

Price of Ownership

Faye Valentine

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When a home notorious for its use by porn studios went up for sale in the area complete with its very own fully stocked bdsm-style dungeon I had to check it out even if well above my price range so I called the realtor and set up a day and time to drop by and check it out. Fast-forward three days. When I pulled into the windy tree lined driveway I had gone so far I thought I accidentally turned onto a one lane road, but then blue spruces gave way to a well-manicured lawn and a fountain neatly nestled in the center of a turnaround surrounded by a curved wall of neatly trimmed hedges.

Expecting to see one vehicle – that of the realtor I was there to meet, I was somewhat confused as to why there were nearly a dozen. Then, remembering what the place had been used for I wondered if they decided to do one last shoot before a new owner put an end to it. Parking behind a Lexus, I got out of my Acura RDX and then cut between a BMW and a Volvo on my way to the front door which opened before I even had a chance to knock.

“And you must be Paige Madison. I’m Angie Whitaker. Pleasure to meet you,” a freckle faced redhead dressed in a blue skirt suit and holding a clipboard greeted me.

“Likewise. Um, I’m not interrupting a shoot or something am I?”

“Huh? Oh, you’re referring to all the cars. Truth is we had far more interest in the place than we imagined so the owner, Ms. Ella Holland decided to have some fun in the hopes of selling to the perfect person. Anyways, if you’d like to follow me inside I’ll go ahead and let her explain what she has in mind.”

Curiosity piqued, I followed the realtor into the small mansion to see five women and seven men standing around making small talk. When Angie shut the door behind me, a tall, busty woman with jet black hair braided down to her butt called for attention and the first thought through my head was how she could breathe wearing such an extremely tight dress.

“First, I want to thank you all for showing an interest in my home,” Ella said. I’ve made no secret as to what it was used for or what comes with the purchase so there should be no surprises as we take a tour. That being said, however, seeing as how there are so many interested buyers I’ve decided to film one last movie here and my costar will be one or more of you.”

“WHOA!” a petite brunette a few feet to my right exclaimed. “What do you mean you’re going to do a movie with us? I don’t know about the rest of them but I’m not a porn star.”

“I want my home to go to someone that can fully appreciate and embrace its history so anyone not willing to film a few scenes with me in the dungeon should leave now,” Ella replied.

“What do you care?” the woman scoffed. “It’s not as if I’d keep the dungeon or any of the disease ridden toys after I buy it.”

“And that is precisely why I’ll never sell it to you. Angie, please see her and anyone else not willing to do a few scenes with me in the dungeon out.”

“Yes Ma’am. You heard her folks. If you don’t want to be filmed then please allow me to show you out.”

The brunette, a blonde and all of the men left leaving me and two other brunette women standing in the spacious entrance hall nervously trying to avoid each other’s gaze while Ella made no attempt to hide the fact she was checking us all out.

“Well, seeing as how you’re all willing to do scenes with me in the dungeon I see no reason to keep those clothes on so why don’t the three of you go ahead and strip naked?”

“Seriously?” one of the women asked.

“For those of you that don’t know who I am, let me explain. My name is Ella Holland and I do some of the most extreme hardcore bdsm in the industry. That being said, to prove you have what it takes to own a place such as this I’ll only consider selling to someone willing to let me pierce their nipples. And if they’re already pierced then perhaps something a little further south. So, I ask you all again to please strip out of your clothes.”

“What the actual fuck? You’re not piercing anything on me!” the other brunette replied.

“Then you’re free to leave. That goes for all of you.”

I couldn’t afford the place even if I tried, but damn it if I did not want to see the dungeon before I went. And on top of that there was something about her that simply captivated me. So, face blushing redder by the second I unbuttoned my blouse while the other two women left. “I don’t suppose I win by default,” I said as I pulled the light grey garment off.

“Sorry, but I can’t sell my place to just anyone.”

“Well, truth be told I only came by to see the dungeon. There’s no way in hell I could ever afford a place like this,” I said as I dropped my bra on the floor. Why I was still stripping was beyond me, but next to go was my skirt.

“You never know. Honestly, I thought it would take longer to thin the herd so to speak, but seeing as how you’re the last one here I suppose I can get to the real offer. What’s your name, hun?”

“Paige.”

“Pleasure to meet you Paige. And you shouldn’t be embarrassed to show off such a gorgeous body.”

“Thanks,” I said as the panties went, leaving me standing there in only my heels.

“So, the deal. Are you submissive, Paige?”

“Not particularly. I’m also not particularly dominant either. Honestly, I’ve never really given it much thought.”

“I’ve made a lot of money in the business and truth be told I don’t need a penny from the sale of this place to stay afloat which is why I’m willing to give it away to the right person.”

“Give it away?”

“One hundred percent free of charge.”

“I sense one hell of a massive but coming.”

“And you’d be correct. As I said before I’m one of the kinkiest in the biz but in all my years in porn there’s one thing I’ve never done and that’s train a vanilla such as yourself so here’s the deal. You will allow me to train you as my submissive for a period of no less than two years. You will also allow the entire thing to be filmed and posted on the internet for all the world to see. And in exchange, at the end of the contract I’ll sign over the deed and all rights to the videos and photos of your training to you to do with as you please. Before you give me an answer let me explain that if you agree you’ll not only be trained as a loyal and obedient submissive, but to accept and hopefully enjoy sex no matter what form it takes. So, what’s your answer, Paige? Will you allow me to record your training or are we wasting each other’s time?”

“Can you be more specific with what sorts of things you plan on training me to do?”

“Everything bdsm and fetish porn related. “

“I can give you an example of a fetish you’ll learn right off the bat if you’re interested,” Angie said.”

“Um, okay, and what fetish would that be?”

