

MILLIONAIRE MISTRESSES # 2

MAZE OF
SUBMISSION

Crimson Rose

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The ad was about as vague as an Ikea instruction manual, but the promise of excellent pay and free room and board was just too good of an opportunity not to at least look into. Especially for a recent college graduate with a degree that would never see use looking to get out of her parent's attic and out on her own. Based on the lack of details I am not sure what I was expecting, but it certainly was not what I pulled into.

Lining either side of the long, arrow-straight driveway was a three foot tall red brick wall with a taller five foot section about every thirty feet or so that was topped with a fancy light. Beyond that and to the left were topiaries that gave the impression I was driving through a zoo. Furthest away was a family of meticulously sculpted elephants and then there was a waddle of penguins and about half a dozen or so monkeys with a pair of giraffes eating from the limbs of a tree finishing off the display. It was the same to the right only with the more dangerous animals such as lions, tigers and bears.

Four hundred feet in and the brick wall made a ninety degree turn left and right while the driveway continued on another hundred feet and circled around a huge fountain with seven mermaids sitting around the base, heads tilted back in an almost erotic pose as water sprayed down on them from above. Shaking my head in disbelief, I parked to the right and got out of the car feeling incredibly out of place. Giving the door a light knock in the hopes no one would answer and I could be on my way, I was only marginally disappointed when it opened and I was greeted by an older man dressed in a finely tailored suit.

"May I help you young lady?"

"I'll take it," I blurted out, sound like a complete idiot.

"And what exactly will you be taking?"

"Sorry, this place is pretty overwhelming and it has me all flustered. I'm here about the job if it's still available."

"Of course. And may I ask who you are?"

“My name is Kathryn Saunders.”

“Please come in Miss Saunders and I’ll take you directly to see Madam Marshall.”

“Can I ask what the job is? The ad wasn’t very helpful.”

“Madam Marshall will be able to answer all of your questions. Just follow me and I’ll take you to her.”

“I think I’d rather wait here for her,” I said as I got the sudden feeling he was leading me into a trap.

“As you wish. Please don’t touch anything and stay in the foyer. For full disclosure you should know that every square inch of this property is wired with cameras.” And with that he walked away without as much as a glance back to see my reaction to his statement.

Despite the old feel to the place, it was decorated with modern furniture with abstract paintings hanging on the walls – each of which cost more than my entire college education. Thank you art degree, I thought as I paced around the room. After a few minutes I heard a pair of heels clicking on the hardwood floors. Turning, I saw a raven-haired Amazonian wearing a silver and green dress that was so tight I could tell she had nothing else on underneath, and the heels were attached to a pair of thigh-high matching boots that added a good four inches to her height.

“Dylan said you were here about the job?”

“Yes Ma’am. He said you could tell me what that job is?”

“I can, but first let me tell you the benefits. Wait, where are my manners? I’m Nicole Marshall. And you are?”

“Kathryn Saunders. Pleasure to meet you. And let me say what a magnificent home you have here. The topiaries are especially nice.”

“Thank you. And the pleasure is all mine. If you likes the front you’ll absolutely adore the back. Will you walk with me while we discuss terms?”

“Lead the way,” I said with a nervous smile.

“No need to be nervous. I was watching you on camera and rest assured no harm will ever come to you in my home. In fact, if you take the job you’ll be living here as well,” she said as we entered a kitchen larger than my entire apartment. Sliding a glass door open we stepped out onto a deck overlooking what I could only describe as the coolest place on earth. Dominating the center of the first section of yard was an enormous pool in the shape of a mermaid with rocks and waterfalls all around. Beyond that were tall hedges with archways cut into them leading to corridors that disappeared into shadow.

“What interests you more, the pool or the hedge wall?”

“The hedges, to be honest. What lies beyond them?”

“You’ll find out if you take the job.”

“Which is?”

Walking over to a table, Nicole picked up a clipboard and carried it back with her. “Before I tell you what the job entails I will need you to read and sign this non-disclosure form stating that in the event you decline to take the job you will never mention what it is to anyone for as long as you live.”

“And if I don’t sign?”

“Then I’ll show you out and our business will be concluded, Miss Saunders.”

Taking the clipboard, I read the one page legal document and then put my name to it. “So, what did I just swear myself to secrecy for?” I asked as I handed her back the clipboard.

“If I said the letters bdsm could you tell me what they stood for?”

“I’ve read fifty shades,” I admitted, my face suddenly felling very hot.

“So, what do the letters mean then?”

“Bondage and Discipline. Domination and submission. Sadism and masochism.”

“Very good. And how do you feel about that lifestyle in general and not the very amateurishly skewed version of it in those books?”

“Why are you asking me these questions? Is that what you want to hire me for? Do you want to be my Christian Grey?”

“God no! I want to train you properly,” she stated matter of fact. “There you have it. I’m looking for a sexy, willing young woman to train not as my submissive, but as a sex slave. And by that I mean you will be trained to perform any and all acts of a sexual nature without hesitation or complaint and with a smile on your lips whether you like it or not.”

“Um, that really doesn’t sound like something I’d be interested in.”

“Let me give you the pay and perks and see if it changes your mind. The pay is two-fifty per year with full medical and an additional one-hundred placed into a retirement fund.” She must have seen the confused look on my face because she immediately clarified. “That’s two-hundred-fifty-thousand a year and another one-hundred thousand in the retirement fund. You will also be given one month of vacation time per year on top of paid holidays and two weeks of sick leave. Tell me, do you have a college education?”

“I have a bachelor of fine arts from the Cleveland Institute of Art.”

“If you are interested in making it a Master’s of fine arts, or if you wish to go back and reinvent yourself, I will be more than happy to pay for all of your educational needs as the last thing I want is an airhead serving me. So, does that persuade you even in the slightest?”

“I have to admit it is incredibly tempting, but I am not submissive even in the slightest.”

“Would you care to take a test to make sure? Before you answer, I will pay you fifty grand cash to take it, but you have to complete the entire test. If, at the end, you are still convinced you are not submissive then the money is yours and I’ll wish you good luck on whatever life may bring and send you on your way.”

“And if I am submissive?”

“Then you’ll still get paid to take the test and you’ll let me train you as my

slave.”

“I’d be a fool to pass up fifty grand to take a test,” I said, expecting something of the old-fashioned question and answer variety.

“You wanted to know what lay beyond the hedge wall, well, now you’re going to find out. You will enter the left archway and follow the path in. If you come back the way you came the test is failed and you get nothing. If you make it out the right archway you’ll be fifty grand richer. You are required to do everything asked of you within and I will know via the camera feed if you refuse or fail to comply. When you are ready you may strip out of your clothes, yes, all of them, and proceed through the archway.”

“Why do I need to be naked? And if there are cameras what are you going to do with the recording?”

“Absolutely nothing unless you agree to come work for me. Here’s the thing, slave contracts are non-binding meaning you can walk away from it without fear of being sued for breach. An acting contract, however, is something entirely different and that is what you’ll be signing. In simple terms, you will be paid to be a sex slave, but on paper you will be a porn star performing her very first fetish scenes. What you experience in there will be the first of a series of videos that will be sold all over the world.”

