





# **Petgirl Training**

**Crimson Rose**

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Lauryn hated conference calls, but given the state of the things she had little choice but to make them over discord which was her program of choice when it came to video conferencing because it was the only one she knew well enough to comfortably use. Which is what she was currently doing with seven of her friends who were desperately seeking more of her money. “Alright, now that all the bugs are worked out and everyone can hear and see everyone else let’s get this meeting underway,” she began. “I’m not going to beat around the bush. Four years ago when I hit the lottery I did what I said I’d do. I gave everyone I know enough money to splurge on buying a new house and car and still have enough to comfortably live off the interest so it came as no surprise that virtually everyone I know quit their jobs and did just that. What did surprise me, however, was just how many friends and family members squandered that money on frivolous bullshit and are now broke and asking for more. I...”

“I didn’t waste it on...” her friend Scarlett started to say before being cut off.

“I’ll just stop you right there,” Lauryn interrupted her friend. “You absolutely wasted the money. As did everyone else present. Or do you really need a different car for every day of the week? I gave you each five million dollars. Even if you spent a million of that on a new house, furnishings and a car the remaining four million should have generated around a hundred-twenty-five grand a year or more in interest which is more than enough to live comfortably on in this and many other areas of the country, if not the world. But like I said, I’m not going to beat around the bush.”

Taking a deep breath, Lauryn slowly exhaled and then continued. “I have no desire to see anyone starve or tossed out on the streets. I also have no desire to flush money down the proverbial drain by giving it to those that will just waste it thinking I’m just going to continue supporting their horrible spending habits. So, after a great deal of consideration I’ve decided that I’ll give each of you one more chance to prove you’re not just using me as your personal bank. I’ve made no secret of the lifestyle I’ve chosen to live. You all know what I used to do before winning the lottery and what I continue doing from the comforts of my own home. If you want more of my money then you’re going to have to earn it.



If you want another penny from me you're going to have to let me train you as my newest petgirls."

Seeing them all about to go nuts, she held up a hand. "This is not up for negotiation. You'll agree to three years of training covering a wide variety of bdsm-related topics as well as money management classes and in exchange I'll set up trusts in each of your names for one million dollars. You'll be able to access enough to cover all your monthly expenses plus a modest discretionary fund. The rest will sit in the account drawing interest until your training is complete. I know this is an extreme measure, but I'm not your personal bank and I will not continue handing money over to people that'll just waste it. You have one week to give me your answer. If you say no then you will never get another penny from me."

"That's some seriously fucked up bullshit!" her friend Allison complained. "I'll be god damned if I'm letting you or anyone else treat me like a damn dog, let alone train me as a submissive to be walked all over. If our places were reversed I wouldn't hesitate to help you out."

"Would you give me a million dollars a year? Would you let me drain you dry because I don't know how to manage money?"

"No, but that's..."

"Exactly what you're attempting to do to me. I gave you five million dollars, Allison. You blew and now you're asking for five million more. If that's not the definition of greed then I don't know what is. If I gave it to you what would you do with it?"

"I'd buy..."

Shaking her head, Lauryn cut her friend off. "Like I said, greed. You've learned absolutely nothing and I'd be a damn fool to give you anything."

"Then I hope you're happy when I'm living on the streets!"

"Sell that three million dollar home and buy something a little more modest. Or, you know, since everything is bought and paid for you could get an actual job."

"I'm not working in a pandemic!"

“There are plenty of jobs you can do from home. But that’s not the reason for this meeting. Does anyone else want to accept to decline now or do you need time to think about it?”

“As humiliating and degrading as it’ll be I’ll do it,” her friend Paige accepted. “But only on one condition. I don’t want access to the full amount after my training is complete. I want you to maintain the trust so I can’t spent it all like an idiot.”

“That can be arranged. Anyone else?”

“Does it have to be three years?” her friend Elliana nervously asked.

“That all depends. Do you want another million dollars? If not then I’ll happily knock a third off per year you don’t want trained, or add a third for every additional year. Your choice.”

“What exactly will we have to do?”

“We can go over the particulars in person. Which reminds me, due to the already mentioned pandemic all training will be done at my personal dungeon. And since I have no desire to get infected you’ll have to live here for the duration to minimize the risk. Again, that is not negotiable.”

“Fine, I accept as well,” Elliana sighed.

“Me too,” Scarlett said to everyone’s surprise. But I want my money when it’s over.”

“And assuming you complete the training you’ll get it. I should also mention that once you agree to the terms, and there will be a contract to sign by the way, if you stop early for any reason you forfeit the remainder of your payment. So, if you’re thinking about doing it for a few weeks or months and then walk away with a million dollars, yeah, that’s never going to happen.” As she spoke the cameras for Allison and two other friends went black as they left the conference call, leaving only Katrina – the youngest of Lauryn’s friends, remaining undecided.

“I’m not completely broke like some, so I think I’ll take a few days and think it over,” nineteen year old Katrina said.



“That’s fine. Just get back to me within the next week or the deal’s off. As for the rest of you, I’ll need a few days to have my lawyers draw up the contracts but until then we can go over a comprehensive list of fetishes to determine what you’ll be trained to do. Just understand there will be certain things like obedience, etiquette and petgirl training that are required and may not be refused.”

“Um, can I stick around for this or should I go?” Katrina asked.

“You may stick around and make your own list but I ask that you please mute yourself so as not to interfere with the others,” Lauryn answered.

“Thanks. Um, can I at least unmute myself if I have any questions about particular fetishes or other aspects of the training?”

“Only if you accept the offer. Otherwise I ask that you remain a silent observer so that we can get through this as quickly and thoroughly as possibly with those agreeing to be trained.”

“Understood. I’ll just go ahead and mute myself now.” A second later her mic was off but the relatively shy brunette continued watching and listening as her older friends transitioned from talk of money, to discussing their training as submissive petgirls.

“Okay, before we get started I’m going to ask one more time if you’re all absolutely sure you want to be trained as submissive petgirls,” Lauryn asked as she prepared to upload the documents they would be going over.

“I’m one hundred percent certain I want to be trained as a submissive petgirl,” Paige answered.

“As am I,” Elliana agreed.

“One hundred percent? No, but I’ve agreed to let you train me and like it or not that’s exactly what I’ll do,” Scarlett said.

Unmuting her mic, Katrina chimed in. “I have a quick question if I may ask.”

“Go ahead,” Lauren answered.

“Thanks. Actually, two questions. First, is it possible to come to some sort of arrangement to only be trained as a petgirl and nothing else and if so how long would said training take?”

“It is possible but I don’t offer such services as I find it makes for rather poor pets. In that they don’t tend to know all the fundamentals necessary to, in my opinion, live as a convincing pet. Which is why I have certain things I train all pets in that take approximately one year to complete on average. Does that answer your question?”

“It does. Thanks. I’m going to remain unmuted now because I totally agree to let you train me as a petgirl for one year. If that’s okay.”

“Absolutely. Alright, I’m going to upload a form that I want all of you to download and open. It’s a form-fillable PDF listing every fetish,” Lauryn explained as she hit the button to upload it to discord. “When you open it you’ll see several items at the top of the list that are marked with a five and greyed out so you may not alter them. Those are the absolute bare minimums you will be trained in during your first year. Everything else listed alphabetically is negotiable. So, the way this works is very simple. We’ll go down the list starting with abrasion and ending in wrestling. Yes, those are actual fetishes people really have and we’re not here to judge. You’ll mark each fetish on a scale of zero to five with zero meaning a hard limit – that’s something you would never do under any circumstance short of a death threat, to five which means you’ll do it without question. There are two-hundred-sixty-seven fetishes on the list so this will take some time. If you have any questions please ask. Also, keep in mind that every fetish you mark above a zero will add time to your training.”

“How long if we were to mark them all?” Katrina asked.

“If you marked everything you’re basically agreeing to be a no limits sex slave for a minimum of seven years. And by no limits I mean you will have absolutely no say or control over your own body. You will essentially belong to me to do with as I please for seven years or until you decide you no longer wish to be my slave. If there is even one zero then you’re not a slave and you’ll have the use of safewords which we’ll go over once you’re all done with your lists. And finally, if there’s something you’ll do but only under certain circumstances that’s a soft limit. If it applies then please place an SL next to the number so I know.”

