





SCARLETT SUBMITS
Crimson Rose

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After fifteen years of marriage – most of it spent alone while her husband was off on one of his many business trips, Scarlett decided enough was enough. At thirty-three she needed something more than an absentee partner, someone willing to spend more than one or two weekends a month at home before running out the door for their next trip. Unfortunately, getting out required money and the last job she had was working fast food in high school so, at the age of thirty-three, with no appreciable skills to speak of, she sat in her living room across from her best friend since the sixth grade ready to ask for a job that had been offered and refused on numerous occasions. Not because she had no desire to work. First, her husband insisted on a stay-at-home wife and second, she never thought herself pretty enough to do what her best friend did despite everyone telling her otherwise.

After a long moment, Scarlett looked up from the floor and stared into her best friend's light blue eyes. "So, um, do you really think I can be a model?"

"You're kidding, right?" Amanda replied.

"Ouch!"

"I didn't mean it that way and you know it. You're absolutely pretty enough to be a model. Wait, are you asking because you don't think you are, or because you want a job?"

"Um, both?"

"Oh boy! I'll hire you right now, but there's something you need to know before you accept. I don't run a modeling agency like Elite or Ford Models. In fact, I don't really run a modeling agency at all. I know what you're thinking. You've seen my website. You've seen the dozens of scantily clad women I've taken photos of. Full disclosure, that's all a lie. Well, mostly. I did take the photos and those women do work for me, but not strictly as models."

"Okay, so if you don't run a modeling agency then what do you run?"

“I’m the owner of a strip club and porn studio named Sensual Sins. If you work for me you’ll start off working various positions at the club while learning to dance and use the pole. Sex will definitely happen, but to get around prostitution laws we’re also billed as a porn studio. To that end everything you do will be recorded and sold on the internet and Blu-ray.”

“Um, I know how to dance and use the pole,” Scarlett confessed.

“Oh?”

“Mark had a pole installed in the bedroom more than a decade ago and has me use it for him whenever he’s home. I actually like it do have been using it pretty much seven days a week. If not to practice new routines, then to keep myself in shape. That being said, I’ve come to terms with the fact that my career prospects are limited by my non-existent skills, but I don’t think I can be a porn star.”

“Not even for a hundred thousand dollars a year plus tips?”

“You mentioned sex?”

“Well, it is a porn studio so yes, you’ll be required to have sex with anyone that wishes to pay for your services. And at five hundred per partner that adds up real fast.”

“I’d have to have sex with women?”

“Hundred percent.”

“Um, I’m not bisexual.”

“Neither am I but that doesn’t stop me from enjoying the company of another woman. That aside, why are you suddenly looking for a job? Are things okay with you and Mark?”

“Things haven’t been okay between us for years,” Scarlett sighed. “I mean, I love him, but he’s hardly ever home anymore and I’m tired of being alone. And since he gets his boxers in a bunch every time I mention working I figured I’d ask while he’s gone so I have a few weeks to save up before telling him I want a divorce.”

“I hate to be the one that told you so, but how many times have I told you that he doesn’t want you working because he’s a control freak and keeping you home keeps you dependent.”

“I see that now so won’t disagree. But Even for a hundred grand a year I don’t think I can do it with women.”

“I think you’re capable of far more than you give yourself credit for. Tell you what, if you want to get the hell out of here I’ve got three places you can live at rent free for as long as you like. You’ll just have to pay for utilities and groceries. And to do that I’ll give you five thousand dollars. In exchange, all you have to do is spend the weekend making love to me. If you like it then we can do the paperwork and you can start work Monday. And if not, then you’ll have five thousand to get you through until you find something else. Oh, and I should mention that in keeping with the porn studio aspect of my business, you’ll be required to sign a contract. I offer one-, two-, three-, and five-year deals, but for you I’m willing to go as high as ten. That will guarantee you employment for at least the next decade. So, do we have a deal?”

“I really appreciate the offer, but I don’t know...”

“Then let me sweeten it for you. Ten thousand to spend the weekend with me and two hundred thousand plus tips for the first year and a guaranteed twenty-five thousand dollar a year increase but only if you sign a ten-year deal. That’ll mean you’ll make over four hundred thousand your last year. Assuming you don’t waste it you can very easily be a millionaire in just a few years.”

“H-How many people will I have to have sex with? And are these other porn stars or just random people off the street?”

“As many as want to have sex with you during your shift. As for who they are, they’re all club members who must provide monthly drug and disease tests to continue participating. On that note, we do not require condoms so it’ll be up to you to ask them to wear one.”

“So, on average, how many do you think I’ll have to have sex with?”

“It varies wildly. One night you might only be asked by a few, and others you’ll be gang banged by fifty.”

“JESUS CHRIST! Are you serious? I’ve never been with more than one man in my life. Actually, Mark is the only partner I’ve ever had.”

“Fifty might be a stretch, but not unheard of. So, still interested in a job and new place to live?”

“Where are these places? Are they houses or apartments?”

“Both and around the city. The first is an eight-hundred square foot one bedroom, one bathroom apartment. The second is a fourteen-hundred square foot two bedroom, one-and-a-half bath apartment and the third is a twenty-six hundred square foot three bedroom, two-and-a-half bath house sitting on three fenced-in acres, It’s a bit in the country but closer to work than the other two and far larger.”

“And I can live there rent free?”

“If you agree to spend the weekend having sex with me.”

“And you’ll give me ten thousand dollars?”

“I’ll have the cash on hand and you’ll get it Sunday night. Again, after we’ve spent the entire weekend exploring each other every way possible. I suppose now’s as good a time as any to confess that I have very few limits and while I prefer to be dominant will submit if you want to take charge.”

“Um, what?”

“BDSM. Unless you want to take charge I’m definitely going to dominate you this weekend. And you should also know that by accepting the deal you’ll also be giving me permission to sell it.”

“Then I want more than you’re offering.”

“That’s the spirit. Since I like you so much I’ll raise it to twenty-five thousand but you’ll have to sign a contract giving me permission to use it however see fit including selling it.”

“Fifty.”

“Excuse me?”

“Fifty thousand.”