While three-hundred-fifty grand a year was nothing to sneeze at, I was pretty confident she would be making far more off of my training and submission and call me greedy, but if I was going to get into that sort of lifestyle I wanted a bigger cut of the pie. “If I make it through the other side and I find that I am indeed submissive I want another fifty percent added to the pay and retirement fund.”

“Deal,” she said as if I had just asked for a nickel. “In fact, if you make it through to the other side without one instance of complaint I’ll make it an even million a year. Now, I don’t want to hear another word. Strip and begin the test, or leave. The choice is yours.”

Staring me down for about five seconds, Nicole opened the sliding glass door and walked inside, leaving me standing there trembling like a leaf in a hurricane. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that she had closed the blinds on the door. Gulping down my fear, I slowly approached the archway in the hedges and

peered in. It went about fifty feet and turned left, giving me no choice but to enter if I wished to discover more. Biting my lower lip, I took one last look around and then stripped out of my clothes – leaving them lay there on the ground as I slowly made my way into the test.

Going in, I went to the corner, made a left, went thirty feet, turned right and stopped dead in my tracks. Ahead ten feet or so was what appeared to be a cabin wall complete with closed door upon which hung a metal sign. Sitting on the ground was a small wooden platform with two long tapered dildos stuck to it and a bottle of what I could only assume was lube. Walking up to the door, I read the sign.

Patience is a virtue. When you've taken all twelve inches the way will open.

"That's not the only thing that'll be opened," I said, my eyes drifting down to the two dildos that were positioned close together for vaginal and anal penetration. Looking back over my shoulder in the hopes Nicole would pop around the corner and tell me it was all a big joke, I waited a full minute before picking up the bottle of lube and stepping onto the platform. This is for a million dollars a year, I told myself as I thoroughly coated the two toys. Patience indeed. It's going to take forever to get them all the way in me if they'll even fit all the way.

Straddling the dildos, I placed the tips against my pussy and asshole, took a deep breath and lowered myself down until it started to hurt. Pushing harder, another inch slipped in and I quickly raised up. "Ok, not so fucking fast. Patience," I exhaled, my eyes going to the sign hanging on the door. "I hope you're enjoying my humiliation," I added, looking around but not seeing the cameras. For all I knew that was a lie to keep me compliant, but without any way of knowing for sure I was not going to risk a million dollar a year job on it even if it was doing porn and being trained as a sex slave.

Adjusting my position several times to keep the rough wood of the platform from giving me a million splinters, I threw caution to the wind and fucked myself as if I were in the privacy of my own home with no one watching from afar until I had my first orgasm of the day. When the need for release had passed, I knelt over the dildos and lowered myself down as far as I could take them

without too much discomfort and then waited.

Allowing gravity to do its job, I slowly went a little lower as my pussy and asshole stretched to accept more of the silicone intruders. After an hour I was more than halfway down and after two hours I was nearing the three-quarters mark. My knees aching only slightly more than my holes – the strain starting to turn to cramps, I got to my feet and walked around for several minutes, added more lube to the toys as well as my pussy and asshole and then once again took them both as deep as possible.

Two hours became three, four and then five as I was stretched open one millimeter at a time. And then finally I felt the wood of the platform touching my ass and I breathed a sigh of relief. “OH MY GOD! I can’t believe I actually did it!” Hearing a click, I jumped off the dildos and gave the doorknob a turn. It opened and I stepped through into another section of hedge corridor.

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Straight. Left. Left. Right. Straight. Right. Two more lefts followed by several more straights and right and it did not take me long to realize I was in a huge freaking maze and I wondered how long it would take to find my way to the other side and what I’d have to do before I got there. Going left for the umpteenth time, I saw a table ahead with another long dildo on it – this one about the thickness of an average cock with only the head being slightly larger. Walking over to it, I read a small sign top center of the table with bold capital letters meticulously etched into the metal. THIS ONE’S FOR YOUR MOUTH. YOU MAY CONTINUE WHEN YOU CAN TAKE ALL TEN INCHES FOR TEN SECONDS.

“Awesome,” I said aloud. “I’ve always wanted to learn how to deep throat a cock. Though I am a bit confused. I thought I would be doing as others commanded of me to test whether I’m submissive or not.” Shrugging, I leaned over the table and licked along the shaft of the fake phallus until it was dripping with saliva. No one was putting a gun to my head. There were no walls or doors blocking my way this time. I could have just kept on walking, but I had a feeling this was only the first of such objectives I would be stumbling upon and completing them was all part of the test.

I’m no novice at sucking cock, but deep throating ten inches was well beyond

my current skill level, not to mention the fact I had to keep it down for a minimum of ten seconds. Not a great deal of time in the grand scheme of things, but when you're choking, when your air supply is cut off by a dick shoved down your throat it might as well be an eternity. Patience, I thought, taking it to the back of my throat and holding it all of two seconds before my gag reflex kicked in causing me to pull back before I threw up. Taking a breath, I did it again – this time attempting, and failing, to hold it for two seconds.

“You're doing well so far,” I heard Nicole say – her voice coming from an intercom built on the underside of the table. “How did it make you feel stretching your pussy and asshole on those big dicks? Be honest. I want the truth.”

“It was the most humiliating and degrading thing I've ever done. My pussy and asshole are wrecked now. And to make it even worse, I had I don't know how many orgasms from it.”

“Eight,” Nicole replied. “You had eight very intense orgasms. And how do you feel knowing that you must deep throat the dildo attached to the table?”

“Oddly happy.”

“Oh?”

“I've always wanted to learn that particular skill but never had the motivation to do so until now. I have a question for you now. This is obviously not something I'm going to complete in a day. Where do I use the bathroom? Or eat and sleep for that matter.”

“You are right. If you're lucky you'll make it out in three, maybe four days. As for eating, drinking, sleeping and using the restroom you'll just have to find out by going through the maze. Or you can turn back and call it quits. The choice is yours.”

“I think we both know I'm not going to give up.”

“Then admit you're a submissive and agree to be my slave.”

“I'm not going to admit anything until I'm one-hundred percent certain and I won't know for sure unless I complete your test.”

“Fair enough. I’ll check up on you again tomorrow. Until then, let yourself go and enjoy all that my maze of perversions has to offer. Even if you ultimately decide you’re not a submissive and want no part in the training at least you’ll have some wild experiences to remember. Now, get back to deep throating that cock.”

Without hesitation I leaned over and took the fake dick back into my mouth and down my throat, holding it there just over two seconds before my eyes started watering and my gag reflex kicked in. Not one to give up without a fight, I went right back to it again and again. Minutes became an hour, then two. My throat raw from constant sucking without anything to whet the whistle, I took a deep breath and swallowed the dildo. One. Two. Three. Four. The urge to gag was growing fast. Five. Six. Seven. Nose and eyes running like faucets, cheeks puffed out and though I could not see it I knew my face was beet red. Eight. Almost there, I thought, my mind racing as quickly as my heart thumped in my chest. Nine. TEN! I did it! But in the excitement my head refused to pull away. Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen. My clit was throbbing now and I reached down with my right hand to massage it as the toy remained firmly embedded in my throat. Sixteen. Seventeen. Eighteen. Wait! What’s going on? And then it hit me. I was breathing through my nose.

