

# **Master's Harem**

**Crimson Rose**

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Standing next to her boss turned Master, Zenzele looked around the Domination Farm – the place she was destined to spend the rest of training and her heart skipped a beat. All her life she was the one in charge, the one calling the shots and now she was nothing – less than nothing in her own mind as she had so quickly gone from Dominatrix to sex slave in training to a man she could barely stand to be around.

“So this is it, Master? This is where I’ll be trained as your sex slave?”

“This is it, Sloppyholes. That’s going to be your slave name, by the way. Considering how many fists you’ve taken I think it’s appropriate, don’t you?”

“No Master, but as your slave I have no say over what you do to my body. Will it be tattooed or branded on me, Master?”

“Branded, definitely branded. We’ll head there right after we get you into some clothes and settled into your apartment. Now drop on all fours and crawl beside me like the bitch you are.”

“Yes Master.” Knowing better than to argue, Zenzele dropped onto her hands and knees – blushing as she felt all eyes were suddenly glaring at her, mocking her. The hard ground digging painfully into palms and knees, she did her best to keep up as he master walked on without bothering to look down to see if she was even there as they made their way down Domination Drive passed the Whorsie track on the left where slaves, submissives and bare-necks were trained in the fine art of being ponygirls; and the Hot Momma Café on the right where large-breasted and mostly pregnant women expressed breast milk in the customer’s drinks upon request.

Turning down Bondage Boulevard, Master James led his slave in training to a five story building at the end. “This is the submissive apartments and where you’ll call home for the duration of your stay here unless you royally fuck up and find yourself collared a Farm submissive. If that happens you’ll stay at that building there,” he explained, pointing to another much smaller brick building. “And that building there is The Dive. It’s one of the places you can eat here on the Domination Farm. Dominants are not permitted inside of either submissive apartments unless they are fetching a disobedient slave, submissive or bare-neck but don’t think that means you can hide inside all day. Every inch of this farm is wired with cameras including all apartments and if you are found spending too much time inside you will be disciplined. Is that understood, Sloppyholes?”

“Yes Master. If you’re not staying with me then where will you be staying?”

“We Dominants have our own apartments on the northers side of the Farm. Now go on in and fins a room with a blank whiteboard hanging on the door and add yours to it. That is how you claim a room for yourself. Oh, and put your real and submissive name on it. I will be waiting out here for you.”

“Yes Master.” Crawling to the door, Zenzele rose up long enough to open the door before dropping back onto all fours and going inside. Going right down the hall, she found names written on every door – some actual birth names, but most submissive names given to those registered and entered into the Domination Farm’s database. Backtracking, she went left of the door to the same results. Crawling up the stairs – cringing with every step as the cold, hard metal dug painfully into her knees, she went to the second, third and fourth floors before finally finding one with a black whiteboard hanging on the door. Getting to her feet as it was the only way she could reach it, she wrote her two names. Zenzele Hall and Sloppyholes.

Opening the door, she stepped into the tiny apartment and sighed. “So this is home now,” she said, looking around at the small, empty living room. Dropping back onto her hands and knees, not knowing if her Master was watching or not, she crawled towards the back bedroom and noticed the bathroom to the left. “At least there’s a bed to sleep on,” she exhaled slowly. *How have I let this happen?* She thought, taking one more look around before crawling back out of the apartment and closing the door behind her.

Back outside, she saw her Master waiting patiently. “Did you find a place to stay, Sloppyholes?”

“Yes Master.”

“Great. Sometimes the rooms are all filled up and you have to bunk up with another. Come, our next stop is the clothing shop followed by the registration office and then the body modification building.”

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Normally one to jump on the chance at a shopping spree, Zenzele was more than a little apprehensive as she crawled into the large clothing store lined wall to wall with every sort of fetish gear one could imagine from boots and heels on the left to gloves and collars on the right with corsets, skirts, dresses and harnesses in-between. Walking up and down the various aisles were blue-collared Farm submissives aiding men and women in choosing their outfits.

