





Perverse Opportunity

Crimson Rose

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Domination. Submission. Bondage. Sadism. Masochism. Raised in a fundamentalist Christian home, Madison Cantrell had been taught her entire life that these words were the tools of the devil and that anyone practicing them would earn and deserve a one-way ticket to an eternity of fiery suffering in the deepest pits of hell and despite a growing acceptance of the bdsm lifestyle she believed it. Strong proponents of the biblical adage spare the rod, spoil the child, discipline was the one part of the lifestyle her parents supported and she had the scars to prove it.

The latest beating came on Madison's eighteenth birthday. Her best friend Grace decided it would be a good idea to not only bring several of her brother's Skin Two and KFS magazines but some of his pornos as well. Her parents out for the evening, she threw caution and a lifetime of bigotry out the window and allowed her best friend to put one of the DVD's in the player. When the movie began Madison looked up from the pages of the magazine to see several beautiful women stripping and teasing each other with kisses, playful slaps on the ass and sensual caresses that made a shiver of excitement go down the nervous teen's spine.

A stunning brunette with big emerald green eyes, full lips and perky breasts pulled off her last stitch of clothing – a light burgundy summer dress, and Madison gasped as her eyes locked on the woman's large cock. "Oh my god! She...he...what kind of porn did you...your brother is into this sort of thing?"

"Trust me, I'm just as surprised as you are. But you have to admit, they're pretty damn hot. Go on, be honest, which one would you let pop that tight cherry of yours? Personally, I'm partial to curly haired brunettes myself," Grace said as she gave her best friend a knowing grin.

"Don't be gross."

"Gross? Please correct me if I'm wrong but you're the one that begged me to bring my brother's porn. Do you think it is easy knowing what a pervert he is? Speaking of which, there's the matter of payment."

“Payment?”

“I told you Sean would want payment for letting us borrow his stuff and you agreed to pay whatever it is. There’s no easy way to say it so I’ll just spit it out. He wants to have sex with you, Maddie.”

“Excuse me?”

“That’s not all. He...he, um, he wants to dominate you.”

“That’s a joke, right?”

“No joke. Look, I’m not about to tell you what to do with your own body but he’s been crushing on you since the day we met and he seriously wants to train you as his submissive. His words, not mine. You know he’s not the only one in the family that wants to have sex with you, right?”

Madison stared at her best friend for a long beat as the words sank in. “My parents would kill me if I had sex with a man before I married him and would probably have me publicly stoned to death if I had sex with another woman.”

“Your parents are strict but they’re not going to kill you Maddie. If you don’t want to have sex with me and Sean, not at the same time obviously, all you have to do is say so and I’ll never bring it up again.”

“My mother caned me so hard I couldn’t sit down for days and all I did was question their parenting skills. They’ve made it blatantly clear how they feel about bdsm or any other forms of porn and what they’d do if they ever caught me watching or participating in it. I shouldn’t have...”

Madison’s comment and her best friend’s rebuttal were cut short when the bedroom door flew open so hard it slammed into and then bounced off of the wall. Standing there with an angry look on her face was Madison’s mother Renee Cantrell. Born and raised with the same fundamentalist upbringing she had passed onto her daughter, she had a zero tolerance policy when it came to breaking the rules and if the last few minutes listening from the hall told her anything it was that her daughter had broken more than one and her best friend was a negative influence that needed to go.

Fuming mad, Renee stormed into Madison’s room with cane in hand. Drawing it

back, she aimed for her daughter's back but as hands connected with her shoulders sending her stumbling back several feet, it fell short. "HOW DARE YOU TOUCH ME!" she screeched in rage at her daughter's best friend.

"How dare I? How dare you! If you think I'm going to stand here and let you beat my best friend you got another think coming." Yanking the cane from Renee's hand, Grace snapped it in half over her right knee and dropped the pieces on the floor. "You call yourself a mother? You're nothing but a bully and I'll be damned if I let you or anyone else lay a finger on the woman I love!"

"You've got five seconds to get out of my house!" Renee snarled.

"Come on Maddie let's get out..."

"She's not going anywhere with a..."

"With a what?" Grace said as she got so close to her best friend's mother their noses touched. "You want to beat on someone try hitting someone your own size. Go ahead, I'll let you take the first shot but you had better make it good because unlike Madison I hit back."

"Get. Out. Of. My. House!"

"Not without Maddie. Come on, let's get out of here. You can stay at my place."

"I...I c-can't leave," Madison stammered in shock at seeing her best friend standing up to her mother in her defense.

"You just sat there and said your parents would kill you for watching porn and I believe it. Come with me and I guarantee your safety. Stay and I can't promise you'll be alive when the police come to arrest her sorry ass."

"I will not stand here and let a devil worshipping whore like you threaten me," Renee said as she drew her hand back to strike her best friend's daughter but before she could slap Grace across the face her daughter finally mustered the courage to fend for herself.

Stepping between mother and best friend, Madison glared at her mother. "NEVER AGAIN! You want to beat me to death for being human then go ahead. But don't be surprised when..." THWAP! Her mother's hand slapped hard

across her left cheek causing her vision to blur as stumbled back against her friend.

Like a bull seeing red, she flew into a blind rage. “FUCK YOU!” Slapping her mother back, Madison did not stop there. Picking up one half of the broken cane she brought it down hard on her mother’s left arm and side. Her mother turned to get away from the stinging swats but that only opened up other parts of her body. “I’M DONE! You think god wants you beating your child every time she breaks one of your archaic rules? You think you’re doing god’s work by treating my like a piece of fucking shit? I’m an adult now and I have eighteen years of abuse to make up for!” Tightening her grip on the jagged end of the cane, Madison grabbed her mother by the hair and yanked her to the floor.

