

TWIN SUBMISSION

The book cover for 'TWIN SUBMISSION' by Crimson Rose features a woman's face in the lower-left foreground, looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. A dark, shadowy figure, possibly a twin, is positioned behind her, with one arm reaching towards her face. The background is a gradient of purple and blue, with a bright, glowing light source in the upper right corner. The title 'TWIN SUBMISSION' is at the top in a large, metallic, serif font, and the author's name 'Crimson Rose' is at the bottom in a similar font.

Crimson Rose

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Hearing a knock at the front door, Holly walked over to see who it could be so early in the morning. Putting her eye to the peephole she looked out to see a caramel-skinned black woman she did not recognize. Unlocking the door, she pulled it open just enough to have a conversation. "Can I help you?"

"Hi, I got a package here that was delivered to my place by mistake," the woman said as she held a small cardboard box out.

"Um, thanks." Though she could not remember ordering anything recently, Holly took the box and read her and her twin sister Molly's names on the address label. Taking a step back as the woman turned to leave, she pushed the door shut and walked into the kitchen where Molly was in the middle of cooking breakfast. "Hey, did you order something and forget to tell me?"

"If I did I don't remember so probably not. Why?"

"Some woman just dropped this package off. It's got both of our names on the label and I know I haven't ordered anything in the last three months."

"Well, open it and see what it is."

"What if it's a bomb or anthrax or something?"

"Do you hear it ticking?"

"No."

"Then probably not a bomb. As for anthrax, seeing as how we don't have any enemies to speak of I'm willing to risk you opening it."

"Gee, thanks." Grabbing a utility knife from the junk drawer Holly moved the box from the table to the counter next to the stove where her sister was flipping pancakes. "If I'm going down I'm taking you with me," she grinned. Cutting the tape along the top as if performing a delicate surgery, she held her breath and slowly peeled the flaps back. The twins looking down at the same time, they saw

a thick, multi-disc DVD case with a simple white insert reading: FOR HOLLY AND MOLLY'S EYES ONLY. "Okay," Holly said, removing the case from the box and turning it over in her hands. Opening it, she saw eight numbered blu-ray discs. "What the heck do you think these are?"

"Best guess? Probably some sort of movies."

"Thanks Captain Obvious. You finish cooking and I'll go pit the first one on."

"You've gone your entire life without watching them, twenty more minutes isn't going to kill you. If she finds out we're eating in the living room, mom, on the other hand, will."

"Fine." Letting out an exaggerated sigh, Holly dropped the DVD case back in the box, carried it to the living room and after putting it on the coffee table went to the bathroom to wash her hands. A few minutes later she joined her sister in the dining room. Piling her plate with pancakes, eggs and bacon, she smothered everything with maple syrup and then scarfed it down – barely taking a breath in her rush to watch the mysterious movies.

Leaving her dirty dishes on the table, Holly rushed out of the dining room and into the living room before her sister could get a word out. She was joined a moment later and the two young women sat next to each other on the couch as the black screen slowly brightened to show a pretty, caramel-skinned black woman Holly now recognized. But instead of standing on her front porch, the woman was seated in an overstuffed chair with a glass of red wine on the table to her right.

"I know what you're thinking," the woman on the video said "and the answer is, yes, I did just deliver these movies to you. Before the first one begins I would like to take a few moments to explain who I am and why I've compiled nearly fifty hours of video evidence to support everything I'm about to say. My name is Zenzele Hall. I'm twenty-eight years old, and before losing a bet and being trained as a sex slave I worked as a Dominatrix for a man you know as James MacKenzie. Speaking of your step-uncle, or should I say father? I'll give you a moment to let that bombshell sink in." About a minute of silence followed during which Holly and Molly looked from the television to each other.

"What the hell does she mean Uncle James is our father?" Molly asked. "I don't know what sort of sick game she's trying to pull, but I'm not going to sit here

and listen to any more of it.”

“I’m just as shocked and disgusted as you are sis, but I’ll wait to see her supposed proof before passing judgement.”

“Fine, but I already don’t like whoever the hell she is.”

“I know it’s hard to fathom that your mother and her step-brother had sex, but it’s true. And for the record, seeing as how I have sex with my step-sister Larissa I have no problem with it what so ever. My only goal here is to give you all the information your parents have purposefully kept from you. Such as where they work. Did you know your father owns a slew of bdsm-related businesses? Or that your mother works at a place called the Domination farm? What follows will be a short montage of what happened when I lost the bet with your father and my first meeting with your mother. The remaining seven discs contain more than forty hours of them engaging in every perverted form of sex known to man so sit back and prepare to see a side of your parents you never imagined possible.”

The screen faded to black and just as another image was coming into focus Molly grabbed the remote and paused it. “Are we really going to sit here and watch this bullshit?”

“You can do whatever you want, but I for one want to see if what she says is true. Now please hit play.”

Hanging her head, Molly’s face turned beet red. “It’s true.”

“What do you mean it’s true?”

“This isn’t exactly how I wanted you to find out, okay, actually I never wanted you to find out, but you know that cool metal choker of mine that you like? The one with the really strong magnetic clasp?”

“Yeah...”

“And you know how I said I got drunk one night and ended up getting my nipples pierced despite being only nineteen and having no interest in alcohol?”

“What the hell are you trying to tell me, Molly?”

“I followed mom to work one day last summer and just as that Zenzele woman said, she went to the Domination farm. I should have turned around and went the other direction but...but I had to know what she was doing at the one place in the world she absolutely forbid us from ever visiting. I had to go through the whole registration process which is actually where I got that cool cuff bracer. Anyways, I got in, spotted her and then followed her into one of the buildings. What I didn't realize at the time was that it was the body modification building and the rules are very clear. I had no other choice but to get something done so I chose my nipples. When mom saw me she was understandably pissed. She pierced my nipples and we came to an agreement that we would never mention it to anyone for as long as we live.”

“JESUS CHRIST! Are you serious? Mom pierced your nipples?”

“Yes. And seeing as how I'm not the one that spilled the beans, I might as well tell you everything. She's been working there all our lives and it's every bit as fucked up as she says. There are a shit ton of rules to follow or you can instantly be registered what they call a Farm submissive. And then there are the hundreds, if not thousands of other Masters and Mistresses that will attempt to collar you if you're not careful. The one I got, the metal one, is moms. It technically means I belong to her while at the Farm, but also means no one else can collar or use me without her permission.

“You belong to...OH MY GOD! Are you and mom having sex?”

“What? God no! She only collared me to prevent someone else from doing it while I'm there.”

“And how many times have you been there?”

“Seven. I honestly don't know if what that woman said about Uncle James is true, but I can confirm with one-hundred percent certainty that mom is indeed a Mistress who's been working at the Domination Farm for the last twenty years.”

“Are you a sex slave?”

“No. I'm, not really even into any of it. I just go there to see what sorts of perverted shit other people will put themselves through. The only buildings there I've ever been in were the body modification building, the Cumeaterie which is a restaurant that apparently covers every dish in copious amounts of the absolute

best semen you'll ever taste, and while not a building I was also tricked into what they call cocksucking pillories where I had to suck off fifty men before the damn thing would unlock and release me."

"F-Fifty men? You sucked off fifty men?"

"No."

"Thank god! I thought you were going to..."

"I sucked off a hundred."

"WHAT!?"

"I was tricked into it for the first fifty and as the bar came up to release me the next man in line slammed it back down and I had to suck another fifty after that. Don't give me that look. I'm not proud of what I've done, but on the other hand I'm pretty damn good at deepthroating pretty much any size dick now."

"How many fucked you?"

