

Twin Submission

Emily Sinclair

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Pulling into a driveway cutting an arrow through a forest of oaks, maples, birch and pines, Meghan looked over at her twin sister sitting in the passenger seat and saw a mirror of the same worried look that masked her face. Three hundred yards in and the trees opened to a vast well-manicured, walled-in yard with a huge brick mansion sitting another hundred or so feet further in. Three stories, twenty-eight thousand square feet and sitting on a low hill with approximately fifty shallow steps leading up to double French doors, the outlandishly lavish mansion spanned fourteen secluded acres – most of which was hidden behind the main house.

“Jesus!” Meghan exclaimed.

“Why does one person need this move house?” Ellie asked as the car rolled to a stop.

“You’re assuming our client is the only person living here.”

“Fair enough, but he better be the only one here for the next four hours.”

“Why? It’s not as if it would be our first gang bang.” Opening the door, Meghan stepped out and smoothed the form-fitting leather bandage dress she wore. “Ready?”

“Always.” Going to the trunk, Ellie grabbed the metal briefcase that held the cameras they used to record all such encounters for safety sake and later viewing pleasure of the hundreds of thousands of members of the various websites they spent the last five years building into a successful business. Meeting her twin in front of the car, they walked hand in hand up the stairs to the fancy doors of the mansion. Pressing the doorbell, they waited.

The door swung open and they were greeted by an older man dressed in a well-tailored suit. “Welcome to Davenport Manor, how may I help you ladies?”

“We have a meeting with a Mr. Drew Davenport,” Meghan replied as she and her sister stepped into the mansion.

“And who might I say is calling?”

“I’m Meghan and this is Ellie. You may tell Mister Davenport the agency sent us.”

“Ah, you’re those type of women,” he said with undisguised disdain.

“Meaning?”

“You may stand here by the door and wait until Mister Davenport arrives. And if you’re thinking of filling that case with valuables know there are cameras everywhere watching.”

“I don’t know who you think you’re talking to but we don’t have to stand here and take that sort of attitude from a pompous old servant,” Ellie shot back.

“I think I’m talking to a couple of whores who no doubt think they can steal Mister Davenport blind. Now stand there and don’t move.” Huffing, the old man stomped out of the entrance hall.

“If Davenport is anything like that man I’m going to enjoy breaking him,” Ellie scoffed as she looked around. Polished hardwood floors. Dual staircases leading up to a second floor balcony. Chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The inside of the Davenport estate was every bit as opulent as the exterior and it sickened her to think it all belonged to an uptight asshole who thought so little of her. “Money might buy him all the possessions he ever wanted but it sure as hell doesn’t buy manners.

“I’m just glad he’s not the one we’re here to dominate,” Meghan replied.

A few moments later a handsome man in his mid-twenties wearing a tailored grey suit emerged from a side passage smiling ear to ear. “Afternoon ladies. I’m Drew and let me just say, damn! When I asked for women that could pass for sisters I didn’t think they’d actually send me

twins. Kind of sucks I won't be playing with you both at the same time but we'll make do. May I have the pleasure of your names?"

"I'm Ellie and this is my twin sister Meghan. And before we continue I would like to say your butler needs a lesson in manners. Not only was he incredibly rude by calling us whores, he outright accused us of being here to rob you blind."

"My apologies. Adam is a bit old-fashioned when it comes to women in your line of work and thinks everyone is out to steal from me. That being said, you have my word that he'll be reprimanded for disrespecting you."

"I won't settle for anything less than a full day with him in the dungeon."

"Yeah, that's never going to happen. I will, however, pay double your fee. Quadruple if you're willing to play together."

"You're asking us to commit incest," Meghan gasped in practiced shock. "That's going to cost you a hell of a lot more than a thousand dollars an hour."

"What the fuck, sis?" Ellie joined the charade.

"What? We're identical in every way so if you think about it it's really no different than having sex with yourself. The question is: is he willing to make a serious offer?"

"Spend the rest of the weekend here with me and I'll pay you each fifty times your normal rate."

"As enticing as that sounds, it's not enough to offset the risks of going to jail for breaking the law."

