

Museum of Desires

Crimson Rose

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The door to the mostly unused waiting room opening, the eight men and women sitting nervously inside looked up to see a stunning raven-haired beauty wearing a long, deep-purple latex dress with black corset and high splits up either side showing off her well-toned legs paired with matching strappy heels and a res latex band around her right bicep. “Apologies for keeping you waiting, but I had a very important meeting that unfortunately ran over. I’m Mistress Raven, owner of the Domination Farm and your personal guide for this evening’s grand opening. Any questions before we begin?”

“I have a question, Mistress,” 26-year-old redhead Megan Alexander – a reporter for WRTV Channel 9 replied. “You invited me to your resort and gave me permission to record everything but refused to allow me to bring my own equipment so how exactly am I to perform my job?”

“Bringing your own equipment would mean bringing a cameraperson and other crew that may or may not have agreed. To avoid the whole situation you’ll be using our proprietary Fet Frames. Think Meta gasses on steroids. Sleeker, lighter weight, and more importantly enough storage to continuously record for several days,” Mistress Raven said as she reached into a small bag on her left hip. Pulling out a black case, she held it out to the freckle-faced reported. “Yours to keep on me.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” Opening the case, Megan withdrew a pair of surprisingly beautiful glasses. “How do I turn them on, Mistress?”

“The small button in the top left of the frames. They’ve already been calibrated and programmed so all you need to do is turn them on and you’ll be ready to go.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“I have a question, Mistress,” 19-year old Jemma Moore – the youngest of the group asked. “Why am I here? Don’t get me wrong, I appreciate the invite, but she’s a reporter, that woman over there is the Chief of Police. That couple over there are high-profile attorneys. I’m just a college student so how do I fit in with this group of obvious VIPs?”

“I won’t lie; I invited your mother but she decided her mayoral duties were far more important than attending tonight’s grand opening so I invited you instead.”

“I see, Mistress. So, I wasn’t even on the radar until my mother declined your invite?”

“I wouldn’t say that.”

“Then what would you say, Mistress?”

“I’d say that your mother was my obvious first choice but you were absolutely on the list should she decline which she did. Same with practically everyone here. With that being said, we have a few hours before the grand opening so I thought I’d go back to our roots and offer a guided tour ending with each of you getting into your new Domination Farm approved eveningwear. That being said, please stand and strip out of your street clothes. Go on. I won’t repeat myself so get to stripping or you’ll be disciplined,” Mistress Raven warned.

First on her feet, 43-year old Police Chief Erica Walker began unbuttoning her blouse. “Trust me, as someone with decades of bdsm experience under my badge, the last thing you want is to disobey commands as Mistress Raven will not hesitate taking the cane to your asses.”

Second to stand, Jenna pulled her dress off over her head and lay it on the bench behind her. “Do we have to take our shoes off as well, Mistress?”

“Absolutely everything must go,” Raven answered.

One by one, to varying degrees of embarrassment, the remaining men and women got up and stripped out of their clothing while the fetish resort's owner watched and reporter Megan Alexander recorded.

Once the group of VIP guests were butt naked, Mistress Raven continued. "Remember, collars or not, if you engage with any of the attractions or other guests you must complete whatever it may be or you'll be disciplined. And if you refuse, or break any other rules three or more times you'll be immediately and irreversibly registered as a Farm slave whether or not you stay or leave and never return. Follow me and if you have any questions please don't hesitate to ask."

"I have a question, Mistress," Jenna said. "I'm sure everyone here has heard all manner of stories and rumors about the Domination Farm, but is it true there's a restaurant here that smothers every meal in loads of semen?"

"That would be the Cumeaterie and it's where you'll be having lunch as well as dinner," Mistress Raven said as she opened the waiting room door.

"I can't speak for anyone else, Mistress, but I'm not into eating semen-covered food. Or semen at all," 38-year-old bank executive, Glenn Woods stated.

Well, you'll learn to love it today as that's the only place any of you are permitted to eat," Mistress Raven replied as she led the group out of the waiting room and into the most infamous fetish resort in the world. "We're currently on Domination Drive which is the resort's main north/south road," she added as she pointed to a street sign on the corner ahead. The side road there is Bondage Boulevard which is where you'll find several shops, attractions, clubs, and the submissive and farm slave apartments. Since each of you agreed to stay for the entire weekend, that's where you'll reside," she explained as they neared the intersection.

