

BDSM Bunker

Crimson Rose

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Michelle's introduction to BDSM happened on her thirteenth birthday which coincidentally fell on a Friday the thirteenth. Left home alone for the first time in her life while her parents went shopping, the budding teenager knew she had a few hours to herself so decided to let curiosity get the better of her. All her life she was able to go anywhere on the property and in the house except one place. Her parents' bedroom. With them waking before she did every morning and going to bed after her every night she had not even seen a glimpse inside. Heart pounding in her chest, she was soon to discover why.

Using a butterknife, she carefully opened the locked bedroom door. The first thing her eyes met was the high sitting king sized four poster bed with pillory built into the footboard, cage underneath and cuffs dangling from chains. Gasping, she nervously stepped in. Hanging from hooks to the right of the bed were nearly a dozen paddles, canes, floggers, riding crops, gags and clamps. While to the left numerous sex toys lined three floating shelves. Normal sized on the top shelf, they grew longer and thicker than anything she thought possible. Gulping back her hesitation, she continued to explore, unaware that she was being recorded by the eleven cameras her parents had hidden around the room to film their sexcapades.

Peeking into the walk-in closet, Michelle saw rows of normal clothing in the front, but something in the back caught her attention. Curiosity continuing to get the better of her, she walked deeper into the closet where the clothes went from cotton, silk and polyester to leather and latex. What had caught her attention was a fluffy fox tail attached to a metal object she would later learn was a butt plug. Next to it hung a variety of other animal tail plugs. Below each sat a pair of patterned latex thigh high boots and a box containing the rest of the outfit. Opening one, she saw long black spotted white gloves, a cupless latex crop top and a headband with what appeared to be cow ears attached.

Knowing she would be grounded for life if she did it, Michelle resisted the temptation to try the outfit on. Exploring the rest of the huge closet, she found boxes filled with bdsm magazines and DVDs. It took her young mind a moment to process that the woman she was seeing on the covers of the DVD cases in all manner of kinky position and outfit was her own mother. Nervously flipping through one of the magazines, she saw many images of things she had no right seeing, but one photo in particular caught her eye. It was of a young woman maybe in her twenties on a bed with head down and ass up wearing an outfit similar to one she saw just a few feet away including a very fluffy fox tail that appeared to be protruding from her backside. That is when the dots began connecting. Realizing that metal part went in the butt, Michelle shivered involuntarily and put the magazine back in the box.

To the right of the closet an archway led into a large secondary room filled with more sex toys, machines and equipment. Bolted to the back wall was a large padded metal X with leather cuffs at each of the four corners. There were benches and cages and machines and a seat with two dildos attached to it. She had no idea what any of it was or how it was used, but looking at it made her heart beat a little faster. Confused, excited, conflicted and still very curious, she went back to the closet, opened the box of magazines and began reading the articles while paying very close attention to the pictures.

It was never her intention to make use of her parents' bedroom dungeon or their closet full of fetishwear, but the more Michelle read, the more she felt the need to experiment. Particularly excited by images of women dressed as various animals, she went to the back of the closet and picked up a pair of thigh-high boots patterned after a brindle-coated canine. Sitting on

a small bench, she put them on. A little big for her feet, she awkwardly walked around in them for several minutes before sitting back down to put on the gloves and headband. Holding the top in shaking hands, she nervously bit her lower lip before taking her shirt and bra off and putting the form-fitting garment on. That left only the tail.

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Dressed only in the puppy outfit, Michelle knelt in the corner of the closet and picked up another magazine – this one dedicated to different forms of bondage. Completely engrossed in pictures of women tied in all manner of position, stationary as well as hanging and stories of domination and submission she did not hear her parents coming home or the footsteps walking down the hallway. But she did hear her mother's voice.

"What the hell?" Brianna said, looking from her bedroom to her husband.
"MICHELLE?" she yelled for her daughter. "I know we locked the door this morning," she said a little softer.

"I watched you do it," Ryan replied. Hearing a shuffling noise, his eyes darted to the closet. Putting a finger to his lips he tiptoed into his bedroom. More shuffling. Throwing the closet doors open, he saw his teenage daughter scrambling out of the latex costume. "DEAR GOD!"

"D-DAD! W-W-What are you doing home? You're suppose... MOM!"

"Jesus Christ!" Brianna gasped.

"I'm so sorry!" Tears of humiliation running down her cheeks, Michelle pushed past her equally shocked parents and ran to her own bedroom.

"Erase the video and I'll go have a talk with her," Brianna said to her husband.

"We both knew this day would eventually come so be gentle with her," Ryan replied.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to do anything to further her humiliation." Walking out, Brianna went to her daughter's room and slowly pushed the door open to see Michelle on the bed, knees pulled up to her chest, face buried in tears. Stepping in, Brianna shut the door. "I know you're feeling humiliated right now, sweetie, but you don't need to be. There's nothing wrong with being curious or experimenting."

"T-Then... Then w-why did you keep me out of your room?" Michelle sniffed back the tears; face still buried in her knees.

"Because you're only thirteen, Michelle, and that's a bit too young to be thinking about sex, let alone of the kinky variety. But not that the damage is done and you've seen our secret we'll be as open and honest about it as possible. I'm here to answer any questions you might have, but before you do know that we have cameras in our room recording everything around the clock including your snooping and running out dressed as you are now. Your father is deleting the video as we speak. That being said, about the outfit that you're wearing..."

