

# **Submission of Alyssa Cage**

**Crimson Rose**

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I was lounging out back, basking in the mid-afternoon sun when I heard rustling from around the side of the house. Knowing it was not my Mistress as she was lying right next to me, I called out. “Whomever the hell is trespassing on my property has three seconds to leave before I start shooting.”

“Jesus Christ, Aunt Crimson! You really wouldn’t shoot your favorite niece would you?”

“Alyssa? What are you doing here? If your mother knew she’d skin you alive and I’d never hear the end of it,” I said as my eighteen year old niece Alyssa walked around the corner, stopping dead when she saw me and Mistress Sophia sunbathing in the nude.

“You’re naked!”

“I don’t like tan lines,” I grinned. “Mistress Sophia, meet my niece Alyssa. Alyssa, this is my Mistress Sophia.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Mistress Sophia said with a pleasing and friendly smile. “Would you care to join us before we lose the sun?”

“Yes Mistress,” Alyssa smiled, quickly pulling her tee shirt off over her head as her face turned red. Next, she unbuttoned her shorts and tugged them down her long, toned legs. “Really, Aunt Crimson? You’re just going to lay there and let me strip naked?”

“You’re an adult now. If you want to sunbathe in the nude then that’s your prerogative. I take it your mother doesn’t know you’re here?”

“God no. She’d lock me in the cellar for a week if she even knew we talked. I shudder to think what she’d do if she learned I visited,” Alyssa said, reaching back and unhooking her bra. Letting it slide down her arms, she dropped it onto the deck on top of her shirt and shorts and then pulled her panties off, showing her lithe body to me and Mistress Sophia. Nervously chewing her lower lip she walked in front of us and sat down on the vacant lounge chair. “I want to do it, Aunt Crimson.”

“Do it? And what would *it* be?”

“What you do. When I talk to mom and anyone else in the family they call you a worthless, whore with no self-esteem. The only one who says otherwise is grandma. But even she won’t tell me much about what it is you do.”

“You might be a little too young to get started in this lifestyle, Alyssa.”

“Grandma said you were eighteen when you got into it. I’m eighteen now and I want to live out my fantasies.”

“Fantasies?” Mistress Sophia said, her interest piqued. “And what fantasies does a pretty young lady such as yourself have? Do you even know what a fantasy is, dear?”

“Of course I know what fantasies are. I’m not a little kid.”

“Go on then. What are your fantasies?”

“I want to be raped,” Alyssa blurted out, her face turning even redder and it was not from the sun beating down on her. “I mean, I have a rape fantasy. Just thinking about a group of men roughly handling me and forcing me to suck and fuck them gets me all kinds of horny. I know it’s a horrible fantasy to have, but, well, there you go.”

“Are you serious?” I asked, staring at my young niece as if she were insane. “You want to be gang raped?”

“Please don’t make fun of me or berate me, Aunt Crimson. I’m fully aware of how crazy it is, but that’s why they call it a fantasy, right?”

“I’m not judging you, Alyssa. But as far as fantasies and fetishes go that’s a whopper.”

“Any other perversions running through that pretty head of yours?” Mistress Sophia asked, reaching over and tweaking my niece’s left nipple between finger and thumb. Alyssa inhaled sharply and looked wide-eyed at my Mistress and then down at the nipple being twisted and pulled.

“I...um, that is...you’re playing with my nipple!”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“I’ve never been with a woman before.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“God, is this what it is to be submissive? To let someone just do what they want with you?”

“Not even close,” Mistress Sophia said, getting up and straddling Alyssa’s lap. Pinching her other nipple, she smiled at my Niece with a look I knew all too well. “Submitting completely, allowing the one whom owns you to do whatever they want whether you like it or not is the hallmark of a sex slave, not a submissive, young lady. Now, I will ask you one more time, do you want me to stop playing with your nipples?”

“N-No. Oh god, it feels good.”