Renee attempted to get up but a swift sweep of her daughter’s foot to her right arm knocked her off balance and her face hit the floor almost as hard as the cane across her back. Madison picked up the other half of the broken instrument that had been the cause of so many tiny scars now covering her ass, back and strategic parts of her arms and legs that could easily be hidden under clothes, and used both halves on her mother.

“COUNT!” Madison shouted. “Or have you forgotten your own fucked up rules?” THWACK! THWACK! The left cane struck her mother’s ass, the right her back. “I SAID COUNT! You’ve got eighteen years of discipline coming and I’m not going to stop until the last fucking swat lands and then you might have an idea of the hell you put me through and the fear I’ve lived in all my life. COUNT!” Madison growled.

“Jesus, Maddie, she actually made you count the swats?” Grace asked as she watched her best friend laying into her own mother.

“She did. And now she’s going to do the same or we’ll be here all god damn night.” After a barrage of swats her mother managed to scramble away from the torrent of swats and quickly crawl into the hall. “What’s the matter, mom, can’t take what you so eagerly dish out?” Throwing the broken cane down the hall, one of the halves hit the back of her mother’s right leg while the other bounced off the wall. “Crawl away you worthless excuse of a mother! Grace and I are going to go back to watching fetish porn and I’m going to have sex with her. And after that I’m going to have sex with her brother. And there isn’t a damn thing you can do about it!”

“You have one hour to get out of my house and then I’m calling the police!” her mother shot back.

“Good luck with that. You want me out? Fine, but you have to go through the proper channels and have me evicted or I’ll sue you for everything you’re worth. Come on, Grace, let’s watch some porn and see where it takes us.”

“Um, were you just talking shit to your mother or were you serious about having sex with me?”

In reply, Madison pulled her best friend close and kissed her hard on the lips. The show of affection was immediately returned and the two best friends let their tongues dance as their hands explored each other’s bodies. Madison never considered herself bisexual but as Grace’s right hand squeezed her left breast she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she definitely loved playing with other women. “Call Sean. Tell him I’m going to lose my virginity to my best friend but if he still wants me then I’m all his tomorrow.”

“You sure you want to be doing this Maddie? Don’t get me wrong, I’ve been crushing on you for years but I don’t want you doing anything you might later regret just to prove some sort of point to your mother.”

“I’m sure. I’ve let her and dad control my life for far too long and now it’s time for me to take back what’s mine. And the first thing I want to do is have sex with my best friend.” Pulling her tee shirt off, Madison threw it down the hall before taking Grace by the hand and pulling her into the bedroom. Before the door closed she was completely topless. “I’m serious, Grace, I want to have sex with you. If you don’t want me then say so. Otherwise, start taking your clothes off.”

“Alright, but if you want to stop just say the word.” Unbuttoning her blue, black and white plaid shirt, Grace locked eyes with her best friend and did not look away until Madison tugged her panties down. “My god you’re stunning.”

“Not as beautiful as you but I’ll take it,” Madison nervously replied. Biting into the left side of her lower lip, she moved in and stopped with her mouth less than an inch from her best friend’s right nipple. “May I?”

“Yes please.”

Madison latched onto Grace’s nipple and her engorged clit told her she had made

the right choice. Moaning softly, she placed her left hand on the small of her friend's back as she continued to suck and playfully nibble. Alternating back and forth to give both equal pleasure, she did not stop until Grace took a step back to take off her shorts and panties. "Good news," Madison beamed. "I'm definitely into women and want to do everything with you."

"You have no idea how happy hearing you say that makes me. No pressure, but I'm not one to share my significant other but I'm willing to make an exception so you can have sex with my brother tomorrow. After that you'll have to decide which of us you want to date."

"You," Madison quickly replied. "I want to have sex with Sean if only to know whether I like men as well as women but I want to be with you." When Grace was butt naked, Madison took her by the hand and after giving her another passion-filled kiss guided her to the bed. Her eyes going to the TV where two beautiful transsexuals pleased each other. "I want to do that with you."

"Sorry babe, but I don't have a cock to suck."

"No, but you have a pussy to eat and I'm feeling peckish," Madison giggled.

Waking to the feeling of her best friend's body pressed against her back, Madison opened her eyes with a smile for the first time in as long as she could remember but the moment was about to go south. Her bedroom door flew open and her parents angrily stormed in. Renee took one look at her daughter in bed with another woman and scoffed. "Have your disgusting fun now because you're both going to burn in hell," Renee said. "Holding up an envelope she continued. "Consider this your eviction notice. You have thirty days to find another place to live."

Madison's father stepped up to the foot of his daughter's queen sized bed. "And if you ever lay a finger on your mother again it'll be the last thing you do."

"Threatening your daughter with witnesses around to hear it isn't the brightest idea," Grace said.

"And you're not welcome in my house ever again. You have five minutes to get out or I'll call the police and have you arrested for trespassing."

"Ban her from coming over and I'll report the eighteen years of abuse I've suffered at your hands. I wonder what the police would have to say when they hear the two of you have spent years caning my naked ass." The look her parents gave each other told Madison she had just gained the upper hand. "I'm going to have sex with my beautiful and amazing girlfriend as often as possible starting right now so unless you want things to get really weird I suggest you leave." Turning, she kissed her new girlfriend. A moment later the bedroom door slammed shut and she heard her parents stomping down the hall.

"Have I mentioned how much I love you," Grace purred. "That being said, you promised to have sex with Sean today."

"I think I can handle you both. We can have a quickie now and after a shower and breakfast I'll invite him over and see where this craziness takes us."

"Are you just going to have sex with him or are you going to let him dominate

you?”

“Honestly? I don’t know. Sex for sure and we’ll see where it goes from there. Now, do you want to be on top or bottom?” Madison said, throwing the blankets back so hard they flew off the bed and onto the floor.

“Whatever you want, babe.”

