

SUB MISTRESS



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Crimson Rose

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Paige stared across the table at her best friend Lydia and smiled. "My compliments to the chef." Seeing her best friend's girlfriend Emily walk in from the kitchen with another bottle of wine, her grin widened. "You trying to get me drunk?"

"Maybe," Lydia answered.

"I'm still not going to go to bed with you."

"I'm not asking you to. What I am going to ask, however, is..." Pausing for dramatic effect, Lydia gave her girlfriend a quick glance before continuing. "Will you marry me?"

Taken completely off guard, Paige sprayed red wine all over the table. "W-What?"

"I'm kidding, but hopefully it'll lessen the shock of why I really invited you to dinner."

"I'm listening. Also, that's not something you should kid about."

"Why, were you going to say yes?"

"Maybe," Paige said, drawing the word out as her best friend had done only a moment ago. "But since you weren't serious I guess you'll never know. Besides, you're already taken."

"I really wouldn't mind if the two of you got married, Ma'am," Emily said as she refilled Paige's wine glass. "Unless you wouldn't want me as your obedient submissive that is."

"Well, first of all how many times do I have to tell you to use my name? And second, no, I don't want you as my obedient submissive. Not because I don't like you because I do, but you know full well that I'm straight and only do sessions with men."

“I could always wear a strap-on and pretend I’m a man,” Emily grinned. “But seriously, you’re the only one that seems blind to the fact that the two of you were made for each other.”

“Hard to see how I’m made for another woman when I’m straight.”

“You sure about that? I mean, have you had sex with another woman? Kissed one?”

“No and I have no interest in doing so because I’m straight.”

“Or too indoctrinated by society to come out of the closet.”

“If I was indoctrinated by society there’s be a hell of a lot less homophobia,” Paige countered “because I accept everyone’s sexuality no matter what it might be. The same, however, cannot be said for you.”

“I accept everyone no matter who they are.”

“Says the woman that can’t accept that I’m straight.”

“I want you to be my Mistress,” Lydia blurted out. “And before you say it, I’m being deadly serious. I want you to train me in all things submissive. Before you shoot me down completely please hear me out. I’m neither dominant nor submissive by nature but after many very long and sometimes heated conversations Emily has finally convinced me to give her way of life a try and seeing as how you’re my best friend and a professional dominatrix I immediately thought of you. I know your straight and have no interest in women but I also know that the pandemic has hit you much harder than it has me so I’m offering a proposal. And I don’t mean marriage though I wouldn’t say no,” Lydia added with a seductive smile. “Train me. Let Emily have someone to serve. And in return I’ll not only pay triple the going rate for such services, but forgive the eleven grand I’ve loaned you to get through the past five months. Please, Paige, I honestly want to do this for Emily and you’re the only one I trust so will you at least think about it for more than a second before saying no?”

Everything her best friend said was true. She was straight. The pandemic did not just hit her hard it had financially knocked her on her ass. While she qualified for unemployment she as one of the unlucky ones still waiting for their first check months into a seemingly never-ending pandemic so triple the going rate – a

ridiculous amount her best friend could easily afford, was nice but it was the forgiveness of the loan that convinced her to step way outside of her comfort zone. “There’s nothing to think about,” Paige replied. Seeing the look on her friend’s face instantly go from hopeful to utter defeat nearly broke her heart. Holding up her right hand she continued. “I’ll do it.”

“REALLY?” Emily shouted in excitement.

“Really. But there are going to be some rules.”

“Yes, there are,” Lydia cut in. “And you’re not going to like them but given how much I’m paying for your services I think they’re deserved. First, I don’t want a one-sided bdsm relationship. If I’m going to serve you I’m going to do so in every capacity of a submissive. That means pleasuring you every way imaginable including sexually. Second, you’re free to wear a mask or hood if you like but I want my training to not only be recorded but streamed live for all of my fans and followers to see,” she said, referring to the more than half a million men and women following her on various webcam sites. Third, Emily and I have spent the last few months discussing options and I’d like your opinion on the design and layout of turning the unused back half of the basement into a dungeon and what sort of toys and equipment would be most useful. And lastly, given the nature of the world right now and the risk of getting infected I’m going to require you to live here with me until my training is complete or the pandemic ends, whichever comes first.”

“I’ll gladly help you with your dungeon ideas and I agree that living here would minimize some risks. I also don’t have a problem having our sessions recorded or live-streamed as we record everything where I work. What I do have a problem with is having sex with you Lydia.”

“Those are my terms, Paige.”

“Fine, you want me to have sex with you then make it five times the going rate and you have a deal,” Paige said, hoping the added cost would convince her best friend she really did not want to do it.”

“Deal,” Lydia quickly replied. “And you won’t just be having sex with me, Mistress. Emily and I come as a package deal. And because I didn’t add that in there I’ll make it seven times the going rate.”

“I’m not going to argue with that. Now, before we do anything we’ll need to go over what exactly you want out of this new relationship.”

“Emily and I have already discussed that and I want you to train me completely. As in I don’t want to have any limits whatsoever.”

“You want to be a sex slave?”

“We want to be sex slaves, Mistress,’ Emily corrected.

“The deal was to train Lydia, not you.”

“For seven times the going rate I think you can train both of us at the same time,” her best friend said. “Especially since she’s already mostly trained. And to prove you’re serious I’d like for the three of us to spend the rest of the night having sex.”

“Two things. First, you may not want to have limits but I do so if being a sex slave is what you’re seeking then I’m not the Mistress for you,” Paige said as she stared into her best friend’s light blue eyes. “Second, I will not be pressured into having sex. We’ll do it on my time, not yours.”

“I’m not pressuring you, Paige, but I do need to know you’re going to at least eventually ask me to pleasure you and I see no better time than the present to prove it so you can join me and Emily in the bedroom or we can forget the deal.”

“That sounds and awful lot like pressure to me.”

“And that sounds and awful lot like you have no intentions of ever having sex with me.”

