

# **Allison Submits**

**Faye Valentine**

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“Okay, so let me see if I’ve got it right,” Allison said as she, her sister Blaire and Heather stood in the middle of our new dungeon. “This is a dungeon and it’s designed for bdsm play which is bondage, domination and that sort of thing, right?”

“Correct,” Heather confirmed. “Are you up for participating in a scene?”

“Um...”

“Don’t look at me,” Blaire said, throwing her hands up and taking a step back. “You’re an adult now and this is a decision you’re going to have to make on your own.”

“So, you would be okay with your eighteen year old sister doing that sort of thing? Whatever that sort of thing is?” Allison asked.

“Given the things I’ve done who am I to judge?”

“What would I have to do?”

“Everything commanded of you without question or hesitation. You would have to submit to my every demand whether you wanted to do it or not. That is what it means to be a sex slave.”

“Is that what you did, sis? Did the people that took you make you do stuff you didn’t want to?”

“They did and I will not elaborate as it is part of an ongoing investigation and I’m forbidden from talking about it. There is one thing you should know before you continue down this path and that includes your morning piss drinking. Everything done in this house isn’t just recorded and saved to the cloud. Everything we’ve done since installing the cameras has been streamed live to my website for the paying members to see. And it is also split up, edited and posted for sale.”

“WAIT! You mean every time I drink Heather’s pee people are watching? And when she licks me to orgasm?”

“Yes.”

“Jesus Christ, sis! Don’t you think that’s something you should have warned me about before I spent two weeks as a fucking urinal? How many people have seen me getting my pussy licked by another woman?”

“Only a few million,” Heather answered.

“ONLY! For fuck sake! You turned me into a god damn porn star without even asking!”

“I’m telling you now. If you want we can remove everything from the...”

“No, we cannot,” Heather cut me off. “You agreed in the contract you read and signed that everything would be recorded and put on the internet and that’s exactly where it’s going to stay.”

“Stored on the internet, not sold. How much are you making off of it? If I’m going to be a damn porn star I want a cut of the profits or this whole fucking deal is off. Does Michelle know that she’s going to be a porn star if she moved in here with me while you’re away?”

“No, I haven’t told her yet.”

“Don’t you think you should? And I’m serious, I want a cut or this ends now. I agreed to a grand a week for drinking your piss, not being a porn star.”

“Fine, I’ll give you twenty percent.”

“Fifty! If I’m doing half the work I want half the money.”

“First of all there are three of us here,” Heather said. “And second, this is your sister’s home and her cameras. There’s also the cost of keeping the servers running. Twenty percent is a

good deal. But you're going to have to agree to at least two or three days in the dungeon per week even after we're gone or your pay will decrease accordingly. But we can discuss the terms of the agreement later. What I need to know now is whether you're willing to let me put you through a scene or two right now."

"Um, you're not going to have me and Blaire fucking each other are you? No offense, you're beautiful and all, but I'm not having sex with my sister."

"None taken and I agree."

"No, I will not have the two of you fucking each other. In fact, to make sure no one gets the wrong ideas she won't even be permitted in the dungeon while we're playing. And the same goes for you when I'm playing with her."

"Then I'll do it. I'll submit to whatever it is you want to do to me."

"Anything at all? Remember, this is being recorded and streamed live and I will use it as evidence if need be."

"Yes."

"Please say your name and what you're agreeing to for the record."

"I, Allison Whitmore, willingly agree to submit to any and everything you want to subject me to without hesitation, complaint or limit whether I like it or not."

"Before we begin there are some ground rules you must agree to. First, these sessions will treat and train you as a sex slave. That means you will not have the use of safewords and the scene will only stop if I deem it necessary. Do you understand and agree?"

"Yes, I understand there will be no safewords and only you may stop the scene."

"Second, from this rule on you will refer to me as Mistress Heather, or simply Mistress. Do you understand and agree?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Third, if you fail to follow my commands, or forget to call me Mistress you will be disciplined however I see fit. Do you understand and agree?"

"Yes Mistress."

Four, these sessions will be recorded, live streamed to the internet and saved for further posting and sale. Do you understand and agree?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Please give us some privacy," Heather said, looking over at Blaire whom was standing in the far corner of the room eyeing a large, fist-shaped dildo.

Picking it, and a bottle of lube up, Blaire gave her sister a knowing smile. "I hope you know what you're getting yourself into because I will not come to your rescue."

"Honestly, I'm pretty sure I'm in way over my fucking head, but I want to know what you experienced when you were a slave and since you can't talk about it this is the best way for me to learn."

"Well, I hope you enjoy it, but I have a feeling you won't." Turning to Heather, Blaire gave her friend and lover a stern look before kissing her hard on the lips. "Hurt her, and you'll have me to deal with."

"As you are well aware, pain is part of the slave life."

"You know what I mean. That's my little sister and I protect her like a mother hen. Do anything that scars her for life and it'll be the last thing you do. And that is a promise."

"I can take care of myself thank you very much," Allison said.

"I'm sure you can with everyday life, but this is so far removed from that you have no idea what you're getting yourself into. I'm only looking out for you, sis. Anyways, I'll leave you

to it before this becomes an all-night argument I really don't want to have." Giving Heather a final stern warning, Blaire left the newly renovated dungeon with fist toy in hand.

"Your sister is right, Allison, the life of a slave is not an easy one and more often than not it can be an incredibly painful one. You've seen the brands and the piercings. She got most of those aboard the jet on her way to wherever they took her. What would you do if I branded you?"

"Please correct me if I'm wrong here Mistress, but from what little I know about this whole lifestyle a slave has no say, no control over what her Master or Mistress does. If that is the case, then I will have no choice but to accept the brand."