“Top it is. Call me gross but I want to how did they put it in that porno last night? Toss your fucking salad,” Madison nervously grinned even as her cheeks turned pink.

“I licked your sexy ass last night so that would be hypocritical of me.” Playfully pushing her girlfriend onto her back, Grace straddled Madison’s hips and slowly kissed her way down her petite body from lips to nipples to belly to hooded clit before turning and getting into a sixty-nine position.

On top the night before Madison did not have much access to her girlfriend’s ass so when she saw Grace’s back door winking open of its own accord instead of a tightly puckered hole she had to comment. “Jesus, Grace, anal much?”

“I may have taken a dildo or three,” Grace replied.

“Right. Were they as big as your arm because from what I’m seeing it looks like I can reach in and tickle your tonsils?”

“So, maybe I’ve used a few big ones.”

“Come on, Grace, I may have just lost my virginity last night but I’m not stupid. It take a lot more than a few big dicks, real or not, to naturally gape a hole like yours.”

“Okay, fine! I’ve spent the last five months fisting my ass three times a day. But don’t get any ideas. Until you get some lube you can stick to using spit and a couple fingers.” Lowering her head, Grace sucked her girlfriend’s hooded clit.

“You’re going to have to teach me how to do that,” Madison moaned as the tip of her friend’s skilled tongue lightly flicked over that sensitive bundle of nerves bringing her so much pleasure. “Fisting my ass that is. But not until after your brother has had a chance of breaking it in.” Spreading Grace’s ass open, she

hesitated only a moment before diving in tongue extended.

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By the time Madison and Grace stepped out of the bathroom after taking a long shower together, Madison's parents were gone. Being the weekend she knew they were not going to work but any time they spent out of the house was time she did not have to worry about breaking their barbaric rules. Not that she cared anymore, but despite last night's confrontation she did not want to press her luck and end up in jail. She did, however, want to get rid of the rest of the canes and paddles her parents had used on her over the years so she did the one thing she was forbidden from doing above all else.

"Um, I know you're sort of liberated now but do you really think this is a good idea?" Grace asked as she and Madison stood in front of a closed door.

"They have more than one damn cane and as long as they're in the house I'll never feel safe." Fiddling with the lock, it took the amateur thief several minutes to jimmy the door open. She had tried getting into her parents' bedroom many times over the years, trying everything from claiming nightmares to feigning sickness but this was her first success and reality did not meet the hype she had built up in her own mind. A king sized bed took up most of the wall straight ahead. A long dresser sat against the wall to the right and an open door leading to their private bath was a few feet beyond that. She assumed the double doors to the left led into the closet but they were closed so she could not be entirely certain. "Well, this is...underwhelming."

"What were you expecting?"

"I don't know. I don't see any canes or paddle sitting out in the open so we'll have to look around." Stepping into the bedroom Madison went straight for the dresser. Bras. Panties. Boxers. Socks. Nothing out of the ordinary. Peeking into the bathroom she let her eyes glance over the Jacuzzi tub and separate shower stall, to the vanity containing double sinks and the shelves built into the wall where towels and toiletries were stored.

"Um, Madison, why do they have a door in the closet?" Grace asked.

"No idea." Walking away from the bathroom and to the closet, Madison stepped in and instinctively attempted to slide the closed door in the back of the closet

open. It did not budge. To the right she saw what appeared to be a keypad. “What the hell?” Taking a wild guess she tried her mother’s day and month of birth. The door remained locked. The same happened with her fathers. She then used the month and year of each. Still nothing. As a last resort she hit the buttons for the month and year she was born. The numbers went from red to green and she heard a faint click. “Well that’s just creepy.”

Madison slid the door open and stopped dead in her tracks before her feet had a chance to move. “What the shit?”

“What is it? What in...oh my god!” Grace gasped as she stared into a small but well-stocked dungeon similar to those she had seen in her brother’s many fetish magazines and internet porn. Canes, paddles, floggers, gags and clamps hung openly on walls next to shelves lined with dildos and butt plugs ranging in size from as thin as a finger to thicker than a baseball bat. Straight ahead a machine with two rods sticking out of metal housing, a large X and a padded bench with side platforms and built-in leather cuffs rested against the wall out of the way but in easy access. “Um, Maddie, you know what this is, right?”

“It looks like the rooms in the pictures in some of the magazines you brought,” Madison replied.

“This is a dungeon, Maddie, and there’s only one reason your parents would have...OH MY GOD!” examining a shelf lined with DVD cases, Grace pulled one off and let her eyes fall over a cover depicting her best friend’s parents dressed head to toe in latex and leather standing before half a dozen naked kneeling women. “Um, Maddie, I think your parents do fetish porn and this isn’t the only one on the shelf.”

“It seems as if my parents do a lot of shit they preached would earn me an eternity of torment in the fiery pits of hell,” Madison replied, barely able to contain the rage building up within.

Looking at a few more DVD covers Grace noticed a theme. “They all appear to be taken at a place called Sinphoria. Ever hear of it?”

“Nope. I can’t believe this,” Madison said, shaking her head in disbelief. “What a bunch of fucking hypocrites.”

“I guess this explains their possession of and skill using canes to discipline you.

So, what now?”

“Now I expose them for the two-faced frauds that they are. I bet the people at the church they so love to attend will love to see what sort of perversions their favored parishioners partake in.” Walking over to the shelf lined with fifty or so DVD cases, Madison stacked as many as she could carry on a small table, picked them up and looked at her girlfriend. “Grab the rest if you can.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to pay a visit to the church and their friends.”

“Damn, girl, remind me to never get on your bad side.”

After locking everything up just as she and Grace found it, Madison stuffed as many of the homemade pornos into her navy blue duffel bag as would fit and with her girlfriend hot on her heels left the house to expose the world to who her parents really were.