“I’ve already agreed to have sex with you as part of the deal, Lydia, and we both know I’m a woman of my word.”

“You are, but this is something I know you’re not even the least bit interested in and I need to know that you’re going to do it so join us in the bedroom or I’ll just have to find another Mistress to serve. Also, not to nitpick, but you agreed to train me as a sex slave as part of the deal so unless you’re not a woman of your word as we all know you are then I’ll have to find another Mistress to serve.”

“I think we’re getting ahead of ourselves and I honestly don’t think you realize what no limits truly means. For instance, if I commanded you to have sex with animals or family would you do it?”

“Hell no!”

“Then we’ve already found two limits and I’m sure if we sat down and went over a comprehensive list of fetishes we’ll find a whole lot more. What if I wanted to cane your breasts or brand your ass? What if I wanted to be a cruel Mistress and physically and mentally beat you into submission?”

“Then you wouldn’t be much of a Mistress, Mistress.”

“True, but there aren’t many people in this world with the mental fortitude to truly be a sex slave. A submissive with few limits? Sure. But an honest to god slave? I’ve never met one.”

“Fine, I get your point. We’ll go over your list. Right after we do a sixty-nine.”

“Which one of us is the Mistress again?” Paige asked with a raised brow. “I get it. You want in my pants and I’ve agreed to let you, but if this is going to work we need to draw clear lines on who’s in charge and what each of us not only wants out of this relationship but what we expect from one another. And to do that we need to take five steps back and have a very lengthy conversation. Then there’s the matter of me moving in here for what could amount to months or even years. Don’t get me wrong, I love this place but I have a house of my own that isn’t going to take care of itself.”

“Then let me,” Lydia replied. Heidi is dying to move out on her own so rent it to her. As for maintenance and lawn care I’ll happily pay the guys that do my work to ensure everything is taken care of.”

“You really have put a lot of thought into this haven’t you?”

“Yes Mistress I have. And not to sound arrogant but in this instance I have an answer for everything.”

“I don’t doubt it. I’ll move in eventually, but not until after we get your basement ready for all my toys and other equipment and we’ve gone over some fetishes. Until then, after you.”

“Mistress?”

“To the bedroom. Or have you forgotten I agreed to have sex with you?”

“Right! I promise to make it as pleasurable as possible, Mistress.”

“We’ll make it as pleasurable as possible, Mistress,” Emily corrected.

Knowing she would never be able to do it if she gave it anymore thought, Paige ripped the band-aide off so to speak. As soon as she, her best friend turned submissive and Emily entered Lydia's large bedroom Paige pulled her in and kissed her on the lips. There was a brief moment of surprise from both women. From Lydia it was that her straight best friend made the first move. And from Paige it was that the embrace made her clit tingle with excitement. Going all in, she pulled Lydia's shirt off over her head and prepared to reach back and unhook her bra only to see she was not wearing one. Looking into her best friend's eyes, Paige took a deep breath and then kissed her way down. She paused a beat and then sucked Lydia's left nipple.

"Mmmm, that feels nice, Mistress," Lydia purred as she gently placed a hand on the back of her best friend's head. "You sure you've never done this before? With one of your clients at work maybe?"

Instead of answering Paige gave Lydia's nipple a playful nibble and then kissed her way down until she was on her knees. Unable to look her friend in the eyes, she stared instead at the soft swell of Lydia's belly as she unbuttoned her pants. Fingers hooked in waistband, she tugged them and her panties down. When they reached her ankles Lydia stepped out of them. Still trying not to think about what she was doing, Paige leaned in and licked. As her tongue slid along her best friend's slit the tingling in her own clit intensified. She licked again, this time letting her tongue go in a little deeper. She felt a hand on the back of her head pulling her in.

"Please look at me, Mistress," Lydia said, her voice soft and soothing. It took her best friend about a dozen more licks before their eyes finally met. "Thank you Mistress. No matter what happens next please don't stop." Lydia let Paige lick another dozen times before drawing her in as close as humanly possible.

Paige had no idea what her best friend turned submissive was getting at until the warm, bitter fluid hit the back of her throat and rapidly filled her mouth. Torn between spitting and telling her best friend off and swallowing piss for the first time in her life, Paige had less than half a beat to decide before it spilled out on

its own. This was not how this was supposed to go. She was the Mistress. She was supposed to be training her submissive as a toilet, not the other way around. Eyes wide in shock and still staring into those of her best friend, she swallowed and did not stop until the stream had finally, thankfully come to an end. She then tried pulling back but the hand on the back of her head insisted she remained right where she was.

“Thank you for drinking my pee, Mistress,” Lydia purred. “I could tell by the look on your face that it was your first time and I’m so proud and quite thankful you didn’t spill it all over yourself or the carpet. That being said, I’d like you to please turn around and drink Emily’s as well while I go get what few toys I have from the closet.”

Feeling like the submissive for the first time in her life, Paige turned on her knees, put her mouth over Emily’s vulva and then began drinking even as her humiliation intensified. Her stomach filling fast, she reached back and grabbed Emily’s ass and concentrated on swallowing as quickly as possible. Her belly sickeningly full, she transitioned from drinking to licking.

Emerging from her walk-in closet dragging a large grey tote, Lydia spent a moment watching her best friend licking her girlfriend before pulling the lid off and leaning it against the nightstand. Pulling out a smaller dark blue tote which she sat on the bed before opening, she withdrew a large strapless strap-on and pushed the shorter bulbous end into her pussy leaving the ten inch long, two and a half inch thick shaft protruding and ready for penetration. “While you continue pleasuring my girlfriend, Mistress, please stand so I can take your pants and panties off.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then Paige stood bent at the waist with hands still on Emily’s naked ass. “That is so fucking hot,” Lydia said, stepping up behind her. Large toy lubed, she put one hand on her best friend’s ass and used the other to guide the fat head of the silicone cock to Paige’s vulva. In one powerful thrust she watched as eight of the ten inches disappeared.

