

Goddess Xindra

Crimson Rose

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Taking the stage with more than a hundred extensively vetted Masters and Mistresses anxiously waiting to see whom they would be bidding on, and half a dozen members of the media there to record the Beastlands' first ever slave auction, Arch-Mistress Xindra – the sheep-type furtasian owner of the bdsm training compound, put a hand up to call for attention. “Thank you all for attending this evening’s event on such short notice. I will be your emcee, but before we begin let me quickly go over the rules. First and foremost, all the normal rules of the Beastlands apply. Disobedience, disruptions, and outbursts will not be tolerated. Everyone being auctioned this evening is doing so of their own free will and has signed contracts for varying lengths of time thus the wide range of starting bids. That being said, please allow me to introduce our first slave up for auction!”

As the words left the Arch-Mistress’ mouth, a partite corgi-type furtasian with big blue eyes and long, dark brown hair wearing a strappy latex teddy and thigh-high walked onto the stage. Standing before the audience, she struck several submissive positions and then paraded herself for all to see.

“Your eyes are not deceiving you!” Arch-Mistress Xindra exclaimed. “You are, in fact, seeing Opal City’s very own news reporter Zandia Thokon. She has absolutely zero experience with the BDSM lifestyle other than the few positions she learned for this auction so whomever wins will be the first to train her. Speaking of training, Zandia has signed a one-year no-limits contract with a single exception she be permitted to continue her career and life uninterrupted. The starting bid for this very fine specimen of furtasian beauty and willingness to please is one million dollars. Do I hear one million?”

No sooner was the starting bid out of Arch-Mistress Xindra’s mouth, then several paddles went up and the bidding instantly skyrocketed. One point five million. Two. Four. Five point six million. Seven. As the price went higher, Zandia began stripping to give perspective winners a better look at what they would be receiving. Eight million. Ten. Eleven-five. As the bidding began to slow, Zandia walked up and whispered into the Arch-Mistress’ ear. “*Can I change my contract to give them more incentive, Arch-Mistress?*”

“What do you mean?”

“Can I offer a longer term if the bid reaches a certain amount?”

“I don’t see why not.”

“Thank you, Arch-Mistress.”

“What are the terms?”

“If the bidding hits twenty million I’ll extend the contract to two years, Arch-Mistress. And if it hits thirty I’ll stop taking birth control so my owner may breed me.”

“Very well. Continue giving them a show.”

“Yes Arch-Mistress.”

As the slave-to-be once again paraded herself around the stage, Arch-Mistress Xindra addressed the audience. “This just in folks, eager to please and for the price of twenty million dollars, Zandia is willing to extend her contract by another year. And if we reach thirty million she will allow her now owner to spend that time breeding her!”

“Thirty million dollars!” a well-dressed human man in his late forties called out.

“Thirty million going once! Thirty million going...”

“Forty million!” a sexily dressed redheaded human woman bid.

“Make it five years of breeding and I’ll bid one-hundred million dollars right now,” another scantily dressed human woman with jet black hair fading to purple offered.

“You are aware the winning bidder is the one that must breed her, right?”

“Not a problem, Arch-Mistress,” the bidder replied.

“It’s up to you, Zandia.”

“Can you prove you can breed me, Ma’am?” Zandia asked.

Standing, the bidder raised her dress and pulled her panties aside showing a semi-hard cock. “Is that proof enough?”

“I accept her terms, Arch-Mistress.”

“One hundred million!” the bidder called out.

“One hundred million going once. One hundred million going twice. One hundred million going... going... SOLD for one hundred million dollars!” Xindra exclaimed.

“Congratulations, Zandia!”

“Thank you, Arch-Mistress.”

“Now there’s just the matter of the auctioned off mark,” Xindra said as she unhooked a small device from her left hip. Taking a moment to set it, she approached the reporter, lined it up near her right breast, and then pressed it in causing Zandia to howl in agony as AUCTIONED SLAVE with \$100,000,000 was branded into the sensitive flesh of her breast. “Congratulations!”

“T-Thank you, Arch-Mistress.”

“You may leave the stage now and once we’ve received payment you’ll be handed over to your new owner.”

“I understand, Arch-mistress. Thank you for giving me a chance to learn about the lifestyle.”