Letting my throat muscles relax I finally pulled my mouth off the dildo and took a step back. “Twenty-three seconds!” I shouted. “HA! I more than doubled your required time.” Shaking with excitement, I engulfed the dildo again. It took me a moment, but I started breathing through my nose. After holding it there a whopping thirty-five seconds, I stood up and yanked the suction-cup base off the table, dropped onto my hands and knees and shoved the dildo into my dripping wet cunt – juices gushing out like a geyser every time the balls slammed into my clit.

Lying on the ground, staring up at the mid-afternoon sky I let out a long sigh and pulled the toy from my pussy and brought it to my mouth. Easily taking the full ten inches down my throat, I got onto my hands and knees and crawled to the table. Sitting back on the heels of my feet, I placed the toy back on the table before getting up and continuing on my way.

Left. Left. Right. Left. Dead end and another actual wall. But instead of a door this one had a small fridge built into one side and what appeared to be a cabinet door on the other. Above hung another metal sign. This one with a very short list reading: Water – 10 spanks per bottle. All you can eat vegetables and sandwiches – 50 spanks. Under that was written: All spanks will be self-administered and must be as hard as you can swing the paddle. Failure to deliver will result in triple swats with the cane by Mistress Nicole's experienced hand.

The mention of food reminding me I had eaten nothing since early morning, my throat parched from more than two hours of sucking dildo I opened the cabinet door to see a single, long rubber paddle hanging from a hook. Picking it up, I briefly thought of the best way to spank myself and then got down on my knees. Holding the paddle in my right hand, I drew it up as high as I could, took a deep breath and brought it down hard. Not sure if yelping would be construed as complaining, I grit my teeth together and swung again.

After ten swats I switched hands and gave the left side ten. Then ten more to the right. Left again. Five to the right and finally five to the left. Looking back over my shoulder at my bright red ass I shivered involuntarily. There were a few spots already starting to turn purple and it was only a matter of time before they became full-on bruises. Shaking my head, I got to my feet and hung the paddle back on its hook.

Yanking the fridge open, I saw bottles of water pre-chopped vegetables sorted on a covered tray and already made hoagie sandwiches. Snatching up one of the bottles I guzzled half of it down – the icy coldness temporarily easing the pain in my swollen, raw throat. Seeing the food reminded me I had not eaten since early morning and my belly started to rumble. Grabbing the covered tray of vegetables and a sandwich, I sat on the ground with my back to the wall and ate as I thought about what I had done and what might lay ahead in this crazy maze I vowed to complete and whether or not I really was submissive and just did not know it.

Exhausted, I lay on the cool grass and closed my eyes with the intent of taking a short nap, but when they opened again it was pitch dark and I had no idea how long I had been out, what time it was or how long it would be before the sun rose

allowing me to once again see my way through the maze to the next fucked up thing I'd have to do to prove whether I was submissive or not. Feeling around for the refrigerator door, I pulled it open and grabbed another bottle water – my eyes drifting up to the sign I could barely read. Dammit!

Fetching the paddle from the cabinet, I got back down on my hands and knees. THWACK! “One,” I counted, unsure if Nicole had the ability to see me in the dark and not wanting to take the risk.

WHACK! “Two.”

WHACK! “Three.”

WHACK! “Four.”

WHACK! Five.”

WHACK! This one landed hard on my left ass cheek right over a forming bruise. “S-Six,” I said between clenched teeth.

WHACK! “Seven.”

WHACK! “Eight.”

WHACK! “Nine.”

WHACK! “Ten.”

Putting the paddle away in silence, I reopened the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. I must have been out for several hours because my belly rumbled at sight of the food. “WAIT!” I exclaimed aloud. “The sign said all the food I can eat for fifty swats. Does that mean all the food I can eat while in the maze, just for that first meal or what?”

“That is an excellent question,” Nicole said over another intercom. “I will give you an answer, but first tell me why you counted the swats as you just did.”

“I didn’t know if you could see me or not so I thought I would count them so you knew I gave myself the correct number.”

“I see. Well, the cameras hidden throughout the maze have night vision so I can see you just fine. And to answer your question, you must give yourself ten swats per bottle of water you drink and fifty for each meal. So, if you wish to eat again you must give yourself fifty more swats. And because I know exactly what you are thinking, no, you may not take food or water with you.”

“What time is it? How long was I sleeping?”

“It is a quarter to one and you were out nearly seven hours. If you would like to do some more exploration please feel free to do so.”

Contemplating whether another sandwich and some vegetables was worth fifty more swats, I watched as lights on top of the hedge walls lit up. While not as bright as day it was enough for me to easily see my way around. My belly groaned again and I took a huge gulp of water in an attempt to make it stop. “So, basically, I’m going to be giving myself a minimum of probably two hundred swats every day that I’m in this maze or triple that if I fail? And no, that is not a complaint. I just want to make sure I’m understanding the rules.”

“You are understanding them correctly. And that’s two hundred assuming you eat three meals and drink five bottles of water every day. Tell you what, since I’m feeling in a particularly pleasant mood I’ll make you a one-time offer. If you count every swat and say: thank you Mistress for the food I eat, I will knock ten swats off each meal. And you’ll get two bottles of water a day for free. That saves you fifty swats a day. If you agree to the terms then please say: I agree to your terms, Mistress.”

“I agree to your terms, Mistress,” I said, needing no further persuading to get out of that many swats.”

“Since it is a new day you have two free bottles of water and you must give yourself forty swats to eat each meal.”

“Thank you Mistress.” I’m not sure why I called her Mistress just then, but it sent a shiver down my spine as the word passed over my lips. Once again retrieving the paddle from the cabinet, I administered my forty swats – counting and giving thanks, my body growing redder and redder with growing humiliation after each one. My ass aching, I grabbed my food and another bottle of water and lay on my belly to eat as my behind was far too sore to sit.

“Enjoy day two of your test. I can’t wait to see what choices you make moving forward.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Wide awake from my meal and second round of self-spanking, I followed the maze until finding an old-fashioned sign post with signs pointing left, right and straight ahead reading: discipline, obedience and gang bang respectively. Ignoring discipline outright, and obedience a few moments later as it seemed too much like what a submissive would do, I was left with only one choice. Not that I was looking forward to getting gang banged, but as the lesser of three evils it was a humiliation I was willing to endure to save my poor ass any unnecessary agony. Going down the path and making a right I faced another door with a sign hanging on it.

Beyond this door lies the gang bang room. Enter and you will be bred by no fewer than twenty men until confirmed pregnant. Leave before they have finished and you lose the test. No condoms will be worn, and all loads will be shot in your pussy without exception.

“Um, excuse me, Mistress? Are you there? Can you hear me? Are there really twenty or more men in there waiting to gang bang me or am I wasting my time going in?”

“Madam Marshall has retired for the evening,” Dylan answered. “And yes, there are currently thirty-three men waiting to fuck their loads into your wrecked cunt. You may enter when ready.”

