

Submission of Kayla Vaughan

Crimson Rose

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After more than a decade of being shunned by family and those proclaiming to be my friends, the last thing I ever expected was for my mother to arrive on my doorstep and willingly embrace the bdsm lifestyle I had chosen to live since the age of eighteen. Then came my niece Alyssa and her mother – my sister, Gina. From there a few more family members accepted me for who I am even if they had no interest in living it themselves, including two aunts, and uncle three cousins and another niece.

As for friends, all of the ones I made since coming out as submissive accept me for who I am, but those from before, those I made during childhood and thought would stick by my side no matter what walked away and never once looked back. The one that hit me the hardest was my best friend at the time, Kayla Vaughan.

Meeting in the first grade, we were fast friends and spent the next thirteen years joined at the hip. I was there for her when her parents divorced when she was nine. She was there at my bedside when I had pneumonia at eleven waiting on me hand and foot despite my parents telling her they could take care of me. We went through puberty together and when our dates dropped us for more popular girls we went to prom together. But when I told her I had chosen to live the bdsm lifestyle she could not run fast enough. So, imagine my surprise when I answered a knock at the door more than a decade later to see her standing on my front porch with a young woman I did not recognize nervously chewing her lower lip behind her.

“Kayla?” I asked as I stood butt naked in the doorway.

“Holy shit you’re naked!”

“And? What do you want?”

“Can we talk?” she asked as she tried avoiding my nakedness.

“Seriously? You turn your back on me thirteen years ago. What could we possibly have to talk about? Like everyone else in my life you abandoned me when I needed you the most so kindly see yourself off of my property.” Taking a step back, I started to slam the door in her face when a hand shot out to stop it from closing.

“Wait! Please, I’m sorry, but I’m not here for myself. Can we please talk?”

“This is a nudist only house so the two of you will strip completely naked upon entering. If you’re here when my Mistress returns you will refer to her as suck or be punished for disrespect. If you yell, argue or do anything I deem a threat to my life or property I won’t hesitate to kick the shit out of you before calling the cops. If you can abide by those rules then you may come in. Otherwise, I strongly suggest leaving.”

“What the hell, mom? I thought you said she was your best friend,” the young brunette said.

“Mom?” I asked with raised brow. Even if she got pregnant when she started having sex at sixteen the young woman who looked to be eighteen to twenty was far too old to be Kayla’s daughter.

“Part of what I’d like to talk to you about. Natasha, can you follow the rules?”

“You know I can.”

“Then may we please come in?”

I stepped back and let Kayla and her supposed daughter in. Closing the door I folded my arms and watched as they actually stripped out of their clothes. When they were naked, Kayla turned to me and sighed. “First, I know nothing I say can ever make up for the way you were treated when we parted ways, but I’m sorry.”

“How did you find me?”

“It wasn’t really all that hard. A quick scan of your social media accounts told me you still lived in the same city and a conversation with your mother got me your address.”

“And who is this you brought with you?”

“This is my daughter Natasha.”

“Wait, isn’t that your sister’s name?”

“Yes and no. Remember the year I took off to live with my Aunt Lexie in New Mexico and came back to having a little sister? Well, that was a colossal lie. Natasha isn’t and never has been my sister. She’s my daughter. I went to live with my aunt because my parents wanted to hide the fact that I was pregnant.”

“Wait, you were thirteen! You said you lost your virginity sophomore year to what was his name? Josh?”

“Another lie I’ve come to regret. The truth is I was...I was molested by an uncle and he knocked me up. My parents did everything in their power to force me to have an abortion but when I adamantly refused they shipped me off to Aunt Lexie’s. This is my daughter Natasha and she turned eighteen last month.”

“I knew you when you were this high,” I said, holding my hand about mid-thigh height. “I can say I honestly didn’t recognize you. That being said, I’m still waiting on an answer as to why you’re here.”

“Like you she’s submissive and wants to be trained as such,” Kayla replied. “I tried talking her out of it but like you she is incredibly headstrong and has gone to a few clubs looking for someone to dominate her. I...will you train her, Crimson?”

“Seriously?”

“I know, I have absolutely no right asking anything of you but even though we haven’t talked in years there’s no one I would ever trust more to train her. If it’s a matter of money I’ll pay for your time.”

“It has nothing to do with money, Kayla.”

“Don’t I get a say in this?” Natasha asked.

“NO!” her mother shot back.

