"Mistress, please? I've wanted to go my whole life, and it only happens once a year!" Lily begged their Mistress repeatedly, over and over again, hoping she would soon fully crack and relent. At first she seemed uncertain about going to a Renaissance Faire -- after all, it was Lily's idea, and it was definitely not Magnolia's scene. But the more and more Lily begged, the more annoyed she was becoming. Eventually, she'd have to crack and allow it. Or she's get pissed at them and punish them for their insubordination.

Magnolia sighed, only putting down her magazine to rub her temples in annoyance. "Plaything, asking me more than once doesn't help me make a decision," she groaned. "Normally I'd take you anywhere you want for your birthday. But this? This seems like a children's event. It's beneath me."

Lily wanted to mock her for that last sentence, but they instantly squashed that thought. They definitely weren't going to get in trouble for that. "But... lots of adults go. Besides, didn't you use to like this kind of thing?"

"Used to," Magnolia reiterated with annoyance. "In high school." She glared over at Lily. "And I believe I told you never to bring that up again."

"I... I'm sorry, Mistress," Lily murmured, sitting down next to her. "I guess if we don't go, that's your decision." Crap! They knew it was, but still. There had to be something to convince Magnolia to go with them. "I guess I'll forget about the costumes, and the jousting, and the food..."

"Yes, that sounds right," Magnolia sighed, taking a sip of her coffee.

"And the swords..."

Magnolia put her drink down, raising an eyebrow. "The swords?"

Lily perked up. Did that finally convince her...? "Oh, yeah, there's a lot of shopping, and I looked online and -- there are some people selling swords there."

"Hmm." Magnolia noted curiously. "What other kinds of stands are there?"

Lily grinned. They knew that if anything would convince Magnolia to do anything, it'd be the promise of getting to show off how rich and fancy she was. "Well, there are costume shops, of course. There's also jewelry and pottery and musical instruments. And that's only, like, the ones I read!" Lily wasn't known for reading everything, of course. "And -- and, um, there are also games. Like knife throwing and archery. You sure that doesn't sound fun?"

"Well..." Magnolia looked way too deep in thought. "I do like the idea of owning a sword. And I would like to see myself beat you -- that is, in archery." Lily flushed as their Mistress flashed a wicked grin. Of course she wasn't just talking about archery. "Fine. I suppose I can take a day off for it. It is your birthday, after all."

"Oh, yay!" Lily grinned, grabbing onto their Mistress and peppering her face with kisses. "Thank you, Mistress!"

"Y-yes," she responded uncomfortably, not used to the sudden extreme display of affection. "In return, I'm going to ask something of you."

Before Lily could inquire further, Magnolia whispered something in their ears, and they dropped into a trance.

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"Dear, did we really have to go here? Just to indulge this idiot in her fantasies?" Jasmine groaned, looking wearily at Diana as Her Highness watched Clara jump around excitedly. "Surely, we couldn't just do this at home... It's just a complete swamp here." She lifted one of her all-too-expensive shoes, noting how drenched it was.

Diana chuckled. She didn't seem bothered. "Come on, dear. We get to see Clara in her element," she emphasized with a mocking tone. "It's like she can just degrade herself. Less work for us, and more pleasure."

Meanwhile, Clara was getting compliments on her makeup -- she really went all out that day -- and was cooing in delight over the variety of Renaissance dresses and phenomenal jewelry.

Jasmine sighed. "I suppose. At the very least, we can get you some new jewelry," she noted, looking at Diana with a sense of love and genuine care. "Now, let's attempt to enjoy our-- oh for fuck's sake, where did she go?"

Jasmine's question was answered nearly immediately as Clara popped her head out from one of the stores. A wide and dopey grin plastered on her face. "Mistress, Your Highness, come in here! There are so many princess dresses! Oh, and um, other things, too!"