“Aaahhgghhh!” Screeching in pain as the huge toy slammed into her, Paige reeled back. “Fucking son of a bitch! W-What the shit are you fucking me with?”

“My favorite strap-on, Mistress.” Pulling back until only the head was in, Lydia thrust her hips causing her best friend to grunt. “Is it too big?”

“YES!”

“Sorry Mistress. But it’s already in so relax and lick Emily’s pussy and I promise it’ll feel better soon.”

“Which one of us is the Mistress again?” Paige asked even as she turned and pushed her tongue back into Emily’s pussy.

“For tonight I am, Mistress,” Lydia said as she pushed the last two inches into her best friend turned Mistress turned hopeful submissive. “So be a good girl and eat her pussy until you’re drinking her orgasm while I fuck you with my big cock.”

Making a mental note to remind her best friend that she was not submissive, Paige did her best to relax and continue eating out Emily as Lydia slammed the huge dildo in and out of her. A lubed finger pushed into her ass. Not a fan of anal, she stopped licking and looked back over her shoulder. “I’m not a fan of anal so nothing too big.”

“Emily, could you please remind me what the punishment for disrespecting one’s Mistress is?”

“I can only tell you what my former Mistress’ rules on it were,” Emily said as she put a hand on the back of Paige’s head and guided her back to her pussy. “The first infraction is ten swats. The second is twenty-five. The third is fifty. The fourth and more are one hundred per infraction.”

“Thanks babe. “Seeing as how you forgot to call me Mistress that’ll be ten swats,” Lydia said.

Paige knew her best friend was talking about her and her brain quickly came up with a counter argument. “I’ll accept my punishment, Mistress, if you accept yours.”

“Mine?”

“Assuming my math is correct and using Emily’s numbers you have four hundred eighty-five swats coming for repeatedly disrespecting me after agreeing to train you during our previous conversation.”

“Touché. Alright, I’ll forgive your punishment this time as long as you agree to be my submissive for the rest of the week.”

“The rest of the week? You’re lucky I’m letting you dominate me for a night, Mistress.”

“Um, not to be that submissive, but you did command her to eat me until drinking my orgasm and she has stopped twice now so that’s two additional punishments,” Emily said.

“For the sake of argument I think we’ll all agree to clean the slate as long as Paige agrees to be my submissive for the next week. I mean, it’s only fair given you’re going to spend months, if not years training me. Not to mention the enormous amount of money I’m paying for your services,” Lydia said.

“You know what, that’s fair Mistress,” Paige said to her own surprise. “I’ll be your submissive for the next week, but before I do we need to go over some rules and lists. If you agree then fuck me with that huge damn dildo. If not, then I think we’re better off stopping now.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then the dildo was once again pounding in and out of her. Grunting, she turned her attention to Emily’s hooded clit. She gave the sensitive, engorged bundle of pleasure a few flicks with the tip of her tongue and then sucked it into her mouth and gently sank her teeth into it causing Emily to squeal.

“Mmmm, for a straight woman you’re pretty damn good at eating pussy,” Emily purred as Paige continued to suck, lick and nibble her clit.

Dildo buried in her best friend’s pussy, Lydia reached back and grabbed an inch and a half thick plug from her tote of toys. Lubing it, she placed the narrow tip against Paige’s asshole and pushed. The normally tight muscle relaxed thanks to the fingering, half the seven inch toy disappeared. She pushed a little harder. Another inch went in. More pressure. Another inch. Paige grunted in discomfort. Though she wanted to stop and remind her best friend she was none too keen on anal, Paige did not want to stop eating Emily out so she did her best to make herself comfortable as she felt the thickest part of the plug briefly stretch her open as the rest of it slid into place. It was yanked out and pushed back in. Out. In. Out. In. The head of the dildo pressed against her g-spot. The plug was pulled out and shoved back in. Body trembling, knees going weak Paige dropped to the floor as the orgasm gushed from her like a geyser.

“Still think you’re straight?” Emily asked as she got on top of Paige in a sixty-nine position.

Saying nothing, Paige pulled Emily back and gave her meaty inner labia several hard nibbles before shoving three fingers knuckles deep while moving her attention to Emily’s clit. Reading her girlfriend’s lips, Emily gripped tight and rolled to the right so that Paige was on top. Two large plugs in hand lubed and ready to go, Lydia stepped behind her best friend, yanked the plug from her ass and shoved the next larger one in at the same time she fucked the dildo into her. Overcome with pleasure, Paige once again gushed in orgasm.

Fucking Paige’s pussy and ass at the same time, Lydia gave it about five minutes for her to get used to the new plug before yanking it out, dropping it to the floor and shoving an even bigger one in. Her asshole stretched every bit as much as her pussy, Paige grunted but did not stop licking, sucking and fingering Emily.

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After two hours of non-stop sex Paige tapped out. Rolling off of Emily, she stared up at the ceiling panting like a thirsty puppy. Adjusting her position to ease the discomfort in her behind, she looked over at her best friend. “Do I even want to know how big the toy plugging my ass is, Mistress?”

“Three inches,” Lydia replied. “When I remove it in the morning you’ll be able to take my fist, but what I want to know right now is how did you enjoy being my submissive?”

“And I’d like to know how much you enjoyed spending two hours pleasuring another woman,” Emily added. “And being pleased by two. And don’t say you weren’t because six orgasms don’t lie.”

“I liked it. A lot,” Paige said as her eyes drifted to the gorgeous twenty-three year old brunette she had just spent the last two hours pleasuring. “I still think I’m straight but I’ll gladly have sex with you again.” Looking back up at her best friend, she continued. “As for your question, Mistress, that was the first time I’ve ever submitted to anyone and all I can say is this is going to be one hell of a fun week. That being said, I’m more than a little upset that you ignored what I had to say and stretched my asshole open enough for fisting. Don’t get me wrong, I’m sort of looking forward to being fisted by you, but the fact you ignored my request does not bode well for you being my, or anyone else’s

Mistress. Safe, sane and consensual. Those are the core tenants all bdsm relationships are built on and while I think we can all agree that everyone here is safe and sane, what you did was not consensual and...”