"I have a question, Mistress," 34-year old businesswoman and philanthropist Raquel Breckenridge said.

"You may ask."

"Thank you, Mistress. I couldn't help but notice all of the benches have dildos attached. Are we expected to sit on those monstrous things?"

"That is the only place guests are permitted to sit while out on the resort. Anywhere else will earn you a caning."

"You said out on the resort, Mistress. Can you elaborate?" Jenna asked.

"Seating inside the buildings may or may not be different. That being said, on our left are the Cocksucking Pillories. Once locked inside you will not be released until you've sucked off and eaten fifty loads of semen. On the bad side, I hear it can cause some back cramps, but on the good side you at least get paid for your pain."

"I can attest to that," Chief Walker said.

"And on our right is the Hot Momma Café where all of the waitresses are lactating and put their breast milk in everything they serve," Mistress Raven continued the guided tour. Heading down Bondage Boulevard, she motioned to a brick building on the left. "That building there is the Main Office. It's unlikely you'll have a need to enter, but if you find yourself lost, or in need of immediate assistance the Masters and Mistresses walking the resort are unable to help you with that's where you should go." Walking and talking, she continued giving a brief summary of each building including the women only Kitty Kat Club, the perverse Alien Encounters, a photo booth, and the Hanging Gardens where, instead of plants, women hung in intricate suspension bondage. Stopping at another intersection, Mistress Raven pointed north. This is Discipline Drive. The two-story building on the left is the School of Discipline and the

very fifties reminiscent building on the right is a diner called The Dive.” Reaching the end of Bondage Boulevard, she made a quick mention of the public showers on the left before turning to the newly renovated 15-story building on the right. “And this is the Submissive Apartments where you’ll reside for the rest of the weekend. Once inside, head to the back of the lobby and use one of the terminals to be assigned a room.”

“Should we do that now or after the tour, Mistress?” 44-year-old Dwayne Thorne – Head of Cardiology at the Spring Hill Medical Center asked.

“You may register a room after this evening’s event.” Wanting to remain on schedule, Mistress Raven backtracked and then took the VIPs north on Discipline Drive.

“I’m sensing a pattern, Mistress,” Megan said as she recorded everything in 4k. “Are all the roads here named after bdsm terms?”

“They are. The east/west road ahead is Caning Court. The building on our left is the Farm Fashions which is where you’ll get your free outfit which I’ve hand-selected. However, if you’d rather the system choose your attire for this evening that’s okay too. And on our right we have Pony Carts which is where bare-neck guests may rent submissive or sex slave pulled carts to take them around the resort. And if you’re really desperate for money you may offer your services as a cart puller. After you’ve completed cart training at the Whorsie Track that is.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress, but it sounded like you said Whorsie as in whore,” 28-year-old, high-profile, prodigy attorney Aimee Hart said.

“That’s what I said. If you haven’t caught on by now everything here is a play on words to maximize the humiliation factor.”

“I gathered as much, Mistress.

“Let’s head into Farm Fashions and get you into some clothing and then we’ll continue the tour afterward,” Mistress Raven said as she led the group around the corner and into the large, one-story structure.

“Good Morning, Mistress,” A bubbly blond wearing the light blue garments of a Farm slave greeted the owner.

“Good morning Semen Slurper. These are the VIP guests I informed you about. One by one they’ll tell you if they want the outfit I prepared for them or to have the system choose. We’ll start with the youngest and work our way to the oldest so Jenna, please let Semen Slurper know which option you’d like.”

“Y-Yes Mistress. Despite being the youngest one here I’ve heard hundreds of stories and rumors and saw with my own eyes the outfits approved to wear so I’ll go with whatever Mistress Raven picked out for me.”

Tablet in hand, Semen Slurper made a note before looking up at the group. “Next?”

“Megan, that would be you followed by Aimee, Justin, Raquel, Glenn, Erica, and then Glenn,” Mistress Raven said.

“I too would like whatever Mistress Raven picked out for me,” Megan said.

“Not that I don’t trust her, but I’m a gambling woman so let the system decide for me,” Aimee said.

Tapping through a few screens on her tablet, Semen Slurper hit a button and then waited. A moment later a computerized female voice spoke. “Please scan your identity chip at the nearest terminal to proceed.”