The two were dragged inside by Clara's excited yelling. Jasmine looked around with a curious expression, eyeing each of the costumes for sale. Diana did the same. "Wow, so many of these dresses would look great on you, princess," she said jokingly. Clara, of course, couldn't tell she was being laughed at -- as always.

"I, like, know!" she giggled. "And, like, you and Mistress would look great too!"

"Huh?!" Jasmine's head whipped to Clara, an indignant look on her face. Diana looked to her wife and smirked confidently. "Oh no. Oh no we're not. No, I'm definitely not--"

~~

Despite Jasmine's protests, soon enough, the three of them were clad in extravagant costumes. Diana wouldn't let Clara wear anything more gorgeous than her, but Clara was more than happy with the dress she got. She twirled around in it a dozen times, showing off hoe big and fluffy it was. Diana was, of course, a tad more restrained. Jasmine looked like her hot blushing face could fry an egg – she was donned in knight's apparel, and to say the least, she looked ridiculous.

"At the very least I won't get my shoes dirty anymore," she grumbled, keeping them in the bag she also got. Her new shoes weren't exactly something she'd wear, but at least they were comfortable.

"And at least she's happy," Diana snickered.

She was right – Clara was *ecstatic.*

“Let’s just hope she doesn’t run off…” Jasmine rubbed the top of her nose, between her eyes. “I can’t deal with that idiot getting lost. And the reception here is abysmal too, so who knows if she’ll hear us calling her.”

Diana shrugged. “She’ll be fine. If she gets lost, we’ll know how to find her. You can spot someone that stupid from a mile away. Clara would just be wreaking havoc, annoying people with her idiocy, maybe getting roped into something hot by a guy dressed like a knight… doesn’t that sound hot?”

“I… suppose it does,” Jasmine sighed.

The two paused, and looked around. “…Oh no. Where did she go?”

~~

Lily was checking out the swords with Magnolia – who only had interest in the largest, fanciest swords in the entire faire – when they got distracted by the musical instrument store next door. They asked Magnolia if they could check it out, who just tersely told them not to interrupt her. She was in deep focus, so certainly, she wouldn’t notice Lily stepping out just for a minute…

They looked in awe at the flutes, ukuleles, tambourines, and miscellanea, fantasizing about starting a one-person band and finally becoming good at an instrument – any instrument. In that moment, though, they heard another person walk into the stand. She had short dirty blonde hair – a bit lighter than Lily’s – but what was more noticeable was her makeup, with vibrant eyeshadow and stickers on her cheeks to last days. She was wearing a dress that was clearly a costume rental, not to mention a wide, dopey grin on her face. Lily raised an eyebrow.

“Hello, miss,” the storekeeper greeted. “May I help you today?”

“Um, like, yeah!” The instant the girl opened her mouth, Lily could tell she was a complete bimbo. “What’s like, um, your prettiest instrument?”

“That…” Even Lily could tell the storekeeper was staring at the ditz in bewilderment. “I think that would be our harps. Here, allow me to show you our selection.” They walked towards Lily – coincidentally, who was standing near the harps – as the princess grabbed and tested them out. Much to their bewilderment, she was not *terrible*; that said, she was not necessarily good, either.

“V-very nice!” the storekeeper lied. “You’re a natural!”

“Wow, like, thank you!” the princess giggled. “So, this is like, a wind instrument? I think?”

Wow, Lily gawked. *She’s even dumber than me. I didn’t think that was possible.*

“N-no, ma’am, it’s a string instrument. Very relaxing to listen to. Would you like it?”

“Um, like, yeah!” The girl reached past Lily, who instinctively moved out of the way. She pulled out a credit card – *This girl can be* trusted *with a credit card?* Lily thought, -- and paid for the biggest harp and its bag. *Wow, she must be in a similar position to me…*

“Sorry to like, squeeze by you,” she giggled. It took Lily a moment to realize they were being talked to. “Wow, the, um, thing in your hair is so, like, so pretty!”

