

Welcoming Submission 2

Crimson Rose

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Knowing enough in her short time at the Brentwood Manor in advance of beginning trained as a sex slave for her future owner, 25-year-old Brooke Kennedy put the cane down and carefully inspected the swats she added to Mistress Connie Demarco's breasts and ass for broken skin, but her attention was on her best friend turned recent fiancé kneeling and being thoroughly slapped to shit by Headmistress Vivian Maxwell by the self-admitted masochist's request.

Clit tingling with excitement after having had her face slapped several times and spit on, 25-year-old Ashley Johnson leaned forward and took the Headmistress' cock in her mouth. Looking up into the older transgender woman's icy-gray eyes, she gave a slight nod and a beat later the stream of piss hit the back of her throat. Well-trained by a former boyfriend, Ashley swallowed every last drop without issue. When the last of it was flowing down her esophagus, she sat back and smiled. "Thank you for using me as your toilet, Mistress.

"You're welcome, slave," Vivian replied. "Now sit still so that I can make sure you're okay."

"I've never been better, Mistress, but okay," Ashley purred. "Thank you for slapping the shit out of me as well. I don't want to be tossed out so I won't ask you to do it again, but you said nothing about begging."

"I see where you're going with this, Ashley, and it's not going to work. You are not to ask, beg, demand, coerce, manipulate or do anything else to get someone to beat you without the express permission of your owners. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress," Ashley pouted.

"You want to be beaten that badly, slave?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Why?"

"Because I just learned how quickly the pain gets me off, Mistress, and I desperately want to explore the limits my masochism."

"How many swats did Connie give you, slave?"

"A hundred and thirty-seven, Mistress."

"And how many times did you orgasm as she gave them to you?"

"I have eleven orgasms, Mistress."

"And that isn't enough to prove you're a masochist, slave?"

"I... I suppose it is, Mistress, but that isn't the point. I want, no, I need to know my limit. You slapped me hard across the face and it made me orgasm too. How much is too much? Is there a level of pain and humiliation where I won't orgasm? Please, Mistress, I need to know.

"Believe me, as a fellow Masochist I understand the need to understand why your body reacts to pain the way it does and how much you can endure before becoming completely overwhelmed, but this is an incredibly dangerous path to walk," Vivian said as she unlaced and then pulled her purple and black corset off revealing perky natural breasts capped with double pierced nipples. But it was the many scars – some barely noticeable and others an inch or more long, covering her belly, sides, breasts, and back. "I've pushed myself to the limit and paid the price. I'm covered in scars, a hundred and ninety-six of them to be exact. Most are tiny, but as you can see there are some larger ones as well."

"That is so beautiful, Mistress!" Ashley purred. "That's what I want. I want to be scarred so that I have a constant reminder of the exquisite pain and all the orgasms it brought. I... I know

it sounds insane, and maybe it is, but I want my body to be completely and totally wrecked and ruined.”

“You’re right, that’s crazy!” Brooke exclaimed. “You’re okay, Mistress. The swats were clean,” she added, meaning that none of them broke skin.

“Thank you for disciplining and making sure I’m okay,” Mistress Connie replied.

“I get it,” Brooke continued “but what about me? We just got engaged and I love you more than anyone in the world, but what if I don’t want my future wife to be covered in scars?”

“With all due respect, you have no control over what I do with my own body anymore than I do over yours,” Ashley replied. “Besides, we’re going to be marked by our owners via scarification so no matter what you want scars are an inevitability.”

“There’s a huge difference between getting our owners’ marks scarred on our breasts and receiving hundreds of scars all over your body, Ashley.”

“So, what I’m hearing is that you want to deny what makes me happiest?”

“That’s not what I’m doing at all!”

“That’s exactly what you’re doing! I want to be covered in scars and you’re saying you don’t want it. Tell me, are you going to break off the wedding, our friendship, if our owners beat me to the point of leaving marks that’ll eventually scar? Are you going to prevent me being humiliated and degraded too? I’m a masochist, Brooke, and you were informed as such before you proposed so why are you trying to control and deny my pleasure now? Look at Mistress Vivian and tell me she isn’t absolutely stunning.”

“Of course she is. I’m not denying that even a little, Ashley, but if I’m being completely honest I don’t find the scars attractive at all. That’s my opinion and I’m entitled to it every bit as much as you’re entitled to think they are. I love you, Ashley, and while I accept we’ll be marked by our owners through scarification, I... I don’t want hundreds of scars to detract from your natural beauty.”

“So, you’ll think I’ll be ugly with scars? What if I got in an accident and had to get a bunch of lacerations stitched or stapled shut and they left behind huge, nasty scars once healed? Would that make me ugly too? Or if something happened and I had to have surgery that left behind scars? Would they make me ugly? For that matter, will the scars from getting marked by our owners make me ugly? Because if that’s what you think then I really don’t know you at all and have to seriously question our entire relationship.”

