

Serving Up Submission

Crimson Rose

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Curled up in bed next to Carolyn, Allia tenderly caressed her owner and wife's cheek as she stared into her beautiful green human eyes. "I've been thinking, Mistress, and I know how much you hate how the government makes humans and furtasians marry with the slightest hint of public affection and I think I might know a way to finally get the change you so desperately want, Mistress."

"Oh? And how's that, babe? You going to take on the entire government? Force them to change the laws that have benefitted them for centuries?"

"Exactly, Mistress. It's a longshot, but ever since you took over and, well, we all became rich, I've been thinking of ways to spend money that would otherwise just sit in the bank doing nothing. I know people on the reservation that, with the right incentives, might be willing to help our cause."

"I'm listening."

Gently pushing her owner onto her back, Allia rolled on top, straddling her human wife's hips. Leaning down, she planted a kiss on Carolyn's lips before continuing. "I'm not going to lie, Mistress. It's incredibly risky, and will most likely add at least half a dozen or more to your harem, but I think the end results will be worth it. Also, seeing as how nearly a hundred percent of the current government are men, it'll add some much-needed cock to the household. If you're okay with that," she said as she pinched and tweaked her owner's pierced nipples. "Now that we can actually afford it, I'd like to invest in some technologies that will help convince the government to change the law. Cloaking, shapeshifting, and global transportation specifically. I've run the numbers and if everyone contributed about four-hundred-grand we could easily purchase everything we need."

"So, what, your plan is to change shapes to look human, go invisible, then sneak into the homes of government officials, have sex with them and then reveal you're really a furtasian?" Carolyn said as she reached up, grabbed her slave by the horns, and then pulled her down into a kiss. "I see a few flaws in that plan, my dear. First and foremost, fucking them in their own homes isn't exactly public. And second, that sort of tech isn't available to registered slaves so no one in this house can buy it."

"I've thought of that, Mistress, and the solution is simple. *We* don't buy it. Like I said, I know people on the reservation that hate the way things are as much as you and I and they would be more than willing to buy the tech on our behalf. As for the first issue, we don't do it in their homes. Well, we do, and we record it as further evidence, but we don't even do it with them publicly at all. I mean, we can if we're lucky, but my plan is to buy two sets of tech and..."

"Fucking hell you're genius!" Carolyn exclaimed. "I mean, holy fucking shit! Why hasn't anyone thought of it before? You want one person to shapeshift into a member of the government while the other, a furtasian, does something sexual or affectionate with them in public!"

"Exactly, Mistress. And when they inevitably deny it was then we'll have the video proof from their homes to use against them."

"Okay, that might work once or twice, but we're never going to get enough of them on our side to change the way things are. Also, there is such a thing as anti-cloaking and anti-shifting technology so..."

"Unless the one doing the fucking is an actual furtasian it won't work, Mistress," Allia finished her owner's thought. "You own thirty-one of us. And the fifteen million cost will buy

enough for ten of us. And if we plan it right, we can easily have sex with fifty to a hundred in a single night depending on how long it takes them to orgasm. I know it's risky, but truth be told, I think it'll work and it's the best chance we'll ever have of getting change. Please, Mistress, do I have your permission to proceed?"

"You tell me," Carolyn answered. Touching the front of her neck, the sleek platinum collar around her neck suddenly took on a purple hue.

As if a switch had been flipped inside of her, Allia's entire demeanor changed. The nervous lip-biting stopped. As did the tender kisses and light caresses. Grabbing the flogger from the nightstand to her left, she brought it down hard on her owner's breasts. Slowly scooting back, she gave Carolyn several more swats on the breasts, belly and vulva before flipping her onto all fours and then shoving her face into the pillow. "I'm doing this, slave, so you can either accept it and get what you want, or suffer the consequences of your short-sightedness," she said, her meek voice now stern and full of confidence. "You'll command the others to fork over the money so that I can make the purchases and then you'll select ten of us to be your force for change. Is that understood?"

"Mmmm... yes Mistress," Carolyn purred, happier than ever that her property had finally embraced her inner dominant. "But I suggest taking enough from the house funds to get tech for everyone."

"Make it happen, slave. Right after I completely wreck you that is." Balling her hands into fists, Allia rapidly alternated punching them in and out of Carolyn's pussy causing her sometimes owner, sometimes property to instantly gush in orgasm. While she enjoyed her time dominating her wife now, it was not always this way. As the property of her former owner – a sadistic, narcissistic furtasian man named Thyranis – who was now serving a life sentence for breaking a great many laws, she was beaten into meek submission unable to think for herself, let alone show even the tiniest hint of being in charge. Even when her new wife and owner told her over and over and over again that she was free to dominate her as the mood dictates it still felt so foreign that she requested her Mistress get a special chip for their collars which would allow them to change colors to dictate their respective roles. Platinum meant dominant, purple submissive. Linked together, neither could be the same color as the other so there was no denying their respective status at any given time.

Yanking her left hand from Carolyn's pussy, Allia shoved it into her property's ass at the same time the right went into her pussy. *It's time I finally do it*, she thought as she slowly pushed her left arm up Carolyn's ass to the elbow before pulling both hands out. "Head down and ass up and don't move, slave."

"Yes Mistress."