Molly remained silent for a long moment before answering. "I honestly don't want to tell you, but since I know you'll never stop hounding me until I do, I was screwed by forty-seven men while trapped in the pillories and all I can say is thank god I'm on the pill because not a single one of them pulled out."

"I'm hearing the words coming out of your mouth but I just can't believe it. Why would you keep going back? Why would you let them trick you into sucking and fucking so many men? Wait, did you say they covered their food in semen?"

"Yes. But only at the Cumeaterie. And I keep going back because I like watching other people doing crazy shit for pleasure. Being locked in the pillories happened my first visit not an hour after mom pierced my nipples and I've made damn sure to steer clear of any such building or attraction ever since. All that being said, you have to promise me you'll never go there."

"Why would I want to go to a place that's going to force me into doing what you did?"

"I wasn't forced, Holly. There are a lot of forms you need to read and sign before

being permitted inside so I knew exactly what could happen and deemed the risks worth it. Anyways, I'm going to shut up now so you can watch the video." Molly hit play and then sat back.

"Oh hell no! You can't just tell me you've sucked off a hundred men and been fucked by nearly fifty and then act as if nothing ever happened. I want to know why you kept it to yourself. And don't give me that bullshit about promising mom never to say anything because we agreed when we were five that we would never keep secrets and I for one have held that promise sacred."

"I'm sorry, Holly, but she threatened to disown me if I ever told you or anyone else. But now that the cat's out of the bag so to speak, I swear you know everything. Or at least everything that I know. Okay, actually, there's quite a bit I could tell you about the Farm itself, but you now know everything about my visits there."

"Do you think Uncle James is really our father?"

"I desperately want to say no, but that woman was right about mom so I honestly don't know."

"I'm not sure I'll ever want to see him again if he is."

"Why? I mean, I get that if it's true he and mom have lied to us our entire lives, but their step-siblings so can you honestly blame them for keeping that a secret?"

"The key word there being step. There's no blood between them. Sure, it might seem fucked up on the surface, but it's not really incest if they're not blood relatives. Right?"

"True. But still, I can understand why they'd keep it secret. Besides, Uncle James has played the father role all our lives so it's not as if he just knocked mom up and had nothing more to do with her."

"Fair, but they could have told us the truth."

"I'm not saying what they did was right, sis, only that I understand why they did it. If it's even true that is."

Three hours later, after watching their Uncle James dominate Zenzele during a cross-country road trip, Holly and Molly sat on the couch in wide-eyed, mouth-gaping shock as they heard the truth of their parentage from their own mother's mouth. "So, it's true then?" Holly said, her voice a low mix of rage and humiliation.

"It would seem so," Molly replied.

Getting up off the couch, Holly walked towards the front door and began putting her shoes on. "Where are you going?"

"Mom's at work so I'm going to the Domination Farm so she can tell me the truth or lie to my face."

"Did you miss the part where I said I had to get my nipples pierced just for entering the building she works in? Please just wait for her to come home and we can talk to her together."

"I'm not waiting another damn minute!" Yanking the keys off their hook, Holly yanked the front door open and stormed out.

Knowing her twin was going to need every ounce of support available to her, Molly sighed and followed after. "Will you at least give me five minutes to go get my collar and bracer?"

"You've got two."

Racing back into the house, Molly sprinted to her room, unlocked her little safe box and pulled out a sleek metal collar with Celtic knot pattern along the sides and triskelion on the front and a wide silver cuff bracer. Afraid her sister would leave without her, she snapped the collar around her neck on her way back through the house and waited until she was in the car to secure the bracer. "Thank you for waiting. I'll explain the rules as we drive so you're not too surprised by what you read when we get there."

Pulling into the huge, walled-in parking lot, Holly's eyes immediately went to the row of kiosks off to the right where lines of men and women waited in various states of dress from fully to butt naked. "I thought you said I had to go in naked?"

"I said it's advised you go in naked because any street clothes you wear in will be tossed in the trash once the tour is over and you get your first submissive outfit so unless you want to lose your favorite summer dress I strongly suggest taking it off before we get in line." Stepping out of the car, Molly removed her shoes and socks and then the rest of her clothes followed. Folding everything nice and neat, she placed it on the front passenger seat and then looked up at her sister. "You getting out or are you going to sit there all day?"

"This is so fucked up."

"Hey, you're the one that couldn't wait until mom got home so you only have yourself to blame. Now get out and take your clothes off or turn around and go home." Taking a step back, Molly shut the door and waited. A moment later her identical twin got out the other side and stripped out of her favorite summer dress while grumbling under her breath the entire time. Butt naked, the two young women walked across the hot asphalt of the parking lot and took their place behind a naked couple in their forties.

"Why are we in this line when that one over there is way shorter?" Holly asked.

"Because those lines over there are only usable by Dominants. These two lines are for bare-necks and non-registered submissives while the others are for slaves and registered submissives."

"I can be Dominant."

"If you say so. But that doesn't matter. They only accept professional Masters and Mistresses who can prove they've done work at public or private dungeons and the last time I checked that's not you."

“Fine, but as slow as this line is moving mom will be on her way home before we get to the front.”

“Seeing as how it’s not even one yet I doubt that very much. But we can always go home if you prefer.”

“Oh, don’t do that,” a man said as he approached from the rear.

“Excuse me?” Holly said, turning around to see a tall, fit black man smiling back at her.

“You would go home and rob all these people the pleasure of seeing your beautiful bodies?” Eyes going to the right, he saw Molly and his grin broadened. “Twins! Very nice. I’m Doyle. And you are?”

“Not interested,” Holly huffed.

“HOLLY! There’s no need to act like that. I’m apologize for my sister’s attitude. This is her first time to the Domination Farm and while she won’t admit it she’s scared to death. I’m Molly and, well, you just heard me yell her name.”

“Apology accepted, but you’re not the one it should be coming from and now that your sister has made you apologize in her place I’ll accept nothing short of a blowjob.”

“You can’t be...”

“I swear to god, Holly, if you get me kicked out of here because of your rude behavior sucking a black man off in public will be the least of your worries. Now apologize properly.”

Holly stood there in red-faced embarrassment for a long moment before looking up into Doyle’s dark brown eyes. “I’m sorry I snapped at you like that. Like my sister said, this is my first time here and I’m not used to this sort of thing.” His eyes drifted down her body and came to a stop at his semi-hard cock. He did not have to say anything for her to get the meaning and she looked over at her sister who only gave her a slight nod of the head. “I can’t believe I’m doing this. And you better remember I did this for you, sis.” Getting on her knees, Holly gulped back her fear and pride and then took him into her mouth. The men and women in line around them turned to watch the show and her humiliation deepened as

the growing cock slid to the back of her throat.

After about three minutes she stopped long enough to move a few feet towards the front of the line. “I don’t swallow so please tell me when you’re about to blow.”

“To completion and down the throat,” Doyle replied. “Or I’ll accept another hole if that’s preferable, but it’s going in one of them.”

“God damn it! Fine, I’ll swallow.”

“Good girl.”

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The constant stopping to keep the line moving not only kept Doyle edging but Holly sucking for more than an hour. About halfway to the kiosk the man that had been ahead of them the entire time finally reached his limit. Turning, he gave Molly a wide grin. Mind if I join?”

“I don’t mind at all, but seeing as how she’s the one you’ll be fucking you should ask my sister.”