“Um, can you clarify what you mean by certain circumstances?” Elliana asked.

“For instance, if you’ll do face slapping but only when in restrictive bondage. Or you’ll do gang bangs, but only with black men. If a condition applies to you performing the fetish then please make a brief note of it. For the record, I will never put you through one of your hard limits, but I will push soft limits so you’ll do them at least a few times during your training.”

“What do we do with the file when we’re finished?” Paige asked.

“Make sure to put your full name at the top and then you may upload it here.”

“Good to know because I’m finished,” Elliana replied.

“Already?” Lauryn asked with understandable skepticism.

“I like the sound of you controlling me so I just marked everything a five,” Elliana said as she uploaded the file.

“I’m not going to accept it just yet so please remove the upload. While I appreciate the gesture, I think you should at least take the time to go through the list and make sure that’s what you want.”

“As the four of you as my witnesses, I don’t care what’s on the list. I’ll do it all if it means being your property.”

“You do understand that means no limits, right? If I wanted to whore you out I could. It would be well within my right to brand you my property or to let a hundred men use you as their personal breeding cow. Those are just a few of the things you’re agreeing to if you go the route of slave so you had better be damn sure because once you’re my slave the only way out is to quit and forfeit the money.”

“I’m going to let you in on a little secret,” Elliana said, heart pounding in her ears. “I overheard a conversation you had with your parents a few months ago about what you’d do if people kept asking for more money and I thought it was hot as hell. So hot, in fact, that I spent the following month or so looking into the lifestyle and if it was for me. The truth is, I still have more than three million dollars to my name so I don’t need the money. I’m just here for the training and the money is an added benefit. And before you ask, yes, I can show you my

accounts to prove it. I want to be your slave, Mistress. The question now is: do you want to own me?"

"A slave would do it for free."

"Like I said, Mistress, I still have over three million dollars so keep your money."

Her friend passing the test, Lauryn smiled. "Very well. But if you stop your training for any reason short of death or a debilitating injury then that's it between us. And if that's not clear enough, I mean we will no longer be friends."

"Understood, Mistress. I don't know when you plan on starting our training, but I'll need a little bit of time to set things up here. My sister Brianna is looking for a place to stay now that she's eighteen so I'm going to see if she wants to spend the next seven years taking care of my place."

"Once I have everyone's forms I'll need a few weeks to go over them and plan out a detailed training schedule. I'll also need to have my attorney draw up the contracts so let's say training will begin one month from now."

"That works for me, Mistress. And for the record, I've never been with another woman in my life, but I've had actual dreams of you having all kinds of sex with you and I'm honestly looking forward to it."

"And I'm looking forward to training you."

"I have a question, Katrina said. What id fantasy bestiality? Do you mean having sex with actual animals?"

"I do not. You will, however, be fucked by men and women dressed up as animals and using animal-shaped dildos and plugs. And by that I mean dildos and plugs molded after actual animal cocks for the most realistic look and feel you'll get without doing the real thing."

"Thanks for the clarification," Katrina said as she placed a five next to the fetish with a note reading: SL. Only in restrictive bondage.

"And electricity?" Scarlett asked.

“I mean electro-play. The intensity of the shock will vary from a slight tingle to a painful jolt but nowhere even close to causing any serious or permanent damage,” Lauryn explained.

Deciding to take a page out of her older friend’s book, Katrina took a deep breath, slowly exhaled and then marked everything with a five. “I think I want to be your slave as well, Mistress,” she said, uploading the form. “And before you ask, I may be younger than the rest of you but I’ve never been surer about anything in my life.”

“Well if you’re going to be her slave then so am I,” Paige replied. Going back to the beginning of the list she started changing numbers to five.”

“This isn’t a competition,” Lauryn warned. “Being a sex slave isn’t as easy as you think and should never be taken lightly.”

“I’m a virgin, Mistress, and I want you to be my first. And then I want you to whore me out to a hundred, a thousand...god, I’d fuck every man and woman in the world if you commanded it. Anything to break me out of my shell.”

“Well, if the three of you are going to be slaves then we might as well make it a foursome,” Scarlett said. “Give me a minute to change a few numbers, Mistress.”

“You’re all insane!” Lauryn exclaimed. Not that I’m not flattered, but I don’t think any of you truly understand what you’re asking for.”

“I spent a month researching the lifestyle, Mistress, not to mention what you’ve told us over the years so I know exactly what I’m asking for,” Elliana replied. “I knew within a few days that I was ready to be your submissive and after reading hundreds of stories and watching even more porn I knew that would never be enough. I want to be your slave and I’ll do anything to prove it.”

“Alright. If you’re all so hell bent on being slaves then I want you all here in the next hour so that I may mark you as such. You’ll then have one month to get your affairs in order and to heal before your training begins.”

“Mark us how, Mistress?” Scarlett asked.

“As a slave it shouldn’t matter. If I don’t see you by eleven-thirty then I’ll

consider you a liar and you'll never get another penny from me."

"I'm actually at my aunt's place right now, Mistress and it's about a four hour drive back home so there's no way I can be there in an hour," Katina said.

"Then I'll give you until three. Actually, I'll give you all until three so that I can mark you all at the same time. I'm going to go ahead and end the session for now and I sincerely hope you're not liars. I'll be in paradise when you get here." And with that Lauryn closed discord and exhaled. She figured at least one of the seven would agree to be her newest submissive so four came as a shock. And for them to all ask to be her slaves damn near gave her a heart attack and not because it was going to cost her twenty-eight million dollars. Which was a ton of money, but only a fraction of the nearly three-hundred million she still had. Rolling her chair back, she got up and went out to her dungeon to set things up to test just how serious her friends really were.

Everyone knew when Lauryn said she would be in paradise she meant her dungeon. On the outside it appeared to be a massive two story, thirty by sixty foot light brown pole barn with tan trim. But on the inside it was a fully equipped multi-roomed bdsm dungeon that was fully wired with cameras to catch the action from every angle. None of her family or friends were into her lifestyle until now, but most had taken the grand tour at least once.

At first glance the first room one entered appeared to be a very comfortable lobby with seating for up to twelve along the side walls. But it did not take long to see the bdsm elements. A triskelion was incorporated into the tilework on the floor. The magazines on the stands were all fetish related and the chairs came complete with built-in wrist and ankle cuffs that dangled teasingly. And then there was the artwork. Hanging on each wall above the chairs were paintings of mostly nude men and women in various submissive poses. But it was the larger ones hanging on either side of the door in the back wall that caught everyone's attention.

At six feet wide and three high the one on the right depicted a younger Lauryn lying on her back naked save for a pair of black latex thigh-high boots and a harness bra. Just as in real life her nipples and hood were pierced. Her legs were bent at the knees and drawn back so that heels were touching ass and were held in that position by two leather straps around thigh and calf. She wore a collar around her neck that had short chains connecting it to the cuffs around her wrists. To ensure she could not get away from the half dozen men standing on either side of the bed, she was secured even more by long leather straps that went from one side of her wrist, thigh and ankle cuffs, under the bed and up to the other side. And to finish off the look her mouth was held open by a ring gag. Of all the artwork hanging throughout paradise it was the only one depicting her in submission and was the one she was proudest of.

At twenty-seven she had been into the lifestyle for as long as she could remember, but it was only in the last five years that she let her dominant side blossom. Like many, her introduction to bdsm was as a submissive. And she loved everything about it. She truly believes and those she trains agree that it has



made her a much better and more understanding Mistress. And as a self-professed exhibitionist she loves to see the look on people's faces when they see her at her most vulnerable for the first time.

The painting on the left showed her in full puppy gear being led down a street in broad daylight. It was her first time being out in public in such a manner and it showed by the nervous acceptance on her pretty face. Like the other, it immortalized one of her fondest memories. In this case the completion of her training as a petgirl which she began while at college halfway across the country.

