

TRAINING KRISTA



Crimson Rose

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When Krista got a call to meet with the Davenports about a potential babysitting job the ecstatic nineteen year old could not believe her luck. Having taken a year off after high school to take a break and enjoy life before heading off to college, she made a website and posted flyers all over town to get her name out to anyone looking for a smart, reliable young woman to look after their children. In a matter of days she got her first gig and at a hundred dollars per night plus her normal rate of fifteen an hour it was great money for her first foray into the business outside of watching her younger siblings and the kids of friends and relatives. Unfortunately, it only lasted two weeks and it took her another month after that to find something steady.

In their early thirties, Maria and Marcus Davenport were one of the wealthiest couples in Clearview thanks in part to quickly selling their internet business for a huge profit and then investing that money wisely. Retired, they spend most of their time traveling the world. Or at least they did before their first child Jonas was born. A year and a half later he became brother to Laura and two years after that they welcomed Olivia to the family and now, five months after their third child was born they discovered they were pregnant with a fourth. Wanting to get a bit more travel in before settling down, they decided to hire a live-in babysitter while they spent the next six months traveling the globe.

Hearing about Krista through a friend of a friend who had used her services multiple times, Maria gave the young woman a call and after a nearly three hour conversation was convinced she was the right woman for the job. But talking over the phone and meeting in person were two very different things and Maria wanted to do the latter before making any final decisions. Krista wholeheartedly agreed and the date was set.

Despite only being scheduled to stay the night – something many parents suggested and she eagerly accepted, Krista packed as if she were staying for the whole six months if only to save her having to go home and pack everything up with kids in tow or asking a friend or family member to pack for her. After a light lunch and a quick shower she dressed casually, grabbed her purse and portfolio which contained everything from her resume and testimonials, to letters

of recommendation and contact information for a number of references, and then headed out the door.

An hour later, eight minutes ahead of schedule thanks to lighter than normal traffic she arrived at the Davenport estate located in the upscale Brentmoor neighborhood. Pulling into the driveway, Krista drove nearly three hundred yards before slowing to a stop in front of one of the large iron gates keeping the Davenport estate locked away from the world. She heard a woman's voice telling her no soliciting and rolled down the window to respond.

"Excuse me, hello? My name is Krista Williams and I have a five o'clock appointment with Mister and Missus Davenport about a babysitting job." The silence stretched on so long she thought she was being ignored but it was finally broken a full two minutes later."

"Apologies for the wait but I had to confirm your claim with Missus Davenport," the woman said over the intercom. "Please follow the driveway to the house and park on the left."

"Yes Ma'am." The gate slid open and Krista drove forward. The straight driveway curved to the right. The treeline broke allowing her to look at the palatial twenty-six thousand square foot brick mansion with seven car attached garages for the first time and all she could do was shake her head. But that was not the only structure on the eighty-four acre estate and even the smallest of them dwarfed the largest house she had personally ever seen. Following the driveway to a huge turnaround she parked on the left as instructed and as she got out of her car wondered why the hell people so rich would call her to watch their kids for six months. Before her knuckles could hit the heavy oak door it swung open and she was greeted by a gorgeous platinum blonde wearing a form-fitting light grey dress that left very little to the imagination.

"Please come in," the woman greeted Krista. "The Davenports will be with you shortly."

"Thank you. May I ask your name?"

"I'm Fiona and I'm the head maid of Shadyvale."

"Shadyvale?"

“That is the name the Davenports have given their estate.”

Recalling the vast amount of forested area it made sense to the nervous babysitter. Eyes going from the stunning woman standing in front of her to the furniture spread around the massive living room to the artwork hanging on the walls she expected overly lavish decorations and was pleasantly surprised that it was not. “I have to say this place is a bit intimidating.”

“It can be but you’ll get used to it. If you’d like to take a seat I’ll let the Davenports know you’re here. In the meantime may I offer you a drink?”

“No thank you.” Giving Fiona a half-smile, Krista walked thirty-odd feet to the nearest couch and sat down with the folder containing her portfolio on her lap. Letting her eyes wander, she took in the twin staircases spiraling up to the second floor and wondered how many rooms the place had and then immediately went into speculating what they might be and what she would have in such a place could she ever be able to afford one.

Leading the charge was a young boy wearing khaki shorts and polo shirt. He was followed by an even younger girl wearing a cute little purple dress. Following them, their mother Maria carried five month old Olivia. As if they had known her all their lives Jonas and Laura ran up to Krista. Instinct taking over, the babysitter-to-be sat her portfolio on the couch and welcomed a running hug from the two older children while their parents and the head maid watched from across the room. “Hello there. What are your names?”

“Jonas,” the boy replied.

“I-I’m Laura,” the girl answered with a nervousness that belied her seemingly outgoing personality.

“Who are you?” Jonas Asked.

“I’m Krista.”

“I can count to a hundred!” Jonas exclaimed. “Onetwothreefourfivesixseven,” he said about a million miles an hour before being cut off by his mother.

“That’s good, Jonas, but remember to count slowly so people can understand what you’re saying.”

“Sorry mom,” the young boy apologized.

“It’s okay. Why don’t you and Laura go play while I talk with your new babysitter?”

Taking his younger sister by the hand Jonas pulled the girl behind him. Fiona followed and a moment later the Davenports approached the area where Krista was sitting who got up to greet them properly. Introductions were made. Hands were shook. Though she tried, Krista was unable to prevent herself from staring at her potential new bosses. Thirty-four year old Marcus was a handsome well-built man with jet black hair and neatly trimmed goatee wearing a tailored grey suit while his thirty-two year old wife wore a tight burgundy dress with slits all the way to the hips on either side. But it was her deep purple hair that faded to white at the tips that drew Krista’s focus.

Maria took and scanned through Krista’s portfolio but she already knew everything she needed to hire the young woman on the spot. “I’m sure you’re probably wondering why we’ve called you to take care of our kids for the next six months,” she said, dropping the folder on the coffee table. “Do you remember a client named Sasha Morehouse and her daughter Jennifer?”

“I do.”

“The Morehouse’s are close friends and when we told them we were thinking about taking an extended vacation they could not recommend you enough. We’ve already done all the relevant background checks so you’re hired.”

“Thank you, but what about the test night?”

“Oh, you’re still going to stay the night,” Marcus answered “but we saw enough with your brief interaction with Jonas and Laura to know they’re in good hands.”

“May I ask why you need a babysitter when you have live-in staff?”

“Our staff are specialized in their fields. None of which include taking care of small children,” Maria answered. “They also have their own duties to tend to and we prefer to have someone with experience to fully focus on the kids.”

“Fair enough. What can you tell me about them? Any allergies or other things I need to be aware of?”

“No allergies. They’re picky esters but Damien knows what they like so you won’t have to worry about that. Once you meet everyone you can tell him what you like and he’ll gladly make it for you.”

“I take it Damien is your chef?”

“Correct. Along with him and Fiona there are nine others you’ll see roaming about the place.”

“Honey, why don’t we give her the tour and then show her to her room so she can go pack a few things for her stay?” Marcus suggested.

“Actually, I found it easier on everyone to pack ahead of time so I brought everything with me,” Krista replied. “But I’d love a tour of your beautiful home.”

“Of course,” Marcus said as he made no attempt to hide the fact that he was totally checking her out. “Not to get too far ahead of ourselves, but if everything goes well we might consider you for a full-time nanny position.”

“I appreciate that but I’ll be starting college in the fall.”

“Good to know. On top of a very generous salary and benefits we also offer tuition reimbursement.”

“Honey, stop staring, you’re making her uncomfortable,” Maria said as she hooked an arm in Krista’s. “Come on dear, why don’t I give you the tour while my husband cools off?”

“Thanks, but to be perfectly honest I’m not the least bit uncomfortable or shy for that matter.”

“You already have the job, sweetie, no need to suck up now.”

“I’m not sucking up, Ma’am. Ask anyone that knows me, I’m a firm believer in if you’ve got it flaunt it.”

“Well, Krista, you certainly have it so prove yourself an honest woman and flaunt it,” Marcus grinned.

“Marcus!”

“What? She’s the one that said it. I’m just testing her honesty.”

“This isn’t something I ever do during interviews but if neither of you mind I’d be more than happy to prove I’m worth every word that comes out of my mouth.”

“Alright,” Maria said “Prove it.”

While far from the norm, Krista genuinely hated wearing clothes so wasted no time in unbuttoning her blouse. Pulling it off, she draped it over the arm of the couch. Her bra was followed by skirt and panties leaving her standing there in nothing but heels. “Want me to take the heels off too?”

“Leave them on,” Marcus answered. “Not going to lie, Krista, I just thought of about a hundred things I’d like to do to you.”

“Only a hundred?” Krista teased.

“Are you hitting on my husband?” Maria asked with an accusatory tone. Seeing the look on Krista’s face go from supreme confidence to unsure worry, she smiled and then broke out laughing. “Calm down, you have nothing to worry about. Full disclosure, Marcus and I are in an open relationship and we both love women. Not that you’re obligated to do anything with us to keep the job, but should you be so inclined neither of us would complain. “I believe we agreed on two hundred dollars a day for one hundred and eighty days. How would you like to add another hundred dollars a day to that?”

