

Twisted Sisters

Crimson Rose

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Reading the text from her younger sister, Brooke's heart skipped a beat. *Dentmoore House, we need to talk.* Those six words hit her harder than a speeding bullet train. Chest tightening, breathing becoming labored she pulled her car to the side of the road as panic set in. Dentmoore House. Built in the fifties, the seven thousand square foot ranch style home was named after the family that commissioned the construction. To the casual observer it was nothing more than a statement of luxurious living, but upon closer examination the eight-foot-high stone wall surrounding the eleven-acre property, steel bars on every window and heavy security door hinted at something more sinister. And that is how the rumors got started.

In the sixties, just a few years after construction was completed it was supposedly home to drug lords. In the seventies it was the location of an underground porn studio. In the eighties it had morphed into a brothel. And in the nineties it was a den of perversion the likes of which no one had ever heard of before. Police. FBI. ATF. FDA. Over the decades nearly every agency in existence investigated hundreds of claims only to walk away empty-handed and without arrest. In truth, many of the officers and agents – especially those of the female persuasion, were indoctrinated into the house's dark dealings and sworn to a secrecy they vowed to take to the grave.

To prevent anyone discovering her secret, Brooke thought she had taken every precaution possible from taking numerous different routes to never taking the same route twice in a row, but somehow her sister was still able to find out. Now, she knew it was only a matter of time before it got out and her life was ruined. Taking a few minutes to calm down, she grabbed her phone from the passenger seat and sent her sister a reply. *Dentmoore House? Why would you want to talk about that place? Wait, you're not thinking about going are you?*

Megan's answer came a heartbeat later. *I think you know why I want to talk about it.* Along with that was attached a picture showing a very red-faced Brook leaving the infamous dwelling.

Brooke was certain her heart stopped beating for about three seconds. When the moment passed, she put her car in gear and instead of continuing on to the grocery store as intended, did an illegal U-turn and sped across town to her sister's place in the hopes of explaining and coming to some sort of understanding to keep the secret between them. Arriving twenty-six minutes later, she got out of her car, stormed up to the front door and violently pounded on it. It creaked open a moment later and she was greeted by her youngest sister.

"Hey sis," Megan said, stepping aside so that her older sibling could enter. "Glad you could make it on such short notice."

"I don't know how or why you doctored that photo of me but..." Brooke said as the door closed behind her.

"Save it," Megan cut her off. "We both know it isn't doctored and there's many more where that came from. "I want to see if the rumors are true so hike up that skirt and show me your mound."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me." Taking a step forward, Megan hooked her fingers under the hem of the short black skirt her sister was wearing and in one swift motion it was up over her hips revealing Brooke's naked private parts beneath. And there on her waxed mound was one of the brands she was hoping to see. Breeding Cow. And to her surprise there were three hash marks below indicating that she had been bred at least three times. But her sister only had two children.

Spinning her stunned sibling around, she saw the one that her older sibling could not explain away. Branded on her right ass cheek was an interlocked DH with SLAVE OF DENTMOORE HOUSE written around it. "So, it's true! They do brand women as slaves! You're a sex slave! And you're a breeding cow. That brand on your mound indicates you've been bred there three times. Jacob is six so does that mean you've been going there since you were eighteen? There's just one more thing I need to see." And with that Megan pushed her sister's blouse and bra up revealing not only pierced nipples, but tattooed areolas in the shape of triskelions. "God damn that's hot!"

"You're out of your damn mind!" Brooke screeched as she pulled her bra and blouse back down. "Okay, fine, you've caught me. I've been there. And yes, I've been bred there three times. I'm currently two months pregnant. Please, Megan, you can't tell anyone. Even if you don't care about me, think of what such information would do to you and the rest of the family."

"Don't care about you? What the hell is that supposed to mean? I love you Brooke and would never do anything to hurt you."

"Then we have nothing to talk about," Brooke said as she lowered her skirt."

"We have plenty to talk about. For starters, you're not the only Cummings sister to pay that place a visit." And with that, Megan hiked up her own skirt. "I'm pregnant too," she beamed as she pointed to the brand on her mound. "But that's not all."

"What the fuck? You've been there? Y-You're a slave of that place as well?"

"I am. I've been dying to tell someone for so long and now that I know you're one too we can share stories." Not bothering to wait for her sister to refuse, she continued. "Like everyone else in this town I've heard the rumors all my life. But unlike most, I was more curious than scared. I knew when I was about twelve that I wanted to go there when I was old enough. And the older I got, the more I fantasized about what went on behind those brick walls. Having no idea what rumors were true, I mentally prepared myself for any eventuality. Straight sex. Lesbian sex. BDSM. I read stories and watched countless hours of the most humiliating, degrading and perverse porn the internet had to freely offer and to my delight there was nothing I did not like. In fact, the more perverted the action, the more I like it."

