

# **Slaves of Shadycreek**

**Crimson Rose**

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Looking down at the petite, busty brunette locked tight in the stockade bolted to the floor, Mistress Chloe rolled thick elbow length latex gloves down her arms and then generously lubed her hands which she then rubbed on the submissive's vulva and asshole. One finger went into each hole and the young woman moaned excitedly. Along with more lube a second finger was added and the moans increased. More lube. A third finger. Walking the line between pleasure and pain, grunts joined the woman's moans.

"Uhn...Uhn...w-what are you doing Mistress?" the bound woman grunted as a fourth finger was added to her pussy and asshole. "I...uhn...you're using too many fingers Mistress."

"Too many?" Mistress Chloe laughed. "There's no such thing. Now relax and my hands will be in you in no time."

"RED!" the woman yelled the safeword meant to bring the scene to an end. Unfortunately, she was with a Mistress that in recent months had taken it upon herself to ignore the rules. "RED! Stop fisting me! Let me out of this damn thing right now."

"First of all, four fingers do not count as fisting." Increasing the pressure until her hands disappeared into the woman's pussy and asshole, Mistress Chloe continued through her submissive client's yelps and protests. "Now you're being fisted and..." No sooner were the words out of her mouth then the woman erupted in orgasm. "And with that I'd say you like it so stop complaining and enjoy the pleasure a worthless bootlicking whore like you doesn't deserve." Pulling her left hand out of the woman's ass, she shoved it in as the right pulled free of her pussy. In and out. Out and in. Harder. In and out. Faster. Despite heavy panting and groaning the bound woman had two back to back orgasms. "Just like a brainless bimbo to not know what she likes," Mistress Chloe said as she curled her hands into fists as she rammed them in and out.

Minutes passed. Five. Ten. Twenty. The submissive had more orgasms than she had ever experienced in her life. After a full half hour of fisting, Mistress Chloe pulled her gloved hands out, picked up a cane and took it to the poor woman's ass and back without mercy – ignoring her screams and use of the safeword as her sadistic side took over. When there was no more skin to mark, she unbuckled the cuffs securing the woman's wrists, pulled her back by the hair and then secured her hands to rings in the floor so that her breasts were on display. "The next time you get it in that empty head of yours to bark orders at me remember this lesson." Drawing back, she brought the cane down on the woman's breasts.

"RED! RED! RED! RED!" the bound and tortured submissive cried as the thin length of wood sliced into her breasts and belly. "PLEASE! P-Please stop!"

It was then the door to Mistress Chloe's private dungeon room flew open. Looking to see who dared interrupt her during a session she saw her boss and owner of the Carnal Chateau, Mistress Sabrina and the look on her face was not a happy one. "MY. OFFICE. NOW!" Mistress Sabrina seethed.

"I'm in the middle of a session."

Walking closer, Mistress Sabrina yanked the cane from Mistress Chloe's hand and threw it across the room. "My. Office. Now." When her employee stomped angrily out of the room, Mistress Sabrina walked over to the bound woman and immediately began removing the cuffs. "I am so sorry you had to go through that. You have my word she will be punished. In fact, I would like you there to witness it for yourself. What's your name?"

"K-K-Kylie. I want that woman arrested!"

“I have another more fitting option but if she refuses she will absolutely be arrested and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. That being said, my name is Mistress Sabrina and I own this dungeon. Will you allow me to make sure you’re not seriously injured before we go to my office?”

“She beat the hell out of me! Fisted me!”

“I know. And I recorded the entire thing as you requested which is just another layer of evidence I have against her. So, will you let me check you out or should I have you taken to the hospital?”

“Y-You can check me out.”

“Thank you.” Leaning close, Mistress Sabrina inspected every naked inch of Kylie’s naked body. Small trickles of blood aside, there was nothing that would not heal in a few days. “You have my sincerest apologies, but the good news is there’s nothing too serious. The welts should heal in two or three days but you’ll most likely have bruising for a couple of weeks depending on how quickly you heal. You may get dressed but considering your condition you might want to remain naked.”

“Just take me to your office please.”

“Of course.”

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The heavy wooden door slammed open. Seeing the source of her agony, Kylie walked across the thickly carpeted floor and slapped Mistress Chloe’s face. Mistress Chloe drew back a closed fist but a stern look from her boss stayed her hand. “What’s this all about, Ma’am? Why have you stopped my session with this airheaded bimbo?”

Closing the door behind her, Mistress Sabrina walked over and sat on the edge of her desk. “Sit. Down.” When both women took their seats, she continued. “You’re done,” she said to Mistress Chloe. But before you leave this office for the last time you have a choice. Kylie here wants to call the police and have you arrested for assault and I’m with her, but I have something else in mind for you.”

“I did nothing wrong.”

“You abused your client and broke the rules.”