Through that door hundreds of men and women have done sessions with her. Some only once or twice, others coming back week after week until their training was as complete as they felt comfortable with. While the entire top floor consisted of one massive open dungeon, the remainder of the first was split by a hallway with three rooms on either side specializing in such fetishes as medical, schoolgirl, office and church to name a few. And then there was the workshop in the back and to the right of the stairs. Loosely designed after the shop where she got her piercings done, it contained everything she needed to do all manner of body modifications which she was fully and professionally certified to perform. This is where she would spend what remained of the morning and into the afternoon setting up in preparation of marking her slaves.

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Working right through lunch, Lauryn did not stop until two-thirty. With half an hour remaining and no one arriving she was beginning to think they were all indeed liars and that was one thing she could not stand. They still have half an hour, she thought, taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling to calm her nerves. Giving everything another onceover, she went back out to the lobby at two-forty-three. Pulling the door open, she caught Katrina's knock on the right breast. Taken off guard, she yelped more in surprise than pain.

"Oh god!" Katrina gasped. "I'm so sorry. Are you okay, Mistress?"

"I'm fine." Looking from her youngest friend to beyond her shoulder, Lauryn saw three more familiar faces. "Glad to see you could all make it. Please, come in." The four women joined her in the lobby and she closed the door behind them. "Before we head back to the workshop I would like you all to strip naked and form a line six feet from the door. You will stand with head bowed slightly

with arms behind your backs, hands clasping opposite elbows or as close as you can comfortably manage. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” her friends turned potential slaves answered.

“Then start taking those clothes off.”

Five minutes later she opened the door and led them down the hallway and into the workshop. “You’ll see four squares of red tape on the floor. You will each stand in a square as you now are with legs spread to the inner edge.” Once they were in position she continued. “I’m now going to tell you exactly what I’m going to do. If you want to be my slave then you’ll remain in the square and accept it. If not, then you may get dressed and leave. There are multiple cameras in every room so there will be no doubt about your compliance. That being said, I’m going to begin with piercing your nipples and hood. After that I’m going to brand you as my property. It will take the form of a triskelion with property of Mistress Lauryn written around the outer edge and will be placed on the back of your right shoulder. With that in mind you’ve got one minute to stay or go.”

Walking to the other side of the room, Lauryn grabbed the cart she had earlier prepared and rolled it across the tiled floor. Stopping in front of Elliana, she picked up a purple nitrile glove and began putting it on her left hand. To her continued surprise her friends remained even if they now trembled at the thought of being pierced and branded. She put the right glove on and then opened a container of alcohol wipes. Pulling one out, she brought it to Elliana’s left breast. Her friend inhaled sharply at the touch but did not move from the square she occupied. Tossing the wipe in the small trash can on the bottom of the cart, she used another to clean her friend’s right breast and then a third to clean her vulva. Thankfully, they were all waxed or shaved saving her that step.

Having performed thousands of piercings, she pinched Elliana’s left nipple and quickly pushed a needle through. Leaving it, she did the same to the right and then knelt to pierce her hood. Lauren then pushed the cart in front of Katrina. She repeated the same process with equal skill and precision. Next she pierced Paige and then finally Scarlett. Going back to Elliana, she placed a barbell in the hollow end of the needle in her left nipple and pushed it through. Then the right. A third went in her hood and she moved to the rest of them as before.

Picking up a cordless soldering iron that had been modified to hold a wide

variety of tips, she walked behind Scarlett. “I’m not going to lie. This is going to hurt. And once it touched flesh you’ll be permanently marked as my property even if you ultimately decide to quit. If you don’t want branded then this is your last chance.”

“P-Please just do it, Mistress,” Scarlett pleaded. A beat later searing pain shot through her like a bullet. Screaming, she lurched forward into Katrina but it was too late. The damage was done. She was marked property now and short of surgery there was no going back now. Stepping back into the square she dropped to her knees and sobbed.

One by one Lauryn branded her friends. Paige reacted much the same as Scarlett. Elliana winced and groaned but did not move from the square or drop to her knees in tears. And then there was Katrina. At nineteen she was the youngest among them and if she spoke the truth during their morning meeting still a virgin. So it came as a surprised to everyone but her that instead of crying out in pain, she moaned in pleasure as the orgasm gushed out of her like water through a broken dam. Dropping onto all fours, she reached back and furiously rubbed her clit – the pain of disturbing the fresh piercing making her orgasm even harder than ever.

“You’re only the third woman I’ve seen getting off to pain,” Lauryn said. “You know what that makes you, slave?”

“A Masochist, M-Mistress,” Katrina panted.

“I take it this isn’t the first time you’ve had a pain induced orgasm then, slave?”

“No Mistress.”

“We’ll have to explore it in more detail once your training begins next month. That being said, you all have one month to heal and take care of things at home. To minimize the risk of infection or migration you are not to have sex of any kind during that time including self-gratification. Go ahead and get on all fours and follow me back to the lobby. Once dressed you may go home and I’ll email you detailed care instructions.” Watching her friends getting on hands and knees, Lauryn fought back the tears. “I’ll admit I had my doubts any of you would actually show up. And when you did I never thought you’d really let me pierce and mark you as my property. I cannot express just how proud I am of each of you and I sincerely hope you see this through to the end.”

“I made all my arrangements on my way here, Mistress,” Katrina said. “All I really need is to get my clothes if I’ll be permitted to wear them. Do I still have to leave or can I stay here while my brother and his wife move into my place for the next seven years?”

“You’re free to stay. And none of you need to worry about bringing clothes as outfits appropriate to your new stations will be provided,” Lauryn said.

“Then All I need to do is give my brother a call and I’m all set,” Katrina replied.

The rest of the newly marked slaves got dressed to varying degrees of discomfort and then made their ways home to take care of any unfinished business and spend the next month healing in preparation of being trained by their friend turned Mistress.”

Now alone with her Mistress,” Katrina looked up pleadingly. “I know you said no sex, Mistress, but I’m not sure I can wait another month to lose my virginity.”

“I can always put you in chastity.”

“That might be necessary, Mistress. Surely nothing can get infected or migrate if I eat you out or you fuck me up the ass.”

“I’ll give you something few slaves get. A choice. You can do as I commanded and take the next month to heal, or in exchange for fucking you silly you can accept six months in chastity where you won’t even be able to pleasure yourself.”

“My inner masochist is tempted to say fuck me, Mistress, but I honestly think I’d lose my mind if I went another six months. To be honest, if none of this happened I had planned on finding some random guy to take my virginity, but I’d much rather it be someone I know and trust. That being said, so I don’t take it myself, I’d like you to go ahead and put me in chastity for the next month if that’s okay.”

“My form of chastity isn’t of the belt variety, Katrina. It consists of several more piercings.”

“If that’s what it takes then that’s what I’ll do Mistress.”

“Then remain on all fours and follow me back to the workshop.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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Several hours later, Katrina was lying on the cool tiled floor of the workshop groaning in blissful agony. Five tunnels now lined each outer labia that were now loosely laced together preventing her from inserting anything. Another hole was added to her hood. The previous barbell was removed and a clit shield was placed to cut off that avenue of pleasure. Five microdermals were placed at the center of her lower back. Currently a customized leather strap was attached to three of them that ran down her ass and secured to the bottom most labia tunnels to prevent her from having anal. And finally, her nipples were given vertical piercings and leather nipple shields with triskelion design were placed so she could not gain even that small amount of relief.

Katrina ached horribly, but at the same time the process gave her five more mind-blowing orgasms that left her temporarily unable to form cogent thoughts. Her family said they would disown her if she ever partook in Lauryn’s lifestyle, but she had things in place that would screw them over far more than her should they opt for such a dramatic course of action. Chiefly, her ownership of their home, vehicles and the account they were now using to sustain their elevated lifestyle. Her brother Hector was the only one that did not care what she did with her life as long as it made her happy. He was also the only one she told about choosing to be a sex slave. Now, as thoughts once again formed in her brain, she knew she was going to have to tell the rest of them. It was not a conversation she was looking forward to and it showed on her face.

“Something the matter, slave?” Lauryn asked as she finished cleaning up.

“It’s my family, Mistress. My parents specifically. When they found out what you do, the lifestyle you live, they said they’d disown me if I ever did anything like that and here I am your slave.”

“My parents were the same in the beginning, but when they realized how happy being a submissive made me they eventually came to accept it. I’m not saying yours will be the same, but you have to at least hope they’re compassionate enough to put your happiness over their petty bigotry.”

