

Model Submissive

Crimson Rose

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Storming into the office in a furious rage, Autumn glared at the raven-haired beauty sitting at a large mahogany desk. "It's been months since my last shoot so you better have the best paying job in the world for me or so help me this'll be the last day you ever work in the business!" she screeched.

"Threats will get you nowhere, Autumn and they certainly don't scare me so you can sit your self-entitled, narcissistic ass down and listen, or leave and be permanently blacklisted from the industry."

"Blacklisted? I'm the best fucking model you have and you think you can blacklist me? Go ahead and try and I'll have you in court faster than you can beg my forgiveness. Now I want to know why it's been months since you've found me a god damn shoot!"

"Maybe, just maybe it has something to do with the fact no one likes you," Haley Simms shot back. "Maybe it has something to do with you being the aforementioned narcissistic, self-entitled bitch. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that your head is so far up your ass you can't seem to hear the cameraperson's instructions. Or maybe it has something to do with you thinking you know how to do everyone's job when you can't even do your own. But if you ask me it's all of that and so much more."

"Fuck you! I'll see you in court for breach of contract!" Autumn seethed as she turned towards the door she just slammed shut.

"Leave and I can guarantee you'll never work as a model again," Haley said with an eerie calmness. "This isn't a joke, Autumn. It's taken me this long to find a shoot for you because I've spent the last three months contacting every agency in the damn country looking for one that will take you on, but your reputation for being a self-centered diva precedes you, but there is one, and only one, that will work with you. Now sit down and continue being a model with a guaranteed one year contract, or find another line of work."

Teeth clenched so tight they threatened to crack under the pressure, Autumn turned back around to face her agent. "One year guaranteed?"

"Minimum."

"If it doesn't pay at least seven figures a year I'm not interested."

"You didn't make that much before you burned every bridge in the industry so what makes you think you deserve it now? You'll be paid two-fifty a year with double pay every fifth year. So, two-fifty for years one through four and then five-hundred for year five. Two-fifty for years six through nine and five-hundred for year ten. And so on. That being said, there are quite a few rules you'll be required to follow to the letter or you'll be found in breach of contract and required to pay a hefty fine. Breach three times and that's it. You're out of the industry permanently. So, do you want more details or would you rather walk?"

"What are the details?"

"I've got all the paperwork right here," Haley said as she slid a folder across her desk. "You're required to read, initial, and sign where indicated. And to make sure you do it of your own free will it will be recorded. Refuse to initial and sign even one spot and the contract is null and void and you will not get a second chance so for your sake I suggest taking your time. That being said, you're not going to like it, but this is it, Autumn. Refuse this job and I'm dropping you as a client."

Taking the rather thick folder of documents, Autumn flipped it open and let her eyes fall to the first page. “Sinful Secrets Studios? Never heard of it. Are you sure they’re legit and can actually afford to pay me?”

“I’ve vetted them personally and can guarantee money isn’t an issue.”

“Wisconsin? Are you kidding me?”

“Beggars can’t be choosers, Autumn, so stop complaining and sign the paperwork.”

Reading through the document, it did not take Autumn long to see the first troubling bit of information. BDSM. Domination Farm. Fetishwear. Toy testing. Potential submission training. “What the actual fuck is this? Where are you sending me, Haley? What the fuck is a Domination Farm?”

“It’s the fetish resort where the Sinful Secrets Studio is located.”

“It says I’ll be trained as a submissive and possible sex slave! What the fuck? You know I’m not into that shit!”

“If you want to remain a model and clear your abysmal reputation in the industry you’ll learn to get into it. This is non-negotiable, Autumn. And I believe the documents say potential, not guaranteed. Especially since you’re being paid good money to do so.”

“This is fucked up on more levels than I can count! How do I know you even contacted other agencies?”

“Feel free to call them yourself, but if you leave this office before signing I can guarantee the only way you’ll ever work in the modelling industry again is if you start your own company and good luck doing that when virtually no one wants to work with you.”

“Wisconsin is across the fucking country! I’ll have to move there. I’ll have to leave my family and friends behind.”

“You do what you want, Autumn, but unless you have questions about the paperwork I prefer you keep your mouth shut.”

“I don’t believe for a second that this is my only option,” Autumn said even as she continued reading the extensive stack of paperwork. “How the hell can you expect me to just accept potentially being turned into a sex slave?”

“One more peep not related to the paperwork and I’ll gag you.”

“This is about the paperwork! You’re my damn agent, Haley! You’re supposed to find me well-paying shoots, not toss me to the gutters to be trained as a sex slave! If you read this thing then you know my chances of getting through even a year of shoots without being registered and trained are practically nil. Would you do it for that little money?”

“That little? You think a quarter of a million dollars a year is little money? Jesus, you’re delusional. You do realize that’s more than you’ve made in the last four years combined, right?”

“That’s your fault for not finding me more and better paying shoots,” Autumn huffed. “But answer my question, would you do it for the amount I’m being offered?”

“If I were a washed-up narcissistic bitch that no one wants anything to do with and it was my only option to stay in an industry that wants nothing to do with me, then yes, I’d do it. But thankfully I’m very well-liked and respected because I treat everyone with mutual kindness and respect. Until they give me reason otherwise,” Haley added with a smirk. “Now, for the last time, please remain silent unless you have something important to ask or on top of being gagged I’ll cane your pathetic ass as well.”

“Try it and I’ll break you fucking arm,” Autumn shot back.

“And you’ll be arrested for assault.”

“Says the one that just threatened to cane me.”

“Oh, don’t get me wrong. I wasn’t threatening anything. Caning you for being a disobedient and disrespectful cunt is a promise. Now shut up and read,” Haley said as she opened the top left drawer of her desk from which she withdrew a penis gag. Tell me, what page are you on?”