Twenty year old Sean Bennett had been crushing on his sister's best friend for more than a decade and despite having several girlfriends firmly believed they would one day be together so when Madison called him Saturday afternoon and told him she wanted him to be her first man he got so excited he nearly blew his load in his pants. No sooner were the words out of her mouth then thoughts of what he wanted to do to her popped into his perverted mind.

Dropping the last of the DVD's in her aunt's mailbox Madison dropped her best friend turned off, kissed her goodbye for the day and then drove to Sean's house for her first sexual experience with a man. Initially only going to allow him to fuck her pussy, ass and mouth she changed her mind after seeing the secret lives of her parents. Even if she did not like what he did to her she was fully committed to letting him dominate her in every sense of the word.

Her girlfriend off to have sex with her first man, Grace had nowhere else to go so instead of driving around aimlessly for the rest of the day she decided to satiate her curiosity by checking out the fetish club known as Sinphoria. Driving to where skyscrapers of metal and glass gave way to brick and mortar and then wide open fields as far as the eye could see, she pulled onto a two lane road splitting a forest like an arrow. A quarter mile in and she saw a nearly packed parking lot stretching out in front of a three story brick building that upon first glance appeared to be nothing more than a busy warehouse. But the sign depicting a sexy devil wearing leather and wielding a whip in one hand and a flogger in the other said otherwise. And if that was not proof enough she had found the right place then the name SINPHORIA written in red neon lights was.

Entering through the front door, Grace was greeted by a pretty twenty-something brunette wearing a low-cut dark purple dress. "Welcome to Sinphoria. Come on over and I'll see to your needs."

"Thanks. This is actually my first time in a place like this. What can you tell me about it? How long have you been in business? Who owns the place? What can I expect once inside?"

“We opened in twenty-eleven and are owned and operated by Master Charles Cantrell and Mistress Renee Cantrell. As for...”

Hearing the names of her best friend’s parents Grace nearly choked on her own saliva. “Can you say that again please?”

“We are owned and operated by Master Charles Cantrell and Mistress Renee Cantrell. Do you know them?”

“Is he a six foot, hundred and seventyish pound man with slightly greying dark brown hair and piercing blue eyes and is she about five-five, a hundred and twenty pounds with black hair, green eyes and a holier-than-thou attitude?”

“Sounds about right.”

“They’re my girlfriend’s parents and while we found some videos of them taken here we had no idea they actually owned the place. Um, are they here now?”

“They’re here every day from eight to eight. So, would you just like to pay for today or can I interest you in a membership?”

“What are the costs for each?”

“A day is fifty dollars and is good for one visit however long that might be up to twenty-four hours. We also offer weekly, monthly and yearly memberships as increasing discounts.”

“Um, my girlfriend and I had a bit of an argument with her parents last night and this morning. If I pay to go in can they make me turn around and leave?”

“No. What happens outside of Sinphoria stays outside Sinphoria. The only way you’ll be forced to leave is if you break the rules. Speaking of which, you’ll need to read and sign them before going any further.” Reaching under the counter the woman grabbed a clipboard and slid it towards Grace. “Go ahead and read all of that and if you’re still interested in paying the fee to enter sign and initial where indicated and we’ll go from there.”

“Okay. Um, what’s your name?”

“My name is Mistress Carmen and I’ve been here since day one so if you have

any questions don't hesitate to ask."

"Thanks." Clipboard and pen in hand Grace walked to a row of comfortable looking chairs and sat down to read the rules, having decided upon hearing her girlfriend's parents owned the place to go in no matter how ridiculous they might be. The rules seemed fairly straightforward. No single men. No full nudity on the bottom floor thought topless was fine. No photos or cell phones. Ask for permission for everything. She signed and moved on to a comprehensive seven page form which laid out all of their responsibilities, behavioral standards, dress code and sexual health. The last five pages contained an extensive list of fetishes with instructions on how to mark them on a scale of one to five. Wondering how they would come into play in a club setting, she looked up at Mistress Carmen. "Excuse me, Mistress. I have a question about the fetish list."

"Ask away."

"How exactly can you enforce what everyone's fetishes are and make sure no one steps over the line?"

"The list isn't for the club in general. We use the fetish lists to determine who we invite to periodic private parties. For example, if we're holding an interracial party and you're not into black men and women you won't get an invite."

"Makes sense. Thanks." Giving anal a five meaning she would do it without question, she looked back up at Mistress Carmen. "Anyone ever just mark everything with a five to get invited to every party?"

"Not that I'm aware of and anyone doing so would probably be questioned extensively to see if they were telling the truth."

"Fair enough."

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While her girlfriend was filling out forms to gain entry into a fetish club, eighteen year old beauty Madison Cantrell was entering Sean's house for the first time. Stepping into a living room decorated with modern furniture in neutral tones, she greeted her girlfriend's brother with a kiss. "I don't want to beat around the bush or waste another second so I'll just state that I want you to spend the rest of the day dominating me however you wish. If you're into it then

try it on me but I reserve the right to make you stop if I find I don't like it. Deal?"

"Deal, but there's a bit more to bdsm than domination and submission and I have a few rules of my own. First, you'll call me Master or you'll be disciplined. Second, since we've never done anything sexual before I don't know what you like so I'm going to need you to tell me as we go along. Three, when we're finished playing it is the submissive's job to make sure everything is clean and back in its place. Four, I use two safewords and I fully expect you to use them if you deem it necessary. The first is yellow and should be used if you need the scene to slow down or you're good to keep going after a temporary break. The other is red and once you use it the scene will immediately end. Are you with me so far?"

"Yes Master."