"Shortly after I began my journey I decided that I wanted to lose my virginity at Dentmoore House so no matter how desperately I want to, I never once touched myself. Fast-forward to seventeen months ago. It was just after eleven when I showed up. I talked to Mistress Lexie and she was more than happy to fulfill my fantasy. You see, sis, in all those hours of watching porn and reading erotica there was one fetish I loved more than any other and from the rumors I knew it could be satisfied at Dentmoore House." And with that, Megan spun around, hiked up her skirt and showed her branded ass to her sister.

Looking down, Brooke's eyes first locked onto the slave brand on her sister's right ass cheek. Then they drifted left to a canine paw with DENTMOORE BITCH written around it. "OH MY GOD! You...you had sex with...what the actual fuck, Megan?"

"I didn't just have sex with a dog, sis, I lost my virginity to one while a group of about thirty or forty men watched. And not just my vaginal virginity. Over the course of five hours, I had sex with seven dogs that popped all of my virginities. After that I spent another nine hours being gang banged by all those men. They were nice, but the dogs...the dogs were downright mind-blowing and gave me far more pleasure than all the men combined. In fact, over the last seventeen months I've never once had a real orgasm by a man while dogs give me several every time we mate. Which is why I now own four of them. Since you don't have the brand I know you haven't done one at Dentmoore, but have you ever had sex with a dog?"

“God no! So, I see that you’re pregnant as well,” Brooke said, eyes focused on her sister’s branded mound.

“Three months. Hey, who knows, yours and mine might share the same father,” Megan grinned. Unbuttoning her blouse, she let it fall open so that her pierced nipples and tattooed areolas were on full display. “We also have the same rings and tattoos. How cool is that? Do you think Kaelyn and Lydia go as well? And what about mom? God, how fucking cool would it be if we were all slaves of that place?”

“Well, seeing as how mom and Kaelyn are married and dad and Brian haven’t ever mentioned them going, I doubt they’ve been. And Lydia, well, she’s afraid to go out to her own back yard so there’s no way she’ll ever step foot inside Dentmoore.”

“Seeing as how we’re all sworn to secrecy and can only talk about our experiences with other Dentmoore slaves, or Masters and Mistress, who’s to say dad and Brian aren’t the latter? I mean, we went so why’s it so hard to believe they did as well?”

“I guess it’s possible but I doubt it. Also, I’ve seen mom naked and she isn’t branded a slave so there’s that.”

“When did you see her naked?”

“Last summer when I had to stay there while my place was being worked on. I accidentally walked in on her getting out of the shower and I can say with one hundred percent certainty that besides her ears she has no other piercings, tattoos or brands. Anyways, seeing as how we’re both slaves of that place I guess there’s no reason for me to worry about you telling the world what I’ve been doing the past six years so…”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Megan cut her sister off with a wicked smirk. “I’m not going to lie or beat around the bush, sis. Non that you’ve got one to beat around,” she giggled. “As a slave of Dentmoore House I’ve engaged in nearly every fetish known to man, but there’s one I’ve been dying to try that they simply don’t allow. I want to have sex with you, Brooke. I want to see you having sex with my dogs. And then I want your help convincing mom, Kaelyn and Lydia to have sex with us and to visit Dentmoore.” Taking a step forward, she knelt, pushed her sister’s skirt back up over her hips and then leaned in so close she could smell her sibling’s intoxicating natural aromas. “I’m going to eat you out now.” And with that she sucked Brooke’s meaty inner labia into her mouth and playfully nibbled on them.

“Ooohhhhhh God!” Brooke moaned despite the revulsion of being eaten out by her own sister. She wanted to push Megan away and tell her off for what she was doing, but six years of conditioning kicked in and instead she put a hand on the back of her sister’s head and pulled her in as she felt the first orgasm quickly building. “This. Is. So. Fucked. Up.” She panted. “

Megan knew exactly how screwed up what she was doing was and that is precisely why she loved it. Moving her attention to her sister’s engorged clit, she reached up with her left hand and pushed two, three and then four fingers into Brooke’s accepting pussy. Knowing there was room for much more, she tucked her thumb into palm and pushed the rest of her hand in. Her knuckles barely made it in when Brooke exploded in orgasm. Megan eagerly gobbled up as much as she could, but most of it now trickled down her chest. Looking up, she grinned. “Can you take two of them like me?”

“Mmm hmm,” Brooke purred.

