

Pet Skye

Crimson Rose

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Three hundred well-dressed, masked men and women filling theatre style seats watched as three naked and masked women crawled down the aisle next to leather clad men towards the central stage. Leashes were removed and the women moved into a kneeling position. Eight more men entered the room and stood behind the kneeling women while another walked in with microphone in hand.

“Welcome, ladies and gentlemen to this month’s private show. As is our custom two of you will sacrifice yourselves to a night of slavery. If your membership number is called please come to the stage.” Pausing for dramatic effect, he continued. “Seven-twenty-three.” After a moment a pale-skinned redhead woman wearing a form-fitting green dress stood and slowly approached the stage to solemn silence. “Thank you for your sacrifice,” the emcee said as she stood to his right. “And finally, will member number two-ninety-eight please come down?”

Heart stopping in her chest, Skye stood on shaky legs and all eyes turned to her tall, lithe frame and the second skin black dress and fancy mask that covered three-quarters of her face. A member of club Enigma for the better part of four years, she had been one of the luckiest in that she went so long without being called for sacrifice and now that her time had come she was filled with conflicting emotions in that she did not want to submit to the club’s perversion even for a night while on the other hand knowing to refuse would immediately and irrevocably cancel her membership. And then there was the mark she would bear for the rest of her life. Stepping onto the stage, she stood to the left of the emcee.

“Thank you for your sacrifice,” the emcee said to Skye. “For tonight’s show the two of you will submit to these men however they see fit and afterward you’ll be given your mark which will permanently mark you as a slave of Enigma requiring you to perform no less than two shows in the club proper per month for as long as you remain members. Ladies, why don’t you go ahead and introduce yourselves?” The microphone went to his right.

“My name is Cynthia, I’m thirty-four, this is my first time submitting and I fully accept everything that happens to me tonight.” the redhead nervously said.

The mic went to the emcee’s left. “My name is Skye, I’m twenty-five, this is my first time submitting and I fully accept everything that happens to me tonight.”

“And there you have it ladies and gentlemen, our sacrificial slaves have given their consent so please sit back, feel free to take those pussies and dicks out and enjoy the show!” Handing the microphone off, the emcee unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock and stared into Skye’s baby blue eyes. Knowing what was expected of her, she dropped to her knees and sucked while to her right Cynthia quickly stripped out of her clothing until she was left wearing only the mask that all members of the club were required to wear to conceal their identities. Dropping on her knees, she crawled across the stage and was immediately taken from both ends.

The rest of the men stripping out of their clothes, one of them walked up behind Skye, unzipped her latex dress and with minimal maneuverings peeled it off over her head leaving her in mask and heels. Going to all fours without prompting, she spread her legs and accepted her first ever threesome. The emcee stepped back to take his clothes off and then fucked his dick back down her throat while behind her several more men carried crates and pieces of equipment on stage and began setting up as the cameras overhead recorded the scene from all angles.

Four men picked up floggers and cat ‘o nine stood to the sides of the evening’s sacrifices. After a few warmup swats through the air, the tails bit hard across Cynthia and Skye’s backs causing them to throw their heads back and yelp as the knotted tips of the cat ‘o nines tore into

their flesh leaving behind wicked welts. Thankfully, they did not strike deep enough to draw blood but the night was still young and the show was just getting started. Knowing to cry and complain would only make things worse, Skye managed to keep the pain in check if only to save herself an additional caning, but Cynthia was not as composed and screamed in agony. Attempting to roll away, she slammed into the legs of the man to her left who brought the cat 'o nine down hard. The tails slapped across her back, but the tips wrapped around and bit into her side and right breast.

"That's twenty-five swats of the cane. Now get back in position before I make it fifty," the man said.

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One swat became five, ten, twenty and finally thirty and welts became cuts on back, sides, belly and breasts. Unable to bear the agony, Cynthia screamed her way to an additional two hundred swats of the cane while Skye – having spent years mentally preparing herself for this inevitability, suffered in silent dignity as if she had already been a well-trained sex slave. Gulping down two loads of semen and being creampie'd by three more, she wondered if one of the dozen men would impregnate her before the night was over.

