

# **The Manor 2: Submissive Support**

**Crimson Rose**

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## Petgirl Cynthia

Turning the vacuum off, Cynthia walked over and opened the door giving zero thought to the fact she was butt naked. After twenty years of living a nudist lifestyle everyone from family and friends to neighbors and the mailman had seen pretty much every inch of her well-toned thirty-eight year old body. Inhaling sharply, she stared into the eyes of a man she had never hoped to see again. "M-Master? What are you doing here?"

"May I come in Cynthia?"

"I'm no longer your slave, Master."

"And yet you still show me respect. Nevertheless, you know I don't like to repeat myself."

"Sorry Master." Stepping back, Cynthia allowed her former Master to enter before closing the door behind him. "Why are you here Master? Oh god! Please tell me my daughter is okay."

"More than okay. She is every bit the slave her mother is. And I'm here because your training is not yet complete."

"I finished my training nineteen years ago, Master. If you let me go before it was complete then that's on you. I have nothing else to learn."

"I beg to differ. There are two more perversions you must be trained in and it begins today."

"I'm not going back to your Manor, Master, and you can't force me."

"I don't have to force you, Cynthia. Do you still have your contract? If not, let me remind you that clause seventeen section eff clearly states that once money has been accepted for training, the signee is required to complete all aspects of training even if they come up after being released. As for never coming back to the Manor, that's all in your head. You're a mostly trained slave now, Cynthia, and as per the same contract on top of having full and unlimited use of my house slaves you are free to come and go and as you please without restriction. I have to ask, if you're no longer a slave then why do you still wear my collar around your neck?"

"I...what perversions do you need to teach me Master?"

"You'll see. But first you're going to want to get dressed."

"I don't want to go back to the Manor, Master."

"Then you're in luck because that's not where we're going. Now go get dressed."

"Yes Master. Please have a seat and I'll be as quick as possible." Her training kicking in full force, she waited for the handsome forty-something man she had served in both of their primes to sit before turning and walking down the long hallway to her bedroom at the back of the house. Closing the door behind her, she went to the closet but instead of grabbing one of the many latex or leather garments she had grown accustomed to wearing she went to the corner, pulled back the carpet and lifted a small section of floor revealing the safe hidden below. Fingers trembling, she hit the keys to enter the six digit code and then pulled the door open. Pulling out a large orange envelope, she removed the contents and quickly skipped to section seventeen to see if what her former Master said was true.

It was, so she put everything back in place and then grabbed a burgundy latex dress with black trim around the diamond cutouts in the front and along the sides and a pair of matching strappy heels before going to the dresser for the panties. Once everything was on and her nerves

were mostly settled, she walked back out to the living room. “Apologies for making you wait, Master. If not the Manor then where are you taking me?”

“You’ll see when we get there. And Cynthia, I trust you remember enough of your training to obey my commands whether you like them or not.”

“Yes Master.”

“Good girl. Come on, let’s go complete your training.”

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Fifteen minutes into their drive, Master Ryan Madison did not take his eyes off the busy road ahead. “I need a toilet, slave.”

Without hesitation Cynthia leaned down, unzipped her Master’s pants, pulled his cock free and sucked him to the back of her throat. A moment later and the warm, bitter fluid was freely flowing to her stomach as if she had done it every day since he released her all those years ago. When he was done she gave him a few sucks and tried pulling away but a hand on the back of her head told her he was not done so she continued sucking until also eating his load. Only then did he let her go. “Good girl.”

“Thank you Master. It seems that no matter how hard I try to convince myself otherwise I’ll never stop being a slave.”

“No need to be embarrassed. Not only were you the first slave I trained when I took over the Manor from my father, you’re also my favorite. Though, to be honest your daughter is a very close second. She’s my breeding cow, you know.”

“I do now, Master. I haven’t talked to Erica since she stormed off to your manor a year ago. Is she pregnant?”

“Not yet. She still has six months of training to go before I start breeding her officially but she and her fiancé and best friend have all agreed to be my breeding cows for life.”

“S-So you’re never going to let her go, Master? I’ll never see my daughter again? Wait? Her fiancé?”

“As all slaves she will be set free after she is confirmed pregnant. And yes, she’s engaged to be married.”

“To her best friend Melissa?”

“No, to a former house slave of mine named Lexie. Seriously, Cynthia, you need to pay her a visit or the next thing you know you’ll miss the rest of her life and that would truly be a shame.”

“I’ll think about it Master.” Adjusting her position, she stared out the passenger side window for the rest of the trip.

An hour later, Master Ryan pulled into a long driveway dividing a wooded lot down the center. A moment after that and he parked in front of a huge farmhouse. “Come, slave, it’s time to introduce you to one of the most taboo perversion there is.”