"Good. Rule five, for the safety of everyone involved I have seventeen cameras in my dungeon that records everything from every possible angle and then some. I will not shut them off for anyone and that includes you. A copy of our scenes will be available upon request but only after both of us sign a contract stating we will never post it to the internet or lend it to anyone for any reason without the written permission of all parties involved. And finally, rule six. If you break the rules you may not use the safewords to get out of being disciplined. If you refuse discipline you'll be asked to leave. If you do so you will not be welcomed in my home again until you agree to double the discipline you left on. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master."

"Then you may take your clothes off. When you're naked you'll get on all fours and follow me down to the dungeon."

"Yes Master."

"So, you and Grace, huh? Can't say I'm surprised my sister went after you first but I'm a bit shocked you agreed to have sex with her."

"Why Master?" Madison asked as she dropped her bra on the floor. "She's beautiful, smart and is my best friend in the world. Just so we're all on the same page I've agreed to let you dominate me today because I'm curious about what

else I might be into but Grace and I are dating now so please don't try to break us up for your own greedy pleasures."

"I would never do such a thing."

"Thank you Master. Honestly, I'm really looking forward to having sex with a man for the first time and if we're both lucky we might get to do it again. If Grace is okay lending me out that is."

"One can hope."

Madison stepped out of her thong and then got on her hands and knees. A moment later Sean turned and walked towards the kitchen and she followed. Crawling was easy enough but going up and down stairs on hand and knee was not something she had done since she was a toddler and she found the task surprisingly difficult. Thankfully, however, she managed to make it all the way down without injury. Where most people used their basements for storage or entertainment of a non-sexual nature, Sean had his openly furnished as a dungeon on a much larger scale than the one hiding in her parent's bedroom.

"Alright Madison, I think we'll start slow. Why don't you crawl over here and suck my cock?"

"Yes Master." Eager to see if she would lick giving blowjobs and ultimately the taste of semen, the excited eighteen year old did as her Master commanded without hesitation. Sitting back into a kneeling position, she reached up with trembling hands and unbuttoned his pants. Biting her lower lip she unzipped his fly and then pulled his pants down to his knees. His dick sprang free. As she leaned in to suck him into her mouth her eyes locked onto his and she felt a jolt of excitement hit her clit with throbbing euphoria. Completely inexperienced, she relied on her limited knowledge pleasuring Grace and what she saw in the various pornos they watched before being so rudely interrupted.

Wrapping her fingers around his shaft, Madison went from sucking Sean's cock to his balls while jerking him off. After a minute or two she licked up his veiny shaft and then took all seven hard inches down her throat until her eyes watered and the urge to gag nearly reached the point of no return. She backed off and took several deep breaths to calm her nerves and then went right back to it. Leaning back for the seventh or eighth time, Madison looked up at Sean and panted. "I want you in every hole, Master. Grace told me she's been fisting her

ass for the last four months. Will you fist mine for me?”

“Absolutely, but I don’t think that’s possible in one day.”

“I’m willing to try if you are Master.”

“Then let’s get started. You may assume the head down ass up position while I get the lube and a few toys.”

“Yes Master,” Madison excitedly replied. “I have to say I love having sex with men so far. Let’s hope that continues to be the case when you pop my anal cherry.”

“Let’s hope. I’ll go easy and start you off with the smallest plug I have and work up from there.”

“I appreciate that, Master, but I’d rather lose my virginity to the real thing if that’s okay.”

“Absolutely. But what are you willing to give me in return for such a favor?”

“Favor, Master? Isn’t letting you take my anal virginity payment enough?”

“For most maybe, but I’m not just anyone. Tell you what, in return for my dick being the first thing you feel up your ass I want you to let me give you a small tattoo.”

Madison knew her would-be Master was an amazing artist because she had two of his pieces – an incredibly life-like pencil portrait of herself and an inked drawing of a tropical island so she had no doubt whatsoever that he would give her the best possible tattoo. The issue was whether or not she wanted one. “Can I ask what the tattoo will be of, Master?”

“The bdsm triskelion with life of submission written around it. That being said, it’ll be as small as I can make it and still be able to read the words and I’d like to place it on the back of your left shoulder.”

“If you put it somewhere no one will easily see it I’ll do it, Master.”

“Are you ashamed to let people know you’re submissive, Madison?”

“I don’t know if ashamed is the word for it, Master. I’m also not entirely sure I’m submissive and would rather not have to explain it to everyone that sees it.”

“Let me pierce your nipples and I’ll let you pick the location for the tattoo.”

“I accept, Master,” Madison blurted out before her brain had a chance to say otherwise. “I’d like you to put the tattoo on my mound.”

“Deal.” Lubing his cock, Sean placed the head against Madison’s tightly puckered asshole. She tensed and took a deep breath but he did not push into her. Waiting patiently, he occasionally added more lube to keep his cock lubed and ready. It took three or four minutes but Madison relaxed. Seizing the opportunity, Sean held her by the hips and pushed. Resistance gave way to acceptance and he slid in balls deep.

“Uuhhnnn! H-Holy Fuck!” Madison grunted as her asshole stretched to take her Master’s cock. Stopping, Sean wanted to give his new submissive a chance to get used to having something up her ass, but Madison had other plans. Thinking her Master wanted her to do all the work, she rocked her hips back and forth.

“Uhn...uhn...god damn it feels weird. I thought it would hurt a lot more but glad it doesn’t. I like, no, I love taking your cock up the ass, Master.”

“Glad to hear it. After today I think I’ll have a talk with my sister and see if we can’t come to some sort of arrangement to continue your training as my submissive. Assuming that’s what you want.”

“I want to do whatever makes you happy, Master, and in return I’d like you to make me happy by fucking my pussy as well.” Three days ago Madison would have never dreamt of using such language but now that she was free of her parents’ tyrannical rule it was as if her brain to mouth filter had been shut off and whatever popped into her mind came out unhindered. “Please fuck my pussy, Master. Uhn...uhn...I want to feel you shooting in me.”