“Please scan the chip in your bracer cuff at the terminal there on the counter,” Semen Gulped ask.

“May I ask why?”

“So the system knows who the assigned outfit is going to.”

“I’ll do it, but I’m now even more confused since no one else had to scan their chips,” Aimee said even as she swiped the chip in her bracer over the terminal screen.

“That’s because they chose the outfits pre-selected by Mistress Raven.”

“Fucktoy Aimee Hart is assigned the following outfit: One pair of thigh-high boots. One pair of bicep-length gloves. One cupless crop top. One spanking skirt. One garter belt. And one set of tagged nipple rings,” the computerized voice spoke.

“Um, as everyone here can clearly see my nipples aren’t pierced,” Aimee said.

“No worries, I can very quickly take care of that for you,” Semen Slurper replied.

“Um, and if I don’t want my nipples pierced?”

“You said it yourself, babe, you’re a gambling woman,” her husband Justin replied. “You gambled and landed yourself pierced nipples so don’t go crying about it now. As for myself, I’ll take whatever Mistress Raven chose for me.”

“Noted,” Semen Slurper replied.

“Um, may I ask why Mistress called you Semen Slurper?”

“Because it’s my name,” the clerk said as she pointed to the words tattooed on her left breast. To be more specific, it’s my servonym which is the humiliating and/or degrading name given to all registered submissives and Farm slaves.”

“I see. Thank you for explaining.”

“My pleasure. Next?”

Thinking about it for a long moment, Raquel stepped forward nervously biting her lower lip. “I’m not much of a gambler, but I do like the thrill of letting the system choose for me so let’s do it.”

“Please scan your identity chip at the nearest terminal to proceed.”

Knowing what to do, the busty businesswoman swiped her chip and then stepped back.

“The cum dumpster known as Raquel Breckenridge will receive the following outfit: One set of knee-high boots. One underbust corset dress with asymmetrical skirt, one set of full-body restraints. And one clit shield.”

“Since I can clearly see your hood is not pierced I can take care of that for you as well,” Semen Slurper said as she motioned Glenn forward.

“Given what I’ve heard so far, I think I’ll stick to whatever Mistress Raven picked out for me.”

“Very well. Erica, you’re next.”

“I’ve been here before so is the system going to permit me another free outfit?” The Chief of Police asked.

“Your first outfit was the standard police uniform given to you more than twenty years ago,” Mistress Raven replied. “I’ve made a special note on your profile to permit another free outfit of your choosing, or you may take what I picked out for you.”

“Thank you, Mistress. Since you kindly made an exception I’ll take the outfit you chose for me.”

“And that just leave you, Dwayne,” Semen Slurper said as she turned to the handsome, well-built black man.

“Most of the group seems to think Mistress Raven’s pick of attire is the safe choice, but I’m not so certain. I also don’t like what I’ve heard so far from the system, but something tells me that’s the way to go so let the system choose for me.”

After a moment the computerized voice once again spoke. "Please scan your identity chip at the nearest terminal to proceed."

Doing as instructed, Dwayne stepped back with his heart pounding so hard he could feel it in his ears.

"The sissy fuckboy known as Doctor Dwayne Thorne will receive the following outfit: One pair of knee-high boots. One pair of assless chaps. One vest. One set of upper body restraints. One inverted chastity cage, One tailed butt plug. And one set of tagged nipple rings."

As with the others, I can do the piercings for you," Semen Slurper said as she gave the now scared and humiliated Doctor a knowing smile.

"I change my mind. I'll take whatever Mistress Raven picked out for me."

"Sorry, but all choices are final," Mistress Raven replied. Everyone that selected my outfit please follow me. Everyone else will stay here to be attended to by Semen Slurper."

What happens if we refuse to have our nipples pierced or a plug shoved up our asses?" Dwayne asked.

"Then you'll be found in breach of contract and disciplined accordingly," Mistress Raven answered.

Knowing what that meant, the renowned Head of Cardiology hung his head and accepted his fate while telling himself he could always remove the rings and plug as soon as he left the fetish resort. "I know what a chastity cage is, but what in the hell is an inverted chastity cage?"