“Seven.”

“Then you’re far enough in that you’ve read and signed acknowledging me as the representative of the Domination Farm. It also means you agreed to obey me upon penalty of discipline. Which means if you refuse to let me cane you for being a disrespectful bitch you’ll be in breach of contract. You’ll get to the rules of discipline later, but by my count you have nearly two-hundred swats coming. Since I don’t want the rest of the building hearing your shrill crying I’m going to gag you before caning your tits and ass. Refuse and you’re in breach of contract. Break the position you’ll be commanded to assume and more swats will be added.” Seeing her most annoying client about to say something, she put her hand up. “Don’t bother saying a word as I don’t want to hear your excuses. You’ll accept the punishment or you’ll leave my office and never come back. If you accept then finish the paperwork, strip naked and then bend over with legs spread and hands resting on the edge of my desk. And if you refuse then leave now.”

Glaring at her modelling agent for a long moment, Autumn considered leaving, but then slowly bowed her head and as her cheeks flushed red continued reading the documents.

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After more than two hours of reading and signing, Autumn put the pen and folder down, stood up, and then began stripping out of the form-fitting dark purple dress she wore with nothing underneath. Unable to look her agent in the eyes, she stared at the mahogany surface of the desk as she got into position. A moment later and the silicone penis was pushed into her mouth as she was gagged for the first time in her life.

“By my calculations you have two hundred eighty-five swats coming. I’m going to put two hundred on your ass and legs and the remaining eighty-five on your breasts and belly. If you acknowledge and accept your punishment then pinch your nipples and nod.”

Already more humiliated than she thought possible, Autumn reached up, pinched her nipples, and then nodded her head.

“Good girl. Since you’re gagged and unable to speak we’ll forego the counting and giving thanks portion of the discipline, but you’ll obey the rest of it. Move and ten swats will be added per infraction. If you acknowledge and accept the rules as I’ve explained them then pull your pinched nipples as hard as you can while nodding that pretty little head of yours.”

Seething mad, Autumn pulled her now hard nipples as hard as she could eliciting a guttural moan and an involuntary shiver of excitement as she nodded in acceptance.

“Good girl. Put your hands on the desk so that I can cane your sexy ass.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Haley watched her client getting back into position. “I’m not going to lie, Autumn, I’m thoroughly going to enjoy this. And with that, she drew back and then delivered the first of many swats to come.

The thin length of bamboo slicing across her ass, Autumn screamed into the gag and lurched forward into the desk immediately adding ten more swats to the already ridiculously high number.

“That’s ten more swats,” Haley said even as the sex slave to be got back into position without prompting. Please keep moving as I already have a body modification in mind for when you hit five hundred.”

THWACK! The cane striking at the crease where leg met ass, Autumn once again broke position as she bit hard into the silicone cock stuffing her mouth.

“That’s it! Squirm you entitled cunt! That puts you over three hundred. Please keep moving so I have the pleasure of completely ruining your stunning fucking body!”

THWACK! Hands on the desk, Autumn’s knees buckled and she dropped to the floor wailing like a banshee.

“YES! Get back into position, slave, or more swats will be added. Five. Four. Three. Two.” Unfortunately, that’s when her client stood and once again assumed the position. Knowing twenty or so swats was not nearly enough for all the hell her client had put her through over the years, Haley pulled back on the strength if only to prolong the model’s suffering. Five swats. Ten. Twenty. Forty. Fifty. Her client’s ass and legs covered in nasty welts; she decided now was as good a time as any to go full strength.

THWACK! As predicted, Autumn instinctively broke position in a vain attempt to get away from the pain, but was stopped by the desk.

Ten more low to mid-strength swats were followed by ten hard ones with Autumn breaking position each time the cane landed. Fifty more tolerable swats were then followed by eight hard ones causing the model to break position.

“That’s it, slave. You just surpassed five hundred swats. You may accept them and we’ll continue, or you may accept the alternate punishment of a body modification of my choice. If you accept the swats then Assume the position and then reach back and spank your ass three times. And if you accept the body modification then pinch your left nipple while pushing three fingers into your pussy.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Haley watched as Autumn pinched her left nipple as three fingers disappeared into her womanhood.

“Very well, slave. You’re going to hate this but I’m going to love it and frankly that’s all that really matters. Subtracting five hundred you have fifteen swats remaining which will be administered to your breasts. That being said, I think we both know that I can very easily turn those into another five hundred so I’ll make you a deal. You can take those fifteen swats to your breasts and hope you can withstand the pain far better than you did on the ass, or you can accept a second body modification now leaving you only five swats which I promise to administer hard enough to sting but not so hard to make you break position. I want to see if a certain rumor is true so if you want to cut to the end and accept your second body modification then fist yourself, Autumn.”

Knowing her agent was right, Autumn immediately reached down, made a fist, and then shoved her left hand into her pussy right up to the wrist before pulling out and punching it back in. Out. In. Out. In. PLOOSH! Despite the pain she was in the orgasm gushed from her in torrents. Bending over the desk, she continued punch fisting herself while her agent watched.

“God damn that’s hot!” Haley exclaimed. “Let me take over and I’ll forgive those last five swats. If you accept then get on the floor head down and ass up.” Again, no sooner were the words out of her mouth, then she watched her client getting on the floor. Moving into position behind her, she punched her right hand into Autumn’s pussy, pulled it out, and then slammed it into the moaning model’s ass confirming the rest of the rumor to be true. A beat later and her left hand was thrusting in and out of Autumn’s womanhood. “I’m going to remove the gag and then we’re going to sixty-nine with you on top so that I can continue fisting you. If you put more than three fingers in me I’ll add another ten body modifications,” Haley said as she slowly pulled her hands from her client’s wrecked holes.