Krista may have been young but she was far from stupid. She knew there was no such thing as free money and wanted to know the specifics before agreeing to anything. “And what would I have to do to earn it?”

“Like I said, Marcus and I are in an open relationship. I’ll be blunt Krista. Marcus and I want to have sex with you. But that’s not all. Once the kids are down for the night I’d like to spend the rest of it having sex with you. If you do we’ll add a hundred dollars a day to your pay.”

“Make it no limits and I’ll double that,” Marcus said.

“What do you mean?”

“No limits means just that. For the rest of the night you’ll have exactly zero limits or inhibitions. If we suggest it, you’ll do it without question. If you do that I’ll double the three-fifty an hour to seven hundred.

“I’ve only had one boyfriend and the kinkiest thing I’ve ever done was anal,” Krista confessed.

“Think about it while we show you around,” Maria said. “Oh, and before you answer you should know we have some pretty kinky friends that are definitely going to want to play with you. Let them and we’ll add ten thousand dollars per person per session. Anyways, follow me and I’ll show you your new home for the next six months.”

Eleven bedrooms. Fourteen bathrooms. Five enormous master suites. Full sized double lane bowling alley. Twenty-five seat theater. Mahogany paneled library. Music room with a grand piano costing more than the average house. Home gym. Full bar. Wine cellar. The suite where Krista would be staying had a mega walk-in closet big enough to live in that looked as if it belonged in an upscale department store. Sprawling over eighty-four acres, the stunning grounds were equally as spectacular. Tennis and basketball courts. Nine hole mini-golf course. Those were all cool features but the highlight of it all was the forty foot tall stone grotto complete with majestic waterfalls looming over a huge natural swimming pool.

“This has got to be the single most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” Krista said.

“Third thing from where I’m looking,” Marcus replied.

“I’m not sure if you’re testing me, but I’ll do it. I’ll have sex with both of you. I’ll do it all. No limits. No inhibitions. God, I can’t believe I’m saying this but I’ll even have sex with your friends. And if things work out I’ll stay on as your nanny.” Krista never considered herself submissive or particularly kinky but she found herself doing both without much thought or hesitation at the command of a couple she had just met and while she could not explain why, she nevertheless loved the feelings doing so elicited. Getting down on all fours she looked up at Marcus. “Please fuck me.”

“Master,” Marcus replied. “And I’m going to do more than fuck you, Krista, I’m going to breed you.”

Knowing enough about the lifestyle to respond accordingly, Krista’s cheeks flushed bright pink. “Yes Master. I’m on birth control but I’ll stop taking it immediately so that you can use me as your breeding cow.”

“Good girl.”

“Crawl over here and eat my pussy,” Maria commanded. Peeling her dress off,

she lay it on a boulder and then got down on the warm grass with legs bent at the knees and spread to give her a clear view of her young submissive.

“Yes Mistress.” She had never been with another woman in her life, never even considered it as she identified as straight, but Krista nevertheless crawled between Maria’s well-toned legs. Starting at the older woman’s right foot she alternated kissing her way up her calves to her knees and then down her thighs. Pausing briefly, she stared into Maria’s eyes and then her tongue slowly slid along her vulva. She licked again. Then a third time. As her tongue pushed a little deeper she decidedly liked what she was tasting. When she felt the tip of Marcus’ cock teasing her clit Krista instinctively spread her legs a little wider to give her new Master easier access to attempt to breed her. Her tongue licking with increasing eagerness she did not look up or back as Marcus slid into her.

Even though she was new to being used as a fuck toy Krista decided then and there to embrace it fully and become the best sex slave money could buy. The fact that she loved eating pussy and Marcus’ long thick cock was bringing her to the brink of orgasm two minutes into her first breeding only made the decision an easier one to make. And when the commitment to perversion reached her throbbing clit she threw her head back and for the first time in her life squirt in orgasm. “OH GOD YES! Breed me Master! F-F-Fuck your load into me! Use me as your cock warming cum dumpster!” she loudly begged as the juices continued to flow in torrents. Lowering herself back down between Maria’s legs, she spread her Mistress open and began licking, sucking and fingering as if her life depended on it.

Enjoying the sudden and furious onslaught of fingers and tongue, Maria bucked her hips up with excitement as one finger became two, three and then after a short beat four. Reaching down she grabbed Krista by the wrist and stared into her dark brown eyes as she tucked Krista’s thumb into palm and then pulled the rest of her hand into her. The effect immediate, she gushed in orgasm. Seeing her hand disappearing into her Mistress’s pussy took Krista completely by surprise but when the geyser of pussy juices hit her in the face she leaned down and thirstily swallowed everything that followed. The sweet nectar took on a more tangy bitter taste and it took the young babysitter several mouthfuls to realize she was drinking Maria’s piss. Her eyes went wide and she started to back off but the look in her Mistress’ eyes told her that would be her first mistake so against every instinct telling her to stop she continued drinking until the stream trickled to a stop.

“Good girl,” Maria purred. “That’s your first lesson in being a well-trained toilet. I hope you liked it because you’re going to have many, many more in the coming months.”

Not sure whether she should answer or continue pleasuring her Mistress, Krista opted for the latter and as she sucked and nibbled on Maria’s clit she fucked her hand in and out to spectacular effect. “Jesus Christ! I want to be fisted now,” she said as she watched the way her hand stretched Maria open. “Please fist me Master.”

“I think you’re a bit too tight to take a fist right now but trust me we’ll work on it.”

“But I want to feel your fist slamming in and out of me right now, Master.”

“Okay.” Marcus knew there was no way in hell his hand was going in either of Krista’s holes. He also knew she was going to be the type of person who would not take no for an answer so instead of turning it into an argument he pulled his dick from her tightly clenching pussy, scrunched his fingers together and shoved them hard into her. To his surprise they went to the knuckles but that’s where they stopped and she lurched forward with a screech on top of Maria.

Taking a moment to compose herself, Krista gave Maria a kiss on the lips and then moved back into position. “Again Master.”

“You’re not ready to take a fist, Krista and I’m not going to force it in you.”

“Please Master. Just one more time.”

Against his better judgement Marcus scrunched his fingers together and once again pushed them into his slave-in-training’s pussy. He made it to the knuckles but instead of pulling away as she did before she took a deep breath and shoved back hard and fast. The pain was intense, burning, but Krista was determined to prove she had what it took to be a good sex slave no matter the cost. Thankfully, pussies had evolved to stretch. Grunting through the pain she felt one final searing pinch and then her pelvic muscles snapped shut around her Master’s wrist. “Uuhnnnn! T-Th-Thank you Master.”

“You’re fucking insane,” Marcus replied. “I love it.” Leaving his hand wrist deep in Krista’s pussy he decided to test her limits by slowly adding his cock.

She flinched but took the added stretching like a trooper. “I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

“I think so too, Master. Now please fist and breed me while I please my beautiful Mistress.” Lowering her head between Maria’s legs Krista resumed eating her first pussy with renewed determination.

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Body covered in sweat, pussy full of semen Krista kissed her new Master and Mistress and then dove into the cool waters of the huge natural pond to cool off. “I’m going to love living here and learning everything there is to this wonderfully bizarre lifestyle.”

“And we’re going to enjoy having you live here and learn,” Maria replied. “That being said, I think it’s time Marcus and I come clean,” she added a moment before joining Krista in the pond. “Marcus and I only used the babysitter ruse to find a beautiful young woman we can train together.”

“So, you’re not going to travel the world for the next six months, Mistress?”

“We are, but every member of our staff is more than qualified to take care of the kids and will do so while you’re being trained.”

“Just so we’re all on the same page, your official job description is babysitter but unofficially you’re being paid to submit to our every perverse desire,” Marcus clarified.

“What about visitors, Master? Will I be allowed to have guests while you’re gone?”

“Yes but only if they agree to a bit of training while they’re here,” Maria answered.

“What my wife means to say is any guests must agree to stay for twenty-four hours and spend at least four of that being trained by you.”

“As far as friends go,” Maria added. “Family members will be trained by members of staff.”

“In other words I’ll never see my family and friends again,” Krista sighed. “You said I would be trained as both of your submissive, but aren’t you Master’s submissive?” she asked Maria.”

“My submission starts and stops with being his breeding cow. That’s not to say I haven’t been fully trained in everything we’re going to train you in but I prefer a life of dominance now which is why you’re here.”

“Yes Mistress. So, what happens now?”

“Now we enjoy a refreshing swim and then we’ll show you to the dungeon so you’ll know where you’ll be trained.”

“We cannot stress enough that you are not to do anything sexual outside of the dungeon, your room, here at the grotto or in the room of one of the live-in staff,” Marcus said as he swam up and kissed Krista on the lips. “How’s the pussy?”

“Ready and eager to take another load or your fist, Master.”

“You’re not in any pain?” Maria asked with a tone of skepticism.

“Not really, Mistress. Don’t get me wrong, it hurt at first but that stopped somewhere around the third orgasm.”

“Be that as it may, that was a stupid thing you did that could have ended with a trip to the emergency room. We’ll forgive your eagerness to please this time but the next time we tell you you’re not ready for something you’ll listen or be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. Sorry for doing it but after I saw you do it so easily I just had to try and I can honestly say it was worth the brief pain.”