“You’re twisting my words. I never said they would make you ugly, Ashley! I simply said I don’t find them as appealing as you apparently do.”

“You said they would detract from my natural beauty. How else am I supposed to take that besides them making me less attractive to you?”

“If you want our owners to scar you from head to toe then by all means let them do it. I honestly don’t care what you do with your own body, Ashley, and I’m sorry for voicing my opinion.”

“So if they covered me in scars it wouldn’t change your feelings for me?”

“Absolutely not!”

“Prove it! Let them give you a few scars too!”

“If I am scarred while being disciplined then so be it, but I am not going to ask or beg to be scarred, Ashley, and that doesn’t mean I love you any less. I love piercings and tattoos and plan on getting a lot of them while here, but I’ll never ask or demand you get them for my sake.”

“And what if I said I don’t like piercings and tattoos, that they detract from your natural beauty, and that I don’t think you should get any? Would you still get them because it’s what

makes you happy, or would you refrain because I think they'll make you look like a cheap whore?"

"Is that how you truly feel?" Brooke asked.

"I'm not answering your questions until you answer mine."

"If you were adamantly against it then I wouldn't get them unless commanded to do so by our owners," Brooke answered.

"So, if our owners commanded me to let them beat me to the point I ended up with hundreds of scars like Mistress Vivian, then that would be okay?"

Closing her eyes, Brooke sighed. "We're just talking in circles. If you want to be covered in scars then that's your choice to make and while I might not like it, I will never tell you what to do with or to your own body. Now can we please change the topic?"

"I couldn't agree more," Headmistress Vivian said as she lay her corset on her desk. "I've already bred Ashley today so it's your turn, Brooke," she added as she removed her skirt. "Bend over the desk."

"Yes Mistress."

Picking up the cane, Connie gave Ashley a knowing smile. "I'm going to cane you until Mistress Vivian is finished breeding your fiancé or you pass out from the pleasure. If that leads to multiple scars then so be it."

"Thank you, Mistress."

Saying nothing, Brooke bent over the Headmistress' huge mahogany desk and then grunted as the stunning transgender woman's large cock penetrated balls deep.

"When I'm done I'll give you a few piercings and tattoos," Vivian said as she grabbed a handful of her slave's hair, pulled her head back, and then kissed her.

"Mmmm... thank you, Mistress," Brooke purred.

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Landing the cane on every millimeter of skin from the shoulders down, Mistress Connie could not believe the beating her newest slave was capable of taking, or the sheer number of orgasms Ashley was able to have. Stopping only briefly to make sure the masochist was okay, she continued delivering swats until it was impossible to tell where one ended and the next began. Nasty, purple and red welts led to broken skin and droplet of blood and still Ashley begged for more. Arms. Belly. Ass. Vulva. Breasts. Legs. Back. Nowhere was spared. Fifty swats. One hundred. Two hundred. Right arm growing tired, Connie switched to the left. Three hundred swats. Twenty-two orgasms. Writhing in a pool of her own pussy juices, Ashley's hips bucked to meet the length of bamboo swooshing down towards her battered womanhood. Screaming in orgasm, her eyes rolled back in her head as she collapsed unconscious to the floor having endured one of the most horrific canings any of them had ever witnessed.

Vivian keeping herself edging throughout, Brooke pushed back and then pulled herself off of her owner's cock and then ran to her best friend's side. "Oh god! If she's dead I'll..."

"She's still breathing," Connie said, pointing to Ashley's rising and falling chest as she too knelt at the unconscious slave's side.

"I'm the critical care nurse here, so with all due respect if you want to make yourself useful get me a first aid kit, Mistress!"

"You heard here," Vivian said.

Getting up, Connie ran out of the room to fetch the nearest first aid kit.

"It looks bad, but..."

“Looks bad? You just got done telling her doing something like this was a dangerous path and then did nothing to prevent her going too far! If she suffers permanent injury I’ll sue you into fucking oblivion, Mistress!”

“I can point out that you seemed more content being bred than stopping her so don’t act as if you’re innocent in this. Besides, it looks horrific, but she was conscious until the last swat and was perfectly capable of ending it herself.”

“You know damn well she was never going to end it herself, Mistress! You’re supposed to keep us safe! You’re supposed to prevent us doing something to harm ourselves or others but breeding me was more important than doing your actual job! Forget the first aid kit, call an ambulance right now!”

“I don’t think…”

“I don’t give a damn what you think! She’s in need of medical attention and she’ll have it or I’ll fucking ruin you so call a god damn ambulance or so help me…”

Running back into the office, first aid kit in hand, Connie heard the last of the conversation. “She’s right, Mistress. This is far more than we can take care of here. Call nine-one-one or I will.”

