing it was futile to argue, Alexis stood in front of a wall, placed her hands on it and then stepped back until her chest was parallel to the floor.

"Oh my god!" Zoe exclaimed. "You're just going to let her do it?"

"Master commands and I obey. Now do you understand what it means to be a sex slave, sis?"

“Y-Yes.”

More prepared for the incoming pain than her sister, Alexis took the brand on her ass with little more than a grunt that turned into a moan as the juices gushed from her like a river through a broken damn.

“So, you want a job, huh? You want to keep my house clean while learning to be your best slave self?” Tomas asked Zoe. “If you do then get on the floor head down and ass up so that I can breed you.”

Zoe looked from Tomas to her sister. “Mom and dad are going to kill me for this, but I’m marked as his property so…” And with that, Zoe got into position for her new Master.”

“They’ll have to come here to do it which means subjecting themselves to the same treatment,” Alexis replied. “Master, does this mean you won’t be breeding me tonight?”

“Zoe, are you on birth control?”

“I’ve never had sex before, Master, so, no, I am not on birth control of any kind.”

“Then you’ll join me in bed until you’re carrying my child. Is that understood?”

“Does this mean you’re hiring me, Master?”

“It does.”

“Then I completely understand, Master. Before you take my virginity there’s something I need to do first.” Hopping to her feet, Zoe snatched the branding gun from Ella’s hands, spun it around, pulled the trigger and pressed it hard into the unprepared slave’s left hip just below the strap of the chastity belt. “There, now we’re even.” Giving her sister a wink, she got down on the floor and as soon as she felt the head of her Master’s cock sliding along her vulva, she pushed back, taking him completely. “Mmmm!” she purred. “My parents might kill me for becoming a sex slave like my sister, but at least I’ll die happy.”

“No fair, Master. They’ve been branded so why do they get to have sex?” Ella complained.

“Because I make the rules and fully intend to breed all three of the little sluts,” Tomas replied. “And for questioning my authority you’ll spend an extra month in chastity. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.” Sulking, Ella followed Alexis to her room to brand Michaela as commanded.

“Before you run in there branding gun blazing please let me talk to her first,” Alexis said as she led the way. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to stop you from obeying Master’s command, but the least you can do is let me explain what’s going to happen and get her into position for you to do it.”

“I’ll give you thirty seconds and then I’m branding her ass.”

Or I could just take the gun from you and do it myself once she’s okay with it.”

“Okay with it? Like us she’s nothing more than a sex slave. Liking it doesn’t play into the equation, Alexis. Master said to brand her ass and that’s exactly what I’m going to do.”

“Look, I get it, you’re pissed that I branded you, and you’ve got orders to follow, but Master never said you had to rush in and do it immediately. Let me talk to her first.”

“No.”

Biting her tongue, Alexis quickened her pace by half a step. Then a full one. Reaching her bedroom several feet ahead of Ella, she closed and locked the door. “Okay, listen up because we don’t have a lot of time. The screaming you heard was Zoe being branded Master’s property,” Alexis explained. “Turning, she showed her own freshly branded butt cheek. “Master commanded Ella to brand me and you the same way. I know you don’t want to be branded, but you agreed to follow the rules so please get on the floor head down and ass up so that she can do it and you aren’t forced to leave.”

“Jesus Christ! Are you being serious?”

After wiggling the knob, Ella knocked. “You can’t hide in there forever, slave. Master gave me a command and you know that I must obey it. I’m sorry, Michaela, but I must brand your ass. You can accept the inevitable and get it

over with, or you can refuse and leave. Your choice.”

Michaela sighed. “You warned us to many times to blame anyone but myself for this.” Getting up off the bed, she walked over and opened the door. “Just let me get into position first.” Taking two big steps back she turned around, got down on her knees and then put her head on folded arms while at the same time raising her ass. “Go ahead, do as your Master commanded. Brand me.”

“Fucking hell!” Ella exclaimed. “Are you a masochist too?”

“Not in the slightest, but I love Alexis more than anything in the world. She warned me I’d be subjected to every perversion under the sun and then some and I chose to ignore her and come visit anyways. Same with Zoe. I don’t want to be branded, but I’m also not going to fight it.”

“Spoken like a true sex slave.” Pulling the trigger, Ella waited the few seconds it took for the branding gun to reach temperature before aiming and then pressing it into Michaela’s right ass cheek. As expected, Michaela yelped and let out a string of curse words. “Thank you for not making me argue and fight. I’d ask to join the two of you but Master had forbidden me having sex for the next six weeks. Please try to enjoy the rest of your stay.”

“Thank you for accepting it,” Alexis said to her best friend. If it makes you feel any she branded me and Zoe a few minutes ago. Now, stay right where you are and I’ll try making you feel better.” Kneeling, Alexis leaned in and licked her best friend’s pussy.”

“What did she brand me with?” Michaela groaned.

“It says property of Master Tomas. You know, Zoe was offered and accepted the job. You should consider filling the other position.”

“And be trained as a sex slave?”

“I mean, you’re already marked as one so why not? And if that isn’t incentive enough how’s a hundred and fifty grand a year plus benefits?”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. Plus free room and board in a suite just like this.”

“Um, what about my kids?”

“That’s something you’ll have to discuss with Master.”

“If I can’t have them here then there’s no way I’m taking the job.”