“Sweet. We’ll get to that right after you have sex with the dogs. Take your clothes off and get on all fours. And don’t bother arguing because I won’t take no for an answer.” Pulling her hand from her sister’s pussy, Megan licked her fingers. Go on, don’t just stand there looking all sexy. Take your clothes off and get on all fours.” Getting to her feet, she continued. “When

they come in and see you in position they'll start with sniffing and then they'll start mounting you from all angles until one of them get's you from behind. When that happens, he'll attempt to find your hole. If he's off then you'll need to adjust so that he can penetrate. You will not drop to the floor, get up or otherwise make them stop. Is that understood?"

Too nervous to speak, Brooke nodded in reply.

"I want to hear you say it, sis."

"I...I won't drop to the floor or get up."

"Good girl. Now tell me you'll let all four of them make you their bitch while we sixty-nine."

"I don't really want to have sex with dogs."

"And yet you're going to do it because you love me. Isn't that right?"

"Dammit, Megan."

"Trust me, you're going to love it. And besides, is it really any worse than incest which you obviously love? Now say it."

"I'll let all four of them make me their bitch while we sixty-nine."

"Good girl. Dentmoore House really does train the best slaves. And I should know. Now, just one more thing before I go let them in. I want your word that you'll help me convince mom, Kaelyn and Lydia to join us."

"I promise I'll help, but don't be upset when we fail and if we're lucky get disowned."

Dropping her blouse on the floor, Brooke reached back and unhooked her bra. "Don't you want to know why I went there in the first place?"

"I do, but I want to see you getting fucked by my dogs even more. Remember, stay calm and on all fours when they come in and when they lick and mount let them." With that, Megan gave her sister a quick kiss on the lips before walking into the kitchen, opening the sliding glass door and calling her dogs in."

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Brooke had spent the last six years of her life being trained as a sex slave for the Masters and Mistresses of Dentmoore House. In that time, she had had sex with thousands of times with men and women alike. She had been fisted, used as a urinal and subjected to every form of pain, humiliation and perversion one could imagine. Because of this she had sworn off dating and marriage because she knew it would mean revealing her secret. There were a few men and women at the House she liked, but none she was romantically invested in enough to even consider dating and none she considered spending the rest of her life with. Until now.

Getting onto all fours, she looked towards the kitchen. Her heart skipped another beat and then began racing in her chest. She loved her youngest sister, of course, but knowing they shared a perverse lifestyle only served to deepen that affection. But there was more to it than that. The way Megan took control and made demands pressed all the right buttons. As she heard the claws clicking on the tiled kitchen floor she realized she had found the one person in all the world she could spend the rest of her life with. And with that realization came the heartbreak of knowing it could never happen.

Buster and Bruno were three-year-old black labs. Harley was a two-year-old doberman. And Caesar was a three-year-old St. Bernard. All four were very well-trained in the art of pleasuring women and their Mistress was not the only bitch they had broken in. Seeing another human offering herself, they walked over. Recognizing Brooke's scents from her many previous visits, they began licking her face, arms, sides, legs and feet while excitedly hopping around her.

Her dogs distracted, Megan got down on all fours, lay flat and then rolled onto her back before. “Hurry up and crawl over me before they mount,” she commanded.

“Actually, if I’m going to have sex with your dogs then I think it’s only fair I get to see you doing it at the same time,” Brooke countered.

“You promised to let all four of them fuck you.”

“And I will. No one said I had to do all four of them right now. So, get on all fours and let them fuck you too or I’m leaving.” As if to stop her from going anywhere, Bruno jumped on her back. Claws scratching her sides, he began hunching his hindquarters as only a dog could. The pointed tip of his cock glanced over her vulva and then off her asshole. She instinctively adjusted her position. He hit his mark and though her jaw dropped open, she made no sound. But when he began thrusting in and out of her she started grunting and moaning in time.

“God damn that’s so fucking hot!” Megan exclaimed. Rolling onto her belly, she raised up onto all fours and crawled close enough to kiss her sister. “Alright, we’ll share them this time, but after they’re finished I want you eating their loads from my pussy.”

“D-D-Deal,” Brooke grunted between rapid thrusts. She had heard stories from other women at Dentmoore House about how amazing sex with dogs was, but she dismissed it as bullshit. But as Bruno’s cock slammed in and out of her she knew their words inadequately described just how euphoric bestiality truly was. Less than two minutes in and she clamped down hard on his’s growing knot as the orgasm tore through her. He immediately stopped thrusting but his cock continued growing longer and thicker. Fortunately, she was able to take two hands at the same time so felt nothing but pleasure as his knot fully inflated to the size of a baseball inside of her. So much pleasure, in fact, that it triggered a series of intense orgasms that left her panting and begging for more.

“Mmmm, I guess that means you like it,” Megan purred as Harley pounded her like a jackhammer.