

Cross Country Submission

Crimson Rose

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Mistress Zenzele stared into her boss' eyes and sighed. "Are you seriously going to make me do this?" she asked, holding up the shiny metal chastity belt complete with bra.

"A deal's a deal and you lost," Master James smirked – his eyes drifting from her mane of thick, wavy black hair to her big, icy blue eyes and full lips before dropping to her large breasts, narrow waist and rounded hips. She was everything he looked for in a woman down to her soft caramel colored skin, toned legs and an ass sculpted to perfection.

"But it wasn't a fair bet. There's no way in hell anyone could take a caning like that and not even wince a little. That bitch isn't even human," she said, referring to the young brunette submissive she just finished disciplining. "Four hundred swats and not even a twitch! Did you see her ass? Her breasts?"

"I did. And I can assure you Michelle is one hundred percent human. Now get into the chastity gear and prepare to leave or you're fired. And good luck finding another job in this line of work as I'll make that all but impossible for you."

"God, you're such a fucking asshole!"

"And you're a dyke bitch desperately in need of a dick."

"You wish. I wouldn't let you touch me if you were the last man on earth. In fact, I think I'd kill myself just to make sure."

"You know, if you gave it a try you just might find you like it." Master James said, bringing the tip of his middle finger close to Zenzele's bare vulva, but stopping just shy of touching her. "You don't even know what you're missing."

"Not a damn thing," Zenzele scoffed, placing the leather-backed chastity belt over her most sensitive of places and locking it around her waist. The connected metal strap went up her lithe torso and she placed the bra over her large breasts, adjusting the straps before securing it in the back. "No, this isn't humiliating at all," she sighed.

"Hey, you're the one that insisted on wearing it so don't start whining to me about it now."

"I only said I'd wear it because I see the way you look at me. I don't want you sneaking into my bed in the middle of the night, or getting any other stupid ideas. This body has never been touched by a man and I intend to keep it that way."

"Yeah, yeah. Now go put on the rest of your clothes like a good little submissive."

"Let's get one thing straight right now. I am *not* a submissive."

"You are for the next three weeks. And you're my submissive. Now get your sexy ass in gear before I decide it's in need of a caning."

"You wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't I?"

"God, why did I ever make that stupid bet with you in the first place?"

"Because you thought it was an easy win. Well, surprise, the joke's on you. Want in on a little secret? Michelle is a very special woman in that she suffers from congenital insensitivity to pain. You could have given her a thousand swats, a million even and she wouldn't have registered a single one of them."

"You mother fucker! You cheated! This wasn't a fair bet so it doesn't count."

"No one said I couldn't use her. Now accept your loss and go get dressed. I will not tell you again." As Mistress Zenzele turned to walk away, he reached out a hand and gave her ass a hard slap.

“If you ever touch me like that again I’ll rip your dick off and toss it in the garbage disposal you rotten son of a bitch!”

“That’s Master rotten son of a bitch to you. Go on, say it. Call me your Master.”

“Like hell! You’ll never earn that right.”

“It was part of the deal, remember.”

“Go to hell...*Master*,” Zenzele cringed, the word rolling off her tongue like poison.

“And you can go get the cane. I will not tolerate disrespect in my own dungeon. I think twenty swats will do. And before you open those sexy lips again know that it’ll go up to fifty if you say anything other than yes Master.”

“Yes Master,” Zenzele said through clenched teeth. Storming out of the room before she did something she would regret like kick him in the balls and slam his smug face into the concrete until there was nothing left of it, she went to one of the small side rooms and fetched a long bamboo cane. Returning, she held it out to her boss. “Which room do you want to use, Master?”

“None of them. We’re going to do this right here for all to see. In fact, I think I’ll assemble everyone before we start. Go to the intercom and make the following announcement: Attention everyone, this is Mistress Zenzele. All Dominants are required to meet in the lobby in five minutes to witness my submission to Master James MacKenzie, and my punishment by his hand.”

“I hate you so fucking much...*Master*.”

“I know you do. And that’s what makes this all the more exciting for me. Now go make the announcement.”

“I’m starting to think it would be better if I just quit.”

“I never pegged you as the quitting type, but whatever, you know where the door is.”

Giving her boss another glaring look, Zenzele walked over to the intercom and pressed the button. After a long pause she spoke, her voice cracking with shame. “Attention everyone. This is Mistress Zenzele. All Dominants are required to meet in the lobby in five minutes to witness my submission to Master James MacKenzie, and my punishment by his hand. That is all.” Releasing the button, she felt her entire body flush from the humiliation.

