



WILLOW GONE WILD

Crimson Rose



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Past due. Final Notice. Overdue. Second Notice. Credit cards maxed out. Bank account in the double digits. Willow was on the verge of losing everything and unemployment was just not cutting it anymore. Not that she wanted to continue collecting a fraction of her previous pay. Over the last three months she had put in nearly seventy applications, done thirty interviews over zoom and a dozen more to AI programs but nothing came from any of it. The lowest she had ever been, she briefly entertained becoming an escort or prostitute to make some fast cash, but the risk of getting an STD or attacked by a crazy John and possibly killed ended that notion just as quickly as it started. Scouring the internet, she considered becoming a webcam model. And while the money could be good, it took time to get paid and she needed something more immediate. Which is the only reason she called her best friend Monica.

“Hey Willow, what’s up?” Monica answered the phone.

“I’m ready,” Willow answered.

“Cool. For what?”

“To take you up on your offer of a job.”

“Really? Damn! Hell froze over and I missed it. But seriously, are you sure you want to go that route? Don’t get me wrong, I love the idea of you doing porn but you do remember that Sapphic Rose is a lesbian studio, right? That means you’ll have to have sex with other women. Lots and lots of other women. You’ll kiss them. Lick them. Finger them. Drink their orgasm. And so much more. And you’ll have to do it with a smile. Can you do that, Willow? Because if you can’t then I’m afraid I can’t hire you.”

“I understand what I’m getting myself into, but I’m out of options. Is the deal still the same? A five-year contract with a fifty-thousand-dollar sign-on bonus to be paid after my first shoot?”

“Only because your my best friend. But if you’re that desperate for money and

are looking for job security why not go all in?”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning you can sign the five-year, fifty-thousand-dollar contract, a ten-year, one hundred and fifty thousand dollar one. Or a twenty-year contract with a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar sign-on bonus that’ll keep you working into your forties. Personally, if I were in your place that’s the one I’d pick. And not just because I want to see you doing porn for the next two decades. If there’s one thing people love it’s a cougar and Willow, you’re going to be one sexy ass cougar. So, what’ll it be? Five, ten or twenty years?”

“I’m not sure I want to spend twenty years doing lesbian porn so can I take five and see how that goes first?”

“Of course. But you only get one sign-on bonus.”

“Even your best friend?”

“Sorry, babe, but I can’t pick favorites even for you.”

“Shit!”

“How much money do you need to catch up and put aside for the next few months?”

“I need about eleven grand to break even and then another eight to get me through the next three months.”

“So, rounding off you need twenty thousand? If you don’t want to do porn for twenty years then go for five and once you’ve been tested and cleared to perform I’ll schedule a shoot and you’ll get your bonus.”

“And how long will that take?”

“Unfortunately, it’ll take a few weeks. And before you ask, no, I cannot let you skip the tests just because we’re friends. But what I can do is invite you to my place tonight for a little one on one action in my dungeon for which I’ll pay you the twenty thousand you need for the next few months. It will be recorded, of course, and will be sold all over the internet as your first ever porn shoot, but

think of it more like a test to see if you really can have sex with other women.”

“When you say dungeon...”

“I mean just that, Willow. You’ve seen those shitty fifty shades movies. Well, mine puts those to shame. For the duration of the shoot you’ll play the part of submissive and I’ll be the Mistress. If that goes well and you’re a good girl I might even flip roles and let you do the dominating.”

“Ten thousand? How long?”

“Let’s see... it’s eleven now so if you can make it here by noon we’ll go until midnight with a few breaks to catch our breath and grab a bite to eat.”

“I’ll be there in thirty. Do I need to bring anything?”

“Just your sexy self.”

“Then I’ll see you in a bit. And Monica, if this goes well I’ll do twenty.” And with that, Willow hung up and forcefully exhaled. “Fuck me!” she exclaimed. “I can’t believe I just did that,” she said, putting her hand on her chest to feel her racing heart. “I’m going to have sex with my best friend. Lesbian sex. I’m going to be her submissive?” The things desperate people do for money, she thought as she grabbed the keys from the hook by the front door.

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“You’re late,” Monica grinned as she let her best friend in.

“I said thirty minutes.”

“I know. It’s been thirty-three.”

“I can leave.”

“No you can’t. I mean, you can but then you won’t get to experience the pleasures of lesbian sex and submission. You also won’t get paid. Speaking of which, I’d like to sweeten the deal. You need twenty grand, right? If you’re willing to be my sex slave until midnight that’s what you’ll be paid.”

“I’ve already agreed to be your submissive. What’s the difference?”

“Oh babe! So much. How best to put it? Basically, the biggest difference is that submissives have limits and can use safeword and are still human beings. Sex slaves, on the other hand, have none of that. They are nothing more than an object to be used by their owner. Their only purpose to please and obey. They have no limits whatsoever and may not use safewords.”

“I see. So, if I agree to be your slave then you can do whatever you want to me?”

“As long as it’s legal. I’m not going to command you to have sex with a dog, or your family or to go out and rob a bank if that’s what you’re worried about. But if it’s a legal fetish it’s on the table.”

“That sounds like a huge step up from being submissive.”

“Which is why I’m willing to double the price.”

“Seeing as how you can do absolutely anything to me whether I like it or not I think fifty grand is more appropriate.”

“Fifty? Only if you agree to be my sex slave for a week.”

“The weekend,” Willow countered. From now to midnight Sunday.”

“Deal. Before we sign the paperwork and head to the dungeon I want you to be damn sure this is what you want and can handle for three days because if you back out earlier you won’t be paid a penny and the deal to hire you on at the studio will be taken off the table and never offer again. If you understand and accept those terms then say yes Mistress. And if not then say anything else.”

“Before I give you an answer either way can I ask a favor?”

“You may ask, but as my sex slave I can’t make any promises.”

“Two things. First, I want this to remain between us until I’m ready to let others know. And second, I know I’m giving myself to you completely and allowing you to do whatever you like to me, but will you please keep any marks to areas easily covered with clothes?”

“As to the first request, I can agree to that but can’t prevent anyone at the studio from spilling the beans. As for any marks that I may put on your body, I’ll do my best to avoid the extremities.”

“I guess that’s the best I can ask for.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Ask away.”

“Now, I mean yes Mistress. I’m agreeing to your terms.”

“Okay then. Let’s head to the office to get the paperwork out of the way. And just to make it interesting I’d like you to follow me naked and on all fours.”