Saying nothing, Sean continued fucking Madison’s ass for another ten minutes before pulling out and quickly walking in front of her. Grabbing her long naturally curly brown hair, he yanked her head back, shoved his dick into her mouth and came. She went wide eyed but did not stop him shooting down her throat even if she was disappointed. “Don’t worry, we have plenty of time to fuck a load or three in your pussy. I want you to stand with your legs spread shoulder width apart and hands locked together behind your head. You will

remain in that position until you've been pierced and tattooed or you'll be disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master."

Her forms filled out and her fee paid for the day, Grace paid a visit to Sinphoria's fetishwear boutique to buy something a little more appropriate than tee shirt and shorts. Leaving twenty minutes later wearing a form-fitting off the shoulder grey latex mini dress and matching thigh-high boots and panties. One deep breath later and she stepped into the cub proper. She had seen pictures and plenty of porn but nothing prepared her for the reality of being in a fetish club. The lighting was low, the music loud. Topless men and women talked, made out and engaged in everything from spanking and flogging to being led around on a leash like a dog. To fit in as much as to experience it, she peeled the top of her dress down until her perfect c-cups were on full display.

An open dance floor took up most of the floor while a long bar with comfortable low-back chairs provided a place for thirsty patrons to get a non-alcoholic drink before returning to a life of perversion. But that was where normalcy ended and fetish took over. Spanking benches. Saint Andrews. Kneelers. Sex Swings. Bondage beds. Stockades. Canes, floggers and paddles hung from support pillars alongside gags and clamps. Dildos, butt plugs, boxes of condoms and latex gloves lined dozens of shelves built into the walls but as much as Grace wanted to test them out she knew she would have to find a Master or Mistress and ask permission first.

Walking around to get a feel for the place, Grace was approached by a young handsome man in his early twenties with chiseled jawline, pretty boy blue eyes and well-toned chest that made her want to do whatever he commanded of her. The usually reserved eighteen year old throwing caution to the wind, she gave the man a smile and introduced herself. "Hi. I'm grace and you are?"

"Paul. And it's a pleasure meeting you. First time here?"

"Is it that obvious?"

"The constant nervous glances are a dead giveaway," he teased. "I'm actually headed back to the table I'm sharing with my wife and a few friends. Would you like to join us?"

“And by join you do you mean have sex?”

“Only if you want.”

“I’ve never been to a place like this before and I told myself while filling out the fetish list that I’d like to experience as much as humanly possible so, yes, I’d love to have sex with you, your wife and all your friends.”

“Sounds like a fun afternoon but are you sure you can take eight men at the same time?”

“EIGHT! I mean, I’m willing to try.”

“You’re under no obligation to do so and say the word and we’ll stop.”

“Thanks. To be honest being gang ganged has been on my list of fetishes for a long time and now that I’m in a situation to do it without being judged as a whore I’d be stupid to pass it up. Um, I can also easily take a fist up my ass but only three or four fingers in my pussy.”

“Good to know. Ever been flogged, spanked or anything like that?”

“Not since I was five, but I’m willing to do light caning and flogging.”

“Nice. I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

“I hope so.”

Following Paul to a large round table off to the right of the club, Grace was not surprised by the eight men ranging from early to mid-twenties to thirties, but the petite busty blonde sitting on a black man’s lap made her gasp. “Ashley? Ashley Wynn?” Though they had not seen each other since grade school Grace knew the familiar pretty face of her first crush the second she saw it.

“Oh my god, Grace? What are you doing here?”

“Um, I’m here to have sex with you, your husband and all these men,” Grace answered honestly. Well, actually I’m here to check out a fetish club for the first time and Paul approached me and here I am.”

“Nice. Please, have a seat.”

“So, you know each other?” Paul asked as he looked from his wife to the woman he just invited to the party.

“Ashley and I went to grade school together. She was actually my first crush,” Grace admitted. “Also, there are no empty seats so...”

“But there are plenty of cocks,” Ashley grinned.

“Right.” Looking around the table, Grace found the biggest, blackest cock among the men and sat in his lap. His dick pushed so deep she was worried she would not be able to take it all, but with one final thrust his thick ten inches was pressing against her cervix. “Sweet fucking Jesus!”

“You can say that again babe. I haven’t had a hole this tight since I popped Ashley’s ass.”

“I’ll save you the disappointment and tell you all right now that I can easily take a fist up my ass.”

“I want to put that claim to the test.” Ashley said as she stood and grabbed a bottle of lube. “Bend her over the table,”

It was about that time Renee and her husband Charles happened to walk by and see their daughter’s best friend fucking herself on a black man’s cock. Furious and worried she would go running to Madison, Renee hooked her arm around her husband’s arm and pulled him in the opposite direction, but it was too little too late. Strong hands lifting her off the big black cock, Grace saw her girlfriend’s parents doing everything in their power to avoid her but their eyes met and she smirked. “Excuse me for a minute I see a Master and Mistress I need to have a word with.” Pulling away from the black man’s thrusting cock, she walked over to Renee and Charles. “Well, fancy meeting you here.”

“You must have us confused with someone else,” Renee scowled.

“Yeah, right, that must be it. Look, I’m here because Madison and I found your dungeon and your porn collection and I don’t think I need to tell you how pissed off and betrayed she’s feeling right now. So betrayed in fact that she took your entire DVD collection and passed it out to everyone the two of you know to

expose what a couple of hypocritical assholes you are so expect some backlash if you haven't already gotten it. Anyways, I have a gang bang to get back to so have fun because I know I will."

"I want you out of my club right now and if I ever see your face here or on my property every again it'll be the last thing you fucking do," Renee seethed.

