

Degrading Debra

Crimson Rose

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“There’s no way in hell I’m ever letting you take me to that godforsaken place!” Debra scowled at her step-daughter. “I’d rather die and burn in hell for all eternity.”

“I’m sure that would be your fate if hell actually existed, but since it doesn’t you’re going to serve out your sentence in the one place you hate the most. Or would you rather spend the rest of your life behind bars? Don’t bother answering. We’ve been over this more times than I care to count and I’m tired of arguing about it. Get your sorry excuse for an ass out that damn door in the next five seconds or so help me I’m calling the police and filing the report.”

“You cannot force me to be a sex slave!”

“Says the woman that spent nearly two years training me as one while using the bible as a means of keeping me ignorant. Three...two...one. Fine, you want prison, then prison it is.” Opening her purse – the first one she had ever owned thanks to her neighbors Zenzele and Larissa, she pulled out her cell phone (also curtesy of her neighbors), and started dialing a number.

“WAIT! I’ll go, but know that I hate your fucking guts for forcing me into this.”

“Such a good Christian woman,” Beth huffed. “And how do you think I feel for what you did to me? Don’t answer. Just get your ass out to the fucking car and if I hear another word out of you I’ll take us straight to the police station.”

“You heading out now?” Zenzele asked as she emerged from the kitchen.

“Yeah. I don’t want to put it off another second.”

“I have some bad news. Don’t worry, it’s not going to stop you from taking that bitch to the Farm, but it will put a small damper on your plans for her. I was reading over the rules and I was wrong about you just going in as a Dominant. You actually have to go through their course and be certified before you can wear the red armband.”

“So, I can’t register her as my slave then?”

“Unfortunately, no. At least not until you go through the training to become a Dominant. If that’s something you’re willing to do I will be more than happy to pay for the cost of the six month course. Therein lies the problem. If you take her in now you’ll also have to go through the tour and be fitted with submissive clothes. At that point you are fair game for collaring just like her and if someone manages to register you then you can never take the training to become her Mistress. At least not in the eyes of the Farm.”

“So, what do you suggest?”

“You want my honest opinion? I’d take her in and drop her sorry ass off and be done with it. Do you honestly want to see her every minute of every day for the rest of your life after everything she’s done to you?”

“I want her to suffer and be humiliated just as she did to me.”

“Then take her in, force her to rack up a bunch of debt and leave her to rot with the understanding that if she ever leaves you’ll go to the police and file charges against her. Take it from someone with months of experience, they’ll turn her into the most depraved sex slave imaginable. By the time her training is complete she’ll do every fetish under the sun without complaint or hesitation. And she’ll never be able to deny it as they’ll tattoo and brand her accomplishment right on her pathetic hide.”

“You’re probably right. Um, do you think you could take her since you’ve already been there and know the place? As much as I’d like to do it myself, if I can’t go in with the protection of being a Dominant I’d rather stay away.”

“I’d be more than happy to take her. But you should come as well. There’s one more thing I forgot to mention. It is my understanding that if you sign up for the domination course you’ll be given an interim armband and a few collars in which to claim slaves, but you won’t be able to register them unless you pass the course.”

“Then it’s settled,” Beth grinned, her hopes of becoming her Step-mother’s Mistress for the sole purpose of making her life a living hell restored. “I guess this is goodbye for now.”

“You’ll always have a home here, Beth. And I’m sure we’ll see each other on the Farm from time to time. Larissa and I work there, remember?”

“Thank you so much for everything you’ve done for me. I promise once my training is complete I’ll come back and continue my education.”

“See that you do or I’ll be very disappointed.” Giving her young neighbor turned roommate a quick hug and kiss, Zenzele stepped back and watched Beth and her step-mother leave the house only for the former to walk right back in.

“Um, I just realized something. I don’t have a driver’s license and if she’s going to be stuck at the Farm I won’t be able to bring your car back.”

“That’s okay. I’ll pick it up on Monday when Larissa and I head in for work.”

