

Submission of Gina Cage

Crimson Rose

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If one thing can be said about me it is that I hate nothing more than being woken up from what little sleep I actually get. So one can imagine my anger when I heard someone attempting to break my front door down with their fists less than four hours after lying down. Throwing back the blankets, I gave no shits as to whom I might wake up as I stomped through the house like a raging bull. Butt naked as I always was at home, I yanked the front door open to see my younger sister Gina. “What in the fuck do you want?” I growled. “Haven’t you ever heard of calling?”

“Like you’d answer my calls,” she replied.

She was right about that. We did not exactly get along after our parents disowned me for my bdsm lifestyle and I knew the only reason she was here now was because her daughter Alyssa – my niece, decided to give the lifestyle a try and found it to her liking. “No, I wouldn’t have and I really don’t want to see you right now either so get the fuck off my property.”

“Then it’s a good thing I’m not here to see you.”

“You know the rules. You’ve got exactly three seconds to start following then before I kick your ass all the way to the curb.”

“I’m not going inside so...”

“The rules apply to the entire property, Gina, so if you want to stay then you had better start stripping or walking because I’m really not in the fucking mood for your bullshit. One...two...”

“Mom, stop being such a bitch and take your clothes off,” Alyssa said from behind me. “Sorry, Aunt Crimson, she’s only here because I told her last night I would only talk to her if she dropped by and apologized to us both for the way she’s been acting.”

“I’m not taking my clothes off so you can both just forget it.”

“Then get off my property.”

“Come on, Alyssa, we can talk over breakfast.”

“I’m not going anywhere with you, mom, so get naked and apologize or leave. But before you make up your mind, know that this is the last chance you’ll ever get to make things right with me. Is your pride really worth more to you than your own family?”

“Yes,” I answered, looking my sister in the eyes. “I thought mom was bad, but at least she saw the error of her ways and stepped outside her comfort zone to better understand my life choices. You, on the other hand, can’t even process the thought that you might be wrong so I don’t know why you even bothered showing up. Leave or I will exercise my lawful right to boot you off my property with all due force.” Taking a step back I slammed the door in her face.” Glaring at my niece, I groaned. “Next time tell her to come at a reasonable hour.”

“It’s a quarter after ten, Aunt Crimson.”

“Like I said, a more reasonable hour. I’m going...” my sentence was cut short by another knock at the front door – this one far more civil than the previous. Pulling it open, I was shocked to see my sister standing on the front porch topless and in the process of taking her pants off. I did not say a word as she continued. When she was butt naked she did her best to cover her breasts and crotch, but it was not working nearly as well as she had hoped.

“I’m sorry I’ve been treating you like a worthless piece of shit all these years, Crimson. I know there’s nothing I can ever do to make up for it so I’ll just beg for your forgiveness. May I please talk to my daughter now?”

“I’m getting ready to make breakfast, mom, we can talk inside.”

“You will follow every rule to the letter or you’ll leave and never come back. Is that understood?” I asked, my voice leaving little doubt of just how serious I was.

“I understand, but for the sake of argument can you please refresh my memory on what all the rules are? Also, can I come in now?”

“Not yet. Rule number one: this is a nudist only property and there are no exceptions. On future visits you will take your clothes off and leave them in the car as soon as you park. Second, I will not tolerate any disrespect in regards to me, Mistress Sophia, the bdsm lifestyle or anyone that may be visiting or living here. Three: While you are under no obligation to call her Mistress, you will show respect and at the bare minimum call her Ma’am. Four: If you enter the dungeon you are offering yourself as a submissive and will not be permitted to leave until you’ve spent a full twenty-four hours in there serving Mistress Sophia however she desires. And five: if you break any of the rules you will be discipline by caning or other punishments Mistress Sophia deems appropriate. If you refuse to be disciplined you will be escorted off the property and the only way you’ll ever be welcomed back is to accept triple the punishment. All refreshed now?”

“Yes.”

“Still want to come in?”

“No, but since it’s the only way I can talk to my daughter I’ll do it anyways.”

“Oh, there’s one more thing you need to know. This house and property is wired with cameras recording around the clock so there won’t be any denying you agreed to follow the rules. Pick your clothes up. Once you’ve folded them you may place them on the stand by the door until you leave.” Stepping back I did something I never thought possible. I let my sister into my home.

“Aren’t you going to accept my apology?” she asked as she stepped inside.

“You’ve spent years calling me a waste of life, telling others I was a worthless piece of human garbage that didn’t deserve to breath the same air as you so you’ll forgive me if I don’t forgive that with one half-assed apology you only gave to talk to your daughter. That being said, I’ll tell you the same thing I told mom five years ago when she came knocking and apologizing. You’ve got a long way to go to prove you’re worthy of my trust. She earned it by accepting me for who I am and dabbling in the lifestyle – something she did despite knowing it would lead to her and dad getting divorced, and I don’t have to tell you how much she loves being a well-trained submissive.”

“I wouldn’t know,” Gina huffed. “I haven’t talked to her since she told me she was being trained.”

“And that, sis, is why I don’t believe for a second you’re sorry.”

“Can I talk to my daughter now?”

“In the kitchen, mom,” Alyssa called out.

Gina and I went to the kitchen where Alyssa stood at the stove. Holding my tongue, I watched as Gina’s eyes grew wide at what she was seeing. In training for nearly a year now, Alyssa was Mistress Sophia’s puppy and that’s exactly how she was dress. Tailed plug in her ass. Latex stockings and bicep-length gloves with a distinct canine pattern. Headband with ears. The only thing missing was her muzzle.

