

Resident Submissives

Faye Valentine

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“I’m sorry, Miss. Hawthorne, but we’re unable to provide you with a loan at this time,” Mr. Granger apologized.

“If I don’t get a loan I’ll lose my house. Please, there has to be something you can do,” Krista said on the verge of tears.

“I’m sorry, but with your low credit score, very high credit use to limit ratio and several negative accounts there’s nothing we can do at this time. And that’s not to mention the fact that you’re barely working part time. However,” he said looking at the raven-haired beauty sitting across from him “there might be a way for you to get what you need if you’re willing to take a personal loan.”

“No one I know will loan me a penny. That’s why I’m here.”

“I’m seeing thirty-nine thousand in debt on your credit report not counting your home loan. How would you like to pay that all off in a few months?”

“That would be great, but I’m not robbing a bank to do it.”

“You don’t have to. Look, this isn’t something I’m technically permitted to do but I believe everyone deserves a second chance and if you’re willing to go above and beyond I just might be able to help.”

“How?”

Sliding a piece of paper from a tray, Mr. Granger wrote down an address and held it out to his client. “Come to that address tonight at six and we’ll go over the details.”

“Um…”

“Don’t worry, it’s my place and I can guarantee you’ll be debt free in six months if you’re willing to put in the work that is.”

“What kind of work?”

“We can talk about that tonight, but ask yourself this: would you rather lose everything and be homeless, or have gainful employment and be debt free in half a year?”

“I’ll see you this evening.” Collecting herself, Krista stood, shook the banker’s hand and then walked out of his office with the first glimmer of hope she had felt since her life began its downward spiral nearly a year ago when her hours were drastically reduced forcing her to live off credit cards which were now maxed out and useless. Leaving the bank she wasted the few hours to her appointment lounging at home in front of the TV.

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Pulling into the driveway of a sprawling, well-maintained brick ranch surrounded on three sides by thick woods and on the fourth by a tall privacy wall matching the brick of the home, Krista’s jaw dropped in jealousy. As she drove towards the house, other signs of wealth made themselves apparent in the form of a huge fountain complete with dolphins spraying water from their mouths in the direction of a central mermaid sitting in the middle of the French chateau style driveway. Parking off to the right, she got out of her car and walked up to the front door which opened before she raised a hand to knock.

“Evening, Miss Hawthorne, I’m so glad you could make it,” Mr. Granger greeted his guest. “Please, come in. I hope you didn’t have too much trouble finding the place.”

“None at all. I’d love a tour, but unfortunately I’m a little short on time. I actually have a job interview and I don’t want to be late.”

“I’m glad you’re looking for more ways to earn money, but if you like what I have to offer that might not be necessary.”

“What exactly are you offering, Mr. Granger, because the way you keep staring me up and down isn’t giving me good feelings.”

“My apologies, but my eyes do tend to roam when it comes to extraordinarily beautiful women and Miss Hawthorne, you are the very definition. And please, call me Derrick. As for the job, well, I’m looking for a live-in maid with benefits.”

“Um, benefits?”

“So that I’m not wasting either of our time, I’ll cut straight to the point. I’m sure you’ve heard of Fifty Shades?”

“Um, yeah, but what’s that got to...oh my god! You want to dominate me like in the books?”

“Something like that. And in return for a few months of submission I’ll not only pay off all of your debt, but help you gain more lucrative and long-term employment that won’t see you losing everything you’ve worked so hard to this point to have.”

“I don’t know the first thing about being submissive and even if I did I’m not entirely sure I’d like it.”

“It’s a lot easier than you think. In fact, if you’re willing to entertain a short demonstration I’ll not only prove it, but pay you a thousand dollars for your time.”

“W-What sort of demonstration?”

“Nothing sexual if that’s what you’re afraid of.”

“I’m not afraid,” Krista lied. “I just want to know what you’re going to make me do.”

“Make is such a strong word. I’m simply going to offer a few suggestions and see how you react. And to make things interesting, I’ll add a thousand dollars for everything you do without question or hesitation. Deal?”