“Hold on now,” Lydia interrupted. “That’s fair, but I’d like to point out that despite your request you did not pull away or say anything to make me stop. In fact, after the first plug you fucked yourself on them including the one currently stuffing your sexy ass and I’d say that constitutes consent.”

“I have to agree,” Emily said as she sat up in a kneeling position. “And I’m not just saying that because she’s my girlfriend. “You had plenty of opportunities to tell her to stop or to stop it yourself but instead you let it happen. And before you say it, you also did not move away when we used you as our toilet.”

“Which was hot as fucking hell,” Lydia exclaimed. “Was that your first time?”

“Yes Mistress. And my second.”

“But hopefully not your last,” Emily added.

“Seeing as how I’ve already done it twice I see no reason to stop now. I’ll make sure to add it to my green list meaning I’ll drink it whenever either of you need to go. At least for the next week anyways. Now, while we take a break I’d like to go take a shower and then head home to grab a few things. Mistress, go ahead and call your sister and see if she wants to rent my place while I’m training you.” After doing a bit of quick mental math she continued. “For the sake of ease I’ll keep everything in my name and charge her a flat rate of thirteen-fifty a month to cover the mortgage and utilities.”

“Given the location and the size of the house and fenced in property that’s a very fair price,” Lydia replied. “I’ll have a talk with her and let you know what she says when you get back. And Paige, I’m proud of you for accepting your submissive side.

“Thank you Mistress.” Paige could hardly believe it herself. She had been dominant all her life. During her six years as a professional dominatrix she had done thousands of sessions with hundreds of men. She did not have a submissive bone in her body. Until now. That in itself was surprising to her, but what really had her guessing about herself was that it took her best friend, another woman to bring it out. Which had her thinking about her sexuality. She loved having sex

with Lydia and her girlfriend Emily which should have meant she was at least bisexual, but she still self-identified as straight. A small part of her knew that label no longer applied because she would have sex with them anytime they wanted while another was hesitant to change it.

After a quick trip home to grab her laptop and enough clothes and other personal items to last a week or so, Paige drove back to her best friend's house content in the knowledge that she was going to get an extended taste of what she had put so many others through and curious what her best friend turned Mistress would come up with.

"Welcome back," Lydia said, letting her new submissive in.

"Thank you Mistress."

"So, I talked to Heidi about renting your place. The price is a little out of her range but I agreed to make up the difference so she'll move in whenever you're ready to rent it out."

"How much can she afford, Mistress?"

"Eleven-fifty a month is pushing her comfort."

"Seeing as how you're paying me way over the average I'll rent it to her for a thousand a month and I'll take care of the utilities myself. You don't need to pay for anything, Mistress. As far as when I'll be ready to move in that all depends on if I need to empty the place out or not and whether she's comfortable with the dungeon in the basement."

"She's moving out on her own for the first time so doesn't have much in the way of furniture so if you can rent it furnished I'm sure she'd appreciate it. I asked about the dungeon when I called and she's okay with it and asked if she was allowed to use it."

"Why don't you invite her over to my place tomorrow and we can talk about all that, Mistress? In the meantime, I have a few bags to get out of the car and I'm yours to train for the next week."

"I can do that. Speaking of your dungeon, did you happen to bring any toys with

you?”

“No Mistress. Nothing personal, but Nothing leaves the home dungeon. If you’re looking for some more toys to use to train me the night is still early and I know a few shops we can hit.”

“You’ve seen my tiny collection. What do you suggest? Keep in mind you’ll be training me and Emily as well.”

“Why don’t you show me the room you’re thinking of turning into a dungeon and we can go from there, Mistress? As far as the basics, I highly recommend going with glass and or metal dildos and plugs as they’re far easier to clean and keep sterilized. You’ll also want a variety of gags, clamps and spanking instruments such as canes, paddles and floggers. Until you know what you’re doing I’d steer clear of whips. Cuffs, collars and ropes are also must haves as are pieces of equipment such as a spanking bench, Saint Andrews cross and if you have the room for it a bondage bed and possibly a large cage but we can go over all that just as soon as I see what we’re working with.”

“Follow me. Emily, why don’t you give my sister a call and see if she’s available tomorrow and if not when.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Mistress?” Paige asked with raised brow.

“I figured if I’m going to train you for the next week then I might as well train my girlfriend as well. Now, let’s go check out the basement.”

“Yes Mistress,” Paige replied. A moment later she was standing in a sixteen by twenty-nine foot room with tiled floor and recessed lighting in the ceiling and a closed door in the middle of the narrower back wall that she knew led into a smaller sixteen by ten foot room. “Just this room or the back one as well, Mistress?”

“Both if needed.”

“That all depends on your budget, Mistress. For example, I spent in the neighborhood of about ten grand for everything in my dungeon. That sounds like a lot and it is, but a woman I work with spent more than a hundred thousand

building a massive pole barn which she converted into a multi-room dungeon with half a dozen specialized rooms.”

“I’ve set aside twenty-five thousand to do a bit of renovating, toys and equipment,” Lydia replied. “To conserve space I’m thinking of finishing at least one of the long walls and having shelves built into them like you have. What do you think?”

“That’s a geed idea, Mistress, but depending on how many toys you’re thinking of buying you might want to do that with both walls. It’ll also make it easier to hang stuff as putting nails and hooks in concrete isn’t the best idea. I will say that it’ll take longer than a week to do the renovating so there’s no way it’ll be done in the week you’re training me, Mistress.”

“Then perhaps I’ll have to train you longer than a week. Maybe I’ll have to train you for as long as you’re training me. That way I’ll have plenty of experience when it comes to being Emily’s Mistress.”

“And then we can get married, settle down, have kids and be one happy threesome.”

“Sounds like an ideal life. I accept.”

“That was a joke, Mistress. I’m not...”