“What the fuck are you wearing?” Gina asked her daughter. “Also, I thought this was a nudist only home.”

“My tits and ass are fully exposed,” Alyssa stated matter of fact. “This is the gear my Mistress gave me to wear as part of my training and is one of the few exceptions to the rule. Go ahead and have a seat, breakfast will be ready in a few minutes.”

“Speaking of breakfast,” Mistress Sophia said from the doorway “it smells delicious.”

“Thank you Mistress. Have you used the bathroom yet?”

“Not yet.”

Again, I watched in silence as my niece walked over to our Mistress, knelt and parted her lips. Mistress Moved a little closer and a moment later Alyssa was gulping down the pee like warm water.

“Jesus Christ!” Gina gasped. “Are you?”

“She’s drinking our Mistress’ piss,” I replied. “If you can’t stomach it you know where the door is.”

“Do you have to do it in front of me?”

“I’ll drink my Mistress’ pee whenever and wherever she needs to go,” Alyssa said after licking Mistress Sophia clean. Looking up, she grinned. “Thank you, Mistress, for using me as your toilet.”

“You’re very welcome, Sparkles.”

“Sparkles?”

“It’s your daughter’s pet name,” Mistress explained. “She did tell you she’s my puppy, right?”

“Kind of hard telling her much of anything when she refused to talk to me until now, Mistress,” Alyssa answered.

“I’m here now and...OH, you have got to be kidding me!” Gina exclaimed when she pulled the chair out to see two large dildos permanently attached to the seat. “You can’t seriously expect me to sit on those.”

“Consider it the first step in proving you actually want a relationship with me,” Alyssa replied. “Sit or we have nothing to talk about.”

“There’s no way...”

“You know where the door is,” Alyssa said without looking back.

“I was going to say there’s no way in hell those things are going to fit in me,” her mother went on. “You three might be able to take telephone poles but I prefer something a little more realistic in size.”

“Rebuilding trust and respect is a painful endeavor. You have until the bacon is done to at least have half of them in your uptight holes or we’re done. That, mother, is the price you’ll have to pay for our conversation.”

“You’re all a bunch of fucked up, perverted...” realizing she was disrespecting all three of us, she shut her mouth and grumbled.

“Too late to stop now, sis,” I smirked. “You’ve earned yourself ten swats for disrespect. Are you going to take them or are you going to get dressed and leave?”

“There’s no way I’m letting my own sister cane me.”

“No need to worry about that,” Mistress said “I’ll be the one administering the swats. Now answer your sister. Are you taking them or leaving?”

“Don’t look at me, mom,” Alyssa said. “You agreed to follow the rules so now’s your chance to prove you’re not a liar.”

“Fine. I’ll take the swats.”

“I’ll give them to you after breakfast,” Mistress said. Walking over to the stove, she looked down at the pan and then back at Gina. “You’ve got three or four minutes at most so I strongly suggest you start sitting.”

Going to the junk drawer, I pulled it open and grabbed a non-descript white bottle and handed it to my sister. “You’ll want to use that. Don’t worry, it’s only lube.”

“You keep lube in the...nevermind, I don’t even want to know. I swear to god, Alyssa, this better prove I’m serious about wanting you in my life.” Taking the bottle, she coated the large dildos and then straddled them. When she stopped I knew they were poised for entry and when she grunted I knew she really was attempting to take them. At nearly three inches thick, the heads were definitely the biggest part and once they were in gravity would see to the rest. She grabbed the sides of the chair. Her face scrunched up in undisguised pain and then she let out a guttural groan. “Uuhhnnn!”

“I take it the heads are in?”

“Y-Yes and they fucking hurt.”

“You’ll get used to it. You know, with your arms locked like that you’ll never get them in any further. Let go.”

To my surprise, Gina actually let go. She hovered, frozen like a statue for about three seconds and then I watched her sliding down. When her ass hit the seat she put her head on the table and groaned. “I hope you’re happy now.”

“Happy is much too strong a word,” Alyssa replied. “Make yourself comfortable because you’re going to be sitting on then for the duration of our conversation.”

“Except for the ten swats,” Mistress corrected her puppy.

“Yes Mistress.”

“By the way, I’m Mistress Sophia. Pleasure to finally meet you.”

“Uhn...I’m Alyssa’s mother Gina and this is far more painful than pleasurable.”

“You’ll get used to it.”

Alyssa walked to the table with a large platter of bacon, eggs and waffles which she sat down next to a bottle of orange juice. Waiting until Mistress and I took our seats, she knelt on the floor like a puppy and waited.

“What the hell?” Gina groaned. “Why isn’t she sitting on the dildos?”

“Because puppies sit on the floor, not at the table,” Mistress explained. “So, Gina, tell me what you think of the life we’ve all chosen to live. And remember, you’ll be disciplined for lying so remember to always be honest.”

“I think it’s completely ridiculous. I don’t understand why anyone would want to give up their humanity and become someone else’s plaything.”

“If that’s what you think the lifestyle’s all about then you’ve been woefully misinformed. I’ll gladly set the record straight right after I deliver your swats.”

“Arf...arf,” Alyssa barked.

“Yes, Sparkles?”

“Thank you for permitting me to speak, Mistress. After you give my mother her swats we’re going to talk. My mother and me, that is. Can you hold off until after that to set the record straight on what bdsm really is?”

“Absolutely. I’ll talk to her later.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“I’m only going to be here...”

“For as long as it takes to set the record straight,” Mistress said matter of fact. Gina was on the verge of saying something, thought twice about it and decided to stuff her mouth with a bite of syrup-drenched waffle instead.