“If not then they lose everything they have, Mistress, because I own it all. I think they’ll see that as well and say they accept it even if they don’t. I don’t want them lying to me, Mistress, but I also don’t know how to prevent it.”

“I do. If they say they accept you for who you are then tell them to prove it by coming here and doing a few sessions with me.”

Sitting up for the first time since she hit the floor fifteen minutes ago, Katrina smiled ear to ear. “That’s a great idea Mistress! I don’t want to overstep my bounds but what if I told them they had to do a session a week for as long as I’m your slave? Is that too much for you to handle with four of us to train?”

“For you I think I can make it work.”

“Thank you Mistress. May I go call them now please?”

“You may. And then I want you in bed. To rest and heal,” Lauryn said as she realized her command could be taken in more than one way.”

“Yes Mistress,” Katrina pouted even as the look on her face indicated she was not the least bit sad. Remaining on all fours, she crawled out of the workshop and back to the lobby where she grabbed her phone from her purse.

“Hey sweetie,” her mother Paulina answered.

“Hey mom. Is dad around?”

“Yeah, but if you wanted to talk to him why did you call my phone?”

“Actually, I want to talk to you both so can you put it on speaker?”

“Sure.” There was a brief pause. “Okay, you’re on speakerphone now. What’s up?”

“You’re not going to like what I have to say but I’m not going to hide who I am anymore. Lauryn made me an offer I can’t refuse and I’m now her sex slave in training.”

“YOU’RE WHAT!” her father Jacob exclaimed.

“I’m her sex slave. Here’s the deal...”

“I told you that bitch was no good for...” her father said before being cut off.

“SHUT UP!” Katrina shouted. “You want to disown me for being who I am? Fine. But you will never badmouth her in my presence ever again! Also, if you can’t accept who I am then you can find another place to live. Other cars to drive. Another bank account to drain. You’ve got twenty-four hours to make your decision.”

“You’d throw us out on the street with nothing?” her mother asked, her voice trembling.

“Asks the mother that would disown her own daughter for her lifestyle choices. Twenty-four hours. If I don’t hear from you by midnight tomorrow then I’ll begin the eviction process and close the account you have access to.”

“I don’t like it, but if you feel so strongly about it then we’ll accept you for who you are,” her father’s tone suddenly changed.

“What a load of shit!” Katrina replied. “You’re only saying that because you’re on the verge of losing everything. You want me to believe it? Then drop by here in the next hour for your first lesson with Mistress Lauryn and continue coming by once a week for as long as I’m her slave. If you can do that I’ll believe you. Refuse and, well, you know what happens.”

“You’re out of your damn mind if you think I’m ever going to let her or anyone else walk all over me,” her mother replied.

“Then start looking for another place to live because this isn’t a joke. You want to live on my dime then you’re going to have to start earning it. One hour or we’re finished.” Seething, Katrina hung up before they could get another word in.

“Thanks for sticking up for me like that,” Lauryn said from the doorway.

“My pleasure Mistress. The ball is now in their field so I guess we’ll just have to wait and see what happens. Also, I’m sorry for potentially making you do a scene with them tonight.”

“No problem. If they actually drop by I’ll be more than happy to dominate and put them in their place. But to be honest I’m not expecting them to show up.”

“Neither am I Mistress. But I can hope. I know you commanded me to go to bed, but do you think I can wait to see if they show up or not?”

“Sure. You may crawl to the second floor and rest in the bondage bed and I’ll come get you if they show up.”

“Thank you Mistress.”



Katrina tried to stay awake, but as soon as her head hit the pillows on the queen sized bondage bed her adrenaline levels crashed and she was out like a light. Meanwhile, Lauryn went to the house and waited to see if her new slave's parents would actually show up. Ten minutes passed. Twenty. Knowing from experience they lived only eighteen minutes away, her hope began to diminish and instead of going through senses in her mind, she switched to how she would comfort a distraught friend. Half an hour passed. Then forty minutes. At the fifty minute mark she prepared to go back out to the dungeon to deliver the bad news. But then, with only two minutes remaining the doorbell rang and she opened the door to see a red-faced Paulina and Jacob. "What brings the two of you by this evening?"

"You know why we're here," Jacob replied.

"Do I?"

"Playing stupid is not a good look for you," Paulina sneered. "Let's just get this over with."

"Before we get anything over with I'm going to need to know why you're here."

"We're here to do a session with you," Jacob replied.

"A session?"

"God damn it, Lauryn! Do you really need to make this so hard?"

"I think you know the answer to that question. Now tell me exactly why you're here or you can go home."

"We're here to do a bdsm session with you tonight and then once a week for as long as our daughter is...is your s-sex slave," Paulina said with undisguised disgust."

"Well okay then. Come on in and we'll go over the rules." Stepping aside,

Lauryn let the couple inside and then shut the door behind them. “Can I get you a drink?”

“Please just get on with it,” Jacob sighed.

“Straight to business. I can do that. First of all, my submissives must earn the right to wear clothes and you’re far from that so we’ll begin with the two of you stripping naked.” Holding up her right hand, Lauryn continued. “To answer your question, yes, I’m being very serious. Now take your clothes off or leave. Second, while you’re in my house you will call my Mistress. Refuse or fail to show me proper respect and you’ll be disciplined. I’m not going to tell you again. Start stripping or get out of my house.”

The rebuke caused Paulina to jump. Fumbling, she started unbuttoning the front of her blouse. When it fell open she took it off and a beat later it hit the floor. Her bra followed. Seeing his now topless wife unbuttoning her pants, Jacob reluctantly pulled his shirt off. Stepping out of his shoes, he too unbuttoned his pants. Three minutes later they were both butt naked and doing their best to cover their privates.

“From now on the first thing you’ll do when you arrive, whether for training or not, you’ll step out of your car and strip naked before approaching the house. You will knock or ring the bell and then kneel exposed until it is opened. And by that I mean you will kneel with feet together and knees spread wide and arms behind your back with hands holding opposite elbows.” Getting down on her kneed, Lauryn demonstrated the position for them. “Take a long look because if you don’t get it right you’ll be disciplined.”

After about two minutes Lauryn got up and continued going over the rules. “When I open the door you will greet me with a good evening Mistress and then you’ll follow me through the house and out to the dungeon with hands behind your back and head bowed slightly in submission. Tonight we’ll go over some fetishes and then you’ll spend three hours being my submissives. Now, before we go any further I am required by law to inform you that my entire house including the outside and the dungeon are wired with cameras recording everything around the clock so no one can claim they were forced into anything. With that in mind do you consent to being filmed during this and all future visits?”

“Yes Mistress,” Paulina was first to answer.

“Yes Mistress,” Jacob replied a moment later.

“Great. Then let’s go show Katrina that you really do accept her lifestyle.”

‘S-She’s here?” Paulina asked.

“She is. She’s resting in the dungeon as we speak. Don’t worry, she won’t be present during your sessions and I’ll never have you do anything together. Now, you may follow me to the dungeon. And unless you want to be disciplined remember your positioning.”

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Leaving Jacob and Paulina in the lobby, Lauryn went up to the second floor with laptop in hand to find Katrina sleeping soundly on the bondage bed. She did not want to wake the sleeping beauty, but on the other hand knew she would be upset if she missed her parents’ first night of submission so she walked across the dungeon and gently shook her awake.

“Uuhhnnn...I take it they didn’t show up, Mistress?” Katrina groaned.

“Actually, they’re downstairs waiting for me to give them their first lesson.”

“Seriously?” Suddenly wide awake, Katrina bolted upright.

“Seriously. But you’re not going down there to confront them. Not yet anyways. I promised you would not be present during their training. But I said nothing about you watching. If you want to see them submit then just open the laptop and take a look for yourself. They’ll be here for four hours so you can also get some more sleep if you like.”

“No way in hell I’ll be able to go to sleep now, Mistress.” Taking the offered computer, Katrina opened it to see her butt naked mother and father pacing the lobby below. “HOLY SHIT! They’re here! They’re really, actually here!”