“What? Bisexual? Submissive? Ready to settle down and start a family? What aren’t you, Paige? And don’t lie because I think we both know at least two of those are true.”

“You’re right. I loved every second of having sex with you and Emily and I’m looking forward to doing it again but I’m not convinced that makes me bisexual. And I’ve never thought about myself as submissive until you dominated me. As for settling down and starting a family? Yes, I want to do that one day but seeing as how we’re both women I don’t see how we’ll do one of those things. Assuming we settled down together.”

“That’s what gang bangs are for,” Lydia said just as her girlfriend walked into the room.

“Um, gang bangs?” Emily, who was a diehard lesbian gasped.

“Hey babe. Paige and I were just discussing settling down and having children together. She asked how we could do it as we’re both women and I said that’s what gang bangs are for. My question is, when would you like to start?” Lydia asked, turning her attention back to her best friend.

“I think it’s far too soon to be having this conversation, Mistress. After all, I am straight and mostly dominant.”

“Right,” Emily replied. “And I’m the queen of the moon.” Taking three steps forward, she put her left hand on Paige’s shoulder and applied a small amount of pressure. Brow raised, Paige nevertheless dropped to her knees. A hand was placed on the back of her head but she did not need the hint. Leaning in she immediately started licking. “Straight my ass,” Emily purred as the tongue slid into her. “But you can lick me after you drink.” And with that she started pissing and Paige stared gulping down her third bladderful that day. Each time a little easier than the previous, she did not even wince as the warm, bitter fluid hit the back of her throat.

“She’s right,” Lydia said. “You admitted it yourself. You loved eating us out. You love having sex with women. You’re not straight, Paige, and there’s nothing wrong with that. But there is something wrong with your unwillingness to admit it.”

After the last drops of urine went down her throat, Paige looked up at her best friend. “I’m only doing this because of the money, Mistress.”

“I don’t believe you and if you don’t tell me the truth right now I’ll call the whole damn thing off.”

“I’m straight, Mistress.

“Says the kneeling woman that just drank my girlfriend’s piss without a second thought. Hell, did you even have a first thought? A straight woman doesn’t look forward to having sex with someone of the same sex as you’ve already confessed, Paige, so for the last time admit it.”

Turning, Paige put her hands on Emily’s ass and then sucked her clit as the internal struggle continued. After a moment Emily stepped back and Paige looked up to ask why but the look on Emily’s face told her she had been silently commanded to do so. Shoulders slumping, she let out a long sigh. “I’ve been

struggling with this since I first had sex with the two of you, Mistress,” she said, not bothering to turn to face her best friend. “I like men. And thanks to the two of you I like women as well. I guess that makes me bisexual but I don’t like labels.”

“Says the woman that has identified as straight at least a dozen times today alone,” Emily replied.

“Fine, I’m bisexual. There, you happy now? I’m bisexual,” Paige said a second time as if to convince herself. “I love eating pussy. I love drinking your piss. I love the fat fucking plug still stretching my ass. I love the idea of submitting to you, Lydia, and as exciting as that is it scares the hell out of me. And I know you weren’t kidding earlier, Mistress. If I had said yes you’d already be planning the wedding.” Pausing, Paige let her head hang for a long moment. “If I were to ever settle down and marry a woman I’d like to think it would be you, but that’s not fair to Emily. You’re girlfriends. You’ve been dating for years. What sort of homewrecker would I be if I just moved in and destroyed what the two of you have built together?”

“You wouldn’t be wrecking anything,” Emily answered. “As I said before, if the two of you got married I’d be your live-in submissive to do with as you please. I know that’s hard to believe, but I won’t be upset in the slightest. And even if I were this is Mistress’ home and if I got in the way she could just toss me out on my ass and you’d have her all to yourself.”

“I would never kick you out,” Lydia replied.

“I know, Mistress.”

“So, do you want to marry me Paige?”

“That is such a loaded question, Mistress. If I say yes then I’m committing myself to you for the rest of my life. Not that there’s anything wrong with that. And if I say no then I feel as if I’m betraying my best friend.”

“Nonsense. You either love me enough to marry me or you don’t. And I promise I won’t be mad if you say no. But certainly don’t say yes because you feel obligated.”

Eyes still focused on the basement floor, Paige thought for another long moment.

Turning on her knees, she finally looked up into her best friend's eyes. "I love you Lydia. We've been best friends since kindergarten. We've been through thick and thin together. We've fought over boys and spent entire summers attached at the hip playing, camping, hiking and helping each other through heartbreak and loss. There is nobody on this planet that I trust more than you." Trembling, Paige reached up and nervously took Lydia's hand in her own. "I love you more than life itself Lydia and if there was one woman I'd spend the rest of my life with it's you." Paige could not believe what she was saying but found it impossible to stop. "Will you marry me, Mistress?"

Taken completely by surprise, Lydia stared down at her best friend in stunned silence, not sure if this was a joke or serious proposal. When Paige did not let go or stop staring into her eyes she felt butterflies in her stomach. "If this is a joke it's not funny."

"No joke, Mistress. I love you and as crazy as this day has been I can't stop thinking about it and you so I'll ask again. Will you marry me, Mistress?"

"Nothing will make me happier."

"Then we'll set the date for when our training is complete."

"Our training?"

"Our training, Mistress. Or do you no longer wish to train me as your submissive?"

"You mean for the next week or..."

"I meant until our training is complete, Mistress."

"I honestly don't know what has brought on this sudden change but I love it nearly as much as I love you."

"Then let's get dressed and go buy a few toys, Mistress," Paige said as she got to her feet. "I know you want to wait until the dungeon is finished but there is quite a bit you can get beforehand."

"You said you know a few place so lad the way."

“Yes Mistress.”

After going over the particulars while showing Heidi around the house, Paige finally came to the last room. Her dungeon. Sliding the door into the wall, she ushered her new tenant inside. "HOLY SHIT!" Heidi exclaimed.