The man moved in so close behind Holly his hard cock pressed into the crack of her ass. Leaning down, he kissed the left side of her neck. “Do you mind, babe?” His hips rocked back and Molly looked down to see the bulbous head of his dick disappearing into her sister’s pussy and then stop. “If you don’t tell me no by the time I reach one I’m going to take your silence as acceptance. Five. Four. Three. Two.” Holly froze, her body twitched and for a moment everyone watching thought the show was about to end, but she continued sucking Doyle’s cock. “One.” The new man gave Holly’s neck another kiss and then buried his pole balls deep. She let out a moan and then closed her eyes as if to hide her shame from the three or four dozen men and women watching.

“Damn sis, I never thought I’d see the day you took two men at the same time.”

“You shouldn’t let her have all the fun,” a lanky, shaggy-haired man said to Molly’s left.

“You’re right, I shouldn’t, but that being said she still has an empty hole I’m sure

will accommodate your cock. Besides, one of us has to keep the line moving.”

“F-Fuck you!” Holly moaned as the man whose name she never got slammed in and out of her pussy. “Uhn...you’re the one that’s been fucked by fifty men, so he should slide right in your ass.”

“As hot as that sounds, I prefer a nice tight asshole. So, care to make it a triple?”

“I’m already more humiliated than I thought possible so why not go for broke?” Holly sighed.

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes.” The line moved several feet and then Holly found herself on top of the man that had been fucking her pussy. He slid back in as Doyle pushed all ten inches of his big black cock down her throat. The newcomer slid his dick along her asshole, and then pushed into her pussy causing her to yelp. “Aahgh! Sone of a bitch! You’re supposed to put it in my ass, not my pussy!”

“You want me to dry fuck your tight ass? Just relax and let me get my dick wet and I’ll be plugging your back door before you know it. On the other hand, I’m already in so I could just finish off with some double vaginal.”

“NO!” Holly grunted. “Put it in my ass.”

“Are you sure?” the man teased. “I mean, I can already feel you loosening up to accept it so why not relax and enjoy the ride?”

“God damn it! Fine! Keep it in my pussy if you want.” Looking up into Doyle’s eyes, she took him back down her throat.

When there was about a fifteen foot gap between the sex and the people in front of them, the group stopped long enough to close the distance and this time Holly gave no complaints when two dicks penetrated her pussy at the same time. Knowing he was about to cross the point of no return, Doyle looked at the man that was supposed to be fucking her ass. “You mind if I take over for a minute?”

Knowing exactly what Doyle wanted, the man pulled out and stepped aside. Moving fast, Doyle walked behind Holly and shoved hard into her pussy. She yelped at the extra stretch and then gasped when she felt his seed being

deposited. Before he pulled out a second load was added and then she felt several globs landing on her face, sides and back. It was at this point she looked up to see eight men of various ages, races and body types jerking off and using her body as their target.

Looking up at her twin sister, Holly shook her head in disgust as she wiped the semen from her face. "I swear to god if you tell anyone about this I'll be an only child."

"You mean other than all of these people and the millions of people that've probably already watched it on the internet and pay-per-view? Or did you forget the part where I told you everything here is recorded?"

"You gonna eat that?" A petite brunette asked with a nod towards Holly's semen covered fingers.

"Nope," Holly answered.

The woman knelt and without asking permission started licking and sucking her fingers clean while purring like a kitten. "Mmmm, I love the taste of fresh jizz." Leaning in, she licked Holly's breast and then sucked her nipple.

"Ooohhhhh god!"

"Nice!" Molly exclaimed. "I never knew you were bisexual, sis."

"I...uuhnnnn...I'm not," Holly moaned as teeth gently sank into her nipple.

"Oh," the woman said. "Sorry, do you want me to stop?"

"I just got fucked by four guys and jizzed on by a bunch more. I might as well make the most of my humiliation."

"So?"

"You can eat it off of me."

Hearing the magic words, the woman spent the next ten minutes almost lovingly kissing, licking and sucking every drop of semen from Holly's trembling, crimson red body. And with only four people in line ahead of them, she pulled

Holly on top of her and tended to her semen filled vagina. Animalistic instinct kicking in, Holly lowered her head and sucked the woman's clit – the ensuing shiver of excitement spurring her to give it another try. "I'm still not bisexual but holy shit I could eat your pussy all day," she purred.

"I'm in no hurry," the woman replied as she eased four fingers into Holly's not so tight hole. Tucking thumb into palm, she attempted a full fisting, but the amount of resistance told her she was not ready for that and so she went back to fingering until there was only one couple ahead of them in line.

"I don't know if I have to do this, but to save myself any further apologies, not that I'm complaining, thank you all for the most amazing and intense sexual experience of my life," Holly said to those that had participated in her humiliation. "This was the first time I've ever had sex with a black man, did double vaginal, took three guys at once, had sex with another woman and I'm not sure if it qualifies but I'm going to count the dozen loads shot all over me as my first bukkake. Anyways, if I never see any of you again thank you so much for humiliating and degrading me in the absolute best way imaginable."

"You're quite welcome," Doyle replied.

"It was my pleasure," the woman said. "I'm Stephanie by the way and I'll be here for the next week so if you ever want to do that again just look me up in the submissive apartments or maybe we'll run into each other elsewhere."

"I have a better idea," Molly said. "After we've paid our fees why don't we go back to Holly's car and exchange information? That way you two lovers can see where this new friendship takes you beyond these walls."

"I...I'd actually really like that," Holly replied to her sister's surprise.

"As would I. Full disclosure, you're the first woman I ever had sex with as well and I loved every second of it."

"Really?"

"God yes! I've been curious all my life and seeing you covered in so much sweet semen was enough to finally push me to try it so I guess I have you to thank for confirming my bisexuality."

“Before we get too far ahead of ourselves, where are you from?” Holly asked. “I mean, this place gets a million visitors a year from all over the world and I don’t want to find myself in a relationship with someone living on the other side of the planet.”

“I live here in Rome,” Stephanie answered, referring to the city in Wisconsin where the Domination Farm was located and not the capital of Italy most people think of when they hear the name. “What about you?”

“We’re also from here. About forty minutes southwest.”

“Fifteen minutes west,” Stephanie grinned.

“I think we can make that work.” Hooking her left arm around her new friend’s waist, Holly pulled Stephanie close and gave her a long kiss before stepping back. “Yeah, I can definitely make this work,” she smiled. Taking a step forward, she was greeted by an athletic looking woman wearing only a light blue collar around her neck and matching heels on her feet. But it was the brand on her left breast reading SPUNKYTITS that drew the longest gaze.

“Welcome to the Domination Farm. Will you be registering as a bare-neck or submissive today?”

“Um, bare-neck.”

Sliding a pile of papers attached to a clipboard under the glass front of the kiosk, Spunkytits continued. “I’ll just need you to read and fill out these forms and then you’ll be in there getting dominated in no time. And don’t worry, you won’t lose your place in line. Whenever you’re ready just hand them back to me and I’ll finish the registration process.”

“Um, actually, thanks to my sister’s brilliant idea I filled everything out online on the way here,” Holly replied. Her twin actually filled the forms out, but that was something Spunkytits did not need to know. “It said all I needed to do was show you my ID and sigh my name once here and I’d be all set.”

“Perfect. Name?”

“Holly MacKenzie.”

“I’m her sister Molly and I’ll be transferring money from my account to hers,” Molly said as she stepped up next to her twin.

“From your DF Account?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“You understand there’s a one swat charge per twenty dollar transfer, right?”

“I know. And I’ll be transferring a thousand dollars so I’ve got fifty swats coming.”

“Holy shit, sis! I have my own money, you know?”

“I know, but you’re only here because of me and mom so the least I can do is pay your way. My mind is made up so don’t bother arguing with me over it.”

“Suit yourself.”