“Um, are your dogs in the house?”

“Nope, they’re outside. Why? Do you want them to fuck you?” Monica teased.

“NO! Even if it is legal, and it is legal in New Mexico believe it or not, I have no desire whatsoever to get fucked by an animal. Besides, you already swore you’d never make me do it.”

“You’re right, I did say that. And I stick by it because I’m not interested either but I want to know how you know that it isn’t illegal here.”

“Someone told me it was legal and I didn’t believe them,” Willow said as she pulled her baby blue tee shirt off over her head. “so I went home and looked it up and sure enough there are actually five states where it’s legal to have sex with animals.” Dropping her bra on the carpeted floor, she unbuttoned her jeans. “But then I’m not the one with two large male dogs. Something you’d like to tell me?”

“I’m going to thoroughly enjoy using you as my sex slave.”

“I’m sure you will, but that’s not what I meant.”

“I do not have sex with my dogs and have no interest in having sex with my

dogs or any other animals for that matter. I got them for protection and company, not sex. But I think you've given me a direction to take your training this weekend."

"I am not having sex with your dogs," Willow stated matter of fact as she stepped out of pants and panties. Her socks quickly followed and then she got down on all fours."

"I don't want you to have sex with my dogs, Willow, but I do want you to be my bitch in training. I'll explain as we walk. By bitch in training I mean you'll be my petgirl. You'll dress the part, remain on all fours at all times, eat and drink from bowls and bark in reply unless given permission to speak, For the rest of the weekend the only things you'll do as a human are shower, brush your teeth and use the toilet." Opening her office door Monica allowed her new pet to enter first.

"Um, what about your dogs? If I'm on all fours naked around them they might try mounting me."

"We'll be spending most of our time in the bedroom and dungeon but even when we're in other parts of the house they stay outside most of the time so I don't think you have to worry. Besides, I'm naked around them all the time and they've never tried anything sexual. Same with several mutual friends and ladies from the studio," Monica continued the lie. In truth she had them trained to only lick or mount on command, but she was not prepared to share that darker side of her life with her best friend. "Okay, I just need to make a few changes to one of the contracts but while I do that you can start with the waivers and consent forms. Make sure to read them carefully and thoroughly and if you have any questions you've got permission to ask."

Paperwork read and signed; Monica printed out copies for her new sex slave to take home with her. “Okay, two things before we head to the dungeon. First, I want to let you know that after our call I sent out a text to a few friends that will be joining us in a few hours. They’re all lesbians like myself and well-versed in all things bdsm. Some are submissive, some dominant and a couple are both but tonight they’ll all submit to my commands. And second, I’m definitely going to give you a taste of what it means to be a bitch in heat, but since this is our first time working together I need you to speak whenever necessary so you have permission to do so for the rest of the weekend. Anything you need before we get this party started?”

“I need to go pee really quick, Mistress, and then I’ll be ready.”

“That’s perfect. I was going to get you started on it when the others arrive, but now’s as good a time as any for you to start toilet training. Can you hold it a few more minutes or do you need to go right this second?”

“I can hold it, Mistress. And, un, is toilet training mean what I think it means?”

“What do you think it means?”

“That you’re going to train me to drink piss, Mistress.”

“That’s exactly what it means. Is that going to be a problem, slave?”

“Honestly? Yes, but I’ve agreed to be your slave so I’ll do it whether I like it or not.”

“Good girl. Alright, get on all fours and follow me to the one place on my property you’ve never stepped foot into.” Rolling her chair back, Monica got up, opened the office door and then walked out into the hallway. When she reached the kitchen she stopped, opened a small broom cupboard where she kept all of her pet supplies from bowls and bags of food, to extra collars and leashes. From the shelf she grabbed a black studded leather collar which she buckled around

her slave's neck. To it she attached a chain leash. She slid the glass door open and with a gentle tug led her bitch in training out onto the back deck.

Scared out of her mind that the dogs were going to come running over to mount her, Willow nervously crawled out of the house, eyes darting between the two huskies – one lying to the right of the steps down into the yard, and the other resting under the shade of an oak tree a hundred or so feet away. As she crawled down the steps Buster's head raised and then he sat up. She stopped so fast the pull of the leash on the collar around her neck caused her to choke.

Turning, Monica saw her best friend frozen on the stairs staring at her dog. "He's not going to mount you, Willow."

"You keep saying that, Mistress, but I've heard too many stories about women being mounted by their dogs to believe it."

"You shouldn't believe everything you hear. Tell you what, I'm so sure that they won't mount just by seeing you naked that if one of them does I'll pay you a million dollars. But only if they do it without any help from you. Now, unless you want to be disciplined I suggest getting your ass in gear."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Eyes still locked on the beautiful beast; Willow took each step at a snail's pace. When she reached the paved pathway leading to several outbuildings she braced for the mounting that never came. Not letting her guard down for a moment, she continued watching the two dogs in case one of them decided to slip in from behind. But the most they did was perk up a bit at their passing.

Monica stopped at the largest of three pole barns scattered across her fifty-six-acre farm and looked down at her slave. "See, I told you they wouldn't mount." The heavy wooden door creaked open. "In you go, slave. Crawl to the red square and sit like a puppy. If you need to know what that means take a look at the center TV."

"Yes Mistress," Willow said as she crawled into her best friend's dungeon. On the outside the building stands an impressive eighty feet long, forty feet wide and thirty feet at the peak of its metal roof. But on the inside, Willow found herself glancing around a twenty-foot wide, forty-foot-long room with twelve-foot ceiling. Straight ahead three fifty-inch televisions hung vertically on the wall. The first one on the left showed an image of her best friend turned Mistress

posing naked in a multitude of submissive positions – each with the name of the pose written below. The middle TV showed Monica dressed in full puppy gear assuming various positions a petgirl should know how to assume. And the one on the right showed numerous hand signals. As she crawled towards the four-foot red square, she looked for a sitting position. Finding it near the top of the center TV, she kneeled and keeping her heels together spread her knees and then placed her palms flat on the tiled floor between them.

“Good girl,” Monica said as she walked to a cupboard hanging on the long right wall. Opening it, she withdrew a tall glass before approaching her slave in training. “You may assume the raised kneeling position,” she said, holding the glass out. “Go on, take the glass.” When it was in her slave’s hand she continued. “Place it over your vulva and then fill it up. When your finished you’ll drink every last drop. If you refuse or spit it out you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“To get you used to the taste I want you to fill your mouth and hold it for five seconds before swallowing. Rinse and repeat until the glass is empty. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Are you regretting your decision to be my slave yet?”

