

House of Submission

Crimson Rose

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As if her life was not difficult enough without a pandemic, Jenna now had a jobless future and mounting bills she could no longer afford to pay to look forward to even if she shared expenses with four of her closest friends – all but one of whom were in the same sinking boat. Rent. Car payment. Her cut of the utilities. And virtually no savings to speak of. Wracking her brain say and night for a solid week on how she and the others could make money from home, she turned to her best friend Lindsey.

It was nearly midnight when Jenna knocked on her best friend's bedroom door. A brief muffled comment was followed by footsteps and then the door opened. "Hey," Lindsey whispered. "I just started a show."

"Oh. Sorry, I won't bother you." Jenna apologized as her eyes took in the form-fitting black latex mini dress and thigh-high boots her best friend wore.

"It's okay. I'm waiting for people to populate the room before things get going. What's up?"

"I actually wanted to talk to you about the shows. There are five of us living here and you're the only one still making any sort of a living and that royally sucks. I guess what I'm trying to say is: how does one go about becoming a webcam model?"

"Easy. You go to the website, make a profile and once verified start camming. If you want you can join me tonight to see if it's something you really want to do but I warn you I put on some of the kinkiest shows the site allows and if you join you'll be expected to participate. You know the kinky shit I'm into, Jenna, so ask yourself if you're willing to experience all of that before agreeing."

"I have no other choice. Like it or not I need to start making money so I'll do whatever you wish me to do for the show and if all goes well we should talk to the others about doing it as well."

"Correct me if I'm wrong but I had that conversation when I first told everyone what I did for a living and I was unanimously shut down so I don't see any of the others changing their minds."

"The world wasn't falling to shit thanks to a pandemic the last time you asked."

"Fair enough. Anyways, I need to get back before people start leaving. You in or out?"

"What do I need to do?"

"Just be yourself. Actually, go ahead and get your laptop and you can make an account while I introduce you to the viewers. And just so we're clear, Jenna, straight or not if you join me we will have sex."

"Yeah, I figured as much. I'll be right back." Turning, Jenna fast walked to her bedroom at the end of the hall. Her best friend was right. She was straight. In fact, thought she could appreciate the beauty of the female form, she herself has never had any inkling in that direction but there was no other woman in the world she would rather lose her bisexual cherry to. Quickly stripping out of her shorts and tee short, she changed into a sexier thong, burgundy dress and heels to be more in line with what she saw Lindsey wearing. Trembling as if she had just stepped into a freezer, heart pounding in her chest she left her room and returned to her best friend's. She lightly knocked. It opened a moment later and she was invited in.

Putting her best friend's willingness to go bisexual in the name of making some money to the test right off the bat, Lindsey gently caressed Jenna's left cheek and then kissed her fully on the lips. Jenna made a shocked noise but managed to resist every urge to pull away. After a beat

she allowed her lips to part. Their tongues met. Her hesitation fading quickly, she let herself be pulled in as her best friend's right hand squeezed her ass. The embrace lasted a full minute before Lindsey took a step back and grinned.

"Welcome to the show, babe."

"T-Thanks."

"Go ahead and get on the bed and I'll go over the rules."

"Okay." It was then Jenna realized her best friend's normally very feminine room had been given a total makeover into what appeared to be a dungeon. Dildos, butt plugs and bottles of lube lined floating shelves where pictures and other personal items once called home. Canes, floggers, crops, clamps and various gags hung from small hooks lining the wall above the headboard. "Wow! So, this is what your room looks like when you do shows?"

"Only when I do bdsm shows. Which is what we'll be doing tonight. Full disclosure everyone," Lindsey said as she turned her attention to the chat room. "Jenna here is not only new to being on camera, she's also new to bdsm and sex with women. Her limits are virtually unknown so we'll be going through a few different fetishes tonight to see where she sits on the submission spectrum. And now for the rules. First and foremost, I'm the dominant one in this relationship and you're the submissive. That being the case, you will call me Mistress or you'll be disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"Good girl. Rule two, while we're limited to the fetishes we can do on this particular site, there are others not so restrictive. That being said, in order to make an informed decision whether you actually like something or not you will make every effort to give new things a try even if your gut reaction is to say no fucking way. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Rule three, as you're in training to be my submissive and not sex slave we'll use the traffic signal safewords. If everything is going smoothly you don't have to say anything but you can use green to let me know for sure that you're okay with how things are going. If you need to take a short break or there's an issue that can be corrected without stopping completely you can say yellow. And if things are going poorly or there's an issue requiring the scene to fully stop then you can say red. Any questions?"

