

Twin Submission

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Chapter 6

Hearing a knock at the front door, Holly walked over to see who it could be so early in the morning. Putting her eye to the peephole she looked out to see a caramel-skinned black woman she did not recognize. Unlocking the door, she pulled it open just enough to have a conversation. "Can I help you?"

"Hi, I got a package here that was delivered to my place by mistake," the woman said as she held a small cardboard box out.

"Um, thanks." Though she could not remember ordering anything recently, Holly took the box and read her and her twin sister Molly's names on the address label. Taking a step back as the woman turned to leave, she pushed the door shut and walked into the kitchen where Molly was in the middle of cooking breakfast. "Hey, did you order something and forget to tell me?"

"If I did I don't remember so probably not. Why?"

"Some woman just dropped this package off. It's got both of our names on the label and I know I haven't ordered anything in the last three months."

"Well, open it and see what it is."

"What if it's a bomb or anthrax or something?"

"Do you hear it ticking?"

"No."

"Then probably not a bomb. As for anthrax, seeing as how we don't have any enemies to speak of I'm willing to risk you opening it."

"Gee, thanks." Grabbing a utility knife from the junk drawer Holly moved the box from the table to the counter next to the stove where her sister was flipping pancakes. "If I'm going down I'm taking you with me," she grinned. Cutting the tape along the top as if performing a delicate surgery, she held her breath and slowly peeled the flaps back. The twins looking down at the same time, they saw a thick, multi-disc DVD case with a simple white insert reading: FOR HOLLY AND MOLLY'S EYES ONLY. "Okay," Holly said, removing the case from the box and turning it over in her hands. Opening it, she saw eight numbered blu-ray discs. "What the heck do you think these are?"

"Best guess? Probably some sort of movies."

"Thanks Captain Obvious. You finish cooking and I'll go pit the first one on."

"You've gone your entire life without watching them, twenty more minutes isn't going to kill you. If she finds out we're eating in the living room, mom, on the other hand, will."

"Fine." Letting out an exaggerated sigh, Holly dropped the DVD case back in the box, carried it to the living room and after putting it on the coffee table went to the bathroom to wash her hands. A few minutes later she joined her sister in the dining room. Piling her plate with pancakes, eggs and bacon, she smothered everything with maple syrup and then scarfed it down – barely taking a breath in her rush to watch the mysterious movies.

Leaving her dirty dishes on the table, Holly rushed out of the dining room and into the living room before her sister could get a word out. She was joined a moment later and the two young women sat next to each other on the couch as the black screen slowly brightened to show a pretty, caramel-skinned black woman Holly now recognized. But instead of standing on her front porch, the woman was seated in an overstuffed chair with a glass of red wine on the table to her right.

"I know what you're thinking," the woman on the video said "and the answer is, yes, I did just deliver these movies to you. Before the first one begins I would like to take a few

moments to explain who I am and why I've compiled nearly fifty hours of video evidence to support everything I'm about to say. My name is Zenzele Hall. I'm twenty-eight years old, and before losing a bet and being trained as a sex slave I worked as a Dominatrix for a man you know as James MacKenzie. Speaking of your step-uncle, or should I say father? I'll give you a moment to let that bombshell sink in." About a minute of silence followed during which Holly and Molly looked from the television to each other.

"What the hell does she mean Uncle James is our father?" Molly asked. "I don't know what sort of sick game she's trying to pull, but I'm not going to sit here and listen to any more of it."

"I'm just as shocked and disgusted as you are sis, but I'll wait to see her supposed proof before passing judgement."

"Fine, but I already don't like whoever the hell she is."

"I know it's hard to fathom that your mother and her step-brother had sex, but it's true. And for the record, seeing as how I have sex with my step-sister Larissa I have no problem with it what so ever. My only goal here is to give you all the information your parents have purposefully kept from you. Such as where they work. Did you know your father owns a slew of bdsm-related businesses? Or that your mother works at a place called the Domination farm? What follows will be a short montage of what happened when I lost the bet with your father and my first meeting with your mother. The remaining seven discs contain more than forty hours of them engaging in every perverted form of sex known to man so sit back and prepare to see a side of your parents you never imagined possible."

The screen faded to black and just as another image was coming into focus Molly grabbed the remote and paused it. "Are we really going to sit here and watch this bullshit?"

"You can do whatever you want, but I for one want to see if what she says is true. Now please hit play."

Hanging her head, Molly's face turned beet red. "It's true."

"What do you mean it's true?"

"This isn't exactly how I wanted you to find out, okay, actually I never wanted you to find out, but you know that cool metal choker of mine that you like? The one with the really strong magnetic clasp?"

"Yeah..."

"And you know how I said I got drunk one night and ended up getting my nipples pierced despite being only nineteen and having no interest in alcohol?"

"What the hell are you trying to tell me, Molly?"

"I followed mom to work one day last summer and just as that Zenzele woman said, she went to the Domination farm. I should have turned around and went the other direction but...but I had to know what she was doing at the one place in the world she absolutely forbid us from ever visiting. I had to go through the whole registration process which is actually where I got that cool cuff bracer. Anyways, I got in, spotted her and then followed her into one of the buildings. What I didn't realize at the time was that it was the body modification building and the rules are very clear. I had no other choice but to get something done so I chose my nipples. When mom saw me she was understandably pissed. She pierced my nipples and we came to an agreement that we would never mention it to anyone for as long as we live."