“Deal,” Krista said out of sheer desperation for the money.

“Remember, no hesitation, no questioning and no complaint. And most importantly, do not interrupt me when I’m explaining. Just do as I say or don’t, your choice. For the first test I would like you to strip out of your clothes, get on all fours and crawl down that hall and into the third room on your left. You’ll see and outfit already laid out on the bed. Put it on and walk back out here with your head bowed and hands behind your back holding opposite elbows. That, Miss Hawthorne, is your test.”

Taking a moment to give him a chance to say he was kidding, Krista nervously bit into her lower lip and then stepped out of her heels. When he just stared at her expectantly she continued taking her clothes off until but naked. She then got on all fours and as she crawled towards the hallway something deep inside wanted the handsome banker to walk up and take her from behind. Unfortunately, that did not happen and she quickly found herself in a large bedroom. Leaving the door open, she went to the bed where she saw what looked like a maid’s uniform laid out for her.

The first thing she noticed was that with the exception of the sheer panels on the front and sides of the black dress, everything was made of latex including the thigh-high stockings. Heart pounding in her ears, she picked up the dress and stared at it for several long seconds before finally putting it on – telling herself that being naked, exposed and in costume in front of Derrick would be practice for if she landed the job at the strip club she applied to earlier in the day on the off chance she did not like what he was selling.

Dress on, she sat on the foot of the bed and slowly rolled the stockings up and attached the garters to the tops before stepping into a pair of heels that actually fit. How the banker in the other room knew her size crept her out a bit, but she pushed the thought to the back of her

mind as she put on a pair of elbow-length latex gloves that, like the stockings, fit like a second skin. The last thing on the bed was a matching black and white leather choker collar. Picking it up, she rolled it over in her hands for a moment before putting it around her neck. Taking a deep breath, she bowed her head, put her arms behind her back and then walked back into the living room despite the fact the dress did nothing to hide her uncovered nether region.

“Absolutely stunning,” Derrick exclaimed. “Keep your arms just as they are and get down on your knees.” To his surprise, Krista obeyed and he gave the next command. “Keeping your feet together, spread your knees and place your hands on the floor between them.” Again, the young woman in front of him did as commanded without complaint, hesitation or question. “Perfect. Now slide your hands forward until your forehead is touching the floor and bring your knees together.”

Taking off his belt, he positioned himself behind and to the right of Krista’s now exposed behind. “I want you to listen to this next part very carefully because you’re not going to like what happens if you get it wrong. I’m going to give you five swats with my belt. After each you will count and say: Thank you Master. If you break position, say anything other than the count and thanks or forget to count and give thanks then five more will be added for each infraction until you get it right. And finally, if you leave this house before taking all of your swats you’ll walk away empty handed. If you understand and agree to the rules then say: I understand and agree, Master. If, on the other hand you don’t agree then you’re free to go to whatever other job interview you have lined up.”

“I understand and agree, Master,” Krista said with a little too much enthusiasm for someone about to be spanked with a belt.

THWAP! The doubled over length of leather slapped across Krista’s ass.

“One. Thank you Master.”

THWAP! This one struck just below and even harder than the first.

“Two. Thank you Master.”

THWAP! Taking the belt to Krista’s ass as hard as he could, he fully expected her to leap to her feet, but she did not bat an eye.

“Three. Thank you Master.”

THWAP!

“Four. Thank you Master.”

THWAP!

“Five, Thank you Master.”

“Well done. Now tell me the truth, Miss Hawthorne. That wasn’t your first time taking a hard spanking was it?”

“No Master,” she answered, unsure whether to continue calling him and deciding to err on the side of caution. “My ex-boyfriend used to spank me all the time.”

Draping his belt over his right shoulder, he stood in front of Krista and took his hard cock out. “I want you to sit back in a kneeling position. When you see it you’ll know what to do.”

Krista was barely halfway back when she saw the eight inch trouser snake staring her in the face and despite him saying no sex, she never the less moved in and took him into her mouth if only to earn herself another grand on what was proving to be an incredibly lucrative evening. Looking up into his dark brown eyes, she stuck her tongue out and slurped at his balls every time she took and held him down her throat.