“Does she just have a bunch of people living in the maze or something?”

“Hardly. Knowing the direction you’d be going she called them in a couple hours ago. Now, go in and get fucked like a good little whore.”

Ignoring his comment about me being a whore, I pushed the door open and stepped into a massive open room with doors in the left, right and back walls and long sectionals where the thirty-three men destined to participate in my first ever

gang bang sat in waiting. A tall, bald black man stood up and gave me a crooked smile. "You will get on your hands and knees and crawl to the center of the room," he said, his voice deep and commanding. "You will then put your head down so that I can fuck my load into you. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Master," I said, the word seeming appropriate given that I was supposed to call Nicole Mistress. Good thing I'm on birth control, I thought as I got down on all fours and crawled across the floor. In the middle, I turned my ass to them and lowered my head. In seconds a cock was thrusting in and out of my pussy. My first black dick. Not as big as the tapered dildos I fucked myself open on the day before, but it felt good none the less. "Uhn...uhn...are...are you all going to fuck me one at a time or are you...uuhnnnn, going to gang bang me?"

"Don't worry your pretty little head off sweetheart. You'll be gang banged right after I've fucked my load into you."

"And how long is it going to last?"

"Until you're confirmed pregnant."

"WHAT!? But that's not possible! I'm on birth control. I have an IUD. I can't get pregnant for five years."

"Then that's how long you'll be here with us."

"But Mistress Nicole said..."

"The sign hanging on the door said we get to breed you until confirmed pregnant. What did you think that meant? The way I see it you have three choices, leave and fail the test, remain and let us breed you until the IUD stops working and we knock you up or get gang banged tonight, go get the IUD removed first thing and then return so that we may finish breeding you in a few months if you're lucky. What is your decision?"

"Mistress Nicole said I had to make it through to the other side to pass the test. If I leave to get the implant removed I'll fail and lose the chance of working for her."

"Forget about it for now. You're here until we've all fucked you and that's going to be a few hours at least. By then Nicole will be up and about and we'll ask

what she has to say about your situation.”

“Yes Master.”

“It looks like you’ve take a hard spanking. Your ass is starting to bruise nicely. You don’t have any welts or bruising anywhere else so you didn’t pay a visit to the discipline room. Self-inflicted?”

“Yes Master.”

“Nicely done, slave.”

“Uhn...I’m not a slave.”

“No? Can you deep throat a cock?”

“Yes Master.”

“Turn around and kneel. And no matter what I do you are not to move from that position. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.” Pulling off the man’s big black cock, I turned around and sat back on my heels. He got to his feet and paced the breadth of the room for a few minutes. When his dick was no longer hard, he walked back over to me and shoved it down my throat. Instinct took over and I started sucking him off, but a hand on the back of my head stopped me after only a few seconds.

“This is not a cock-sucking exercise, slave. Look up into my eyes and no matter what happens do not look away. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

The dick sliding back down my throat, I felt the warm liquid flowing down to my belly. He was pissing. I really could not call it drinking as it bypassed my mouth entirely, but I did look him in the eyes and let it happen. When the stream trickled to a stop he pushed me to the floor and rammed his dick into my pussy.

“Anyone else need a toilet?” he said to the rest of the gang.

“I’ve had to go for the last two hours,” I said, knowing he was not talking to me.

“You can go after I’ve finished breeding you, slave.”

“My name is Kathryn, not slave so kindly please stop calling me that.”

“Tony, get the bottle of lube.”

A short, slightly bulging around the middle, thirty-something white man with short brown hair and goatee got up and went to a cabinet on the wall with the door I came through. Opening the left door he pulled out a large bottle and walked it over to the black man slowly fucking his cock in and out of my pussy.

“Hand it to her.”

“Whatever you say, but you had better make it quick James. The rest of us are not going to wait around here forever while you play with your new toy.

“Lube your hand, I don’t care which and then shove it into your ass,” James commanded.

Knowing the price for complaining, and knowing I could easily take it I coated my left hand and pushed it up my ass. A hand wrapped around my throat and I was pulled backwards – a dick in my pussy and fist up my ass.

“Ask Tony to cane your breasts.”

“Tony, please cane my breasts.”

“With pleasure.” Going back to the cabinet, he retrieved a bamboo cane and stood to my left. Tapping me across the nipples, he drew back and brought it down hard. Comparing it to paddling my own ass was like comparing a bee sting to a gun shot. Doubling over, my right hand covered my breasts as I cried out.

“ONE! THANK YOU MASTER!”

“Lean back and stay in position or instead of ten swats you’ll get a hundred. Do you understand?”

“Y-Y-Yes Master.”

THWACK!

“TWO! Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Aahgh! Son of a bitch! Oh god it hurts. F-Five. Thank you Master.”

Moving to my right side, Tony gave my breasts a few more light taps and then swung hard catching me just below the areolas.

“S-S-Si-Six!” I wailed in agony. “Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“TEN! THANK YOU MASTER!” I screamed as James pumped his load into me.

Pushed to the floor, my left hand still buried up my ass, I was surrounded by men and all three of my holes were filled at once.

I had no idea what time it was when I woke, but I felt as if I had only gotten three minutes of sleep. Looking down, I saw that most of the welts that had covered my breasts the night before, but there were a few small bruises and a long, shallow cut that had scabbed over. Lying all around me were naked men and my eyes went to a few of their soft dicks and then the base of the plug that was filling my pussy and preventing any of their semen from leaking out.

“Welcome back to the world of the living,” Mistress Nicole said. At first I thought it was an intercom, but then I heard heels clicking on the floor behind me. Turning with a groan I saw her standing by the door in the right wall. “So, how did you enjoy your breeding party?”

“It...it was an experience, Mistress. I’m not complaining even in the slightest, but James said I would have to remain here until I am confirmed pregnant. I have an IUD and there’s no way for them to...”

“I saw the recording and James gave you three valid options. If you wish to continue on with your test you may come with me to have the implant removed or you can walk away. If you choose the former you’ll have a few days to rest and recuperate and you’ll be brought right back to this room where you’ll be bred until pregnant. You know the consequences for walking away. What is your decision?”

“I got the implant because I am nowhere even remotely close to being ready for children, Mistress. I just earned my degree and was looking to start my career as an artist. Sure, I want kids, but not until I’ve settled down and found the right man.”

“So you’re walking away then?”

“I didn’t say that, Mistress. I honestly don’t know what to do or why I’ve taken this insane test in the first place. This isn’t me.”

“Let me ask you one very important question and I would like for you to take as much time as you need to give me an accurate and honest answer. I know what

you just said, but think about it. Why did you fuck yourselves on those dildos until your pussy were stretched enough to easily take a large fist? Why did you work so hard to deep throat that toy? Why, despite the warning sign, did you enter this room and allow all these men to fuck you silly? Not to mention drink their piss, allowing Tony to cane your breasts and most importantly, why did you call them Master?”