"I'll take it off just as soon as you leave."

"I'm going to step out into the hall. When you're finished let me know so that we can finish this talk. Okay?"

"O-Okay."

"And honey, your father and I are not mad at you. You're not in any trouble." Stepping out into the hall, Brianna closed the door and waited.

Wiping her eyes and cheeks, Michell got off the bed, stripped out of the latex puppy outfit and then put on something more age appropriate. "Y-You can come back in now."

Stepping back into her daughter's room, Brianna saw Michelle sitting on the bed wearing a tee shirt and pair of shorts. "I'm sorry I broke into your room and stole your, um, clothes," she said, her voice soft and still trembling.

"It's okay. Like I said, you're not in any trouble?"

"R-Really?"

"Really. I know you were curious and that's why you broke into our room, but why did you put those on?" Brianna asked with a nod towards the latex garments lying at the foot of her daughter's bed. Seeing her daughter's face turn bright red, she sympathized. "It's okay, Michelle." Walking over to her, she gently placed her left hand on her daughter's shoulder and used the right to lift her chin. "I need you to know and understand that you can tell your father and me anything no matter how embarrassing you may think it is. Why did you put the puppy outfit on?"

"B-Because... I... I looked at some of your magazines and I thought it looked cool and it... It made me feel funny and I liked it so I put it on."

"Are you okay?" her mother asked, eyes going to the tailed plug.

"Y-Yes. It hurt a little but not for long. Can we not talk about this please?"

"From your perspective I'm sure this is very humiliating, but your father and I are very much into the bdsm lifestyle and seeing as how you deem yourself old enough to dress in my puppy gear, I deem you old enough to explain all of this to so please speak your mind and ask your questions."

"C-Can I keep the um, puppy gear?"

"Only if you swear to never tell anyone about it. Not even Ellie," her mother said, referring to her daughter's best friend. "I mean it, Michelle, you can never tell anyone about it until you're out on your own. If you can do that then the outfit is yours to keep. But you can only wear it in your bedroom. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes. Thank you. I think I'm submissive, mom."

"Oh? And what makes you think that, sweetie?"

"I was reading your magazines and found a quiz. According to the answers I gave it says I'm a submissive born to serve. I know I'm too young for any of this, but I promise I'll be as obedient as I possibly can."

"I think I know what quiz you're talking about so I'm not sure what answers you could've possibly given."

"Um, I've never had sex before unless you count wearing that plug. I just answered based on how the pictures and stories I read made me feel."

"Well, you might change your mind about that in the future. That being said, you can't tell anyone about taking the quiz or being submissive either. You understand that, right?"

"Is that a command?" Michelle asked, testing the waters.

"Do I need to make it a command?"

"N-No ma'am. I promise I'll never tell anyone about any of this until I'm old enough it won't get you and dad into trouble."

"Thank you. Now, your father and I brought you something for your birthday but given the circumstances I think something extra is called for. I'll do some shopping and it'll be here in a week or so."

"What are you going to get me?"

"You'll just have to wait until it gets here. Now, do you have any questions for me?"

"Are you submissive or dominant?"

“I am submissive and your father is my Master.”

“Do you do the things in those magazines?”

“And so much more. I won’t go into the details with you because I think you’re still too young to think about such things, but if you’re still interested in a few years we can talk about it some more. I need to ask you a very personal question, Michelle, and I need you to be honest with me. Now that you’ve discovered our secret and have worn one of my pet outfits are you thinking about doing more? Are you thinking about using my other toys or finding a boy to have sex with? Or a girl?”

“I can honestly say I’ve never really thought about sex until today and now I’m very curious. Not that I’m going to go out looking for it, but I am curious.”

“It’s okay to be curious, Michelle, but you’re young. Please promise me that you’ll wait until you’re older to start having sex.”

“I’ll try.”

“I need you to do more than try, Michelle. Believe me, I know the temptation all too well. I started having sex when I was fourteen and had you a year later. And while your grandparents made sure we were both taken care of, and your father proposed to be on the spot and married me when we were old enough to do so, we got a lot of flack for having a child so young. Please promise me you’ll abstain for a few more years. And if you can’t do that then at least promise to be careful.”

“I don’t know that I can promise to refrain, but I can promise to be careful. As embarrassing as this is, I, um, I think... If maybe I had... Um, if I had something to satisfy those urges when I get them then I’m far less likely to find a boy to have sex with.”

“Are you telling me you want a dildo, Michelle?” Seeing her daughter’s face go even redder, Brianna smiled. “It’s okay. Say no more. The party will be at six. Your friends can stay over if they want and I’ll have something extra for you in a week or so.”

“T-Thank you mom.”

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Nine days after her thirteenth birthday, Michelle came home from school and found three gift-wrapped boxes sitting on the foot of her bed. Grinning, she closed the door, ran over and ripped the largest of them open. Inside she found Half a dozen animal outfits like the puppy one she already owned. Fox. Cat. Cow. Pony. Monkey. Deer. Pig. And puppy with boots that would actually fit. Taking the hint, she grabbed the other one from her closet and returned it to her parents’ bedroom before running back to open the other two. In them she found an assortment of toys guaranteed to keep her entertained and her mind off of boys. Or so her parents hoped.