“Actually, you absolutely do get a say in it. I’m not going to train someone I’ve never met especially when she seems less than enthused to be here. Also, the fact that you just said no in such a manner tells me you still know nothing about the lifestyle. If you want me to train your daughter then you must let me train you as well. Not for a day or a week or even a month. You will allow me to fully train you, or I train neither.”

“I changed my mind,” Natasha grinned. “Will you please train me, Crimson?”

“I’m not...”

“MOM! Sorry,” Natasha apologized “This was all your idea so unless you want me to find some random man or woman at a club to train me then you’ll do as she asks. Um, speaking of which, you’re not going to make us have sex with each other are you?”

“Absolutely not. Now, in order to ensure proper training the two of you will live here with me for the first year and before you say anything, that is non-negotiable so if you can’t do it then say so now and we won’t waste each other’s time.”

“We’ll live here with you,” Natasha said. “We’ve actually only been back in town a few days and have been staying with my grandparents while looking for a place of our own so this is perfect. And mom will gladly pay you rent or whatever you want. Isn’t that right, mom?”

“I think I need some time to think about this.”

“You wanted her to be my Mistress and she gave you her terms. What’s there to think about?”

“I’m not submissive, Nat.”

“So, instead of getting off your high horse and allowing yourself to be trained you’d prefer I find some random person that might abuse me?”

“Alright, this is getting very close to an argument so I’m going to ask you both to calm down and consider your options. Meanwhile, can I get you something to drink?”

“Water for me, thank you,” Natasha replied.

Picking up her panties, Kayla put them on and then looked from me to her daughter and then back at me as she put her bra on. “I need to go clear my head so you stay here and I’ll be back in a little bit?”

“You’re just going to leave me here?”

“I said I’ll be back. I need to think about her terms and I can’t do that with you arguing with me in the car. Do you mind if she stays here for a little bit?”

“Not at all.”

“Thanks.” Putting the rest of her clothes on, she gave her daughter a nervous smile and then left.

“Well, that just happened,” Natasha sighed. “I am so sorry my mother brought this on you.”

“Honestly, I’m surprised she came to me at all. Let me get you that water and I’ll show you around while we wait for her to return. Also, feel free to ask any questions you might have.”

“How many people have you trained?”

“None.”

“None?”

“Like you I’m submissive. That’s not to say I don’t know how to dominate someone only that I’ve never had any real interest in doing so,” I said as I led her into the kitchen where I grabbed two bottles of water from the fridge. “And if I do anything wrong Mistress Sophia will be there to correct me. That’s my Mistress’ name by the way.”

“No offense, but wouldn’t it be better for her to train me then?”

“None taken and yes. In fact, since there are two of you I’m going to suggest you submit to Mistress Sophia so that I can train my former best friend.”

“That sounds fine to me. Assuming my mother agrees that is.”

“If not then I’ll still train you but she’ll be banned from my property. Just don’t tell her I said so.”

“My lips are sealed. Can I ask how many people know you’re submissive, how many stuck around when you told them and how many visit knowing they have to strip upon entering?”

“That’s a complicated question. When I came out to family and friends, including your mother, they tossed me to the curb like trash and I was left to fend for myself. Now, I make it a point to tell people from the go so there are no surprises. As for visitors, I get quite a few as everyone knows and accepts it just as you and your mother. Now let me ask you a question. Do your friends and other family members know you’re submissive?”

“Despite my mother telling me to keep it to myself I told all of my friends and a few family members. In fact, it was from my grandaunt Lexie that I learned about it at all. Not that she ever did anything with me as that would just be fucked up on more levels than I could count, but I saw her dungeon during one of my visits and while I was too young at the time for her to

explain it to me in great detail she did fill me in on a little bit and then promptly forbid me from telling anyone else in the family.”

“I see. Does your mother know?”

“Yes. But as far as I know she has never done anything there. Um, can I ask about your piercings?”

“What would you like to know?”

“Um, why?” she asked, her eyes going to my heavily pierced vulva.

“Because my Mistress asked and I obeyed. In case you don’t know, the barbells, tunnels and lock are what is known as a chastity piercing and prevents me from pleasuring myself or having sex whenever Mistress commands it. The piercings in my hood serve the same purpose when the barbell and ring are replaced with a shield and the nipples, well, I got those because I simply like the look.”

“Will I have to get the same piercings?”

“Not if you don’t want them. Would you like to see the dungeon?”

“Yes Ma’am.”