

Subspace Euphoria

Faye Valentine

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Head spinning, Bailee woke to stinging sensations in both hips. Realizing she was standing with legs spread and arms over her head, panic set in. Vision clearing somewhat even as the headache worsened, she saw a man sitting on either side with tattoo guns in hand. Words forming in her brain, she was just about to tell them off when she felt the gag filling her mouth. *Oh God! What the hell is going on? Where the hell am I? What are they doing to me? Duh, they're fucking tattooing me!* she thought as she took in her surroundings. Men and woman lay passed out on what appeared to be the floor of a huge barn. Several feet to the left her best friend was strung up and being tattooed as well.

Unable to free herself from the tight cuffs around her wrists and ankles, Bailee hung her head and whimpered into the gag as the men completed their work. Head pounding, she tried to recall what got her to this point, but the pain prevented her from gathering her thoughts. Eyes going from one hip to the other, she could just make out parts of letters, but not the whole picture. *I've never been so fucking hungover in my life. Jesus, how much did I have to drink last night?* Looking down the front of her naked body, she gasped into the gag as she took in copious amounts of dried semen caked to the inner thighs. *OH GOD! Did I... with all these people? How can I not remember getting fucked, let alone by two dozen men and women?* Focusing on individual aches and pains, she felt something stuffing her ass. And although she couldn't see the welts, she certainly felt the sting in her ass, back, and legs from being caned.

Minutes ticking away, she eventually made out the word RATTLESNAKE on her left hip and PHOEBE'S on the left as the men inked what appeared to be a rattlesnake on the left and puppy paw on the right. More time passed and after hanging restrained for more than two hours she could see the finished product. RATTLESNAKE RANCH around its namesake was now tattooed on her left hip and PHOEBE'S PET was tattooed around a puppy paw on the right. Then came an ice-cold branding iron. Carefully lined up with the tattoo on her left hip, it was pressed into place turning it into a vibrantly colored freeze branding.

The gag removed, Bailee panted as her arms and legs were unhooked. "What the fucking fuck did you bastards do to me? I don't know what the hell is going on but I swear to God I'll have all your fucking asses in jail over this!"

"We only gave you what you wanted," the man releasing Bailee's left ankle replied.

"Like hell! I'd never ask to be tattooed and branded! And... and what the hell did you do to me last night? Was I... did you..."

"You and your friend over there begged us to let you join our gang bang."

"Bullshit! You fucking drugged and raped us!"

"Whoa! Let's not start throwing accusations around," the man that tattooed her right hip said. "We did nothing of the like and the video will prove it. The two of you came onto our property and when confronted and told to leave you insisted on staying and when we said you'd be gang banded and used hard you didn't care."

"I don't... I'd never..."

"It... uuhhnnn... it's true, Phoebe groaned as she stared at BAILEE'S BITCH tattooed around a puppy paw on her right hip. "I can't remember all the details as I think we got drunk off our asses, but I did remember them telling us to leave and us insisting on staying. I also remember you telling them you've been gang banded fifty times before."

"I was obviously lying!"

“Well, we’ve been gang banged at least once and there’s no going back from that. Can we see the video?” Phoebe asked.

“Every second from the moment you stepped foot on our property to right now. Also, you were completely sober when you arrived and no alcohol was present during the party”

“Bullshit! I feel like I drank an entire keg of whiskey!”

“That doesn’t change the fact that there was no alcohol or drugs of any kind present last night or during any of our parties.”

“Who even are the two of you?” Bailee asked. “And why did you tattoo me as my best friend’s pet?”

“Probably for the same reason they tattooed me as your bitch,” Phoebe replied.

Just then a petite, freckle-faced redheaded woman in her mid-thirties wearing dark blue leather pants and vest walked in. The men you’re speaking to are Mason and Tyler and they’re two of my farmhands.”

“And you are?”

“I’m Grace Shepherd, owner of Rattlesnake Ranch.”

“Bailee claims that we drugged and raped her, Mistress,” Tyler said.

“Nothing of the sort happened and we have the video to prove it, Grace replied.

“That’s what I told her, Mistress.”

“We said they could see the video, Mistress,” Mason added.

“Of course. We have absolutely nothing to hide. Follow me and I’ll show you to a bathroom where you can clean yourselves up and I’ll get you something to wear.”

“Um, we have our own clothes thank you very much,” Bailee replied.

“You *did* have clothes of your own. Not sure if you noticed but everyone in the barn was butt naked and there wasn’t a stitch of clothing anywhere. That’s because every garment was destroyed in one way or another.”

“My head is killing me. Do you have ibuprofen or anything else?”

“I can get you some, but right now let’s concentrate on showering and watching the videos,” Grace said as she led her guests to another pole barn across the lawn. “The showers are through the door ahead. When your finished we’ll go upstairs and get you dressed.”

“Thanks,” Phoebe groaned. “Come on, let’s get this over with so we can see this video proof they have,” she added as she walked up and opened the door into a huge room with shower heads lining one wall and shelves of shampoo, body wash, new luffas, and towels lining the other.