Continuing to pinch and pull Alyssa’s nipples, Mistress Sophia leaned down and took the left one in her mouth so that I could see as she swirled her tongue around it, bite it between her teeth and then pulled back – my niece moaning as it was slowly freed. “Being a submissive means to submit to a dominant man or woman, but not without limits. Do you have limits, sweetie? Do you even know what limits are?” Leaning back down, she sucked Alyssa’s right nipple into her mouth.

“Mmmmm, oh my god! I...uhn...I c-can’t believe this is happening!”

“If you want it to stop all you have to do is say the safeword,” Mistress Sophia smirked, reaching back and eased a finger into Alyssa’s pussy only to almost immediately stop and sit up looking rather surprised. “You’re a virgin?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Jesus Christ, Alyssa!” I gasped. “You’re a virgin and you want to be roughly gang raped?”

“I told you it was a fantasy, Aunt Crimson.”

“Do you want to lose your virginity to a gang of men fucking you roughly?”

“Y-Yes, but I know it’ll never happen that way.”

“You never know.” Mistress Sophia got up off of Alyssa’s lounge and returned to her own.

“Why did you stop? I’ve never been with another woman before but it felt nice.”

“Yes it did. But I am not a gang of rough men.” In truth, she stopped to keep the young woman horny and frustrated, but she was not about to confess that fact. “Go on, tell us your every desire. I want every perverted detail.”

“I want to do what my aunt does,” Alyssa confessed. “I want to try everything she’s tried, do everything she’s done. I...I want to submit. To be dominated. I want to learn to be obedient and servile.”

“Why do you want to do these things? Are you just looking for a cheap thrill, or are you genuinely interested in the lifestyle?”

“I want to prove to my mother that being submissive doesn’t make anyone less than human as she so loves to tell me when talking about her sister. Um, Aunt Crimson. I want to do it because I am genuinely interested in the lifestyle and what it’s really all about. I might love it,

or I might hate it but I want to experience it at least once in my life so that I am much more informed on the topic.”

“You can look it up on the internet,” I said. “You don’t have to do it to know what it’s about.”

“True, but to know if I like it or not I’m going to have to try it at least once. And before you say it, I know what turns me on reading, but that may vastly differ from what I like doing in reality. And since I’ve purposely remained a virgin, Mistress Sophia not only the first woman, but the first person I’ve ever done anything with, I am a blank slate ready and willing to learn. I’ve been thinking about this for a long time, Aunt Crimson and while I’d much rather learn about this lifestyle and what fetishes I truly like from your Mistress, I will go elsewhere if you’re not comfortable with me doing it here.”

“I only want you to know what you’re getting yourself into and be damn sure this is what you want to do. You’re still young and have a whole life ahead of you to learn. You don’t need to jump right into it. You’re still a virgin Alyssa. I mean no offense, but what in the hell do you know about normal vanilla sex, let alone bdsm?”

“Admittedly very little, but ever since I was younger I thought about doing this, to see what the big fucking deal was about being submissive. Despite mom and everyone else telling me it was wicked and perverse, I couldn’t help think they were keeping a lot of stuff from me. Maybe because I was too young and they didn’t think I could understand it, or maybe because they feared I would be curious to try, either way, I want to do this, Aunt Crimson. Will you and your Mistress please help me?”

“I will not do anything to cause family problems,” Mistress Sophia said, looking into Alyssa’s eyes. “That being said, I will be more than happy to train you as a submissive, but only if your aunt gives her blessing. If she does not then there will be no amount of begging and pleading you can do to enlist my help.”

“Aunt Crimson?”

“While I think you’re too young and innocent to jump into it head first, I would rather you learn from a Mistress I know and trust, than some random stranger that could take advantage of you. You have my full blessing to do this if it’s really what you want.”

“Thank you so much! I’m ready, Mistress. I want to learn everything there is to learn about, well, everything!”

“We’ll begin after sitting down and discussing it and coming up with limits and what we each expect from this relationship. For now, lay back and relax while we still have sunlight.”

“Yes Mistress. Thank you again for doing this for me.”