

Living the Lifestyle

By: Crimson Rose

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Chapter 1: Birthday Surprise

"What a beautiful day," I said, stepping out to grab the mail. It was the kind of day where the sun was shining high in the sky and the birds sung their chirps in harmonious chorus. It was the kind of day where staying inside felt like a prison sentence. I took a deep breath, the scent of rose from the bushes lining the front of my porch mixed with the soothing aroma of my neighbor's lilac tree danced invitingly along my nostrils. I didn't want to go back inside. And so I didn't. Well, ok, I did, but only to plop the mail down on the stand next to the door and to pick up the keys to my car.

Today was a special day. Today was June 5th. To just anybody June 5th would seem like any other summer day, but to me it was special. It was me and my mother's birthday. How cool is that? Sharing a birthday with your mother? Ok, so not cool, but I think it is. Not only do we share the same birthday, we are exactly twenty years apart in age, both born on June 5th at 9:43 in the morning, me in 2040 and she in 2020. There are a few seconds between us I'm sure, but neither of us cares about that. As far as we're concerned we have the coolest birthday ever.

Every year my mother and I pick two places to visit, both of us picking a place to take the other. This year I was doing well off – not so well off that I was Rockefeller or anything, but well off enough that I kept my bills paid and had money in the bank. I was planning this day for the last year, ever since I heard my mother talking about it with one of her friends when she thought I wasn't listening.

My mother wanted to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, but never had the time or money to do so. Sounds geeky, I know, but that's my mother for you. She was born and raised with art, her father an art teacher and her mother and artist. This year I wanted to make my mother's dream come true in the biggest way. I booked us a hotel in advance now all I had to do was tell her the surprise.

I climbed into my 2059 Ford Galaxie – Ford had the brilliant and very successful idea of bringing back one of its classics, the Ford Galaxie, from the 1950's in a one hundred year anniversary. Unlike the great heap of metal and glass of the original, the new and improved model was a sleek work of art capable of reaching 240 on the speedometer. In fact, the only thing shared between the two was the name. I've buried the needle a few times when I first got the car for my 19th birthday, but after my mother made me pay a hellacious speeding ticket, my foot went from osmium to feather in record time.

Although it was a balmy 88 degrees out, I opted to roll the windows down instead of being blasted in the face by the air conditioning. I'm telling you, it was that kind of day. It felt perfect in every way.

I looked at the clock as I flipped through the radio stations in a feeble attempt to find actual music. It was 12:17. My mother wasn't expecting me until 2, but what the hell, if all else failed we could always go out for lunch before getting to our surprise for each other. I pulled out of the driveway and headed down the street towards my mother's house, the wind whipping my long black hair across my face.

Notice how I say mother this and mother that? No mention of father anywhere? Story of my life that one. I have vague memories of the man that is my father from when I was about three or four. I remember a lot of arguing and screaming and more than one trip to the hospital due to an accident involving my mother falling down the steps, or bumping her head on something. Most people can't remember life at such a tender age, but I could. I recalled things in perfect clarity as if they happened only days ago. Blessed? Cursed? Sometimes a little of both.

I remember one august day when I was four being dropped off at my aunt's house. I loved my aunt Sandy. She would babysit me from time to time and we'd spend the day watching old cartoons and eating all the junk my mother said would rot my teeth and stunt my growth. I have a cavity and I'm five feet three inches so maybe she was onto something. I don't care because I got to spend time with my favorite aunt eating my favorite foods, and I'm very happy with the way my body turned out, thank you very much.

At the end of the day, after all traces of junk food were gone from sight and I had a healthier meal of pizza and soda, my mother came to pick me up. I never saw my father after that and to be honest I never really missed him. Things at home were quiet, relaxed. My mother and I spent more time together, got to know each other. We were mother and daughter, but more importantly than that, we were friends.

My mother's house is a beautiful piece of art in and of itself. Unlike the homes today that were all fancy and made of processed (read fake) materials, my mother's house was built in the 1990's when they still used wood. A log cabin she called it, although it was larger than any cabin I'd ever seen, and I've seen a great deal of them having spent more than one summer at camp with friends. There was no vinyl siding covering the exterior walls or shingles on the roof. It had a metal roof made entirely of copper now green with oxidation. I loved the sound of rain dancing around it during a storm.

I pulled into my mother's driveway and slowed to a crawl, admiring the view. The cabin sat more than two hundred feet off the road. Well-manicured bushes lined either side of the drive. Beyond the bushes was a lawn so green and perfect I sometimes wondered if it was real or not. I need to hire her landscapist sometime because my lawn never looks like that no matter how hard I try. Behind the house rose five great oaks that had been there since the house was built by my late grandfather Phil, or Philly as I called him. It was a play on words really and I was proud I came up with it at the age of two. His name was Phil, and he was born in Philadelphia. Hey, I was two, it sounded funny to me and he loved it so that's all that matters.

