

Professional Submissive

Crimson Rose

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It was three o'clock in the morning. Knowing the life her younger sister Maisie would be subjected to if she did nothing, Erin snuck onto her parents' property – a place she had not stepped foot on since leaving five years ago at the age of nineteen for the very same reasons she hoped to prevent at this late hour. Avoiding the motion sensor lights, she snatched the spare key from the fake bottom of a bird feeder hanging from a pole several feet from the back deck, put it in the lock, stepped inside and hoped to hell the code to disable the alarm had remained the same. Spinning right, she quickly tapped the digits into the pad and then breathed a sigh of relief as the alarm turned off.

Everything the same as she left it years before, she tiptoed through the house avoiding all the boards she knew would creak loudly at the slightest weight. At the door to her sister's room, Erin slowly turned the knob and lifted as she pushed it open. Stepping inside, she closed it behind her and then walked up to the bed where she gently woke her sibling.

A soft shaking of the shoulder waking her from a sound sleep, Maisie reluctantly opened her eyes. In the darkness she saw a vague feminine shape. "Mom? What's going on? What time is it?" she asked, her brain still foggy.

"I'm not that fucking bitch," Erin whispered.

"Erin?" It had been years since she had heard her older sister's voice, but Maisie recognized it nevertheless. "What the hell?" Half-sitting, she reached out to turn on the lamp sitting on the cherry nightstand, but a hand wrapped around her wrist stopped her short.

"No lights. I'm sorry I woke you, but I had no other choice. You're just hours away from your life being irrevocably ruined and I can't stand by and do nothing."

"Oh, for the love of... You're delusional, sis. Mom and dad would never do what you claim. It's the drugs..."

"I'm not on drugs, Maze," Erin snapped back a little louder than intended. "I barely even take prescription meds, I'm sure as hell not going to do anything illegal. That's just another lie the sick fuckers down the hall made up about me. Look, I know you don't want to believe me, and I don't blame you. I was you once and the first time it happened I believed the lie. But then it started happening every night. Please, get dressed and come with me and I'll show you all the proof you need to see that I'm telling the truth."

"Go where?"

"Just out of the house so we don't risk waking them. Please, just give me ten minutes and if you can't see the truth for yourself I'll leave and you'll never hear from me again."

Drowsy as she was, Maisie was awake enough to hear the desperation in her sister's voice. That alone was the only reason she threw the blankets back revealing she was only wearing a pair of panties. "Ten minutes," she said as she got up. "If I'm going to get dressed then I'm going to need a light so I can see what I'm doing."

"I guess you never did much sneaking out in the middle of the night. Give it a minute and your eyes will adjust. But I don't want to stand here waiting so..." Taking four steps to her left, Erin slid her sister's closet door open. Reaching in, she felt around for the right type of garment. Finding one, she pulled it off the hanger and then returned to where her mostly naked sister was standing. "Here, put this on, she said, handing Maisie a summer dress.

Taking it, Maisie slipped it on over her head and a moment later was following her sister through the house, stopping only long enough to grab her shoes by the front door before leaving

out the back. They walked in silence for about two hundred feet before she dared say anything. “Okay, where’s this proof?”

“On my laptop in the woods,” Erin whispered. “We can talk normally once we hit the trees.”

“Um, in case you haven’t noticed it’s the middle of the fucking night. I can barely see as it is. How do you expect me to see in the freaking woods without at least a flashlight?”

“Already taken care of. While we walk I want you to think about something. Spankings. Don’t bother denying it as I know it’s their favorite form of punishment. Tell me how they make you do it. And don’t lie about that either as I know their methods.”

Maisie remained silent for another dozen or so steps before opening her mouth to speak. “If you know how they do it then why ask?”

“Because I want to hear it in your own words. Please, just entertain me.”

“T-They make me bend over dad’s lap and he spanks me.”

“Is that all?”

“N-No. My head is in mom’s lap. And... And I’m... N-Naked from the waist down.”

“Is that the only position they make you take?”

“No. Sometimes they make me put my hands on the wall and scoot back until I’m bent over at the waist with legs spread, or they make me get on all fours with head down and feet raised.”