“No Mistress,” Willow said as she quickly filled the glass. “I feel I should be honest and tell you this isn’t the first time I’ve drank piss, Mistress. I’ve actually done it a lot. Like a whole lot. Like probably close to a thousand times.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes Mistress. Matt actually got me into it,” Willow said, referring to the guy she dated from eighteen to twenty before walking in on him screwing another woman. “I got used to it and just sort of kept doing it even after we broke up.” And to prove her claim she brought the glass to her lips and downed the pale yellowish fluid in one gulp without even the slightest hint of disgust.”

“Good job, but I commanded you to drink it a certain way and you disobeyed. You’ll be given ten swats of the cane. While I fetch the cane you can take a look

at the poster of submissive positions and assume the one called punishment.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Spotting the position, Willow brought her knees together as she lowered her head down onto folded arms. “I think this is where I start regretting agreeing to be your slave.” Bringing her feet up until she was mostly on her knees, she waited for the inevitable pain.

“Well, I didn’t actually think we’d get to discipline so soon, but here we are. There are a few rules so pay attention as I’ll only say them once. After every swat you will count and say: thank you Mistress. If you break position, say anything other than the count and thanks including screaming and crying, or if you forget to count and give thanks I’ll add an additional five swats per infraction so it’s in your best interest to suck it up and take it like a good little slave. Do you understand the rules as I’ve explained them to you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Just so you’re aware, ten is the lowest level of discipline you’ll ever receive and every time you break the rules more swats will be added to a maximum of one hundred in any twenty-four-hour period. If you accumulate more than one hundred in a day the remainder will carry over to the next day and so on until you’ve been given all that you’ve earned. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. Um, do they ever reset back to ten or will I only ever get one hundred at a time?”

“Good question. If you break the rules enough to earn one hundred swats you’ll continue earning one hundred every time you break another rule. But if you learn to behave they reset to base one week after your last swat has been delivered.”

“Good to know, Mistress.”

THWACK! The cane landed hard and fast without warning. Most women in Willow’s situation would have screamed, grunted, or at the very least leapt away like a frog on hot pavement, but as much as it hurt she knew the rules and would obey them to the letter thanks in part to parents that wholeheartedly believed in corporal punishment. Parents whom would add swats for some of the same infractions her Mistress warned about.

“One. Thank you Mistress,” Willow said between tightly clenched teeth.

THWACK! This much harder swat landed just below the first.

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! Going low, Monica purposefully struck where ass met legs.

“Five. Thank you Mistress,” Willow counted and gave thanks, the pain evident in her trembling voice.

THWACK! Another to the same area.

“Six. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! This one bit hard into Willow’s ass.

“Seven. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you Mistress.”

“You’re welcome, slave. So, did Matt discipline you as well?”

“No Mistress.”

“Then who did?”

“I’d rather not talk about it, Mistress.”

“You have no secrets from me, slave. Who disciplined you to the point you can take it without so much as a flinch?”

“Please, Mistress, don’t make me say it.”

“This is your last chance, slave. Tell me or you’ll get a hundred swats per day until you do.”

Deciding daily swats was slightly worse than divulging one of her longest held secrets, Willow let out a long, exaggerated sigh. “My parents disciplined me, Mistress. It’s one of the many reasons I don’t talk to them anymore. We hid it well, but they were fucking monsters that would spank me for everything. And not with their hands. They used belts, paddle, switches, whatever they could get their hands on really. If I cried or tried to move away it only got worse so I learned to take it if only to spare myself further agony.”

“I’m so sorry you had to go through that, Willow. Why didn’t you tell someone? Or run away from the abuse?”

“I tried that. I told my aunt whom I thought I could trust. She told my parents and I got the worst beating I’ve ever had. Remember those two weeks I missed in the seventh grade due to the flue? Yeah, no, I couldn’t go to school because I was covered in welts and bruises from the beating they gave me. I told the police as well as CPS but none of them believed me because I was never allowed out of the house until there wasn’t a mark on me to prove what they had done. It only stopped when I turned fourteen and stood up to them for the first time. My mother attempted to punish me for eating a damn banana before dinner. She had the belt in hand but before she could get any further I had my hands around her throat. Her face was turning all sorts of shades but I didn’t care. I told her that if they ever laid a finger on me again I’d kill them in their sleep, chop up their bodies and feed the pieces to pigs on some random farm.”

“Jesus Christ! And did that work?”

“When my dad got home from work mom told him what I had done and said. He attempted to punish me but I had enough and wasn’t taking their shit any longer. Knowing it would happen I stole one of his utility knives and kept it on me all day. When he came after me I flicked it open and pressed it hard to his groin. He stopped dead in his tracks. I told him that if he didn’t back off I’d slice him and that if he ever came after me again it would be the last thing he ever did. In anger he drew back to punch me in the face so I stabbed.”

“Fucking hell! Where did you stab him? What the hell happened after that?”

“I stabbed him right in the dick, Mistress. What neither of them didn’t know, what no one knew at that time was that I was tired of being called a liar and forced to endure nearly daily beatings so I got the money to buy a small camera which I hid in the living room knowing that’s where the bulk of my beatings took place. Everything, including my ranting and their threats of further violence against me was caught in ten-eighty HD. I used that to leverage my freedom and the beatings stopped. Of course, they mostly stopped parenting me altogether at that point, if you can call what they did parenting, but after that day they wouldn’t even speak to me. I had to wash my own clothes, cook my own meals and started taking the bus to school because they refused to drive me anywhere, but it was a far better life than what they had previously provided. When I turned eighteen I gave them a choice. They could either give me half of their savings and one of their cars so that I had something to get my own place, or I could give the recording to the police. They opted for the former and that’s the last time I saw or spoke to them.”

“Wow! I’m so glad you stood up for yourself and got out of that hell in one piece.”

“Thank you Mistress. Sorry for taking things to a very dark place, but you asked.”

“I did. And I thank you for telling me. Why don’t we take a break to clear our thoughts? Would you like a tour of my dungeon?”

“Yes Mistress. So, is this entire building your dungeon?”