“You’re going to do far more than learn about it, Zandia. You’re going to be living it. You’re going to be a well-trained sex slave long before the end of your contract.” Looking out at the stunned audience, Xindra continued. “Ma’am, if you’ll follow Tyrria to the back we’ll get everything sorted,” she said, motioning to a pink-haired marmoset-type furtasian woman.

“Yes Arch-Mistress,” the winning bidder replied.

Once the stage was cleared and the room settled, Xindra took her place behind the podium. “Well, that was a truly unexpected delight! I for one hope she enjoys being trained as a sex slave as that’s going to be her life for the next five years. Speaking of sex slaves, up next we have another of Opal City’s finest reporters. At twenty-six years old, this raven-haired beauty has been stealing hearts for years and now – for the right price, she can be yours to do with as you please for six months. Masters and Mistresses, allow me to introduce Raquel Darrion!” As the green-eyed human woman took the stage, Xindra continued. “Like Zandia, Raquel has no training but is eager to learn. Due to her short contract and a few hard limits, bidding will start at one-hundred-thousand dollars!

Several paddles going up, Xindra smiled as the human paraded herself around the stage. “One-fifty! Do we have one-fifty?” the first paddle going up belonged to a young wolf-type furtasian man. One-fifty, do we have two hundred?” paddles going up, Xindra rapidly rattled off higher and high amounts. Three hundred thousand. Four. Half a million. One point three million. Interest slowing, it eventually tapered off and died altogether at two point six million dollars. While a far cry from the one hundred million dollar opening auction, it was a damn good payday for six months of slavery and no one was complaining. “Congratulations, Raquel!”

“Thank you, Arch-Mistress.”

Setting the price, Xindra lined the branding gun up and pressed it to the reporter's right breast. AUCTIONED SLAVE with \$2,600,000 underneath.

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Meanwhile, In a small room backstage, Zandia and one of the Beastlands' resident Mistresses met with the winning bidder to revise the contract, accept payment, and finalize the deal. Entering, the beautiful transexual woman greeted her new slave with a pleasure-filled grin. "It's a pleasure meeting you in person."

"Likewise, Ma'am. May I know the name of my new owner?"

"Abby Thorne."

"Of the Opal City Throne's?" A shocked news reporter asked.

"One and the same. Though I'm something of a black sheep the family has done everything in their power to keep out of the limelight so it's no wonder you haven't heard of me. I need to know, so please be honest, is this really your first time submitting?"

"Yes Ma'am. The extent of my experience is the few positions Arch-Mistress Xindra taught me to use on stage. Prior to that, I was part of a group of reporters that did the first tour of the Beastlands Reborn which led to me volunteering for auction."

"That's really fucking hot! I am so looking forward to training and breeding you."

"I'm looking forward to being trained and bred, Ma'am."

"Don't you mean Mistress?"

"I mean no offence, Ma'am, but you don't own me until payment in full had been received."

"None taken."

"Pardon the interruption," the other woman in the room stepped in. "Before payment is accepted we need to go over and modify the contract to meet the new terms offered and agreed upon. Once everyone is satisfied we'll sign and payment in full is due within three days. If payment in full has not been received you will be banned from participating in all future auctions."

"Payment will be rendered as soon as the contract is signed," Abby replied. "And breeding will begin as soon as payment has been accepted."

"I'm looking forward to it, Ma'am."

"Then let's get to it."

Producing a tablet device, the resident Mistress scrolled through several pages and made changes where necessary. Contract Duration: 5 years. Limits: NONE. Breeding: REQUIRED. Sale Price: \$100,000,000 "Alright, if the two of you would like to read the new contract we can go from there."

"Yes Mistress," Zandia said, taking the offered device. Reading though it, she initialed and signed and then handed it off to her potential new owner.

Finding the terms acceptable, Abby Thorne signed and then handed the tablet back to the resident Mistress who added her name as witness. She then produced a POS terminal. Placing her right wrist over the terminal, Abby typed in the absurdly high amount, tapped the button, and then waited for the funds to be transferred to her slave's Beastlands trust account. Once accepted, she removed her wrist and then pulled her property in for a kiss.

"For the next five years I am yours to do with as you please, Mistress," Zandia purred excitedly.

"Congratulations!" the resident Mistress exclaimed.

"Thank you, Mistress."