“They are. I’m going back down now. The first part will be them going over the fetish lists and then we’ll spend about three hours in session. If you want to follow along just click the smaller image to the left and right of the main video

to open that room.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Snuggling back against the headboard, Katrina’s eyes drifted back to the screen and her incredibly nervous looking parents. “Mistress, I know you don’t have to, but it would mean a great deal if you were to give them each a good caning for even hinting they would disown me.”

“I was thinking the very same thing, slave.” And with that Lauryn turned and walked back downstairs and into the lobby. “Alright, you two, listen up. We’re going to go over an extensive list of fetishes. Those at the top which are greyed out are mandatory and may not be changed for any reason so accept they’re going to happen. There are another two hundred and fifty or so more. You are required to pick at least fifty of them. If you refuse or fail you’ll be asked to leave and I think we all know what happens after that. I want honest answers from both of you. Read the list and mark each with a number between zero and five with zero meaning you would only do it upon threat of death and five meaning you’ll do it willingly and without question. If you do not understand what a particular fetish means then ask. Now get on all fours and follow me. Because you’ve been a bitch to Katrina you’ll be marked as such. Any problem with that?”

“What do you mean we’ll be marked?” Jacob asked.

“That’s what do you mean we’ll be marked, Mistress,” Lauryn corrected him. “And I mean you’ll be given a mark that will identify you as the bitch that you are. If that’s going to be a problem then you know the way out.”

Grumbling under his breath, Jacob continued following his new Mistress out of the lobby, down the hallway and into the workshop with his wife to his right and slightly behind.

“Keep your asses up and put your heads down with arms in front of you and left hand on top of right,” Lauryn commanded as the door slammed behind them. “I take it from the fact neither of you argued with me you agree that you’ve been a bitch to your daughter. Don’t bother answering now as we all know the truth. If there’s one thing I hate more than a liar it’s a parent that pretends to accept their children for who they are because they’re afraid of being cut off from the home and money they’ve been given access to. I don’t for one second believe you accept Katrina’s choice to be my sex slave any more than I believe you accept

me for being her Mistress.”

Putting on a pair of nitrile gloves, she got the branding iron out and placed a tip on it in the shape of a puppy paw with BITCH IN HEAT written around it. Walking over to Jacob, she knelt, pulled the trigger and once it turned red hot pressed it into the back of his left shoulder. He immediately began cursing and when it was pulled away he lurched back – the look on his face one of pure rage. Seeing what had just happened, Paulina swallowed her pride and anxiety and allowed the hot metal to permanently mark her for what she was even if she did it through yelping and crying.

“You’ll get back in position or you’ll get the fuck out of my house,” Lauryn commanded as she got to her feet. “I will not tell you again.”

“You fucking branded us!” Jacob scowled.

“How observant.”

“H-Honey, please just get back in position,” Paulina pleaded with her husband. “If this is what it takes for Kat to believe us then that’s what we’ll do.”

“You’re out of your god damn mind if you think I’m letting that fucking bitch do anything else to me! I’m leaving and if you’re not right behind me then you can find somewhere else to live because I will not stay married to a fucking whore!”

Hearing what her father said, Katrina sat the laptop on the bed and walked down to the workroom. Opening the door, she glared at him. “I’m sorry for disobeying you, Mistress, but there was no way I could sit up there and listen to him talking down to my mother. The house is mine. The cars are mine. The bank account is mine. I assume you drove at least one of my cars here. Well, you can call a taxi to take you home. Consider this notice of eviction. I’ll give you something in writing in the morning. Now please get the hell out of my sight.”

“Stay here with your mother and I’ll see him out,” Lauryn said.

“Thank you Mistress.” Walking over to her mother, Katrina knelt in front of her. “And thank you mom. I didn’t believe you would actually show up, let alone agree to being trained but after what just happened I’m starting to. I don’t know what dad’s capable of but if you want I’ll ask Mistress if you can stay here until dad is out of the house.”

“Thank you sweet...OH MY GOD!” Paulina gasped as she looked up to see her daughter’s heavily pierced vulva. “W-What happened?”

“I asked Mistress to put me in chastity so I didn’t take my own virginity before she could. But we can talk about that later. For the record, I’m going to be her slave for a minimum of seven years.”

Her daughter’s words sinking in, Paulina came to one unavoidable conclusion. “T-That...that means I’ll have to do weakly sessions for seven years! Oh my god! I’ll...I’ll be fully trained by then.”

“I hope so. And if not then you definitely will be in the years that follow because I plan on serving her for as long as she wants me. I’ll make you a promise. If you make every session for the next seven years I’ll added your name to the deed for the house. Make it for ten years without missing a single session other than for major medical reasons and I’ll sign it over to you free and clear. As for the car, I’ll give you that after three years. And I’ll continue paying your expenses for the same period of time but you’re going to have to do something to start earning money for yourself. Agreed?”

“You’re asking me to be her slave for the next decade?”

“Not unless you want to be her slave. Being her submissive is fine by me. But you’re going to have to mark at least two hundred of the fetishes on that list with at least a three. Those are my terms. If you accept then I’ll ask Mistress if her attorney can draw up the paperwork for us.”

“I accept,” Paulina replied.

“Thank you mom. To give me time to heal my training doesn’t start for a month. I want you to ask Mistress to put you in chastity. If you can do that I’ll extend my financial support for an additional year.”

“I’ll think about it sweetie. And for what it’s worth I’m sorry for the way your father and I treated you.”

“I want to believe you, mom, but that’s hard for me to do right now.”

“I understand.”

The workroom door opened and Lauryn walked in. I know it's your car and you told him to call a taxi, but I didn't want that man in my house longer than necessary so I gave him permission to drive it home and stressed what an idiot he was being. He cussed me out and left."

"That's okay, Mistress," Katrina replied. "I've been talking to my mom and..."

"Will you put me in chastity, Mistress?" Paulina blurted out to her daughter's surprise.

"You sure that's what you want?"

"Yes Mistress."

"We've come to an arrangement, Mistress. We'll go over the details later but do you think your attorney can draw up a contract for us?"

"That can be arranged. You know how long this is going to take so I'm commanding you to go to the house, shower and then get some sleep. You have your choice of rooms other than mine."

"Yes Mistress. I'll see you tomorrow, Mom. And thank you for proving you accept me for who I am."

"I haven't yet, but I will," Paulina said, looking from her daughter to her new Mistress.

### **One Month later...**

Opting to go all in to prove her acceptance of her daughter's lifestyle Paulina filled out the entire fetish list with fives and refused to take any money for training that would last as long as Mistress Lauryn wanted her. Her month of healing was over. Kneeling at one end of the line, her daughter at the other and Elliana, Paige and Scarlett in-between, she patiently waited. A few moments passed. The door opened and Lauryn walked in carrying five large bags. She sat the first in front of Scarlett. The next went before Elliana. Then Katrina, Paige and finally Paulina.

"I like to start my slaves off with a bit of public humiliation," Lauryn explained. "To that end you'll put on your new outfits and then assume the sitting position. That's kneeling with feet together, kneed spread wide and hands on the floor between them. From this point forward you are forbidden from talking unless asked a question requiring more than a yes or no answer. If the answer is yes you'll bark once. If it is no then you'll bark twice. If you need to speak or otherwise get my attention you'll beg, which is another puppy position we'll go over when you're dressed."

For their first trip out as petgirls, the five slaves in training started with butt plugs in the shape of a large canine cock. They then put on fishnet pantyhose with built-in knee pads, boyshort panties, studded bra, and a short leather vest with metal accents, studded dog collars and studded gas masks. Once they were all sitting as commanded, Lauryn made a motion with her hand and Katrina immediately sat back, raised up and with elbows at her side let her hands hang in front of her like a puppy begging for a treat.

"Well done slave. Care to share with the rest of the class the name of the position you're now in and how it is you came to learn it?"



“Thank you Mistress,” Katrina beamed. “This is the beg position and knowing I was destined to be a petgirl I learned it and pretty much every other position including the hand signal you just used. And because she can’t speak right now so did my mother. But then again you already knew that didn’t you Mistress?”

“I did. And I appreciate the enthusiasm but do try to leave something for me to do.”

“ARF!” Katrina barked in response.

