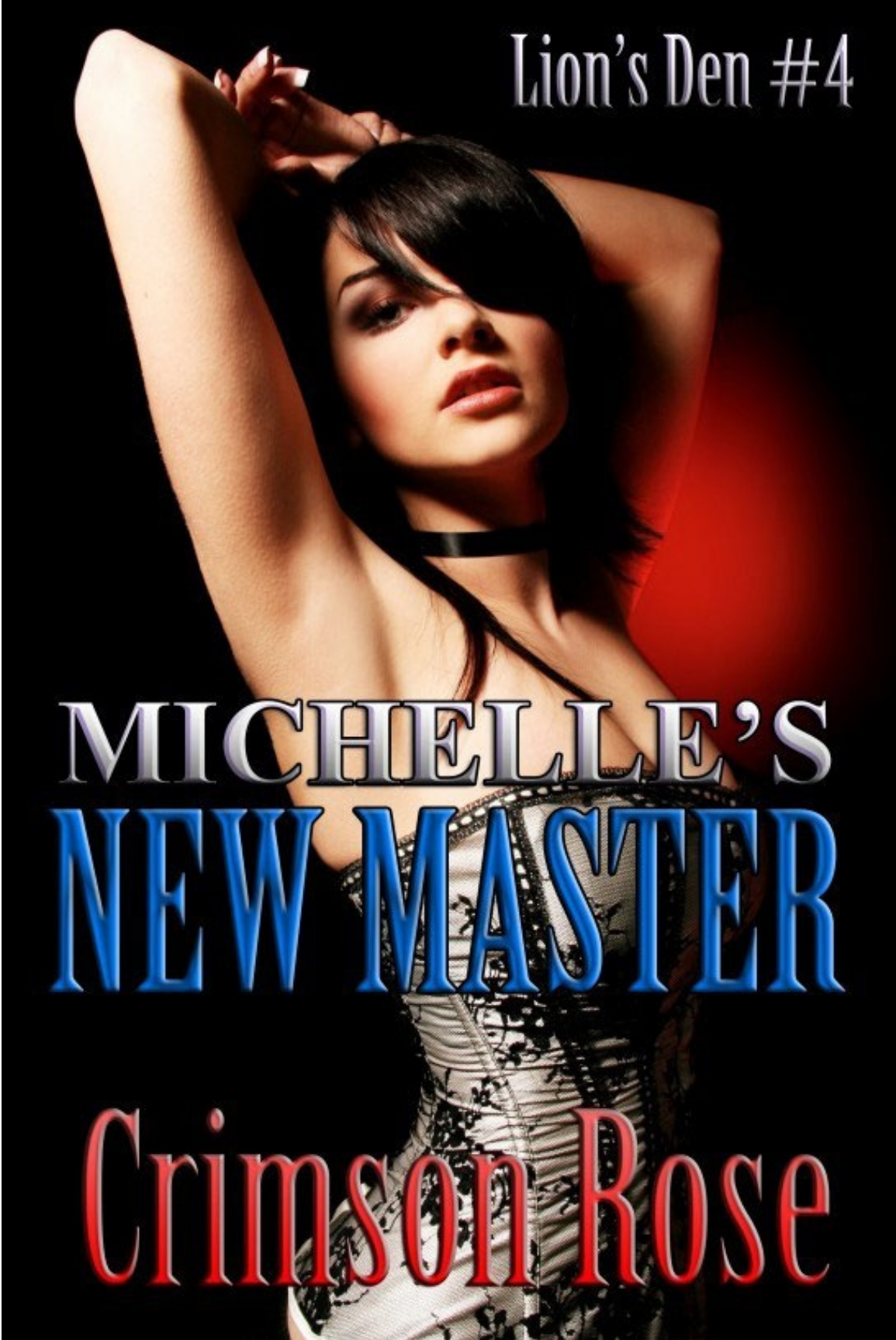
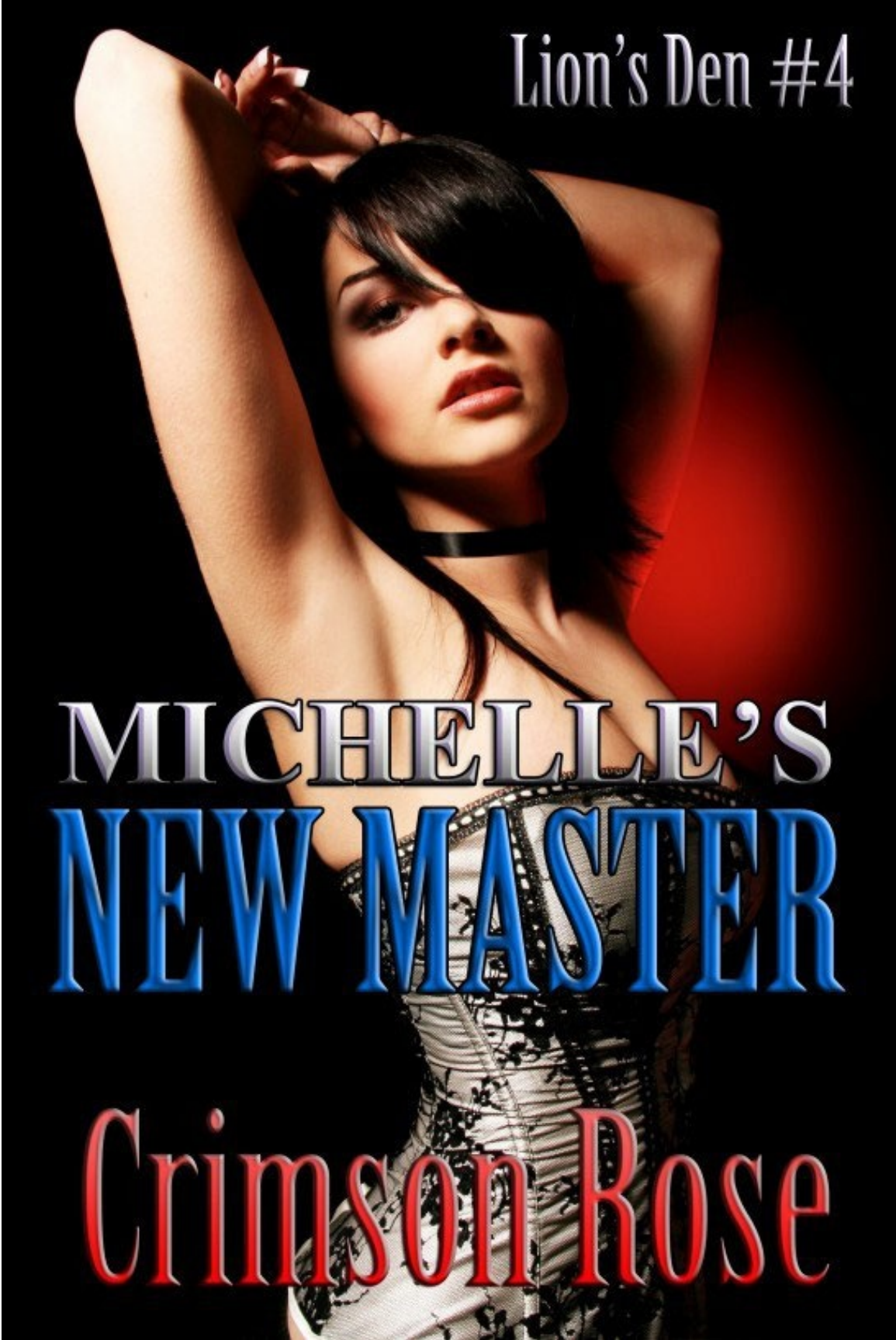