“Fisting can elicit some very intense orgasms but is not something you should rush into. But now that you can take your Master’s fist in your pussy you’ll spend an hour a day fisting yourself. But only your pussy, is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I mean it, Krista. If we find out you’re attempting to stretch your asshole before we give you permission to do so you’ll be disciplined and then fired. Am I

making myself clear?”

“Perfectly Mistress.”

“Good girl.” Hopping out of the pond Maria sat on the edge with her feet and lower legs still in the water. “Now come over here and eat me.”

“With pleasure, Mistress.”

“Because we have an early flight and to get you accustomed to submitting to others we’re going to have Fiona give you your first lessons in the dungeon. You will obey her every command as if they came directly from us. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“The same applies to every member of staff and all of our friends wishing to use you. Now listen very carefully as I’ll only say this once. Marcus and I have very strict rules pertaining to the training of our slaves that everyone we know will obey but only if you’re on this property. If you leave with any of them for any reason then they are under no obligation to follow our rules and you’ll be subjected to their every perverse and bizarre desire no matter how fucked up that might be. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“We will also not pay you for anything you do with them off property,” Marcus added.

“I understand Master.”

“I hope you do, Krista, because as kinky as we are we have friends that make us look downright tame in comparison.”

“The same goes for family and friends that may wish to visit,” Maria said as she slid the glass door leading into the kitchen from the back deck. “You will spend the next few hours being trained by Fiona. The necessary changes will be made to your contract and once it has been signed your probationary period will end and your life as a sex slave will begin. Good luck and welcome to your new home.”

“Thank you Mistress.” After kissing them goodnight Krista went to her room to wait for Fiona. She paced back and forth for fifteen or so minutes and then lay

on the cozy queen sized bed where she wondered what the hell she was going to tell family and friends and how many she thought would continue being her friend outside of her gorgeous new home versus those that would go all in and submit to training even if for a few hours and neither list was promising. Getting up she walked to the window where she saw the grotto in the distance. Come on Fiona. What the hell is taking you so long? Taking a step back she let her eyes fall to the cell phone lying on the nightstand. Then up at the door hoping it would open and stave off what she knew would be a series of very uncomfortable and most likely heated conversations with family and friends. But it remained closed.

Krista picked up her phone and sighed. She gave it another three minutes and when Fiona did not show up to take her to the dungeon she reluctantly called her mother. It rang three times before she heard a voice on the other end. "Hey mom, you got a minute to talk?"

"Sure sweetie. What's up? Do you need me to bring you something?"

"NO! I mean, I have everything I need for the next six months. There's no easy way for me to say this and honestly if I had my way I'd never say it at all but I have a feeling I won't be able to keep it secret forever so, um, I'm not just being paid to babysit for the next six months mom. I'm...I'm...oh god, I'm being paid to submit and be trained as a sex slave." Heart pounding in her ears, she waited for a reply. A full minute passed in silence. "Mom?"

"I'm sorry, I don't think I heard you right. Can you say that again?"

"I'm being trained as a sex slave mom. I've already had sex with another woman, did my first threesome, drank pee and fisted myself on my new Master's hand. And now I'm waiting to be taken to the dungeon for another lesson."

"Please tell me they're forcing you to do this," her mother pleaded. "Tell me you're being held against your will so I can call the police to come get you out of there."

"I don't think they'd let me make phone calls if I were being held against my will mom. I know it's a lot to take in, believe me, I do, but On top of being very well paid I also liked what they've done to me so far and am looking forward to doing more."

“If you’re not being held against your will then there should be no problem with me and your father dropping by to check on you.”

“None at all. There is, however, the matter of Master and Mistress’ rules pertaining to visitors and if you’re not willing to follow them to the letter then don’t show up.”

“Rules?”

“To have a better understanding of why I’ve chosen this lifestyle anyone coming to visit me must stay for a period of twenty-four hours and spend at least four of that being trained. I get to train my friends but family members will be trained by any number of Master and Mistress’ live-in staff. Anyways, that is their rule so if you can follow it then by all means come on by. If not then I’ll keep in touch over the phone.”

“You’ve lost your damn mind and I’m calling the...”

“Please don’t make this harder than it already is. I love you mom, but I will not have you or anyone else causing trouble for me or my Master and Mistress. I am here of my own free will and here is where I’ll remain for as long as they allow me to make this my home. That being said, I’ll drop by tomorrow to pick up the rest of my things and maybe we can talk about this some more once you’ve cooled down. Goodnight mom.” There was a moment of silence and then the call went dead without her mother telling her goodnight or goodbye. One call down, twenty more to go, she sighed. Thankfully, a knock at the door gave her a few hours’ reprieve. “Come in,” she called out.

The door swung open and Fiona stepped in. “You ready for your lesson?”

“Anything to take my mind off things, Mistress.”

“Something the matter?”

“I called and told my mom I’m being trained as a sex slave and that she’d have to obey the rules if she and my dad wanted to visit.”

“I take it that didn’t go over very well?”

“Not even a little. She actually threatened to call the police but I told her not to

waste her time as I'm here willingly. Anyways, I'm more than ready to be trained, Mistress."

"Great. Your first lesson will be to call and let everyone you know that you're now a sex slave in training."

"Seriously Mistress?"

"I would never kid about something so important. Believe me, I know how difficult this is going to be which is why I'm going to be right here at your side."

"No offense, Mistress, but you have no idea how I'm feeling right now."

"Sure I do. I wasn't always the dominant woman you see standing before you. I was hired part time because Mister and Missus Davenport know my parents and wanted to help me out. It did not take me long to figure out they were into bdsm. About three months after starting I agreed to let them train me. That was seven years ago and I don't regret a second of it. As for knowing how you're feeling, I too had to call my family and friends and like you it did not go well at all. I was abandoned and disowned by everyone I knew and loved. Some eventually came around and have come to accept me for who I am no matter my sexual preferences and those that didn't I'm better off without. That being said, you have some phone calls to make and I'd like you to make them on speakerphone so I can hear both sides of the conversation."

"Yes Mistress." Looking down at the phone in her right hand, Krista exhaled and then called her best friend Natalia. They met eleven days into their second grade school year when Natalia moved to Clearpoint from Houston and were fast friends. They had been through amazing vacations, crushes, boyfriends, breakups and deaths in both of their families and their friendship had remained strong, but this was one thing Krista feared would end the best thing she had ever known.

"Hey Krista, what's up?" Natalia answered the phone.

"Hey Natalie, you got a few minutes to talk?"

"Sure. You okay? You sound upset."

"I'm fine...mostly. There's something I need to tell you and it's not going to be

easy to hear but please believe me when I say it's what I want."

"Um, okay. Now you've got me worried. What's going on Krista?"

"You know how I was meeting the Davenports for a six month babysitting job?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I'm still doing that but I'm also being trained as they sex slave."

"Um, what? You're kidding, right?"

"No, no I am not. They made me an offer I couldn't refuse and now I'm in training. Full disclosure, I've already had sex with another woman which was beyond amazing, did a threesome, drank piss and was fisted."

"Jesus Christ, Krista! Are you serious?"

"I've never been more serious about anything in my life. Before you decide to come see me you need to know the rules. Anyone dropping by to see me must remain for a full twenty-four hours and spend at least four of that being trained. In the case of friends such as yourself training will be done by me and for family it'll be taken care of by the staff living here."

"Right."

"She's telling the truth," Fiona said.

"Um, Krista?"

"I'm here. Natalia, this is Fiona. She's the head maid here and will be the first to train me while Master and Mistress are vacationing. Mistress Fiona, this is my best friend Natalia."

"Pleasure," Fiona said. "And like I said, she spoke the truth about visitors. It's a lot to ask, I know, but it's also one of the best ways there is of getting people to experience and understand the lifestyle without fully training them. Though, if you visit often enough that'll happen anyways."

"I see. Have you told anyone else?"

“Just my mom and I don’t think she took it too well. I’ll be calling everyone so please keep this to yourself at least for tonight unless one of our friends calls to tell you what I’ve told them. Natalie, I need to know if this is going to put a strain on or end our friendship.”

“It’s a bit suspicious that you’ve all of a sudden decided to do something so bizarre, but if it’s what you want and no one’s forcing you to do it then who am I to judge?”

“Thank you. Will you ever visit me?”

“What would I have to do for the four hours I have to be trained?”

“Whatever Krista commands,” Fiona answered. “She will be your Mistress during every visit and like her you’ll have no limits, no inhibitions. You’ll obey without question or you’ll be disciplined.”

“I completely understand if you never want to see me again.”

“Did you not hear what I just said? I don’t care what you’re into sexually as long as it’s your choice. And to prove it I’ll come by tonight if that’s okay.”

“Really?”

“Why not? I mean, what’s four hours compared to six months?”

“Or much longer,” Krista answered. “I plan on taking them up on their offer of being their live-in nanny so I’ll most likely be here for years.”

“I see. So, is it okay that I drop by tonight?”

“I don’t really know the first thing about dominating someone.”

“That’s okay,” Fiona said. “I’ll be there to make sure you’re doing it right and if either of you have any questions I’ll be more than glad to answer them for you. As for coming over tonight, that’s fine. Just know that when you get here you’ll be required to read and sign waivers consenting to the training and agreeing not to leave under penalty of permanent banning for a full twenty-four hours.”