“Hello Master,” a petite brunette Farm submissive named FoxyBitch greeted Master James. “How may this cunt help you today?”

“My slave is in need of clothing. I want her in a waist cincher corset, the rest is up to you.”

“Yes Master.”

“After the first free outfit, allow her to choose six more. She’s going to be here a good long while and I don’t want her wearing the same thing day in and day out.”

“Yes Master. Will this be on your account or hers?”

“Mine. Now get to it. We have a registration and branding to get to after this and I don’t have all day.”

“Yes Master. May your slave stand?”

“She may.”

“Thank you Master,” Zenzele said, standing up and brushing off her knees.

“I like to start with the neck and work my way down,” FoxyBitch said as she led Zenzele towards the right side of the store. “Since you are already collared we will forego those and move on to the gloves.” Picking up a pair of fingerless opera gloves in black leather, she handed them to Zenzele. “Those are one of our fastest selling styles. See the d-rings on either side? They are built right into the material for ease of restriction. With those there’s no need for cuffs. Go ahead, try them on.”

Looking the gloves over for a moment, Zenzele loosened the laces and slipped them on. Offering her hands to FoxyBitch, she allowed the Farm submissive to pull the laces tight and tie them off. “They look lovely on you. Come, let’s get you into a corset next, shall we? Have you ever worn a corset before?”

“Many times, but never a waist cincher. Before becoming Master’s slave in training I was a Dominatrix.”

“They take a bit of getting used to as breathing is a bitch, and for the life of me I cannot understand why your Master thinks you need waist training as you’re perfect the way you are, but who am I to question?”

“Thank you. Honestly, I don’t understand it either, but as his slave I will do as commanded.”

Picking out a red and black latex underbust waist cincher steel bone corset, she handed it to Zenzele who put the garment on and began closing the front using the first set of hooks – the underwire pushing her breasts up. “My god this thing is already too tight to breathe in.”

“You’ll get used to it. Just remember to take slow, deep breaths. After the corset came a short, black leather skirt with dark red lacing that matched the corset Zenzele was wearing and a pair of thigh-high boots with red lacing and built-in d-rings up either side. “And that completes your free outfit.”

“That’s it? No bra or panties?”

“How would the Dominants use you if you wore a bra and panties? No, you won’t be wearing either for as long as you’re here unless it’s that time of the month. Now, if you’ll so kindly strip out of everything we’ll get you in the rest of your clothing.”

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Redressed in her original free submissive clothing, Zenzele dropped back onto her hands and knees in front of her Master and looked up at him, slowly rolling her lower lip between her teeth. “You look sexy as always, Sloppyholes.” After paying for the purchases, he led her from the clothing store, to the registration office where she was officially registered as his slave and then it was on to the body modification building.

After more than three hours waiting, Master James and Zenzele were taken to a small back room where a tall, perky-breasted woman with a pixie hairdo fading from dark purple to pink at the tips stood over a sink washing her hands. Looking back over her shoulder she smiled. “Hello again Master James. Long time, no see.”

“Hello Mistress Alexis. I could say the same thing to you. Phones work in both directions, you know. And they’re a lot cheaper than traveling across the country to see my step-sister.”

“Like you really came here to see me. Is she your latest conquest?”

“That she is. Sis, meet Zenzele. Or as she’s now registered, Sloppyholes. She was once my best Dominatrix before losing a bet and becoming my slave.”

“Sorry,” Mistress Alexis smiled down at Zenzele. “I know what a royal pain in the ass my step-brother can be. It took him all of six hours to go from taking my virginity to shoving his hand up my ass. Anyways, take your clothes off. What work will I be doing on your slave today?”

“Her slave name will be branded on her breast and I want the cleavage piercing removed and replaced with five lettered microdermals spelling OWNED. I also want front hip microdermals with the one on the right reading: WHORE and the left saying: BITCH. I then want her hood double pierced and shielded and while you’re at it give her a chastity piercing would you?”

“Anything else?”

