

# **Maze of Submission**

**Crimson Rose**

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The ad was about as vague as an Ikea instruction manual, but the promise of excellent pay and free room and board was just too good of an opportunity not to at least look into. Especially for a recent college graduate with a degree that would never see use looking to get out of her parent's attic and out on her own. Based on the lack of details I am not sure what I was expecting, but it certainly was not what I pulled into.

Lining either side of the long, arrow-straight driveway was a three foot tall red brick wall with a taller five foot section about every thirty feet or so that was topped with a fancy light. Beyond that and to the left were topiaries that gave the impression I was driving through a zoo. Furthest away was a family of meticulously sculpted elephants and then there was a waddle of penguins and about half a dozen or so monkeys with a pair of giraffes eating from the limbs of a tree finishing off the display. It was the same to the right only with the more dangerous animals such as lions, tigers and bears.

Four hundred feet in and the brick wall made a ninety degree turn left and right while the driveway continued on another hundred feet and circled around a huge fountain with seven mermaids sitting around the base, heads tilted back in an almost erotic pose as water sprayed down on them from above. Shaking my head in disbelief, I parked to the right and got out of the car feeling incredibly out of place. Giving the door a light knock in the hopes no one would answer and I could be on my way, I was only marginally disappointed when it opened and I was greeted by an older man dressed in a finely tailored suit.

"May I help you young lady?"

"I'll take it," I blurted out, sound like a complete idiot.

"And what exactly will you be taking?"

"Sorry, this place is pretty overwhelming and it has me all flustered. I'm here about the job if it's still available."

"Of course. And may I ask who you are?"

"My name is Kathryn Saunders."

"Please come in Miss Saunders and I'll take you directly to see Madam Marshall."

"Can I ask what the job is? The ad wasn't very helpful."

"Madam Marshall will be able to answer all of your questions. Just follow me and I'll take you to her."

"I think I'd rather wait here for her," I said as I got the sudden feeling he was leading me into a trap.

"As you wish. Please don't touch anything and stay in the foyer. For full disclosure you should know that every square inch of this property is wired with cameras." And with that he walked away without as much as a glance back to see my reaction to his statement.

Despite the old feel to the place, it was decorated with modern furniture with abstract paintings hanging on the walls – each of which cost more than my entire college education. *Thank you art degree*, I thought as I paced around the room. After a few minutes I heard a pair of heels clicking on the hardwood floors. Turning, I saw a raven-haired Amazonian wearing a silver and green dress that was so tight I could tell she had nothing else on underneath, and the heels were attached to a pair of thigh-high matching boots that added a good four inches to her height.

"Dylan said you were here about the job?"

"Yes Ma'am. He said you could tell me what that job is?"

“I can, but first let me tell you the benefits. Wait, where are my manners? I’m Nicole Marshall. And you are?”

“Kathryn Saunders. Pleasure to meet you. And let me say what a magnificent home you have here. The topiaries are especially nice.”

“Thank you. And the pleasure is all mine. If you likes the front you’ll absolutely adore the back. Will you walk with me while we discuss terms?”

“Lead the way,” I said with a nervous smile.

“No need to be nervous. I was watching you on camera and rest assured no harm will ever come to you in my home. In fact, if you take the job you’ll be living here as well,” she said as we entered a kitchen larger than my entire apartment. Sliding a glass door open we stepped out onto a deck overlooking what I could only describe as the coolest place on earth. Dominating the center of the first section of yard was an enormous pool in the shape of a mermaid with rocks and waterfalls all around. Beyond that were tall hedges with archways cut into them leading to corridors that disappeared into shadow.

“What interests you more, the pool or the hedge wall?”

“The hedges, to be honest. What lies beyond them?”

“You’ll find out if you take the job.”

“Which is?”

Walking over to a table, Nicole picked up a clipboard and carried it back with her. “Before I tell you what the job entails I will need you to read and sign this non-disclosure form stating that in the event you decline to take the job you will never mention what it is to anyone for as long as you live.”

“And if I don’t sign?”

“Then I’ll show you out and our business will be concluded, Miss Saunders.”