Thirteen minutes later, Holly and Molly were registered for a day, and after the former had exchanged information with her new friend Stephanie the two sisters were on their way into the infamous Domination Farm. The normal mandatory tours temporarily suspended, they quickly left the small waiting room and stepped out into a world of perversion Holly had only heard tales about. Straight ahead she saw the long line of cocksucking pillories her sister had been tricked into and behind them her eyes went to four women dressed in full pony gear pulling men on carts around a track. And to her immediate right was a small café where she watched a busty woman squirting breast milk into a man's cup of coffee.

"Holy hell!"

"I know, right?" Molly replied. "Come on, let's go get you something to wear and then I have to go get my swats. We'll meet right there at the Hot Momma Café in two hours. Please promise me you won't go into any of the buildings looking for mom."

"I promise nothing," Holly said as she continued looking around.

A tall, curvy brunette wearing a formfitting purple and silver dress with diamond-shaped cutouts along the sides walking another brunette dressed in what appeared to be puppy gear approached and stopped several feet in front of the twins. She gave Molly a once over and then turned her attention to Holly. "Pardon me, my pet needs to use the restroom. Would you mind?"

"Huh? Why would I care if your pet has to use the restroom?" Holly asked. She then saw the res band around the woman's right bicep. "Mistress. Sorry, this is my first time here and I'm still learning the rules."

"I see. Let me explain then. As soon as my pet saw the two of you entering the Farm she begged me to ask if one of you would permit her to use you as her toilet. And since you're a bare-neck I want it to be you."

"I don't...OH GOD!" Holly exclaimed, her eyes going wide with understanding.

“She wants to pee on me?”

“More precisely, Puppybitch would like you to drink it.”

“Remember the rules, Holly. You’re a bare-neck so you may politely decline, but if you make a scene you can get into trouble,” Molly reminded her sister. “You’ll also get in trouble if you agree to do it and then change your mind.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think I can stomach drinking pee so I’m going to have to politely decline.”

“Shame,” the woman sighed. “I guess that leaves you,” she said to Molly.

“I apologize, Mistress, but I’m with my sister on this one. I’m going to have to politely refuse.”

“That collar around your neck marks you as a slave meaning you are required to obey any and all commands from Dominants.”

“Actually, Mistress, I’m a registered submissive which permits me to politely decline. If you like I can prove it with a simple scan.”

“Please do.”

“Of course, Mistress.” Turning to her sister, Molly continued. “Pay attention sis, because this very thing might happen to you if collared.” Walking over to a pole near the Hot Momma Café, she scanned her bracer at a terminal and a moment later her information popped up on the screen. “See, Mistress, it says right here that...WHAT THE FUCK? This is supposed to say submissive, not slave!”

“Sounds like something you’ll need to take up with your owner. But seeing as how you’re in the system as a slave I’ll ask again for you to permit my pet to use you as her toilet.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Dropping to her knees, Molly parted her lips and waited as her twin watched in jaw-dropped shock.

“Are you seriously going to drink her piss?”

“I have no choice, Holly. If I refuse I’ll be registered a Farm slave and that’s the

last thing I want.” Puppybitch stood up and placed her vulva against Molly’s open mouth, but before she had a chance to pee Holly stepped between them. “Please don’t make this any harder than it has to be,” Molly begged.

“Shut up.” Gently moving Puppybitch back, Holly got down on her knees. “You may not have a choice in the matter, but I do and I’m...oh man...I’m choosing to let her use me as her toilet.” Placing her mouth over the slave’s vulva, she waited. A moment later the warm, fluid hit the back of her throat and she swallowed – doing her best not to think about what she was rapidly gulping down. When the stream finally trickled to a stop, she gave Puppybitch a few licks and then leaned back. Remembering the rules, she looked up and smiled. “Thank you for using me as your toilet.”

“Thank you for permitting me to use you as my toilet,” Puppybitch replied. Getting back onto her hands and knees, she crawled to her Mistress’s right side and sat.

“Well, that was unexpected, but since you volunteered to take your sister’s place no rules were broken. Enjoy the rest of your day.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Holly said as her belly angrily groaned.

“I can’t believe you did that!”

“That makes two of us.”

“And you didn’t spill a drop. How was it? Are you going to throw up?”

“It tasted about how I imagined it would and no, I don’t think I’m going to throw up but my stomach definitely isn’t happy about what I just drank. Anywhere around here I can brush my teeth or get a mint?”

“We can only use the submissive apartments if we’re staying more than a day so that’s out. As for a mint, um, I suppose we can try one of the restaurants after we get you into your new clothes. Damn! You really did it. You drank someone’s piss.”

“Yeah, well, I only did it because she gave you no choice. Now what did she mean you’re registered as a slave?”

“That’s what the system says. Scan yours and see what comes up.”

Slowly getting to her feet, Holly walked over to the scanner and swiped her right wrist. Her information came up on the screen and they both read the words BARE-NECK in the status box. “Looks like mine’s correct. So, who do we talk to about getting yours fixed?”

“Someone at the main office which is right over there, but we’ll need mom since she’s technically now my owner. But before then we really do need to get you to the clothing store and I have swats to accept.

“Shit! I just thought of something. They’re not going to ask us to have sex are they?”

“No. Incest is strictly forbidden and since we’re identical twins there’s no way in hell anyone can get away with saying they didn’t know we’re related.”

“Thank god. I mean, you’re beautiful and all, but, well, you’re my sister and that’s a line I’m not willing to cross.”

“That makes two of us.”

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Choosing to allow the system to dictate what her free clothing would be, Holly walked out of the Fetish Clothing Store an hour later wearing a catsuit appropriately patterned after a panther with the breasts and entire crotch and ass areas cut away for ease of access, a headband with ears, a much larger than was comfortable tailed plug stuffing her behind and a pair of knee-high boots.

Not wanting to walk around completely naked despite the fact she would still be showing off the goods, Molly went with a pair of thigh-high boots, garter belt, opera gloves and underbust corset all in dark purple with silver accents.

“Show me where mom works,” Holly said as they exited the shop.

“What did I say about entering buildings?”

“I want to have my nipples pierced so we’re completely identical.”

“Fine, since I know you’ll end up wandering in one building and out another looking for her, follow this road back to Domination Drive and head north to Ponygirl Parkway. The body modification building will be the first one on your left in front of the Auction Block. When you’re finished come meet me at the Hot Momma Café. And Holly, if you’re going for identical then you’ll get fourteen gauge rings.”

“Will do.” Splitting up for the first time since their arrival at the Domination Farm, Holly headed in the direction of their mother’s place of employment while Molly walked the opposite direction to Masochist Row and the fifty swats of the cane that awaited her.

Pulling the door of the one-story brick building open, Holly took a deep breath and then stepped inside. Walking to the counter with purpose, she smiled at the topless Farm slave on duty. “I’d like to have my nipples pierces please.”

“Of course. Just scan your chip and I’ll get that into the system right away.” Holly scanned and a moment later the woman looked from her to the screen. “MacKenzie? Are you related to Mistress Alexis by any chance?”

“She’s my mother and the only one I want piercing me if that’s at all possible.”

“Well, seeing as she’s the only one on duty that won’t be a problem. Please take a seat and she’ll be with you as soon as she can.”

“Thanks.” Looking at the row of dildo seats, Holly found one with only a single dildo attached and after using the provided wipes, lube and specially designed condoms, she chewed her lower lip– silently thanking the men for the double vaginal as she slid down the long, thick shaft until fully seated.

Mistress Alexis emerged from a back room moments after a teary-eyed blonde sporting a fresh brand on her left breast. About to call out a name, she stopped, took one look at her daughter and walked over. “What in the hell are you doing here Holly? Molly told you, didn’t she? I swear to god I’m going to…”

“She didn’t tell me anything, mom. Is it my turn to be pierced, Mistress?”