“I’m sure he wouldn’t separate you from your kids. Anyways, it’s something to think about while I pleasure you.” Leaning back in, Alexis sucked her best friend’s hooded clit hoping beyond reason that she would accept the job if only to have someone else to share her new lifestyle with. Someone that was not her sister. Someone she loved and could make love to. Someone she could happily spend the rest of her life with. “Michaela, what would you say if I asked you to marry me?”

“I’d say yes,” Michaela said without hesitation. “But only if Master doesn’t try separating me from my kids.”

Jumping to her feet, Alexis pulled her best friend up and then practically dragged her out of the bedroom, down several hallways and into the living room where they saw Master Tomas fucking Zoe who was now eating out Samantha.

“Master, sorry to interrupt but I have a very important question. If Michaela took the other maid position would she be able to move in here with her kids?”

“Sure, what do you think the houses out back are for?” Tomas answered.

“Houses out back, Master?” Alexis asked. This was only her second day on the property, but in all that time she never once looked out a window onto the back lawn.

“Master has around sixty houses sitting on more than four hundred acres of property,” Ella explained. “Those of us that keep our kids live in one of the houses.”

“I see. So, once you’ve bred me and Zoe we’ll be moved into one of the houses, Master?”

“That’s right.”

“Thank you Master. That’s all I needed to know. So, um, about that proposal...”

“I said yes didn’t I?” Michaela grinned. “Honestly, I’m surprised it took you this long. Oh, and Master, I’d like the job if you’re still hiring.”

“See, Ella, I told you it wouldn’t take long to fill the vacancies,” Tomas said. “You’re hired. Ella will see to the paperwork in the morning. And now that I’ve got three fresh cows to breed I’ll have you in the morning. Alexis, you’ll be my afternoon fuck and sexy little Zoe here will come to bed with me every night until she’s carrying my child. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master,” the three new slaves said in unison.

“Mom and dad are totally going to blow a gasket when they hear about this, but I honestly don’t care anymore,” Zoe purred as she felt her Master’s cock throbbing inside of her. “I never imagined it possible but I think this is what I was born for.” Looking back over her shoulder, she smiled up at the man she just met. The man that had taken her virginity, gave her a job and promised to turn her into her best self. “Please breed me, Master.”

“Come on, babe, let’s go back to my room and fuck each other silly,” Alexis said as she squeezed her fiancé’s hand in her own.”

“One sec. Master, I understand that Ella isn’t permitted to have sex for like the next six weeks, but do you think you could make an exception so that she can join me and Alexis?”

“Sure, all you have to do is let me do to you what I did to Carrie and Gina,” Tomas said with a nod towards each woman.

Seeing the tattoo on Carrie’s mound and the tunnels running along each of Gina’s outer labia, Michaela audibly gulped. “Well, seeing as how I’ll be trained as a sex slave and have basically offered myself up to be used however any of you see fit, Master, there’s nothing preventing you from doing it anyways so I might as well do it and get it over with. Allow her to spend the night in our bed for as long as we wish to share it with her and I’ll get the tattoo and piercings.”

“Holy shit, babe!” Alexis gasped. “Are you sure you want to go through that kind of pain?”

“No, but like I said, there’s nothing stopping him from doing it to any of us so why not do it on my terms?”

“I accept your offer,” Tomas said. “Ella, as of right now you belong to Alexis and Michaela. You’re their sex slave and they your Mistresses. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“You all still belong to me so don’t go getting any funny ideas.”

“Thank you for the amazing gift, Master,” Alexis replied. “Come on, slave, let’s go to bed.”

“Yes Mistress,” Ella replied. “I don’t know why you’d want to share a bed with me after what I just did to you, but thank you.”

“You were only following your Master’s command,” Michaela answered. “I don’t hold it against you. Now get on all fours and crawl behind us like the sexy bitch that you are. I hope you like being a petgirl because that’s what we’re going to train you to be.”

“I’m very well versed in being a petgirl, Mistress.”

“They’ve all had sex with actual dogs,” Alexis said loud enough for everyone including her sister to hear. “And sooner or later we’ll experience the same.”

“I’m taking all three of you with me to New Mexico next month,” Tomas said as he unloaded deep inside of Zoe.

“I’m not even going to ask if you’re being serious right now,” Zoe moaned. “Interesting choice New Mexico. It’s almost as if you know what states it’s actually legal in.”

“He does know what states it’s legal in,” Alexis said. “But how in the hell do you know that?”

“Long story short? My friend Amy went to New Mexico because she said it was legal for her to have sex with animals there. I didn’t believe her, of course, so I looked it up and sure enough it is. As are a few other states. I watched her doing it on webcam and honestly, I’ve been dying to try it myself but didn’t want to lose my virginity to an animal. I guess since I’m a sex slave now I might as well also tell you that I’ve been drinking my own pee for like the last five months, I

love stretching my nipples and inner labia with weighted clamps which is why my pussy lips are so meaty and long, and even though I was a given until a little bit ago, I absolutely love any and all forms of public sex.”

“All good things to know,” Tomas said. “Samantha, you’ve been asking for a let, well, now you’ve got one. Zoe, from now on you’ll dress in whatever animal outfit Samantha desires and you’ll allow her to take you on long walks dressed as such. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

“You will also eat and drink from bowls and, well, basically learn to live life as a petgirl.”

“Yes Master.”

“Well, this evening took an interesting twist,” Alexis said. “Come on babe, lets go play with our new slave.”

“After you, babe.”

Getting down on all fours, Ella gave her Master a long look before following her new Mistresses towards a night of blissful, sexual ecstasy.