“And you think that’s normal?”

“It’s how they’ve always done it.”

“Believe me, I know. And like you I believed it was normal until I started delving a bit deeper into it. Has mom ‘accidentally’ moved your face closer to her crotch? Has dad’s fingers accidentally slipped much lower than they should have?” The sudden sharp inhale from her sister told Erin all she needed to know. “I figured as much. “Let me guess, they played it off as an accident or as your fault for squirming around when you should have stayed still and taken your punishment like a good girl?” Reaching a particular pine tree, Erin bent down and picked something up. Leading her sister another twenty or so feet into the woods, she turned the flashlight on so that they could see the path ahead. “Did they pull you out of school to teach you at home when you hit puberty?”

“Y-Yes.”

“I figured as much. They did the same to me. Said it was for my own good, but in reality it was to keep me from getting interested in boys. Like me, they’re saving you all for themselves, Maze, and that’s the life I’m trying to save you from.”

“I can’t believe they would ever do anything so disgusting. Mom and dad aren’t like that. If what you say is true then why didn’t you turn them in?”

“Because I didn’t want you going into the foster system and hating me because of it. Until now all they’ve done is give you bare-bottom spankings, which, while messed up on multiple levels isn’t enough to have them put away where they belong but starting today things will get much, much worse unless you see them for who and what they really are. It took me over a year to build up the courage I’m hoping you can muster in a single night.”

“If what they did was so disgusting then why let them do it for more than a year before leaving home?”

“Because I needed proof. Not just for myself, but for you as well. And I got it in spades. Do you know how I got the house I live in? I blackmailed them,” Erin said as she and her sister emerged into a small clearing. “I knew the only way I’d ever make it on my own is if I had a

head start so I secretly bought cameras and hid them all over my bedroom to record their perversions every time we were home alone. And when I had enough evidence to put them away for the rest of their fucking lives I made copies which have remained hidden to this day and then showed them what I had done. They threatened all manner of violence on me which was also recorded.” Reaching down, she grabbed the backpack containing her laptop. “In the end they settled on buying me the house and giving me a million dollars on the understanding that I would never contact them again. I’ve held up my end of the bargain until now,” she continued as she set the computer up. “They made up the drug addicted whore part to make you hate me which I guess worked seeing as how you haven’t contacted me in years.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault. Join me on the grass and you can see what monsters they really are.”

Sitting next to her sister, Maisie watched as the paused video started playing. At first all she saw was Erin’s old room. After a few minutes the door opened and her sister and their parents walked in. What Maisie witnessed over the course of the next fifteen minutes was like a hot knife to the gut. Scrambling away, she dry heaved into some bushes as the image of what their parents had done refused to leave her mind. It was brutal, graphic and all the proof she needed to see through years of gaslighting and lies. Walking back over to her sister, she knelt and then hugged her tight. “I am so sorry I never believed you. Please turn it off, I don’t want to see anymore.”

“I understand and don’t blame you for not wanting to watch, but there’s one more you need to see.”

“I don’t need to see anything else.”

“You need to see this one, sis, as it’s the proof you need to make the same or a better deal than I made. They didn’t always use me in my own room. Sometimes it was their room, or the basement, or one of the barns so I installed cameras everywhere I could and I caught them having several conversations about the things they were going to do to you when you turn eighteen. I know it’s hard to watch, but you need to see at least one of them if you’re going to confront them on it.”

“You can show it to them.”

“No, I can’t. You need to be the one to do this, Maze, or the cycle of abuse will never end. I’ll be right here by your side as you watch and when it’s over you can have the copies I’ve placed on a flash drive as well as the information to log into the camera system they’ve yet to locate in their own home.”

“I really don’t want to do this, Erin,” Maisie said as she turned her attention to the laptop. “Just get it over with.”

