

Consequences

Emily Sinclair

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When Sasha walked in on her husband Damien elbow deep in their nineteen-year-old babysitter Gina's backside, she knew the time had finally arrived for him to learn just who he had married. But as much as she would have loved to show him right then and there, she could not seem too eager so she just shook her head and walked right back out of the room without saying a single word. When they emerged from the bedroom a good twenty minutes later Gina ran out of the house as if it were on fire. Damien, however, spend five minutes attempting to apologize while she sat there in stone-faced silence.

Wanting nothing more to do with their marital bed or the room it sat in, she packed up her belongings and moved into the spare suite on the opposite side of the house. When he got home that evening, she continued giving him the silent treatment and he continued apologizing until she got tired of hearing it and locked herself in her new room. It was then he realized he would not be sleeping with her again anytime soon, if ever again.

Two days after the incident, Sasha invited Gina over for a talk. At first the humiliated young woman refused to even answer the phone, but after nearly two dozen voicemails and text messages assuring her that she was in no danger, she accepted. Arriving at noon, she lightly knocked on the door in the hopes it would not be heard, but her employer was waiting and as soon the second knock landed the door swung open and she instinctively took a step back.

"I'm not going to hit you," Sasha said. "Please, come in."

"W-Why? I mean, I ruined your marriage so why do you even want to talk to me?"

"Because Brian adores you and I don't really feel like vetting another babysitter. Now please come in so that we can talk."

"I'm fine talking right here."

"Well I'm not so get your ass in here."

Gina cautiously entered the house expecting to be attacked as soon as the door closed behind her, but the swinging and swearing never started.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"Um, no thanks. Can we just get to why you wanted to see me so badly?"

"I didn't lie when I said I didn't want to vet another babysitter. I'm going to make you an offer, Gina, and I strongly recommend you think long and hard before turning it down. I like you. I want you to continue working as our babysitter on a more permanent and full-time basis. As in I want you to move in so that you can care for him day and night as needed."

"W-WHAT? Are you serious? I had sex with your husband! Why aren't you screaming and knocking my head off?"

"Because all that would do is put you in the hospital and me behind bars and I think we can both agree that's not good for either of us. I want you to move in, but that's not all. You've been having sex with my husband. I caught him with half his arm up your ass which is an impressive feat for someone your age. Hell, it's an impressive feat for someone twice your age. Anyways, I'm willing to increase your pay to twenty-five an hour and give you free room and board and in exchange I want you to be my sexy little bitch."

"I don't understand."

"I want you to be my sex slave, Gina. You'll obey my every command without question whether you like it or not. Don't bother saying you're not into kinky sex because we both know that's a lie. So, will you accept my offer or will you walk away and wait for me to destroy your life for ruining my marriage?"

“Well, when you put it like that I don’t see as how I have much of a choice.”

“You always have a choice Gina.” Picking a box up off the coffee table Sasha held it out to her guest. “If you accept then take the box and wear the contents. If not then leave the box closed and get out of my house. Your choice.”

“I’m not bisexual.”

Sasha remained silent as she continued offering the box.

“I’m not even submissive.”

More silence.

Nervously chewing her lower lip, Gina attempted and failed to find even the smallest crack in Sasha’s defenses, anything that would give her a hint at her motivations. Reaching out, she took the box and peeled the flaps open. Looking in she saw a bottle of lube, a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a cloth on one side. On the other was a massive, oddly-shaped tailed butt plug, two packs of barbells with tiny bell dangles, a pair of latex gloves and a pack of needles. “Um, you want to put this thing up my ass right here?”

Sasha remained silent.

“And these? Don’t tell me you expect me to pierce myself because that’s never going to happen.”

More silence.

“God damn it, say something!” When the only response she got was a statue-like stare, Gina sat the box on the coffee table and tanked her tee shirt off. Her bra followed. “Anything?” Nothing. Unbuttoning her jeans, she pulled them and her thong off leaving her standing in just her socks which soon joined the rest of her clothes on the floor. “You want to shove your arm up my ass first?” she asked as she pulled the huge toy out of the box. “I have dogs and toys just like this so using it isn’t going to embarrass me,” she said, her eyes going from the tapered tip, down the long thick shaft and stopping at an orange sized bulge near the base. “You got one named Thor?” she asked, referring to one modeled after an enormous house cock. When she got no response, she sighed. “I don’t know what game you’re playing, but I’d be a fool to turn it down which is the only reason I’m doing this.”

Grabbing the bottle of lube, she got down on her knees and generously coated the plug. Sitting it on the floor between her legs, she guided it to her asshole and then slowly lowered herself down to the bulge also known as the knot. Staring Sasha in the eyes, she smiled and the knot disappeared as well.