“I’ll need an address and then after a shower I’ll head that way.”

“You’re being serious?” Krista asked. “You’re actually going to come here and spend four hours being trained just to see me?”

“Krista, there’s very little I wouldn’t do to see you and if those are the rules then it’s a small price to pay. If not to see my best friend in the world then to at least prove I’m one hundred percent okay with you being trained as a submissive.”

“Sex slave,” Fiona corrected.”

“Same difference.”

“Not exactly. All sex slaves are submissive but not all submissives are sex slaves. If you don’t know the difference then let me explain the biggest one. Submissives have limits. Slaves do not. By visiting and signing the consent forms you are agreeing to being trained as the latter even if for a few hours so make damn sure you’re willing to toss your inhibitions out the window before coming over or everyone’s going to have a bad time.”

“You really drank pee and was fisted?” Natalia asked her best friend.

“I did. And if you visit you’ll do the same. Well, you’ll at least drink pee. I sort of forced the issue with being fisted and I don’t recommend being as gung ho as I was. Anyways, if you’re serious about coming by then I’ll text you the address. If not then I’ll talk to you as soon as I get another chance.”

“You know I’m a woman of my word, Krista, so if I say I’ll visit then I’ll visit. Okay, I’m off so you can text me the address and I’ll see you in a little bit.”

“See you later. And thank you again for not just hanging up forgetting I existed.”

“I would never do that to you, Krista.”

“See you in a bit.” Hanging up, Krista sank onto the foot of the bed and breathed a sigh of relief. “Holy shit.”

“That seemed to have gone pretty well.”

“Yeah, much better than I was expecting, Mistress.” Fingers trembling, she texted the address to her best friend and then dropped the phone onto the bed to her right. “I can only hope they all go that well, but that would be wishful

thinking.”

“Probably. I’m assuming you know more than your parents and one friend.”

“Yes Mistress.” Picking her phone back up Krista dialed the next name on her long list of contacts.

Over the course of the next hour and a half Krista called eight more friends. After realizing she was being serious and they would not be able to talk her out of her insanity three of them told her to never contact them again and then hung up. Four more said they would continue being her friend but never visit as long as she was living with the Davenports unless they changed their rules. And like Natalia, her friend Bianca said she would visit but couldn't do so until she got a day off work the next weekend. When her best friend finally arrived she was in the middle of explaining things to their mutual friend Austin who, until he heard Natalia tell him it wasn't a joke believed she was lying to him.

"She's being serious, Austin," Natalia said. "And since I'm here with her that means I'll be spending four hours being trained as well and we all know I would never lie about something so serious."

"Okay, fine, I believe you but that just means I'll never visit either of you again."

"Krista's the one that'll be permanently living here, Austin. I'm only going to be here a day," Natalia replied. "Anyways, we need to get going. Think about us being trained as sex slaves when you jerk off and when you have the best cum of your life we'll see you here." Ending the call before he could get another word in, she stared into her best friend's eyes and then began giggling. "I bet he's already spanking the monkey."

"Probably," Krista replied. "Before we get to the training there are a few more rules you need to know about."

"Everything she needs to know was in the consent forms she read and signed," Fiona said.

"Even th part about only doing it in certain places, Mistress?"

"Including that."

"Then I guess we're good to go. Will you show us to the dungeon, Mistress?"

“Of course. Follow me, ladies, and remember, you’re both sex slaves in training and that means no limits.”

“I’m confused,” Natalia said. “Who’s training me? You or Krista?”

“Since this is her first time submitting or dominating I’ll be training you both so she can get a better understanding of what to do during future visits so while she’ll ultimately be your Mistress, for tonight that role goes to me. That being said, you’ll call me Mistress or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. Now let’s get to the dungeon while the night is still relatively young.”

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Joined by Chefs Damien and Scott; Maids Taryn, Rachel and Charlotte; and Groundskeepers Zac, Jayden and Ethan, Fiona took her two new sex slaves to the dungeon for a few hours of uninhibited fun. “Krista, you mentioned using your friend as a toilet, do you need to pee right now?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then you’re going to piss down her throat. Natalia, you’re going to kneel in that pool over there and let her and you’re going to make every effort to drink as much as possible or you’ll be disciplined. When you’re done you’ll give her a few licks and then you’ll both kneel so anyone that needs to go may use you as their urinal. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” the two friends said in unison.

“Then don’t just stand there, slave, get your ass in gear before I take the cane to it.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Nervously chewing her lower lip Natalia walked across the dungeon and knelt in the small plastic pool with a hole cut out in the center so that the contents she could not drink went down the drain. “I’ll admit this isn’t exactly how I imagined spending my first night as a sex slave, but then again until a couple hours ago I never thought there would be a first night.” Parting her

lips, she expected Krista to pee in her open mouth but when her best friend stepped into the pool and pulled her towards her vulva she knew otherwise. As if she had done it a million times before her tongue shot out and immediately began licking.

“Mmmm,” Krista purred. “I love your enthusiasm, babe, but wait until after I’ve used you as my toilet to lick me clean.

“S-Sorry, Mistress.”

“No need to apologize.” It’s going to taste tangy and salty but it’s honestly not that bad. Just relax and try not to think about what you’re swallowing and you’ll do fine.” Krista gave her best friend turned temporary submissive a few seconds to relax and then began pissing. Natalia managed to get the first few mouthfuls down with relative ease but as the taste became more pronounced she started to gag. She choked another mouthful down. The next, however, spilled from the corners of her mouth. Falling back on her ass, she coughed until red in the face even as the rest of Krista’s pee soaked her long blue dyed hair.

“Not bad for a first attempt,” Krista said as she knelt next to her best friend. “I managed to drink all of Mistress Maria’s earlier but I think I got lucky.”

“If you drank it all once you can do so again,” Fiona said. Ladies, gentlemen you may use these two sluts as your toilets while I set things up for the next lesson.”

A cock pushed down Natalia’s throat. A pussy was pressed to Krista’s lips. They both drank every drop. Jayden replaced Damien and before he was even halfway finished Natalia felt the urge to throw up. Not because she was drinking piss, but for the fact her stomach was now beyond full. When he finally stepped back she put a hand up preventing the stunning, busty brunette named Taryn from using her. “B-Bathroom,” she said. “Oh god, I’m going to be sick.”

“Back left corner,” Fiona said. “You better make it to the toilet because if you vomit on the floor you’re going to lick it up.”

Certain her new Mistress was being serious, Natalia placed her left hand over her mouth and ran for the bathroom at the back of the dungeon. The door slammed closed. She raised the toilet seat and was barely bent over it when the vile contents of her stomach came up. The door opened a moment later and she was joined by her best friend. “It’s even worse coming up,” she groaned.

“The good news is no one else has to go right now,” Krista said as she pushed her friend aside so that she could empty her stomach.

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After rinsing their mouths Natalia and Krista returned to the dungeon. Jayden, Ethan and Damien surrounded Natalia. She was guided to the floor on top of Ethan who fucked his cock into her pussy. Standing in front of her Jayden put the head of his cock against her lips. She parted them and he slid deeper. Lube hit just above her tightly puckered asshole and slowly dripped down. More was added and then she was being fucked by Damien’s cock. Unlike her best friend, she had seen a great deal more porn than any nineteen year old woman should have but it gave her a perspective Krista lacked. She had seen many women being triple penetrated, even thought about doing it herself while masturbating but never once thought it would become a reality. Like the women in the videos she was not disappointed.

Meanwhile, Krista was guided onto all fours between Taryn’s toned thighs. She knew what was expected so without even being asked lowered her head and began licking. Three lubed fingers pushed into her pussy. Fiona grabbed a flogger from its hook and walked over. THWAP! The thirty or so leather tails slapped down hard across Krista’s back causing her to yelp. More lube was added to the fingers thrusting in and out of her pussy. THWAP! THWAP! In and out. In and out. In and out. THWAP! This time Fiona purposefully allowed the tips to wrap around Krista’s left side so they could bite painfully into her breast. Krista wailed in agony as three fingers became four. THWAP! THWAP!

Slinging the flogger over her right shoulder, Fiona lit five colored candles and then set them aside to give the wax time to melt and pool around the wick. THWAP! At twenty-two Charlotte was the second youngest woman working for the Davenports but she was every bit as trained as the rest of them. Tucking thumb into palm she added more lube and then fucked her fingers in and out to the knuckles. Krista tried pushing back to take it but every time she did she was rewarded with a hard bate-handed slap on the ass.

“Not before you’re ready,” Charlotte said.

“I’ve already been fisted once today Mistress. I’m ready.”

“You’re ready when I say you’re ready and not a beat sooner. Is that understood,

slave?”

“Yes Mistress,” Krista said even as she attempted to push back on Charlotte’s still hand.

“Apparently you don’t. Rachel, will you kindly fetch the cane so that I can teach this slave the meaning of patience?”

“Absolutely.”