"If you wish to make use of my dungeon there are a few rules," Paige said. Full disclosure, for safety sake I have cameras installed all around the room that I alone have access to and the first time you fail to follow the rules I'll lock the door and forbid you from ever stepping foot in here again."

"So, you're going to record everything I do?"

"I am. But you have my word they'll never see the light of day unless you want them to. And no, I will not turn them off or even tell you where they are. If you don't want to be recorded then tell me now and I'll permanently lock you out of my dungeon."

"W-What are the rules?"

"There are several but the most important is: Cleanliness is above godliness. If you use it, clean it and put it back in its place. There are very clear instructions in the utility room in the back for how to safely clean and sterilize everything. All the other dungeon rules can be found posted on the plaque to the left of the door. Go, read them. And if you agree the dungeon and my toys are at your disposal."

"Will you do a session with me?" Heidi asked to everyone's surprise.

"You're submissive?" Paige asked.

"A little. I've never actually submitted to anyone though. Not really anyways. I mean, I let my boyfriend spank and tie me up but that's about it."

"Um, so, here's the thing. I'd love to do a session with you Heidi, but your sister and I are kind of now engaged so..."

“Wait, what? Really? Congratulations! Also, since when are you into women?”

“Since I had sex with your sister and Emily yesterday.”

“Okay. So, um, do you have a problem if she teaches me a lesson or twelve?”
Heidi asked her sister.

“Not at all. Have fun and I’ll see you at home later,” Lydia said, leaning in and giving Paige a kiss full on the lips.

“You sure Mistress?”

“Absolutely. As long as it doesn’t interfere with out training you can do as many as she wants.”

No sooner were the words out of her sister’s mouth then Heidi tore her shirt off and dropped it to the floor. “I’m ready whenever you are Mistress,” she said, reaching back and unhooking her bra.

“You go ahead and we’ll see you at home,” Lydia said.

“Um, actually, if you’re okay with it I’ve always wanted to have sex with your girlfriend and seeing as how she’s already a trained submissive I thought maybe she could give me a few pointers.”

“Alright, then I’ll see the two of you later. Enjoy.”

“Thanks babe,” Emily said, giving her girlfriend a long kiss on the lips. “Just one thing before I stick around. If you invite men to the party I’m out of here.”

“I wouldn’t think about it. Well, actually I would but I know you’re lesbian so I’ll hold off the gang bangs until another day.”

“Thanks.”

“Though...I do have a few bisexual friends that I’m sure will enjoy a lesbian gang bang if you’re up to it.”

“And how do you know that?” Paige asked with raised brow.

“Because we’ve done a few. Should I call them, Mistress?”

“I think the three of us is more than enough for our first session.”

“Fair enough, Mistress. I know you probably need some time to come up with what you want to do to me our first time together so I’ll just go upstairs and unpack and when I’ll be ready when you are. Emily, would you like to give me a hand?”

“Actually, I’d rather give her a hand,” Emily answered as she grabbed a bottle of lube from a shelf. “Please take your clothes off Mistress.”

“Sorry, but no can do. Mistress commanded me to keep the plug up my ass at all times except when showering and using the toilet and that’s exactly what I’ll do.”

“I don’t remember saying anything about your ass,” Emily grinned.

“Go help Heidi unpack and I’ll come get the two of you when I’m ready.”

“Yes Mistress,” Emily fake pouted as she put the bottle of lube back on the shelf.

“Wait, what do you mean Mistress told you to keep a plug up your ass?” Heidi asked. I thought you were the Mistress. Am I missing something? And how big is the plug up your ass?”

“I am dominant but thanks to your sister...my fiancé,” Paige smiled as just saying the words made her clit throb “I’m now being trained as a submissive as I train her as the same. And the plug up my ass is over three inches thick.”

“Fucking hell! I bet your ass gapes open.”

“Only when I take it out. Now go unpack and I’ll come get you when I’m ready to play.”

“Yes Mistress. Um, I’ve never fisted anyone in my life so if you can find it in your heart to let me join Emily in doing so I’ll be the happiest woman in the world.”

“Like I said, the plug stays in my ass so fisting is out of the question until Mistress says otherwise. And before you say it, I’ve never been fisted in any hole so don’t go getting any ideas. Now get your asses in gear before I discipline

you for being disobedient.”

“Yes Mistress, but if you think spanking my ass is discipline then my sister has obviously never told you the story of why our parents stopped paddling my ass when I got into trouble. Long story short, I’m a masochist and would orgasm every time they punished me so you’ll have to get creative if you want to discipline me.” That being said, Heidi gave Paige a wink and then left the dungeon just ahead of Emily.

Her life suddenly becoming intensely sexual, Paige saw the two women out of the dungeon. When they were upstairs she walked back in and closed the door behind her so she could be alone with her thoughts.

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After more than forty minutes of pacing back and forth thinking about what to put Heidi and Emily through the dungeon door slid open and the former walked in. “Sorry to bother you, Mistress, but I need to pee and Emily informed me that you were to be used as my toilet,” a now completely naked Heidi said.

Giving the gorgeous twenty year old a head to toe look, Paige walked over and knelt at her feet. She then put her hands on the young woman’s ass and wordlessly pulled her in and placed her open mouth over Heidi’s smoothly shaved vulva. There was a long, almost awkward pause before her tongue was coated in the now all too familiar taste. Relaxing her throat muscles, she let it slide down without much effort and when the stream finally trickled to an end she licked Heidi clean.

“Holy fucking hell!” Heidi exclaimed as the tip of Paige’s tongue flicked over her clit. “I...mmmm...I can’t believe you really did it Mistress! You actually drank my piss! Thank you for being so fucking cool.”

“My pleasure,” Paige said, sitting back on her heels.

“And mine, Mistress. Sorry again for bothering you. I’ll go and let you...”

“Actually, I’m ready to see just how submissive you really are so go get Emily and come right back.”

“Yes Mistress!” Heidi excitedly squealed. Running out of the dungeon, she took

the stairs two and three at a time and came back down them just as quickly.