Although I had a key to my mother's house, and she one to mine, for emergency use I opted to be polite and knock since she wasn't exactly expecting me for another hour. She answered the door whistling a tune I didn't know. She was dressed in a baggy t-shirt and shorts, the shirt was about three sizes too large for her petite frame. Thinking about it, maybe it wasn't the junk food that stunted my growth after all. I'm pretty sure genes played at least a little part in my design.

"Oh hi Nadia," my mother said "is it two already?"

"Not yet," I replied, still stunned at the way my mother was dressed. "Did I catch you coming or going?" Now might be a good time to explain something about my mother. My mother, you may call her Alicia if you want to' she won't mind because that's her name, was a nudist in every sense of the word. The only time I ever saw her with clothes on was when she was leaving the house or just getting home.

My mother had one rule at her house that caused no end of embarrassment to all that visited. That rule was: NO CLOTHES ALLOWED! Period. End of story. If you weren't willing to respect my mother's way of life and strip out of your clothes, well, then you weren't welcome in her house. You could sit outside all you wanted, but if you wanted to come inside it was goodbye clothes. She didn't care if you were the President of the United States, or the Pope. Clothes off upon entry.

"Not really," my mother answered. "I'm just doing a little housework. Come on in." She stepped back so that I could enter her beautiful home.

"Why are you wearing clothes?" In the twenty years I've been alive I've never seen my mother wearing clothes to do housework. Ok, well I may not remember all twenty years, but I remember a hell of a lot of them and she never wore clothes in the house. EVER! It was a cardinal sin to do such a thing.

"Just trying something new," she replied.

"New?" I said as I pulled my t-shirt over my head and laid it on the back of the chair to be folded later. "So you're wearing clothes now? What the hell mom what's wrong? Are you sick? You're not dying are you?" I unsnapped my bra and tossed it with the shirt on the back of the chair. My breasts breathed a sigh of relief and silently thanked me for letting them free at long last. Perhaps now is a good time to mention that, like my mother, I too am a nudist. What can I say? It's how I was raised and I love the freedom of going without clothes brings me.

"I'm fine sweetie. You don't have to strip out of your clothes anymore, by the way."

"I'd rather be naked if that's still ok," I replied skeptically. "Something was wrong with her and I knew it. It wasn't in the fact she was wearing clothes, although that was a strange sight to see. It was the way she was acting about it. There was a quiver in her voice that gave her away. She was nervous and didn't want to admit it.

"Of course sweetie," my mother smiled. "Do you mind if I finish up the housework before we settle in and spend the rest of the day together?"

"Of course not," I said. Although my mother's house was cleaner than sterile, she was obsessed with cleanliness. For me to tell her not to clean in her own home would have been incredibly rude of me and my mother raised me better than that. I stripped out of my jeans and panties and began the arduous job of folding everything nice and neat – also how my mother raised me. In a neat little pile I sat my clothes on the stand by the door and took a seat on the couch, watching my mother suspiciously as she went about dusting the dust-free spines of the books lining three shelves of the solid cherry bookcase that had been in the family for as long as the house. Sorry, cabin.

I did a double take followed by a triple take and several blinks to make sure I saw what I really saw. I'd been sitting on the couch flipping through a magazine – don't ask which one because I honestly couldn't tell you. I was getting bored and looked over to see how my mother was doing and that's when I saw it. The reason, or shall I say reasons, she was wearing clothes.

She was bent over as she placed several porcelain cats back on the lower shelf of the bookcase. Her shirt – the one three sizes too large for her, hung loosely from her petite frame. From the angle I was looking I had a clear view straight down the shirt to her naked breasts. This may sound weird, but my mother has amazing breasts for a woman her age. They were still mostly firm and hung teasingly beneath her shirt. I've seen her breast a million times growing up as she had seen mine. It was no big deal.

And there it was. Staring me in the face like a deer caught in headlights. Dangling from each nipple was a thing silver ring. I could see something on her right breast, but thanks to her position and the shadow cast by her shirt, I couldn't make out what it was.

"Nice nipple rings," I said taking my mother by surprise.

"OH GOD!" she gasped, standing quickly and bringing her arms up to cross over her breasts as if she could hide them more than the blue cotton of her t-shirt was doing.