Pushing her property over a small table, Abby pulled her dick out and plunged it into her bitch's pussy. "I know I just bought you at auction, but I hope that doesn't mean we can't be real friends and lovers."

"Uhn! Uhn! I... mmmm... I'd like that, Mistress!" Zandia moaned between hard thrusts of her owner's cock.

"I'll leave you to it then," the resident Mistress said before stepping out of the small room.

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"Before you introduce another slave to be auctioned may I ask a question, Arch-mistress?" A beaver-type furtasian reporter asked.

"Of course."

"Thank you, Arch-Mistress. Have you considered auctioning yourself or is such a thing beneath a woman of your station?"

"First, let me thank you for using Beastlands protocol when addressing me. I know a lot of people don't like it as it makes them somehow feel subservient to me, but I do appreciate those that do it without hesitation. That being said, I've not only considered auctioning myself, I'm on tonight's menu."

"Really, Arch-Mistress? You're going to sell yourself into sexual slavery?"

"I am. The contract has already been drawn up."

"Care to give us a sneak-peek into what bidders can expect when one of them potentially wins you?"

"All I'll say for now is that it's for a term of three years and breeding isn't just acceptable, it's required."

"So, you're a sex slave, Arch-Mistress?"

"I may own the Beastlands and run it as Arch-mistress now, but I've spent years being trained in all things submissive. There's literally nothing I haven't done or won't do to satisfy my owner's every perverse desire."

"And what must one do to sign up to be auctioned, Arch-Mistress?"

"It's as simple as talking to any of our resident Mistresses stationed at the information desks throughout the Beastlands and filling out the proper and necessary paperwork. Why, do you wish to be auctioned into slavery, Miss Hemara?"

"Just asking what the people of Opal City wish to know, Arch-Mistress. But for the sake of argument, let's say I did want to be auctioned and I filled out the paperwork, how is price determined and how long before I'm standing on stage being bid on?"

"Price is based on length of contract and what you're willing to do while in service. As for how soon you'll be auctioned, that all depends on many factors, but usually within a week of signing the contract."

"So, anyone can just walk in, sign some papers and be sold into slavery?"

"As long as they're at least eighteen years of age and of sound body and mind, all are welcome. That being said, for forgetting to call me Arch-Mistress you'll receive ten swats of the cane on your breasts."

"I... dammit! Yes, Arch-Mistress."

"Why don't you come up on stage so I can do it for all of Opal City to watch?"

"Y-Yes Arch-Mistress." Leaving her equipment where it stood, Miss Naesine Hemara walked onto the stage, faced the crowd, and then began unlacing her black and green corset. Once it was full open she got down on her knees, removed the garment which she carefully

placed on the floor to her left, and then locked her fingers together behind her head in the breast punishment position.

Positioning correct, Arch-Mistress Xindra wondered how much the reporter knew so instead of explaining anything, she unhooked the cane from the side of the podium, lined up, and then brought it down hard across the Beaver-woman's large breasts.

THWACK!

"One! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK! Striking even harder across the kneeling slave's breasts, Naesine flinched forward but did not break position.

"TWO! I promise to be a better slave in the future, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Three! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Four. I promise to be a better slave in the future, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Five! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK! The cane slicing across the reporter's nipples, Naesine once again flinched but did not break position.

"Six! I promise to be a better slave in the future, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Seven! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Eight. I promise to be a better slave in the future, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Nine! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Arch-Mistress."

THWACK!

"Ten. I promise to be a better slave in the future, Arch-Mistress."

"Five thousand to see you do that again, Arch-Mistress!" a man called out from the crowd.

"Ten thousand!" another upped the bid.

"Twenty-thousand to see you do the whole discipline track!" a woman bid.

"Looks like there's interest in seeing you being disciplined," Xindra said to the kneeling reporter. "Any interest in accepting? Wait, before you answer know that if you accept you'll be required to go through with it or be banned from the Beastlands and you must do whatever discipline the winning bidder reaches."

"I'll accept on two conditions, Arch-Mistress. First, the bidding starts over and begins at fifty thousand dollars. And second, I'll only accept the highest tier of discipline if the bidding reaches two hundred and fifty thousand."

"I'll suggest it. And on the off chance they accept and bidding surpasses the top tier, you'll also agree to going through it again however many times the winning bidder reaches."

"Accepted, Arch-Mistress."