Lion's Den #4

MICHELLE'S
NEW MASTER

Crimson Rose



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Michelle's New Master

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Baby on Board

“The black hair makes you look so much sexier,” Mistress Stacy smiled at her obedient new submissive in training. She still could not believe her luck. Michelle – a twenty year old college junior, was the most obedient woman she had ever met. Not only did she immediately agree to submissive training, she did not balk no matter what was done to her. Piercings, brands and now the start of some more serious body modifications that began with Michelle dying her blonde hair black.

“Thank you Mistress,” Michelle smiled. Pleasing her Mistress was the most important thing in the young woman’s life and after the gang bang parte she participated in several weeks back, she vowed to do whatever it took to make it happen. Dying her hair was a small price to pay, but there was something she wanted to talk to her Mistress about – something that scared her to death. Knowing no other way to say it, she just blurted it out. “I’m pregnant, Mistress.”

“Congratulations!” Mistress Stacy beamed, wrapping her arms tight around Michelle as she drew her in. “Do you know whom the father is?”

“Based on the timing, it has to be someone from the gang bang, Mistress. I’m scared, Mistress.” Michelle’s voice trembled on the verge of breakdown. She always imagined having kids one day, but not until she was finished with college and had settled into her career. Being pregnant now was not part of her plan. “I’m not ready to have a baby yet. How am I going to raise a child while going to classes and working a full-time job?”

“Not a problem, sweetie. Come on, let’s sit down and talk about it.” Mistress Stacy led her submissive to the couch and eased her down as if a delicate flower, sitting next to her for strength and comfort. “I know this is a very difficult time for you to have a baby, but we can get through this. Do you remember what I told you that first night you visited the club and you went on stage with me?”

“That it’s your responsibility to care for me and to protect me, Mistress?”
Michelle sniffed back the tears.

“That’s right. And I take my duties as your Mistress very serious. Your schooling is paid for in advanced and you work at a club I partially own. I don’t want you to stress about anything. When the baby is born...it will be born, yes?”

“Yes Mistress. I do not believe in abortions. At least not under these circumstances.”

“Good. Then when the baby is born you can take as much time off of the club as you need. You can move in here with me full-time, or I’ll get you and Amanda a house of your own. And when you’re ready to return to work, or college to further your education arrangements will be made to give your child the best of care.”

“But...but how can I...Oh God Mistress!” Michelle finally broke down completely, burying her face in her Mistress’s shoulder. She feared having a baby would prevent her from continuing with her training, and giving up the life she had come to love was not going to be easy.

“What is it? You know you can tell me anything, right?”

“Y-yes Mistress. I...I’m worried that, that having a baby will...will prevent me from c-continuing m-my training, M-Mistress.”

“Nonsense. There are plenty of mothers that have been trained as submissives, or even been Mistresses without their children ever finding out. You’re serving one of them.”

“Y-You h-have kids, M-Mistress?”

“I do. I have a daughter a couple years older than you, and a son that just turned nineteen. And they are both very much aware of what I do.”

“R-R-Really, Mistress?”

“Absolutely. To be completely honest I didn’t make it a point to tell them. My daughter Olivia surprised me one summer by dropping in unannounced. She walked in during a training session and was more than a little surprised at

finding her mother naked and on all fours while another woman caned her ass.”

It took Michelle’s brain several seconds to absorb and realize what it had just been told. And when it did, Michelle’s eyes opened wide in surprise. “WAIT! You were being caned, Mistress?”

“I was. And the caning didn’t stop just because my daughter walked in on my Mistress punishing me.”

“OH...MY...GOD! W-What did your daughter say? What did she do?”

“Mostly stared in surprise much like you’re doing now. After the punishment was over, Mistress Renee allowed me to go talk to my daughter. It took a while, but she understood and accepted me for who I am.”

“So, you’re a trained submissive, Mistress?”

“I am. And let me tell you it was the hardest decision I’ve ever made in my life, but also the most rewarding. I’d like to think my training as a submissive gives me a little more insight into what it takes to train one myself. That being said, there are only a few people outside of the Lion’s Den that know about my submissive training so I’d appreciate it if you did not tell anyone about it.”

“My lips are sealed, Mistress. What about your son? Does he know?”

“He does. I knew it was only a matter time before Olivia told him so I beat her to it by inviting him home for the summer. I spent an entire weekend explaining my life to them. It was incredibly humiliating on my part, but well worth it. They both accept me for who I am and have absolutely no problems with me being a submissive, or a Dominant.”

“Have...have either of them ever...”

“Olivia visited the Lion’s Den twice and went up on stage once. After spending about nine hours on stage going through various aspects of the lifestyle, she decided it wasn’t her thing. To her credit she still has the pierced nipples and submissive slut tattoo Master John gave her.”

“Master John? As in the Master John that is part owner of the club? He trained your daughter, Mistress?”

“Well, he gave her a good, long session,” Mistress Stacy clarified. “And again to her credit she complied with all of the rules and did not leave the stage until the end of the shift.”

“If she is not into the lifestyle then why did she keep the tattoo, Mistress?”

“As a reminder of what she had done, I suppose. And partly because of a promise to Master John. She swore to him up on that stage that she would keep it for the rest of her life. And if I raised my children to be anything, it was honest. She will keep her word and the tattoo for as long as she lives.”

“Was that the first or second time she visited the club, Mistress?”

“That happened on her first visit. It kind of reminds me of your first visit now that I think of it. Though I was much easier on you than Master John was on my daughter. During her second visit she did not go up on stage, but she did see a lot of action in the crowd. I think the deal-breaker for her was when she was bent over one of the tables for nearly three hours as men and women took turns fucking and fisting her pussy and ass. Though to her credit she did complete the rest of the shift as promised which saw her gang banged by twenty men and her outer labia pierced by Master John.”

“WOW! It sounds like she went through a lot, Mistress. Does she regret any of it at all?”

“She did for a little while which is common amongst those not into the lifestyle, but she eventually came to terms with it and chalked it up to sexual experimentation. She is now happily married with twin boys of her own. And my son Adam is in college at UCLA.”

“Does Amanda know about your children, Mistress?”

“She does not. But you may tell her if you wish. Just remember to leave the part of Olivia walking in on me being trained out of the conversation.”

