

Submission of Janet Rose

Crimson Rose

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I had not seen my mother in more than a decade. After informing her and the rest of my family and friends that I was submissive and had chosen to live the bdsm lifestyle, she, along with nearly everyone else I knew jumped ship – disowning and distancing themselves from me as if I had the plague, or told them I just murdered someone. I’ll never forget the looks on their faces ranging from complete shock to downright disgust and in a small way I could not blame them as I kept my secret safe for the longest time, giving no one even the vaguest hints of my true self. So, imagine my surprise when I looked out the peephole to see my mother standing there on my front porch looking nervous. I gave it another few seconds and then opened the door butt naked as I always was at home. Her reaction was to be expected.

“Oh my god, you’re naked!”

“Hello to you to, mother,” I said with undisguised disdain. “What do you want?”

“I came to talk.”

“After more than ten years? What’s there to talk about?”

“Can I please come in?”

“Only if you agree to follow the rules?”

“Rules? What rules?”

“My house, my rules. And they are not negotiable. First, this is a nudist only house and all visitors will take their clothes off upon entry. Second...”

“You expect your own mother to strip naked just visit?”

“I do. Second, while she is here you will refer to my Mistress as either Mistress or Ma’am as a sign of respect. Those are the rules. If you want to talk, follow them. If not, then you know the way back to your car.” Taking a step back, I opened the door further and waited to see what she would do.

Janet stood on the porch looking in at her daughter. The angry, irrational side of her wanted to scoff and leave, but the mother in her was tired of not having her child in her life. Even if that child was a twenty-eight year old woman capable of making whatever life choices she wanted. Sighing, shoulders slumped she walked into the house. The door closed quietly behind her, but in her scared mind it was as if a cellblock door was slamming shut with a thunderous bang. Jumping slightly, she looked back and then at her daughter.

“You may take your clothes off now.”

Mistress Sophia entered the living room from the kitchen just as Janet was unbuttoning her blouse. “Oh, I didn’t realize we were having company.”

“I didn’t either, Mistress. This is my mother Janet. Mom, this is my Mistress and girlfriend, Sophia.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Janet,” Mistress Sophia smiled, walking across the living room and extending her right hand. Janet stopped unbuttoning her shirt, took one look at the petite yet somehow incredibly intimidating naked brunette and accepted the handshake, her face turning beet red. Taking a few steps back, Sophia looked at Janet as if waiting. “Please, don’t let me stop you from taking your clothes off. You did inform your mother of the rules, right?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Please correct me if I am wrong here, and I truly mean no offense, but why are you here Janet? I was under the impression that you disowned your daughter for the choices she made.”

Chewing her lower lip, Janet resumed taking off her blouse – lying it on an end table as she unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it. Now standing there in bra, panties and heels, she looked pleadingly from daughter to Mistress.

“Everything must come off, mom.”

“Except the heels. You may keep your shoes on,” Mistress Sophia added. “But Crimson is correct. The bra and panties must go. And may I say you are an incredibly sexy woman. I now see where your daughter gets her looks.”

“Um, t-thanks,” Janet said, reaching back to unhook her bra. Giving them one final pleading look, she saw they were not going to budge and so let the lacy pink and red garment slide down her arms to be added to the pile on the table.

“Damn, very sexy indeed,” Mistress Sophia said upon seeing Janet’s naked breasts. “I could suck on those hard nipples all day,” she continued, seeing how her words made her submissive’s mother blush even deeper. “Go on, get those panties off. Let me see the rest of that perfect body of yours. How old are you Janet?”

“F-Forty-four.” Matching panties were dropped on top of her bra and Janet’s hands instinctively went in front of her naked vulva.

“No need to be shy. So, what brings you by today?”

“I can to speak to my daughter if that’s okay with you, Ma’am.”

“Of course. After more than a decade I’m sure the two of you have a lot to talk about.”

“Not really, Mistress, but I’ll hear what she has to say.”