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The words coming out of her parents’ mouths seemed almost alien as they cuddled in bed describing the horrific things they wanted to do to their daughter and the steps they would take to prevent backlash up to and including feeding the body to the pigs should she threaten going to the police. Their constant smiles throughout only made the coldness of their words all the more chilling. After dry heaving some more, Maisie was given the flash drive as well as a gun registered to her sister for protection should she need it. Her gut reaction was to go in and put a few rounds in their heads, but going to prison for murder was not something she wanted on her resume so instead, she thanked her sister for finally opening her eyes to the truth. After exchanging phone numbers, they retraced their steps through the woods and stopped dead when seeing a light on in the kitchen.

“Fuck!” Maisie swore. “I didn’t think we were that loud.”

“We weren’t. Most likely they woke early to indoctrinate you into their life of perversion. You have everything you need to ruin them. Just stay strong and don’t let them take control of the situation. And god forbid you need to use it, but showing them that you’re armed will make them think twice about laying a finger on you.”

“Unless they come after me while I’m sleeping. You heard them! They’ll kill and feed me to the fucking pigs!”

“It won’t come to that. Stand your ground. Show them your evidence and threaten to go to the police with it unless they meet your demands. Also let them know that I have copies which I’ll make public if I don’t hear from you by noon. You know where I live, Maze. After you have the money come by and you can stay with me until you have a place of your own.”

“I sure as hell don’t want them knowing where I’m living so I can’t have them buy me a house so it might be a while.”

“You’re welcome to stay as long as you need.”

“I don’t like any of this,” Maisie sighed. “I don’t like just taking some of their money and letting them live free and clear of any consequences for what they did to you and are planning to do to me.”

“I understand and if you ultimately decide to go to the police I’ll be at your side the entire time.”

“Thank you.”

“Remember to call me by noon or everything goes public. Now get back inside before they come out and see us back here talking.”

Gulping back her fears, Maisie gave her sister another hug and then walked out of the woods and back towards the house. Sliding the glass door open, she stepped into the kitchen to see her parents half naked and looking very angry.

“Where the hell have you been?” her mother demanded to know. “Why were you out so late?”

“I couldn’t sleep and went for a walk to wear myself out,” Maisie lied.

“That’s a load of shit,” her father said. “You know you’re not allowed out after ten. Take the dress off and assume the wall position.”

“Um, yeah, no, that’s not going to happen,” Maisie said as she glared at her father. “You’re not going to spank me now or ever again you sick piece of shit!”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me! And I’ve heard you,” Maisie said, slamming the flash drive on the counter to her left. “I’ve heard all the vile things you want to do to me. I heard you discussing how you’ll feed my body to the pigs if I fight back or go to the police. It’s all on that flash drive but that’s not the only copy.” This isn’t exactly how she had intended it to come out, but now that the words were flowing she could not stop. “What kind of sick bastards would want to turn their own daughter into a mindless sex slave? I should go to the police. I should have you arrested and tossed in prison where you belong, but there isn’t a hole deep enough to hide your sins,” she said as she showed them just the grip of the pistol tucked into the belt built into her dress. “You’re going to take me to the bank when it opens and you’re going to get a cashier’s check for all but five thousand dollars. You’re then going to sign over this and every other property you own to me and Erin. And when that’s done you’re going to pack up your things and move as far away from us as humanly possible. Refuse, and going to prison will be the least of your troubles.”

“You have some nerve coming in here making demands as if...”

“As if what? As if I own the place?” Maisie cut her mother off. “This isn’t up for negotiations. I saw what you did to Erin. I saw and heard what you planned to do to me. And if she doesn’t hear from my by noon she’ll leak it all to the public so you can either agree to my terms or lose everything and spend the rest of your pathetic lives in prison.” Gripping the pistol, she skirted around her parents. “I’m going to my room now but I don’t plan on going to sleep any time soon so I wouldn’t come in if I were you. I’ll be in the living room at nine. If you’re not there ready to take me to the bank well, I think you know where this is going. Oh, and seeing as how you’re already plotting my death we’ll be taking separate cars.” Facing them, she backed out of the kitchen, through the living room and into her bedroom, walking backwards the entire way in fear of them jumping her from behind. Collapsing on the bed, gun now in hand she waited as the minutes slowly ticked by.