"Is that why you're wearing clothes? Because you got your nipples pierced?" She stood there like that before mentioned deer staring at me in horror as if I just told her I was dying. She broke out in tears and I was floored as to the reason. If my mother wanted to get her nipples pierced she was old enough, and honestly had the breasts for it. From what I saw they looked

pretty nice and I mean that in a totally non-sexual way. I've tossed around the idea of getting mine pierced but never had the nerve to do so. I had incredibly sensitive nipples and I knew it would hurt like hell. And when it comes to pain I run in fear.

"It's ok, mom," I said, standing from the couch. My intent was to wrap my arms around her and comfort her as we had done many times in the past when one of us was feeling down. Instead she took a step back and sniffed away the tears and runny nose.

"Oh god, sweetie," she sniffed. "I never meant for you to see them. You must think I'm horrible."

"Their nipple rings, mom," I said as if it was no big deal. And honestly it wasn't. At least not to me. "When did you get them done? Did it hurt? What was that on your right breast? I couldn't quite make it out." The questions, once started, didn't want to stop. "Take off your shirt mom," I said. Again, not sexual so get your mind out of the gutter you pervert. "I want to see them."

"I...I can't," she sniffed, wiping the tears from her eyes with the loose shirt, making sure not to raise it too high.

"It's not like I haven't seen your boobs before. Come on, I really want to see the rings. I want to see how they look."

"The...there's other things there you shouldn't see," she replied. "Please sweetie, forget you saw the rings and whatever else it is you think you might have seen."

"Like I'm going to be able to do that now," I said. "Stop being such a baby about it and take off your shirt. I already saw the rings so what the hell are you hiding from me? It can't be all that bad."

Wordlessly my mother gripped the bottom of the shirt and pulled it up and over her head, her breasts bounced free, jiggling a few times before settling in place. She stood there staring at me in deer-headlight mode once again waiting for a reaction.

It took my brain a moment to take in and comprehend what I was seeing. The rings were indeed very sexy to look at and I suddenly felt jealous and wanted mine done. But there was something else. My eyes were drawn to her right breast and a word that was written there in black letters. Although it was clear as day and perfectly written, my brain just couldn't comprehend what I was seeing. It was one word tattooed across her magnificent breast. SLUTTYMINX.

My eyes were then drawn to her left breast. Because of her position while bent over putting knick knacks back on the shelf I couldn't really see her left breast before, but it was right there staring me in the face now. Again my mind struggled to make sense of what my eyes were seeing. Two words, done with the same sure hand as the one that did the right crossed her left breast. RANDLE'S SUBMISSIVE. The words on her left breast were smaller individually than that on her right, but about the same size when put together.

"What in the hell mom?" I asked after realizing I had been staring at her breasts for a food minute. "You've really got to tell me what this is all about. The rings I can understand. They look good on you. But the tattoos? Tell me those aren't real."

"They are real," my mother replied. "They are the real reason I am wearing clothes. I didn't want you to see them."

"I guess not," I said kind of harshly. "Sluttyminx? Randle's Submissive? What does that even mean mom?"

"You wouldn't understand," my mother said in that tone she used when I was four and understood more than she gave me credit for.

"Well, I gather from the one on the left that you're a submissive. And I take it you're Randle's sex slave, but the..."

"Just stop right there," my mother said somewhat angrily. "See, you already don't understand. I am not a *sex slave*," she said sex slave as if they were vile and wholly evil words that should never be mentioned. "There's a huge difference between a submissive and a sex slave. And yes, Randle is my Master." She said the word master with such love and dignity that it took me momentarily by surprise.

"Your master?" I said with raised eyebrow. "Don't masters own things? Does he own you mom? What have you gotten yourself into?"

"Perhaps we should get your birthday surprise out of the way first," my mother said, completely changing the subject and taking me by surprise again. "Mine requires us to do some travelling."

"Um, so does mine," I replied. "Where are we going for your surprise?"

"Wisconsin."

"Wisconsin? I said with surprise. On top of being a perfect day, it was also a very surprising day for me so it seemed. "What in the hell is in Wisconsin? We going to see how cheese is made or something?"

"Not exactly. Where are we going for your surprise then?"

"New York. I've booked us two weeks in a very nice hotel so we could take in the sights and pay a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I know how much you've been wanting to go there."

The tears started flowing down her cheeks once again. At mention of my birthday gift to her and she suddenly pulled me in close and hugged me tight. After a moment she pulled back and planted a kiss on my forehead and smiled brightly. That was all the thanks I needed.

"When are we due in New York?"

"Tonight. I've booked us flight and everything. What about Wisconsin?"

"Where I planned on taking you we can go at any time. There are no reservations needed."

"So where exactly is it you planned on taking me?"

"To the place I got these," she said pointing to her breasts."