I needed no time to give her an answer because I already knew why I did everything she had mentioned – the realization dawning on me somewhere between the time James pissed down my throat and Tony taking the cane to my breasts. “I do not need to complete the maze, Mistress. You were right. It took me doing all those perverted things, but I freely admit it now. I am submissive and will take the job. I will submit to your training, Mistress.”

“I’m glad to hear it, but it will not get you out of completing the test. You still have a decision to make. Will you walk away or go with me to have the IUD removed?”

“I’ll go with you Mistress.”

“Then please follow me.”

My new Mistress opened the door she was standing in front of and waited for me to go through before stepping in and closing it behind her. “What is this place, Mistress?” I asked as I looked down a short stone hallway with stairs leading down at the other end.

“This is one of many service tunnels leading from my house to various parts of the maze,” she explained, taking the lead as she walked down the steps. “It is how the men and women get in and out. And once you’ve rested for a few days it is how you’ll get back to complete your breeding.”

“Yes Mistress. Will I really have to remain in that room with all those men for however many months it’ll take?”

“Yes. Don’t worry, by the time you go back it’ll be fully remodeled into a living space.”

“So, thirty-three men every day? I’ve only been with four men in my life until now, Mistress.”

“No, not thirty-three men and certainly not every day. We don’t want you fucked to death. I’ll scale it back to an even twenty twice a week on Tuesdays and Fridays. How does that sound?”

“And the rest of the time? Do I keep going through the maze or what, Mistress?”

“You will remain in the breeding room until you are pregnant. But don’t worry, I’ll have a TV and anything else you need save for a computer or anything else with access to the internet brought in so you’re not bored out of your mind. And the door to the tunnels will remain locked except when the men arrive to breed you. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. But wouldn’t it be easier to just let them breed me in the house?”

“Easier? Yes. Part of your test? No. You will remain in the maze until pregnant and you can make your way through to the other side.”

“What do I tell my family and friends, Mistress? I can’t just up and disappear for months on end without contacting them.”

“That is a valid concern. While you are resting you will contact everyone you know and tell them what your new job is, but not where you’ll be working. If you obey all of the rules you’ll be permitted one day a week to visit them, but if you are not back here and in the breeding room by midnight you’ll have failed the test and you’re out of a job. Understood?”

“I cannot tell them I’m a submissive in training or a porn star, Mistress. My family will disown me for sure and my friends will never talk to me again.”

“The choice is yours, Kathryn. You will do as you are commanded, or you can leave and never come back. I have neither the time, nor the patience to play these juvenile games. Now, will you tell your family and friends, or am I just wasting my time with you?”

“I’ll do as you command, Mistress.”

“Good girl.”

Reaching out, she placed a hand on my shoulder and gently nudged me to my knees. Next, she pulled the hem of her short dress up over her hips exposing her

bare pussy to me. I had never been with another woman in my life, but I knew that was about to change. Without thinking, I leaned in and sucked her clit into my mouth and gave it a few playful nibbles. Moving down, I did the same to her inner labia and then slowly licked along her slit. “Mmmm...you taste really good, Mistress,” I purred the truth.

Looking into my eyes, she gave me a wicked grin, placed her right hand on the back of my head and my mouth was suddenly filled with pee. My gag reflex relaxed of its own accord and I allowed the warm, bitter fluid to go down. After drinking the urine of more than thirty men the night before, one more bladder full meant nothing to me. Maintaining eye contact, I waited for her to finish and then resumed licking.

“I’m glad I don’t have to spend time training you to lick pussy,” she moaned, grinding her pussy against my lips and probing tongue.

Leaning back on my heels, I looked up at her with a smile. “Am I doing okay, Mistress?”

“You were until you stopped.”

“Sorry Mistress. I just wanted to say this is actually my first time with another woman. I’m just doing what I like having done to me. I will not stop again until you command me to do so.”

“You may stop. There’s something I want to do before we leave the maze. Get on all fours and crawl behind me like a good puppy.”

“Yes Mistress.”

The stone floor digging painfully into my hands and knees, I followed my new Mistress down several hallways and into a small room with cabinets and shelves lining the walls and a padded table sitting in the middle of the floor. Nicole went to one of the cabinets and returned holding three pairs of tongs. “Stand.” I got to my feet and she placed a pair of tongs on each nipple and my hood. Going to another cabinet she picked up a sealed package and stood in front of me. Opening the package, she held up a needle and my eyes grew wide. “Take the needle and push it through your right nipple.”

I could not hesitate, complain or show weakness. This was all part of the test and

I was not about to risk a million dollar a year job. Taking the needle, I placed it in the eye of the tongs, took a deep breath and pushed it through. She held up another needle and I jabbed it into my left nipple. A third went through my hood and I stood there visible trembling as she unlocked the tongs, opened and removed them – leaving the needles in place.

“Hook your fingers around the needles through your nipples and pull them away from your body as far as possible and hold them there until I return.

I don’t know what was more humiliating: That I had just pierced my own nipples and hood, or the fact I did it without blinking an eye. In either case, I hooked my index and middle fingers around the needles in my nipples and stretched them as far as I could. It hurt like hell, but I held them as commanded for nearly five minutes as Nicole took her time looking through several different cabinets – occasionally glancing back at me with a look that told me she was purposely going as slow as possible to prolong my suffering.

When she finally walked back over to me, she opened a sealed pack containing titanium rings. “You may let go now.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Once my hands were out of the way, my nipples bounced back causing me to cringe and grit my teeth. As I watched, Nicole placed a ring in the hollow end of the needles sticking through my nipples and pushed them out the other side leaving the jewelry behind. For the one in my hood, it was not until it was through the other side and her hands were out of the way that I saw the tiny grommet now adorning one of the most sensitive spots on my body. But she was not finishes yet.

From another package, she removed a thin, Y-shaped platinum chain that contrasted nicely with my tanned body. The ends of the shorter section were attached to the rings in my nipples while the longer one was measured, given some wiggle room so it would not break the first time I was roughly fucked, and then secured to the tunnel in my hood via a special clasp that turned the tunnel into a plug.

“I’m going to brand you now Kathryn. Hold very still unless you want it screwed up.”

“Yes Mistress,” I replied, the fear evident in my voice.

“Really? No hesitation? No complaining? You’re just going to stand there and let me place a permanent mark on your body?”

“One complaint and I lose the test, Mistress. It doesn’t matter how much I don’t want it to happen I will not complain.”

“I see. Do you remember getting mad at James last night for calling you a slave?”

“I wouldn’t say mad, Mistress. More irritated than anything. But yes, I remember.”

“I’m going to ask you a question and I want an honest answer. If I heat up the branding iron will you actually stand there and take it without complaint?”

“I’m sure I’ll scream in pain, Mistress, but I will accept it if that is what you command of me.”

“And if I took you to my friends farm and commanded you to have sex with her animals?” My eyes grew wide in fear and it did not escape her notice. “Answer the question.”

“I would be devastated, Mistress, but if that is what I must do to pass the test then I will do it.”

“Is there anything you won’t do?”

“For a million dollars a year, Mistress? The only line I can think of drawing would be at incest or anything blatantly illegal that could get someone else hurt or me a one-way ticket to prison.”