“I’m going to pierce your nipples and hood,” Sasha finally spoke. “From this point forward, you’ll call me Mistress. You will obey my every command without complaint or hesitation or you’ll be disciplined. You will wear what I tell you to wear, eat what I tell you to eat. As of right now you’re nothing more than an object for my personal use. If you’ve got a problem with that then feel free to get the fuck out of my house and never come back. Now for the million-dollar question. Unless I say otherwise Damien is off limits. And to make sure you don’t have sex with him without my permission you’ll wear chastity devices at all times. You understand me, slave?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“You’ll be given one of the spare bedrooms but you’ll sleep in a puppy bed at the foot of mine from now on. As for your training, we’ll have to work around Brian being here until the pandemic ends so you’ll help me take care of him during the day and join me in the dungeon I’ll be building and which should be finished by the time your piercings are healed enough for you to have rough sex without fear of rejection, infection or migration. Until then. However, you’ll be

given daily tasks which may be completed surreptitiously. I'll get you a complete list of all the rules and some other information I expect you to learn and follow to the letter by the end of the day." Hiking her skirt up over her hips showing she was not wearing panties, Sasha continued. "Now, crawl over here and eat my pussy, slave, and don't you dare stop until you're drinking my orgasm."

"Yes Mistress." Dropping onto all fours Gina swallowed her pride and told herself she was doing it for the money and free place to live as she crawled over to her boss who took several steps back to sit in the overstuffed recliner. Sasha's legs spread. Gina crawled between them and without thinking about what she was doing stuck her tongue out and licked. She had tasted her own juices before and like then, while the taste was relatively pleasant, she got no real sexual satisfaction from the act. She also got no pleasure from eating out another woman, but that did not stop her from sticking her tongue in deeper and then sucking her Mistress' clit.

Sasha knew within the first five seconds that her babysitter turned slave had very little if any experience pleasuring another woman but kept her comments to herself in lieu of seeing how much she improved during their first session. By about the three-minute mark she knew her slave was going to need a lot of work. But less than a minute later the unexpected happened. Gina's tongue lapping like a thirst puppy, she suddenly shifted from licking to sucking Sasha's hooded clit. Her tongue flicked over the sensitive bundle of joy. Her hood was pulled back and teeth ever so gently scraped along it sending her into immediate muscle tensing, mind-blowing orgasm. Sasha grabbed a handful of her slave's long black hair and purred. "T-That was a fluke. Don't you dare stop until I command you to!"

The act of getting bringing another woman to orgasm did nothing for Gina, but the fact that she was able to make her new Mistress reach climax so quickly gave her a sense of satisfaction that made her clit tingle with unexpected excitement. Redoubling her efforts, she sucked her Mistress' inner labia into her mouth and playfully nibbled on them for several seconds before sinking her teeth in a little deeper. It lasted only a beat, but it was enough to earn her another mouthful of Sasha's delicious juices which she quickly gulped down.

Just when Sasha was beginning to think she had a prodigy on her hands, her phone went off. Grabbing it from the stand next to the recliner, she saw a text from her husband telling her he and their son would be home in fifteen to twenty minutes. Sighing, she sat it back on the stand. "Alright, slave, Damien and Brian will be back shortly so that'll do for now. Get dressed and go pack your things and I'll call you when I'm ready for you to come back. And not a word of this to my husband or anyone else until you're moved in. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress. So, um, I take it I was okay?"

"Not bad for a beginning. Now, before you go, I want to use you as my toilet so sit back in a kneeling position. And if you spill a drop, you'll be severely discipline."

"I've been drinking your husband's pee for the last seven months, Mistress. And before that my boyfriend's."

"How long have the two of you been fucking behind my back?"

"Since my eighteenth birthday, Mistress." Scooting forward on her knees, Gina placed her mouth over Sasha's vulva. A moment later she was swallowing fast to keep up with the flow. To her credit and lending truth to her claim, she did it without flinching or spilling a drop. And when the last of it was on its way to her belly, she gave her Mistress several licks before sitting back.

"Don't just kneel there looking silly. Get dressed and get the hell out of here before my husband gets home."

“Yes Mistress.” Hopping to her feet, Gina quickly pulled her panties up her well-toned legs and then put her bra on. She then pulled Sasha close and kissed her hard on the lips. “I still don’t know what angle you’re playing here, but I’m willing to submit to you for as long as things remain civil and you don’t take your pent-up anger out on me.” Giving her Mistress another peck on the lips, Gina finished getting dressed. “You should know I’m not the only one he’s having sex with, Mistress.”

“Oh? And who else is he screwing behind my back?”

“I don’t want to get anyone else into trouble, or for you turn them into your slaves, Mistress, so I’d rather not say.”

“I give you my word that I won’t turn any of them into my slaves unless they ask first.”

Gina paused for a long moment before letting out a long sigh. “So, you know those times I was sick and my mom or sister took over for me?”

“He’s had sex with your mother and sister? They told you that?”

“Not at first, Mistress, but after some questions they confessed. And they’re not the only ones. In the last three years he’s had sex with nearly all of my female friends. You should also know that my father had a vasectomy after I was born and Damien is the only other man that she has had sex with besides him.”

“Wait, are you telling me the child she’s now pregnant with is my husband’s?”

“Hers, three of my friends and...oh god...and mine, Mistress. I’m just over two months pregnant and he’s the only man I’ve ever had sex with. I haven’t told him yet, Mistress so he has no idea I’m carrying his child.”

“I see,” Sasha said, her left eye noticeably twitching in barely contained rage. “Thank you for being honest with me. I’ve changed my mind. I think you should stay. You may take a shower and wait for me in my new room.”

“Yes Mistress. And for the record, the reason I haven’t apologized and probably never will is because I feel that’s just another slap in your face you don’t deserve.” Getting no response, Gina made it only a few steps out of the living room before the floodgates opened and the tears began flowing.