“You’re going to get ten swats of the cane for disobeying a direct order two seconds after I gave it,” Charlotte explained. “You will count each swat. On odd numbered ones you’ll say thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson and on even numbered ones you’ll say I promise to be more respectful in the future Mistress. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“If you move from the punishment position, say anything other than the count and thanks or forget to count and give thanks you’ll get ten more swats per infraction. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.” For the first time in her life Krista was thankful her parents were firm believers in spanking as a form of punishment. “Um, I’m new to being a sex slave so can you please tell me what the punishment position is, Mistress?”

“You’ll learn multiple different ones but for now we’ll use the wall. You see the handprints on the wall to your right?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You’ll put your hands on those and then move your legs back and open until they’re on the footprints.”

“Yes Mistress.” Getting up, Krista looked back at her best friend being thoroughly pounded by three men. Exhaling slowly, she walked to the wall and did as Charlotte instructed. As her feet slid back she was forced to bend lower until she was bent nearly at the waist with her legs spread about two feet apart. THWAP! Fiona brought the flogger up across her breasts with painful precision. “ONE! Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

“You’re welcome, but mine aren’t the swats you’ll be counting.

Krista felt the cane lightly tapping her ass and the backs of her thighs and instinctively gasped. A moment later the long, thin length of wood dug painfully into her ass. “ONE! THANK YOU MISTRESS FOR TEACHING ME THIS LESSON!” she screeched, thankful the wall was bracing her.

THWACK! THWAP! The cane and flogger struck simultaneously.

“T-T-Two. I promise to be more respectful in the future Mistress.”

THWACK! This time Charlotte aimed for where ass met legs and smiled when Krista’s knees buckled.

“Three! Thank you M-Mistress for t-t-teaching me this lesson,” Krista said as she fought back the tears. She may have been spanked a hundred times growing up but nothing her parents administered came close to the agony she was feeling.

THWACK!

“Four. I promise to be more respectful in the future Mistress.”

THWAP! THWAP! THWACK!

Biting into her lower lip so hard she tasted blood, Krista barely managed to keep her growing anger at bay. “Five. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“OH MY FUCKING GOD YES!” Natalia loudly moaned as Damien and Ethan double fucking her pussy brought her to orgasm.

“Six! I promise to be more respectful in the future Mistress,” Krista counted and gave thanks while also being somewhat jealous of her best friend’s luck.

THWACK!

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

“YES!” Natalia once again moaned. “I’m on the pill so by all means attempt to

breed me all you want.”

THWAP! THWACK! THWAP!

“E-Eight. I promise to be more respectful in the future Mistress.”

“THWACK! The cane bit hard across the backs of Krista’s quivering thighs.

“NINE! Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! Another to the thighs.

“TEN! I promise I’ll be more respectful in the future Mistress.”

“See that you are, slave, or you’ll find yourself right back in this position. You will spend the next hour kneeling in the corner watching Natalia being gang banged and bred by the rest of us.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Hearing she was going to be fucked by even more men and women for the first time, Natalia looked up at her best friend and smiled before sucking Jayden’s cock back down her throat.

The dungeon door opened and all eyes turned to see a very tired looking Maria wearing a satin robe walk in with two police officers hot on her heels. Krista immediately knew why they were there and embarrassment turned to rage. "GOD DAMN IT MOM!"

"Krista, come over here please?" Maria asked.

"Yes Mistress." Getting to her feet the sex slave in training walked over to her boss and primary Mistress. "I am so sorry about this Mistress. I told my mother I'm here of my own free will but apparently she didn't believe me. Officers, I apologize for my mother wasting your time but I'm an adult and as I just said I'm here willingly and eagerly to be trained as the best sex slave I can be and if you don't believe me then you're welcome to stay and watch the rest of our session."

"I don't think that'll be necessary," the older of the two officers replied. "

"Everything in this room is recorded," Maria added. "And you're more than welcome to the video that I'm sure will more than prove everyone is here of their own accord."

"That won't be necessary," the same officer said as he glanced at the naked men and women standing and staring back at him and then down at the three men stopped with their dicks plugging all three of Natalia's holes. "Um, you all enjoy your evening and sorry for disturbing you."

"No problem at all officer," Maria replied. "You're just doing your job. If there's nothing else I have a flight to catch in less than three hours and would like to get as much rest as I can." Escorting the officers out of the dungeon she turned back to her young slave in training. "Unless you want this to become a daily thing you need to make your parents understand and accept this as part of your life."

"I'm going to get the rest of my stuff from their place tomorrow, Mistress. I'll have a talk with them then."

“See that you do.”

“Yes Mistress.” When the dungeon door closed Krista walked back to the corner and knelt.

“You should probably nip this in the bud right now,” Fiona said.

“If I talk to them right now Mistress I’m likely to say something that’ll end poorly so unless you’re commanding me to do so I’d rather wait until after I’ve cooled down.”

“I will command you to call and tell everyone you know that you’re in training to become a sex slave but I would never command you on how to deal with family and friends.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“You’re welcome. You may now get on all fours and crawl over to your friend. Until they’re no longer able to get it up you will eat pussy while the men fuck Natalia and fill you with their loads. You hear that men? Krista is to be used as your personal cum dumpster. You will cum only in her pussy.”

“There are five of us and two of them,” Zac said. “I think I’d rather fuck Krista to completion rather than just pumping my load into her.”

“Amen,” said Scott.

“Fine. I don’t care how you do it but the five of you will breed her until you can’t get it up anymore,” Fiona replied.

“Um, Mistress, I’d really love to see if eating pussy is as great as my best friend claims so can I help her pleasure the women while the men fuck us?”

“You may,” Krista answered. “And you will start with me.” She caught the look and approving smile from Fiona who did not object. “Come on slave, get your ass in gear or I’ll have to cane it.”

“Yes Mistress.” Reluctantly pulling herself off of Jayden and Damien’s cocks, Natalia looked back at them with an apologetic smile. “Sorry Masters but I guess you’ll have to fuck your loads into me another time.”

“Maybe when you stop taking birth control,” Krista said as she lowered her head between Charlotte’s legs.

“I’m not ready to have kids yet Mistress so I’m afraid that’s one command I’ll have to disobey,” Natalia said as she crawled behind her best friend. Taking a deep breath she slowly exhaled and then dove in tongue first.

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“Alright everyone we only have an hour remaining for this session and I want to see these two slaves practicing their positions,” Fiona said as she rolled a cart covered in canes, paddles, belts, floggers and various other items that were covered with a navy blue cloth to the middle of the room. “The rules are simple. Krista, you and Natalia will go through the positions starting with the first one on the left poster,” she added as she pointed to three large posters hanging on the wall to the left of the door. “As you do so the rest of us will use everything laid out on the cart to distract you. I’ll be keeping track of screw-ups and you’ll be disciplined accordingly. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” the two friends said at the same time.

“Good. Then get in position at least ten feet apart so we have room to maneuver around you.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You will notice the name of each position is written below the model assuming it. Memorize them because that is how you’ll know what positions to take when commanded to do so in the future,” Fiona said as she swooshed a cane through the air.

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Krista said as the sound made her flinch.

The first position depicted a cute light skinned black woman standing with feet together and arms down at her sides in a very militaristic, albeit nude, style. The name written below said ATTENTION. Krista and Natalia assumed it without interference. However, when they spread their legs and started to move their hands behind their backs the men and women surrounding them took action. A cane wielded by Charlotte bit painfully deep across Natalia’s breasts causing her to bring her hands up as she stumbled back wailing. At the same time, Scott

pinched Krista's right nipple and pushed a thin needle through. While it did not cause a great deal of pain it did take her by surprise causing her to stop mid-position change and look down in shock.

"Not off to a very good start, slaves," Fiona said with a tone of disappointment.

"This is impossible Mistress!" Natalia huffed. "There's no way in hell we can do this while being tortured."

"First, this is far from torture," Fiona replied. "And second, Taryn, would you please demonstrate how a real slave can do it?"

"My pleasure, Mistress." Getting into the attention position Taryn then transitioned into waiting even as a flogger slapped hard across her back, a belt left a nasty wide red line on her ass and a needle was tapped into her left breast. From there it was a smooth transition into the inspection position as she brought her hands up and locked her fingers together behind her head despite being triple caned. Bringing her feet together her breasts were rapidly struck by canes coming in from both sides. Taryn did not miss a beat. Bringing her arms down, she placed her hands one over the other over her vulva in a position labeled: at your service. Needles pierced her nipples and then tiny teardrop weights were added. Sliding her hands down, she bent at the waist until her hands were on her knees. Canes, paddles, floggers and belts struck her back, legs and ass and through it all she smiled.

After maybe fifteen or twenty seconds Krista and Natalia thought Taryn had finally succumbed to the torment but no, the experienced slave dropped to her knees not out of defeat, but to assume the humble position. Squatting behind her, Jayden stretched Taryn's inner labia and then pierced them together five times – each needle going the opposite direction than the previous. He then placed tiny corks on the ends so they could not slide free.

"I think that's enough of a demonstration," Fiona said. "So, do you still believe it's impossible?"

"N-No Mistress," Natalia stammered "but I think it took her a hell of a lot longer than an hour to do it."

"Much, much longer," Taryn said as she got to her feet. Looking down at her heavily pierced labia she smiled and then looked up at the two slaves in training.

“It helps to be on the masochistic side but even if you’re not it is still possible. Isn’t that right, Charlotte?”