"First of all, I was informed that unless I break the rules not even you can force me to leave. Second of all you just threatened my life and that is grounds for immediate banning from the club, but seeing as how you're the owners I do believe that give me the option of pressing charges or disciplining you and I think I'll choose the latter. I'm thinking fifty swats of the cane each will suffice."

"You're out of your fucking mind if you think..."

"Fine, then I'll go see Mistress Carmen and have her get the video ready for the police." Shrugging, Grace turned and started to walk away when a hand tightly grabbed her left arm and spun her around.

"Call the police and when we get home I'll make damn sure Madison pays for your disrespect."

"Threatening your daughter now? For fuck sake, do you hear yourself or is your head too far up your own ass?"

"That'll be enough out of you," Charles said. "You'll show us the respect we deserve as owners of this club or it'll be you getting disciplined."

"Respect is something you earn, not demand and neither of you deserve an ounce of it. I'll be going to have a talk with Mistress Carmen now so expect a visit from the police anytime soon." Walking back to the table of waiting men, Grace gave them all a disappointed look. "Sorry guys but I have to step out for a few minutes. If everything works out I'll be back but just in case I can't make it don't wait for me."

Met at the exit by Renee and Charles who looked as if the entire world was crashing in around them, Grace tried to slip past them but they blocked the door. "You're not going anywhere until we talk," Renee said matter of fact.

"You'll let me out of here right now or I'll scream for help and let everyone here

know what self-centered, egotistical assholes they work for.” Renee and Charles did not budge. “You think I’m kidding? HELP!” Grace yelled at the tops of her lungs. The music died down and several well-built men and statuesque women approached within seconds. “HELP!” she screamed again.

“What seems to be, oh, Master Charles, Mistress Renee do you have this one?”

“No,” Grace replied “They’re the ones refusing to let me leave because they’re afraid of what I’m going to report.”

“This young lady seems to be off her beds,” Charles scoffed. “We were doing nothing of the like. Why don’t we go to one of the side rooms and sort this all out?”

“Yeah, I don’t think so. Get out of my way so I can call the police and report you for threatening my life and the life of your daughter.”

“Lady, I don’t know...” Renee started to say before being cut off.

“Save it. I can’t wait to see the look on Madison’s face when she hears the two of you have been arrested.”

“Master Charles, Mistress Renee I’m afraid I’ll have to ask the two of you to step aside so this young lady may leave,” the woman who initiated the conversation commanded. “You may be the owners but not even you are above the rules.”

“Maybe not but consider yourself fired,” Renee spit in anger. Had she known this was the beginning of the end for her and her precious club she probably would have kept her mouth shut, but then again she never was one to know when to stop. “And you’re banned from this club for life,” she said glaring at her daughter’s best friend.

“I’m not the one that broke the rules.” Slipping between her girlfriend’s parents, Grace walked back out to the lobby area before realizing her breasts were still on full display. Straightening her dress, she walked over to where Mistress Carmen still sat and asked to use the phone.

Nipples pierced, mound tattooed, Madison remained in position and watched as her new Master placed five microdermal anchors along each hip which he then added letters spelling out OWNED on her right and SLAVE on the left. She did not want him to do it but he did not know that because save for the occasional grunt and groan as the needle made the hole she kept her mouth shut and let it happen. Humiliation soon led to shame which became guilt and finally acceptance. It was then she truly felt the part of submissive. “Thank you for piercing me, Master.”

“Thank you for letting me. And don’t worry, the letters can be switched out for other words or other things. Now, you ready for me to fuck you silly or would you prefer I teach you positions?”

“Can’t we do both, Master?”

“We can. But before we do either there’s something else I’d like to do before you’re too worn out to enjoy our time together.”

“I don’t think there’s any risk of that happening, Master.”

The cuffs were removed from her ankles first so that she could stand while Sean unlocked the ones around her wrists. She was then led to a spanking bench. Her immediate fear was being caned, but that was alleviated when her Master rolled over a sex machine with two metal rods sticking out of the front of the housing. Dildos were attached and a few minutes later they were pounding in and out of her ass. Sean moved to stand in front of his beautiful submissive and put the head of his dick in her mouth. She eagerly accepted it but regretted doing so a beat later when the acrid taste of urine hit the back of her throat. His dick slid deeper but the stream continued to flow until trickling to a stop.

“Good girl. While the machine fucks you I’m going to alternate taking the cane and flogger to various parts of your body to keep your brain guessing whether it’s feeling pleasure or pain. If we’re lucky the lines will blur and become one and the same and then the real fun can begin.”

“Meaning what, Master?”

“Meaning if we’re lucky you’ll become my sexy little pain slut.”

“I did tell you I’m dating your sister, right, Master?”

“You did. And I told you I’ll be having a talk with her to continue your training. But that can wait for another day.” Going to the wall to his right Sean picked up a bamboo cane and a cowhide flogger. “We’re going to make this interesting. After each swat you’ll count and say thank you Master. I’ll alternate between the cane and flogger at various intensities so you won’t know what’s coming and we’ll see just how long you can make it before screwing up and earning yourself a real discipline. Understood?”

“Yes Mast...” THWACK! The cane came down hard on the unprepared submissive’s ass before she could complete the word. “ONE! Thank you Master.”

Good girl. THWAP! This time the flogger stung across her shoulders where the tattoo was intended to go before she decided to move it elsewhere.

“Two. Thank you Master.”

Quickly switching hands, Sean brought the cane down on Madison’s back causing her to tense and nearly scramble off the dildos steadily plowing her pussy and ass. “Three! Thank you Master.” Shoving back hard, she felt the silicone cocks thrust even deeper than ever and it was then she realized they were both tapered and meant to slowly stretch her open. Unfortunately, her rash movement made a quick job of it but as the pain shot through her pussy she erupted in orgasm. The cane added another swat to her ass causing her to squirt again. “FOUR! T-Thank...thank you Master,” she panted.

