

Lifestyle Choices

Crimson Rose

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“I swear to god, Erica, you’ve got the shittiest taste in clothes I’ve ever seen!” Ashley grimaced as she went through her best friend’s closet. “These clothes will never do for a party!”

“Well excuse me for not having your impeccable fashion sense, Miss tee shirt and leggings.”

“Seriously! You don’t have one damn dress?”

“There’s a skirt in there somewhere. Just pick something and put it on so we can go already.”

“No way am I wearing any of this stuff. What about your mom? I’ve seen her in some pretty nice clothes. Think she’d mind if we raided her closet?”

“I suppose not, but if it gets ruined you’re paying for it.”

Leaving her bedroom and going down the hall to her mother’s master bedroom, Erica opened the door and dragged her friend in. “Good lord!” Ashley gasped. “Yeah, your mother has all the fashion and decorating sense. Are those satin sheets?”

“Forget about the bed. The closet’s over here.”

Opening the doors, Erica and Ashley stepped into the huge walk-in closet and began browsing as if in a shop at the mall. Shirts were on the left organized by style next came the pants and then skirts and dresses in more styles and choices than they had time to go through if they were going to make the party on time.

“Next time you go clothes shopping, take your mother along,” Ashley said holding up a little blue dress. “What do you think?”

“It’s fine. Now go put it on while I pick out something.”

“No way! I’m not going with the first thing I pick up. Oooh, here’s a sexy...what the fuck?” Taking a step to her right to nab a black and purple dress from the rod, Ashley’s foot hit something in the floor and both young women stared in shock as a section of back wall slit open revealing another room beyond. “Whoa, what do you think’s in there? And why does your mother have a hidden room in her closet?”

“I have no idea.”

“Well don’t just stand there! Let’s check it out!” Grabbing her friend by the arm, Ashley ran towards the new door and into the room, both girls stopping dead in their tracks as they took in their surroundings.

“OH MY GOD!” Erica gasped

“Fucking hell, Erica! What is all of this?” Ashley asked, her eyes darting from dildos and butt plugs to riding crops and canes amidst racks of leather and latex.

“I. Have. No. Idea.”

“Holy shit! Look, are those gags hanging over there?” Ashley asked as she walked across the second closet, picking up a ball gag when she reached the opposite wall. “Do you think she wears this? Or makes others wear it for her?”

“I’d rather not think about any of this. Come on, let’s get out of here.”

“Are you kidding me? This is awesome! Your mother is a freak! Here,” she said tossing the ball gag to her embarrassed friend “try it on.”

“Eewww! No way! You try it on.”

“What’s the matter? You can’t tell me you’ve never taken anything in the mouth before. I know what you did with Greg,” Ashley said grabbing another gag from the wall. “Come on,

we'll do it at the same time.” Placing the big red ball in her mouth, she held the straps out and waited for Erica to do the same.

“You're out of your damn mind!” Erica protested.

“Come on. Do it just this once. I want to see what you look like wearing a ball gag.” Placing the ball back in her mouth, Ashley brought the straps behind her head – pulling them as tight as possible before buckling them together. “Oh hi hod!” she mumbled. “Hith ith tho cool!”

Embarrassment turning to humiliation, Erica placed the ball in her mouth and secured the straps behind her head only so she did not have to hear her friend making fun of her for chickening out.

Grabbing another gag – this one with a large ring, Ashley handed it to Erica. “Thry it ouf.”

Snatching the new gag from Ashley's outstretched hand, Erica removed the ball gag and placed the ring in her mouth, taking a moment to realize that it was supposed to go behind the teeth before strapping it in place. The drool began to flow almost immediately and she found herself continuously wiping her chin.

“Oh god! I just got a wicked thought. You know what gag is good for?” Ashley asked, grabbing a long, thin dildo from the shelf behind Erica. Placing her left hand on the back of her friend's head, she brought the dildo up and pushed it into Erica's mouth and down her gagging throat. “Oh yeah! A guy could really throat fuck you with that in your mouth!” she laughed as Erica finally managed to pull away.

“Are you out of your damn mind!?” Erica screamed in anger between coughs.

“Sorry. I couldn't help myself. But you have to admit a guy could really go to town on you with that gag preventing you from closing your mouth. And just think, he'd be able to fill it with jizz too and you couldn't stop him. Man, your mother is...holy fuck! What are these?” she said distracted by a rack of latex clothes with various accessories hanging with each outfit. What drew her attention was a black and white one that made her think of a cow. And sure enough, when she took a closer look she saw a pair of cow ears and a butt plug with what appeared to be a cow tail sticking out of the base. The next looked like a monkey. And then four variations of cat, a few different dogs, horses and even a zebra. “I think these are supposed to make you look like various animals,” she said taking the cow outfit off the rack.