"No Mistress. Well, actually I have about a million questions but none about what you just said. I'm ready to get started whenever you are."

Leaning in, Lindsey kissed her best friend on the lips for only the second time in the seventeen years they had known each other. She then whispered in her ear. "I'm glad to see you're eager to submit but we can't give those watching too much too soon or we won't make much." Taking a step back, she smiled. "We'll set some goals to get you out of those clothes and then learning your first lessons so why don't you go ahead and get on the bed and introduce yourself to the..." pausing a moment to look at her laptop, Lindsey continued "nineteen hundred or so people watching."

"Wow, that many?"

"That's nothing, babe. Also, you now have ten swats coming for failing to say Mistress."

"Seriously? Um, Mistress."

"I warned you with rule number one, Jenna, and you agreed so I guess you'll get to learn your first submissive position. There are several positions used for discipline but to give everyone watching the best possible view of your ass being caned we'll use one called wall. Go ahead and stand facing the wall to your right. You'll then put your hands on it shoulder height

and then scoot your legs back and open until your torso is parallel with the floor. Make sure you keep your hands in place.” Though she had the tipping sound turned off Lindsey could see the wall of yellow text on the screen indicating tokens coming in at a rapid pace. “This next part is very important so listen carefully as I’ll only say it once. After each swat you will count and say thank you Mistress. If you break position, fail to count and give thanks or say anything other than the count and thanks five more swats will be added for every infraction and we’ll start over from the beginning until you get it right. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“We’ve known each other practically our entire lives, but don’t think for a second that means I’ll go easy on you. Go on, get that sexy ass of yours in position and prepare yourself for a very painful lesson in discipline.”

“Painful, Mistress?”

“You’re about to be caned Jenna. Tell me, did anyone else in the house see you coming in here?”

“No Mistress. I’m pretty sure everyone else is asleep.”

“Then unless you want to wake them with your screams I suggest taking a deep breath, accept the fact that you will be caned and take it like a well-trained slave. That is to say without breaking position or making a sound other than the count and thanks. Now get into position.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” While the majority of her being did not want to be caned there was a miniscule part of her that was oddly intrigued. Gulping back her fear, Jenna walked over and placed her hands on the wall. Keeping them there, it did not take her long to ride up over her plump ass as she scoot back until bent at the waist. Her cheeks warming up at the thought of a few thousand people seeing her mostly naked behind, she stared at the light gray wall in front of her and did not move.

“Mmmm, nice ass,” Lindsey said as she walked up behind her best friend. But even though this was a dream come true, she did not want to rush in and start eating her out.

“Punishment is always delivered on a bare ass so these will have to go,” she said as she hooked her fingers in the waistband of Jenna’s thong and slowly pulled the flimsy garment down as far as her friend’s spread legs would allow. “Resistance will only get you added swats.” At that Jenna clamped her legs together and let her friend pull her panties the rest of the way down and off. “Remember, count and give thanks. Nothing else or instead of having fun you’ll spend the rest of the night in pain.”

“Yes Mistress.” Jenna took a deep breath and exhaled. The cane lightly tapped her ass causing her to nearly choke on the next breath. THWACK! The cane bit painfully across her ass. With fundamentalist parents being spanked was nothing new to her, but the thud of a belt on her rear end paled in comparison to the focused sting of the thin length of bamboo. Digging her fingernails into the wall, she threw her head back. “One. Thank you Mistress,” she panted.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK! Aiming a little lower, Lindsey struck the crease where ass and legs met.

Biting her lower lip so hard she nearly drew blood, Jenna barely stifled a yelp as the pain shot up her spine. “Four. Thank you Mistress.” Her temperature steadily rising, a tiny bead of sweat dripped from her brow as she braced for the next swat.