“Yes Mistress. And thank you Mistress. I can only hope my kids accept this part of my life as yours have. I was so afraid I’d have to give it all up that I didn’t know what to do. I haven’t even told Amanda yet. I came here as soon as I left the doctor’s office.”

“Well, you should go talk to her about it. She deserves to know the truth. But before you go, I have a surprise for you. I was going to tell you this weekend, but there’s no need to wait. Have you ever heard of a place called the Sands of Eden?”

“No Mistress.”

“Honestly, I would have been pretty shocked if you had. The Sands of Eden is a very special nudist beach and resort that caters to the bdsm lifestyle. I am sending you and Amanda there for a two week vacation.”

“OH MY GOD! Really, Mistress?”

“Really. You’ll leave about a week after classes let out for the summer which gives me plenty of time to begin the next phase of your training. And as it so happens, your being pregnant is going to make it a whole lot easier. Are you familiar with the term wet nurse?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“How would you feel about being one?”

“If it pleases you Mistress I’ll gladly do it, but I’m not producing milk.”

“Not yet. Being pregnant, you’ll produce milk in several months, but why wait. I’d like to get started now on inducing lactation. By the time you leave for your vacation you’ll be producing a large, steady supply, and by the time the baby is born you’ll be producing more than enough to keep him or her well fed.”

“How can you induce lactation, Mistress?”

“Come with me and I’ll show you.”

The two women left the house through the sliding glass doors in the kitchen. They exited out onto a deck that ran the full length of the house and about fifteen feet around either side. At nearly twenty feet deep, and with a built-in grill at one end, it was the location of many a party. Beyond the deck were several outbuildings including a stables that housed Mistress Stacy’s prize-winning stallions, two large barns, and a grain silo that was no longer in use.

To the left of the stables was what appeared to be a small guest house, but was, in fact, a massive dog house where Mistress Stacy's five dogs relaxed and slept when not out running around their hundred-and-fifty-three acre yard. Mistress Stacy led her submissive in training down the deck stairs towards the milking barn and inside.

"Go ahead and take a seat and remove your tee shirt and bra. I'll get the milkers ready."

Michelle did as instructed while looking around the barn. At some point in its storied past it served as a place to milk dairy cows, but now all that remained were the machines. And then it suddenly dawned on her what was about to happen. "You're going to hook that to my nipples, Mistress?" she asked, looking wide-eyed at the rubber edged cylinders her Mistress held.

"I am. From now on you'll come here after classes to be milked until you're producing. Since you're already pregnant, and your hormones are preparing for the baby, it shouldn't take nearly as long as someone who isn't." She turned the milking machine on to its lowest level and smeared a gel around the rubber edge of the cylinder before holding it firmly over Michelle's left nipple. Adjusting the intensity of the sucking until the cylinder could no longer fall off, she did the same to the right side. "How does that feel?"

"Mmmm, I think I can get used to this, Mistress," Michelle moaned, turning pink in the face.

"It's not sucking too hard?"

"No Mistress."

Mistress Stacy adjusted the machine some more until it was really sucking Michelle's nipple into the cylinder. "I want you to strip out of the rest of your clothes and bend over the stool. You will not move from that position until I return."

"Yes Mistress," Michelle said as she stood up to strip. She watched her Mistress leave the barn and wondered where she was going off to. Shrugging, she tugged her pants down and stepped out of them, wondering how long it would be before she was shopping for larger clothes. Picking her pants up and folding them neatly, she placed them on another stool before taking off her panties and

bending over the stool as her Mistress commanded.

Michelle was bent over the stool for several long minutes before she heard a shuffling noise behind her. Looking back over her right shoulder, she saw Rocky – Mistress Stacy’s three year old husky. He walked over to the kneeling woman and nudged playfully along her side. “Hey Rocky,” she said giving him a rough pet between the ears. “What are you up to boy? You come to keep me company while I’m being milked? Did Mistress Stacy send you in to make sure I didn’t move?” she giggled as the dog rubbed his head and snout on her shoulder.

Michelle was soon joined by Bruno – Mistress Stacy’s Chocolate lab. He too nudged playfully against Michelle’s side. She split her attention between the two dogs, but it was getting hard to maintain balance on the stool as they nudged her side to side. Rocky moved along her side towards her back, rubbing against the backs of her legs as he stepped over them. Michelle was beginning to get nervous – the position she was in did not escape her as the two dogs continued to nudge her from all sides.

Mistress Stacy returned to the barn to see two of her dogs keeping the kneeling submissive company. Tiptoeing in, she held the long, fat dildo steady and then rammed it into Michelle’s pussy hard and deep, the entire ten inches disappearing in one swift thrust. “OH GOD NO! Down boy! Oh god please get off of me!” Michelle screeched, thinking for a moment one of the dogs had taken her.

“What’s the matter, don’t like my new strap-on?” Mistress Stacy chuckled.

“Oh my god! I’m sorry Mistress I didn’t hear you come in. I...I thought...”

“What? That one of my dogs mounted you like a bitch in heat?”

“Y-yes Mistress.”

“Nope. Just me and my big fat strap-on. How does it feel?”

“It feels amazing Mistress. How big is it?”

“Just over four inches thick. I know how much you like getting stretched open so I bought a toy just for you,” Mistress Stacy replied as she backed the dildo out and pushed it back in.

“T-Thank you Mistress. I...I suppose...uhn...I suppose it’ll be easier to give birth being so stretched open.”

“I’d imagine so. How are the nipples feeling?”

“Good Mistress. I’m really enjoying the feeling of the machine sucking them.”

“Glad to hear it.” Mistress Stacy grabbed Michelle by her hips and fucked the massive dildo in and out hard and fast, slamming it against her cervix with every thrust of her hips. “Telling you about my daughter got me thinking. I’d like to give you and Amanda the same piercings Master John gave Olivia. How does that sound?”

“Uhn...uhn...sounds good to...uhn...me, Mistress.”

“Perfect. If we do them soon they’ll be plenty healed by the time you leave for the Sands of Eden. But you can talk to her about it later. For now I want to fuck you silly while the machine does its job.”

∞ ∞ ∞

By the time Michelle left Mistress Stacy’s farm she could barely walk straight. Her knees wouldn’t stop shaking and the series of micro orgasms that caught her off guard threatened her balance. But she finally made it up to her dorm room where she found her roommate and lover lying in bed. Before falling over, Michelle pulled out her desk chair and sat down.

“Um, nice hair-do,” Amanda said swinging her legs over the edge of the bed and sitting up. “What have you been up to all day?”

“I’ve spent the day with Mistress Stacy. The dye job as her idea. She told me she loved black hair and asked if I’d be willing to get mine done. As you can see I said yes. And then she hooked a milking machine to my breasts to start my lactation training. And while I was being milked, she fucked me with a massive dildo until I nearly passed out.”

“Sounds like a hell of a day.”

“It was. There’s something we need to talk about,” Michelle said suddenly sounding very serious. “I went to the doctor’s today.”

“Oh god! Is everything alright? Please tell me you don’t have an STD!”