"So you will stand there and let me brand you without complaint?"

"Assuming the alternative is being disciplined then yes, Mistress. I would stand here and let you brand me."

Walking over to one of three glass-door cabinets lining the far wall, Heather grabbed a gun from within and plugged it in. "Get on your knees and crawl to me, slave."

"Yes Mistress." Dropping onto all fours, Allison crawled across the tiled floor to her new Mistress and then looked up at her for further instructions.

"Kneel with your arms behind your back, hands clasping opposite elbows. You will remain absolutely silent until I give you permission to talk. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"I don't even want to hear a groan out of you or you'll be severely punished."

When the branding gun heated to temperature, Heather brought it closer to Allison's left breast. As the heat intensified the young woman's eyes grew wide as she realized she was about to be tested in a huge way. Digging fingernails into her arms, Allison bit her lower lip as the tip of the gun pressed against the tender flesh of her breast. The heat was almost unbearable and then it got worse. Way, way worse as the white-hot metal plate permanently seared its mark into her skin.

Eyes watering, teeth grinding together so hard she was sure she just cracked a molar, Allison somehow managed to suppress the urge to scream in agony. When the instrument of torture was finally removed, she looked down to see **SLAVE** forever branded on her breast. Five minutes into her first session and she already wanted to call it quits, but for some reason she remained kneeling and unmoving.

"Well done, slave," Heather said as she sat the gun down. "How does it make you feel knowing you'll bear that mark the rest of your life?"

"I..I've n-never been so humiliated in my life, Mistress. And the pain is excruciating."

"That it is. Since you took that so well I'm going to give you something most slaves never get. A choice. I have another branding gun I'd like to use on you, or you can let me ram my entire hand in your pussy without slowly stretching you open to take it first."

"But I'm a virgin, Mistress."

"The choice is yours. Another brand, or my fist ripping your cunt open. You have one minute to decide."

"I'll take the brand, Mistress."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes Mistress. As much as it hurt I'd rather not have my pussy torn open all at once."

"Very well. The same rules apply as before. While we are waiting for the gun to heat up I want you to drink my piss and then lick my pussy. I know you've never really licked me before, but if you're going to be a good slave then you're going to have to learn. And you will use only your mouth and tongue. Understood?"

“Yes Mistress.”

Having a week of golden showers under her belt, Allison was now able to drink practically all of it without gagging too much and was able to keep it down without throwing up. So when the pussy was pressed against her mouth, she relaxed her gag reflex to the best of her ability and let the warm, bitterly salty fluid flow down her throat. When it trickled to a stop, she partially extended her abnormally long tongue and licked. *DAMN! Okay, that actually tastes pretty fucking sweet*, she thought, pushing the rest of it into Heather’s pussy.

“Holy shit! How fucking long is your tongue?” Heather purred. “It feels like you just push four or five inches in me!”

“I never measured it, Mistress. But it hangs past my chin and I can easily touch the tip of my own nose with it. I don’t have a frenulum – that’s the fold of skin below the tongue, like most people so I can stick mine out much further.”

“Good to know. Now get back to licking and don’t stop until you’ve made me orgasm.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Having learned a few tricks over the years, Allison fucked her long tongue in and out of Heather’s pussy while making it thicker, rolling it lengthwise like a wave and curling it up in various shaped – each seeming to please her new Mistress. Withdrawing her tongue, she sucked her Mistress’ inner labia into her mouth. Then her clit. Labia. Clit. Tongue thrusting deep. Labia. Tongue fucking. Clit. Sucking the pleasure center into her mouth, she gently bit down and was rewarded with a mouthful of pussy juices.

“Mmmm...I see licking pussy runs naturally in your family,” Heather cooed. “That was amazing.”

“Thank you Mistress. I wasn’t sure what to do so I just did a few tricks I’ve learned with my tongue. Would you like me to keep licking?”

“You’re going to be licking me a great deal from now on, slave, but right now we’ve got another brand to place.”

“Yes Mistress. Can I lick you afterwards? You taste really good, Mistress. Much better than I ever imagined pussy could or would taste and I want to drink more of your juices.”

“You won’t be doing anymore licking for at least a week. After I brand you I’m going to pierce that beautiful tongue of yours.”

“Yes Mistress. Pardon me for asking, but I thought you were an attorney? Are you qualified to do piercings?”

“My Master taught me everything about piercing, tattooing and branding.”

“Wait, you have a Master? Are you a slave?”

“Fourteen years and counting. Like you I got started shortly after my eighteenth birthday and I’ve been serving him ever since. He’s also my husband and owns more than a hundred parlors across the globe in case you’re wondering. He has something of a piercing fetish so he will be very pleased with what I have planned for your gorgeous body. The good news is, after getting branded a second time the piercings will be a walk in the park. Still glad you decided to try the life of a slave?”

“I’m having my doubt, but a good slave never questions her Mistress’ commands.”

“Good answer. But would you feel the same if I just rammed my hand into your pussy right now?”

“Yes Mistress. Are you going to ram your fist in my virgin pussy, Mistress?”

“No. I am a sadist, but I will not force my hand in either hole. I’ll stretch you open nice and slow so that you enjoy it. But afterwards when you’re able to take them with ease I’ll give

you a hard punch fisting you'll never forget. Now, enough stalling. Assume the same position as before and remember the rules."

"Yes Mistress."

Kneeling, hands holding opposite arms behind her back, Allison looked down as the branding gun touched the already aching flesh of her left breast just above the first brand. When the gun was pulled away **PISS DRINKING** was seared just above **SLAVE**. And just like the first, she mustered every ounce of willpower and self-control she had to remain still and silent throughout.