“Head down, ass up,” Derrick commanded. Krista complied and no sooner did she feel his cock teasing her, then she pushed back to take every beautiful thick inch.

After taking a long hot shower and getting dressed in her maid uniform, Krista rejoined Derrick in the living room. Walking around the couch, arms behind back and hands holding opposite elbows, she looked down to see a bottle of lube, a pair of latex panties with two fat plugs built into them and two oddly shaped black pads laid out on the coffee table.

“Go ahead and put the panties and pasties on and we’ll continue,” Derrick said.

Knowing this was all part of the test, she picked the panties up first and gulped at sight of the seven inch long, two and a half inch thick plugs that would soon be filling her completely. Carefully stepping into them, she pulled them up to her thighs. Unhooking the garters, she added lube to the back plug and then continued pulling them up until they grew too large for her to easily take. The thought of earning another thousand dollars, she bit her lip to stifle the grunts as she forced them in. Exhaling, she attached the garters to the tops of her stockings and then placed the pasties over her nipples. A moment later she gasped as they started vibrating.

“So, still think you know nothing about being submissive?”

“I don’t, Master.”

“Okay, then let’s start with you calling me Master well after your spanking.”

“I didn’t know if I was supposed to keep saying it or not and figured I’d err on the side of caution, Master.”

“Mmm hmm. And obeying every command without hesitation, complaint or question?”

“You said you’d pay me a grand for everything I did if I didn’t hesitate, complain or question it, Master.”

“So you only did it for the money?”

“Yes Master.”

“I see. And do you think you can do that twenty-four-seven for the rest of your life?”

“Yes Master.”

“Good answer. Now the important question: do you want to?”

“I don’t understand, Master. I thought you were only hiring me for six months?”

“I’ll hire you for a full year of training after which I’ll get you a job working in a fetish club where you’ll earn more than enough to keep yourself out of debt, but you must continue obeying every command given just as you have for the last couple of hours. Or you can take the money you earned tonight and make the best of it.”

“How much will I earn working as your maid, Master?”

“I’ll pay off everything on your credit report including your car and house, plus add three hundred a week spending money, but for every command or rule you break I’ll subtract fifty from that on top of the normal disciplinary action. As I stated when you first got here, I’m looking for a live-in maid so you’ll be required to live here for the first year.”

“What about my house and stuff, Master?”

“We can put it in storage and I’m sure you can find someone to rent it for a year. The live-in aspect is non-negotiable so if you’re not willing to move in for the duration of your training then there’s nothing more for us to discuss.”

“As you well know I’m not making enough to survive where I’m working, Master, so I’ll take the offer. When do I start?”

“First thing in the morning. Your room is where you found that outfit. If you look in the closet you’ll find more in a wide variety of colors and the matching panties and pasties are in the dresser. As for your duties, you’ll make sure everything is impeccably clean at all times. When not cleaning you’ll practice positions which you’ll find on posters in the dungeon. Which is

where you'll spend a minimum of two hours every night when I get home. And believe me when I say, whether you believe it or not you're already an incredibly submissive woman and the next year of training will only serve to hone your natural talents."

"I still don't see how you think I'm submissive, Master, but I'll take your word for it."

"By definition, a submissive is someone who is ready to conform to the authority or will of others. What did you do from the moment you walked into my house?"

"Everything you commanded, Master."

"Without hesitation, question or complaint. True, you were doing it to make some extra cash, but I never once told you to call me Master after being spanked and yet you continue to do so and that's just one example of your submissive nature. I can also point out that someone who did not already have submissive leanings would never have done the things you did, money or otherwise. Anyways, the most important thing for us two do now is to sit down and go over exactly what we expect from each other. And remember, communication is key to a healthy and lasting bdsm relationship so please always speak your mind."

"Yes Master. One question before we get started, can I get home tonight or tomorrow and get a few things?"

"Of course, but the only clothes your permitted to wear in the house is what you find in your room."

"Yes Master."