Taking the clipboard, I read the one page legal document and then put my name to it. “So, what did I just swear myself to secrecy for?” I asked as I handed her back the clipboard.

“If I said the letters bdsm could you tell me what they stood for?”

“I’ve read fifty shades,” I admitted, my face suddenly felling very hot.

“So, what do the letters mean then?”

“Bondage and Discipline. Domination and submission. Sadism and masochism.”

“Very good. And how do you feel about that lifestyle in general and not the very amateurishly skewed version of it in those books?”

“Why are you asking me these questions? Is that what you want to hire me for? Do you want to be my Christian Grey?”

“God no! I want to train you properly,” she stated matter of fact. “There you have it. I’m looking for a sexy, willing young woman to train not as my submissive, but as a sex slave. And by that I mean you will be trained to perform any and all acts of a sexual nature without hesitation or complaint and with a smile on your lips whether you like it or not.”

“Um, that really doesn’t sound like something I’d be interested in.”

“Let me give you the pay and perks and see if it changes your mind. The pay is two-fifty per year with full medical and an additional one-hundred placed into a retirement fund.” She must have seen the confused look on my face because she immediately clarified. “That’s two-hundred-fifty-thousand a year and another one-hundred thousand in the retirement fund. You will also be given one month of vacation time per year on top of paid holidays and two weeks of sick leave. Tell me, do you have a college education?”

“I have a bachelor of fine arts from the Cleveland Institute of Art.”

“If you are interested in making it a Master’s of fine arts, or if you wish to go back and reinvent yourself, I will be more than happy to pay for all of your educational needs as the last thing I want is an airhead serving me. So, does that persuade you even in the slightest?”

“I have to admit it is incredibly tempting, but I am not submissive even in the slightest.”

“Would you care to take a test to make sure? Before you answer, I will pay you fifty grand cash to take it, but you have to complete the entire test. If, at the end, you are still convinced you are not submissive then the money is yours and I’ll wish you good luck on whatever life may bring and send you on your way.”

“And if I am submissive?”

“Then you’ll still get paid to take the test and you’ll let me train you as my slave.”

“I’d be a fool to pass up fifty grand to take a test,” I said, expecting something of the old-fashioned question and answer variety.

“You wanted to know what lay beyond the hedge wall, well, now you’re going to find out. You will enter the left archway and follow the path in. If you come back the way you came the test is failed and you get nothing. If you make it out the right archway you’ll be fifty grand richer. You are required to do everything asked of you within and I will know via the camera feed if you refuse or fail to comply. When you are ready you may strip out of your clothes, yes, all of them, and proceed through the archway.”

“Why do I need to be naked? And if there are cameras what are you going to do with the recording?”

“Absolutely nothing unless you agree to come work for me. Here’s the thing, slave contracts are non-binding meaning you can walk away from it without fear of being sued for breach. An acting contract, however, is something entirely different and that is what you’ll be signing. In simple terms, you will be paid to be a sex slave, but on paper you will be a porn star performing her very first fetish scenes. What you experience in there will be the first of a series of videos that will be sold all over the world.”

While three-hundred-fifty grand a year was nothing to sneeze at, I was pretty confident she would be making far more off of my training and submission and call me greedy, but if I was going to get into that sort of lifestyle I wanted a bigger cut of the pie. “If I make it through the other side and I find that I am indeed submissive I want another fifty percent added to the pay and retirement fund.”

“Deal,” she said as if I had just asked for a nickel. “In fact, if you make it through to the other side without one instance of complaint I’ll make it an even million a year. Now, I don’t want to hear another word. Strip and begin the test, or leave. The choice is yours.”

Staring me down for about five seconds, Nicole opened the sliding glass door and walked inside, leaving me standing there trembling like a leaf in a hurricane. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that she had closed the blinds on the door. Gulping down my fear, I slowly approached the archway in the hedges and peered in. It went about fifty feet and turned left, giving me no choice but to enter if I wished to discover more. Biting my lower lip, I took one last look around and then stripped out of my clothes – leaving them lay there on the ground as I slowly made my way into the test.