“I like you, Scarlett, but for that kind of money you’re going to have to submit to me completely for the entire weekend. Meaning I may do whatever I like whether you like it or not and you won’t refuse or hesitate to obey my commands.”

“I don’t like it and have a feeling it’ll come back to bite me in the ass, but at the same time I’d be stupid to say no, so I’ll say yes and hope for the best.”

“I promise I’ll do my best to make this the most memorable and pleasurable weekend of your life.” Getting up from the recliner, Amanda walked across the living room and offered a hand to her best friend. Scarlett took it and was helped to her feet. She was then pulled in for a kiss. Resisting at first, she slowly accepted the inevitable and after several tense seconds was sharing a smooch with her best friend, heart thumping wildly in her chest. Pulling back after a solid ten seconds, Amanda smiled. “I think we’re going to have a lot of fun, babe.”

“I hope so because I don’t want this to ruin our friendship.”

“No matter how you feel about having sex with me, I’ll always be your best friend. And if you like it...” Stopping mid-sentence, Amanda gave her best friend a wicked grin.

“If I like it what?”

“I’m single, you’re talking about divorcing your husband...”

“Oh my god! You mean...y-you want to...girlfriends?” Scarlett stammered.

“Let’s see how the weekend goes first. That being said, we’ve known each other for more than two decades so is being girlfriends that much of a stretch? Assuming you like having sex with me that is.”

“I suppose not. But like you said, let’s see how the weekend goes first. So, should I bring anything?”

“Nope. We’ll be naked for the next three days so you won’t be needing clothes.”

Taking the initiative this time, Scarlett gave her best friend a quick peck on the lips before walking towards the door. “You coming?”

“Not yet, but when I do you’ll be drinking it,” Amanda replied. Walking towards the door, she gave her best friend a playful slap on the ass and a hard kiss on the lips before pulling the door open and stepping out onto the front porch. We’ll ride together. I’m driving.” Stopping at the edge of the porch, she turned around and walked back to the door. “Just so we’re on the same page, by coming with me you’re agreeing to let me do whatever I want to you for the entire weekend. That means if I want to fuck you with a massive strap-on you’ll accept it with a smile. If I want to shove my arm up your ass you’ll beg me to use you as my puppet. If I want to push needles into your breasts and turn you into a pincushion you’ll take it with a smile. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yeah, you’re saying you’re fucked in the head. But seriously, you wouldn’t do those things to me, right?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny it but if you agree to come home with me and sign the paperwork then nothing’s off the table. If you agree then get on your knees right now.”

Thinking about it as she stared into her best friend’s eyes, Scarlett took about thirty long seconds to weigh her options before dropping to her knees. Amanda stepped directly in front of her and then raised her skirt and pulled her panties aside. Thinking this was a test, and not wanting to screw herself out of twenty-five grand and a mostly free home before the weekend even got started, she immediately leaned in and licked. Cheeks instantly turning red from embarrassment and heat, she closed her eyes and continued. She had tasted herself many times when sucking dildos during her many night of self-pleasure and found it at least palatable, but the juices now coating her tongue had her clit throbbing with excitement.

“While I love your enthusiasm, I have something else in mind. Open your mouth and place it over my vulva. I’m going to piss and you’re going to drink. If you refuse then the whole deal is off. If you spit it out, or otherwise spill a drop then when we get back to my place that sexy ass of yours will feel the business end of my cane. No questions, no comments. Do it or don’t.” To her surprise, Amanda

looked down as she felt her best friend's lips spreading wider against her vulva. After a brief pause, she peed enough to fill Scarlett's mouth.

Scarlett swallowed her best friend's pee and then leaned back enough to talk. "I don't have much of a gag reflex so please just go until you're finished." She then placed her mouth over Amanda's vulva. Warm, tangy fluid hit the back of her throat and she swallowed as quickly as her mouth filled until there was nothing left. She then resumed licking, completely ignorant of the three cars now stopped on the road, drivers and passengers alike watching their very public display of perversion.

"Okay, either you didn't taste it or that wasn't the first time you've tasted piss. Which was it?"

"Well, I did taste every drop, but you're right, that wasn't my first time. Mark started using me as his personal urinal on our honeymoon and I've been drinking my own every day since and his whenever he's home. Also, full disclosure, if you did ram your arm up my ass you'll find that I can take it pretty deep."

"Oh?"

"I've got...OH SHIT!" Scarlett gasped. "We're being watched!"

"Nice. Now don't change the subject. How deep can you take it? Have you fisted yourself?"

"Yes, but only my ass. I also have a massive double dildo I use to stretch me as deep as possible."

"How massive?"

"Um, it's over two feet long and like three and a half inches thick."

"And how deep can you take it?"

"If I go slow I can take the entire thing but then I have to fist myself to pull it out again."

"God, that's fucking hot! Does Mark fist you up the ass?"

“Yes.”

“Answer me honestly, Scarlett, are you his submissive or sex slave?”

“No. Other than being his toilet and occasionally taking his fist that’s about all the kinky stuff we do together.”

“And when you’re alone?”

“Um, people are getting out of their cars now so can we have this conversation on the road?”

Pussy on full display, Amanda turned around. “Hey, assholes, for five hundred bucks you can get a closer look.”

Glad she’ll soon be moving, Scarlett said nothing as she watched three men and a woman considering her best friend’s offer. Thankfully, none of them accepted and a moment later the vehicles were once again in gear and speeding down the road. “Can we please go now before someone calls the cops on us?”

“Sure. And I want to know every kinky thing you’ve ever done or fantasize about.”

“Okay.” Leaning in, Scarlett gave Amanda’s pussy a quick lick for the road before putting her panties back in place and righting her skirt. “Well, for starters, I just ate my best friend’s pussy on my front porch in front of an audience.”

“And?”

“I can’t believe these words are coming out of my mouth, but I actually liked, no, loved it. I mean, I’ve tasted myself on toys before and thought it was okay, but god damn you taste amazing. Seriously, I can safely say I’m bisexual now because I want to be your girlfriend.”

“I’m glad you like it, but I think we should wait until...”