“No, no, nothing like that. I’m pregnant.”

“Oh thank god! With all the men and women you’ve...wait...what did you say? You’re pregnant?”

“Yes. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner, but I had to be sure. I took seven home tests in the last week that were all positive and then I went to the doctor’s to make absolutely sure. I was so scared I went to talk to Mistress Stacy and she assured me everything was going to be okay.”

“Well, I suppose congratulations are in order. Who’s the father?”

“No idea. And honestly, I don’t really want to know. But based on the timing I believe it was one of the men from that first party I did.”

“You’re still going to finish school, right?”

“Of course. Mistress Stacy said she will make all the necessary arrangements when the time comes so that the baby is cared for while I’m in classes. There’s more I have to tell you. First, Mistress Stacy has two adult kids - a girl named Olivia and a boy named Adam. And they both know their mother is a Dominant. Mistress wants to pierce our pussies like Master John did Olivia’s.”

“Wait! So Mistress Stacy has a daughter that was trained by Master John?”

“Not exactly. I guess Olivia went to the club on two occasions before deciding this lifestyle was not for her. During one of the visits she went on stage with Master John and he tattooed her and pierced her.”

“Tattooed her with what? Pierced her where?”

“The tattoo reads submissive slut and she got pierced in her nipples and outer labia.”

“Holy shit! Did she get the tattoo removed? And why hasn’t Mistress Stacy ever told me she had kids?”

“Her daughter still has the tattoo and piercings due to a promise she made to

Master John. And I think the only reason she told me is because I was freaking out about being pregnant. I think she told me about Olivia and Adam to let me know I would be okay continuing my training.”

“Make sense I suppose. She tell you anything else?”

“Yeah. You and I are going on vacation once classes let out for the summer. Have you ever heard of a place called the Sands of Eden?”

“You mean the bdsm nudist beach?”

“Yep.”

“Mistress is sending us there for a two week vacation.”

“Sweet! I’ve been dying to go ever since I heard of it, but there’s a waiting list a hundred miles long. Damn! It sounds as if I missed a hell of a day.”

“You did, but there’s still time to get in on the action. You’re supposed to go back with me in a few hours so we can get our pussies pierced and so I can to another round with the milking machine.”

“Do you like all of these things Mistress is doing to your body? I mean honestly. Do you like the piercings and the brands, or are you only doing it to please her?”

“I’ve thought long and hard about that ever since she gave me the first one. And I have to admit that I honestly like it all. I did voluntarily let her brand me two more times, remember? Are you saying you don’t like it?”

“No, I mean, I do like the pierced nipples and clit hood, but I’m worried she’s not going to stop. I can even live with the brand on my ass, but I don’t want any more.”

“Then all you have to do is tell her no.”

“Did she give you a choice about the piercings?”

“No, but I didn’t even bother asking. I guess she knows I’d say yes anyways so she didn’t bother offering.”

“Maybe, or maybe she just wants to see how far she can go with this. What if she asks to give you more brands? Tattoos? Piercings? Are you just going to let her mark up your entire body?”

“Of course not. As long as it can all be hidden with normal clothes I’m okay with it. Why don’t you call and talk to her about it if you’ve got concerns? You’ve served her a lot longer than I have so you know her much better than I do.”

“I’ll talk to her when we get there. If all she wants to give us is a pair of rings I’m okay with that, but I’m not sure about anything more. I just get the feeling she’s trying to turn us into her personal freaks.”

“Is that what you see when you look at me?”

“Of course not. But how are we going to look if we blindly let her do whatever she wants to us?”

“I’m not doing it blindly. I’m doing it because I like it, and you should do the same.”

“And I will. She hasn’t asked to brand me again as she has with you. And I fully intend on telling her no when she does. And the more I think about it, the more I’m disliking the idea of getting my pussy pierced anymore.”

“Then don’t. But are you going to be mad at me if I do it?”

“No. You are free to do with your body as you want and I will love you no matter what. Even if you’re covered head to toe with tattoos, brands and piercings. And even if your holes are stretched open so wide I can stick my head in there.”

“You should’ve seen the size of the dildo Mistress Stacy fucked me with. She said it was over four inches thick.”

“Good lord! And you took in in both holes?”

“I did. All ten fat inches. You should give it a try. There’s nothing quite like being stretched open like a canyon.”

“Um, no thanks. Taking your fist is more than enough for me.”

“To each their own. So, what do you want to do until we leave?”

“Well, I’d say you, but it sounds like you’ve already had a sex-filled day.”

“And since when has that stopped me?” Michelle said pulling her top off and dropping it unceremoniously to the floor.”

Dissention

“Mistress is out in the milking barn,” Claire said to Michelle and Amanda.

“Thank you Claire,” Amanda smiled at her Mistress’s live in submissive and maid.

“Before you go, Mistress has left strict orders for the two of you. You are to strip naked and crawl to the milking barn around the left side of the house. You are to give me your clothing.”

“I see,” Amanda sighed, pulling her tee shirt off and handing it to Claire. “Any other instructions?”

“None that Mistress told me.”

Once Amanda and Michelle were stripped naked, they dropped to all fours and crawled along the length of the front porch to the steps at the far end. After carefully descending the steps, they made their way around the left side of the house towards the barn. It wasn’t until they rounded the back of the house that they saw the open door of the milking barn.

The closer they got to the barn, the more Amanda was beginning to regret coming. She was getting the feeling for months now that her Mistress had changed in a dramatic and not so pleasant way. The branding and piercings were a major shift in Mistress Stacy’s personality and now she was changing other things about Michelle. It started with a dye job, but where it would end Amanda could only guess.

“Come in ladies,” Mistress Stacy said from inside the barn. “Crawl to the Saint Andrews and stand in place.” Michelle and Amanda did as they were told, but while Michelle stood with her back to the large metal X, Amanda stood and faced her Mistress. “What are you waiting for Slave Mandy? Get in position.”

“No Mistress. I will not allow you to pierce me anymore. And I will not allow you brand, tattoo, or change my body in any other way. I’m worried about you Mistress. You’ve changed and not in a good way.”

“I did not ask you here to listen to you backtalk, slave. Now get in position like a good girl.”

“I don’t think so, Mistress. I’m placing all body modifications on my hard limit list. Michelle, are you certain you want to do this?” she asked, turning to her girlfriend.

“I said get into position, slave!” Mistress Stacy said grabbing hold of Amanda’s right arm.

“I’m politely asking you to let go of my arm, Mistress,” Amanda said swinging around until she was nose to nose with her.

There was a flurry of activity that took them all by surprise. Mistress Stacy drew her arm back to strike her submissive. Michelle jumped forward and bull rushed her Mistress from the side, knocking her to the barn floor. “I’m sorry Mistress, but Amanda is right. You’ve changed and I’ve been so caught up in pleasing you that I’ve been blind to it! No real Mistress would strike a submissive like you were about to. You’ve done a lot for me Mistress – paid for my schooling, gave me a job and taught me about a lifestyle that I’ve come to love, but I can no longer serve you. We’ll be contacting Master John about this incident and he can deal with you. Maybe your training as a submissive wasn’t so effective after all.”