“It is. So, through the door to the right of the TVs is one of the bathrooms where you can shower, freshen up or use the toilet. To the left of the TVs is a storage room where I keep cleaning and medical supplies as well as extra toys. And to the left of that are the stairs leading up to the second floor which we’ll get to in a little bit. Follow me and I’ll show you the rooms dedicated to a particular fetish.” Walking across the dungeon, Monica slid a door into the wall between two sex machines. “After you, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Crawling inside, Willow found herself in a massive walk-in closet with leather and latex clothing of all varieties and colors hanging on a dozen racks and filling at least a hundred shelves. “Nice closet, Mistress.”

“Thank you slave. Are you ready to get into your new puppy gear?”

“Yes Mistress. I take it that’s what you’re wearing in the pictures on the middle TV?”

“That’s correct. I hope you like anal because the tail comes attached to a sizable plug.”

“Um, how sizable, Mistress?”

“You’re a slave so it doesn’t really matter now does it?”

“I suppose not, Mistress. I only ask because if it’s too big you risk tearing something shoving it up my ass, but if my personal safety doesn’t matter to you then I guess I don’t know you as well as I thought.”

“That’s a low blow. You know I’d never do anything to intentionally hurt you. The plug is eight inches long and two at the thickest. Can you handle it or will it tear something?”

“Sorry, Mistress. If it’s only two inches thick I can easily take it, but anything much bigger will take some work.”

“What’s the biggest you’ve ever taken, Willow? Pussy and ass.”

“About two and a half inches thick in both, Mistress. As far as length, I can’t quite get nine inches in my pussy but I’ve taken most of a two-foot-long double dildo up my ass.”

“Nice. And how thick was it, slave?”

“Two and a half inches at the heads and a little over two inch along the shaft, Mistress.”

“Nice. Well, the plug shouldn’t be a problem then. Come, the pet clothes are this way,” Monica said as she turned and walked towards the right side of the massive closet. “I’ve got dozens of outfits representing several different types of animals but we’ll stick with puppy for now,” she said as she removed a box with a paw print etched into the front from a shelf. “This is yours to keep even after the weekend,” she said, holding the box out to her best friend turned sex slave.

“Thank you Mistress.” Taking the box, Willow opened the top and looked in to see several pieces of latex clothing in shades of black, browns, tans and white and lying on top of it all was the tailed butt plug. “I’ve never actually worn latex before, Mistress.”

“You’ll want to start by lightly applying talc to your feet and legs up to about mid-thigh and your hands and arms up to mid-bicep,” Monica explained. “There should be a bottle in the box. The talc will absorb any moisture on your skin making it easier to put the latex on. There should also be a small bottle of lube in there as well.”

“No need, Mistress.” Removing the plug from the box, Willow sucked it into her mouth and down her throat for several seconds before reaching back and inserting it into her ass with one quick thrust. “See, told you I could easily take it, Mistress,” she grinned triumphantly.

“I never doubted you, Willow. But I did say there was lube.”

“Yes Mistress, but you didn’t say I had to use it.”

“That’s fair.” Go ahead and put the rest of the outfit on and meet me back in the main dungeon.”

“Yes Mistress.” Digging the bottle of talcum powder out of the box, Willow did as her Mistress commanded and lightly coated her legs and arms. Sitting it aside, she pulled out one of the thigh-high boots. The first thing she noticed was the thick leather covered knee pads. The second thing she noticed as she slowly slid her left foot into place was how the part where her foot now rested was shaped like an elongated puppy paw. Both boots on, Willow pulled two gloves from the box – each made with a thick leather hand with thin rubber pads on the palms and a long latex arm section. Putting her right hand into the glove, she slowly rolled the sleeve up her arm nearly to her armpit, the tight material hugging her like a second skin. Next came a headband with ears and cupless latex crop top.

The last item in the box was a small black jewelry box. Taking it out, she opened it to see two barbells to which was connected short thin chains from which dangled tiny tags in the shape of paws. Getting the feeling her nipples would soon be pierced, she carefully palmed the box in her right hand and then crawled back out to the main dungeon where she saw her new Mistress waiting by a cart now wearing a pair of nitrile gloves. Though she could not see what was on the

cart she had a pretty good idea. Before being commanded to do so, she sat back and raised up into the puppy begging position with the jewelry box resting in the upturned palm of her right hand.

“I think we both know what’s about to happen,” Monica said as she looked down at her sexy pet slave “but just so that there’s no confusion I’ll say it anyways. I’m going to pierce your nipples, Willow,” she said, taking the box from her slave’s hand. “You may stand for inspection.”

“Yes Mistress.” Eyes darting to the TV’s, Willow found the indicated position. Standing, she spread her legs shoulder width apart and then clasped her hands together behind her head. “A-Are you going to pierce anything else, Mistress?”

“Not this weekend, my pet. Otherwise we won’t be able to play. And we will play. Right after I pierce your nipples. How does that make you feel, slave?”

“Not gonna lie, Mistress. It makes me incredibly nervous but at the same time I’m actually looking forward to it if only to see if I can do it and whether or not I’ll like it.”

“Do you suck your dildos after they’ve been in your pussy?” Monica asked as she dropped the jewelry into a metal bowl of rubbing alcohol alongside two hollow-ended needles.

“Yes Mistress?”

“And do you like the taste of your own juices? Be honest.”

“I never really gave it much thought, Mistress, but I suppose I must. Otherwise I wouldn’t keep doing it.”

“Well, no two women I’ve ever been with taste exactly the same, but they’re close enough that if you like your own juices you’ll like others’ as well. Tell me, my pet, are you a squirter?”

“Not all the time, Mistress, but its been known to happen from time to time.”

“And have you ever tasted it?” Monica asked, fishing one of the needles from the bowl.

“Yes Mistress?”

“Oh? Do tell.”

I’ve tasted it several times Mistress. Sometimes I lick my fingers clean after an intense orgasm, other times I’ve came into a cup and drank it.”

“How many times. My pet?”

“You’re going to think I’m lying, Mistress, but I swear on our friendship and everything else I love and care about that it’s the truth. Matt can take credit for getting me into it. The first time was maybe a week or so after I finally moved out on my own. We were having sex and he was eating me out. Now there’s someone with a skilled tongue as he could make me squirt harder and faster than anything. Anyways, this particular night he was eating me out and I gushed like a broken damn and as always he gulped it down. What I didn’t know was that he saved the last mouthful and when he crawled up my body and kissed me he fed it to me. I was shocked and a little embarrassed at eating my own orgasm, but extremely excited at the same time.”

“Nice.”