“You do know bestiality is illegal don’t you?”

“Not in this state, Mistress.”

“Oh? And just how do you know that?”

My face turning red in time with my rising body temperature, I answered. “I’ll

state right now and in all honesty that I have never done it with any form of animal and never will unless commanded to by you, Mistress. That being said, I am not completely naive. I have seen ads and whatnot on the internet and one day I was curious how sites like that remained in business when they were so obviously breaking the law. I did a little research and was shocked to discover there are more than a dozen states with no bestiality laws. This is one of them, Mistress.”

“Do you know the difference between a submissive and a slave, Kathryn?”

“I’ll start with saying: All slaves are submissive, but not all submissives are slaves. The fundamental difference between the two is submissives have a choice in what happens to them. They have limits their Master or Mistress should obey and honor at all times. A slave on the other hand is nothing more than an object to be used. She ceases to be seen as human and therefore has none of the rights. A slave is one that will do anything to please her Dominant whether she likes it or not. That, Kathryn, describes your behavior to a tee.”

“I think I understand, Mistress, but what if my limits are things required of me during the test such as drinking piss, fisting myself and letting gangs of men breed me? Does that mean I automatically fail the test?”

“Yes. If you refuse to participate in any given activity then you fail the test. Which is another reason I’m pegging you for slave material. If those things are indeed limits for you – meaning you would normally never do them, or have to be persuaded to do them and you do them anyways without hesitation or complaint then they are either not limits, or you are a slave willing to do anything to please your Mistress no matter the cost. So, which is it?”

“Outside of this place doing anything I’ve done here would be the stuff of nightmares for me, Mistress. I am not really a perverted person and until meeting you and agreeing to take your test the kinkiest thing I’ve ever done was fuck myself with two toys at the same time.”

Nicole gave me a once over and then went to a cabinet on the wall to her right. Opening the doors, she withdrew a cart which she unfolded and placed a small brazier and a metal rod on. My heart skipped a beat and every fiber of my being was telling me to get the hell out of there before I was branded, but two thoughts prevented me from doing so. First, I needed the million dollar a year job.

Second, and most shocking, I wanted to stay and accept it because deep down I knew it would please her. Rolling the cart over to me, she used a lighter to ignite the coals within.

“I am giving you a choice Kathryn. If you stand there and accept the brand I will train you as my sex slave. If you take a step back then you will be trained as a submissive. But remember one thing, you must still complete the test without complaint to land your million dollar a year job. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. Can I ask which you prefer to train me as?”

“That does not matter. In this instance you, and you alone, must make the decision. Do you want to be a submissive or a sex slave? Will you stay, or will you walk away and put the experience behind you?”

“I am not leaving, Mistress. I’ve come way too far to give up now.”

“You have about fifteen minutes before its ready. That is how long you have to make up your mind.”

“Yes Mistress.”

The minutes ticked away as I watched the black coals turn white with a red glow underneath. Nicole placed the branding iron into the brazier and several more minutes passed before she put on a thick, heat-resistant glove and pulled the now red-hot length of metal out and held it up for me to see. Kneeling at my right side she brought it closer to my hip. The heat was intense and already starting to hurt and she had not even touched me with it yet. Holding it steady about three or four inches away, she paused. My left foot twitched as if I were going to move away and then I wish I had as the searing hot branding iron pressed painfully into my flesh. Tensing every muscle, locking every joint I ground my teeth together and accepted it with an agonizing groan.

“You fully understand what this means, right?” Nicole said as she got to her feet and dropped the branding iron onto the metal cart.

“It means I am now your slave, Mistress. It means you are free to do anything you desire to me whether I want it or not.”

“I saw your foot move. Were you going to step back?”

“No Mistress. I was bracing myself for the inevitable,” I only half lied. Looking down at my aching hip I saw the words SLAVE FOR LIFE. “So, what now, Mistress?”

“Now we got to the house so you can get dressed for your visit with my doctor to have that IUD removed. You will then have one month to let the piercings and brand heal before you go back into the breeding room. Use that time to inform your friends and family of the truth and I want video evidence that you’ve done so.”

“I don’t have a camera other than my cell phone, Mistress.”

“I’ll have your apartment wired with cameras so I know there will be live feed of it.”

“Wait, will I be staying here during my month of healing or at my apartment, Mistress?”

“You will live at home until time for you to come back for breeding.”

“Yes Mistress. I have one very important question. Not that I think it will ever happen, but what do I tell anyone who might be interested in being trained?”

“I only take one submissive or slave at a time so they will have to wait at least two years for your training to be complete. That’s not to say you’ll be out of a job in two years, but that’s about how long it will take to teach you all the ins and outs of being a sex slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

It took a week to get my small apartment completely wired with cameras and to set it up so that all of my family and friends could be there at the same time. Not that I had to do it that way, but telling one of them was going to be hard enough and I did not think I would be able to do it fifty-odd times. My IUD was removed and the piercings and brand were on the mend but still incredibly tender. For the most part I passed the time by doing a lot of research into the bdsm lifestyle and what it truly meant to be a sex slave.

Everyone gathered at my place at seven Friday night and even with the furniture pushed back against the walls and the stands moved to the bedroom it was incredibly crowded. "I'm sorry about the cramped conditions everyone, but what I have to say is incredibly important and I needed to tell you all at the same time."

"You could have set up a Skype call or something," my friend Jessi said as she wiggled her way between our mutual friend Dave and my uncle Roger so she was no longer pinned against the wall. I noticed my uncle's hand come out from under her skirt and thought her face was a little flushed, she kept her eyes down and mouth shut. I don't know why, but the thought of her most likely being groped and saying nothing was one of the hottest things I've ever seen in my life and my newly perverted mind wondered if she was submissive.

"You tell me that now. Oh well, everyone is here so I'll make it as quick as possible," I said as I nervously looked around the room. "As you all know I've spent the last seven months trying to find a job in the art field with absolutely no success what so ever. Times were getting desperate so I went to the help wanted ads and inquired about a job. None of you are going to like it, but one of the requirements of me taking it is that I tell everyone I know what I'll be doing. I cannot tell you exactly where I'm working as I don't want to cause any trouble, but..." I took a long pause as my heart thumped in my throat. "I've been offered a million dollars a year to work as a fetish porn star where my training as a sex slave will be chronicled for all the world to see."

The room was awkwardly silent for the longest time and then everyone erupted into a torrent of name-calling, questions of my sanity and a general feeling of

disappointment from all sides. The door opened and I saw several people leave without saying another word. Not unexpected, I thought as my friend Carl and Aunt Patty soon followed – the latter giving me a look I could only describe as disgust.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Jessi yelled. “There’s no reason to act like a bunch of damn idiots just because you don’t like what she’s decided to do with her life. And honestly, who here would pass up a million dollars a year? Yeah, that’s what I thought,” she added when no one immediately spoke up. Instead of calling our friend, cousin, niece and daughter a fucked up, no good whore, why don’t we give her the respect and encouragement she deserves?”

“She just said she was going to be a porn star sex slave!” My mother rebutted. “There is no respect in that and I don’t give a damn what you say to the contrary.”