Barely holding back the tears, feeling as if her heart had just been ripped from her chest, Michelle ran from the milking barn and towards the house. Amanda gave her stunned former Mistress one last look of disgust and followed after.

“I advise you to look for new employment,” Amanda said taking her clothes from Claire. “Mistress Stacy is not the woman she used to be. And what do you mean she was trained as a submissive?” she asked Michelle.

“I know she’s not,” Claire replied, turning around so that the two women standing on the porch could see her back for the first time. It was nearly completely covered with more than a dozen brands that permanently marked her with all of the humiliating things she has ever done. “She did this to me about a month ago after gagging and strapping me to a Saint Andrews.”

“JESUS CHRIST! Why did you stay?”

“Because I have nowhere else to go.”

“Do you know the safe in Stacy’s bedroom?”

“Yes.”

“Go and empty it out. The code is 33-17-51. She keeps several thousand dollars in there, take it and get the hell out of here. It’s the least that crazy bitch owes you.”

“I can’t steal from my Mistress!” Claire gasped.

“Do you want to stay here and risk her doing worse? Don’t be an idiot. She’s changed and we all see it and there’s no telling how far she’s willing to go for a thrill. Do yourself a favor and get out while you’re still capable.”

“Come on Michelle, let’s get the hell out of here.”

“Mistress...um, Stacy told me she spent a year being trained as a submissive to better train her future submissives,” Michelle explained as she drove towards the Lion’s Den. “She forbid me from telling anyone, but under the circumstances I don’t think it matters. Can you call the club and see if Master John is there? We need to inform him of what happened. I guess we’re both out of a job now.”

“Not necessarily,” Amanda said dialing her cell phone. “We did nothing wrong. Hi, this is slave Mandy, is Master John in? Thank you Mistress. Yes, could you please tell him me and Michelle will be in to see him in about fifteen minutes? Thank you Mistress.” She hung up the phone and sighed. “I wonder if Master John knows what’s going on with her.”

“No idea, but I hope he bans her from the club. She had no right training anyone.”

“I’m sorry it came to that. I know how much she meant to you.”

“No, I’m the one that should be apologizing. I feel so stupid now for allowing her to brand and pierce me. I honestly thought she had my best interest in mind, but I guess I was wrong.”

“I don’t think you were totally wrong. I served her for more than two years now and it’s only in the last few months that I’ve really started to worry about her. The best thing we can do is go to Master John and tell him what has happened.”

“So, are you finished with this lifestyle now?”

“No. I’m not the kind of person to let one crazy Dominant scare me away, but it will take me a long time to trust another enough to serve as I did Stacy.”

“Me too,” Michelle sighed.

∞ ∞ ∞

Master John was waiting for Michelle and Amanda in his office and looked at them with raised brow when they barged in without knocking, or waiting for permission. He did not tell the woman kneeling between his legs to stop sucking his cock and she did not stop of her own accord. “Is there a reason the two of you forgot your manners?”

“Sorry Master, but this is urgent,” Amanda replied. “Can you please ask her to leave?”

“You may wait out in the hall Veronica,” Master John said pulling the sucking mouth off of his hard cock.

“Yes Master,” the petite brunette replied. Neither Michelle nor Amanda recognized her and they both wondered if she was a new employee, or a new member Master John convinced to play submissive for a night.

“I’m really sorry to barge in on you like this Master, but we must talk about Stacy.”

“You mean Mistress Stacy?”

“No, I mean Stacy. After what she did tonight she does not deserve the title,” Amanda said angrily.

“Oh? And who gave you the right to decide whom is deserving of what titles?”

“She did the moment she drew her hand back to hit me for no damn reason! If it

wasn't for Michelle knocking her to the floor it's hard telling what she would've done to us."

"I see. Where did this incident take place?"

"At her home, Master," Michelle answered politely. "I was there earlier in the day and she asked me to return with Amanda so that she could pierce our pussies like you did to her daughter Olivia. Amanda voiced concern before we went and told Stacy when we got there. That's when she got angry Amanda was refusing her commands and drew her arm back to hit her."

"I simply told her that I was adding all forms of body modification to my list of hard limits," Amanda clarified. "The piercings and brand she gave me are more than enough for my liking and I do not want anymore."

"And she tried to hit you?"

"Correct."

"What about you, Michelle? Were you there to get pierced like Olivia?"

"Yes Master. I fully intended to go through with it and a second milking session until she tried to hit Amanda. Something snapped in me and I rammed into her knocking her to the floor of the barn. I told her I could not serve anyone that would strike a submissive as she was about to. Don't get me wrong, Master. I believe wholeheartedly in discipline and punishment, but what Stacy was doing was neither. She was doing it for no other reason than she was angry."

"Thank you for bringing this incident to my attention," Master John sighed. "Truth be told, this is the fifth report against her in the last six months. You did not hear this from me, and if you ever utter a word of it to anyone you'll be banned from the club for life, but after some investigation I've come to learn she's been associating with a group of incredibly sadistic Dominants that are known for making drastic changes to their submissive's bodies. When asked, she denied the accusations, but I put her on probation here at the club anyways."

"Is that why she's been training me at her home, Master?" Michelle asked.

"Most likely. You both did the right thing. I don't know why she would throw away more than twenty years of being a Dominant, and ownership in this club,

but she is not the type of Dominant we are looking for. I want you both to stay as far away from her as possible and later I'll warn everyone else to do the same."

"What about our jobs, Master?" Amanda asked. Unlike Michelle, she still needed the job to help pay her way through college and dreaded trying to find another.

"Your jobs are safe."

"But can't she fire us Master?" Michelle asked.

"Not anymore. After today she will no longer be part owner of the Lion's den so you do not have to listen to a word she says. Besides, I own sixty percent of the club and I'm telling you that your jobs are still yours."

"Thank you Master. Since Stacy did not say, can you tell me how you pierced her daughter's pussy, Master?"

"I placed five small eyelets in each outer labia and laced a thin ribbon through them and tied it in a bow."

"OH MY GOD!"

"Are you still interested in getting pierced like her now?"

"No thank you Master," Amanda was quick to respond.

"It sounds incredibly sexy to me," Michelle smiled. "She was going to do it tonight because she said they would be healed for when she sent Amanda and me on vacation to the Sands of Eden in the summer."

"I see. Well, I cannot guarantee you a vacation to the Sands of Eden, but I can give you the piercings if you'd like. And yes, they should be more than healed by the time summer rolls around."

"Thank you Master, I'd like that."

"Very well, we'll do it tomorrow night as part of a special show. You may go now. And do send Veronica back in, would you? She was giving me the most amazing blowjob before we were interrupted."

“Yes Master,” Michelle smiled. She gave his cock one last look, wished it was her sucking him off and left his office with Amanda in tow. “Master says you may go back in now,” she said to Veronica. When the hall was clear, she turned to Amanda. “So, you’re not mad I’m doing this are you?”