“Cool, but are you sure you want her driving your car?”

“Not really, but I’ll make an exception in this case. Go on, no more stalling.”

“Thanks again.”

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Heading back into the kitchen to grab something to eat and drink, Zenzele did not make it three steps before someone knocked at the front door. Ready to give Beth a piece of her mind for the continued stalls, she stomped across the living room and yanked the door open to see Beth’s father Nate standing there looking nervous. “Oh, hi Nate. What’s up?”

“Mind if I come in?”

“Not at all. You just missed your daughter.”

“I know.” Wrapping his left arm around Zenzele’s waist he pulled her close and kissed her hard – something he’s been dying to do ever since she sucked his cock right outside her dungeon a month prior. “God, I’ve been dying to do that forever!”

“Why did you wait so long? I told you you were welcome here anytime you wanted.”

“I needed to get the divorce settled before having sex with another woman. I didn’t want to give Debra anything she could potentially use against me. Not that it would have helped her case any, but you never know.”

“Oh, so we’re having sex now? You think you can just march in here whenever you want and take me as if you owned me?” Zenzele teased. “I’ll have you know I’m nevvmmmm...” the rest of her comment was cut off by another kiss and when she felt his strong hand on her breast all resistance faded and she melted in his arms. “Okay, but only since you asked so nicely. Do you want me right here or down in the dungeon where you can use all the toys on me?”

“I’m not really sure about all that stuff. I just want you. And your step-sister if she’s willing to join us in a threesome.”

“That can easily be arranged. She’s down in the dungeon waiting for me, actually. Come on, let’s go have some fun. Beth won’t be back for at least six months so we have all the time in the world to get you comfortable dominating and using us.”

“Honestly, all I want to do is fuck the two of you silly. I don’t need to dominate you to do that do I?”

“No, but it certainly makes things interesting. I know you have your reservations thanks to what Debra did to your daughter, but you don’t have to worry about us. Larissa and I are fully trained sex slaves and have done more perverted shit in the last few months than most people do in an entire lifetime. And we’re both already pregnant so there’s no need to worry about wearing a condom or pulling out. Come on, live a little, you just might find you like it.”

“I’ll try, but I make no promises. This is all new to me and I have a feeling I’m getting in way over my head.”

“Nah, you’ll be fine. Before being tricked into slavery I spent years as a Dominatrix. If you want I can teach you a thing or fifty and you’ll be dominating us in no time.”

“I’ll let you take the lead and see where it goes.” Following Zenzele out into the kitchen, Nate grabbed her by the waist, turned her to the right and bent her over the table. Pulling out his hard cock, he shoved into her pussy. “Sorry, I couldn’t wait.”

“Never apologize for taking me like the slave I’ve been trained to be. If you are going to dominate me and Larissa you need to assert your dominance over us and this is a good start. We are not submissives, Master. We are slaves. That means we are yours to take whenever and however you like. You do not ask, you demand and we obey. That is step one to owning us, Master.”

Nate had never been called Master before, had never dominated another human in his life, but he loved the primal urges it opened up within him. Grabbing her by the hair, he jerked her head back and slammed his cock in and out hard and deep.

The door leading into the basement opened and Larissa emerged. “I was wondering what was taking you so long. Hey Nate,” she smiled at her step-sister and neighbor. “You coming back down or what?”

“Or what,” Nate grunted. “Get on the table and let her lick you.”

“You’ll get no arguments from me. So, does this mean he’s dominating us now?”

“Mmm hmm,” Zenzele moaned. “And he’s doing a fantastic job of it so far. Beth won’t be back for about six months so I told him he could take us whenever and however he likes.” Pulling her step-sister closer, Zenzele kissed Larissa’s clit and then sucked it into her mouth. “While she’s training to be her step-mother’s Mistress, I’m training Nate to be our Master.”

“I can live with that, but I thought the whole idea of leaving the Domination Farm was so that we could be our own Masters...Mistresses...you know what I mean.”