“Thing in my… hair?” Lily blinked as they grabbed their hair. “Oh, you mean the streak? Um… thanks,” they said sheepishly.

She narrowed her eyes, as if she were trying to think. “Um, my name’s Clara! I’m a princess,” she giggled again. “What’s your name?”

“Mine is, um, Lily,” they introduced themself. “Excuse me for asking, but… did you come with anyone? Are you lost?”

“Um, I’m not lost,” the girl tilted her head. “My Mistress and Her Highness are like, off doing stuff. I found this store and um, kinda got lost, I guess.”

My Mistress and Her Highness? She has to *be in the same situation as me.* “Well, uh, let’s go find them then!” *Anything to not be liable for this… person… for too long.*

“Okay!” the girl sang. “Two new friends, going like, to town!”

Friends, Lily smiled. *Sure. As long as we find her… Dommes.*

~~

Lily knew they made a mistake when they stepped outside and Clara finally got a better look at their pink eternity collar. Magnolia’s plaything had tried to explain multiple times that it wasn’t something that was going to come off, but that didn’t stop Clara from attempting. Lily felt themself being strangled as Clara tried to pull the locked collar off of their neck, until Lily physically pushed her away to try to breathe.

It didn’t take long for Lily to fully understand that somehow, at least for now, *they* were the smart one. Clara’s Dommes must have been rich, too, judging by how she was spending money on fancy, mostly pink jewelry like crazy. “Oh, don’t worry!” she reassured Lily. “Mistress, like, loves me wearing this stuff, so she like, will be happy.”

“I sure hope so,” Lily chuckled nervously. *I better not be blamed for all this!*

Clara was relentless. She dragged them around -- physically, which was quite painful -- to whatever stores or fascinations caught her eye. A few points, she embarrassed herself in front of the performers or costume-clad folks. Lily just quickly apologized and redirected her attention to the nearest sparkly thing. Their soles were beginning to hurt -- as was their head.

In addition to being as dumb as a pile of diamonds, Clara was absurdly forgetful too; Lily could swear they were going to tear their head off if they had to look at the same damn necklace a fifth time. They felt kind of bad for her, actually... it was hard to imagine how she'd end up if she hadn't immediately attached herself to someone even vaguely sensible.

"I just wanted to spend time with Mistress," Lily murmured, beginning to worry about where Magnolia was. More than that -- what would she think about Lily's new... friend? Magnolia would have to use everything in her power not to make fun of Clara. And Lily couldn't ask that of her. Hell, even Lily wanted to make fun of Clara.

Lily took their eyes off of Clara for a brief moment to look at the menu for a food stand. They had to get something to eat fairly soon... they turned around to ask Clara what she would have wanted to eat. But Clara wasn't in sight.

"C-Clara?" Lily blinked. "Where did you... oh, no." They ran off, apologizing quickly to the girl running the stand. They desperately looked around for Clara, their heart beating. Despite barely knowing this girl, they felt a need to protect her. Maybe they saw a bit of her in themself -- even if they weren't *quite* that dim.

Eventually, they found the ditzy princess rushing towards a stage, yelling incoherently. Oh, no. She was going to interrupt an event?! For someone supposedly a princess, she did not care about social graces. *God, I sound like Mistress now,* Lily thought to themself as they rushed up to Clara, grabbing her by the arm.

"What are you doing?!" Lily hissed as quietly as they could.

"I like, wanted to tell that lady how pretty she is!" Clara giggled.

"She is, but you can't just do that!"

Clara pouted. "Why not?"

"I--" Lily shook their head. It was like talking to a brick wall -- a very sparkly one. "That doesn't matter! Just... come with me!"

Without thinking, Lily acted on their instincts. Being much more muscular than the petite Clara, they were able to easily pick her off the ground and carry her away. Lily only realized when they saw Clara's wide eyes and open jaw that they were carrying her -- a princess -- like a prince in shining armor. Lily had to suppress a chuckle, wondering how silly they must have looked. It was nice to be smart every once in a while.