"You'll see for yourself when I get to you, Sir," Semen Slurper said as she grabbed a large metal case from behind the counter. To keep everything flowing smoothly I'll do the work in the order received which means you're up first, Aimee. Please stand with your feet shoulder width apart and your hands behind your back holding your elbows or as close to them as you can get," she instructed as she grabbed a container of alcohol wipes from the case which she promptly used to thoroughly clean and sanitize the attorney's breasts. Putting the wipes in a small trash can, she opened a package of needles which she then pushed through Aimee's nipples. Next, she sat out several bowls and half filled them with rubbing alcohol before dropping tagged rings into one, curved barbells in another, and a second set of tagged rings in a third.

Letting the jewelry soak for a minute, Semen Slurper fished one of the tagged rings from the first bowl, placed it in the hollow end of the needle sticking through Aimee's right nipple, and then pushed it out the other side leaving the ring behind. Repeating the process with the left, she closed the captive bead and then wiped everything clean. "You're all set. Please relax and stand aside while I work on the others. Raquel, you're up next. Please assume the same position."

"Y-Yes Ma'am," the nervous businesswoman replied. "

"Free use fucktoy?" Aimee said as she read the words stamped into the tags dangling from her new nipple rings. "What does that mean?"

"Free use has a very specific meaning in the bdsm lifestyle. It signals to anyone seeing it that you are free for use however and whenever they desire," Semen Slurper explained. "And by free for use I mean you are basically a sex slave in their eyes open and ready to obey every command without question, hesitation, or complaint. As long as you wear that ring 'no' isn't in your vocabulary. As for fucktoy, well, that's what you are now, Ma'am. You're nothing more than an object to be used for the pleasure of others."

"I never agreed to that!"

“Nevertheless, it’s what you are for as long as you’re here, Ma’am. Fortunately for you, no one else will ever know,” Semen Slurper said as she pulled two large black nipple pasties with FRESH PIERCINGS DO NOT USE written on them from the case. Carefully positioning them so the non-stick part was over the humiliated woman’s areolas, she gently pressed the sticky part in place. Grabbing a few more, she held them out for Aimee to take. “You’ll wear them for the duration of your stay so no one touches your nipples, but if you forget, well, that’s on you.”

“T-Thanks.”

Cleaning Raquel’s vulva, Semen Slurper used the holes of a clit shield to carefully mark where the piercings would go. Then, just as she did with Aimee, she made quick work of piercing flesh. But instead of rings or the typical curved barbells, she placed tiny tunnels through the holes. Once secured, she slid the posts of the clit shield through and firmly screwed them shut before placing a sticker over it reading: NEW SHIELD DO NOT USE! “Don’t worry, the sticker will easily peel off which you may do once home. How does it feel?”

“Honestly? Not as terrible as I imagined it would,” Raquel answered honestly. I wasn’t expecting the tunnels at all but I can see how it makes sense paired with the shield.”

“That’s my personal touch, Ma’am. Anyone else would’ve used barbells, but since the shield comes with basically the same thing I started using the tiny tunnels not only because it looks sexy as fuck, but because it makes the piercings that much more versatile. For instance, you could place rings, longer barbells, tiny locks, or anything else you can think of through them.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“If you want, we do sell a wide variety of jewelry here. Since it’s not part of your free outfit you’ll have to purchase them, but we do have them if you’re interested.”

“Sure. I’ll take one of everything you have.”

“Um, are you sure about that, Ma’am?”

“Trust me, I can afford it.”

“It’s not about the money, Ma’am. We don’t just have jewelry that fits into the tunnels. We also have other barbells and rings as well as microdermal anchors and in order to buy them you must already have said piercings. So, if you want one of everything I’ll need to pierce your nipples, labia, and give you at least five microdermals spelling out a random humiliating word.”

“I see. When you say you need to pierce my labia…”

“I mean your outer labia with tunnels, Ma’am. Coupled with your already shielded clit and potentially pierced and shielded nipples you’d be placed in what we call permanent chastity.”

“Um, can you elaborate on that please?”

“It’s permanent in that you’re not wearing a belt that you can just take off and never put on again. Sure, you can remove the nipple and clit piercings, but the holes made in your outer labia are permanent unless fixed by surgery which often leads to even nastier scarring so the cast majority of women keep the tunnels and often times increase the size of the tunnels. The choice is yours, Ma’am, but if you want the jewelry then you must first get the piercings. That being said, there’s also full chastity which is all of that plus five microdermal piercings in the lower back that do not count towards what you must get in order to buy the jewelry, and a flexible metal rod that attaches to them and the lower two sets of labia tunnels to black anal penetration.”