“You heard her slaves. Assume the position.” As they one by one complied, she continued. “Just so you’re aware, that is not the outfit you’ll always be wearing when I take you for walks. Next time it’ll be full puppy gear including snout, ears and paws. To answer the elephant in the room, yes, what we’re about to do is perfectly legal or I wouldn’t be doing it. And no, we will not always be going out at night. Now get on all fours.” When they dropped onto hands and knees Lauryn hooked chain leashes to their collars and then commanded them to crawl.

The five slaves exited the dungeon, went across the lawn and down the driveway to the sidewalk, thankful their Mistress lived in a rather secluded location where the neighbors were few and far between. But there were neighbors and even at this late hour traffic – human and vehicular, going in either direction. A blue pickup truck approaching from the road slowed to about five miles an hour so the driver – an older man on his way home from work, could have time to check out the bizarre scene taking place right before his eyes. Not one to talk to one beautiful woman, let alone six of them, he eventually hit the gas and sped away to get home and jerk off while the memory was still fresh.

Walking her pets past her closest neighbors – a conservative couple in their late thirties that did half a dozen sessions with her before deciding it was not for them, she took them across the street and after another hundred yards stopped when she saw twenty-nine year old blonde bombshell and avid jogger Virginia Blue on her way home.

“Hey there Mistress,” Virginia said in greeting. “Wow! Five puppies at the same time? Is it Christmas already?”

“Hi Virginia. These are my newest slaves in training Paulina,” as soon as the words were out of her mouth Paulina sat back and offered her right hand as if a dog wanting her paw shook. Virginia took it and gave her a playful pat on the

head for good measure. “Good girl,” Lauryn said. “The one on the other end is her daughter Katrina and the other three are Elliana, Scarlett and Paige.” One by one her slaves offered a paw.

“I’d love to stay and talk some more, Mistress, but I really need to pee.”

“Pick a toilet,” Lauryn said, waving at her slaves. “To my knowledge none of them have begun toilet training yet, but no time like the present.”

This the sort of thing that was right up her alley, Katrina crawled half a step forward and licked her lips.

“Nice try, slave, but mine will be the first pussy you taste,” Lauryn said.

Dejected, Katrina sat back and pouted.

“If not her then her mother,” Virginia said. Tugging her jogging shorts and pantied down she offered her pussy to the now very nervous looking puppy in training.

“Put your mouth over her vulva and let it slide down as I’ve seen you doing with those dildos you don’t think I know about,” Lauryn commanded. “And if you spill a drop you’ll be disciplined. And make it quick because while taking you for a walk is legal, drinking her pee in public is not.”

Audibly gulping, Paulina moved into position. She had known for a month that this day would eventually arrive and while she was spending more and more time at her Mistress’ home, she still lived at her own place now that ex was finally gone. Little did her Mistress no that this was far from her first time drinking pee. It was, however, the first time she ever drank it from another woman. Placing her mouth over Virginia’s vulva as instructed, she relaxed and a beat later the warm fluid was freely flowing down her throat. When it trickled to a stop she added a second accomplishment to her achievements that night by licking her first pussy.

“Good Girl,” Lauryn said. “I’d almost think you’ve done that before.”

Sitting back on her heels, Paulina looked up into Virginia’s light blue eyes. “Thank you for using me as your toilet.”

“And thank you for drinking my pee. If you’re by this way in the morning drop by and I’ll pick another toilet to use, Mistress.”

“Will do. Goodnight, Virginia.”

“Goodnight Mistress.”

The chains gently tugged, the five slaves once again began crawling down the sidewalk. They made it all of twenty feet before Lauryn asked the obvious. “You didn’t flinch even a little. That wasn’t your first time drinking pee was it slave?”

“Arf! Arf!” Paulina barked.

“I didn’t think so. How long have you been a toilet slave?”

“Just a few weeks, Mistress. I knew it was inevitable so got a head start when at home so you couldn’t see me doing it. I started off drinking my own twice a day and then I started drinking it from the few guys I brought home for sex.”

“Have you gotten started on any other fetishes, slave?”

“Arf. Arf.”

Guided by their Mistress, the five petgirls made it three quarters of the way around the block when Elliana began to whine. When asked what was wrong she replied that she needed to pee. Paige was chosen to be her toilet. Elliana stood and lowered her panties and pantyhose to her knees. Paige knelt in front of her and then placed her mouth over her fellow slave’s vulva. Urine hit the back of her throat causing her to instantly begin choking. She spit it out but Elliana did not stop. Paige’s mouth filled again. This time she managed to get it down before going into another coughing fit that risked drawing attention.

“Hold it and finish with Paulina,” Lauryn commanded. “And that’ll be fifty swats for you when we get back home, Slave,” she scolded Paige.

Eager to please, Paulina knelt, placed her mouth over the younger slave’s vulva and easily drank the rest of her pee without spilling a drop.

“Pay attention slaves because that right there is how a well-trained toilet drinks pee. Now get dressed and back in position so we can finish our walk,” Lauryn

commanded. Elliana complied and a moment later they were once again on their way.

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Their first walk a success, Lauryn led her petgirls into the dungeon to continue their lesson. Knowing their orders, the women began stripping out of their clothes the second they were inside. When they were naked they sat and waited for their next command. To their surprise Lauryn also stripped out of her latex dress and panties.

“Paige, you will assume the wall position. That’s standing with your hands against the wall one on top the other and bent at the waist with legs spread wide apart. Elliana and Scarlett with each give your ass twenty-five swats of the cane and you will count and give thanks as previously discussed. When they are finished you will assume the expose position so that Paulina may give you twenty-five on your breasts. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“As for you, Katrina, I think it’s time you finally lost your virginity so follow me.”

“Well, thanks to the plug up my ass I’m no longer virgin back there, Mistress, and I’m more than ready to lose the rest.”

“Then follow me, Pet.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“When the three of you are finished caning that worthless puppy you may take her to the jail and work on fisting her. If she’s not taking your hands by the time Katrina and I are finished it’ll be you that’s punished.” Under normal circumstances Lauryn would never leave three slaves to discipline another, but in the past month she had given each of them private lessons on how to properly use everything from canes and floggers to belts and paddles so she had the utmost confidence in their ability to administer an effective punishment. As was evidenced by the look of fear and concern on Paige’s face.

Following her Mistress to the second floor dungeon, Katrina's heart was pounding like an orchestra of drums. Putting the plug up her own ass for their walk was fun if not a little painful, but now she was about to have sex with another human being for the first time in her life and while she was ready, she suddenly feared doing something wrong, not enjoying sex with another woman, or worse yet sucking at it to the point her Mistress no longer wants to train her. "M-Mistress, as you know I've never had sex with anyone before so I hope you'll forgive me if I completely suck at it."

"I'm sure you'll do just fine. But before I take you out of chastity I want to see if you're as good a toilet as your mother."

"I am, Mistress," Katrina confessed. "Until last month I never imagined being submissive, let alone a sex slave but that didn't mean I haven't tried a few of the non-sexual fetishes since hearing about them from you. I've been drinking my own pee for eleven of the last fifteen months. I've also done a lot of self-discipline in the form of taking a belt to my own ass, breasts, back, well anywhere I can easily strike and cover up actually. And I love to be choked to the point of nearly passing out. As you've probably already guessed I'm all for anything that will humiliate and degrade me, Mistress."

"As any true masochist would. Kneel and get ready to be my toilet slave."

"With pleasure, Mistress." After getting into position Katrina placed her mouth over Lauryn's vulva. Unlike her mother who has had decades of practice sucking things, she had never done such activities, but she was a self-taught expert on drinking pee so when the stream hit the back of her throat she immediately began gulping as quickly as she could to get it down without spilling a drop. Knowing from watching countless hours of porn that it was only polite for her to lick her Mistress clean, she extended her tongue and did just that. Pushing her tongue into her Mistress's pussy sent a shiver of excitement up and down her spine. A second lick caused her own clit to tingle and she knew she had found something she loved. Three licks became five, then ten before she flicked the tip of her tongue over Lauryn's hooded clit. Teeth latched onto the curved barbell

and she gently tugged and sucked it as her tongue found its way to the tiny bundle of pleasure that was her Mistress' clit.