Emily walked in a beat later with a phone to her ear. "I'll let you tell her right now," she said just before holding the phone out to Paige.

"Hello?" Paige said into the phone.

"Hey babe," Lydia replied. "I know you're busy so I'll keep it brief. As much as I'd love to be the one to fist you for the first time I've decided to let my sister have that honor so work it into your time together tonight. And Paige, I mean both holes. At the same time. And once she's managed to do that you may let Emily fist you as well."

"As you command, Mistress."

"Good girl. Now go have fun dominating my sister and girlfriend."

"Yes Mistress." Hanging up, Paige handed the phone back to a grinning Emily. "Well, it seems like you're both going to get to fist me tonight."

"SERIOUSLY?" Heidi exclaimed.

"Yes. My Mistress, um, your sister has commanded me to let you be the first to fist me in both holes and afterwards Emily may do the same. I have no doubt you'll be able to shove your hand right up my ass but I've never taken more than three fingers in my pussy. We've got all night for you to get your hand in so go slow and let it happen naturally."

"Yes Mistress! Um, are you going to take your clothes off so I can fist your ass?"

"I'll work it into the scene. Emily, since you're already a fully trained submissive you'll mostly be playing the part of my assistant tonight. And by that I mean you'll fetch everything I need when I need it so go ahead and familiarize yourself with what's at our disposal and where it's located while I see just how much of a masochist this little slut truly is," Paige said, staring straight into Heidi's hazel eyes.

"Yes Mistress."

"So, what are the limits of your masochism? And for that matter what are your

other limits as well?”

“I have none, Mistress. You may do with me as you please as long as it is legal for you to do so.”

“So if I wanted to brand your sexy ass?”

Turning, Heidi pointed to the brand of a puppy paw on her right ass cheek that Paige missed when she so quickly ran from the room. “My ass has already been branded, Mistress, but there’s room for more.”

“I see.”

“As I said, I have no limits. As for things I’ve done, I’m a trained toilet and have been fisted up the ass a couple of hundred times but never in my pussy. I’ve also done twenty-seven gang bang including eleven lesbian ones. And as I mentioned earlier my boyfriend loves to tie me up and spank me. Actually, it would be more appropriate to say he slaps, flogs, canes and takes the belt to every inch of my body, Mistress. If you take a close look at my back and breasts you’ll see the tiny scars from where things got very...intense.”

“And he doesn’t mind you cheating on him?”

“Mind? He encourages it, Mistress. And because if it I’ve convinced seven of my friends to join us in the bedroom. Five of them have come back multiple times to be used as his personal fucktoys. That being said, I only have sex with the men he provides so if you’re thinking of having me do a gang bang with men tonight I’ll have to call him so he can send some guys our way.”

“That won’t be necessary.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Emily said as she took note of where the paddles, whips, floggers and canes hung between shelves of gangs and clamps.”

“You said earlier that you’ve never received any sort of training and yet what you describe is exactly that.”

“Maybe, Mistress, but he isn’t my Master and has never used that title for himself. And he has never taught me etiquette or obedience or even submissive positions beyond basic kneeling. I may have done a lot of kinky shit in the last

two years but there is still a lot for me to learn and I'm eager to do so. And for the record, Mistress, the brand on my ass isn't just for show. It actually signifies my status as a bitch. As in female dog. As in I've been mounted enough by male dogs and love it enough to want to be marked as such. And I'm not the only one but then again you probably already knew that."

"Um, what?"

"Not another fucking word," Emily warned.

"Wait, you haven't told her?"

"Told me what? Also, are you seriously telling me you've had sex with dogs?"

"Many times. Are you telling me you're engaged to my sister and she hasn't told you?"

"I'm warning you Heidi, if you say another word I'll..."

"Shut up," Paige shot back. "Are you saying Lydia does it as well?"

"She and Emily both, Mistress. They just haven't been marked as the bitches they are."

"Is that true, Emily?"

"Yes Mistress," Emily seethed. "And I'll confirm what Heidi is no doubt going to say next. It might be disgusting but it's the best sex you'll ever have. Their big cocks. The huge knot pressing against g-spot. The way they fuck you like a jackhammer. Their huge loads filling you to so fill it has no choice but to gush out. And the taste. My god I could drink it for days."

"I thought you were a lesbian? Also, that's seriously fucked up."

"Dogs aren't men. And it's only fucked up because you don't know the pleasures of their dicks."

"Men can give you the same pleasures," Paige replied.

"Actually, no they can't Mistress," Heidi replied. "Don't get me wrong, men are

great but dogs are fucking divine. Anyways, you should probably have that talk with your fiancé before you get married.”

“I plan to do just that. Emily, bring me the bamboo cane.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Stripping out of her clothes, Paige folded each garment and placed the pile on a small table in the corner. “Emily, I assume you know all the positions?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then assume the inspection position. Heidi, grab the bottle of lube from the shelf. While I cane Emily you’ll pull the plug out of my ass and then fist me until she has taken twenty swats on her breasts. You will then work on fisting my pussy while I cane her ass and other body parts. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Heidi answered.

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Emily said though the tone of her voice said she was far less than pleased to be on the receiving end of a caning.

“We’ll start with twenty swats on your breasts,” Paige said as she moved into position. “You’ll count and give thanks after each one. If you move, say anything other than the count and thanks or forget to count and give thanks I’ll add three more swats and start over from the beginning until you get it right. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. But may I ask why you’re caning me when she’s the one that enjoys it?”

“You just answered your own question. I’ll give you ten swats from this side and then switch to the other. Heidi, you’ll keep your hand up my ass the entire time or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Heidi said as she walked back over carrying a large bottle of lube in her right hand. “So, to be clear once my hand goes up your ass I am not allowed to remove it until she gets twenty swats right. I can’t punch fist you or alternate hands?”

“You may fist me however you desire but keep track of the swats because after

ten I'm switching sides and if your hand isn't up my ass when I do you'll be disciplined."