“Fucking hell!”

“I know it’s extreme, but if you’re here long enough I’m sure you’ll see at least a few women in full chastity. And to sweeten the deal if you indeed buy one of everything I won’t even charge you for the initial piercings.”

“Again, I’m not worried about the money. Not to toot my own bank account, but I could buy everything in this store a thousand times over and still be set for multiple lifetimes. I’m more concerned with how it’ll look and if I’ll even be able to walk afterwards.”

“Based on how easily you took the hood piercings, I’d say you’ll be fine walking, but I’d refrain from running or even a light jog, Ma’am.”

“When you say the holes in my labia are permanent, how do you mean?”

“Unlike the other piercings which use a needle to push flesh aside to make a hole for the jewelry, I’ll be using a dermal punch to make the holes in your labia which completely removes the flesh leaving a hole unable to close on its own.”

“I see. So, there’s no way to do it using a needle?”

“There is, but here at the Domination Farm we only use the dermal punch method as it’s not only more painful than a needle, but as I said before it makes a hole that won’t close on its own which many find more humiliating and degrading.”

“Can I think about it?”

“Of course. You have until I finish working on Dwayne,” Semen Slurper said as she grabbed a flexible measuring tape from the case. Kneeling, she measured the doctor’s limp cock and around his balls. “five inches soft. How big are you fully erect, Sir?”

“About nine and a half inches,” Dwayne answered.

“Nice! Give me a moment to fetch the inverted chastity cage.” And with that, the Farm slave got to her feet before disappearing down an aisle. Returning moments later, she opened the package and then used several alcohol wipes to clean the metal device. Kneeling, she fit a ring around Dwayne’s balls with one half of the locking mechanism at the top. Next, she placed the back of the flat metal cage against the head of his cock and then slowly pushed it towards his body causing his manhood to disappear until virtually nothing remained. Lining up the second half of the lock to the first, she secured it with the included screw. Have you ever taken anything up your ass, Sir?”

“No,” Dwayne answered.

“Not even a finger?”

“Nothing whatsoever.”

“Then this is going to take a bit. Please place your hands on the counter and then move your feet back and apart,” Semen Slurper said as she opened a box containing what many would consider a huge plug. But at 8-inches long and 2-inches thick it was middle of the line as far as the Domination Farm was concerned. “I wish I could work you up to it nice and slowly, but in order to do that you’d need to buy the smaller plugs first.”

“Jesus Christ!” Dwayne exclaimed. “You’re going to shove that in my ass?”

“Not shove, fuck until you open up enough for it to slide all the way in. Then I’ll pierce your nipples. After that, we’ll all go pick out the rest of your outfits.”

“Actually, I think I’ll let you give me the full chastity treatment first,” Raquel said as she watched the clerk lubing the huge butt plug and Dwayne’s asshole.

“Noted.” Seeing Dwayne tensing up, Semen Slurper smirked. “You’ll want to relax or it’s going to hurt unnecessarily. That’s it. Just relax and take steady deep breaths.” Applying pressure to the generously lubed silicone toy, she watched the tip penetrate the doctor’s back

door causing him to grunt. Going slowly, she fucked the plug in and out – going a little deeper as his asshole opened enough to take it.

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While Semen Slurper worked in the three VIPs, Mistress Raven led the remaining five men and women into a back room and to a table lined with boxes. “Find the one with your name on it and put on everything inside. No exceptions. You’ll wear everything or you’ll be disciplined and registered as a Farm slave. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” each VIP answered.

Finding her box, Jenna opened it to see a stunning long black leather dress with silver accents and slits up either side held together by thin lacing that she knew would show onlookers a fair bit of side boob. Putting it on, she smoothed it out while marveling at the perfect fit. Next, she withdrew and put on a pair of gloves going all the way to her bicep, thigh-high boots, a garter belt with garters she attached to the tops of her boots, a white armband with VIP in Purple, and finally a beautiful thin collar with silver celtic knot pattern between rings of gold. “If I put this on will it mark me as a submissive or sex slave for anyone to use, Mistress?”