“Let’s go. Jigglyjugs, I’m going to do this bare-neck’s work and then take the rest of the afternoon off so call Master Jerome to fill in for me.”

“As you wish, Mistress,” the woman at the counter replied.

Silent until walking in the small work room, Alexis shut the door and then turned to her daughter. “If Molly didn’t tell you then why are you here? Give me one reason I shouldn’t punish you for breaking the only real rule I ever gave the two of you.”

“Uncle James. Or should I say dad?” The look as if she had just been slapped across the face spoke volumes. “So it’s true then?”

“I don’t know who told you...”

“Just stop right there mom. I know it’s true because you and dad said it yourself and I have the video evidence to prove it so just pierce my nipples so we can go have a very long and awkward conversation. Oh, and did you know Molly was registered as a slave because it sure surprised the hell out of her.”

“I told her if she continued coming back I’d change her status and that’s exactly what happened. If she’s here with you then she’ll be treated as a sex slave on this and all future visits.” Walking over to a sink, Alexis thoroughly washed and then dried her hands. She then put on a pair of blue nitrile gloves and gathered everything she would need to pierce her daughter’s nipples. “Stand there and don’t move.” Placing a ring in the hollowed end of a needle, she was about to push it through Holly’s right nipple when hands came up. “What did I just tell you?”

“Are those fourteen gage rings?”

“Of course they are. I’m your mother, remember? Now lock your hands behind your head. And if you move them before I’m done you’ll be caned. Is that understood?”

“Yes mother. Um, sorry, Mistress.” The needle slid into the tender flesh of her right nipple causing her to gasp and inhale sharply, but Holly did not move an inch. The left nipple was pierced just as quickly and three minutes later she was sporting the same ruby beaded rings as her twin.

“Where is your sister waiting?” Alexis asked as she cleaned up.

“She’s off somewhere getting fifty swats for putting money on my account and

then we're supposed to meet her at the Hot Momma Café, Mistress. God, that sounds so weird."

"Tell me about it, but those are the rules and you'll follow them to the letter or you will be punished accordingly."

"Yes Mistress. Are you going to collar me now?"

"Do you want me to collar you?"

"Did Molly want you to collar her, Mistress?"

"She agreed it was in her best interest."

"Best interest that got her registered as a sex slave against her will I might add, Mistress."

"She knew what would happen if she continued coming here so only has herself to blame for her new status."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, Mistress? Anyways, you know we have to be identical in all things so you might as well register me as your slave and get it over with."

"You understand that if I collar and register you as a sex slave you'll be required to obey any and all commands given by any Master or Mistress that wishes to use you whether you like it or not?"

"I was fucked by a black man, had sex with a woman, did double vaginal as part of a triple penetration and drank piss since Molly and I got here so, I'm well passed doing things I don't like, Mistress. Oh, and that last one, the drinking piss, I only did that because you registered Molly as a slave and left her no choice in the matter."

"Oh my god! You drank your sister's pee?"

"What? NO! I drank the pee of some puppy slave because her Mistress commanded Molly to do it and that's when she discovered she was a registered slave and, whatever, it doesn't matter. The only thing I want to know is why you and dad lied to us all our lives. We had a right to know who our real father was

whether he was there for us the entire time or not.”

“You’re right, you did deserve to know, but you need to understand where we’re coming from, Holly. James and I are step-siblings and that’s...”

“Not illegal, Mistress.”

“No, not illegal, but definitely frowned upon especially by your very religious grandparents on both sides. Grandparents, I might add, who never would have paid for us or you and Molly to go to college had they known the truth. And do I even need to mention the nice home you’re living in curtesy of them?”

“You mean the home you own?”

“Only as of last year. My mother paid for the house and I was paying her back. If she had known James and I were lovers she would have disowned us years ago and god only knows where we’d be living right now. And before you ask, no, they don’t know I work here either.”

“And is it true dad is a Master that owns a bunch of dungeons across the country?”

“Where are you getting this information?”

“I told you, I have video evidence.”

“Okay, and where did this evidence come from?”

“A woman named Zenzele Hall.”

“That fucking bitch!” Yanking the work room door open, Alexis stomped out. Holly followed a moment later and the two of them left the shop.

“Where are you going?”

“To kick that fucking whore’s ass and I don’t give a shit if it gets me fired or registered as a god damn Farm slave it’ll be worth it.”

Stepping in front of her mother, Holly held her hands up. “Just cool your jets, mom, um, Mistress. “I don’t know who this Zenzele woman is other than she

seems to know you and dad pretty damn well, but I'm not going to stand by and let you do something stupid. Let's just find Molly and then go home so we can talk about this like rational adults."

"She had no right to..."

"You had no right to lie to us our entire lives," Holly cut her mother off. "What's done is done and I want your word you'll leave her alone or you might as well disown me right now."

Alexis glared into her daughter's eyes for a full minute before replying. "Fine, I won't lay a hand on her. Now let's go get you registered."

"Yes Mistress."

Not even a little happy about being registered as a sex slave to her own mother, Holly was even less pleased when she heard the woman on the other side of the desk whether her slave name would be tattooed or branded on her left breast.

“WHOA! What does she mean, Mistress?”

“All registered slaves are given a slave name which is to be tattooed or branded on their left breast,” her mother explained. “You and Molly are no different. I would like this one’s slave name to be Twincest Pisspot and my other slave Molly will be Twincest Cumpot.”

“As you command, Mistress,” the woman replied. “Your other slave will have until the end of the day to receive her name. If not then her status will change to Farm slave.”

“Understood. Come on, Twincest Alpha, let’s go get you branded.”

“You can’t seriously expect me to let someone brand me mom! I mean, Mistress. And Twincest? Don’t you think that sounds an awful lot like incest?”

“That’s the point. Slave names are meant to be humiliating and degrading and what’s more humiliating than people thinking you’re into that sort of thing?”

“Nothing I can think of.”

“Then it’s the perfect name. Now let’s go find Twincest Beta. Oh, and it won’t be just anyone branding you. Master Jeromy is, well, a master at all forms of body modification and taught me everything I know.”

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Molly saw her sister and mother sitting at a table and as she approached the pair her wyes caught the metal collar around Holly’s neck. “God damn it, holly, what did you do?” she asked as she walked to the other side of the table giving them both a good look at her welt-covered behind. “And you,” she said to her mother, “what the actual fuck? You registered me as a slave?”

“I told you the last time you were here what would happen if you ever return and you refused to listen so now you get to pay the consequences of your actions. Before we get into why we’re all really here there’s the matter of your slave name so let’s go get that taken care of before you’re registered as Farm slaves.”

“Holly?”

“Actually, it’s Twincest Pisspot,” Holly said as her cheeks burned bright red.
“And you’re Twincest Cumpot”

“You know we can just leave and never come back, right?” Molly said to her sister. “We don’t have to let her brand us.”

“I think we both know it’s too late for that, Holly sighed. Come on, let’s just go and get it done with so we can move on with our lives.”

“As sex slaves you mean?”

“You watched the same video I did, sis, and despite everything she and dad has told us the last nineteen years can you look me in the eyes and honestly tell me this isn’t exactly what they expected us to become?”

“No, no I cannot.”

“Then let’s give them what they want.”

“This is the exact opposite of what we wanted for the two of you. But, seeing as how you’re so hell-bent on disobeying the one and only rule I ever enforced you’re going to be branded and you’re going to be trained as ex slaves or you’ll be completely cut off from the family funds. Meaning no new cars, no free college and certainly no free home when you get your degree. Since I’m your mother and can’t do the training myself you’ll be trained here at the Domination Farm every summer including this one and during every break from school longer than a weekend. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Molly answered.