THWACK! Changing it up, Sean gave Madison’s back and ass swats at the same time – the former relatively light and the latter harder than hell. Completely overwhelmed, she leaped off the spanking bench like a frog tossed in a frying pan and grabbed her aching behind. “Dammit that hurt, Master.”

“Guess we’ll have to work on the whole pain slut thing,” Sean smiled in reply.

“Y-Yes Master.”

Leaving the club before the police arrived, Renee and Charles Cantrell took one look at their phones and the hundred and fifty or so missed calls told them what Grace had said about their daughter spreading their videos to everyone in a fifty mile radius was true. Pastor John Dyer. Renee's sister. Charles' brothers and sisters. Friends, family members and other church parishioners who thought they were upstanding members of society. When so many calls went unanswered the text messages rolled in and none were flattering.

Feeling the last nine years of their lives unraveling thanks to their ungrateful daughter, Renee Sped out of the parking lot of the club she and her husband worked hard to build into a place for like-minded men and women to feel safe while exploring and experimenting with their sexuality. They had rules in place they demanded be followed to the letter and all it took was one comment from a single snot-nosed brat to throw them so far off their game they broke the most important of them all.

Furious, they drove home to confront their daughter but found the house completely empty. They called her phone but got no reply. Charles went to the local U-Haul to get boxes and other supplies. Renee stayed home and prepared their daughter's room to be packed up, eviction be damned. The bed was stripped, dresser and closet emptied. Dirty clothes were taken to the laundry room and tossed in the wash so Madison had no excuse to stay any longer than necessary.

Charles returned an hour later and together with his wife they made short work of packing up their daughter's possessions and stacking the boxes in the living room. "I know you think we should just toss her out on her ass with nothing but we both know that'll come back to bite us in the ass so just go empty out the safe so she has something to get a place of her own," he said as he carried the last box of clothes.

"You're right, that fucking bitch doesn't deserve a god damn penny of our hard earned money."

"I'm not going to argue with you. Just go get the money and put it in an envelope so it's not all out in the open where anyone can see it."

Pumping his load deep in Madison's pussy, all Sean could think about was her flat belly swelling with his child and he made his fantasy known to the woman he had spent half his life crushing on. "I want to breed you, Madison. I want to fuck my load in you five times a day until you're pregnant with my baby. Say it babe. Tell me you want the same thing. Tell me you want to be my sexy little breeding cow!" Holding her by the hips, he kept his cock buried deep.

"I...I want to be your breeding cow, Master, but I don't have a job or place of my own and neither does Grace."

"You can live here until you're on your feet and in exchange for rent all you have to do is continue your training. As for a job, I know a few places where you'd make a ton of money fast."

"You mean strip clubs, Master?"

"That's one option, but I also know a few fetish clubs and you'd do well as a webcam model if any of that interests you."

"Um, do you know about Sinphoria, Master?"

"I do."

"My parents go there. I found out their whole religious attitude is just a facade to hide their perverse lifestyle."

"I'm sure you can still work there without seeing them. I mean they can't be there twenty-four-seven, right?"

"I suppose not, Master, but I'm not sure I want to risk it."

"That's fair. But I have it on good authority they pay very well. Like fifty to a hundred grand a year depending on your position."

"You mean missionary versus doggy, Master?" Madison giggled.

"Something like that. Anyways, it's entirely up to you what you do with your life but my offer still stands."

"Thank you Master. I do want you to breed me but I'm also dating your sister

and don't want to jeopardize that so let me talk to her and if she agrees to let me then I'm yours to train and breed."

"Fair enough. We've been at it for nine straight hours so why don't we go take a shower and give her a call."

"Yes Master."

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Seeing a dozen missed calls and urgent texts from her parents and girlfriend, Madison quickly dialed Grace's number. "Hey babe, what's up?"

"So, um, turns out your parents own Sinphoria and I ran into them there today," Grace answered. "That's not all. I may have sort of really stepped over the line and completely pissed them off and I have no idea what 'they're going to do. I mean, they threatened my life, Madison. And yours. Your parents are fucking insane."

"Tell me something I don't know. As for what they'll do I got a few texts and voicemails from them. They're throwing me out tonight and honestly I don't care anymore. Master offered me a place to stay until I get on my feet and I think it's in all of our best interest for me to accept it."

"Master?"

"Sean. Um, Grace, there's something he wants to do but I told him I wouldn't unless you were one hundred percent on-board."

"Go on."

"He wants to continue training me as his submissive and he wants to knock me up."

"Is that what you want?"

"Only if you're completely okay with your girlfriend being trained and bred by your brother."

"If you're absolutely sure that is what you want to do then you have my blessing."

And I think you're right about moving in with him at least for the time being. Are you there now?"

"Yeah, but I have until midnight to go get my stuff from my parents' place or they'll toss it to the curb."

"I'll meet you there in half an hour. If your Master gives you permission that is."

"Training is done for the night so I'll see you there." Hanging up the phone, Madison turned to Sean grinning ear to ear. "I'm yours to train and breed, Master. And I'm going to take you up on your offer to live here until I can get on my feet. OH, and according to your sister who spent the entire day there apparently, my parents own Sinphoria so I think that's one job I'll never get."

"No worries. There are plenty of other clubs out there or you can get a normal nine to five job, your choice."

"If I'm going to spend the rest of my life being trained and living as a submissive I don't think I want to do it for a living so as soon as I'm settled in I'll start looking for something, Master."

"No rush."

"Thank you Master. Seriously. I came here fully committed to letting you dominate me but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared half to death. I'm glad everything worked out the way it did because it not only gets me away from a toxic home environment but places me in a loving, nurturing and extremely pleasurable one and for that I'll forever be in your debt. I guess what I'm trying to say is thank you, Master, for giving me this perverse opportunity."