

Thou Shalt Submit

Crimson Rose

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Natalie lay on her bed looking at the invitation to the Domination Farm located in the small town of Rome, Wisconsin. Moving her fingers slowly along the raised letters, tracing every bump and groove, all she could think about were the final days of freedom before the training began and the nightmare of being threatened with blackmail ended. Opening the small folded card, she read what was written within for the thousandth time since receiving it in the mail two days ago.

You are to present this invitation to Mistress Gwen upon arrival at the Domination Farm where you, Beth and one lucky friend will be trained as the lowest, kinkiest and most obedient sex slaves in the history of sexual slavery. Failure to do so will result in all of the pictures of you and your family and friends being released over the internet, at college and to those friends and family still in the dark about your already remarkable transformation.

When your training is complete, two of you will be sold at auction while the third returns home to serve as my slave for the rest of their life. And while you are off being trained at the Domination Farm, know that all of your parents will be trained here at home. That's right, your parents, Beth's Parents and the parents of whomever you decide to take along for the ride will be trained as sex slaves. And to make things even more interesting, two sets of parents will be auctioned off to the highest bidder with the third remaining as my loyal and obedient servants.

I must say I'm very surprised at your determination to keep your family's name from being smeared in the mud. That being said, you should not travel alone. Here are your orders, enclosed with this letter are nine invitations to the Domination Farm in nowheresville Rome, Wisconsin. There is one for you, one for Beth, and one for each of the friends you so love to gang bang; one of which must go along with you for training.

If none of your gang bang friends go, everything gets released. Not only to your family and friends, but to all of theirs as well. Complete your training and become a sex slave and your ordeal is over. Enjoy your training and I'll see you in a few years. Or maybe not. Either way, I've gotten what I wanted so I really don't care if you're the one I get back or not.

Natalie's eyes welled with tears and she shook so terribly it looked as if she was having convulsions. Slamming the card on the nightstand, she rolled out of bed and paced the floor – her mind going over the myriad sexual acts she's performed over the past few months and how she went from shy, innocent nineteen year old Natalie Holt who had a bright future ahead of her, to twenty year old slut with a life of sexual slavery and servitude to look forward to.

She recalled with vivid detail and clarity of mind that first night she opened the present from her mother and her initial reactions to seeing the three dildos before looking at pictures of Fiona Delmarco, getting turned on and taking her own virginity on a monster black sex toy. She remembered the scared young woman who had entered a sex shop for the first time, and the feel of a cock in her hand while locked in the stall of the men's room where she gave in to curiosity and allowed herself to be gang banged and eventually knocked up.

A tingle of excitement involuntarily going up her spine, Natalie recalled the night she went to Raven's Hollow where she allowed nearly forty women to use her as their plaything and how she felt the first time Beth's hands so expertly worked their way into her pussy and asshole, and how, while walking home through the woods, she met up with Beth and asked her to be her

girlfriend. And then her thoughts turned dark, her mood souring even more as she thought about what she had done to Beth's younger sister Jenna.

"I did what I was told because I had no choice," she said, her voice barely a whisper. "Our lives would have been ruined." Walking over to the nightstand, she picked up the invitation and stared at it for several long seconds. "And that's why I have to do this." Letting out a soft sigh, she dropped the invitation back into the large envelope alongside others, slipped into a pair of shorts and a tank top and then went downstairs to wait for her girlfriend and friends to show up.

"Everything okay?" her mother asked. "It looks like you've been crying again."

"That's because I have," Natalie shot back.

"The Domination Farm again?"

"What else? It's one thing to demand that I go, Beth even, but one of my friends as well? And what he plans on doing to you and dad and the other parents is unthinkable."

"What about your father and me? You never mentioned anything about us. Oh god, tell me he isn't sending us to be trained as sex slaves as well!"

"No, you'll be trained here at home," Natalie said, her shoulders slumping in defeat."

"WHAT!? What in the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm sorry mom, I should have told you sooner, but there was more to the letter than what I read to you before. While the three of us are away being trained, he plans on training you, dad, Beth's parents and the parents of whomever is going with us. And when the training is complete, two of us, and two sets of parents will be auctioned off to the highest bidder and only one of us and one set of parents will remain to serve as his slaves for life."

"Oh, hell no! There's no way your father and I are going to even entertain that bullshit, Natalie! You can go off and be a sex slave all you want, but demanding us to do the same is stepping way over the fucking line! We're going to the police whether you want to or not!"

"And then this was all for nothing. Our lives are ruined and we'll be pariahs no matter where we go. We'll have nothing. No family, no friends, no home to call our own. We'll have to move every few months once someone recognizes who we are and the horrible things we've done."

"It's no worse than some porn stars do and you don't see them crying about it do you?" her mother asked.

"Are you saying you want to become a porn star?"

"No, that's not what I'm saying at all. I'm just saying that there are plenty of people out there doing the same shit we're doing and they're not making as big a deal out of it as you are. So what that people find out the truth? We move on, and deal with it. I know you love being a kinky little slut, and to some degree so do I, but we have to draw the line somewhere or this will never end. Who's to say he doesn't do this to all of your friends? What's stopping him from targeting other members of our family and doing the same to them?"

"Nothing, mom. Absolutely nothing. But we don't even know who this man is so how are the police even going to find him? The name Beth and I were given was fake, and we don't even have a reliable address. Hell, even the albums he's been sending have come from different cities so how are the police going to track him down?"

"I don't know, but we cannot keep doing this, Natalie. Your father and I have indulged this nonsense long enough. We let your girlfriend gang bang us. Pierce and tattoo us. We allowed you to make the decisions in this matter, but I cannot...will not be trained as a sex slave

and sold like a piece of furniture. And I'm pretty certain your father will have the same reaction, if not the other parents."

"Let me at least talk to my friends about this. If none of them are willing to go through with it then I will concede and go to the police with everything. But if one of them does volunteer then the three of us will go and you and dad can do whatever you think is best once we are gone. Deal?"

"For now," her mother sighed "but I don't like this one bit. Does it say in the letter how he plans on getting us to cooperate with his demands once you are off being trained?"

"No, but I assume he'll use the same tactics he's been using and threaten to release everything he's got on us."

"And at this point I honestly don't care anymore. I'm tired, Natalie. I'm not eating or sleeping right anymore and your father and I are constantly at each other's throats worrying about what is coming next. I still say the best course of action is to end it here and now and go to the police, but I will let you talk to your friends first."

"Thanks mom. For everything. I know there's nothing I can ever do to make things right again, but I really am sorry you and dad got dragged into this."

"I guess I'm partially to blame for buying you those damn dildos in the first place. Had I not done that, none of this would have ever happened."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that. Sure, I may not have popped my own cherry, but I would have still probably returned that first album to the men's room at XTC Toys and from there it would have all worked out the same. The only difference being I took my own virginity instead of losing it to some stranger. Some small part of me feels that no matter what I did that day I would have gone down the road of the submissive and sex slave. I feel it in my bones mom. I know it sounds insane, but I think this is what I was meant to be."

"You're right, it does sound insane, but what's even crazier is that I believe you. And I now believe that had none of this ever happened you'd still have found a way to become a sex slave."

"Probably."

"Then go do what your heart is telling you and leave the rest to your father and me."

"Thank you mom," Natalie said, wrapping her arms around her mother's neck and hugging her tight.