“He did it again and again I swallowed it. Before the third time he ran to the kitchen and grabbed a glass. When I orgasmed he caught most of it in the glass and told me to drink it. I gladly complied and, well, I’ve done that every single day for the last seven years. Um, if I had a calculator I could give you a more accurate answer, but at an average of twice a day for seven years, two months and thirteen days that’s over fifty-two-hundred times, Mistress. Suffice to say I love the taste of my own orgasm.”

“I think you’ll do fine as my lesbian sex slave.” Pinching Willow’s right nipple between index and thumbnail, Monica placed the sharp tip of the needle against flesh and with a quick jab pushed it through. Willow groaned softly but gave no other indication of pain. Her left nipple was pierced. Placing the end of a barbell into the needle, Monica pushed it the rest of the way through leaving the jewelry behind. The left followed. The ends were screwed on and then she leaned in to inspect her work. “They suit you, my pet.”

“Thank you Mistress. May I pleasure you now Mistress?”

“Right after I finish showing you the rest of the dungeon. Puppies don’t stand so get on all fours like a good bitch and follow me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“What other kinky things did Matt get you into, my pet?”

“Um, I don’t know if it counts as kinky or not, but he loved fucking me in public, Mistress. Parking lots. Parks. In alleys. Behind buildings. The more exposed we were, the higher the risk of us getting caught the more he loved it.”

“And did you like doing it, my pet?”

“Not at first, Mistress, but it didn’t take me long to get into it. We never got caught by the police, but we were caught by people more than once. Some just kept on walking, others propositioned to be next while taking out their wallets like I was some hooker pleasing a John.”

“And did you take them up on it?”

“Not at first, Mistress, but Matt talked me into giving it a try. The first time I took fifty bucks from a guy and sucked him off. The next time I had sex with three men at the same time while Matt watched. My humiliation earned me twelve hundred bucks. In the year or so that we did it I probably had sex with about fifty guys. Mostly one on one, but there were a few doubles and triples and one with a group of eight men that lasted over five hours. That was my one and only gang bang.”

“So, all of these men you fucked just happened to have protection on them? Also, not gonna lie, that’s really fucking hot.”

“No Mistress. The first several didn’t wear condoms at all. It was only when I told Matt I’d stop if we didn’t make them wear one that we started carrying them with us every time we went out. If the man refused then he didn’t get to have sex with me. I got tested about once a month after that and I can guarantee you I’m clean.”

“Good to know, but you still need to be cleared by the studio doctor before I can let you on set.”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“So, my takeaway of that story is that you spent a year or more as a prostitute with Matt pimping you out and you loved it. Is that about right, my pet?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“So, why did you stop?”

“Several reasons, Mistress. First and foremost, I caught Matt screwing another woman and we broke up. I know how that sounds given the fact that I fucked so many strangers for money, but we had an understanding. We would only have sex with other people if we were both present. So him going behind my back was a betrayal I could not forgive. Especially since he refused to tell me how many times he was doing it and to my knowledge never once went and got tested. I tried it with other boyfriends, but they just called me a whore and broke up. And being out there on the streets alone is far too dangerous these days so I put that part of my life behind me and moved on.”

“So, drinking piss and your own orgasms, public sex, prostitution and gang bangs? Have you done anything else that might be considered kinky?”

“Um, one of my boyfriends loved anal and begged me to get a big strap-on to peg him with, Mistress. Turns out he was bisexual and ended up leaving me for another man. I don’t know if that counts, but that’s about the only other kinky thing I can think of.”

“How big was the strap-on?”

“Um, like ten inches long and over three inches thick, Mistress.”

“Did you ever fist his ass?”

“No Mistress. I’ve never fisted anyone before.”

“Well, today’s your lucky day then because I can take a fist in both holes at the same time. As can the women that’ll be joining us later.”

“Are you and the others going to fist me, Mistress?”

“Not this weekend, my pet. Fisting isn’t something that should be rushed. That’s not to say it isn’t possible to quickly stretch you open for it, but taking it slow is much safer and more pleasurable. I like to increase the size of the dildos and plugs a quarter inch a week so if you’re at two inches now you’ll be at fisting sizes in about a month at that rate. Unfortunately, that’s well beyond your weekend of slavery.”

“But not beyond my job working at your studio, Mistress. But what if I wanted to test my limits and try getting fisted this weekend? Is that something we could work on?”

“Absolutely. I’ve got several tapered toys designed for the job, but I want to make one thing very clear right here and now, Willow. I will not tolerate you hurting yourself because you think it’s what I want because nothing will piss me off more than having to take you to the emergency room with a torn and bleeding rectum. If I sense even the slightest bit of pain you’ll stop and go slow. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then let’s go see the rest of the dungeon, shall we?”

To finish off the first floor, Monica showed her sex slave a large room set up as a hospital examination room complete with padded table, gynecology chair cabinets full of supplies hanging on one wall over a counter where sat another box of nitrile gloves, foaming soap dispenser and a needle disposal container. And lastly, Willow saw the white lab coat and stethoscope hanging on the back of the door.

Crawling up the stairs behind her Mistress, Willow entered a small strip club complete with three poles, five tables capable of seating as many as twenty patrons, a DJ booth, and fully stocked bar with ten stools. An open door on the right led into the dungeon's second bathroom – this one much larger with five stalls on one side, five showerheads on the other and five sinks at the back.

“Welcome to the Sapphire Lounge,” Monica said as she walked deeper in. “This is where you’ll learn to dance erotically and use the stripper pole. On the right is a communal bathroom and through the closed door on the left is another closet and changing room. Through the door in the back are two private bedrooms where guests can play at their leisure, a church for priest or nun play and the last room is a combination office and classroom for secretary and schoolgirl scenes. Would you like to see them or would you like to go back down to the main part of the dungeon and show me how skilled that tongue of yours is?”

“I don’t think my tongue is skilled at all, Mistress, unless you’re talking about sucking cock, but I really want to pleasure you so I’d like to go back down to the main dungeon if that’s okay.”

“Let me give you a bit of free advice. As a slave you won’t be given many choices so take advantage of every one offered.”

“Thank you Mistress, I will. So, you know the kinkiest things I’ve done. Can I ask what the kinkiest things you’ve done are?” Willow asked as she followed her best friend back down the stairs.

“I’ve done just about every fetish imaginable, my pet, but in terms of kinkiness I

suppose being quadruple fisted is in the top three.”

“Um, what? Did you say quadruple fisted, Mistress? How is that even humanly possible?”