“I don’t need to wait, Amanda. I loved eating you out and drinking your piss and I can’t wait for you to shove your arm up my ass. Hell, I’ll let a hundred men gang bang me right now if it meant I could spend the rest of my life eating you out.”

“Damn, girl, you sound like an addict,” Amanda said with a playful giggle.

“I fully accept that I’m addicted to your pussy,” Scarlett said as she opened the passenger door of her friend’s car and got in. “Why in the hell didn’t you tell me pussy tasted so good?”

“Um, didn’t you just tell me you’ve tasted yourself?”

“Yeah, but I don’t count.”

“Well, now you know. And if you want to be girlfriends after eating me once, then I fully expect a proposal by the end of the weekend,” Amanda joked as she put her car in reverse.

“Why wait? I mean, we’ve got to wait until I’m divorced, but I can propose to you right now.” Turning in her seat, Scarlett stared at her best friend. “Will you marry me?”

“I don’t mean to make light of the situation, but are you actually proposing to me because you want to spend the rest of your life as my wife, or are you saying what you think I want to head and don’t really want to take things that far?”

“Definitely the first. I know, it’s sudden especially coming from a self-proclaimed straight woman, but that was before I tasted you. But now that I know just how amazing it is I sincerely want to spend the rest of my life tongue deep inside of you. Forget giving me a house to live in. Rent it to someone else and I’ll happily move in with you. Um, if you want me to that is.”

“I definitely want you to, Scarlett, but I fear you might be a little pussy drunk and will change your mind once that initial rush wears off so I still think we should take things a little slower.”

“So, you don’t want to marry me?”

“Absolutely I do, but you’re a married woman.”

“Not for long.”

“How about we stick with girlfriends for now and then once your divorce is settled we’ll announce our engagement?”

“That’s fair. Holy hell! I’ve never felt so alive. You know, I do have a few toys if you want to go back and have a quicky.”

“I’ve got an entire dungeon at home. And cameras. And all the paperwork you’ll need to sign to be my newest employee.”

“Fair enough. There’s just one thing I need to do before we get to your place.” Taking a deep breath, Scarlett held it a long moment before exhaling so forcefully it came out as a growl. Grabbing her phone from her purse, she dialed her husband. It went to voicemail after four rings so she just assumed he was still in flight. “Hey Mark, it’s me. This is a shitty way to do this, but you leave me no choice. I’ve spent the last fifteen years doing everything in my power to be the best wife possible while asking very little in return. But even that was too much as you spend more and more time away from home and me. Well, I need more. And if you’re not willing to be equal partners then I’ll find someone that is. I got a job today and will be living with Amanda until I can get on my feet and first thing Monday I’ll be contacting an attorney to file for divorce. Please don’t make this harder than it needs to be. Just sign the papers so that we can go our separate ways. Goodbye Mark.” Message sent, she hung up and sighed. “That’s it. I can only hope he doesn’t drag it out.”

“I hope so too. I just happen to know one of the top divorce attorneys in the state. She owes me a favor so if you want to save on fees I can invite her over tonight.”

“Are you having sex with her?”

“She’s one of my sex slaves.”

“Jesus! So, I’ll be having sex with her then?”

“Only if you want me to call her over so you can get the paperwork drawn up as quickly as possible.”

“Well, seeing as how I’ll need to get used to having sex with several partners at once, call her. But I don’t want to worry about filing for divorce until Monday.”

“I’ll invite her and a hundred men.”

“A h-hundred men?”

“You did say you’d let a hundred men gang bang you if it meant being able to spend the rest of your life eating me out.”

“I did,” Scarlett gulped.

I’m kidding, babe. But you will be gang banged this weekend.”

“By how many men?”

“Who says it’ll be men?”

“Okay, how many women?”

“I happen to love gang bangs and I know Marisha does as well – that’s the attorney I was talking about, so it’ll be the three of us. Five men per woman is a good number, but if experience has taught me anything, ten are better so I’ll invite thirty men over tomorrow for a day-long gang bang. Bareback, creampie mandatory. Is that going to be a problem?”

“Mark wouldn’t have kids with me so I have to start a family somehow. Assuming you were hinting at them impregnating me that is.”

“I am now. I take it you aren’t on birth control then?”

“Mark had a vasectomy so he couldn’t knock me up so there was never a need.”

“How many kids do you want?”

“Three to five.”

“Nice. What if I asked you to have more? What if I asked you to have as many as humanly possible until it’s no longer healthy for you to do so? What would you say if I told you I wanted you to be a breeding cow?”

As she listened to her best friend’s plans, Scarlett’s clit throbbed with excitement. “I’d say...as you command, Mistress.”

“Good answer. I want kids as well so I’ll be joining you for at least three or four breedings.”

“Cool. Not going to lie, I’ve never been more excited or scared in my entire life

and I love it.”

“You say that now because it’s new, but let’s see how you feel come Sunday night.”

“Yes Mistress. That is what I’m supposed to call you now, right? I mean, you are going to train me as your submissive, right? Or are you going for full on sex slave?”

“Do you actually know the difference?”

“Sure. All sex slaves are submissive, but not all submissives are sex slaves. Submissives have limits and safewords. Slaves do not. They do as commanded whether they like it or not because that’s what their owner wants.”

“And how do you know so much about the lifestyle?”

“After Mark started using me as his toilet he started talking Master and submissive so I did my research. I’ve read books and articles on the topic, watched thousands of hours of videos and talked to several men and women – Masters, Mistresses and submissives alike. One woman even gave me my first lesson.”

“I thought you said you’ve never had sex with anyone other than Mark?”

“I haven’t. We never had sex. She’s submissive and wanted to show me a few basics so we spent an afternoon together.”

“Doing what exactly?”

“Talking a lot about what it means to be submissive and going over etiquette and positions. We never had any physical contact because at the time I had no desire to cheat on Mark and she understood. I remember most of what she taught me but one thing sticks out more than everything else and that’s to show respect by calling the one I serve Master or Mistress. That being said, I’ll definitely be your submissive and am willing to give sexual slavery a try but reserve the right to back out at any time.”