“Of course not. Like I said before, it’s your body and I’ll love you no matter what you do. And I’ll be there tomorrow to see it done.”

“Thank you,” Michelle wrapped her arms around Amanda and drew her close, kissing her lover hard.

Special Show

As Michelle headed towards the center stage she noticed a hooded naked woman kneeling in front of a Saint Andrews cross. To the woman's left Master John and Mistress Stacy stood next to another Saint Andrews, and at the back of the stage were three large men Michelle recognized as members.

Michelle was a little concerned seeing her former Mistress at the club considering the conversation she and Amanda had with Master John, but she did not let it show as she ascended the stairs to the cheers of a packed house. "Hello Master John...Stacy."

"Hello Michelle. I'm glad you could make it," Master John replied. He either did not hear Michelle's slight towards Mistress Stacy, or did not care. Either way, he stepped forward and lifted his right arm to silence the crowd. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming to tonight's special show! Yesterday, Michelle – one of our most promising submissives in training came to me with a request that I could not deny. She asked me to pierce her pussy as I did Mistress Stacy's daughter Olivia's, and I said yes."

The audience clapped and cheered for several minutes before dying down enough to allow Master John to continue. "But that is only part of tonight's show! Kneeling before you is a very special guest whose identity will be revealed momentarily. But first, there's another matter to deal with.

The three large men stepped forwards. Two of them grabbed Mistress Stacy by the arms while the third quickly strapped them in place while avoiding her wild kicks. "What in the hell do you think you're doing!?" she screamed, struggling to get free to no avail. "Let go of me you fucking idiots! You're supposed to strap that bitch in place, not me!" she added, glaring at Michelle.

"They are following my orders," Master John said without turning around to see what was going on behind him. "Ladies and gentlemen, as of this moment,

Mistress Stacy is stripped of her status as a Dominant of the Lion's Den." A loud gasp followed by murmurs echoed throughout the club. Mistress Stacy had been a staple of club life for more than twenty years now and liked by everyone, so seeing her stripped of her status was something of a shock to all in attendance.

"I do not make this decision lightly," Master John continued. "After months of investigations and piling up complaints against her, I've come to learn that Stacy has not only been hanging around a group of notoriously sadistic sadist. Now, don't get me wrong, I have nothing against sadists, but these men and women don't know the first thing about the lifestyle and their influence has negatively rubbed off on Stacy. Over the past few months I've given her every opportunity to distance herself from them but..."

"Fuck you, you dirty son of a bitch!" Stacy yelled. "You have no right to tell me who I may and may not associate with outside of the club! Let me off of this thing right god damned now!"

"No can do. At least not until you've been punished for your indiscretions. And you are right, I do not have the right to tell you who to associate with, but when those associations lead you to harm those you're responsible for, I have the right and duty to step in and make sure you're not going too far."

"Fuck you!"

"The Stacy I knew would never talk to me like that. Especially in front of a crowd. I guess that year of submissive training didn't do as much good as we all thought it would. Shame." There were more gasps at this revelation and all eyes were glued on the stage. "Drawing your hand back to strike slave Mandy last night was the final straw. You will receive two hundred lashes of the cane and then you'll be branded as the fallen Dominant you are before being escorted from the premises."

"You can't do that! I'm part owner of this club!" Stacy protested. "I'll have this place shut down!"

"You own fifteen percent and as you are well aware all it takes is a majority vote to remove an owner for an act of disloyalty as you've committed. And since I own sixty percent of the club, I've personally voted for your removal. You'll be given fair market value for your share and out business together will be finished. You may gag her now."

As one of the men produced a ball gag, Master John turned his attention to a stunned Michelle. "Please take your place on the other Saint Andrews."

"Yes Master." Michelle did not bat an eye as she placed her back against the central support and spread her arms and legs in line with the device so that Master John could secure her in place. Michelle watched as Veronica pushed a cart towards the stage and carefully pulled it up the steps so as not to spill the covered contents. Stopping it next to Master John, she left the stage and went back to whatever job she had been hired to do.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm going to give Michelle here five small eyelet piercings in each outer labia as she requested. But before I do, I have a very important question for our obedient submissive." He turned his attention to Michelle and his countenance changed – becoming more serious. "Michelle, since your former Mistress has been stripped of her power I would like to take over your training. Will you accept me as your Master and wear my collar?"

"Yes Master," Michelle answered without hesitation. "I will gladly accept you as my new Master and I also accept your collar."

Master John pulled back the cloth covering the cart and picked up a sleek black leather collar and placed it around Michelle's neck. "And I accept you as my new submissive. And since you and your girlfriend slave Mandy were Stacy's last two submissives, I'm offering you her part of the club. What do you say?"

"OH MY GOD!" Michelle gasped. "Are...are you serious Master?"

"I am. Slave Mandy, would you please stand? What do you say to my offer?"

"I honestly don't know what to say, Master. I don't really know anything about running a business."

"Think of it as part of your extended training. I'll teach the two of you everything you need to know."

"Then I accept, Master."

"As do I," Michelle added.

"Perfect. Then we'll discuss the particulars another time. For now I've got a

pussy to pierce and a former dominant to punish.”

As Master John picked up a pair of piercing tongs the audience went wild. They were told it was going to be a special show, but none of them could believe Master John so openly humiliated the former Mistress Stacy by not only calling her out on her indiscretion, but by offering her former submissives her stake in the club. Three men seated around slave Mandy congratulated her at the same time they stripped her of her clothes and bent her over the table – a cock going into her pussy as another fucked its way down her throat.

On stage, Master John placed the piercing tongs and drove a long, tapered needle through the top of Michelle’s outer labia. She let out a blood-curdling scream and jerked wildly as a large chunk of her labia was torn away. Using another special tool, he inserted the first eyelet and moved the tongs down to the next marked spot. Although she knew what was coming, and the level of pain she would be experiencing, nothing could fully prepare her mind and by the time Master John inserted the third eyelet she was regretting asking him to pierce her. But she kept it to herself.

With the five eyelets in place, Master John released his new submissive and business partner. She fell into his arms, the pain in her pussy too much to allow her to stand. He picked her up and carried her off stage to the roaring cheers and clapping of the packed room. Members and staff moved out of the way as he carried her towards the staff lounge.

“You may watch the rest of the show from back here,” Master John said laying Michelle down on one of the couches.

“Thank...you...Master,” Michelle replied through clenched teeth.

“I’m very proud of you. I want you to always remember that.”

“Thank you Master.”

Master John flipped on the TV and turned it to the internal cameras until the center stage was showing. “I’ll send slave Mandy in when the members are done using her. I’ll also send Veronica in to see to your needs until slave Mandy is free.”

“Thank you Master. Is Veronica employed here now Master?”

“She’s working here on a probationary period while she learns about the lifestyle and decides if it’s for her or not. I must get out there to punish your former Mistress now. Enjoy the show.”