Following her best friend into the shower room, Bailee grabbed a luffa, and bottles of shampoo and body wash. Walking to one of the shower heads, she turned the water on and once to the desired temperature stepped under and let it wash over her aching body. “I don’t remember much of what happened last night but I seem to recall having sex with you, Phoebe,” she said as she reached back and yanked the plug from her ass. “UHN! Oh my fucking God that hurt!” she yelped. Bringing the toy around, she gasped. “Fucking hell! No damn wonder it felt like I had a telephone pole shoved up my ass!” she exclaimed, taking in the 9-inch-long, 3-inch-thick silicone toy.

“I had a feeling they were massive which is why I didn’t take mine out,” Phoebe said as she stared at the plug in her best friend’s hand. I also remember having sex with you, Bailee, but since neither of us were in our right mind we never have to talk about it again” she added as she stepped under the hot water. “You asked to be tattooed as my pet by the way. I remember that much. And I asked to be tattooed as your bitch.”

“I don’t understand why we did any of it,” Bailee groaned. “I’ve never been with more than one person at a time in my life. Why the hell would I beg them to gang bang me?”

“Us,” Phoebe sighed. “And I’m sure it has something to do with trespassing, not wanting to go to jail, and probably more than a little bit of arrogance. Whatever the reason, I’m sure everything will be answered in the video. And if not then I won’t hesitate calling the police. That being said, you should probably put that back in your ass.”

“Yeah, I sort of vaguely recall them saying we’d be disciplined for taking it out for anything other than to use the toilet and shower,” Bailee said as she pushed the massive plug back into her wrecked asshole.

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Finishing their shower, Bailee and Phoebe exited the room to see Grace still waiting for them.

“Feeling better?”

“Much,” Phoebe answered.

“I still hurt like hell, but it feels good to not be covered in I don’t even know how many loads of semen,” Bailee replied.

“We’ll count them together while watching the video,” Grace said. “Now, let’s get you into some clothes,” she added as she motioned to the stairs leading up to the second floor.

Going up, the best friends stepped into what amounted to a 30 x 60-foot closet filled with every type of fetishwear imaginable for men and women alike.

“What size dress, pants, and shoes do you wear?” Grace asked. “Also, favorite color.”

“I wear a size small dress, six pants, seven shoe and my favorite color is green,” Phoebe answered.

“I wear a size small dress, six pants, eight shoe and my favorite color is pink,” Bailee replied.

“Have a seat and I’ll get you some clothes to wear and take home.”

“Thanks,” Phoebe said as she sat on a long, padded bench.

Grabbing a small cart, Grace disappeared into the aisles of clothing. Adding pants, tops, dresses, panties, knee-high and thigh-high boots, collars, cuffs, and a few different animal outfits, she eventually made her way back. “Alright, since you have fresh tattoos and brands I suggest wearing these,” she said, holding out a green and black steampunk inspired corset dress out to Phoebe and an identical one in dark pink and black to Bailee.

“Thanks, the best friends said in unison as they took the garments.

“I have a few different types of panties here, but these shouldn’t cover your tattoo and brand,” Grace said, offering them patching brief-style latex panties. “When you’ve got those on you can wear these,” she offered matching knee-high boots. “Then I’ll add the accessories.”

Taking everything offered, the two best friends put everything on without question or complaint. And then, while standing they were collared and had wide bracer-style cuffs added to their wrists.

Placing the rest of the clothes into bags, Grace offered them to her guests. “These are for you.”

“I don’t understand,” Bailee said as she took the offered bags. “Why are you giving us all these clothes?”

“Because that’s what I do for everyone participating in my parties whether they’re invited or not. That being said, let’s head inside and review the evidence.”

“Yes Ma’am,” the best friends replied.

Leading her guests out of the barn and across the yard, Grace slid a glass door open and waved the best friends inside. "I've been throwing these parties for nearly fifteen years and the two of you are the first to ever question our integrity, but if you genuinely can't remember what happened last night then I'm interested in finding out why as well."

"Some of it's coming back, but I still have a lot of blank spots," Bailee said.

"Same. I think I remember more than Bailee, but I'm still missing more than I'm comfortable with," Phoebe said.

"This way," Grace said, leading the confused women out of the kitchen. "Were the two of you drinking or doing drugs before trespassing last night?"

"No," Bailee answered. "We were out for a run when it started raining and I remember suggesting cutting across your farm to get home quicker. We got as far as that first barn we were in when a couple of guys told us we had to turn around and get off the property."

"Sounds about right," Phoebe said. "You have a beautiful home," she added as she looked around the living room.

"Thank you. Do you remember what happened after being told to leave?"

"Um, I sort of remember seeing a few other people entering the barn and commenting something about a party," Bailee answered.

"Well, hopefully the video will shed some light on what really happened," Grace said as she led the women into a large office with rows of monitors on a wall in front of a desk. Sitting down, Grace navigated her way through several folders, found last night's recordings and then looked up at her guests. "Do you recall what time you cut across my property?"

"Not the exact minute but I know it was after eight," Phoebe answered.

"No worries." Bringing up a video, Grace fast-forwarded through it until seeing a drenched Bailee and Phoebe sprinting across the back acres of the property. "Here we go. Pull up a chair and we'll watch together."

Grabbing chairs from the left side of the office, Bailee sat on Grace's right while Phoebe sat on the older woman's left.