“I came to say I’m sorry! We’re both stubborn as mules and hate admitting when we’re wrong, but none of the really matters anymore, Crimson. We’ve been apart far too long and I’m tired of this feud. I’m willing to sit down and listen to you now. I want to know about this life you live so that I can better understand why you’ve chosen to live it. I..I just can’t fathom why you would serve someone else when you used to be so headstrong.”

“That couldn’t have been easy for you to say,” I said. “Apology accepted. But if you really wanted to know about the life I live you could have done so over the internet, you know?”

“Maybe I just wanted to see my daughter.”

“Fine, but I’m telling you here and now that I will not hold anything back. You want to know about the life I live then you’re going to hear every kinky detail of it from the thrill I get licking another woman’s pussy, to how helpless and euphoric I feel being taken by groups of men. If you cannot handle that then you might as well leave now. But know that if we leave on bad terms again you will never, ever be welcome in my life again. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Say it.”

“I understand.”

“I’ll just leave the two of you to it then,” Mistress Sophia said. If you need anything I’ll be in the office.”

“So, what exactly does she do besides control your life?”

“Mistress Sophia is a registered nurse. And she does not control my life as if I were some mindless automaton. I submit, she dominates. There’s give and take as with any relationship. And if there’s one thing you need to know about this lifestyle it’s that no matter how things look on the outside, the submissive, me in this case, has the real power.”

“That makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. How can you have the power when she’s the one that dominates you?”

“Because you see this as a strictly black and white thing while failing to see the myriad shades of grey. I’m going to give you my favorite quote and quite possibly the most profound thing anyone in this lifestyle ever told me and it was by a former Mistress and it goes like this: without me, you are a lost soul. But without you, I am nothing. Think about that for a while and maybe you’ll understand what I mean. But if you are here to learn about the life I live then please feel free to ask me anything you want. And don’t hold back.”

“Why? I mean, why do you live like this? What possessed you to get into such a bizarre thing in the first place?”

“Curiosity,” I replied honestly. “And I told you all about it ten years ago when you and everyone else decided to toss me away as if I were garbage.”

“We never...you know what, nevermind. I’m not here to open old wounds. I can’t speak for anyone else, but I’m sorry for the way you were treated. I know you think I have some ulterior motives for being here, but I don’t. I honestly want you in my life again and I’m willing to do whatever it takes to make that happen.”

“Anything?”

“Within reason.”

“Then follow me. If you agree to do one thing I will believe you are really here to make amends. Refuse, and you can leave and stop wasting my time.” Mot waiting to see if my mother was going to follow, I walked down the short hallway leading to the back of the house and lightly trapped my my Mistress’ office door three times.

“You may enter.”

Opening the door, I poked my head in. “Mistress, will you kindly join my mother and me in the dungeon?”

“Of course. I’ll be down in a minute.”

“D-Dungeon? What do you mean dungeon?”

“I mean the place Mistress and I go for our many lessons together. I mean the place in the basement where we store all of our sexual toys and equipment. It’s right this way.” Closing the office door, I walked passed my mother back into the living room and then into the kitchen. Opening the door leading to the basement, I was halfway down the stairs when I finally heard her descending behind me. Smiling, my heart skipped several beats. If she was really serious about learning the lifestyle and making amends for her past, I was going to make her earn it the hard way.

“Why are you taking me to your dungeon and why is your Mistress joining us?”

“You want me to believe you’re really interested in my life and are truly sorry for the way you treated me?”

“That’s why I’m here.”

“Then prove it to me.” Opening the door, I motioned for my mom to enter. Taking three steps in, she froze and gasped.

“OH MY GOD!”

“Welcome to our dungeon, mom. It took me and Mistress more than two years to finish it, but it has everything we need.” Stepping in behind her, I continued. “To the right you can see the shelves of sex toys Mistress and I use on each other and select friends and under those are the sex machines and the bondage sawhorse. That bench over there on the left is called a spanking bench and that’s a bondage bed in the back corner.”

“And what is that?” Mom asked, pointing to a large metal ‘X’ resting against the wall.