“But I was planning a road trip with Dana next week, Mistress,” Holly replied.

“You’ll have to cancel it. If you leave the Farm before semester starts in the fall

you'll be cut off. This is your one and only warning."

"Fine, I understand, Mistress How long do we have to put our lives on hold to be trained?"

"Until you're fully trained. Which, here, means mastering every fetish known to man until you're able to do them without hesitation or complaint. Best guess? Two or three years, but why don't we say until you finish undergrad?"

"But I'll be starting a five year program, Mistress, and Twincest Cumpot is only in a four year one. That's hardly fair."

"Life's not fair. You have my terms now accept them and follow me to get branded or go home and start packing." Sliding her chair back, Alexis got up and started walking in the direction of the body modification building.

"You're the one that said let's give them what they wanted," Molly shrugged at her sister. Standing, she caught up to their mother and a few moments later they were joined by Holly.

"Can we at least have a week or two for the brands to heal before our training begins, Mistress? Also I'd like to explain to my friends why they're not going to see me for the rest of the summer and why Dana is going to have to find someone else to take on the trip."

"I'll give you one moth to heal and even go on your vacation if you want, but in exchange you're going to have to get your right breast branded as well."

"What the fuck, mom, are you serious?"

"That'll be fifty swats for once again forgetting to call me Mistress. And yes, I'm serious. That's my offer, take it or leave it."

"What do I have to get branded on me this time, Mistress?"

"Doesn't really matter. You either accept or you don't. I should say if you don't accept your training will begin immediately. Also, as sex slaves you technically have no say in what happens to your body so count yourself lucky I'm giving you the choice."

“She’s right, sis,” Molly chimed in as the three of them walked past three men fucking each other. “A slave means giving up all human rights and accepting that you are now nothing more than an object whose sole purpose is to please their owner.”

“God damn it! Fine, I accept, Mistress.

Pulling the door open, Alexis waved her daughters into the building. Going up to the counter she gave Jigglyjugs a brief smile. “I’m here to have my slaves branded with their names and Twincest Pisspot here will also be getting Muffmuncher branded on her right breast. You know what, let’s put it on her mound instead. Is Master Jeromy incredibly busy?”

“He’s got nine more in line, Mistress.”

“Well, I guess my break is over. I’ll go ahead and do the work myself.”

“As you command, Mistress.”

Following their mother into a different work room, the new slaves saw two pieces devices bolted to the wall to their right. Molly immediately recognized them as Saint Andrews crosses, but to Holly they were just large metal X’s. Ten minutes later they were both strapped securely in place with penis gags filling their mouths and half an hour after that they were screaming into said gags as the searing heat permanently branded their breasts.

Mistress Alexis removed Molly’s gag. “I’m going to give you the same choice as Pisspot over there. One month to recover before training begins in exchange for a brand.”

“I accept, Mistress.” The plug shoved back into her mouth, Molly looked down to see her mother place the branding gun against her mound and a moment later she too would forever wear the words Muffmuncher.

Releasing Molly first, Alexis gave her permission to go home and rest. Holly, on the other hand, was directed to Masochist Row to receive her fifty swats for disrespect on threat that if she did not take them immediately she would get quadruple when she came back for training. Though in incredible pain, the newly named slave opted to get her first ever punishment done and over with as quickly as possible.

Leaving the body modification building feeling sick to her stomach, and weak in the knees, Holly ambled down Ponygirl Parkway past the Girl Mart and Mud pit on her left and the back side of the Cummypaws Training Facility on her right. Shuffling past one of the communal showers and the Tap-A-Tap – a bar where the finest vintage was stored in the vaginas of only the highest grade slaves, she turned north onto Masochist row to the sounds of men and women alike grunting, groaning and yelping in pain as Master and Mistress taught them a lesson in respect. In the hopes of getting off easy, which goes to show just how little she knew about the lifestyle, Holly walked up to a stern-looking woman wearing a red corset dress with black accents and lacing. “Excuse me, Mistress.”

“What is it, slave?”

How the woman knew Holly was a slave was beyond her, but she went with it. “My Mistress sent me here to receive fifty swats for disrespect, Mistress, and I was hoping you could give them to me.”

“Of course. I assume you’re familiar with the rules regarding discipline?”

“Not exactly, Mistress. This is actually my first day as a slave and I’ve never been, um, disciplined before.”

“I see. It’s quite simple, but first, did your Mistress specify where the swats were to be delivered?”

Holly thought a moment and then gulped. “N-No Mistress.”

“The rules are quite simple. A sex slave should be able to accept her punishment with grace, dignity and respect. To that end, after every swat you’ll count and say: thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson. If you scream and fuss, move from the designated position or forget to count and give thanks an additional ten swats will be added for every infraction. With me so far?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Great. That’s it. Those are the rules. Now, I would like you to stand right where you are with your legs spread approximately two feet apart and your hand locked together behind your head. You fifty swats will be delivered as I see fit to your breasts, inner and outer thighs, ass and back. Any questions before we begin?”

“Should I keep the clothes on or take them off, Mistress?”

“You may leave them on but the tail will have to go until the punishment is over.”

“Yes Mistress.” Thankful to give her asshole a break, Holly reached back and gently pulled the plug free.

“I said the tail, not the plug.”

“I don’t understand, Mistress.”

“Wow, it really is your first day at this isn’t it?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“The tails are detachable, slave. Put the plug back up your ass and then give the tail a half twist to the right it should then slide right out.”

“Yes Mistress.” Disappointed, Holly never the less did as commanded and a moment later her tail was lying across a spanking bench. Getting into position, she watched the Mistress move to her right. “Before we begin I have one more question if that’s okay, Mistress.”

“You may ask.”

“May I know your name, Mistress?”

“My name is Mistress Kelly.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Holly watched the thin length of wood slicing through the air on a direct course with her breasts and knew there was no way in hell she was going to be able to take it without at least yelping and she was right. As the bamboo bit into her breasts just above the areolas, she jumped back while bringing her hands around to defensively cover her breasts at the same time she let out a wail of agony.

“God damn son of a fucking fuck that hurt!”

“It wouldn’t be punishment otherwise. For breaking position, forgetting to count,

forgetting to give thanks and saying something other than the count and thanks forty additional swats will be added. If you're not back in position in the next five seconds we'll make it an even one hundred."

Her only alternative to walk away from her family, Holly reluctantly got back into position and though it still hurt like hell was more prepared for what was coming even if this time it was aimed at her inner left thigh.

One week later...

Her brands healed enough to no longer hurt, Holly had her bags packed – making sure to only bring along clothes that would completely hide her slave name, and she and her best friend Dana were on the road for a two week Vegas vacation. Hoping to wait until the last possible second to explain her new life, Holly sighed when Dana asked about the collar she wore.

“Don’t get me wrong, I think it looks cool, but what’s with the collar?”

“I’d rather not talk about it.”

“Um, okay. You know we’re going to be on the road for like the next two days, right?”

“Please, just let it wait until we get back and I promise to explain everything.”

“You know that only makes me want to know even more, right? Come on, just spill it already. What the...oh my god! You went didn’t you? That’s why you’ve been so secretive lately. You got that at the Domination Farm. Holy shit! Are you a submissive or slave? What’s it like there? Who the heck collared you and why did you let them?”

“Yes. Yes. Slave. It’s the craziest place you can imagine and I was collared by my mother. Don’t ask.”