“Drinking pee. The question is: Are you willing to learn or do I need to go use a regular toilet?”

“I...this is a lot to take in.”

“You’ve got about three minutes to make up your mind,” Angie replied.

“I assume all of this will be in an ironclad contract?”

“Absolutely,” Ella answered.”

“This has got to be the most fucked up thing I’ve ever done in my life, but I’d be a damn fool to pass up such an opportunity so I’ll do it. And to prove I’m willing I’ll even try to drink your pee but can I suggest going to the bathroom so I don’t make a mess on the floor?”

“Actually, thanks to Mistress Ella I have amazing bladder control so if you’ll kneel and put your mouth over my vulva I’ll feed it to you one mouthful at a time.”

This was not at all how I imagined this trip would go, but as I said, I’d be a damn fool to pass up the chance at getting a million dollar home free of charge even if I had to humiliate and degrade myself to get it. And with that in mind I walked over to Angie and got on my knees. She hiked up her skirt to reveal that she was not wearing panties. Smiling down at me, she put her vulva against my lips and fighting back the urge to bolt I let them part. A moment later the warm, tangy liquid was hitting the back of my throat and it took everything I had not to spit it out. Closing my eyes, I struggled not to gag and as the moment passed, I quickly swallowed. Angie peed. I swallowed. Over and over until the last salty drops coated my tongue and filled my belly.”

“Well done.”

“Thank you.”

“My turn,” Ella said. “Crawl to me on all fours”

Stomach churning, clit throbbing I dropped onto my hands and knees and crawled across the entrance hall to once again prove I would do anything to get the house. Placing my mouth over her vulva, I had precious few seconds to detect the subtle differences in the way they tasted before my mouth filled with pee. The initial shock and disgust mostly worn off, I not only found it easier to drink the second time, but also realized it was nowhere nearly as horrible as I originally thought. Not that it tasted even remotely great, but in all honesty I had little trouble getting Mistress Ella’s pee down. Afterward, tongue acting of its own accord, I licked her clean and did not stop until she took a step back.

“I appreciate the eagerness to please, but we should wait until the contracts are signed. Angie, why don’t you go fetch them from my car and then we can head down to the dungeon where the men are waiting to breed my sexy new submissive?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Men? Breed? Y-You...you mean you want me to...”

“Have sex with the fifteen men I have waiting in the dungeon and to let them fill your pussy with all their seed? Yeah, that’s exactly what I want to see you do, Paige, and if you want the house free and clear then you’re going to let them.”

“Um, they can cum in me all they want but I’m on birth control.

“Then you stop taking it here and now. As you’ll read in the contract, if you’re not pregnant in the first year the deal is null and void and you get nothing.”

“Jesus! When you said you were hardcore you weren’t messing lying were you?”

“Never. So, you ready to start a family?”

“I thought I’d do that with my fiancé, but...SHIT! What the hell do I tell him? I mean, he’s been trying to get me to do a threesome with another man, but I don’t think he’s going to like me getting gang banged by fifteen.”

“That’s between you and him. But there’s something else in the contract I’ll mention before signing. Because I’m putting the sale of my house on hold for two years, there’s an early termination fee attached to the contract of five thousand per month remaining so if you’re not absolutely sure you can spend the next two years as my submissive fuck toy then you should probably back out now.”

“Um, can he at least be one of the men attempting to breed me?”

“Nope. And to that end you’ll receive chastity piercings to prevent you having sex with him or anyone else not authorized me. So, I do you still want my house?”

She was asking one hell of a price, but then again I was standing in a million-dollar mansion so could not blame her for milking me for all I was worth. And in a year or so, assuming the men knock me up early on, she could literally be milking me. “Can I make a call before giving you my answer?”

“Make it quick.”

“Thanks.” Going over to where my purse lay on top of my clothes, I dug out my phone and called my best friend Kelly. Not that I really wanted to tell anyone I was about to become a submissive fuck toy, but at least I knew she would keep my secret.

“Hey, Paige, what’s up?”

“Boy do I have a doozie for you,” I replied. “This is going to sound bat-shit looney, but I swear to god it’s the truth and I want your honest opinion on what you would do if you were in my position. Okay, here goes…” Over the next several minutes I explained everything that had happened from showing up at the mansion out of curiosity to see the dungeon, stripping naked, drinking Angie and Ella’s pee and the terms of the contract as told to me by my potential future Mistress. I left absolutely nothing out. “So, what would you do?”

“Honestly? I’d sign in a heartbeat. Not that I want to be trained as a submissive or to be knocked up by men I don’t know, but for a million-dollar mansion you might be able to sell for even more in a couple of years? Yeah, I’d say it’s worth the humiliation. What does Reece think?”

“Haven’t told him yet, but seeing as how he already wants me to have sex with other men I somehow doubt he’ll have a problem with it. Though there is the matter of him not being able to fuck me for two years that might not go over well. Anyways, the owner is waiting for an answer so I’m going to give her one.”

“Good luck.”

“Thanks.”

Hanging up, I put my phone back in my purse and then crawled back to where Ella was standing. “I accept your offer. I’ll sign the contract. After reading it thoroughly, of course.”

“Of course. Take your time and if you have any questions you may ask Angie as she’s also my attorney.”

“Thanks.” Taking the folder, I crawled over to the coffee table and while still kneeling read every word on every page three times before signing my name to it. Ella signed on the homeowner line and Angie signed as a witness. Tucking it back into the folder, she took it to the office to make copies and I followed my new Mistress into the basement to begin the first night of training.

“Not that it matters now, but there are cameras in every nook and cranny of every room and outside as well so everything you’ve done thus far has been filmed and will be going up on the internet as soon as possible.”

“I agreed to permit it so there’s nothing I can do prevent it, Mistress.”