“I did say quadruple fisted. It was on set participating in a lesbian gang bang with eleven other women when we started fisting each other. At some point Lindsey put two hands in my ass. Later on Kelly double fisted my pussy. After that my pussy was being double fisted by Gina when Chloe came over and started fisting my ass. She only used one hand at first, but it didn’t take the others long to convince her to try getting both in. It took a lot of work, but she did it. I took four fists at the same time and had several very intense orgasms from it.”

“Holy shit! When was this, Mistress? Have you ever tried it again?”

“This was maybe seven or eight months ago and yes; I’ve done it a total of ten times since.”

“Wow! So, if that’s in the top three then what are the other two, Mistress?”

Not wanting to confess her love of bestiality, Monica decided to lie a little bit.

“Hmm... I guess being strung up spread eagle and letting a dozen women cane, flog and paddle me until nearly passing out is up there.”

“I take it you’re a masochist, Mistress?”

“To some extent. Filling out the top three would probably be the day I acted as the toilet for the entire studio. Only pee, of course, but still, with nearly thirty people on shift it was a lot.”

“Glad to know I’m not the only one that drinks it, Mistress.”

“Far from it, my pet,” Monica said as she pulled her shirt off. Her bra, pants and panties soon followed. Lastly she pulled her socks off and dropped them on top of the pile. “Alright, my pet, I’m going to set you up on one of the fucking machines with a tapered dildo to stretch you open and then we’ll see what you can do with that tongue of yours.”

“You’re not going to eat me out, Mistress?”

“Oh, I’m definitely going to eat you out, my pet,” Monica said as she led her slave to the row of machines designed for fucking. One was a metal box on adjustable legs with two long rods sticking out of it. Another was identical in design but with a single rod. A third was a simple metal frame with straps connecting each sides that would allow man or woman to bounce up and down on an attached dildo. The forth, also without a motor was a glider designed to penetrate as you moved back and forth. The last machine – one that very closely resembled a reciprocating saw, hung on the wall next to a shelf lined with attachments and bottles of lube. Monica grabbed one that looked like a series of rings that grew thicker towards the base. “This one should provide a nice stretch. And when you’re able to take the whole thing you’ll easily be able to take even the largest of fists. Go ahead and remove the plug, my pet.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Each of the rings is about an eighth of an inch thicker than the previous. Given the size of the plug you’ve been wearing you should be able to take about a third of it to start. I’ll program the machine to fuck you at random speeds and depths up to a quarter inch more than the plug. That’ll allow you to get used to being stretched. It is very important that you don’t fuck yourself back on it or you’ll take way more than intended and you won’t have a very good time. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress, but seeing as how I’ve fucked myself with a double dildo that’s two and a half inches at the heads can you let it go at least that far, if not a quarter inch past that?”

“Can you look me in the eyes and tell me you can take two and a half that easily, my pet?”

“I can take it that easily, Mistress. Is one of those toys that thick?”

Going down the line, Monica picked up a large realistic black dildo. This one is about that size. If you can take the whole thing in one go I’ll adjust the depth to what you want.”

“No problem, Mistress.” Willow took the offered toy and lube. After generously coating the dildo, she pressed the suction cup to the floor, straddled it and then lowered herself onto the bulbous head. It felt massive compared to the plug she had been wearing, bigger even than her double dildo at home, but she had already

boasted of her capabilities. She took a deep breath and as she exhaled she clenched her teeth and went down. The head going in was accompanied by an all-too-familiar burning sensation. “Uuhnnnn!” she grunted as the remaining eight inches followed. Reaching down between her legs she used a fingernail to lift the edge of the suction cup. Released, she got back on all fours and showed her Mistress the toy buried balls deep in her ass before pulling out to the head and then slamming it back in.

“Impressive. I’ve got a confession to make, my pet. I lied. About how big that toy is. It isn’t two and a half inches thick. It’s actually just over three at the head and three along the veiny shaft. Congratulations, you can actually take my fist.”

“R-Really Mistress?” Willow grunted as she continued fucking the huge toy in and out of her ass.”

“Really, my pet. I think we’ll forego the machine for now,” Monica said as she got down on her knees. “You can get on top so that I can fist your ass. Feel free to fist my pussy as you desire,” she added as she lay back on the cool tiled floor.

So excited at the prospect of finally seeing if she could bring herself to have sex with her best friend, Willow crawled over Monica with the large toy still buried deep in her ass. Not wasting a second, Willow lowered her head towards her Mistress’ crotch. A beat later and she was licking. Definite differences in how I taste, she thought as her tongue went a little deeper. But just as fucking good. Better even! Oh my fucking god! I’m doing it! I’m having sex with another woman! It was about that time she felt her clit being sucked as the toy was pulled from her ass. Concentrating on pleasuring her Mistress, Willow sucked Monica’s hooded clit and then pushed four fingers knuckles deep into her to see if she could really take them as easily as claimed. They slid right in as if she were using only one.

“Use lube if you’re going to fist me, my pet,” Monica said as she scrunched the fingers of her left hand together.

“Yes Mistress. Sorry.”

Pouring lube into willow’s gaping asshole, Monica put her fingertips in and then gently pushed, making it to the knuckles before her slave groaned in discomfort. “Is that too much, slave?”

“N-No Mistress. Is that your entire hand? Are you fisting me right now?”

“Not yet, my pet. I’m just in to the knuckles which is the widest part of the hand. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yes Mistress. You’re the one that said I could take your entire hand, Mistress, so please prove it and put the rest in. Also, I love the way you taste. Please tell me you squirt so that I can drink your orgasm.”

“I definitely squirt, my pet.”

Turning her full attention towards making it happen, Willow sucked, licked and fingered her Mistress for several long minutes. Her own pussy received the same treatment, but Monica continued to only use four fingers in her ass. Unsatisfied with that despite how amazing it felt, she pushed back hard and fast. Her sphincter stretched with that familiar burn as the hand went in. “UHN! FUCKING HELL THAT FEELS GOOD!” she said with a guttural moan. “D-Deeper Mistress! Please fist me deeper.”

“Slow down, slave. Taking my hand up your ass is one thing, but going deeper takes a lot of time and work. And if you’re thinking about pushing back like you just did I’ll not only cancel the rest of the weekend, but my offer of employment as well. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. Will you still fist me though?”

“I will. But no more rushing things. Now, stop talking and put that tongue to use pleasuring me.”