“No. While it’s a beautiful day collar, it is not recognized as any of the official collars of the Domination Farm so you’ll remain an unregistered bare-neck,” Mistress Raven answered – referring to the term used to identify guests without a collar of any variety.

Opening the box with his name on it, Glenn first picked up a chastity cage. Cheeks flushed, he silently put it on while the other VIPs put on their own humiliating garments and accessories. Cock secured in the cage, Glenn then put on a leather vest covered in all manner of rings and buckles – each of them a restraint point. Then came the leather pants, knee-high boots, and finally a set of metal bicep and wrist cuffs. The last item in the box was a small blue container and a single thick glove. Opening the container, he inhaled sharply as a cloud of icy-cold vapor poured out. “Um, what is this, Mistress?”

“I’ll take care of that,” Raven said as she snatched the glove from Glenn’s box. Once on her right hand, she reached into the container and withdrew the single short metal rod within. Stepping to the bank executive’s left side, she pressed the tip into his shoulder. “Don’t move or you’ll be disciplined and registered a Farm slave.”

“Y-Yes Mistress. What... what are you doing to me?”

“It’s called cryogenic branding and before you ask, yes, it’s permanent. Now hold still and no more talking until I’m finished.”

Gulping hard as he saw the exact same container at the bottom of his box, Justin fit an inverted cage around his cock and never felt more humiliated in his life as his manhood was pushed back into his body leaving him with the appearance of having no dick at all. Leather pants were followed by knee-high boots, an upper body harness, tagged rings with FREE USE stamped into one and CUM DUMP into the other. “I suppose you’re going to pierce my nipples, Mistress?”

“That is correct. Brand you as well.”

“Looks like I’m getting pierced and branded too,” Megan said as she stared at several sets of jewelry as well as an insulated blue container and glove.

“Same,” Erica sighed.

“Am I the only one not getting pierced and branded?” Jenna asked.

“Of the five of you? Yes,” Mistress Raven said as she pulled the branding iron from Glenn’s arm.

Looking down, the embarrassed bank executive's eyes went wide as he read: GAY FOR PAY now permanently frozen into flesh for all to see. "What the actual hell, Mistress? I'm not gay!"

"Maybe not, but you're now gay for pay so expect to be used by every man that sees it.

"May I ask why I'm not getting pierced and branded, Mistress?"

"Because I wanted your skin to remain untouched and flawless," Raven answered as she opened the container inside of Justine's box. Withdrawing the branding iron, she pressed it above his right nipple and then silently counted down in her head.

"That doesn't make any sense, Mistress. What if I had let the system choose my outfit and it called for me being pierced?"

"I knew that would never happen."

"Oh? And how's that, Mistress? We've never met so how could you possibly know me well enough to make such a determination?"

"I did my homework and while you may not know me, I know everything about you, young lady. Actually, I know everything possible about all of you which is why yours are the only boxes on the table."

It was with that statement that the five VIPs realized there were, in fact, only five boxes on the long metal table. "

"You might think you know me, Mistress, but no one knows me better than myself which is why I'm asking you to pierce and brand me."

"Unfortunately, I'm all out of jewelry and the brands were specifically tailored to the individual so if you really want to be pierced and branded you'll have to pay a visit to Naughty Ink and ask for them yourself."

"What about Semen Slurper, Mistress? Why can't she do it?"

"She isn't qualified to do anything but piercings."

"Okay, and where can I find Naughty Ink, Mistress?"

"I'm already dressed so I'll make my way over there right now, Mistress."

"You know where it is?"

"Yes Mistress. It's located at the corner of Domination Drive and Ponygirl Parkway Next to the Auction House and the Jerk and Sprinkle with the Slut Machines to the south and Girl-Mart to the east."

"Someone's been doing their research."

"To be completely honest, Mistress, I've spent the last year and a half learning everything about the Domination Farm including memorizing the map posted on your website in preparation of visiting after my mother left office. Fortunately, you invited me first."

"Very well, I'll permit you to head straight to Naughty Ink on the condition you allow the system to choose the number, type, and location of the work to be done."

"I accept, Mistress."

"Then off you go. And tell whomever is on duty that you're to be moved to the front of the line per command of Mistress Raven."

"Yes Mistress. Thank you." And with that, Jenna walked out of the room, into the main shop, and then out onto Caning Court.