“Thank you for everything Master.” She watched her Master leave the lounge and she turned her attention to the TV. She saw her girlfriend still bent over the table taking two cocks at once and Stacy struggling against her bonds as Master John approached. She watched with great interest as he reached down and undid the leather hood that concealed the kneeling woman’s identity. When he stepped aside, Michelle gasped. Though she had never met her before, she knew immediately who the woman was.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Stacy’s daughter Olivia,” Master John said tossing the hood onto the cart. “She has agreed to come and watch her mother’s punishment, but that’s not all. It’s been several years since she last graced our establishment, but she’s back now in search of more training. That’s right! After claiming this was not the life for her, Olivia has agreed to work in the club three nights a week to be used by all of you and trained by the Dominants until she’s chosen one to serve! Isn’t that right?” he said looking down at the blushing Olivia.

“Yes Master. I thought I could forget about this place and everything I did on my previous two visits, but I couldn’t. I’ve been thinking about it non-stop, dreaming about it even. After months of hard thinking I’ve decided that being trained as a submissive is my only option.”

“Well, I for one am glad you’ve come back. Why don’t you go ahead and offer yourself to the members while I punish your mother?”

“Yes Master.” Olivia stood up and walked off stage. She did not make it passed two tables before she had a cock in her.

From the couch in the staff lounge, Michelle watched as her new Master swung the cane, landing it hard across Stacy’s bare ass. Her lips formed into a smile as Stacy wailed in agony. One swat down and a hundred-and-ninety-nine to go, she thought, shifting her attention from Stacy to Amanda to Olivia and back, she could not be happier at how events unfolded. Making a mental note to get to know Olivia, she asked Veronica to get her a glass of water as the cane landed across Stacy’s ass for the sixth time.

“Thank you Veronica,” Michelle said taking the glass of water from her new employee’s extended hand.

“You’re welcome, Mistress.”

“Oh no! No, no, no! I am not a Mistress. You may call me Michelle.”

“I’m sorry,” Veronica apologized. “I thought you knew all owners of the club took the title of Master or Mistress.”

“Not me. I have no intention or desire to be Dominant. Besides, I wouldn’t feel right being called Mistress without earning the title for myself.”

“Understood...Michelle. So, what is the training here like? Does it take long to finish? Did you get all of those piercings and brands here?”

“The training is very intense and thorough to be sure. As for how long it takes, that all depends on how well you listen and accept commands. From everything I’ve learned, they train submissives in all things bdsm so it’s going to take some time to complete it all. And no, I did not get all of the piercings and brands here. In fact, I didn’t get any of the brands here at the club. Stacy branded me at her home.”

“Was it painful?”

“More painful than the piercings Master John gave me, but I asked her to do it.”

“Why?”

“Because I thought I would serve her forever, but I was wrong. It took my girlfriend nearly getting slapped for me to open my eyes and see Stacy for what she had become. To be honest, I pity her. She was the perfect Mistress and I really would have served her for the rest of my life had she not become to vengeful and easy to anger.”

“From the sounds of it, she has been on a downward spiral for many months now, but you already know that. I hope Master John is a good Master.”

“Will you be serving as his submissive in training then?”

“Yeah. So, I guess we’ll be in training together.”

“I don’t mind one bit,” Michelle said glancing up at the TV.

“Sorry Mist...Michelle. I can see I’m disturbing you. If you need anything else I’ll be right over here.”

“Thank you Veronica. Are you bisexual?”

“I am.”

“Great. How would you like to fist my ass while I watch the show?”

“It would be my pleasure, but what about your pussy? Aren’t you too sore for sex?”

“As long as you keep to my ass I’ll be fine. There’s some lube in the cabinet over there, and feel free to use both hands if you want.”

“Both hands? In your ass at the same time?”

“That’s right. I love being stretched open. Have you ever been fisted?” Michelle said slowly easing herself off of the couch and onto her hands and knees.

“Not yet, but Master John says it’s something I’ll have to learn if I want to be a fully trained submissive so I’ll do it whenever he asks.”

“Glad to hear you’re willing to try new things. Personally, I love it. The last day I served Stacy she fucked me with a four inch thick dildo while my breasts were hooked to a milking machine.

“HOLY FUCK! How do you even feel a normal cock?”

“Simple, I have amazing muscle control. Now please put your hands in my ass and don’t be afraid to really ram them in hard. I like it rough.” Michelle turned her attention to the TV where Master John was still punishing her former Mistress, Amanda was gulping down a load of semen and Olivia was gagging as a man peed into her open mouth. She thought it strange that Olivia would show up out of the blue at the same time her mother was being stripped of her status and made a mental note to dig a little deeper.

It was more than five hours later when Amanda finally crawled into the staff lounge. It wasn't because she was told to crawl, but because she was so exhausted that she couldn't stand without fear of falling over. At least on her hands and knees she didn't have far to go should her arms and legs give out. Michelle was back on the couch resting after a three hour fist fest with Veronica whom was now resting on another couch.

The former Mistress Stacy was led off of the center stage to the booing and hissing of the members that had once been adoring fans prior to her downfall. She was barely conscious as two men dragged her out of view. Michelle noticed the look Olivia gave her mother. It was pity-filled and sad, but the young woman remained bent over a table as member after member used her until every last one had a go.

"Well, that wasn't how I imagined this night would go," Amanda said plopping down in front of Michelle's couch. "How are you feeling?"

"My pussy is incredibly sore and my asshole is gaping open thanks to Veronica fisting it for about three hours, but other than that I couldn't be better. What about you?"

"Never better. Sore...tired from all the fucking and my jaw aches from sucking God knows how many cocks, but..."

"Thirty-two," Michelle cut in. "You sucked thirty-two dicks. And you drank and kept down the pee of four men and three women. I'm very proud of you for that. I know how much you still hate drinking it."

"There was so much going on at once I lost track of everything happening to me. So, what do you think about being part owners of this club?"

"I think it's amazing! I keep expecting Master John to come in and say it was all a joke to humiliate Stacy."

"Yeah, it does seem too good to be true. I guess all we can do is wait and see if he was serious or not. Are you in any condition to drive home, or should we sleep here tonight?"

“I think I can handle driving. Come on, I’ll help you out to the car.”

New Owners

“What do you think Master John wants to see us about? Michelle asked as she and Amanda walked to his office.

“No idea. Maybe he wants to get in a lesson before we start work.”

Michelle knocked lightly on the office door and waited. “Enter,” Master John called out. Michelle turned the knob and opened the door. The first thing she saw was that Master John was not alone. Kneeling between his legs much like the first time they met was Veronica whose mouth was bobbing up and down on his cock. And kneeling off to the right of the desk was a naked Olivia bouncing up and down on a tapered training dildo designed to stretch the holes out slowly for fisting and bigger toys.

“Come in ladies,” Master John said and motioned with his hand. “Please, take a seat. We’ve got a lot to discuss before your shifts begin.”

“Yes Master,” Michelle and Amanda replied, each taking a seat in front of the large cherry desk.