“Agreed. Full disclosure, you’ll wear a training collar until I feel you’ve earned a permanent one. During your collaring ceremony you’ll have your nipples and

hood pierced and you'll be tattooed as my property. During your training you'll be given ten microdermal piercings along your collarbones which I can use to put anything from words to symbols and everything in-between. Do you agree?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good girl. Then I'll give Carmen a call and have her come over Sunday night to do the work."

"I agree to it all, Mistress, so you can have her pierce my nipples and hood and tattoo me as your property as well."

"Piercings? Sure. But the tattoo is part of the collaring ceremony and will only be done when I think you deserve it and not before."

"Yes Mistress."

Just as Amanda was pulling into her driveway, Scarlett's phone rang. Seeing that it was her soon to be ex-husband she answered and immediately put it on speakerphone so they could both hear what he had to say.

"Divorce? Really? You want to leave me after everything I've done for you?" Mark angrily barked at his wife. "And what's this about a job? You haven't worked a day in your life and I don't believe for a second you're going to start now."

"Everything you've done for me? You mean make me a stay-at-home wife and refuse to let me work so that I become solely dependent on you for everything? Or are you referring to spending half or more of every month away on supposed business trips while I spend my time home alone? Fuck you! And I do have a job."

"And a very well-paying one at that," Amanda cut in.

"What the fuck! Do you have me on speakerphone?"

"I do," Scarlett answered. "I'm not going to argue with you, Mark. I've spent the last fifteen years doing everything to make you happy while you did nothing in return. I'll be talking to an attorney Monday so expect the papers soon. Goodbye Mark." And with that, Scarlett hung up before he could get another word in.

"I'm so proud of you for standing up for yourself," Amanda said.

"I gave him fifteen years of chances. He's not getting another day more, Mistress. Now, this weekend is all about exploring my sexuality so let's concentrate on that."

"That can be arranged. Tell me, in all that research you've done did you ever come across anything pertaining to puppy slaves?"

"Yes Mistress."

“Great. Then you’ll know exactly what you need to do when you step out of the car.” And with that Amanda pulled the key from the ignition, opened her door and stepped out into the hot summer afternoon.

Quickly recalling everything to do with puppy play, Scarlett pieced together everything each piece of work had in common as she too exited the vehicle. Far enough off the road to not attract the attention of passersby, she stripped out of her tee shirt, shorts, shoes, socks, bra and panties, leaving everything on the ground as she got down on all fours before sitting back with knees spread and hands on the floor between them like a puppy awaiting command.

“Good girl,” Amanda smiled as she looked down at her best friend. “You really have done your research haven’t you?”

“Arf!” Scarlett barked in reply, knowing that puppies did not speak unless commanded to do so.

“I’m impressed. Come. I’ve got just the outfit to complete the look. Would you like that, my pet?”

“Arf!” Scarlett once again barked as she followed her best friend turned Mistress and future wife towards her new home.

“Your puppy training begins today. Is that understood?” Amanda asked as she pushed the front door open.

“Arf,” Scarlett barked once for yes.

“I’m sure you already know what that means, but for the record you will remain on all fours at all times except when using the bathroom and showering. You will eat and drink from bowls and continue barking for yes or no. If a question requires more of an answer then you may freely answer. With me so far, my pet?”

“Arf,” Scarlett barked as the door creaked shut behind her.

“I’ve got a dozen puppy outfits here for you to wear and that is all you will wear unless going out be it for work or play. And now to the mandatory part of your routine. You will wake half an hour before me and kneel at the foot of my bed in silence. When I wake, you’ll drink my piss. After that you’ll take a shower

which will now include a minimum of three enemas and as many as it takes to completely clean you out. After that, you'll get dressed. We'll then have breakfast after which I'll take you for a walk. When we get back you'll take another shower and we'll spend the day in training. Any questions?"

"Arf."

"You may ask."

"Thank you for permitting me to speak, Mistress," Scarlett said, recalling her extensive research. "When you say take me for a walk, do you mean around the yard or beyond it?"

"What do you think? We'll start off going around the block and work up from there. Don't worry, while what you wear around the house and club won't have a bra or panties, your walking outfit will. After all, we can't have you arrested for indecent exposure the first day out, right?"

"Arf, arf," Scarlett barked as she sat back, spread her knees and then placed her hands on the floor between them.

"Just to get it out of the way, you'll work eight to four Tuesday thru Saturday so you've got the weekend to get on a night schedule. Any questions?"

"Arf, arf."

"Good. Then let's get you cleaned out and dressed for your first day of training."

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After taking four enemas, each just as embarrassing as the previous, and ensuring she was as dry as humanly possible, Scarlett put on her first fetish outfit. Consisting of thigh high boots in a distinct brindle pattern with built-in paws and sturdy knee pads, long gloves ending in paws, a tailed plug and headband with ears, the new puppy in training was looking the part.

"When we go for walks you'll wear a snout mask, but at home I need your mouth readily accessible so the ears will do. Now, follow me and I'll show you where most of your training will take place. Speaking of training. Safewords. I use the same three in my dungeon as I do at the club but you'll most likely only

ever use two of them. They are Green, yellow and red. Green means everything is great and you're okay to continue as things are. Yellow means there's something that needs fixed, or that you need to take a break but the scene may continue. And red means full stop. Be it for a serious problem such as, say, loss of circulation, or you absolutely hate what happening, the scene will end immediately no questions asked. Until afterwards that is. Do you understand the safewords as I've explained them, my pet?"

"Arf!"

"Good girl, but I need you to actually speak."

"Thank you for permitting me to speak, Mistress. I understand the safewords as you've explained them. They're actually the same ones Heidi used during my first lesson and what I've read are the most common ones."

"That they are. Once I show you around the dungeon we'll sit down and go over a comprehensive list of fetishes to figure out what you're into so that I can tailor your training."

Sitting back, Scarlett raised up several inches and let her hands hang like a puppy begging for a treat.

"Do you need to speak, my pet?"

"Arf!"

"Good girl. Something tells me you're going to be the easiest submissive I've ever trained. You may speak freely until I say otherwise."