“It is. It took me nearly a year to get to where Taryn achieved in a couple of months but I got there eventually. Now get back in position and start from the beginning.”

“Yes Mistress.” No sooner had the two slaves in training assumed the attention position then their torment began. Knowing what to expect, however, did not make it any easier to be caned, pierced, flogged, paddled or splashed with hot wax as they spent the next fifty minutes moving from one position to the next.

Waking with the body of her best friend pressed against her back, Krista smiled. She did not want to disturb her but unfortunately nature called and the last thing she wanted was to piss the bed so she attempted to ease herself away so that Natalia could continue to sleep.

“Where you going?” a groggy Natalia asked.

“To use the bathroom.”

“Isn’t that my job, Mistress?”

“You put your four hours in, Nat, and I couldn’t be prouder of you.”

“I want to do it.” Yawning, Natalia got out of bed and assumed a kneeling position. “I insist. I’m here to learn and I can’t do that if you won’t teach me, Mistress.”

“Are you sure, Nat? I mean, don’t get me wrong, I love that you’re going all in but is that really what you want to do?”

“Just get over here and use me as your toilet, Mistress.”

“Very well. And when you’re done drinking mine I’ll drink yours.”

“Um, please correct me if I’m wrong here, Mistress, but aren’t you supposed to be the one dominating me?”

“I am, but I’m also a slave in training and I need all the practice I can get. Just remember,” Krista said as she put her vulva against her slave’s parted lips “we’re only allowed to practice the lifestyle in certain rooms including this one, the dungeon, staff bedrooms and out at the grotto.” Gently holding the back of Natalia’s head she started to pee. Last night a lesson they both took to heart, Natalia gulped the warm fluid down without missing a beat. She then put her hands on her Mistress’ ass and licked began licking. “That’s enough for now slave,” Krista said as she reluctantly took a step back. Getting on her knees, she

kissed her best friend hard on the lips. “Go ahead, you can use me as your toilet.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

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After a shower Krista and Natalia joined Fiona and the rest of the staff plus the davenport children in the dining hall for breakfast. “I need to drop by my parents’ place to pick up the rest of my stuff and to make it clear they need to stop calling the police,” Krista said. “When would be a good time to do that?”

“We can take care of the kids while you’re out,” Fiona answered. “That being said, I have a few lessons in mind so try not to take all day.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Are these lessons I can partake in, Mistress?” Natalia asked.”

“You already put in your four hours.”

“I know Mistress but I want to spend the rest of my time here and all future visits being trained like my best friend. I mean, that is the point of the four hours of training, right?”

“It is. And yes, you may join if you wish but remember, once you start the lesson you may not stop until it is finished or you’ll be disciplined, banned from the property or both.”

“I understand Mistress.”

“Good. Then your training will begin when the two of you get back.”

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Talking to her parents was a conversation Krista was not looking forward to, but it was one she knew she had to have and she was thankful to have her best friend at her side. She pulled into the driveway hoping they were gone so she could sneak in and out without confronting them but luck was not on her side. Getting out of her car she popped the trunk and grabbed a stack of boxes. Natalia

grabbed the bag containing a roll of tape, knife and rolls of bubble wrap for the more fragile items they would be packing. The front door opened and her mother stepped out on the porch.

“About time you came to your senses,” her mother smugly offered.

“I’m not here to argue with you mom. Natalie and I are going to pack the rest of my stuff and then we’re headed back to the Davenports. As for that stunt you pulled last night, if you ever do something like that again I’ll file harassment charges against you.”

“If you’re not moving back in then you’re not welcome here,” her mother said as she moved to stand in front of the door.

“You’re not going to stop me from getting my stuff mom so get out of our way or I’ll be the one calling the police.”

“Then you might as well call them because you’re not coming in my house unless you stop working for those crazy people.”

“You’re not the boss of me anymore mom. Now for the last time please move so we can pack the rest of...”

“What’s going on out here?” Krista’s father asked from the doorway.

“Mom won’t let me in to get my stuff.”

“Honey, we talked about this. Let the fucking whore in to get her stuff so we don’t have to deal with her anymore.”

Taken completely off guard by her father’s words Krista just stood on the top step and stared at him in wide-eyed disbelief. “W-What did you just call me?”

“You heard me. You’ve got two hours to get your stuff and go and then I don’t ever want to see you on my property again.”

“FUCK YOU!” Krista swore at her parents for the first time in her life. Pushing past her parents she stormed upstairs to her former bedroom while silently vowing to never speak to them again for as long as she lived. Natalia followed and the two spent the next hour and a half packing everything Krista owned that

was not already at the Davenports. When they were finished they loaded everything in the trunk and back seat of her car and then they left without either of them saying a word until they were miles down the road.

“I can’t believe your dad called you a fucking whore, Mistress,” Natalia shook her head. “That’s why I could never tell my parents.”

“Yeah, well I had no choice in the matter.”

“Sure you did, Mistress.”

“Okay, fine, I did but that would have meant losing the best job I’ve ever had. I mean come on, Nat, on top of a very generous salary they’re basically paying for me to go to college. How could I pass that up?”

“You couldn’t, Mistress. And if I were made the same offer I’d probably take it but I’d still resist telling everyone I know that I’m being trained as a sex slave.”

“Except that you’ve already told everyone you know. Or at least our friends anyways. How long do you think it’ll take to get back to your parents?”

“SHIT! Yeah, okay, I didn’t really think that through. Anyways, parents or not you’re better off without toxic people in your life, Mistress.”

“Easy for you to say.”

“I’d say the same if my parents disowned me over my sexual preferences, Mistress.

“Then as your Mistress I’m commanding you to call and tell them what you’re doing right now.”

“Really Mistress?”

“Really. Go on, prove yourself a woman of your word. If they disown you I’ll talk with Mistress Fiona about letting you stay there until you can find another place to live.”

“I really don’t want to have that conversation, Mistress.”

“Do you think it’s better for them to hear it through the grapevine or straight from the source?”

“Alright, fine, I’ll call but so help me god you better convince Fiona to let me stay.”

“You have my word I’ll do everything in my power.”

Sighing, Natalia fished her phone from her purse and dialed her parents. To prove that is who she was talking to she put it on speakerphone so that Krista could hear both sides of the conversation. “Hey mom.”

“Hey sweetie.”

“I have something to tell you that you’re not going to like but it is better you hear it from me. I spent several hours being trained as a sex slave last night and will continue doing so for the foreseeable future.”

“I know,” her mother replied.

“You know? But how?”

“Austin told me. I honestly didn’t believe him though until you called.”

“You don’t sound mad. I’m being trained as a sex slave, mom. That means no limits. Why don’t you sound mad?”

“Do you want to be trained as a sex slave?”

“Yes, yes I do.”

“And you’re doing it of your own free will?”

“Of course.”

“Then who are we to judge. I will, however, say that your father and I would like to meet whomever it is that’s training you.”

“You already know her. Say hi Mistress.”

“Hey Missus Holmes.”

“Krista?”

“That’s right mom,” Natalia said. “Krista is training me to be her sex slave while she’s being trained by others. So, you’re not going to disown me?”

“Of course not. This is the twenty-first century sweetie, not the nineteenth. Bdsm has become way more mainstream so if it is what you want then enjoy yourselves.

“Thanks mom.”

“Thanks Missus Holmes. Nat has far better parents than I have.”

“You have wonderful...”

“They disowned me,” Krista cut her best friend’s mom off. “My dad called me a fucking whore.”

“I am so sorry. If you need a place to stay then you’re welcome here.”

“Thanks, but I landed a long term job as a live-in babysitter for my Master and Mistress. That’s where Nat will be but know if you want to come visit you’ll have to obey the rules.”

“What Mistress means to say is that you’ll have to spend several hours being trained as a sex slave,” Natalia clarified.

“I see. Are you planning on moving in there Natalia?”

“Not if you’re not going to disown me. I’ll just be there for the weekend assuming they’re okay with me staying that long. So, I have to ask, are you honestly okay with me being a sex slave or are you just telling me what you think I want to hear? I mean, since last night I’ve been gang banged, had sex with multiple women, drank pee, was fisted and then caned, flogged, paddled and pierced while practicing submissive positions. And that’s only the tip of the training iceberg. Are you telling me you’re okay with having a daughter willing to perform every act of sexual perversion under the sun without hesitation?”

The silence stretched on long enough to make Natalia nervous. “Honey, as long as Krista doesn’t ask you to have sex with us we’ll love you with all our hearts.”

“You have my word that I will never command her to do anything illegal,” Krista replied.

“Okay mom, we’re almost back to where Krista is staying so I’ll talk to you later.”

“Okay sweetie. Be safe. And Krista, I love you like a daughter but if you do anything to hurt Natalia there’s nowhere on earth you can hide from me.”

“Understood.”

Natalia hung up her phone and then breathed a sigh of relief. “Holy hell that was stressful.”

“At least you’re parents are open-minded enough to accept you no matter what.”

“For now. Call me fucked in the head, but I fully intend on giving them regular updates on my training to see if she means what she says or is just telling me what she thinks I want to hear.”

“Hopefully it’s the former.”

“Hopefully.”