“Take your chastity gear off and assume the position.”

Trembling, Zenzele unlocked the metal bra and waistband of the chastity gear and let it fall unceremoniously to the floor at her feet. Walking to the center of the room, she dropped onto her knees just as the first Dominants arrived.

“So it’s true,” a petite blonde Mistress named Tanya said as she stared down into Zenzele’s teary eyes. “I never thought you’d submit to anyone, let alone a man.”

“I lost a bet. This is only temporary,” Zenzele replied as she lowered her head to the cold concrete floor.

“No, no, you were in the right position,” Master James said.

“But that is not the punishment position unless...oh, come on! Haven’t you humiliated me enough?”

“Not even close. Now move back into the kneeling position. Your swats will be delivered to your breasts.”

“All twenty of them?”

“Twenty to your breasts and fifty to your ass.”

“FIFTY!? But you said I was only getting twenty!”

“Now it’s one hundred to your ass. Care to make it two hundred?”

“What the fucking fuck! This is some serious bullshit...” realizing her mistake, Zenzele glared at her boss. “Yes, *Master*.”

“Maybe you’ll learn your place after this lesson. It’s submission one-oh-one, Zenzele. Show respect to your Dominants or you’ll be punished. I thought you were better than that, but I guess not.”

“Did I miss anything?” Master Lance asked as he walked into the room, his big black cock sticking out like a pole bouncing with every step. Looking down at a kneeling Zenzele, he stopped – the head of his dick less than an inch from her slightly parted lips. Like every other man in the building he wanted to fuck her brains out and seeing her kneeling in submission only increased his desires for her.

“Get that thing away from me!” Zenzele screeched, moving her head back to prevent the dick from going into her mouth.

“You’re her Master now, command her to suck my cock,” Lance said, looking over at Master James.

“As much as I’d love to do just that, I agreed I would not command her to do anything involving men. Why do you think I haven’t fucked her already?”

By the end of five minutes all fourteen Dominants were present and accounted for and Master James swooshed the bamboo cane through the air several times. Circling around his temporary submissive, he softly flicked the tip of the cane across her right nipple and then the left. Standing to her right, he drew his hand back. The cane whipped through the air faster than Zenzele could follow, striking her across both breasts with painful precision.

Knowing better than to cry out despite the agonizing pain, Zenzele bit her lower lip and then looked up into her Master’s eyes. “One. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson,” she said through clenched teeth, her eyes barely holding back the tears.

WHACK!

“Two. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! The cane came down especially hard across Zenzele’s nipples, leaving an immediate welt rising on her otherwise flawless caramel skin.

“T-TH-THREE!” Zenzele stammered as the pain finally caused the tears to flow. “Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

“Damn! That one hurt so much I felt it,” Mistress Blaire exclaimed, her hands instinctively covering her small, perky breasts as she recalled the last time they were caned. Though it had been more than a decade since she last submitted to anyone, having her breasts caned was not something she would ever forget.

WHACK! The cane bit deep into the tops of Zenzele’s breasts, with enough force momentarily flatten them – a surprising feat given their large size.

“F-Four,” Zenzele cried, now openly sobbing in front of her fellow Dominants. “Thank you M-Master for t-teaching me this l-l-lesson.”

WHACK!

“Five! Thank you Master for...Ghaahhgghhh,” Zenzele choked as her mouth was suddenly filled with semen. Jerking his big black cock since before the show started, Master Lance was unable to hold back any longer. Feeling it rising to the tip of his dick, he stepped forward and shot it directly into the kneeling Mistress’ open mouth as she gave thanks. *What the fuck*, she thought, looking up at Master Lance with murderous intent as another ropey strand hit her square on the nose.

“Don’t you even think about spitting it out,” Master James said as he drew back the cane for another swat. “You will swallow every fucking drop of it do you understand me?”

“Hwat? Ho hucking way, Aster!” Zenzele said, her speech slurred thanks to the mouthful of semen.

“The deal was I wouldn’t command you to do anything sexual with men. I did not command you to do anything and swallowing semen is not a sexual act. Ok, it is, but you know what I mean. If you spit it out you will get another hundred swats. Now swallow it all or you know what happens. And you will swallow the semen of anyone else here that wishes to feed it to you. Do you understand?”

“Heth Asther,” Zenzele cringed, closing her mouth and gulping down her first ever mouthful of semen. Though humiliated and degraded, her stomach churned as the cane once again slapped hard across her breasts.