Lily wasn't quite smart enough to notice just how turned on Clara was by being held that way, though.

~~

"Where did that idiot go..." Magnolia grumbled, anxiously looking around the faire grounds. She had told them -- multiple times -- not to let them get separated. Especially after she realized just how crummy the reception was. Not only did she come here -- to this dump -- to spend time with her stupid plaything for their stupid birthday... but now she was spending it alone, too. She even got a new sword she wanted to show Lily -- of course, the largest one in the shop.

She kept an eye out. Certainly Lily wouldn't be too far off. She wasn't worried about their safety more than she was indignant about the principle of the thing. She brought them all this way! The least they could do is *not wander off like an idiot!*

Magnolia raised an eyebrow. She eventually found someone familiar -- though it wasn't her precious, loyal, idiotic plaything. No, it was... a friend of hers?

"Jasmine?" Magnolia called out, in more than a little bewilderment. She hadn't seen Jasmine for quite some time... and she'd *never* expect to see Jasmine in a place like this. Then again she could say

the same for herself. Not to mention, she never saw her wife -- at least, she thought that was her wife with her. From what Jasmine had told her, her wife was a bit secluded.

Jasmine eventually whipped around, startled at the voice she definitely recognized. "Magnolia?" Her eyes widened. Jasmine took off her glasses to clean them briefly, making sure she was seeing clearly. "Is that you?"

"Yes, it is," Magnolia responded, walking up to her networking friend. "I must say, I would have never expected you to be in a place like this. And must I say, what a costume."

"I can say the same for you," Jasmine smirked. "I imagine we're in a similar situation."

"Yes," Magnolia sighed, rubbing her hands to her temples. "My... fiancée brought me here for their birthday. I must say, it's worth it for the sword."

"Mm," Jasmine nodded in acknowledgement. "One of my many playthings brought me here, too."

"Dear!" Diana hissed. "What are you doing, telling her about that?!"

"Oh, don't worry, I'm in a similar situation. How many is it now? Six?" Magnolia chuckled before reaching her arm out. "My name is Magnolia. You must be Jasmine's wife. I've heard quite a bit about you."

"…Diana," she hesitantly took Magnolia's hand. "So. Where's your… fiancée?"

Magnolia rolled her eyes. "That idiot ran off somewhere. I can't tell where. And yours?"

Jasmine stifled a laugh. "Seems our playthings ran off together. Shall we look for them?"

"It'd be my pleasure."

As the three walked off together, Diana slowly trailing behind with her eyes narrowed with mild jealousy, Jasmine noted the sword on Magnolia's back. "That's quite a sword. I had no idea you were into weaponry."

"What can I say?" Magnolia chuckled. "I might as well indulge the me who wanted a sword in high school." That was probably the only thing Magnolia would say about her past to Jasmine, ever. "Besides, I love spending my hard-earned money on things I enjoy."

"As do I," Jasmine spoke with a hint of competitiveness.

"Really? I wouldn't figured you'd buy anything other than new real estate," Magnolia teased. "What with that giant mansion of yours, and your harem of transformed playthings."

"How much *did* you tell her?" Diana groaned, rubbing her face in her hands.

Jasmine narrowed her eyes. "That sounds like a challenge. You really want to see who can spend more money? I didn't think you were like that, Magnolia. I thought you were much more…" Her lips curled. "Frugal."

"It's a challenge," Magnolia growled with a confident smirk.

~~

The festival went on. Lily realized it was still their birthday and this was not how they planned to spend it – they had wanted to spend the day by Magnolia's side, being treated out to everything they wanted, maybe getting teased and turned on at inconvenient moments… instead, they were watching over Clara, making sure she wouldn't do anything too stupid.

Clara eventually dragged Lily in for face painting – Lily got a few stars painted with glitter over their cheeks and eyes, but Clara opted for something much more extravagant. Lily checked their watch, pleading to be found by Magnolia soon. Or better yet – for Clara's Dommes to find her.

