

Gwen Takes Revenge

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Gwen Takes Revenge

This story is Copyright© 2014 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

Gwendolyn Price paced the short length of her dorm room much as she has done every night for the past two months. While her fingers absent-mindedly played with the gold rings dangling from her nipples, her mind raced with a million ideas for revenge against the three sadistic Mistresses that forced her into a life of sexual slavery. With her weekly training sessions becoming more degrading, she did not know how much longer she could take it before cracking under the pressure.

Reaching the other end of the room, she stopped to look at herself in the full-length mirror hanging on the closet door – at the rings dangling from her nipples and pussy which gave her mixed feelings every time she looked at them. She hated them – despised what they represented and how she was forced to wear them as a constant reminder of the new life she hated so much.

Turning to pace back across the room, she glanced at the brand on her upper right arm – the letters THSS marking her as a member of the Temnor Hall Sex Slaves – Our Lady of the Blessed’s very own secret bdsm club. Her hands moved from her nipples, gliding down the soft swell of her belly to the ring that hung from her clit hood. Spreading her pussy open by tugging on the rings piercing her long inner labia that had been relentlessly stretched to their current elongated state, she recalled with cringing detail how Mistress Raven plucked out every hair – follicle and all, leaving her pussy permanently bald.

Gwen stared at her gaping pussy hole – stretched from weeks of sitting on Sister Mary’s inflatable dildo seat and from being double fisted by her sadistic Mistresses. Like the piercings and the brand, her gaping holes were part of the price she paid for keeping her Mistresses happy and her family and friends from discovering her new life. Staring at the top of her dresser where sat a collection of more than two dozen half burnt candles, she let out a long, indifferent sigh. Though good for stormy nights when the lights went out, or to set a romantic mood, their main purpose now was to allow Gwen to get used to the feeling of hot wax covering her body.

“I have you to thank for this new body, Tawnie,” she said to her mirrored self. “If I hadn’t gotten so damn curious at what you told me I wouldn’t be suffering now. This should be you, damn it! You’re the one that was so eager to go to that damn building, not me!” Feeling the anger welling up, ready to burst through the surface in unbridled fury, she closed her eyes and tried to calm herself down.

For two long months, Gwen had kept the existence of the club, and everything she had endured within, a secret from everyone save for other members of the THSS whom were already in the know. To do otherwise meant torture beyond compare, photos and videos being shipped off to family and friends and the real possibility of being sold to some overseas Dominant. But the secret was killing her and she could not keep it to herself any longer and tonight, everything was going to change. For better or worse, she was going to open up to her friend for the first time and show her exactly what she had gotten herself into.

Putting on her school uniform sans bra and panties – as her induction into the THSS forbade ever wearing them again, Gwen took a deep breath and smiled as she thought about all of the students and staff looking up her skirt, or down her blouse at the naked breasts beneath, allowing her to separate just who was bisexual or lesbian and who was not. And though her time with the THSS was far from pleasurable, she had made a lot of new friends and she reckoned that had to count for something.

Leaving her upper-class dormitory, Gwen headed for the lower-class dorms on the opposite side of campus where her friend Tawnie called home. Turning the corner just past the history department, she spotted the familiar face of Mistress Jasmine – one of the three Mistresses of the THSS, fifty feet ahead of her. The worst of the three, her penchant for inflicting pain upon others was unrivaled and Gwen bore the scars of her rage from the all too many times the cane or whip bit too deep. *I wonder where she's going*, Gwen thought, having never seen one of them away from Temnor Hall – the abandoned building at the edge of campus the sex club called home.

Closed for repairs for nearly a year now due to extensive water damage, the three Mistresses made the basement of the boarded up structure their dungeon where they trained students and staff alike in the art of sexual slavery. It was also in the direct opposite direction Mistress Jasmine was now travelling.

Desperately wanting to finally tell her friend everything going on in her life, Gwen wanted to know what Mistress Jasmine was up to even more. Not wanting to waste the opportunity, she put Tawnie on the back burner once again as she moved into the shadows and followed at a healthy distance. For two months now, she had been dreaming of a way to escape her abysmal future, her gut was telling her this might be the one chance to learn something damning to use against them.

Gwen followed Mistress Jasmine all the way to Professor Row – a cul-de-sac with about a dozen homes on it where the professors of Our Lady of the Blessed called home. Staying at a distance, she followed Mistress Jasmine to the home of Sister Kelly – the school's resident Professor of History, and watched as she let herself in without even a knock.

Oh god, Gwen thought *not Sister Kelly too!* She liked the fiercely private and incredibly shy professor, and as she thought about the thirty-three year old's tall, slender body with large blue eyes and long blonde hair, her introverted nature suddenly made more sense. Even in class, the students could hear the trembling in the Professor's voice when she spoke in front of them – an odd quality for a professor, but one Gwen found cute.

Staying back for nearly ten minutes, Gwen finally dared sneak up to the house and found a window to peek through without risk of being seen from neighboring houses, or passersby on the street and what she saw pissed her off as much as it turned her on. Kneeling, hands behind her back, was a completely naked Sister Kelly – her long blonde hair pulled back and tightly braided and Gwen could see rings, much thicker than her own, hanging from Sister Kelly's nipples and inner labia.

No, no, no Gwen thought as she stared at the scene starting within. *Why Sister Kelly? God damned fucking bitches!* Over the last couple of months Gwen had become familiar with many students and teachers belonging to the THSS, but Sister Kelly was not one of them and no one ever mentioned her name in association with the club, but if the brand on her upper right arm – the same that decorated her own, was not proof positive of her involvement, then Mistress Jasmine's presence in her home could only mean one thing.

Gwen watched as Mistress Jasmine led Sister Kelly across the floor like a dog, using her braided hair as a leash. When the two women disappeared from sight Gwen tried to get a better viewpoint, but it was useless as they were no longer in the same room. Leaning against the house, she thought about what to do next. *This is what got me into trouble in the first place*, she thought, remembering how she was caught peeking in on the training session of Sister Lacie in the basement of Temnor Hall.

Finally gathering her courage, she went to the front door and slowly turned the knob. To her amazement it was unlocked and she opened it enough to slide in and then shut and locked it behind her. For more than a minute, she stood in complete silence, daring not even to breathe for fear of being discovered and severely punished.

WHACK! “Oowww, thank you Mistress,” Gwen heard Sister Kelly scream from the next room. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! “AHGH, thank you Mistress...thank you for punishing this worthless cunt.”

Gwen’s heart sank as she tip-toed across the living room to the doorway that led into the kitchen where she saw Sister Kelly bent over the table, her ass red and covered in the wicked welts that only the rattan canes could leave behind. Mistress Jasmine was steadily striking the poor woman on the ass and backs of her shapely legs and in that moment, something snapped inside of Gwen. She had always liked Sister Kelly and to see her being punished for most likely no reason at all, to hear her begging for punishment she no doubt did not deserve pushed Gwen over the edge.