“Yes Mistress.” Lubing her right hand, Willow pushed four fingers back into her Mistress’ pussy and fucked it in and out. Lowering her head she sucked her engorged clit. In. Out. In. Out. Tucking thumb into palm, Willow watched in awe as her entire hand was sucked into her Mistress’ warm, tightly clenching womanhood. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. Faster. Playful nibbles on Monica’s hooded clit. In. Out. Tongue flicked over Monica’s exposed clit. In. Gushing orgasm. Willow attempted to taste it directly from the source but she was caught off guard and with her hand buried wrist deep it went in all directions. Not to be deterred, she continued pumping her hand in and out of her Mistress’ pussy even as her Mistress fisted her ass and fingered her pussy.

All signs hinting at another orgasm, Willow punched her fist in and out of her Mistress. Monica's hips bucked. A fourth finger was added to Willow's pussy. The hand in her ass slipped a few inches deeper. Willow gently flicked her Mistress' engorged and exposed clit with her middle finger. Monica's moans grew louder and more guttural. Placing her mouth over her Mistress' vulva, Willow tickled Monica's clit causing her to once again erupt in orgasm. This time it gushed into her mouth and hit the back of her throat. She thirstily gulped it down. Before the first mouthful hit her belly she was feeding her Mistress an orgasm of her own.

Right hand buried wrist deep, Willow pushed three fingers of her left hand into her Mistress' pussy and was instantly rewarded with another orgasm. She managed to get a fourth finger in but the tightness in conjunction with Monica's moans becoming groans of discomfort made her take them out and stick to just one hand for now. "I can feel you getting close to fisting my pussy, Mistress," she panted. "Please do it. Please shove the rest of your hand into me. I can take it."

"I'm sure you can, my pet, but remember what I said about taking it slow. We've got all the time in the world so why rush it?"

"Because I just recently discovered that I like the pain and burning that comes with being stretched open, Mistress, and I really love your hand in my ass so I know I'll enjoy one in my pussy as well. Please fist my pussy, Mistress."

"Well, since you asked so nicely and brought me to several orgasms I'll give you what you want this time."

"Thank you Mistress. So, I did okay pleasuring you then?"

"More than okay, my pet. You're way more skilled with your tongue than you give yourself credit for."

"Thank you Mistress. May I continue eating you out while you fist me?"

"You may."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"No, thank you my pet. I can't wait to see how you handle a lesbian gang bang."

“If they taste as amazing as you, Mistress, I think I’ll be in heaven.” Eyes going to a shelf lined with bottles of ink, A crazy thought popped into Willow’s head. “Mistress, it’s obvious that I’m not straight so can I ask a favor?”

“You may ask.”

“Thank you mistress. I know you can do it since you’ve got all the stuff here and I’ve seen you do it in a few videos. To celebrate my recent sexual discoveries I would like you to give me a tattoo of the bisexual symbol in the colors of the pride flag and I’d like it to be placed on my inner right wrist for all to see. Will you do that for me Mistress?”

“Are you sure you want to go with bisexual, my pet? I mean, you’ll be spending the next twenty years exclusively having sex with women after all.”

“Twenty years, Mistress?”

“You did say if you enjoyed this weekend you’d give me twenty years. Or did I not hear you correctly?”

“You heard correctly, Mistress. And I am thoroughly enjoying myself, but I think I love cock, real cock, far too much to give up so bisexual fits better than lesbian. Unless you’re saying I’m forbidden from having sex with men while working for you.”

“I’m not saying that at all, my pet. Unless, of course, you want to spend that same twenty years as my sex slave and significant other.”

“If we’re going to spend twenty years together, Mistress, we might as well make it official and get married. Then we can spend the rest of our lives together.”

“Is that what you want, Willow? Can you say in all honesty that you’re prepared to spend the rest of your life as my lesbian sex slave? That means no more men.”

“If the rest of our lives is like today I’ll happily marry you tomorrow, Mistress, but only on two conditions. First, you permit me the occasional man be it one-on-one or a gang bang that will eventually knock me up with the three kids I’ve always wanted. And second, I would like for you to join me in at least one of those gang bangs. After all, I think it’s only fair that you give men a try for me as I’ve given women a try for you. Agree to those two conditions and I’m yours for

as long as we live.”

“I have no desire to have sex with men, Willow so I’m afraid I can’t agree.”

“I had no desire to have sex with women until I tried it, Mistress. You don’t have to like it. All I’m asking is that you make the attempt just as I’ve done for you. Of course, if you like it you can always join me more often, but I’m only asking you to do it once for me.”

“And how often would you like to have sex with men while we’re married?”

“As often as you’ll permit or at least once a month. Whichever is greater. And every day until pregnant when I’m ready to start having kids, Mistress. I’d say that’s a small price to pay for everything I’m offering.”

“It’s actually quite a high price, but one I think is worth it for our continued happiness which is why I’m going to agree. I’ll do a gang bang with men for you once and allow you to have sex with men as often as we share women so long as they’ve been cleared medically. And... As far as having kids goes... I want kids as well so if, by some miracle I like having sex with men I’ll join you in being bred.”

“Really, Mistress?”

“Really. Now, I think we should get started on that tattoo before the rest of the women arrive.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Thinking about her newly found bisexuality as well as her future as a sex slave, Willow rethought the tattoo several times until finally settling on a series of seven tiny paw prints in all the colors of the rainbow wrapping around her right wrist with a tag on the inner wrist reading Monica's Pet. To keep it protected for the weekend, Monica wrapped it with plastic wrap so everyone could still see what it was. She then placed medical tape over each pierced nipple. In the time remaining before the women arrived for the gang bang, she made her career choice official by signing a twenty-year contract with the Sapphic Rose Porn Studio.

The women began arriving shortly before six. The first was Dani Luvv – a gorgeous twenty-three-year-old olive-skinned brunette wearing a form-fitting purple and black corset dress and four-inch heels. She took one look at the puppygirl next to Monica and ginned ear to ear. Walking over, Dani knelt behind Willow and gave her pussy a long, slow lick. In response Willow lowered her head to the floor and spread her legs to give the woman easier access.

"I'm glad the two of you are getting along, but I think we should wait until we're all here and in the dungeon where everything can be recorded," Monica said as she watched the two women.

Sitting back in a kneeling position, Dani looked up at her friend and boss. "Is that a suggestion or a command, Mistress?"

"A suggestion, but I'll make it a command if I have to."

"No need, Mistress," Willow replied. "I'll just go sit over there by the couch so no one else can walk up and start licking me." Reluctantly, she crawled across the living room.