Lily tapped their foot impatiently. Not only were both of their handlers taking way too long to find them, but Clara kept asking for a million add-ons; basically whatever she thought was pretty. How much money did these Dommes have? Surely it'd be hard to compete with Magnolia in terms of funds, but this hypothetical woman seemed to be nearly at her level. It was hard to imagine how.

Clara was just about to get cat whiskers -- "It reminds me of, like, my friend Lisa!" -- before Lily saw a familiar figure.

"Oh, thank god," Lily sighed in relief as Magnolia -- carrying a lot of shopping bags -- walked into their eyeshot. They looked towards Clara, still in the chair trying to sit still and keep her dopey grin in check. "I... think she'll be okay..." they lied to themself as they ran up to Magnolia. Upon closer inspection, she was with some people, as well. Friends? Rivals?

"Mis-- erm, Magnolia!" Lily called out, rushing up to them. Magnolia whipped her head around and narrowed her eyes.

"There you are!" she scolded. "You dragged me out here and then had the nerve to walk off without me? You should know better, plaything."

"Um -- I'm, um, I'm sorry," they murmured apologetically. "I... got dragged off by, well, someone..."

Magnolia raised an eyebrow. The other two ladies exchanged some quiet words with each other, but Lily couldn't hear nor did they care to. "Who?"

Lily tilted their head gently towards Clara, still in the facepainting booth with a very annoyed shopkeeper.

"Oh, thank you," one of the unfamiliar ladies sighed. "Magnolia, was it? This one did good, watching over our Clara."

"...Hmm," Magnolia looked even more bewildered than Lily, somehow. "This..." she looked towards Clara as Diana walked towards her. "Princess... is your plaything?"

Jasmine chuckled. "Indeed. Surprised they managed to find each other. Maybe idiocy finds each other."

"H-hey!" Lily protested with a pout. Only Mistress was allowed to say that kind of thing to them!

Magnolia smirked towards Lily smugly. "Oh, don't complain. You know she's right." She looked towards Jasmine and Lily, figuring she should introduce the two. "Lily, this is Jasmine, a good friend and networking partner of mine. Jasmine, this is Lily, my devoted plaything... and fiancee."

"Marrying your plaything?" Jasmine scoffed. "Unconventional, but so is everything we do, I suppose."

"Net...working?" Lily shook their head. Probably another business term they didn't know. "Um, it's, um, it's nice to meet you," Lily tried to raise their voice as they bowed their head. Magnolia had trained them to treat all her friends with respect. In more ways than one.

"A pleasure to meet you too," Jasmine smirked. "Thank you for watching over my princess. She can't really be trusted to be alone for long periods of time."

Lily giggled nervously. "Yeah, I, uh, had to pull her away from... a few things. She's quite sweet, though."

"She is," Jasmine smirked even wider. "Had to train her that way."

It didn't take a ton of brains for Lily to figure out they had probably also trained her into being a dumb idiot, as well. After all, Magnolia had essentially done the same. Though, Lily's intelligence was more of a dimness, a general spaciness where it took a while for their brain to catch up to things. Whatever Lily couldn't understand probably didn't matter. Clara, though? Clara was a straight up idiot. All of her intelligence was directed towards princesshood. Maybe Magnolia was -- somehow -- kinder than Jasmine.

"And, um, that other woman..." Lily motioned towards Diana, who was apologizing to the shopkeeper and handing her a generous tip.

"That *other woman* would be my wife," Jasmine scolded with a sharp tongue. "Diana is her name, for what it's worth."

"Oh, cool," Lily smiled. 'Cool' was probably the wrong response, based on the way Magnolia and Jasmine silently smirked at each other. It was obvious they were being silently laughed at -- again. "So, um, Diana is your wife, and Clara is..."

"One of my playthings."

"One of?" Lily tilted her head.