“Remember the NDA you signed,” Vivian said as she grabbed her phone off her desk.

“Your NDA can’t protect you from illegal activities!”

“Nothing we did was illegal and the video will prove it,” Connie replied. “That being said, I understand your emotional state, but for Ashley’s sake you need to calm down and take care of her while we wait for the ambulance to arrive,” she said, offering the first aid kit.

Stirring, Ashley’s eyes slowly opened to see her fiancé gently cleaning her battered body. The sting of the antibiotic cream causing her to orgasm, she softly moaned. “W-What happened?”

“You passed out from being beaten half to death!” Brooke exclaimed.

“I think that’s an overreaction, babe,” Ashley groaned as she looked down at her bruised and welt-covered body.”

“Just lay back and try to hold still. An ambulance is on the way.”

“Ambulance? For what?”

“For what? Do you see yourself? You need to see a doctor!”

“We’re nurses, Brooke, and I’m fine.”

“You are not fine!”

“I think I know how I’m feeling better than you or anyone else. Yes, I look bad, but it’s exactly what I begged for. Thank you, Mistress,” Ashley said, looking up at an incredibly nervous and concerned looking Connie. “I don’t want or need to go to the hospital.”

“You may not want to, but that’s exactly where you’re going, Ashley,” Vivian replied. “And you are not to return until every single welt and bruise has healed.

“Return? You’re crazy if you think we’re coming back to a place so willing to beat us half to death!” Brooke shot back.

“Mistress Connie gave me exactly what I wanted, Brooke, and while you may not want to come back, I intend on coming back and completing the program. Assuming I don’t have to wait another year that is.”

“You may return as soon as your injuries are healed,” Vivian replied. “And this is the last time you’re caned this severely. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Ashley and Connie said in unison. Slowly sitting up, Ashley took her fiancé’s hand in her own. “I understand your concern and outrage, but this was my doing,

Brooke, and I don't regret it for a second. And while I'd like you to stay here with me, I won't stop you from leaving."

"I'm not going anywhere," Brooke sighed. Looking up at Vivian, she continued. "I'm sorry for my outburst and threats, Mistress while done out of concern for the woman I love, that's no excuse for breaking the rules."

"Fortunately for you, you're not a student until orientation tomorrow so there will be no discipline. Now let's get your fiancé down to the foyer so the paramedics don't have far to travel."

"Yes Mistress. Come on, babe, let's get you to your feet."

"Mmmm... okay," Ashley moaned as the pain wracking her body had her on the verge of yet another orgasm.

"Jesus, Ashley, are you orgasming?" Brooke asked as she watched the juices squirting from her fiancé.

"I... uuhhnnn... I can't help it. It's going to keep happening, even in the ambulance and hospital until the pain subsides and I don't think that's going to happen anytime soon.

"You need to call and cancel the ambulance, Mistress," Brooke said to Headmistress Vivian. "I don't care what you have to say, but you need to make them go away or there will be more trouble than we need."

"I let your previous threat slide, but..."

"This isn't a threat, Mistress. One look at Ashley and they'll call the police to investigate. Do you really want the hassle? We're critical care nurses. Trust me, I can take care of her, but if she leaves in the back of an ambulance you'll have to deal with the police and there's nothing we can do to prevent it."

"S-She right, Mistress," Ashley groaned. "Tell them I left because I didn't want to go to the hospital. I mean, they can't take me if I don't want to go anyway so it'll be the truth. Brooke can take care of me. All I need is a bed to rest in for a few days and I'll be fine. Please, Mistress. Yes, you have video proof that I willingly asked for it, but do you really want to go through the aggravation of dealing with the police?"

"Connie, take them to the recovery ward while I take care of things here."

"Yes Mistress."

"Thank you, Mistress," Ashley purred as she felt another orgasm building.

"I know that look," Brooke said. "We better hurry before she orgasms through the entire manor."

"W-Where are we going exactly?" Ashley panted.

"To the recovery room," Brooke answered. It's where injured submissives and slaves go to recover and where we'll be working once we've graduated. Well, one of the places anyway. Come on, put your arm around me so I can help."

Draping her arm around her fiancé's shoulders, Ashley allowed herself to be guided out of the Headmistress's office, down a series of hallways and out of the manor through the back door where she saw the rest of the expansive estate for the first time since visiting several hours earlier. "H-How freaking big is this place, Mistress?" she asked, glassy eyes going to Connie.

"There are fifteen buildings on nearly four hundred acres. We're headed to that one over there," Connie said pointing to a two-story red brick structure with a sign depicting the caduceus hanging above a set of double doors.