“That is your opinion and you’re entitled to it, but are you going to walk out of here and disown your only child because she’s being well paid to have sex, or are you going to support her decision to make a hell of a living whether you agree with it or not?”

“I’m going to make this as plain as possible for everyone to understand. Jessi is right,” I said, eyes averting as I looked around the room. “If you have a problem with the job I’ve taken and you cannot be my friend, or you wish to disown me in the case of family then the door is right over there. I will not stop you, but know that it is a one way trip. Once you are gone there’s no coming back into my life later. If, however, you can look past the fact that I’m going into porn for a seven figure salary then you are welcome to stay. I’m going to the kitchen for a drink and I’ll assume whomever is still here when I get back is willing to still talk to me.”

Going to the kitchen, I went to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. Walking to the window overlooking the complex’s pool, I purposely did not look back into the living room. Tuning out the arguing, to keep my heart from sinking into my feet, I sipped at my water and waited. Patience is a virtue, I thought, thinking back to my first day at Nicole’s mansion home where I spent half the day fucking my holes open on two massive dildos. I heard the door open and close a few times and still I kept my back to my family and friends for another five or six minutes.

Tossing the empty bottle into the recycle bin I took a deep breath, exhaled slowly and returned to the living room to see at least half of my family and about a third of my friends were no longer there. “I want to thank you guys for staying. I’m going to give you all one last chance to leave and then I never want to hear anything negative about my choice of jobs ever again.

“So, why can’t you tell us where you’re working?” Jessi asked.

“It’s for a private person and I’m contractually bound to keep their identity secret.”

“And when you say sex slave, can you elaborate on that? Are you going to be sold to some horrible brothel in a third-world country or what?”

“God no! What I mean is the most extreme form of submission pertaining to the bdsm lifestyle,” I explained. “I have made the choice, and yes, it was absolutely my choice, to accept my new boss as my Dominant and submit to them training me in every form of legal sex there is,” I said, trying to use gender neutral pronouns so as to not give them any clues I was serving a woman.”

“And, have you done anything with this mysterious person yet?”

“I have, but I doubt my family wants to hear about my perverted sex life.”

“You’d be right about that,” my father said. “Look, while I think you’re making a huge mistake, your mother and I will remain a part of your life. All we ask is that you leave work at the door when you visit.”

“I can do that. And thank you for not abandoning me.”

“I’m not going to lie, we’re both very disappointed in you Kathryn, but we would never abandon you,” my mother said. “It’s going to take some time, but we’ll learn to live with it and accept it as a part of who you are.”

“Tears welled up and uncontrollably burst forth, rolling down my cheeks like mini waterfalls as I wrapped my arms around my parents and sobbed into my father’s chest.

“So, does this person you’re working for need another employee?” my friend Tammy asked to everyone’s surprise. “What,” she said looking around the room.

“A million dollars is a way more money than I’ll make in ten years, let alone one.”

“Sorry, but no. They only take one submissive or slave at a time and said it would be at least two years before my training is complete enough for them to take another. Are you saying you want to be a sex slave?”

“To be honest, for a million dollars a year there’s very little I wouldn’t do. I’m with Jessi, I want to know what perverted stuff you’ve done for your boss.”

“I think is where your mother and I take our leave,” my dad said.

After thanking everyone half a dozen more times, my friends Tammy, Jessi, Eric, Ryan and Kelly were the only one remaining and they all wanted to know what I’ve done and would be doing over the course of my training. Knowing it would please my Mistress to tell them, I went a step better and started unbuttoning my blouse.

“WHOA!” Ryan exclaimed. “What are you doing?”

“You asked what I’ve done and it’ll help if you can see my naked body. Don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it. I’ve seen the way the two of you have looked at me,” I said looking from Eric to Ryan.

“Don’t stop on my account. I was just surprised you randomly started stripping. Please, continue.”

“I’ve spent a couple days taking some tests to determine my submissiveness and before going to get the IUD removed so that I could be bred, my boss gave me...”

“Bred? What do you mean bred?” Jessi asked. “Are you saying you’re trying to get knocked up?”

“Exactly. Full disclosure, I spent an entire night being gang banged by thirty-three men hell-bent on impregnating me. Of course that was impossible with the implant in, but now that it’s gone I’ll be going back in a few weeks to pick up where I left off.” Dropping my shirt on the floor, they stared at the platinum chain going down my torso and disappearing into my skirt. Unhooking my bra, I let it slide down my arms and almost giggled as Eric and Ryan’s eyes grew wide.

“Jesus Christ! You have pierced nipples?” Jessi stated the obvious.”

“I do.” My skirt and panties joined the rest of my clothes and I stood before my friends butt naked. “When I said my boss gave me these that was a half-truth. I was commanded to pierce myself and I did it without hesitation, but my boss pushed the rings and the tunnel into place and attached the chain. They also branded my hip.”

“That’s insane.”

“You want insane? Do any of you have to use the bathroom?”

“I have to pee, Tammy said.

“Me too,” Eric replied.

Dropping onto my knees I looked up at Eric. Put your dick in my mouth and I’ll drink it for you.”

“Uummm...”

“Honest, I’ve had a lot of practice the last week and I promise I won’t spill a drop.”

“I can’t piss down your throat.”

“Can’t or won’t? If you’re embarrassed showing the others your dick we can go to the bathroom so you can do it in private.”

“I’ve got nothing to be ashamed of. You’re my friend, not a damn toilet.”

“Why can’t I be both? This is part of who I am now, Eric. Please, let me drink it for you.” Reaching out, I hooked two fingers in the waistband of his jeans and pulled him closer. He started to take a step back but stopped when his zipper went down and my hand fished his dick out. “You’re right. You’ve got a very nice cock,” I smiled up at him. “I’m going to put it in my mouth and I want you to start pissing.” His face went red, but after a moment I tasted the warm, salty liquid splashing against my tongue and the back of my throat. Relaxing my gag reflex, I gulped it down with ease and when it trickled to a stop I instinctively started bobbing my head back and forth.

“Jesus Christ, Kat,” Jessi gasped. “Are you sucking him off?”

I nodded so I did not have to take his dick out of my mouth. Taking him all the way, I stuck my tongue out and licked his balls which caused him to throb in my mouth. After about three minutes I stopped and sat back in a kneeling position – his hard cock pointing at my face like a loaded gun. “I will drink all of your piss and you can fuck me if it pleases you.”

“Thanks for the offer, but I’m not into women,” Tammy said. “And I didn’t know you were either.”

“I wasn’t until taking the job as a sex slave. I licked my first pussy and found it quite exciting, not to mention how amazing it tasted. Also, aren’t you the one that said you would be a sex slave for a million a year? You do realize that means having sex with women, right?”

“Yes, but...”

“No buts. If you honestly think you have what it takes to be a sex slave then take your clothes off and sixty-nine with me as the guys fuck their loads into me. Or were you talking shit earlier?”

“Are you going to pay me a million dollars?”