"Thank you for permitting me to speak, Mistress. I don't want to be limited to a list. Like I said before, I'm willing to obey every command, try every fetish. If we have to make a list I'd rather it be of things I don't like after I've at least tried whatever it is three times."

"Three times, my pet?"

"Yes Mistress. I did the same thing when Mark suggested using me as his toilet, stretching my ass and pretty much everything else I've ever done sexual or otherwise. I see no reason to change that now."

“Fair enough. For the record, I do have a few hard limits. No bestiality, incest, shit play or blood beyond the few drops caused by needles. You will never do any of those things here or at work,” Amanda said as she led her new pet down the basement stairs. “Not gonna lie, my pet, I’ve been looking forward to this day for a long time and now that it’s here I hope you’re as submissive as you’re currently displaying.”

“Submissive or not I’ll do whatever you command if it means tasting your honey-sweet juices again, Mistress.”

“Pretty sure that makes you submissive, my pet.” Going to a door at the back of a party room and bar, Amanda unlocked it and led her best friend inside.

“Holy shit!” Scarlett exclaimed as she took a long, slow look around the room. She had seen dungeon before in videos, read about then in stories and even been in one during her first lesson, but it was tiny and woefully underequipped by comparison. “So, this is what you’ve been calling storage all these years, Mistress? I should’ve known something was up. I mean, who keeps old clothes and Christmas decorations behind a locked door?”

“That’s fair, but I had no idea how you’d react to me being so kinky so I lied. And for that you have my sincerest apology.”

“No need to apologize, Mistress. May I ask how long you’ve had a dungeon?”

“About twelve years.”

“Shame you didn’t mention it sooner, Mistress. I started researching the lifestyle heavily about ten years ago and had my first lesson eight years ago. I definitely would’ve loved seeing this place back then. Who knows, maybe I would’ve seen the light much sooner and you could’ve spent the last decade training me.”

“Live and learn. So, what do you think, my pet?”

“First, I love being called your pet, Mistress. And this is by far the best dungeon I’ve ever seen or been in.”

“Been in many dungeons, my pet?”

“I’ve probably seen hundreds, if not thousands in videos, but have only ever

been in one before this, Mistress, and it was no bigger than the average bedroom with a few toys and even fewer pieces of equipment. Hell, even those in movies paled in comparison.”

“In the coming weeks and months, you’ll experience each and every dildo, butt plug, gag, clamp, piece of furniture and equipment and implement of discipline at my disposal but right now your training begins with putting that tongue of yours to good use.”

“Nothing would make me happier, Mistress.”

Giving her new pet a wink, Amanda walked over to a shelf of dildos and grabbed an enormous footlong monster that was every bit as thick as her forearm. From another she picked up a bottle of lube. Walking across the dungeon, she stopped at a high-backed chair with a cutout in the padded seat. Leaning down, she placed the dildo on a metal rod, added some lube and then positioned herself with the bulbous head pressed against her asshole. “Don’t just sit there, my pet. If you make me orgasm using only your tongue I’ll let you use your fingers.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Until I say otherwise you will now only speak as a puppy. Is that understood, my pet?”

“Arf!” Scarlet barked as she crawled between her Mistress’ spread legs. Taking a moment to appreciate the beauty of what she was looking at, she leaned in and slowly licked the full length of her Mistress’ slit to savor every flavor. She then sucked the meaty folds of Amanda’s inner labia. Puppies love to lick things, but they also love nipping and nibbling and that is exactly what Scarlett did. Between gentle bites, she let her teeth sink in hard and fast causing Amanda to moan excitedly. Gently biting, she pulled back. One inch. Two. Three. She thought her own labia were long, but her Mistress had her beat by a solid inch. After they slowly slid free she nipped at Amanda’s hooded clit and was rewarded with a mouthful of orgasm which she gleefully gulped down while the rest covered her face.

Lick. Nibble. Suck. Stretch. Release. Bite. Orgasm. Scarlett seemed to hit on the perfect combination of actions to cause her Mistress to orgasm every time and did not let up for a second. If not for the thrill of pleasuring her best friend, then because she wanted more of her sweet nectar. She desperately wanted to reach back and pleasure herself, but unfortunately the pawed gloves she wore prevented her from doing it so she instead poured all of her energy into getting her Mistress off as many times as humanly possible.

Forty-seven minutes and nine orgasms later a panting, sweat-covered Amanda used her left hand to cover her vulva. “T-That’s enough, my pet. I don’t like calling anyone a liar, but I’m finding it hard to believe that was your first time pleasuring another woman. Was it my pet? Was that really your first time with another woman?”

“Arf, arf!”

“I knew it. I won’t tolerate lies, my pet.” As the words came out of her mouth she watched as Scarlett frantically assumed the begging position. “You may speak.”

“Thank you for permitting me to speak, Mistress. I didn’t lie. You’re the only woman I’ve ever been with sexually. This isn’t my first time because that was on my front porch just a few hours ago. Honestly, I just did what I like having done and hoped for the best. Also, I absolutely love how long your inner labia are. I could suck them for days and never get tired of it. And your orgasms. Mmmm, best drink I’ve ever had.”

“And you didn’t have sexual contact with the woman that gave you your first lesson?”

“Not even a hug or kiss, Mistress. I’d tell you to call her, but we lost contact years ago. I swear on my life you’re the only woman I’ve ever done anything sexual with.”

“I believe you, my pet.”

“Thank you Mistress. So, was I any good?”

“Good? Honey, that was mind-blowingly amazing. I can get off pretty easily, but that’s the most anyone has ever made me orgasm in such a short period of time. You have a gift, my pet.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Now there’s the matter of you disobeying my command.”

“Mistress?”