“No I didn’t.”

“The hell you didn’t!” Kylie yelled. “Look at me!”

“You fisted her without permission. You caned her excessively. And you continued the scene even after she used the safeword multiple times. And she is not the first. After many complaints I installed cameras in the rooms to record every session. In the last six months you abused your position here an astonishing eighty-seven times. I’ve been in contact with…”

“You can’t record us without permission.”

“You gave your consent when you accepted the latest employee handbook that clearly states all sessions may be recorded at the client’s request. She requested it and her session was recorded. Now, you have a choice. Get arrested and spend the next couple of decades in prison where you rightly belong, or submit to training for one month per client you abused. And in case you’re math is as bad as your judgement that’s seven years, three months of training. During which time everything you do will be recorded and sold to compensate those you took advantage of. To also make up for what you’ve done each client that was recorded will spend one day dominating you. Refuse this offer and you’ll be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law and the eighty-seven videos I have will be entered into evidence. You have ten minutes to decide.”

“That’s it?” Kylie said. “Your big idea to punish this fucking bitch is to make her submit? Look what she did to me!”

“You’ll also get to spend a full day dominating her as every penny she makes for the next seven years will be used to compensate everyone she took advantage of. It’s that or it goes to court, she goes to jail and you get nothing. I should mention that the other eighty-six men and women have already opted to see her submit and signed waivers to the like so you’ll be the only one wanting to take it to court.”

“Fine,” Kylie huffed. “If she agrees to submit then I want to be the first one to dominate her.”

“I think that can be arranged seeing as how you’re already here. Chloe?”

“You said I have ten minutes. I’m thinking.” Knowing she was in deep shit to the point of actually spending years, if not the rest of her life behind bars for continued torture and abuse, she knew she was going to accept the alternative, but did not want to seem too desperate so took her time in answering. “I suppose you’re going to be the one training me?”

“Nope. You’ll be taken to a friend of mine and you’ll remain on her farm for the next eighty-seven months. You’ll obey her every rule to the letter or the deal is off and all evidence will be handed over to the police. I have some forms you both need to read and sign and then we’ll be on our way. But before we get to that, Chloe, I would like you to take your clothes off and assume the wall position.” Getting up, Mistress Sabrina walked across her office and opened a door to a large walk-in closet where she kept her own private collection of toys. Grabbing a cane, she sliced it through the air several times before handing it over to Kylie.

“W-What do you want me to do with this?” the nervous submissive asked.

“You are going to start her training off with fifty swats to her ass and a further twenty-five to her breasts. Now, your gut reaction is going to be to draw back and swing with your whole arm but the only thing that’ll achieve is wearing you out. The trick to caning is all in the wrist.” Standing close behind Kylie she took the submissive’s hand into her own. “You want to line up with a few light taps and then flick. Go ahead, give it a try.”

Hand trembling, Kylie lined up, gave Chloe’s ass several tight taps and then with a flick of the wrist the cane bit deep.

“Aahgh!” Used to being the one giving the discipline, Chloe yelped as the cane sliced across her ass.

“That one doesn’t count,” Mistress Sabrina said. “Rule number two of discipline: the submissive should count each swat and give thanks. Failure to do so should add more swats. In this case I think an additional twenty-five to her ass and ten to her breasts is in order per infraction. Go ahead and discipline her and I’ll get the paperwork ready.”

“Yes Mistress,” Kylie replied. Lining up the cane, she flicked her wrist. The cane struck true. “I’m going to make you suffer every bit as much as you made me!”

“ONE! Thank you Mistress,” Chloe groaned through tightly clenched teeth.

“I hope you’re tight as a virgin because I’m going to enjoy forcing my hands in you just as you did to me. And then the real fun can begin.”

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Mistress,” Chloe counted and gave thanks though what she really wanted to do was spin around and punch the woman across the face.

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

“The next time you get it into that empty head of yours to ignore the rules and force submissives to do things against their will remember this lesson,” Kylie said, using Chloe’s own words against her.

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

“Seven years is far too short a sentence for what you put so many people through, but I’ll accept it if only to see you humiliated and degraded in front of the whole world.”

THWACK!

“Six. Thank you Mistress,” Chloe said, doing her best to keep her temper in check.

THWACK! Drawing back a bit, Kylie slapped the cane across the backs of Chloe’s thighs with thudding force that caused the once Dominant woman to yelp and break position to grab her legs.

“Rule three of discipline,” Mistress Sabrina said “breaking position also brings additional swats. Twenty-five more to the ass and ten to the breasts.”

“Good to know, Mistress,” Kylie grinned. “You’ve got a lot of swats coming, bitch, so get back into position.”

Biting her tongue until it hurt, Chloe placed her hands against the wall in front of her and then moved her legs back as she spread them open. The first day of her training turning out to be as painful as it was humiliating.