"Name your price."

"I don't know what my sister is going to say, but if you want me to do something that fucked up it's going to cost you at least high six figures," Ellis replied. "Now if we've wasted enough time I'd really like to get to the domination."

"I'm with my sister on this one," Meghan said.

"Agree to stay the entire weekend and I'll pay you half a million each."

"You willing to put that in writing?" Meghan asked. "Not that we don't trust you to pay, but that's a lot of money and we're taking a lot of risk. Especially since everything we do is recorded."

"I'll have Adam draft them up. It'll take a few hours so why don't we head to the dungeon and you can sign them when we take our first break?"

"Actually, if you want us to fuck each other we'll have to sign first," Ellie replied.

"Fair enough."

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Completely surprised Drew actually drafted the contracts offering to pay them half a million dollars for a weekend of uninhibited sex – something they have done a thousand times at no additional charge, they followed him through the mansion and out to the back of the property. Pausing under a second story deck, they looked out at a massive infinity pool surrounded by a low wall and manicured bushes with stairs leading to paved paths that went to other buildings.

"You have a gorgeous home," Meghan said. "Must be nice to have money."

"Well, after this weekend you'll be on your way."

"Where exactly is this dungeon of yours?" Ellie asked.

"See that building back there to the right? That's my dungeon."

"The entire building?"

"The entire building. I used to have a smaller one in the main house, but it grew too small for the parties I host and I expanded. It's now an eight thousand square foot, twelve room

dungeon containing everything you can imagine and for the rest of the weekend it's at your disposal."

"Without question?" Meghan asked.

"As per the conditions of the contract," Drew answered.

"I don't see why we need to wait to get to the dungeon," Ellie said. "I want you to take your clothes off and crawl the rest of the way there, slave."

"Yes Mistress," Drew replied. And without hesitation he stripped out of his suit and left the discarded garments on the steps. Dropping onto all fours, he crawled a few feet ahead of his two temporary Mistresses.

"HA!" Ellie laughed. "Look at that pathetic cock. No wonder your single, you couldn't satisfy a babydoll with that tiny thing." That was a lie of course as he was actually hung like a horse and was not even hard yet.

"It sure as hell isn't going to do anything for me," Meghan said. "Stop, slave."

"Yes Mistress," Drew said, coming to an immediate stop.

"Kneel," Meghan said as she hiked the hem of her dress up over her hips and pulled her panties aside. "Turn around." When her weekend slave complied, she stepped in front of him, yanked his mouth to her vulva by a handful of hair and then started pissing. "Get used to the taste, slave, because you're going to be our toilet for the rest of the weekend." Raising her foot, she pressed her shoe into his crotch with enough force to make him wince and groan as piss filled his mouth and covered his face. "For someone claiming to host fetish parties you know surprisingly little about drinking piss. What do you think sis?"

"I think he's a pathetic little man who probably plays in his dungeon alone wishing he had friends to submit to. Why else call a couple of escorts to be dominated by?"

"Good point. Is it true, slave? Did you call us because you have no friends to play with?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"So you lied to us before when you said you hosted parties?"

"Not exactly, Mistress. I mean, I do host all manner of party, but I've never let anyone in my dungeon save the escorts I call to dominate me."

"What about Adam?"

"He knows about the dungeon, Mistress, but has never been in there."

"Get on all fours like the pathetic dog that you are," Ellie said dismissively. "And you now have fifty swats coming for lying to us."

"Yes Mistress." Dropping back onto his hands and knees, Meghan's pee still dripping from his face, chest and hair, Drew crawled the rest of the way to his massive private dungeon. Reaching up, he turned the knob and led them inside.

To say it was extravagant was an understatement. Large bird cages hung from high vaulted ceilings. Every type of device, piece of furniture and sex toy lined the walls and floor with enough room around them for dozens of people to play without interfering with each other. Staircases on either side led to a second story balcony that overlooked the main dungeon below while doors led to the many rooms specializing in one particular fetish.

"Welcome to my dungeon, Mistresses. Everything here is at your disposal."

"Thank you, slave," Meghan replied. "We'll get started right after we set up."