Returning to Shadyvale, Krista pulled into the driveway and parked on the left as previously instructed. She and Natalia then began unloading the trunk. The first few boxes in the door, they were assisted by several members of staff and made short work of what could have amounted to an annoying task. She thanked them all for the help and all but Fiona left her bedroom.

“So, are you going to tell me how it went or do I have to guess?” Fiona asked.

“It didn’t go well at all Mistress. My mother demanded I come home and when I refused my dad called me a fucking whore and they disowned me. Natalia, on the other hand has amazingly accepting parents.”

“You told your parents?”

“Yes Mistress. And to my surprise they seem to be okay with it. Not come here and visit okay, but okay none the less.”

“I’m sure your parents will come around eventually. So, are the two of you ready for your next lesson?”

“Yes Mistress,” Krista answered.

“About that Mistress. I’m more than ready for my next lesson but I was wondering if it would be possible to stay and be trained for the rest of the weekend,” Natalia said.

“I think that can be arranged. Without bothering the Davenports while they’re on vacation you may stay in Krista’s room for as long as your Mistress wished you to stay but know that if you stay longer than the twenty-four hours you’ll be required to submit to training full time for as long as you stay. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then follow me out to the stables for your next lesson.”

“Um, stables Mistress?” Krista asked. “Please tell me you’re not going to command us to have sex with horses.”

“Of course not. The Davenports don’t own any animals and even if they did wouldn’t command anyone to have sex with them.”

“Good to know Mistress.”

Ten minutes later the three women were standing in a long, wide aisle lined on either side with stall doors with the heads of various animals burned into the wood with exacting detail. “This is where we keep everything related to training pet slaves,” Fiona explained. “The doors with horse heads contain pony gear. Dog heads indicate puppy gear and so on. I would like each of you to pick stalls with horse heads and then put on everything you find inside. If you’re unsure how to wear something ask.”

“Yes Mistress,” The two friends turned slave replied. Stepping up to narrower than normal stall doors they each pushed one open and stared into what amounted to a changing room with everything they needed to dress as ponies lining shelves on the side walls while the back wall provided a full body view via a floor to ceiling mirror. Stepping inside, the first thing both women noticed about the gear was that everything was labeled and sectioned off by type. Cuffs. Arm binders. Harnesses. Boots. Gloves. Headgear with built-in blinders and bit gag. And the all-important tailed butt plug. Confused, Krista er head out. “Um, excuse me Mistress but when you say we need to put everything on I don’t see how that’s humanly possible.”

“Sorry, I should have been clearer with my instructions. Dress like the third picture posted on the back of the door.”

“Yes Mistress. Thank you.”

“You hear that, Natalia?” Fiona asked.

“Yes Mistress. Thank you for clarifying.”

Looking at the pictures of women dressed in various types of pony gear, Krista and Natalia started with the tailed butt plugs. While big, they were not overly so and it only took a few minutes for them to be fully inserted. Natalia then moved on to putting on the bicep, wrist and thigh cuffs. Krista, meanwhile, picked up a

pair of thigh high hoof boots. When they each emerged they were dressed in full gear and ready to see where this lesson was going. Mistress Fiona looked them each up and down, gave a nod of approval and then commanded them to follow. Leaving the barn they went to a barn a hundred feet away. The large doors opened and when they saw two rows of three lightweight metal carts both women gave the other a raised brow.

We're going to start with a bit of cart pulling followed by riding, breeding and dressage. After that you'll cool down in the horse walker. Any questions?"

"Only about a million, Mistress," Natalia replied. "What do you mean by, um, all of that?"

"I'll explain each lesson in more detail as we get to them, but basically, you're going to be attached to carts which you'll pull around the property. During this lesson you'll learn proper pony posture and walking as well as various voice and rein commands. Meaning commands delivered via the reins that will be attached to your nipples. After that you'll be used as riding ponies. You'll work your way up to eventually carrying a person but we'll start with lighter weights to build your strength. After that you'll spend a few hours being bred by our stallions."

"Um, you said we would not have sex with animals, Mistress."

"And you won't. When I say stallions I mean some of the most well-hung men you're likely to ever meet. I know you're on birth control and Krista stopped taking hers yesterday but you'll each still be bred by ten stallions. After that you'll get a lesson in dressage which I'll explain in more details when we get to it. Now, unless you have more questions please take your places in front of a cart so that I can hook you up."

"Yes Mistress."

Starting with Krista, Fiona latched the cart onto several o-rings built into the heavy duty harness to help spread the weight out across a wider area. She then clamped the reins to her nipples. Taking three steps to her right she did the same to Natalia just as Charlotte joined them in the barn. "Okay ponies, listen up," Fiona said. "I'm going to ride in Krista's cart and Charlotte will ride in yours Natalia. We will give you commands and you'll follow then to the letter or you'll immediately be disciplined. Unless you want all sorts of back problems you'll stand straight. When you become more experienced we'll bind your arms but for

now we'll leave them free in case you slip and fall. With me so far, slaves?"

"Yes Mistress."

"When the rein on your left nipple is tugged you'll turn left. When the right is tugged you'll turn right. When both are tugged at the same time you'll slow to a start. When you feel the whip on your left hip you'll speed up and when you feel it on the right you'll slow down. That's it as far as the basics. Charlotte, would you kindly show them how ponies walk?"

"Sure." Turning to the left, Charlotte stood with hands clasped together behind her arrow straight back. Eyes forward, she started walking, bringing each leg up until her thigh was nearly parallel with the floor. When she reached the wall she turned and continued going until making a full lap around the barn. "Got it, slaves?"

"Yes Mistress," Krista and Natalia answered.

"We'll see." Getting in the cart attached to Natalia, she picked up a whip and with an experienced flick of the wrist the tip stung Natalia's left hip.

"Son of a bitch that hurt!"

"A slave does not complain. When we're done with your lessons you'll receive twenty-five swats."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Taking a deep breath Natalia took a step and then stopped as she met the resisting weight of cart and rider. She bit into her lower lip and with a bit more effort the cart slowly started rolling.

"In case you didn't catch that, you'll want to take up the slack before attempting to pull or you risk injuring yourself," Fiona said as she got into Krista's cart.

"Thank you Mistress." The whip bit into her left hip and she moved forward until meeting resistance. And then like her best friend she was pulling her Mistress out of the barn and along the tightly packed dirt path.

Natalia could see the right turn coming up long before they reached it but Charlotte tugged the rein anyways causing the clamp to pull and tighten. After sixty or so feet she went left. THWAP! The whip struck her left hip and she did

her best to increase her speed but the exertion was already wearing her out. At a fork, she was tugged right and the last she saw of Krista was her going left.

An athlete all her life, Krista was having a much easier time than Natalia but she was still far outside of her realm of expertise and quickly realized how quickly the activity could wear a person out no matter how well trained. Especially with the added energy required to bring her feet up so high with every step while wearing hoof boots. Unaccustomed to pulling a cart, or anything else for that matter, she took every turn as instructed but faltered considerable every time she had to increase and decrease her speed. Twenty or so minutes in she saw Natalia coming from the opposite direction. As the two friends drew closer Krista could see the exhaustion in her friend's beet red face. Unfortunately, she was in no position to help and a minute later they were following the other's path.

One month later...

In the days after disowning their only child, Heath and Noelle Williams found themselves arguing over the tiniest perceived slight but no matter what started it, it always came back to the way they treated Krista with her mother hoping for some form of reconciliation while her father wanted nothing to do with the daughter he now saw as his greatest failure. A week into her daughter's training as a sex slave, Noelle went to the internet for more information on bdsm. Directed to Pornhub, she did a search and clicked on the first video depicting a woman sucking a man's cock while bound in a stockade. It was hard for her to watch another woman being treated like a piece of meat, but she steeled her resolve and let it play.

After more than two minutes of showing the female submissive's naked body a man joined the scene. They kissed and then he slowly pushed his huge cock into her mouth and down her throat. Noelle had no idea how the woman could take such a huge dick with relative ease. As the video continued to play she watched the woman sucking the man off while he groped and kissed his way down her lithe body. The man finally moved between his bound costar's spread legs nearly six and a half minutes in and as his cock slid into her pussy Noelle came to the sudden and humiliating realization that she was rubbing her own vulva. Pulling her hand away she continued watching. After another five or six minutes of hard fucking the man came inside of the woman and then walked away.

Taking a few minutes to compose herself Noelle went back to the search results and clicked another video. While a few minutes shorter it was packed with a whole hell of a lot more hardcore action. Starting with a gorgeous blonde with bound breasts being manhandled, it quickly escalated to fisting about a minute in. Gagging. Slapping. Double and triple penetration. More bondage. Three fingers slamming in and out of her own pussy, Noelle stopped, took a deep breath and embarrassed as she was continued fingering herself to orgasm as the

video played. She had many orgasms in her lifetime but that one in that moment made something click in her mind. Addicted if even for a little while, she spent the next three hours watching one fetish porn video after another and was rewarded with three more self-induced orgasms.

Three days into her bdsm porn binge Noelle put one on while in bed with her husband. His reaction was immediate and severe. Calling her every name in the book, he got dressed and left the house only to return an hour later demanding she get rid of her computer or he'll divorce her. She did not take the threat lightly and told him to go to hell. He demanded she get out of his house at which point she not so kindly reminded him the house was in her name and her name alone and that he was the one that needed to get out.