“Don't even think about it. Just put it back and let's get out of here.”

“You're not at all curious as to why your mother has all this stuff?”

“Not even in the slightest,” Erica lied. Truth was, she did not want to think about it as the consequences were too dire to imagine. Just the mere thought that her mother used the toys, dressed in these clothes made her skin crawl.

Having too much fun, Ashley plucked the cow ears from the hanger and placed them on her head. “Mooooo,” she said followed by a fit of laughter. Grabbing the tail, she placed the tip of the plug against her behind and swished it around. “How do you think I look with a tail?”

“You're insane! Now put it back and let's get out of here. This is just too damn much!”

“Ah, come on. You have to admit it's kind of funny.”

“What's so funny about my mother dressing like a god damned animal?”

“So, she does wear these things.”

“I don't know. I mean, they're here in her closet, right? Why would they be here if she wasn't the one wearing them?”

“My point exactly. So she should have no reason to be mad for us taking a look around and having a little fun, right?”

“I supposed not. But it’s still fucking creepy being in here.”

“Come on, let’s try an outfit on.”

“No way!”

“Just one. Please?”

“I am not shoving a plug up my ass!”

“You don’t have to.” Putting everything back on the hook, Ashley began stripping out of her clothes. “Come on, get your ass naked so we can see what we look like as animals. Which one do you want to try?”

“I guess the dog one.”

“Nice. I’ll try the horse one. Here you go.”

Erica took the outfit and laid it on a short bench while she finished stripping – her blush deepening with each article of clothing she dropped on the floor. First she put the ears on and then a gag shaped like a dog’s bone. Next went a pair of thigh-high latex stockings and matching gloves. “What the hell?” She said when she finally managed to get her hand in the glove and felt a metal rod. Taking a minute to figure it out, she wrapped her fingers around the rod and was then able to pull the glove the rest of the way up. “Um, I’m not going to be able to get the other glove on.”

“Hold on, I’ll give you a hand and then you can help me,” Ashley replied as she finished straightening out her stockings. “I guess the point of them is to give the appearance of actual puppy paws. The horse ones have hooves. I’ll gin them credit. Whomever made them was imaginative.”

After helping Erica into the other glove, Ashley walked around her friend and smiled. “You look really sexy like that. Get down on all fours like a dog. Hmmm,” she said once Erica was down on the floor. Something is off.” Grabbing a bottle of lube from the shelf, she coated the plug, moved behind Erica and quickly shoved it up her ass. “PERFECT!”

“Aahhgghhh! You thon of a hitch!” Erica groaned into the gag, her pawed hands beating against the floor as she fought against the pain in her stretched ass.

“What? You said you weren’t shoving a plug up your ass, you never said anything about me not shoving it up there.” Lubing up the horse-tailed plug, she placed it against her own asshole and eased it in – its two inch thickness stretching her more than she was used to. She then got one glove in place and started on the second when she saw a shadow out of the corner of her eye.

“What in the hell is going on here?” Erica’s mother Lucy gasped. “Ashley? ERICA! Oh god!”

“Spinning around, Erica’s heart momentarily stopped beating as she looked up into her mother’s eyes. Scrambling without effect to use the paws to remove the gag, she fell back onto her ass, legs spread open as if a dog sitting up. “Oh hod hom! Hith ithin’t hat it hooks thike!”

“No?” her mother replied, years of speaking through gags giving her an understanding of the mumbled language. “What it looks like is that my daughter and her best friend somehow found my hidden stash of toys and decided to play. Am I close?”

“Yeth,” Ashley answered. “Ith hi hault.”

“I see. Give me that arm,” Lucy said motioning to Ashley’s left arm with the glove only half on. Taking it in hand, she tugged it into place to Ashley’s surprise. “I have to say the two of you make pretty cute pets. And I’ll give you points for taking the plugs,” she added with a smile. “Okay Ashley, lay on your back with legs bent at the knees. You too Erica. I’ll get to you in a

minute. There are two more pieces the two of you forgot to put on. Didn't you wonder what these were for?" she asked holding up two latex bands.

"HOM!" Erica gasped. "Hu han't he herious!"

"Oh, I am very serious. Now do as I say or else. You want to go messing around with my animal gear then you're going to get the full effect." Using her right foot to hold Ashley's left leg in place, she worked the band in place and then did the same to the right before moving to her daughter and repeating the process. "Now, roll onto your hands and knees and crawl your assed out of my room and into the living room so we can have a little talk."