“I said to use only your tongue. And while I commend your enthusiasm and skill, you used lips and teeth. Disobedience must be corrected. Pay attention, my pet, because I’m only going to say this once. I have very strict rules pertaining to discipline. First and foremost, you may never use a safeword to get out of it. You may use yellow to take a short break but it will resume again until finished. Second, multiple infractions are cumulative. Meaning disciplines stack. The first offense is ten swats. The second is twenty-five. The third is fifty. And the fourth and more are one-hundred each. Do you understand so far, my pet?”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“Good girl. When you are being disciplined you will count the swat and give thanks by saying: thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson. breaking position, forgetting to count or give thanks or saying anything other than the count and thanks will earn you five more swats per infraction. And finally, at my discretion I may opt to swat your breasts instead of your ass, but never more than ten times for any given discipline. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. You said you practiced positions so I’m going to test you on that right now. First, I want you to assume the punishment position. After I give your ass five swats you will kneel up for the remaining five on your breasts.”

Without missing a beat, Scarlett lowered her head down onto folded arms while raising pawed feet to just under ass level so that weight was on her knees. Under normal circumstances she would have quickly felt discomfort, but thanks to the thick padding she was fine at least for the moment.

“Humble,” Amanda called out as she walked across the dungeon to fetch a cane.

Scarlett dropped her feet, stretched her arms out before her and placed her forehead directly on the cool tiled floor.

“Floor.”

Scarlett immediately went prone with feet as flat to the floor as the boots would allow, forehead and nose touching tile and arms at the sides, palms down.

“Good girl. Punishment.

Knowing what was coming, Scarlett once again assumed the original position.

THWACK! The thing length of bamboo struck fast and bit deep.

“One. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson,” Scarlett counted and gave thanks without the slightest hint of a flinch or yelp.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.” Sitting back, Scarlett spread her knees shoulder width apart as she raised up and placed her arms behind her back with hands holding opposite elbows.

“Okay, what gives? No way was that the first time you’ve been disciplined. Speak, my pet.”

“If by discipline you mean punished for breaking the rules, then, yes, Mistress, this is my first time. This isn’t, however, the first time I’ve been spanked. Mark loved taking the belt to me whenever he had the chance and he was never delicate or playful with his swats. Ass. Breasts. Arms, Legs. Back. Belly. I don’t think there’s a spot under the shoulders he hasn’t hit at least a thousand times, Mistress. I discovered long ago the more I whined and complained, the more and harder he’d strike so I learned to shut out the pain and accept what he was doing to me. Once that happened he started getting bored after ten or twenty instead of a hundred or more.”

“It sounds to me as if he was training you to be his slave without actually asking if that’s what you wanted.”

“You’re probably right, Mistress. And now that I think about it, it’s probably also one of the reasons he wanted a stay-at-home wife. That way I’d heal before anyone had a chance to see what he had done to me.”

“Well, you don’t have to worry about him anymore, my pet. In a few months you’ll be rid of him for good and then we can start talking engagement. But until then, you’ve got five more swats coming.”

“Yes Mistress.”

THWACK! Showing no mercy, Amanda brought the cane down across Scarlett’s nipples with expert precision.

“One. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

“Actually, it should be six. But I will not add any additional swats because I’m at fault for not telling you to continue the counting from where we left off. The next will be seven.”

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

“You’re welcome, my pet,” Amanda said as she lowered the cane. “So, between already knowing positions, etiquette and quite a few fetishes, not to mention how easily you accept being disciplined I’d say you’re well on your way to being a well-trained submissive.”

“Being a toilet. Fisting. Humiliation. Spanking. Learning and mostly mastering

positions and etiquette. Doing everything asked of me without question or complaint because that is what was expected of me and what pleased my soon to be ex-husband. My willingness to pleasure and serve you. I guess I've actually been subconsciously training myself for the last decade, Mistress."

"Sounds like it, my pet. My question is, was it the purely accidental result of doing so much research and actually trying things out, or were you purposefully training yourself to be as submissive as humanly possible?"

"One hundred percent accidental, Mistress. Don't get me wrong, I've wondered what it would be like to be submissive or dominant a million times, but I never once set out to be trained whether by myself or someone else until now."

"What about the lesson you did with Heidi? That sounds like deliberate training to me, my pet."

"I suppose it could be perceived that way, Mistress, but the whole purpose of that little exercise was to see where I fit on the spectrum. By the end she said I was borderline sex slave but without being able to have sex or do anything extreme she could only say that I'm incredibly submissive. I took her word for it but never really considered myself as such. I guess I've been hiding the truth even from myself all these years."

"Well, we can and have had sex and I definitely have the tools here to go extreme. The question is: are you willing to test your limits?"

"If that is what you command of me, Mistress."

"No commands. No Mistress. Friend to friend, Scarlett. Hold that thought," Amanda said as she turned and walked away.

Kneeling, Scarlett watched as her Mistress walked over to a small metal cart which she then pushed around the dungeon, stopping at various shelves, tables and cabinets along the way. She saw items being placed on it but could not really make anything out. After about ten heart-pounding minutes the cart was pushed in her direction causing her to instinctively and very nervously bit into her lower lip.

"I have on this cart some of the most extreme things I possess. I'll start with the least extreme and move up from there. If something is too extreme just say red

and the experiment will end and we'll know you're not a sex slave." Walking around the cart, Amanda gently caressed her best friend's left cheek as she knelt so they were eye to eye. "Before we begin I want you to understand you are under no obligation to do any of this and stopping even before we start will have no bearing on our relationship."

"Thank you, Mistress, but I'm actually as curious as you are to see just how submissive I really am."

Standing, Amanda put on a pair of nitrile gloves and then grabbed a few alcohol wipes from a container which she used to clean Scarlett's breasts. It burned a bit on the welts, but Scarlett said nothing as her Mistress continued. She then watched as her Mistress poured rubbing alcohol in the metal bowls into which she dropped a large number of needles of varying lengths. Twenty seconds later she withdrew one of the longer ones and held it up as she moved to stand in front of her pet.

"Needle play is one of those things some people love and others loathe. Which one will you be, my pet? I'm going to push this needle all the way through your breast. I'm not talking a little pinch of skin. It's going in one side and out the other. If you don't want that then say the safeword now." Amanda waited ten whole seconds in silence but the safeword never came. Reaching down with her right hand, she pinched Scarlett's left nipple and pulled until her submissive's face showed discomfort. She then placed the sharp, beveled tip of the needle against the top of Scarlett's breast. Pause. No safeword. With a slow and steady pressure, she pushed the thin length of metal into flesh.