“I think that’ll be enough for now. When you are finished here you will explore the Domination Farm and show off your new body art,” he said to his slave. “I’ll be leaving you now. Like I said earlier, I’ll return in one week.”

“Yes Master.”

Walking over to his step-sister, Master James pulled her close and kissed her passionately on the lips, his hands grabbing her squeezing her ass. “And I’ll see you in a week as well. Maybe I’ll have more time to give you a proper hello.”

“I’m on the pill now so say hello all you like,” Mistress Alexis smirked. “And maybe when you get back you can stop by the house and say hi to your daughters. They miss you, you know.”

“I’ll make the time.”

“Then go take care of whatever business you’re here to do and I’ll talk to you later. Giving her step-brother a quick peck on the lips, she walked back to the sink and washer her hands. “And you may take your place on the Saint Andrews,” she said to Zenzele.

“Yes Mistress.”

Reluctantly allowing Mistress Alexis to secure her to the Saint Andrews by leather straps around the wrists, forearms, bicep, waist, thighs, shins and ankles, Zenzele did everything in her power to steel herself against the oncoming agony. “You and Master are really step-brother and sister?”

“We are.”

“And you have sex? Am I right in understanding that the two of you have kids together?”

“We have twin daughters. They just turned eighteen last month. Does it bother you that your Master has sex with his step-sister?”

“I’ve been working for Master for more than seven years and I never even knew he had a step-sister. At least you’re not biological siblings.”

Picking up a bulky looking gun, Mistress Alexis plugged it in. Seeing the confused look on Zenzele’s face, she grinned. “This is a branding gun. First time seeing one?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“It works much the same as a branding iron with the exception there’s no waiting for it to heat up. I’ll press it to your breast, pull the trigger and you’ll be branded in seconds. However, to make it stand out against your caramel skin I’m going to tattoo the area first. The brand will then suck it up into the scar tissue. Given your skin tone I’m thinking silver would really make it pop. After the tattoo and brand I’ll do the hood piercing and then the microdermals. Next to the pain of being branded you’ll hardly feel it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“So, have you met any of my step-brother’s other slaves?”

“Other slaves, Mistress?”

“Oh, you didn’t really think you were the only one, did you? God no, James has a whole harem of slaves that do his every bidding without question. Just look around the Farm for other women wearing that same collar and you’ll find his slaves. And I do mean slaves. James does not train submissives.”

“What else can you tell me about my new Master, Mistress?”

“I can tell you all manner of stories, but I’d rather not strip you of the privilege of making the discoveries on your own. But what I can tell you is that you’ll be trained in every fetish known to man no matter how you feel about it and he will not hesitate in disciplining you for disobedience.”

“A fact I know all too well, Mistress. Before losing the bet with him I was a lifelong lesbian. I never even kissed a man before and he’s turned me into a gang bang whore. He took me to some park he owns with puppy and pony slaves and I was fucked by them all. They used me like a bitch in heat.”

“Sounds like something he’d do. And if that made you feel like a bitch in heat just wait until you do the real thing.”

“You don’t mean...he wouldn’t!”

“Wouldn’t he? In case you haven’t figured it out yet, my step-brother is as perverted as they come. Not to mention the fact that he’s incredibly sadistic. That being said, James will be back in a week and he’ll expect you to jump right into being his slave, but I can prolong it if you want.”

“How, Mistress?”

“As the Dominant doing all of your body modifications I have the authority to designate you off limit until you’ve had enough time to heal and recuperate.”

“Again, I ask how Mistress?”

“Let me give you two more pieces of work and I’ll place it in your record as well as make sure no one touches you for a period of at least three months. That should give you ample time to heal.”

“What more do you want to give me, Mistress?”

“Not going to tell you. Accept it or not, it’s your decision.”

“I accept, Mistress. Considering everything you’re going to do what’s two more?”

“Very well, Sloppyholes. I’m not going to lie, you’re going to be in some major pain by the time I’m done with you so I’ll give you three months and there’s nothing my step-brother, or anyone else can do about it.”

“Thank you Mistress.”