“Um, what? You’re having sex with your own mother? Jesus Christ, Holly what in the hell is wrong with you?”

“No, I’m not having sex with my mother. She collared me and Molly to prevent anyone else from doing it. Turns out she’s been working there for the last twenty freaking years. Oh, and it turns out my Uncle James is actually our father so there’s that.”

“Whoa! You mean your mother’s brother? That Uncle James?”

“Step-brother, and yeah. We just found out the truth last week. Please don’t make a big deal of it or you can take me home and forget I exist. I just want to enjoy the last vacation I’m going to get for the next five years.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Seeing as how I’m going to have to tell everyone eventually I might as well start with you. I’m a slave in training now, Dana, and until I graduate I have to spend every summer and all vacations longer than a weekend at the Domination Farm being trained.”

“Damn! That’s pretty hardcore. I don’t suppose you’re allowed visitors?”

“Probably, but do you really want to risk getting collared and trained?”

“I don’t know. What’s it like?”

“I don’t start my training until after we get back so I have no idea.”

“Well, seeing as how you’re a sex slave and all does that mean you have to obey everything I say?”

“Technically.”

“Nice.”

“Please don’t abuse our friendship.”

“I have no intentions of abusing our friendship or anything else for that matter, but if you have to obey everything I say then I might finally be able to show you the joys of lesbian sex.”

“Too late. I’ve already had sex with another woman at the Farm and I really liked it. But that being said, I’ll gladly have sex with you if that’s what you want.”

“Yes please. I guess I might as well also tell you I was planning to shock you with a trip to a brothel, but I guess that’s lame now compared to being a sex

slave so I suppose we can forget doing that.”

“Not necessarily. If you want to go to the Bunny Ranch I won’t complain, but I’d much rather stay in the hotel room and play with you.”

“That can be arranged. And suddenly I see us saving a lot of money not gambling.”

“You know, we don’t have to go to Vegas. We can get a hotel room anywhere and you can spend the next two weeks dominating me.”

“As awesome as that sounds, I don’t know the first thing.”

“Then I guess I’m lucky we live in the freaking internet age,” Holly smirked. “Seriously though, I’m giving you every chance to fulfill your every desire with me, Dana, are you really going to turn it down because you don’t know how to dominate me?”

“Hell no. I’m just saying I don’t know the first thing about it is all. So, is that what you want to do then?”

“You tell me. Would you rather drive eighteen hundred miles, spend three grand and drive all that way back most likely broke. Or would you prefer to spend some of that money buying a few toys and spending the next two weeks having your way with me?”

“Well, since you put it that way. But we can’t exactly do that sort of thing in a hotel can we?”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know. When I think bdsm I imagine big pieces of furniture and equipment. Do you really want to carry that sort of thing into a hotel where we might run into someone we know?”

“I’m a sex slave now, Dana, what I want doesn’t matter.”

“Bullshit.”

“That’s what it means to be a sex slave.”

“Not to me it doesn’t. Hold on, let me make a call.” Fishing through her purse with one hand and holding the steering wheel in the other, Dana grabbed her phone, scrolled through her lengthy list of contacts and pressed her thumb down on the name Uncle Jerry. It rang three times and then she heard the scruffy voice of her favorite uncle on the other end. “Hey Uncle Jerry, Holly and I were wondering if we could use your cabin for the next two weeks.”

“I thought you were going to Vegas?”

“We’re talking about saving our money by staying somewhere a little closer to home and what’s cheaper than borrowing your favorite uncle’s vacation cabin?”

“Flattery will get you everywhere young lady,” Jerry laughed. “Let me head over and make sure everything’s up and running and then it’s all yours for as long as you need it.”

“Is the electric on?”

“Nope. Well, it’s technically on, but the breakers are off. If you’re thinking food, then I’d order in or wait a few hours to give the fridge time to cool down. I’ll head over that way now. When can I expect the two of you?”

“Um, we were going to go shopping, but we can head there now and shop later.”

“No biggie. I’ll just leave the key in the usual place.”

“Thanks Uncle Jerry, you’re the best.”

“I know.” They had a short laugh and then hung up.

“Settled. He’s going to head over and set the place up while we go shopping.”

“I have a very serious question. If we’re buying large pieces of equipment and furniture for this kinky getaway what are we going to do with it once the vacation is over?”

“You said you and Molly were being trained as slaves and your mother works at the Domination Farm, right?”

“So my place then.”

“If that’s going to be a problem we can always put it in storage until after graduation.”

“Nah, it shouldn’t be a problem. Okay, one more serious question. Are you absolutely certain you want to take our friendship in this direction? I only ask because once we do this there’s no going back to the way things are now and I don’t want things to get weird between us.”

“I have a serious question of my own. Is this only a two week deal or will we continue as Mistress and slave after the vacation ends?”

“You’re my best friend, Dana, and I trust you more than anyone else in the world. That being said, why don’t we wait and see how we’re feeling in the next two weeks?”

“Fair enough. As for your question, yes, I want to give it a try but make no promises that I’ll be any good at it.”

“No pressure. If you want I’ll spend the day setting up our makeshift dungeon while you research the lifestyle on the internet.” A brilliant idea suddenly popping into her head, Holly fished her phone from her purse. “I need to make a call.” Dialing her father, she put it on speaker.

“Hey Holly, what’s up?”

“You busy dad?”

“Never too busy for you.”

“I have a potentially huge favor to ask so feel free to say no. I have Dana here with me and we’ve been talking. Please don’t tell mom or anyone else this, but instead of Vegas she’s going to spend the next two weeks dominating me at her uncle’s cabin. That got me thinking. If she wants to be my Mistress can you put in a word for her at the Domination Farm so they’ll permit me to be transferred from mom to her?”

“I think that can be arranged,” James replied to his daughter’s delight.

“Thanks dad. You’re on speaker by the way.”

“Hi Mr. MacKenzie,” Dana said.

“Hey Dana. Do a good job with my daughter or I’ll ship you off to my most brutal dungeon.”

“DAD!”

“I’m joking...mostly.”

“Like I told Holly, I don’t have the foggiest idea what I’m doing but I’m willing to learn.”

“You can always get a job at one of my clubs or dungeons. Then I won’t have to lie for you.”

“Unfortunately, my parents aren’t as cool as you and Mrs. MacKenzie. They’d disown me the second they found out I was working at a place like that.”

“Then how on earth do you think you can effectively dominate my daughter?”

“I...”

“Dad can you please stop grilling my best friend and just do me this favor?”

“I’ll stop grilling her, but if she wants a recommendation from me she’s going to have to spend at least six months working in one of my dungeons to prove she’s serious about learning the lifestyle and so that she gets some hands on experience being a Mistress. And before either of you open your mouth to protest this is not negotiable. Take it or leave it.”

“I’ll see how the next two weeks go for us, and then I’ll give you my answer, Mr. MacKenzie.”

“Fair enough. Enjoy your trip.”

“Thanks dad.”

Hanging up the phone, James placed it on the coffee table and then looked up at the woman he had spent the last year serving. “Thank you for permitting this useless slave to take that phone call Mistress.”

“You’re welcome, slave,” Mistress Larissa replied. “Now go fetch me something to drink.”

“Yes Mistress.” Dropping onto all fours, James – a broken shell of the former domineering man he used to be, crawled across the hardwood living room floor and into the kitchen.

Grabbing the key from the false bottom of a handmade birdhouse hanging from an old oak tree, Dana rushed into the cabin and into the bathroom, almost making it to the toilet before the door swung open and Holly grabbed her by the hand and pulled her away. “What the hell?”