Sensitive as hell down there ever since getting pierced, Lauryn did not stand a chance under Katrina's eagerness. Less than a minute in she placed a hand on the back of her slave's head and then filled her mouth with pussy juices.

Katrina drank every delicious drop with a soft moan as she continued assaulting her Mistress' clit. Ten seconds later she was drinking even more orgasm. Not stopping, she concentrated on licking and sucking her Mistress' clit while three fingers of her right hand found their way into her pussy. Lauryn's knees buckled and suddenly they were face to face. Not missing a beat, Katrina leaned in and kissed her softly, passionately on the lips. She was slowly laid back and Lauryn straddled her hips.

"Like I said, you'll do just fine, slave," Lauryn purred.

"Thank you Mistress. I can't believe I actually made you orgasm, let alone twice and so quickly."

"You're a natural," Lauryn smiled, not wanting to diminish what her slave had accomplished for fear it would put her right back in her shell. Leaning down, she kissed her on the lips. It lingered half a minute before she sat back grinning ear to ear. "Even though your ass is no longer virgin I want full access so once I get a few toys I want you to join me in bed for a sixty-nine. You'll be on top."

"Yes Mistress." Sitting up with Lauryn still on her lap, Katrina gave her another kiss. "I know my training as your slave is only just beginning, and I fully intend to serve you for as long as I live assuming you want me that long, but I'd also like to know what it feels like to dominate another person. Will you..." the rest of her question was cut off by another kiss.

"Choose a slave other than your mother and she's yours to dominate."

Tears welling up in her eyes, Katrina hugged her Mistress tight. "T-Thank you Mistress. You always said once a slave always a slave, and you were trained as a slave so I'd like to choose you."

Not seeing that one coming, Lauryn actually smiled at her slave's genius. "A deal's a deal. But if you want to dominate me you're going to have to prove you

have what it takes by spending the next year learning with another slave. Choose one other than your mother and if you can pass every test in the next year I'm yours to dominate for as long as you're mine to do the same."

"Then I pick Elliana, Mistress."

"Then when we're finished here tonight we'll tell her the good news."

"Thank you Mistress. Now please fuck me silly. And don't hold back on the pain and humiliation."

"You're not the dominant one yet, slave," Lauryn winked. Getting up, she gave Katrina one more kiss before going to gather what toys she thought she would need for the scene ahead.

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Meanwhile, downstairs Paige was not having a good time as Elliana delivered the last of her twenty-five swats and handed the cane off to Scarlett for the next. Not a fan of even a little bit of pain, it took every ounce of willpower and self-control she had to stay in position, count and give thanks every time the thin length of wood sliced into her tender flesh. By the time Scarlett landed her last swat Paige's ass was a roadmap of angry welts. The cane was handed off to Paulina meaning Paige now had a decision to make. Take the twenty-five swats on her breasts without making a mistake and earning herself even more agony, or go the alternate route and ask to have another piercing. Knowing it would take the form of a tunnel in her outer labia that would leave her without sex for another month, it was a tough choice to make, but she had to make it and fast.

"If you continue to hesitate I'll add another ten swats," Paulina said, keeping in line with the rules of discipline they had each memorized.

"Dammit!" Paige grumbled. "I don't want you to cane my tits."

"You can always take the alternative."

"I don't want that either."

"You can always leave," Elliana said.

“Yeah, that’s no longer an option. “Okay, fine, cane my...WAIT...nevermind, I’ll take the alternative. I want another piercing,” Paige said knowing there was no way in hell she was going to take twenty-five hard swats without screwing up and earning herself a hundred more.

“Are you sure?”

“YES! I accept another piercing.”

“Well that’s disappointing,” Pauling sighed as she lowered the cane. “Then in that case let’s head to the jail and stretch your holes.”

“You don’t have to sound so damn happy about it.”

“But I am happy about it. I’ve never fisted anyone before and I’m really curious how it will feel shoving my hands in you. That being said, since I’ve been denied disciplining her may I go first?”

“Seems fair to me,” Scarlett answered.

“I’m fine with that,” Elliana replied.

“Then get on all fours and follow us to the jail,” Paulina grinned.

The last specialized room on the left was the jail and at twelve by fifteen feet had a lot of stuff packed into a small space including the eight by eight cell in the back right corner, the shower stall to the left of that, a pillory and stockade, a Saint Andrews bolted to the wall and a station to perform cavity searches. Shelves build into the left wall provided access to a wide selection of toys from dildos, plugs and beads to cuffs, gags and very low voltage stun guns capable of delivering a noticeable shock without any risk of actual harm.

Taking the roles of three police officers bringing in a criminal, Scarlett, Elliana and Paulina dressed in fetish uniforms that included a blue and black latex dress that barely covered their asses, thigh-high boots with impractical four inch heels and a belt with places for baton, cuffs, pepper spray and other accessories needed for the job. Playing the role of criminal, Paige was dressed in a black and white striped catsuit with open crotch and bust that left everything on full display and easily accessible. Hands tightly cuffed behind her back, she was roughly bent over a small table. Her legs were kicked open and then strapped in place to



prevent escape.

“She’s probably got the stuff hidden so far up her backside she can taste it,” Elliana said. “I think this warrants a full cavity search. Officer Paulina, would you like to do the honors?”

“Yes, yes I would,” Paulina smirked. After putting on a pair of latex gloves she grabbed a large bottle of lube and generously coated her hands. Having never had sex with her friend before she started off with two fingers and knew this was going to take some work. “Damn, you’re pretty tight for a whore,” she said as she wiggled the digits inside Paige’s ass. “Let’s see if I can loosen you up for a deeper search.” Pulling her fingers out, she scrunched three of them together and then slowly pushed them into Paige’s ass causing her to squeal.

“Her ass might be tight but I bet her pussy is loose enough to take an elephant,” Elliana said as she moved in front of her restrained friend. “If you want to make your time here a little more bearable I suggest putting that tongue of your to use.”

As three fingers were fucked in and out of her ass, Paige complied by sucking her friend’s already engorged clit. Three fingers pushed into her pussy. Then four. Her back arched and she bit into Elliana’s clit as she had her first orgasm.

“Son of a bitch!” Elliana screeched as she instinctively jumped back.

“Sorry. I wasn’t expecting her to ram four fucking fingers in me.”

“And yet you took them with ease. Is there anything you’d like to tell us?” Paulina asked as she tucked her thumb into palm as she had seen in the few fisting videos she had watched.

“N-No.”

“You might as well make it easier on yourself by confessing because one way or another we’re going to get the truth from you.” Adding a little more pressure, Paulina watched as her fingers slid in to the knuckles. “I can feel my hand about to go in any second now. Which should be impossible for someone that’s never taken a fist before. Confess or I’ll lock you in the pillory and cane you until you do.”

“ALRIGHT!” Paige grunted as the fingers spread inside of her. “I can take a fist. But only in my pussy.”

“How long have you been fisting yourself?” Paulina asked as with a shove her entire hand was enveloped by the warm tightness of her friend’s pussy.

“S-Seven years.”

“Wait, that would mean you started when you were...”

“Yeah, I started young, so sue me.”

“Actually, I thought I’d flog you instead,” Scarlett replied as the tassels slapped across her friend’s upper back.

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Upstairs in the main dungeon Katrina lay atop her Mistress, tongue buried in her pussy as fingers pistoned in and out of her pussy and ass at the same time. Her virginity was gone and for the first time in her life she truly felt complete. With that realization came pleasure. And with that pleasure, the need to please. So instead of selfishly making herself the center of her first sexual experience, she poured all of her being into taking her Mistress to the heights of bliss. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she loved sex with women and as Lauryn’s finger’s thrust in and out of her she wondered if she would equally love men.

“Mistress, please tell me I can have sex with men soon,” she purred.

“I think that can be arranged. Do you want just one or shall we go straight for the gang bang?”

“Mmmm, gang bang please, Mistress.”

“I thought that’s what you’d say. Given the state of things right now it’ll take time to set it up so I’ll put it on the list. Until then, no one told you to stop licking.”

Looking back over her right shoulder, Katrina grinned. “I could say the same to you Mistress.”

“I’m not your slave yet.”

“But you will be soon and I need all the practice being dominant that I can get.” And with that she lowered her head and resumed her licking.