Commanded to stand center stage, Skye's arms were bound forearms together behind her back and left leg suspended by ropes around ankle, mid-calf, below the knee and around the thigh leaving her to balance on the right. Two of the kneeling women immediately moved into action – one licking her pussy, the other her ass in her first sexual encounter of a lesbian nature. Not against the idea of pleasuring or being pleased by other women, she purred her acceptance as the semen was lapped from her vulva. Meanwhile, on the other side of the stage Cynthia was strapped to a spanking bench for her disciplinary caning.

Skye was enjoying the tongues on her pussy and ass but when she caught sight of the naked black man rolling a cart in her direction her eyes went wide. Pressing the break to prevent the cart from rolling away, the man put a pair of nitrile gloves on and then picked up a long needle. Smiling at her from behind his mask, he pinched her right nipple and pushed the needle through. "Thank you for piercing my nipple, Master," she softly grunted as her nipple was pierced. Cynthia, on the other hand, yelped and complained after every swat.

A needle effortlessly passed through Skye's left nipple. "Thank you for piercing my nipple, Master." The man then placed rings in the hollow ends and pushed them the rest of the way through. Tossing the needles into a small biohazard container, he then opened a pack of much thinner needles typically used in play piercing and dumped them in a metal bowl of rubbing alcohol to keep them sterilized for use. Plucking a long one from the bowl, he held it up for the bound slave and audience to see, placed it vertically on the top of her perky right breast and pushed it through with agonizing slowness.

To her credit, Skye managed the pain by telling herself she would only increase her suffering should she act in a manner even remotely as unbecoming as the woman being caned to her right. Another needle went through her left breast. Using the much thinner needle as a guide, he placed another thick, hollow needle over it and pushed. Biting her lip hard enough to draw blood, Skye stifled the agony coursing through her entire body. The thin needle was removed and then her right breasts was pierced. Body covered in sweat, she barely maintained her composure.

Taking careful measurements, the man sorted through another container found what he was looking for and then placed appropriately sized tubed through each breast – effectively giving her tunnels. Repeating the process, he added horizontal ones and as the last was capped,

her right knee buckled and she let out her first wail of agony. Those watching applauded her threshold for pain. “Nina, lube your hand and push it in her cunt,” the piercer commanded.

“Yes Master,” the woman kneeling in front of Skye replied. Taking the offered bottle, she generously coated her hand, bunched her fingers into as tight a cone as possible and then with one swift, hard thrust pushed it into her pussy.

“Aahhgghhh! Son of a god damn fucking bitch” Skye shrieked, her well-maintained composure cracking under the searing pain of having a hand violently shoved into her for the first time.

“And you were doing so well,” the piercer smirked. “That’ll be fifty swats for the outbursts.”

“Y-Yes Master.” The hand twisting in and out of her pussy and despite the pain wracking her body, Skye exploded in orgasm.

“Make that one hundred for having an orgasm without permission. Amber, slowly work your hand into her ass one finger at a time and the two of you will continue fisting her until Cynthia’s caning is complete.”

“Yes Master,” the two slaves replied.

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Their night of sacrificial submission complete, Skye and Cynthia were placed center stage legs spread and hands locked together behind their heads. “Your night of sacrificial slavery had concluded and you now have a better understanding of the other side of the lifestyle. Are you ready to receive your mark?”

“Yes Master,” Skye and Cynthia answered.

Two men put heat-resistant gloves on and then removed short metal rods from white-hot coals. Standing in front the two slaves they pressed the branding irons into their mounds – pulling them away a moment later to reveal the fancy ‘E’ permanently seared into their flesh. Unable to hold back, Cynthia cried out but having experienced far more in the way of pain, a mumbled groan was all that left Skye’s lips.

A sleek metal collar with the same fancy ‘E’ etched into the front was placed around the two slaves’ necks – the clasp was locked as was customary for all those sacrificing themselves for the same of the club. The emcee took the microphone and gave the two barely standing slaves a smirk. “You’ll receive a key to unlock your own collar after your next show. Until then it will remain on. The collars contain sensors which, if triggered before receiving the key, will see your club memberships permanently revoked. Understood?”

“Yes master,” Cynthia and Skye answered. Taking a final bow to the applause of those watching, they gathered their clothes and left the room.