"She has multiple," Magnolia informed them. "It's rude to ask too many questions, plaything. Shall we spend some time together, the five of us?"

"Certainly," Jasmine responded once Diana and Clara were back in ear shot. "Though... to be frank, I'm not sure what else we'd do here. We already visited every one of the shops." To emphasize her point, Jasmine held up the dozen bags from her shopping spree.

Lily grinned. "Why don't we do some of the games?"

"Games?" Clara's face lit up again. "I, like, like games!"

Diana crossed her arms. "So it's decided. I'm sure the smart ones here will put up a nice fight."

As they walked towards the games, Lily grinned. Their physical strength was not to be underestimated -- no matter how weak and subby they were.

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The 'games' Lily was talking about were not so much games as they were challenges. Usually, tests of physical strength or concentration. Lily didn't have much of the latter -- and Clara definitely didn't have a shred of it -- but Lily had plenty of strength to go around. The activities included throwing knives, axes, and cannonballs, archery, hammers, things of that nature.

Jasmine raised her eyebrow looking around, asking Diana nervously if she really wanted to do this. Diana was of course frustrated by the question, pushing her wife to stop being so overprotective. "I'm fine, dear," she reiterated. "If you don't believe me, then just watch me and I'll show you I'm not quite as dainty as you think."

Lily turned to Magnolia during their marital dispute. "What's up with them?" they asked quietly.

"I'm not quite sure," Magnolia looked at the overly concerned Jasmine curiously. "But I'm not so inclined as to get involved. *I* get protective too, you know," she looked down at Lily with a devilish smirk to emphasize that.

Lily giggled. “Well, I’m, like, technically your property, so… that makes sense.”

“See?” Magnolia ruffled Lily’s hair. “You *can* learn!”

Lily looked around. “So… I guess we can start with the knife throwing?”

“Absolutely *not*!” Jasmine protested. Diana elbowed her to interject.

“Yes, of course,” she smiled innocently.

The five of them got in line. Clara wanted to go, but as soon as she got a hold of the knife, Jasmine and Diana decided she couldn’t be trusted with a knife and took her out of the running. Jasmine went next, and to say she was out of shape would be an understatement. Her arms were the thinnest of the bunch – and as Diana stifled a laughter after she missed every single target, she defended herself. “I just don’t have time to practice for something as childish as this!”

“Oh, yeah?” Diana smirked as she took the knife and chucked it. It didn’t quite hit the center, but it got pretty close. The next three throws were the same – almost bullseyes, but not quite. Diana only noticed afterwards how flushed Jasmine’s face was. Lily had to wonder if she was humiliated or turned on. “Maybe you *should* practice.”

Magnolia smirked as the shopkeeper set down the knives for her. She hit one target – at the far end. The next knife missed, and her confident smirk turned into an annoyed scowl. The third one hit even further away from the first. And the fourth one hit an entirely different target than the one she was aiming for.

Lily had to use all their power to hold in their laughter. Magnolia, unfortunately for them, didn't let it go unnoticed. She shot a death glare at them, silencing their laughter immediately. "Is something *funny*, idiot?"

"N-no, Mistress! Everything's fine. You, uh, did well."

Magnolia's scowl only deepened. "You know better than to *lie* to me. That's two mistakes in the last 10 seconds."

Lily flushed. "I—I'm sorry, Mistress, I didn't—"

"Wow, you were like, so bad!" Clara interjected with a giggle.

Lily's eyes widened to the size of planets in horror as Magnolia slowly turned her head to the princess. Whatever anger she had towards Lily had slowly melted away. She had to plaster a grin onto her face.

"I can't tell if you've trained her well or poorly, Jasmine," Magnolia seethed through her teeth.

Jasmine physically dragged Clara close to her, gripping onto her hair tightly in a small punishment. "Oh, don't you worry. She will be getting a proper scolding for *that*," she threatened. "I apologize."

"But… I was righ—aah!"