They had been married twenty-one years and like every couple they had their arguments but they had never become physical. Until tonight. Outraged at his wife turning into a whore like their daughter, he slapped her hard across the face in the hopes of knocking some sense into her. Instead, she calmly walked over to the nightstand, picked up her cell phone and dialed 911. The police arrived minutes later and despite his every effort to make light of the situation he was arrested for domestic abuse and hauled away in the back of a cruiser. But Noelle did not feel any better.

The weeks following her husband's arrests saw Noelle going to work and coming home to watch hours of porn before showering, going to bed, rinsing and repeating. Her first foray into bdsm outside of watching came three weeks after she disowned her daughter. It was a simple but effective tie. She did now own any rope so she measured off about twenty feet of twine which she hung around her neck. Next, she made knots above and below her breasts and about two or so inches above her belly button. Letting the loose ends hang, she pulled them between her legs and up her back under the rope behind her neck. One end of the twine at a time, she brought the ends around and fed them through the holes between the knots until finally tying it all together in the front. According to the picture she followed it could be worn under clothing without being seen. Skeptical, she put on a skirt and blouse and sure enough it was virtually invisible.

Taking things up a notch, Noelle wore the twine bondage to work the next day and had never been so turned on in her life. Growing more daring by the day, she added a butt plug and bullet vibrator to her new ensemble. Still no one noticed

the additions. Buying actual rope and temporary bdsm tattoos, she strategically placed such humiliating words and phrases such as COCK GOBBLER, CUNT, USE ME, SLAVE, SPANK ME and CUM SLUT on her body so that they were hidden while teasing the possibility of potentially being seen. No one she worked with noticed, but a young man working the register at the grocery store saw the cock gobbler tattoo on her right breast when she bent over to get something from a low shelf. Despite the risk of losing his job, or worse being hauled off for sexual harassment, he approached her in the aisle.

Moving close, he whispered so that only Noelle could hear. "I couldn't help but see your tattoo."

Noelle's face instantly turned bright red. "W-Which one?" He pointed to her right breast. "I see. And I suppose this is where you expect me to suck you off?"

"Only if you're offering."

"How old are you kid?"

"Twenty."

"Right. And I'm the Queen of England. Look kid, I'm flattered but I'm old enough to be your mother so do us both a favor and forget what you saw."

"Whatever," the cashier huffed as he watched her push her cart away from him.

Disappointed, Noelle finished her shopping and then went home to engage in her favorite new activity. Watching bdsm porn and seeing how far she would play along before gushing in orgasm or stopping out of sheer humiliation. That evening she managed to last long enough to fist herself for the first time.

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One month to the day of disowning her daughter, Noelle pulled into the driveway of Shadyvale and stopped in front of the closed iron gates where she was spoken to over an intercom.

"No solicitors," Fiona said.

"I'm not a solicitor. My name is Noelle Williams and I'm here to see my

daughter Krista.”

“Please hold.” Leaving the living room, Fiona made her way to the playroom where Krista was playing with Jonas and Laura while baby Olivia napped in her crib. “Hey Krista, you’re not going to believe who’s here to see you.”

“Did Austin or Bianca finally decide to make good on their promise to visit, Mistress?”

“Not even a little bit warm. It’s your mother.”

“WHAT?”

“She’s waiting at the gate. Should I let her in or tell her to leave?”

“Can you watch te kids while I go talk to her, Mistress?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Leaving the playroom, Krista went to the living room and stared at the screen showing what appeared to be her mother’s car sitting at the gate. She paused with her finger hovering over the intercom button for a long moment before finally pressing it. “Mom? What the hell are you doing here?”

“I came to apologize and hopefully make amends for the way I treated you.”

“Is dad with you?”

“No. He’s sitting in jail for hitting me. Look, I know what we did was unforgivable but I’m begging you to please give me another chance. I’ve spent the last months doing a lot of soul-searching and, well, you’ll just have to see the results for yourself.”

“You understand that if I let you in you’ll be required to stay for a full day and spend at least four hours being trained, right?”

“Yes and I willingly accept.”

“This isn’t a joke mom. You will be trained or you’ll be banned and I don’t care how much you beg I’ll never talk to you again.”

“I understand.” A few seconds later the gate slid open and Noelle drove in. She was greeted at the front door by her daughter. “Thank you for letting me in. I am so, so sorry for the way I treated you Krista.” And then to her daughter’s surprise she grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it off over her head showing Krista the rope bondage she had grown to love. “I’ve spent the last month watching all manner of fetish porn. I’ve been wearing this to work for like the last week. I also have a rather large plug up my ass and last night I fisted myself for the first time,” she confessed. “I like it, Krista. I like being humiliated and degraded. I like rough and kinky sex.” She paused long enough to take a deep breath. “I want to be trained. And not just for a few hours. I’m not asking to move in here or anything but I want to visit as often as possible so that whomever is training you to be a sex slave can train me as well.”

“Well, that’s certainly a lot to take in,” Krista said as she looked from one embarrassing temporary tattoo to another on her mother’s mostly naked body. “Literally and figuratively. Here’s the deal, I’ll ask Mistress Fiona if she’s willing to train you but before I do I want you to prove conclusively that you’re not just talking shit. “That one,” she said pointing to the one spelling out CUM SLUT on her mother’s mound. “Make that one permanent and I’ll believe you’re telling the truth.”

“Seriously?”

“That’s what I thought. Goodbye mom.” Turning, Krista opened the front door.

“WAIT! Okay, I’ll do it but I don’t know any places around here.”

“No problem. There are two qualified people inside that I’m sure will be more than willing to do the work. And because you disowned me I want that one made permanent as well,” she said, pointing to the word BITCH written across her left breast.”

“Why not just demand I make them all permanent?” Noelle huffed.

“Not a bad idea. Now put your dress back on and follow me inside.”

“What’s the point in getting dressed?”

“There are three kids inside that don’t need to see you running around naked and in bondage. Now do as you’re told.” A few seconds later Krista escorted her

mother into the mansion and ordered her to sit down and stay put while she went to have a talk with Fiona. Returning to the playroom, she saw Natalia, Jonas and Laura tossing a nerf ball around to each other while Fiona watched. “Excuse me Mistress, can I speak to you in the hall for a moment?”

“Sure.”

“Go ahead, Mistress, We’re good here,” Natalia said as she gently tossed the ball to Laura.

Closing the door, Krista slowly exhaled. “So, my mom seems genuinely sincere in wanting to make amends and wishes to be trained as a sex slave but I still have my doubts. She’s actually wearing some rope and temporary tattoos under her dress. I told her if she made all the temporary tattoos real I’d believe she was serious so do you think you could do that for me?”

“Absolutely.”

“Thank you Mistress. She’s sitting in the living room.”

“I’ll take her to the home studio and let you know when I’m done. Until then, you know your duties.”

“Yes Mistress.” Pushing the door open, Krista stepped into the playroom and joined her best friend and two of her three charges in a game of toss.

“Did I hear you right, Mistress? Your mom is here?” Natalia asked.

“She is but that’s not something we can talk about in present company.”

“Understood Mistress.”

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Krista joined her mother in the Davenports’ home studio nearly seven hours after she agreed to be tattooed and to her surprise she actually had the work done. Bitch on her left breast. Cock gobbler on the right. Cum slut on her mound. Target practice written along the length of a paddle on her right ass cheek. And most surprising, OWNED SLAVE written around a triskelion on her back left shoulder. On top of that she sported rings in her nipples and hood that were

definitely not there when she arrived.

“I did as you asked and more,” Noelle said to her daughter. “Do you believe me now?”

“I’m starting to, but ask me again after you spend the next twenty-four straight hours being trained by Mistress Fiona and other members of staff.”

“We’ll put her through absolute hell,” Fiona smirked. “If she truly wishes to be trained as a sex slave she’ll take it and beg for more. If not, well, we’ll know soon enough.”

“As long as it’s legal you can do whatever you want to me. I made up my mind to be trained long before coming here and I’m not going to back down,” Noelle replied.

“We’ll see,” Fiona continued to smirk. Grabbing Noelle by the throat, she squeezed hard as she pushed the startled woman to the floor. Roughly flipping her over she scrunched the fingers of her left hand into as tight a cone as possible and then in one swift thrust was wrist deep in Noelle’s pussy. “Good thing you were telling the truth about taking a fist or that would’ve hurt like hell.” Looking up at Krista, she continued. “You may go train your own slave now and I’ll let you know how things are progressing when someone else takes over.”

“Yes Mistress.” Knowing in that moment that her mother was serious about being trained, Krista left the studio and went up to her bedroom and saw Natalia lying on the bed. Without saying a word she walked over, crawled between her legs and shoved her left hand into her slave’s pussy about three inches past the wrist. “My mother is actually doing it. She got pierced and tattooed and just agreed to twenty-four straight hours of training. I think we’re going to be okay.” Pulling her left fist out, she punched the right one in.

“G-Glad to hear it, Mistress,” Natalia grunted as her Mistress fisted her much more aggressively than normal.

“You and be both, slave. Seriously, for the first time in a month I genuinely feel like smiling.”