"Good girl," Monica said to her newest slave.

Next to arrive were roommates and lovers Natasha Storm and Angel Black – the first a stunning busty, blue-eyed blond and the latter a caramel-skinned black

woman with the biggest natural breasts Willow had ever seen on a woman that wasn't morbidly obese. On the contrary, Angel may have been carrying a few extra pounds but she carried them well on her five-foot, nine-inch frame. Introductions were made. Small talk was had while they waited for the rest of the women to arrive.

"So, Mistress tells us this is your first day of lesbian sex and submission," Angel said. "Can you tell us why a straight woman would suddenly go lesbian?"

"Not lesbian, bisexual," Willow corrected. "And I did it for one simple reason. I need the money and Mistress made me an offer I could no longer refuse. This weekend was a test to see if I could actually bring myself to have sex with another woman and I think I passed it with flying colors."

"And how," Monica purred excitedly. "She may have been straight until today but she's got a gifted tongue."

"Thank you Mistress. I just went for it and did what came naturally," Willow said. "I'm just glad you liked it as much as I did."

"Like I said, gifted," Monica said. "Seriously, she made me..." a knock at the front door interrupted her train of thought. Walking across the living room, she opened the door to a young raven-haired beauty. "Hey, Brandi, come on in." Stepping aside, she let the nineteen-year-old porn star in but before she could close the door two more vehicles pulled into the driveway. "Perfect. Hollie and Jessie are here as well. In a few minutes we can head back out to the dungeon to get this party started."

Wearing a light gray blouse, pencil skirt and heels with her long brown hair up in a bun, twenty-three-year-old Hollie James looked more like a stern teacher or librarian than porn star. And then there was Jessie Moore. Long brown hair tied back in a tight braid. Tall. Lithe. Busty. Dressed head to toe in a latex costume much like the one Willow wore but white with black spots and distinctly bovine ears. No sooner was she in the house then she removed the skirt she was wearing, removed the cups from the bodice revealing double pierced nipples and then pushed a cows tail into the base of the plug filling her ass.

"Willow, this is Jessie. Like you she's a petgirl. In this case a dairy cow. Jessie, this is my best friend, newest slave, employee and fiancé," Monica introduced the two, referring to Willow as her fiancé for the first time since the women

began arriving.

“Fiancé?” Jessie exclaimed. “Congratulations Mistress.

“As of today,” Willow replied. “I know it seems insane that I’d go from straight to bisexual and then engaged to another woman in the span of a few hours, but what you need to understand is that Mistress and I have been best friends since we were three so it only seemed natural for us to take things to the next level. Also, what does she mean by you’re a dairy cow?”

“Well, as you can see I’m dressed as a cow. The dairy part refers to the fact that I’m lactating.”

“Cool.”

“I hope you’re thirsty because I purposefully held off pumping for this party.”

“The last time I had breast milk I was a baby and I don’t remember what it taste like so I’m kind of curious to give it a try,” Willow answered.

“Then let’s take this to the dungeon,” Monica suggested. “As we walk I’ll go over the rules. As you’ve all seen Willow’s right wrist as well as her nipples are covered. That’s because she was tattooed and pierced today. Please try your best to avoid giving those areas too much attention. So there isn’t any confusion about who’s in charge, I’m the Mistress and you’re all my submissives and slaves. That means you’ll obey my every command to the letter or you’ll be disciplined. Speaking of which, due to recently revealed secrets about her past, no one but me is to use paddles, whips, canes, floggers, belts, hands or anything else of the sort on Willow. Anyone that does will receive five hundred swats of the cane and a one-year ban from future parties. As far as fetishes go, she is a very well-trained toilet, loves drinking female orgasms, has done vaginal and anal fisting for the first time today and loves being gang banged though this is her first lesbian one. You may freely do those things with and to her for the duration of the party. Beyond that, ask me first or you’ll be disciplined.”

“What if you’re busy with one or more of the others and I want someone to do something to me not on that list, Mistress?” Willow asked. “I mean, I am a sex slave now after all and that means doing things even if I’m not normally comfortable doing so, right?”

“That’s right, my pet. Everyone here is as skilled with all of the tools and toys of the dungeon as I am so if you really want to try something then you have my blessing. That being said, no one is permitted to give Willow anything permanent. Needle play is fine, but no actual piercings, tattoos, brands or other forms of body modification. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” the seven women answered.

“Good, then let’s go have some fun.” Unlocking the door, Monica pushed it open and ushered her submissives and slaves inside. Once in, she closed the door and walked to the rough center of the main dungeon. “Okay, since Willow is eager to lick as many pussies as she can get her tongue on we’ll start with her and Brandi doing a sixty-nine with Willow on bottom so that when she brings her to orgasm Hollie can take her place. After that she’ll pleasure Angel, Jessie, Dani, Natasha and then me in that order. While we wait Dani and Jessie will spit-roast me with strap-ons while Natasha and Angel alternate caning and flogging my back. Any questions?”

“Um, what do I do, Mistress?” Hollie asked.

“You may kneel and quietly wait your turn. But don’t worry, if experience has taught me anything it’s that you won’t have long to wait.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Lying on the floor, Willow watched as Brandi stripped out of her clothes. “Um, can I ask how old you are?”

“I’m nineteen,” Brandi answered. “Yes, I’m the youngest one here but I’ve got more than enough experience to give you a good time.”

“Of that I have no doubt. I just hope I live up to Mistress’ hype.”

“I’m sure you’ll be fine.” Getting on her knees, Brandi alternated left and right kissing her way up Willow’s legs until coming to her shaved vulva. Biting her inner labia, she pulled back and let them slowly slip free. Willows moaned as her hips bucked wildly. Brandi bit again. This time harder. Pulling back even slower than before, she sank her teeth in a little harder as they once again slid free. Bucking like a bronco, Willow gushed in orgasm.

“Sweet fucking Jesus!” Willow purred. “Do it again, but on top of me so I can pleasure you back.” Brandi got on top of her. Willow pulled her back and returned the favor. But instead of biting her labia, she sank her teeth into Brandi’s large clit. Meanwhile, behind and to her right, she heard her Mistress moaning in pleasurable pain as her back and ass were flogged and caned. Part of her wanted to roll over so that she could watch. Part of her wanted to take her Mistress’ place. Part of her was thankful that she had become so desperate for money that she finally accepted her best friend’s offer. And all of her was happy knowing that she would spend the rest of her life serving the only woman she would truly ever love.