Gritting her teeth against the pain, Scarlett was determined not to back out just when they were getting started. The fact that her clit throbbed with excitement as the pain increased told her she had made the right choice despite her brain screaming for her to scream the safeword. Bravely, she watched as the length of the needle grew shorter and shorter. And then she felt the tip emerging from the bottom. Trembling, panting like the puppy she was in training to be she leaned forward with hands on the floor. Not from pain or to prevent any further torment, but because she was gushing in orgasm. "Holy fucking god!" she panted as she leaned back and spread her legs even wider apart. "So, that just happened, Mistress."

"Yes it did, my pet. Bit of a masochist are you?"

“I sort of kind of like being humiliated and can get off on certain levels of pain but that’s the first time I’ve ever orgasmed from that much, Mistress. Please do it again. I need to see if I’ll have another.”

“I’ve got fifty needles in the bowls and I’m not stopping until they’re all inside of you.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

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One by one Amanda pushed the needles into Scarlett’s body. The eight longest went through her breasts. Eight more went around the areolas. Four went directly through the nipples. Six of them went through her outer labia which were then capped to prevent then jabbing the other side. Weights were then added to keep them stretch as ten were pushed through one outer labium and out the other. They too were capped. The remaining fourteen were evenly split between her inner thighs. There was a lot of panting, moaning and grunting on Scarlett’s part, but most importantly, seven more very intense orgasms confirming in both of their minds that she was indeed a masochist.

“Okay, this next part freaks most people out after only a few minutes so I won’t blame you for not lasting too long,” Amanda said as she picked a somewhat bulky latex and leather hood up off the cart. “This is what is known as a deprivation hood. While wearing it you won’t be able to see, hear or speak. While you are wearing it, I’ll use a number of tools and toys on you and slowly remove the needles. Since you won’t be able to speak you may stop the scene by bringing your hands up in prayer. This is very important so please be truthful. Can you deep throat a cock and if so how long can you keep it down before gagging?”

“Yes, and I have no gag reflex, Mistress, so can keep it down for as long as I’m able to hold my breath. My record is three minutes and forty-six seconds.”

“Damn! Then you’ll have no problem with the short penis gag built into the hood. But for whatever reason you do you can remove it by grabbing this ring here and pulling,” Amanda said as she demonstrated. “Pulling the plug will be the same as saying red so please only use it in case of emergency. Any questions before we begin?”

“I don’t suppose you’ll tell me what toys and tools you’re going to use on me, Mistress.”

“Everything remaining on the cart including this,” Amanda answered as she picked up a bizarre gun-like contraption with a complicated configuration of wires at the tip. “Do you know what this is?”

“I think I have an idea, Mistress. Is it a branding gun?”

“Bingo. The tip is a triskelion with sex slave for life written around it. It is the most permanent and extreme thing any Master or Mistress can do to their submissive Not many are willing to...”

“Brand me, Mistress,” Scarlett cut Amanda off mid-sentence. “I don’t need the mask or any further consideration. Stick that thing wherever you want to stick it

and pull the trigger!”

“By accepting this brand, you are giving yourself to me completely, my pet. I will control you, own you. You will obey every command without hesitation or complaint. You will wear what I tell you to wear, eat what I tell you to eat. You will be giving up your humanity to be an object whose only duty in life is to fulfill my every desire. Of course, you can always stop being my slave by walking away, but you’ll forever be branded as such. Is that really the life you want to live, Scarlett or are you doing this because you think it’s what I want?”

“A little of both, Mistress. I think we’re both well passed acknowledging that I’m incredibly submissive and willing to do anything to please you. I’ve done a lot of kinky stuff in the last decade. Hell, I basically trained myself for this very moment. Please brand me as your slave, Mistress. And tattoo me as your property. Pierce me. Do whatever you want with my body but only if it pleases you to do so.”

“Are you absolutely certain this is...”

“I’ve never been more certain about anything in my life, Mistress,” Scarlett once again cut Amanda off. “Sorry I just cut you off again but that’s just how excited I am. Seriously. I’m about to seconds away from flooding your dungeon, Mistress.”

“Very well. I’ve done several brands but Carmen is much better at the piercings and tattoos. I’ll give her a call after branding you and she’ll do the rest. And afterwards you’ll be given your collar. Of course, this is going to make it difficult to work so you’ll take a month off to rest and recuperate, but your training will continue here at home. Is that understood, my pet?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I’m tempted to put it on your neck where it’ll be much harder to hide, but I’m not a cruel monster so I’ll put it on your right ass cheek instead. And just so you know exactly what you’re getting tonight let me explain while the gun heats up. Breeding Cow will be tattooed on your mound. Dairy Cow will be tattooed on your left breast and Property of Mistress Amanda will be tattooed on the right. As for the piercings, she’ll do your nipples, double hood for the placement of a shield and the ten microdermals along your collarbones. I’d like to see you with full chastity piercings but that’ll keep you out of work and training for several

months so I think I'll hold off on that for now. Any questions, my pet?"

"Only one, Mistress. Seeing as how I'm getting all of this work done for you, are you willing to get some done for me?"

"That all depends on what you have in mind, my pet."

"Nothing as extreme as what I'm getting, Mistress. Perhaps nipple and hood piercings and a single tattoo that says property of Mistress Scarlett. Not that I ever plan on dominating you but if we're going to spend the rest of our lives together then in some twisted way we own each other if that makes any sense at all. I understand if you say no and won't hold it against you but it would..." the rest of her thought was cut short by a hard, passion-filled kiss on the lips.

"I would be honored to be your property, my pet. And since yours will be on your right breast that's where I'll get mine. Unless, of course, you'd like it somewhere else."

"The right breast is perfect, Mistress. Thank you."

Seeing the light on the branding gun turn green indicating it was at the perfect temperature to do its job, Amanda picked it up and slowly exhaled. Go to the left of the door and assume the wall position, my pet."

"Yes Mistress." Getting on all fours, Scarlett crawled across the dungeon. Standing, she placed her hands shoulder height on the wall in front of her and backed up until nearly bent at the waist. She then spread her legs and waited. But not for long. The intense heat and searing pain caused her to wail in agony as she was permanently marked a sex slave. To her credit she maintained position but was definitely now standing on weak knees.