“Sorry, mistress, but I suppose it’s time I tell you what else I did during my brief stint at the Domination Farm. Actually, this happened before I made it through the sign-up line but whatever.” Dropping to her knees, Holly pulled her best friend closer. “Use me as your toilet.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m a slave now, Mistress and part of my training will be drinking piss so please use me as your toilet.”

“I’m not...”

“Dammit, Dana! I know this is difficult, but if you’re going to be my Mistress you’re going to have to get over your inhibitions. Now please piss down my fucking throat. Mistress.” It was honestly the last thing she wanted to do, but at the same time she knew it was an inevitability of her training so settled on practicing with her hopefully permanent future Mistress. Leaning in, she placed her mouth over Dana’s vulva. Her friend gasped and attempted to step back, but Holly’s hands on her ass pulled her even closer. Unable to hold back any longer, she did it. She pissed in her best friend’s mouth and to her complete shock not a drop spilled.

“OH MY GOD!”

“Thank you for using me as your toilet Mistress.”

“Um, you’re welcome I think.”

Taking her shirt and bra off, Holly got to her feet and showed her best friend her branded left breast. “This is my slave name, Mistress, and before you ask, no,

Molly and I are not fucking each other either. Our mother gave us the names as a way to totally humiliate us. There's one more." Taking her shorts and panties off, she watched Dana's eyes drift down to her branded mound. "It's true too. I ate my first pussy there and I loved it. Oh, and I also got the nipples pierced the same day."

"Good lord! And you're okay with all of this?"

"I'm a slave now, Mistress. My feelings are irrelevant."

"Not to me. I'm not going to treat you like a piece of shit just because you're a slave now, Holly, so if that's what you want then this was all a huge mistake."

"I don't want you to treat me like Shit, Mistress, but you need to understand that as a slave I have no say in what you do to me. I am literally putting my life in your hands and trusting you not to fuck me up too badly. You want me to have sex with a hundred men? A thousand? I'll do it. You want to ram your fist up my ass? Command me to bend over. And as horribly disgusting as it sounds, if you commanded me to have sex with a dog I'd do it with a smile even if I was crying on the inside. That, Mistress, is what it means to be a slave."

"And Molly?"

"If you commanded me to have sex with her, I'd do everything in my power to make it happen, Mistress, but I won't force her or anyone else to participate."

"Damn! Leaves a lot to think about. I honestly never knew you were this fucking perverted, Holly."

"Honestly, until it happened neither did I, Mistress. One more thing before I go get the stuff from the car. Don't ask, do."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning if there's something you want me to do then command me to do it or just use me as you see fit. There's no need to ask my permission because as your slave you already have it."

"This is going to take some getting used to."

“I know Mistress. Believe me, this isn’t as easy as I’m making it out to be but it’s my life now and I’m doing my best to accept it. May I go get the toys from the car now Mistress?”

“You may. And while you’re doing that I think I’ll go do some much needed research.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“You don’t have to keep thanking me, Holly.”

“I’m trying to be respectful, mistress. You’ll understand once you do the research.” Not bothering to get dressed, Holly walked out of the bathroom. Going outside, she took in the rolling pastures and huge pond surrounded by untold acres of heavy forest that separated them from the rest of the world. It was beautiful. Serene. And Holly hoped the next two weeks would lead to something more with her timid new Mistress, but could see a lot of work ahead if she wanted to get her to open up and show her true potential as a dominant personality.

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Moving the bed and dresser from the guest bedroom into the main one, Holly spend the next several hours setting up their new Saint Andrews, spanking bench, three varieties of sex machines as well as laid out canes, paddles, floggers, clamps, gags and a wide range of sex toys from the ever-popular strapless strap-on, to butt plugs as thin as a finger to thicker than her balled up fist and everything in-between. It was cramped until she moved the dresser back into the room and made use of drawer space.

Sometime around nine, completely exhausted and in need of a break, Holly went to the living room and knelt at her best friend’s feet. “How’s the research going, Mistress?”

“Enlightening. How’s the dungeon coming along?”

“Finished, Mistress.”

“Well, I’ve learned a great deal more about the lifestyle than I ever imagined possible and while I’m not going to pretend I’m a pro at it now, I do feel much

more comfortable with the idea of dominating you. That being said, I'm starving. Order us something to eat and after dinner we'll have our first session."

"Yes Mistress. You know this area better than I do. Where can I order from?"

"Unless he threw them away there should be flyers for places that deliver here in one of the kitchen drawers."

"Thank you Mistress. Is there anything in particular you're in the mood for?"

Seeing the look in her friend's eye, Dana changed what she was going to say. "I want my usual pizza and you can have a burger," she said, knowing it was her new slave's least favorite foods.

"Yes Mistress." Smiling ear to ear, Holly crawled to the kitchen and searched the drawers until she found a stack of flyers. It took several minutes for her to find one that delivered pizza and burgers, but she eventually placed the order and then returned to her Mistress. "It'll be forty minutes to an hour Mistress. I also want to say thank you for ordering for me. I know you picked a burger because it's my least favorite food, but that's okay. It shows that you're starting to understand the power dynamic we now share and that makes me incredibly happy."

"Shut up and eat my pussy, slave."

"Yes Mistress."

"And you better make me orgasm before the food arrives or you'll be disciplined."

"Yes Mistress." Challenge accepted, Holly thought as she reached up and unbuttoned Dana's shorts. Pulling them and her panties off, she dropped them to the floor and then did her best to live up to the brand on her mound. "How many fingers may I use, Mistress?"

"You must've misunderstood me slave. I said eat my pussy not finger it. You'll only use your tongue."

"As you command, Mistress." Her heart racing with excitement, Holly sucked Dana's meaty inner labia into her mouth and gently nibbled on them before

showing her clit some loving. Dana's legs parted even more as she scoot down in the chair. Not wanting to voice her pleasure, Dana did her best to stifle her moans if only to keep her new slave guessing.

"I feel as if I should warn you that of the seven women I've been with none have ever made me orgasm using only their tongues."

Not one to back away from a challenge, Holly bit her New Mistress' hooded clit and then quickly flicked the tiny bundle of nerved with the tip of her tongue. It was apparently enough to send her over the edge because Dana's thighs slammed shut on either side of her head and she got her first mouthful of pussy juices as her best friend erupted in what was most definitely the fastest orgasm of her life. Lapping it up, Holly continued licked, nibbling, sucking and biting for three more intense orgasms and would have kept going but a knock at the door signaled a momentary end to the fun.

Butt naked, Holly jumped up, grabbed the cash off the coffee table and then opened the door, giving the delivery woman full view of her nakedness. Seeing the sort of cute, kind of chubby blonde staring, she cleared her throat. "Can I get that before it gets cold?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry," the woman blushed. "I didn't mean to stare it's just..."

"No worries. Here you go, keep the change, Holly said, sitting the food on the stand inside the door and then handing the woman the money.

"T-Thanks."

"No problem." Closing the door, she picked up the food and carried it into the kitchen.

"That poor woman didn't know where to look," Dana giggled as she joined her slave.

"I wouldn't say that, Mistress. From where I was standing I'd say she got a pretty good look at everything I have to offer."

"You should've invited her in."

"Would you like me to go see if she's still in the driveway, Mistress?"

“Nah. Good job making me orgasm like that though. You’re honestly the first. Well, the first using only their tongue anyways.”

“Thank you mistress. I hope I can continue bringing you such pleasure for a long time to come.” Opening the foam carton, Holly lifted the burger and took a big bite. It was almost as juicy as her Mistress’ pussy, but nowhere near as tasty. Never the less, she gobbled it down without complaint if only to show her Mistress how a good slave should act.