“W-What are you going to make me do Master?”

“You’ll see, slave. Now do as you’re told.” Opening the door he stepped out and walked to the front of the car. Once Cynthia was standing behind and to his right with head bowed in submission and hands folded one over the other he continued to the house. It took a minute after knocking for the door to open and when it did they were greeted by a stunning blue-eyed, blonde beauty wearing a form-fitting corset dress and thigh-high boots.

“Master Ryan, so good to see you again,” the woman greeted her guests. “And who is this?”

"This is Cynthia. She was actually the first slave I ever trained. Cynthia, this is Nadine. I trained her, what, seven years ago now?"

"Yes Master. Pleasure to meet you, Cynthia. Master, does she know why she's here?"

"Not yet. I wanted to wait until the others got here first so we only had to explain things once, but if you're feeling chatty then by all means tell her."

"Thank you Master. I'll tell her and then you can tell the rest of the group once they arrive." Getting the nod of approval from the man she once spent two years serving, she turned back to Cynthia. "I'm a wedding planner," she said. "And as suck Master has acquired my services in setting things up for your daughter's wedding once her service to him has come to an end."

"Except my daughter and her soon to be wife have both agreed to be his breeding cow for the next umpteen years so her service will never end," Cynthia replied.

"They will be set free to live their own lives with regular breeding visits from me," Ryan said. "But that's neither here nor there. Please continue, Nadine."

"Thank you Master. As I was saying, it is my job to set up your daughter's wedding and from everything Master tells me they're planning a bdsm-themed one. I also hear that only one of her friends have visited her in the last year and while that doesn't surprise me, it does sadden me a great deal that only one person cares enough for her to submit to slavery in order to see her. Anyways, Master has invited all of her friends to my farm so that we can discuss the details of the wedding and what they will be expected to do if they are truly her friends and wish to give her all the support and love she deserves."

"And how exactly are you going to do that?"

"By giving them a crash course in what it means to be a sex slave," Master Ryan answered. "Nadine has set up a mock area in one of her barns for the occasion and throughout the day we'll introduce them to all of the perversions you and Erica have been so well-trained to perform. If they stick around then they're worthy of remaining her friends and if not then she should give serious consideration on keeping them in her life."

"And what is my part in all of this, Master?"

"Your part, Cynthia, is as the loving and supportive mother who will do everything in her power to make them understand that a day of submission is worth a lifetime of friendship."

"You're asking me to convince all of Erica's friends to let you train them as sex slaves?"

"Only for a day which is why we're doing it here instead of the manor."

"I thought you had more to teach me, Master? Or was that a lie to get me here?"

"I never lie, Cynthia. No, there are a few more fetishes you and the others need to learn but they can wait until after we deal with Erica's friends."

"And what about the rest of her family that may want to attend the ceremony, Master? Have you invited them as well?"

"I have not. If everything works out with her friends then I leave it to you to convince your family. Anyways, they should be here shortly so smile and turn on the charm."

"As you command, Master," Cynthia said as she watched two dobermans and a Great Dane walk into the room. "Um, Master, can you tell me what these fetishes I need to learn are?"

"I think you have a pretty good idea what one is," Ryan said as his gaze fell to the animals.

Cynthia gulped but said nothing further.

"It's actually not as bad as you might think," Nadine said as she rubbed one of the dobermans between the ears. "Actually, once they give into their base desires and give it a try

most women find it completely irresistible. Anyways, why don't I show you the barn I have set up so you know what to tell the others when they get here."

"Yes Ma'am."

"I should also mention that this, like Master's manor, is a nudist only home so I will ask you to kindly take your clothes off."

"No problem. I actually have the same rule at my house." Grabbing the zipper a couple of inches under her left armpit, Cynthia pulled it down and then removed the garment. Next, she pulled the matching panties off. "Do you mind if I keep the heels on?"

"I happen to love the look so by all means keep them on."

"Thank you Ma'am."

"My pleasure. Actually, if you really want to please me you'll kneel and drink my pee. I assume you're..."

"I am Ma'am," Cynthia said as she got down on her knees. But as the Great Dane approached and attempted to nudge her lower she jumped to her feet. "Um, maybe somewhere there aren't dogs trying to make me their bitch?"

"Duke, sit." Go ahead, he won't bother you again."

"And the others?"

"Rocky, Buster, sit. Trust me, they're very well trained and won't move until I give them the command to do so. Now please kneel and open up before I make a mess all over the floor."

"Yes Ma'am." Getting back on her knees, Cynthia nevertheless kept one eye on the dogs off to her right as she dutifully drank every drop of Nadine's pee.