“You talk too much,” Nate said, his voice almost a growl. Taking a step back, he grabbed Zenzele, flipped her onto her back and spread her legs wide. Shoving into her he looked into Larissa’s eyes. “Sit on her face and keep your mouth shut while I fuck my load into your step-sister.”

“Yes Master,” Larissa said, a jolt of excitement thundering down her spine as she straddled her step-sister’s head and lowered herself down until her pussy was touching tongue. Reaching out, she grabbed Nate’s shoulders and pulled him in for a kiss – their lips meeting just as someone knocked at the front door.

“You expecting someone else?” Nate asked with his dick buried to the balls in Zenzele’s tightly clenched pussy.

“No Master. Do you want me to go see whom it is?”

“Make it quick.”

“Yes Master.” Hopping off her step-sister’s face and the table, Larissa ran to the front door and opened it to see their neighbor Jessi standing there – her light blue eyes suddenly going wide. “Hi Jessi, what brings you by?”

“Oh my god, you’re naked!”

“This is a nudist home. Something I can help you with?”

“Um, is Zenzele here? The mailman delivered this envelope to my house by mistake,” Jessi answered, holding up a large, thick envelope while trying to avert her gaze from the naked body standing in front of her. But that was an almost impossible task and when her eyes glanced over the name, GAPYHOLES, branded on her left breast her cheeks flushed deeper.

“She’s a little busy right now but I can give it to her. You like what you see?”

“W-What?”

“I see you looking at my tits. See anything interesting...Foxywhore?” Larissa asked, using the young woman’s submissive name for the first time since they met a couple of months ago. It was a secret the shy twenty-three year old kept closely guarded and she would never have found out had Zenzele not seen her sunbathing nude one day shortly after moving in.

“Excuse me?”

“There’s no need to play coy with us, Jessi. Zenzele saw you laying out nude and saw your submissive name. Don’t worry, we’re not going to judge you. As you can see I have one myself. Zenzele too. Hers is Sloppypuss. We were both trained at the Domination Farm and also work there at DF Productions as toy testers. That’s where you work as well isn’t it? The Farm I mean. That’s why you’re so secretive about it.”

“Um, can you just give this to Zenzele?” Jessi said, shoving the envelope into Larissa’s hands.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed. As you can see I’ve got a great many piercings, tattoos and brands and by the look on your face I know you recognize where they come from. Look, you don’t have to talk to us about it if you don’t want to, but if you do we’re here for you. Zenzele was a trained dominatrix before her former boss turned her into a sex slave so she knows both sides of the lifestyle better than anyone I know.”

“Sorry, I’ve gotta go,”

“Wait, before you go just answer one question for me. Where on the Farm do you work?”

Jessi paused for a moment and started sweating as if she had just stepped into a sauna. Chewing her lower lip, she looked on the verge of tears. “T-The n-n-new Alien Encounters,” she stammered. “I’m the p-police officer getting fucked by tentacles.”

“Sounds interesting. And thank you for being honest with me. I appreciate it. Would you like to come in? Our sort of new Master is giving us a good pounding and I’m sure he’d love to sink his fat cock in you.”

“No thanks. I can’t leave my grandmother home alone too long so I need to go.”

“Well, if you ever feel like playing we do have a fully stocked dungeon in the basement. Or we can just sit and talk. Either is fine by us.”

Giving her naked neighbor a final onceover, Jessi walked off the porch, missed the bottom step and nearly fell flat on her face. Managing to stumble several feet, she caught her balance and ran home, cheeks burning red in embarrassment.

Going back into the kitchen, Larissa dropped the envelope on the counter, climbed on the table and lowered her pussy to her step-sister’s mouth just as Nate grunted and shot his load deep into Zenzele’s pussy. Yanking her down by the hair of the head, he pulled out and shoved his dick down Larissa’s throat in time to feed her the last few strands of semen.

“I’ll be back later for more,” Nate said as he put his cock back in his pants. Without another word he left them on the kitchen table in the hopes it was what a Master of two beautiful slaves would do.