"JESUS CHRIST! Are you serious? Mom pierced your nipples?"

"Yes. And seeing as how I'm not the one that spilled the beans, I might as well tell you everything. She's been working there all our lives and it's every bit as fucked up as she says."

There are a shit ton of rules to follow or you can instantly be registered what they call a Farm submissive. And then there are the hundreds, if not thousands of other Masters and Mistresses that will attempt to collar you if you're not careful. The one I got, the metal one, is moms. It technically means I belong to her while at the Farm, but also means no one else can collar or use me without her permission.

"You belong to... OH MY GOD! Are you and mom having sex?"

"What? God no! She only collared me to prevent someone else from doing it while I'm there."

"And how many times have you been there?"

"Seven. I honestly don't know if what that woman said about Uncle James is true, but I can confirm with one-hundred percent certainty that mom is indeed a Mistress who's been working at the Domination Farm for the last twenty years."

"Are you a sex slave?"

"No. I'm, not really even into any of it. I just go there to see what sorts of perverted shit other people will put themselves through. The only buildings there I've ever been in were the body modification building, the Cumeaterie which is a restaurant that apparently covers every dish in copious amounts of the absolute best semen you'll ever taste, and while not a building I was also tricked into what they call cocksucking pillories where I had to suck off fifty men before the damn thing would unlock and release me."

"F-Fifty men? You sucked off fifty men?"

"No."

"Thank god! I thought you were going to..."

"I sucked off a hundred."

"WHAT!?"

"I was tricked into it for the first fifty and as the bar came up to release me the next man in line slammed it back down and I had to suck another fifty after that. Don't give me that look. I'm not proud of what I've done, but on the other hand I'm pretty damn good at deepthroating pretty much any size dick now."

"How many fucked you?"

Molly remained silent for a long moment before answering. "I honestly don't want to tell you, but since I know you'll never stop hounding me until I do, I was screwed by forty-seven men while trapped in the pillories and all I can say is thank god I'm on the pill because not a single one of them pulled out."

"I'm hearing the words coming out of your mouth but I just can't believe it. Why would you keep going back? Why would you let them trick you into sucking and fucking so many men? Wait, did you say they covered their food in semen?"

"Yes. But only at the Cumeaterie. And I keep going back because I like watching other people doing crazy shit for pleasure. Being locked in the pillories happened my first visit not an hour after mom pierced my nipples and I've made damn sure to steer clear of any such building or attraction ever since. All that being said, you have to promise me you'll never go there."

"Why would I want to go to a place that's going to force me into doing what you did?"

"I wasn't forced, Holly. There are a lot of forms you need to read and sign before being permitted inside so I knew exactly what could happen and deemed the risks worth it. Anyways, I'm going to shut up now so you can watch the video." Molly hit play and then sat back.

"Oh hell no! You can't just tell me you've sucked off a hundred men and been fucked by nearly fifty and then act as if nothing ever happened. I want to know why you kept it to yourself."

And don't give me that bullshit about promising mom never to say anything because we agreed when we were five that we would never keep secrets and I for one have held that promise sacred."

"I'm sorry, Holly, but she threatened to disown me if I ever told you or anyone else. But now that the cat's out of the bag so to speak, I swear you know everything. Or at least everything that I know. Okay, actually, there's quite a bit I could tell you about the Farm itself, but you now know everything about my visits there."

"Do you think Uncle James is really our father?"

"I desperately want to say no, but that woman was right about mom so I honestly don't know."

"I'm not sure I'll ever want to see him again if he is."

"Why? I mean, I get that if it's true he and mom have lied to us our entire lives, but their step-siblings so can you honestly blame them for keeping that a secret?"

"The key word there being step. There's no blood between them. Sure, it might seem fucked up on the surface, but it's not really incest if they're not blood relatives. Right?"

"True. But still, I can understand why they'd keep it secret. Besides, Uncle James has played the father role all our lives so it's not as if he just knocked mom up and had nothing more to do with her."

"Fair, but they could have told us the truth."

"I'm not saying what they did was right, sis, only that I understand why they did it. If it's even true that is."

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Three hours later, after watching their Uncle James dominate Zenzele during a cross-country road trip, Holly and Molly sat on the couch in wide-eyed, mouth-gaping shock as they heard the truth of their parentage from their own mother's mouth. "So, it's true then?" Holly said, her voice a low mix of rage and humiliation.

"It would seem so," Molly replied.

Getting up off the couch, Holly walked towards the front door and began putting her shoes on. "Where are you going?"

"Mom's at work so I'm going to the Domination Farm so she can tell me the truth or lie to my face."

"Did you miss the part where I said I had to get my nipples pierced just for entering the building she works in? Please just wait for her to come home and we can talk to her together."

"I'm not waiting another damn minute!" Yanking the keys off their hook, Holly yanked the front door open and stormed out.

Knowing her twin was going to need every ounce of support available to her, Molly sighed and followed after. "Will you at least give me five minutes to go get my collar and bracer?"

"You've got two."

Racing back into the house, Molly sprinted to her room, unlocked her little safe box and pulled out a sleek metal collar with Celtic knot pattern along the sides and triskelion on the front and a wide silver cuff bracer. Afraid her sister would leave without her, she snapped the collar around her neck on her way back through the house and waited until she was in the car to secure the bracer. "Thank you for waiting. I'll explain the rules as we drive so you're not too surprised by what you read when we get there."