"Understood, Mistress and thank you for clarifying."

"We'll begin just as soon as Heidi's hand is up my ass." As the last syllable left her lips Paige felt the enormous plug yanked from her ass. For a brief moment she felt as open as a tunnel but then her overly stretch sphincter remembered its job and began to contract even if a bit slowly. Before the hole could fully close, however, she felt Heidi's lubed left hand punch wrist deep. Grunting, she spread her legs a little wider. Aiming the cane she drew back and landed it hard across Emily's nipples.

"One! Thank you Mistress," Emily grunted between tightly clenched teeth.

Heidi's left hand pulled out of Paige's ass and the right one was shoved in. Knees already going weak, she locked them to prevent falling to the floor. Right out. Left in. Left out. THWACK!

"T-Two. Thank you Mistress."

Getting an idea just how loose her Mistress truly was, Heidi placed her palms together and pushed all eight fingers up Paige's ass causing her to grunt and push back onto them.

THWACK!

"Three. Thank you Mistress."

Adding more lube, Heidi pushed her right hand in to the wrist and then went several inches deeper. One by one she added fingers of her left hand until all four were in to the knuckles. If her legs weren't locked at the knees Paige would have hit the floor in that moment but thankfully they were so she remained on her feet. Adding her thumb, Heidi pushed. There was some resistance, but not enough to overcome the pressure. Her left hand popped in.

"FUCKING HELL!"

"You've got both of my hands up your ass, Mistress," Heidi said as she held them in place. "How does it feel? Are you okay? Do you want me to take them

out?”

“It f-fells amazing. I wasn’t expecting you to push both hands up my damn ass at the same time but I’m okay.”

“Sorry Mistress. I wasn’t expecting to do it either but I knew you could take more than one hand and now we’re absolutely certain of it. Do you want me to take one of them out?”

“No! Keep them both right where they are until this fucking bitch takes all twenty swats.”

“As you command, Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress,” Emily counted and gave thanks after the cane struck hard just above her areolas.

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress.

THWACK!

“Six. Thank you Mistress.

Paige had never experienced an orgasm from anal before but as the hands moved around in her bowels, she felt one building. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she swung the cane and the thin length of wood sliced across Emily’s breasts with painful precision.

“S-Seven. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! The cane bit into the bottom half of Emily’s areolas.

“Eight. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you Mistress.”

Lowering the cane, Paige took a step in front of a now visibly trembling Emily. Heidi’s hands pushed deeper. The orgasm reaching the point of no return, she stopped and dropped to her knees – the sudden change in position causing the hands to pop out just as she gushed like a fountain all over the tiled floor. “T-That...uuhhnnn...you’re going to be punished next,” she purred as Heidi’s hands once again stuffed her ass.

“Yes Mistress. Like I said before I love pain so I hope you have something else in mind.”

“I do. Now fist me to another orgasm.”

“My pleasure, Mistress.” Pulling her left hand out, Heidi spent the next ten minutes alternating punching both in and out of her new Mistress’ gaping ass.

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“Since you love pain so much I’m going to have you do something incredibly painful and humiliating that’ll allow me to discipline you in ways you’re hopefully not going to like,” Paige said as she inspected Emily’s well covered breasts. “I’d love to do the work myself but I don’t have the experience so you’ll have to go get it done.”

“W-What sort of work, Mistress?”

“You’re going to get your nipples and clit hood double pierced. And then you’re going to ask them to give you chastity piercings. That’s a series of tunnels in your outer labia that can be ringed, laced or locked together preventing you from having sex. That is your punishment for disobedience. If you do it I’ll continue your training once they’re healed. If not, well, then this’ll be the last night we play together.”

“I’ll do it, Mistress. I just have one question, double pierced nipples, Mistress?”

“Tell them you want vertical and horizontal barbells.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And how many tunnels?”

“Based on what I’m seeing five in each side should suffice.”

“Yes Mistress. And I have your word you’ll train me?”

“You have my word.”

“Then I’ll be back as soon as I can, Mistress.”

“Actually, you still have a pussy to fist and this bitch has a hundred swats on the ass coming. You have that long to get your hand in my pussy before I add another punishment. And Heidi, I do mean one hand.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Paige still had no idea why she was so damn excited about having sex with and submitting to women, but she could not deny the pleasure such acts have brought over the last two days. She also could not deny how much she loved drinking piss and having her ass stretched to insane degrees. Cane in her right hand, she reached back with the left and slid it wrist deep into her ass if only to confirm to herself that she was not dreaming. “Do you, Lydia and Heidi really have sex with dogs or is that some bullshit you’re hoping will convince me to do it?”

“It’s one hundred percent the truth. Lydia and I have been doing it since the day we met and Heidi started doing it a few days after turning eighteen. We’ve been doing it at least three times a week and have had sex with close to a hundred different medium and large breed dogs. And yes, it really is that fucking amazing, Mistress. Lydia and I will be paying a visit to the farm where we do it tomorrow. You should join us.”

“I think I’ll do just that.”

“Really, Mistress?”

“Before yesterday I never thought I’d have sex with another woman, let alone love it. Before yesterday I never imagined I’d submit to anyone, let alone love it. Before yesterday I never imagined drinking piss, let alone love being used as a

toilet. Before ten minutes ago I never imagined taking a fist up my ass, let alone two at the same time and loving it. If I've learned anything since yesterday it's that I don't actually know what I'll love until I do it. So, yes, I'll join you. If I like it I'll join you again. And if not, well, then at least I can say I gave it an honest try. Now, assume the wall position so I can cane that sexy ass of yours. And Heidi. I want those fingers ramming my pussy as if your life depended on it."

"Yes Mistress. And can I just say I really think you're going to love being a bitch."

"Oh? And what makes you say that?"

"Years of experience. That, and every woman that does it loves it."

"I guess we'll see tomorrow." Giving Emily's ass several light taps to get her aim, Paige slowly exhaled and swung.