"Well done, my pet."

"Thank you Mistress. Permission to crumple to the floor now?"

"Granted."

Scarlett dropped to her knees and then placed her head on folded arms in an almost punishment position. "That really fucking hurt, Mistress. And it didn't make me orgasm so I think we found my threshold. Also, thank you for branding

me your slave. I look forward to many years of fulfilling your most perverted desires.”

“And I look forward to being the hand that guides you along the way, my pet,” Amanda said as she inspected her submissive’s ass. “It’s a clean brand. Assuming you follow proper care it should heal nicely. We’ll let it breathe for now but it’s best to keep it covered when you’re sleeping or taking a shower. I’m going to clean up and then I’ll give Carmen a call.”

“Yes Mistress.” Standing, Scarlett’s eyes drifted from Amanda’s perfect heart-shaped ass to the branding gun and she just acted on impulse. Giving her actions zero consideration, she picked up the branding gun, pushed her Mistress over the cart and then pressed the red-hot tip into the flesh of her right ass cheek. Two seconds seemed like an eternity. And then the silence was broken by pain-filled screams. The branding gun dropped to the floor. Scarlett jumped back several feet. “OH GOD! I am so sorry Mistress. I didn’t...I just...your ass...the gun...are you okay, Mistress?”

“You branded me!” Amanda shouted as she spun on her heels to face Scarlett. “You marked me as a sex slave!”

“I am so sorry Mistress. I don’t know what I was thinking. I just saw the gun and your ass and I just...I just acted on impulse. You hate me now. Maybe it’s best that you take me home.”

“You are home, my pet. We can’t undo what you did so there’s no sense in crying over it, but I can and will discipline you for it.”

“I fully accept whatever punishment you deem necessary, Mistress.”

“We’ll start with chastity piercings and no sex of any kind for three months. That includes pleasuring me, yourself or anyone else. When everything is healed you’ll be given one hundred swats of the cane every other day for one hundred days not counting any discipline you incur along the way. And finally, your salary for the first year will be reduced to twenty-five thousand dollars plus tips with the remaining one-seventy-five going to the charity of my choice. Is that understood, my pet?”

“Yes Mistress. And I really am sorry I branded you without permission. My action is inexcusable and I’ll never forgive myself for what I did.”

“You should feel bad, my pet, but the damage is done and we’ll both have to live with the consequences of you marking me as a sex slave. I know you don’t understand so let me explain. Sensual Sins has many rules that govern everything that happens behind its doors and that includes everyone’s positions – business as well as sexual, and being the owner doesn’t make me immune from them. I’m marked as a sex slave now and that means playing that role at work. Yes, I’m still the owner and could change the rules if I wanted, but that would set a poor example.”

“So, you can no longer be dominant at work, Mistress?”

“Correct, my pet. Instead of sitting in my office watching over everything, or on the floor dominating those I find interesting I’ll be the one doing the submission. Like you, I’ll have absolutely no say over who uses me or how.”

“God, I am so sorry Mistress.”

“I know, my pet, but like I said the damage is done and there’s no point dwelling on it. And seeing as how I’ll soon be marked as your property perhaps you can be the one to train me.”

“I’m not sure I have it in me to be Dominant, but I’ll try if that’s really what you want, Mistress.”

“Says the woman that took the initiative and branded my ass and convinced me to get tattooed your property.”

“Wait, if being branded a slave means being one at work what does being tattooed as my property mean, Mistress?”

“The same exact thing actually.”

“So, you were going to be a slave whether I branded you or not, Mistress?”

“Correct. I’m not disciplining you for turning me into a sex slave if that’s what you’re thinking, my pet. I’m disciplining you for branding me without permission.”

“How would they even know unless you told them, Mistress?”

“That’s exactly how they’ll know. Sure, I could hide it, but that won’t last a single shift. Like everyone else at Sensual Sins I don’t stay dressed for long. Someone will see it and once it’s discovered I kept it secret I’ll be disciplined so it’s best to just come clean and deal with it. On the bright side, as my owner you get to dictate my training at work as I will yours. But we can talk about all of that later. Right now, I’ve got a phone call to make.”

“Yes Mistress. Or do I call you my pet? Or slave? I’m kind of confused about where we actually stand in regards to that aspect of our relationship.”

“At home I’m the Mistress and you’re the slave.”

“I understand, Mistress, but how am I going to practice dominating you if I can only do it at work?”

“That’s a fair point. Okay, we’ll switch back and forth. But know that you cannot use your new status to get out of being disciplined.”

“I understand, Mistress. So, are you really disciplining me only for branding you without permission or is there more to it?”

“That’s all there is to it, my pet. I’ve already agreed to be marked as your property so I can’t be pissed about you doubling up on me.”

“True, but tattoos can be removed and as you’ve stated numerous times already, brands are permanent.”

“Okay, so I was a little pissed that I’ll forever be known as a sex slave at the place I’ve spent the last decade dominating, but that’s a moot point.”

“Tell me, Mistress, what is the punishment for lying?”

“An automatic one hundred swats to the ass and twenty-five on the breasts.”

“Then that is what you’ll receive for lying to me. Actually, I believe you lied to me multiple times. Shall we watch the recording to see just how many times or shall we just call it five?”

“It was actually seven, Mistress,” Amanda replied. “That means you’ll give me the same number of swats every day for a week but not until the brand heals.”

“And the piercings and other tattoos,” Scarlet said with a wicked grin. “The way I see it, you’re a slave now and that means getting the exact same work as me. I mean, you did say you wanted to be a breeding cow, right? Or was that another lie?”

“That was the truth, Mistress.”

“And I can only assume being a dairy cow comes along with that.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I do believe you’ve got a phone call to make.”

“Yes Mistress.” Walking towards the dungeon door, Amanda wondered how in the hell the tables were so quickly flipped on her. Looking back over her shoulder, she gave her best friend turned sex slave turned Mistress a smile before walking out of the room as excited for this new chapter in her life as she was frightened.