Hopping off the bed, her mind focused entirely on the task at hand, Allia stepped into their massive walk-in closet where she weaved her way between rods of leather and latex clothing to the back where, after opening a hidden panel in the wall, she retrieved a small metal box from the safe she kept all of her important belongings. Emerging, she silently stared at her wife still kneeling in position for a long moment. "Why me, slave? Out of all of your wives why did you choose me to be property prime? Salona and Ryxia were your first wives. Julia has been your friend for years. I'm the least of us. I'm so meek and submissive I barely have thoughts of my own and when I do I rarely act on them without seeking approval first. I'm not even the most pleasing to the eye. So, why did you choose me for this honor?"

"Would such a meek and submissive woman take control before her owner gave it to her?" Carolyn asked. You pushed me onto my back, straddled my hips and with a single kiss told

me you were in charge. And this isn't the first time you've let your inner dominatrix come out to play. And with all due respect, Mistress, to my eyes you're the picture of perfection. Not only are you graceful and intelligent, but you're caring, attentive, compassionate, have a wicked sense of humor when you let yourself relax long enough for it to show, and despite our respective roles at the time you never once hesitated to call me out on my bullshit. Yes, I've got more than three dozen stunning wives, but you're the only one that truly symbolizes female beauty."

"I'm hardly the symbol of anything, slave," Allia said as she walked to the foot of the bed.

"I love furtasians, Mistress. I've spent my entire life around them, studying them. I've read every piece of literature about your kind that I could get my hands on. I've studied your many forms and ancient cultures your type, gazelles, were frequently used as symbols of female beauty, so, yes, you really are a symbol of something, Mistress, and one day when you finally see it for yourself you'll finally understand why your previous owner was so wrong about you and why I love you so much."

"I'm not the only one you submit to though, slave. I've seen you submitting to your other wives too."

"On my terms, Mistress. Please, go back and watch every second of video since my arrival and you'll see that you're the only one I've ever submitted to that I didn't initiate the scene. We both took the vow, Mistress. I'm your prime every bit as much as you're mine and I don't regret that decision for a second."

Eyes focused on the purple tinted collar around Carolyn's neck, Allia sighed. "You really believe that don't you?"

"With every fiber of my being, Mistress."

Opening the metal box in silence, Allia gently removed a sleek metal rod with an intricate tip attached to one end. Pressing a tiny button on the side, she watched at the tip slowly began to glow hotter and hotter. And then, when it was a nice orangish-yellow hue, she pressed it into her slave's right ass cheek.

Biting her lower lip to stifle an outright scream unbecoming a slave of her training, Carolyn still groaned in agony as the hot metal permanently seared the sensitive skin of her backside. "T-Thank you for branding me, Mistress."

"I've marked your ass as mine, slave. Literally. It says: Allia's Ass. You will let it heal naturally. No derma-grow. Is that understood, slave?"

"Yes Mistress."

"I'm going to need you to kneel for this next part, slave," Allia said as she put the rod back in the box and then removed two more much thicker ones. I've only seen what I'm about to do to you on one other person and it was a different design, but I knew the moment you became my property that I wanted to do it to you, slave. It has taken me months of frustrating trial and error to get it perfected, but it's finally finished," she said as she placed a hollow end of one of the tubes over Carolyn's left nipple. "I've been told it hurts like hell but is far quicker than having it done the old-fashioned way." And with that, she pressed the plunger and watched as her property took the hundreds of tiny needles contained within with barely more than a soft groan. After holding it for the required thirty seconds, she pulled the device away and smiled at Carolyn's areola which was now shaped like a pinkish head of a gazelle including two horns that came up to form an open-top heart. "Fuck, that's beautiful!"

"I agree, Mistress. Thank you for, um, is this considered a tattoo?"

“It is,” Allia said as she placed the second tube over her slave’s right nipple. “Do you really like it, or are you just saying what you think I want to hear?”

“The collar would tell you if I were lying, Mistress. But even if it couldn’t, yes, I honestly love it. Uhn!” she grunted as the needles pushed into her breast.

“I guess they lied about how much it would hurt. Lucky you.”

“Oh, it hurts like hell, Mistress, but thankfully you branded my ass first and that pain is far more prevalent. Thank you for tattooing, um, transforming my areolas, Mistress. I really do love them. Now, tell me, would a meek, submissive woman without a thought of her own go to such great lengths and planning to dominate me?”

“Honestly, this was the final test for myself. I knew that if I could do this then I could do anything. Not gonna lie, it was easier than I ever imagined. Now, get back in position so I can finish stretching your holes, slave.”

“Gladly, Mistress. And because I enjoy serving you so much I’m keeping my collar in slave mode for at least the next six months.”

“Let’s make it a year,” Allia said as she shoved her right hand into Carolyn’s already gaping ass.

“YES MISTRESS!” Panting, Carolyn reached up and pressed on either side of the triskelion on the front of her collar. “Enable long-term slave mode. Period...uhn... o-one year. Stone-alpha-epsilon-seven-three-three-nine. T-There. Now I’m officially yours to do with as you please for the next year, Mistress, and nothing I say or do can change that.”

“How do you feel about having a politician’s baby, slave?”

“I’ll have babies with whomever you breed me to, Mistress.”

“Glad to hear it because if this plan is to succeed, we’re going to need to get knocked up by as many political figures as possible. And by we, I mean everyone in the house capable of bearing children,” Allia said as she slowly, cautiously pushed her left hand into Carolyn’s already stretched ass only to be rewarded with another gushing orgasm from her sensitive property.