“Not to fuck you once. Consider this a test. If you can have sex with me until

Eric and Ryan fill me with their seed then I'll talk to my boss and try to convince them of giving you a chance. I can make no promises they'll listen to me, but I'll do my best. So, what'll it be?"

"I...I don't...I can't...dammit, Kat! Fine, I was talking shit."

"I'm not," Jessi said as her tee shirt hit the floor. "Give me your word you'll talk to your boss and do everything in your power to try getting me the job and like it or not I'll lick you to orgasm and eat their semen from your pussy."

"You have my word. But before you get on the floor I want you to know that if you are hired you will have to do all manner of perverted things including drinking piss and letting a large group of men breed you and you cannot complain or hesitate or you won't be hired. Are you sure that's the life you want to get into?"

"There's only one way to find out, right? Tammy, you said you needed to pee, right?"

"Yes, but I am not going to let you put your mouth anywhere near my pussy."

"I'll do it," Ryan said."

"Please use the bathroom. Kneel in the tub so you don't make a mess all over the floor. OH SHIT! Um, sorry I did not mention this earlier, but my entire apartment has been wired with cameras filming everything as proof that I told everyone I'm a sex slave in training."

"HOLY SHIT! You mean we're being recorded right now?" Eric asked. "Me pissing down your throat?"

"All filmed. But don't worry, it will never be put on the internet or anything. If you want to leave I understand and I am truly sorry I did not mention it earlier."

"Come on, I want you in the bathroom with us so you can see I'm at least making an attempt to drink Ryan's pee."

"I think I'm out now," Tammy said. "Good luck with all the perversions, but I need to get out of here before I do something I'll regret. No need to get up. I'll see myself out."

“We’re still friends though, right?”

“Yes, we’re still friends. I was just speaking out of my ass earlier. This is getting way kinkier than I’m comfortable with.”

“No problem. I won’t talk about it around you if that’s what you prefer.”

“Thanks. I’ll see you guys later.”

After Tammy left, I locked the door and we all went to the bathroom where Jessi knelt in the tub. “Is there some trick to it so I don’t choke to death?”

“Can you deep throat?”

“Not for very long.”

“I suggest taking a deep breath, let him put it as far in your throat as possible and try to relax as it slides down. Whatever you do, don’t breath or you’ll definitely choke.”

“I’m ready whenever you are,” Jessi said to Ryan.

“I can’t believe you’re really going to let me piss down your throat,” Ryan said as he pulled his cock out and placed it in Jessi’s mouth.”

“That makes two of us so do it before I change my mind.”

Pushing deeper, there was a moment where nothing happened and then all of a sudden Jessi’s cheeks puffed out and her eyes grew wide. She gulped, but it was more than she could swallow in one go and with pee squirting out of her nose, she fell over backwards choking. Unable to stop mid-stream, Ryan finished pissing on her perky breasts and then bent down to see if she was okay.

“I’m fine,” Jessi gasped between breaths. “How in the hell can you drink it like water?”

“Lots of practice. And like I said, it helps if you have no gag reflex. But you swallowed a large mouthful and that’s more than I was expecting. I know it sounds corny, but you did something most people would find repulsive and I’m very proud of you for trying. Why don’t you take a shower and then we can all

go to the bedroom and fuck like rabbits?”

“Don’t start without me. The deal was for the two of us to sixty-nine while they fuck you, right?”

“Correct. And you have my word I will not let them touch me until your tongue is buried in my cunt.” No sooner were we back in the living room then my phone started ringing. Recognizing it as Mistress Nicole I immediately picked it up.

“Hello Mistress.”

“Hello, slave. I’ve been watching the show and I’m very please you told everyone. I know it’s hard losing friends and being alienated from family, but it could have been much worse had you kept it a secret and they found out later down the line.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I am going to make you an offer I’ve only given one other submissive I’ve trained in the last ten years. Your friend impresses me and so I’m going to do something I haven’t done in more than a decade. I’m going to take on two slaves at the same time. Please go into the bathroom and put me on speakerphone.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Doing as commanded, I went back to the bathroom with Eric and Ryan hot on my heels to see what was going on. Placing the call on speakerphone, I pulled the shower door open. “I have my boss on the line. You might want to listen up.”

Jessi turned the water off and after a few more seconds, Mistress Nicole spoke. “Hello Jessi, Eric and Ryan. I’ve been watching the show and I have to say I am very impressed. Especially with you, Jessi. It takes lot of guts to drink one friend’s pee and agree to have sex with another. Here’s there deal I am going to make and it is a one-time offer that you will have three weeks to decide upon. I will hire you on one condition and that is you agree to go through slave training alongside Kathryn. And by that I mean you will be nothing more than an object whose sole purpose in life will be to please and serve me. You will have no limits to speak of and if you refuse a command you will be severely disciplined. In exchange for your training being filmed and sold on the internet and adult stores around the globe I will pay you half a million dollars a year and that is non-negotiable. You have three weeks to think about it.”

Jessi was about to say something back, but the call went dead and I knew it would be pointless to call her back. “I’m sure you’re first reaction is to jump on the deal, but you really should do some research on the lifestyle and see if it’s really what you want. Now that you all know I am serving a woman I will now start calling her Mistress. Anyways, I will tell you part of a conversation we had just prior to me accepting life as a sex slave. I was already pierced and she said she was going to brand me. I accepted without hesitation because that’s what I knew would please her the most. There was some back and forth and then she wanted to see how serious I was and then she asked what I would do if she took me to her friend’s farm and commanded me to have sex with animals.”

“OH MY GOD!” Jessi gasped. “You didn’t, did you?”

“No. But I told her that I would be devastated, but I would do it if that’s what was required of me. And in the long scheme of things it is. Being a sex slave means accepting all forms of sex, obedience and discipline your owner desires without hesitation or complaint. It would kill me inside to have sex with animals, but if commanded to do it I would and I’d do it with a smile. If you cannot say the same then I strongly suggest not accepting her offer.”

“Do you really think she would make us have sex with animals?”

“I honestly don’t know, but I am prepared to accept it without regret if she does. Are you?”

“For half a million dollars a year? For that kind of money I’d go back in time and suck Hitler’s cock. You forget, I have nothing more than a high school education and make less than fifteen grand a year in a dead-end job. Please call her back so I can tell her I accept.”

“She gave you three weeks to think about it and that’s exactly how long she expects you to take. She will not talk to you again until I return. My guess is if you come with me you accept, if not then, well, you don’t.”

“I can’t believe I just stood here and listened to you say you’d have sex with animals,” Ryan said.

“And I can’t believe hearing me talk about fucking animals has you harder than a steep rod,” I said, pressing his cock down with a finger and then letting go so that it could bounce back up. We have three weeks. Until then the three of you

are welcome here anytime you want to use me as a urinal or a cumdumpster. Now, shall we go to the bedroom and fuck ourselves silly or what?”

“Not yet. I was just starting my shower when you lot barged in. Give me ten minutes and then we can get started.”

Hooking my right arm around her slender waist, I kissed her hard on the lips and then sucked her left nipple into my mouth. “Don’t keep us waiting.” Taking Eric and Ryan by the cocks, I led them to the bedroom knowing this was the beginning of something special.