“Something tells me that’s not going to be a problem. And Katrina, not a word of my potential submission to you to the others or the deal is off.” And with that Lauryn shoved four fingers knuckles deep in her slave’s pussy and asshole and was immediately rewarded with a gushing orgasm.

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After nearly three straight hours of sex Lauryn and Katrina’s libidos were finally sated. Butt naked and reeking of sweat and sex they jumped in the shower together and gave each other another orgasm before doing any sort of actual washing. Going downstairs, they made a brief stop at the workshop where Lauryn removed the blank caps from the microdermals along Katrina’s lower back and replaced them with letters spelling out BITCH. They then went to the jail where they saw Paige locked in the stockade eating Paulina out while a kneeling Scarlett’s fists punched in and out of her pussy. Standing over her, Elliana fisted her ass at a much slower but deeper pace.

“Well, it seems like you’ve all done your job,” Lauryn said, her sudden presence causing them all to jump.

“Me next!” Katrina exclaimed.

“Don’t make me put you back in chastity.”

“Sorry Mistress.”

“I think she’s had enough for now slaves. Go ahead and release her and then the four of you may kneel.”

“Yes Mistress, but her discipline isn’t quite finished,” Paulina said as she scoot back away from Paige’s lapping tongue. “Instead of letting me cane her breasts she opted to get another piercing.”

“Is that true, Paige?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then you’ll all kneel and once I’ve made my announcement I’ll get that taken care of while the rest of you get ready for bed.” Lauryn gave her slaves a few minutes to undo the wide leather cuffs securing Paige to the stockade and then for them to get into position before continuing. “Katrina has made a request that I’ve decided to accept. As of right now Katrina...actually, would you like to do the honors?”

“Thank you Mistress.” Taking half a step forward she looked down at her very confused friends and smiled. “I love everything about being submissive and was curious if I’d like dominating someone as much and Mistress told me to pick one of you to train. Obviously I couldn’t pick my own mother so I’ve chosen you, Elliana, to be my slave.”

Seeing the looks of disbelief on their faces, Lauryn stepped in. “What Katrina says is true. I’ve given her one year to prove she has what it takes to be dominant so Elliana, from this point forward you’ll do as she commands. Is that understood?”

“Permission to speak freely Mistress.”

“Go ahead.”

“Thank you Mistress. With all due respect to you, Katrina, you’re not the one I signed up to serve.”

“You’re right. I’m not the one you agreed to serve. And I would never force you to submit to me if you’re adamantly against the idea, but I ask that you at least give me a chance. Give me one week. And if I haven’t done something to earn your respect by then I’ll choose someone else.”

“Alright. One week,” Elliana replied. Shifting her attention to Lauryn she continued. “So, where does this leave us, Mistress?”

“There’s something I need to say before you answer, Mistress,” Katrina cut in. When she was not rebuked she continued. “Seeing as how you just agreed to be my slave and then turned right around and disrespected me that’ll be twenty-five swats of the cane. That is all.”

“For now you belong to Mistress Katrina and you’ll obey her every command as a good slave should. But don’t worry, no matter how things turn out you’ll still have a place here and you’ll still be paid.”

“I was perfectly content serving you for free, Mistress. You’re the one that insisted I take the money.”

“Be that as it may, please give her an honest week of service and if she has proven herself worthy then give her a year. Who knows, you just might like her style of domination better than mine.”

“She’s not the one I love, Mistress!” There, after being pent up for years it was finally out.

“I’ll gladly be your slave if you want me,” Scarlett offered.

“I think that might be for the best,” Elliana replied “Because as much as I like you as a friend I will never be happy serving you.”

“So, we went from giving me a week to outright refusal,” Katrina said, her friend’s words cutting deeper than she thought possible. “I get it. What’s not to love? I mean Mistress is perfect in every sense of the word. But that doesn’t make what you just said hurt any less. Not that you love her, but that you don’t trust me enough to even give me a chance. And for the record, you’re not the only one that loves her.” Feeling everyone staring at her, she knew this was a make it or break it moment that would define who she was not only as a person and friend, but as a slave and future Mistress. “But like I said, I’d never force you or anyone to serve me so Scarlett if you still wish to be my slave I humbly accept and hope I do you and Mistress proud.”

“I have no doubt you’ll make as fine a Mistress as you do slave and friend,” Scarlett smiled in reply.

“Well, now that that’s settled, Elliana, for the brief moment that you actually agreed to be her slave and then made a liar of yourself you’ll receive five hundred swats of the cane per week for the remainder of your training, or you can pack your things and leave.”

“M-Mistress?” Elliana gasped in horror.

“What part of I can’t stand liars don’t you understand? Don’t get me wrong; there are times when a lie might be the only answer, say like when your life is on the line or it’s for the greater good. But this is absolutely not one of those times and I will not stand for it. So, accept your punishment or I’ll invoke clause thirteen of your contract and end it here and now. And just so there’s no question on where we stand, I have my eye on another,” Lauryn said as she took Katrina’s hand in her own.

Her entire body red and shaking from the humiliation, Elliana got up off the floor and stormed out of the room. Stomping her way through the dungeon, and out into the night, she entered the house through the sliding back doors and went to her room to gather her things. Tossing the suitcase on the bed she dropped to her knees and cried until the door slowly creaked open behind her. Spinning, she saw the woman she had been crushing on all of her adult life. “I’ll be out of here soon and then you can have that fucking whore all to yourself!”

“First of all, Katarina is no more a whore than you are. Which is to say not at all. Second, I’m sorry I don’t love you the same way you love me but I have no control over who I’m attracted to any more than you do.”

“Why her? She’s barely even an adult! You’ve known her all of a year and a half. We’ve known each other nearly two decades. She’s not even all that good looking!”

“We both know that’s a lie. Look, I’m not going to argue with you Elliana. I just ask that you calm down and take a moment to consider your options.”

“I’ve considered them and I’ve chosen to leave so there’s nothing more to say.” Turning her back on her now former Mistress, Elliana opened the dresser drawer so hard she nearly yanked it out completely. Fifteen awkward minutes later she pushed past Lauryn, her friends and out the front door.

“Is she really gone Mistress?” Katarina asked.

“That is what she has decided.”

“I’m so sorry Mistress.”

“It’s not your fault Katrina. Alright, slaves, we’ve got a long day of training tomorrow so I think that’s where we’ll call it a night. Except for you Paige. You

still have a piercing to get so let's go back out to the workshop."

"Yes Mistress."

"And Katrina, unless I completely misread everything we did earlier I think you can sleep in my bed tonight."

"Hmm..."

"Something the matter, slave?"

"Yes and no, Mistress. I want to share a bed with you, I really, really do, but I was going to make Scarlett feel more like a puppy by having her sleep in the doggy bed in my room."

"You can bring her bed into our room or you can sleep in your room tonight. Your choice."

"Thank you Mistress. Scarlett, take the doggy bed from my room and place it in the corner of Mistress' room. After your shower you will put the tailed plug in your ass and then turn in."

"Yes Mistress." Getting down on all fours, Scarlett crawled out of the living room and in the direction of her new Mistress' bedroom.

"I really am sorry this happened, Mistress," Katrina once again apologized.

"I know, but like I said this isn't your fault. Elliana made the decision she thought best for her and that's on her, not you, me or anyone else. Just concentrate on your own training and that of your slave and everything will work out in the end."

"Did you mean what you said, Mistress? That you have your eye on me? Um, as more than just a friend and slave?"

"I did."

Walking over to her Mistress, Katrina gently caressed Lauryn's left cheek and then kissed her on the lips. "I do love you, Mistress, I wouldn't be here if I didn't but after everything that has happened tonight I think it would do us both well to

take our time and just see where things lead us.”

Lauryn returned her lover’s kiss and smiled. “And that’s just another reason I adore you, babe. Now go see to your slave before I put you back in chastity.”

“To deny me sex, or you, Mistress?” Katrina said with a wink. Sneaking a quick peck, she followed Scarlett out of the room knowing with every fiber of her being that as long as she had Lauryn by her side everything was going to be okay. Then and there she vowed to herself to not only obey every command given, but to watch and learn from a master. Or in this case Mistress.