“I apologize it’s taken this long, but Stacy did her best to delay the buyout process. But even her attorney told her how futile a gesture it was. Anyways, she is no longer part owner of the Lion’s Den which now makes it possible for me to give her share to the two of you if you’re still interested, that is.”

“I’m interested Master, but I have to ask why you’re giving us part ownership,” Michelle replied. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m honored you’d even consider us, but aren’t there more qualified people to do the job?”

“Probably. But I like the two of you,” Master John shrugged. “And like I said before, I can teach you everything you need to know about running the business.”

“What exactly will our duties be Master?” Amanda asked.

“I’ve hear that the owners take on the title of Master or Mistress,” Michelle added. “I could never do that without earning it.”

“The title of Master and Mistress are only given and recognized by those that earn it. And in order to earn it you’d have to go through rigorous training as a Dominant. And that will be part of running the business. Once your submissive training is complete you will begin training to become a Dominant. Amanda, since your submissive training has been complete for months now you may begin the Dominant training as soon as possible.”

“What if we have no desire to be Dominant, Master?” Michelle asked. “Does that mean we cannot own part of the company?”

“No, no it does not. If you have absolutely no desire to be trained as a Dominant then that is your choice. Now, there’s a ton of paperwork you’ll both need to read and sign before the deal is official. I highly recommend having an attorney read over them with you so that everything is made perfectly clear as some of the legalese is pretty complicated. Any other questions or concerns?”

“How will Stacy’s share of the company be split, Master?” Amanda asked.

“Well, she owned fifteen percent of the company so you would each get half, or seven-and-a-half percent. It doesn’t sound like much, but even that small amount will gross you six figures a year.”

“HOLY SHIT!” Michelle gasped. “Really Master?” She knew the club was wildly popular, but she had no idea just how much money it made on an annual basis.

“Really. Stacy was making on average \$330,000 per year for her stake in the company. That amount will now be split between the two of you.”

“Good lord!” It was Amanda’s turn to gasp. “Well, I guess I no longer have to worry about paying for school!”

“There is a stipulation added to the contract that states you both must complete your current college education. If you drop out, or take time off for anything other than medical reasons your stake in the club will go to me. Seeing as how

you both have only a year to go I don't see it being an issue, but I'd prefer it if you had an education even if it's not in business management."

"Understood Master. I have no intentions of quitting school," Amanda said. "So, back to my original question. What will our duties be?"

"Amanda, you'll go directly into training to become a Dominant and will eventually have submissives of your own. Assuming you want to, that is. And Michelle, you'll continue with your training as my submissive for a few months longer before we celebrate its completion. In the meantime, you'll both be trained to run the bar and registers as well as interviewing potential employees, members and guests. Basically, as part owners you'll be trained in all duties in case you need to cover for someone calling off, or until we find a replacement in case someone quits. Now, Michelle already voiced her desire to remain submissive only. Do you feel the same way?"

"No Master. I look forward to being trained as a Dominant as well," Amanda answered.

"Very good then. Amanda, you may go clock in and start your shift. Michelle, I need to speak to you about your training."

"Yes Master," the two new co-owners of the Lion's Den answered in unison. Amanda left Master John's office while Michelle remained.

"How's your pussy feeling?" Master John asked his submissive.

"It feels much better Master. Still a little sore when I have sex, but I can manage."

"No need. Until they are fully healed you are not permitted to have any form of vaginal sex with anyone. That includes Amanda. I don't want you risking infection or tearing should things get rough as you like it."

"Yes Master. Amanda won't be happy about it, but I'll do as you command."

"I know that you will, but to be certain I'm going to lace you up for the next couple of months. The only thing you'll be able to use your pussy for is to pee. Please stand up and come around to the side of the desk."

“Yes Master.”

Master John reached into a desk drawer and withdrew a length of thin, rubber-coated metal cord and laced it through the five sets of eyelets in Michelle’s outer labia and locked the ends together with a small silver lock. There was enough slack that she could pee, insert a tampon, or possibly a finger, but nothing larger. “I’ve been reviewing our records on you and it seems there are only a few fetishes you have not tried. I would like to continue milking you and use you as the club’s wet nurse if you are up to the task.”

“I would like that Master. Mistress...Stacy was just beginning my lactation training the day things went south. It’ll be several months before I start producing on my own and she wanted to speed the process along to use me as her personal wet nurse.”

“Produce on your own? Are you currently pregnant?”

“Yes Master. I’m sorry, I thought I already told you. I’m about two months along now.”

“I see. Well, congratulations on the pregnancy. I have to tell you that breeding is one of my favorite fetishes. Are you planning on having anymore?”

“I’ve always wanted three kids, Master. To be honest I had hoped to wait until I was older and settled into a career before having babies, but considering the life I’ve been living for the last year or so I’m surprised I didn’t get pregnant sooner.”

“How would you feel about being used as a breeding cow?”

“A breeding cow, Master?”

“A breeding cow is a woman that has as many babies as she possible can for the sheer joy and pleasure of being pregnant. It’s not for everyone and I will completely understand if you choose not to do it.”

“As interesting as it sounds, I’d rather not become the next Duggers. Besides, I don’t want to have kids just for the sake of being pregnant. I’m sorry Master, but I don’t think I like the idea of being a breeding cow.”

“Say now more about it. Veronica here is very much into it and Olivia agreed last night to have no fewer than five babies by the members of the club.”

“Olivia is a breeding cow?”

“She is. Apparently she left her husband of six years because she wanted kids and he did not. And since she is being trained here she agreed to the breeding.”

“WOW! I don’t know who the father of my current baby is, but I’d like to know who the father of the next two are.”

“What about Amanda? Do you think she’d like to be a breeding cow?”

“I cannot speak for her Master, but what I can tell you is she has no desire to have kids anytime soon.”

“Very well. Veronica, you may fuck yourself on my cock now.”

“Yes Master,” Veronica replied. She stood up and faced Michelle as she lowered herself onto her Master’s throbbing cock. “You may go clock in now Michelle.”

“Yes Master.”

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“I thought you were going to be in there all night,” Amanda said to Michelle. “So, what did Master have to say?”

“He wants to continue my lactation training and he asked if I’d like to be a breeding cow.”

“What did you tell him?”

“I told him I’d rather not. And then he asked if you’d like to be a breeding cow. I told him you were not interested in having babies right now.”

“Yeah, it’s already hard enough juggling classes and a full-time job. Thankfully it’s only for another year.”

“So, when you finish the training to be a Dominant will you be my Mistress?”

“What about Master John?”

“He’s my Master, but you’re the woman I love. Also, take a look at my pussy. Master laced and locked me tight until the piercings fully heal. Unfortunately, it looks like you’ll have to settle for my ass for the next few months.”

“Well, that sucks. More for you than me, but still. No sex for a few months? Do you think you can manage going without for that long?”

“I don’t really have much choice unless I disobey a direct command from my Master and we both know I’m not going to do that.”