"Enough of that," Magnolia smirked. "Lily, since you seem so confident, why don't *you* go next?"

"I… sure," Lily handed some cash to the person running the stand and took the four knives. "Gosh, I hope I don't hurt myself… or someone else," they murmured as they prepared the first knife. They made sure no one was directly behind them, and they threw.

It was an inch or two away from bullseye.

"Well, that was a good shot," the storekeeper smiled at them. "Let's see if you can do that again."

Lily grinned. "Alright! Let's see…" They threw the next one, and it was even closer.

Lily looked behind them before picking up the other knife. Clara was cheering. Jasmine was looking at them with a raised eyebrow, staring in curiosity. Diana had her arms crossed, annoyed she wasn't the best of the bunch anymore. And Magnolia – well, Lily couldn't tell if she looked, humiliated, frustrated, or turned on.

They shrugged. It didn't matter. They threw the next one.

Bullseye.

"Woohoo!" Clara cheered. "Lily, like, did the thing!"

"…Impressive," Magnolia forced a smirk. "Why don't you try to do that again, plaything?"

"I… I dunno if I'll be able to, but…" They readied the last knife. With one swift throw, it hit again – another bullseye.

“Well, what do ya know!” the storekeeper smiled. In the distance, past their adrenaline, Lily could hear Clara’s enthusiasm get even louder. “Now you can pick a prize from the wall.”

“Oh, cool! Let’s see…” They looked to Magnolia, hoping to get some ideas, but she just looked so pissed to be outdone by her *submissive* that she just stood there with her arms tightly crossed. *Well, she’s not going to feel like helping…* “What about—”

“They want the axolotl plush,” Magnolia interjected. Lily was about to protest, before they realized that was the thing they were eyeing. *Well, she was right, but I would have loved to get to pick…*

“S-Sure thing, if that’s okay with them.” The storekeeper got it off the rack and gave it to them. “Well done.”

Lily frowned as they began walking away. “I can’t believe you got to *pick my prize for me*!”

Magnolia shrugged. “That’s just the nature of things. Consider it a scolding – and a *gift*.”

“But I—"

“Completely humiliated me?” Magnolia finished, shooting a death glare down at them. “If it weren’t for being in public, I’d be punishing you worse right here and now.” Lily attempted to stammer out a response, but Magnolia bulldozed over them again. “I’ll see that it doesn’t happen again.”

The rest of the games, predictably, went the same. Clara was forbidden from doing anything because of her idiocy and poor impulse control. Jasmine didn’t even look like she was trying – and Magnolia would only do slightly better than her. Diana, shockingly, had a good grasp of most of the games, surprising even Jasmine. And then Lily outclassed all of them, getting the prizes – that Magnolia would of course pick for them. Any pride they took in winning was squashed by the looming threat of Magnolia taking out her anger on them when they’d get home.

The last game they had was archery – and while there were no prizes or points kept, Lily was still outdoing everyone. Eventually, Jasmine and Diana gave up, and Magnolia had enough herself.

“I’ve had enough of you embarrassing me, plaything,” Magnolia spoke sternly as she came in from behind Lily. “So I’m going to put an end to it.”

“B-but I’m doing so well,” Lily whispered.

“And I’m going to tell you every way I plan on using you and your poor holes when we get home.”

Lily froze, faltering in their position. Magnolia knew just how to press their buttons – and she made it a habit of doing it shamelessly, at the most inconvenient times. At least, inconvenient for Lily. “M-Mistress,” Lily stammered, trying to regain their archery position. “I… please, not now…”

“Yes, not now, of course. Not in front of all these people. But later. The minute we get home, I’m going to shove you onto the bed, and slap your face around until you can’t see straight. I’m going to insult you with all your favorite phrases – I’m going to call you a mindless idiot who’s only good for getting fucked and being used as a toy. I’m going to make you attempt to think, and watch you fail spectacularly just so I can laugh at you. I’m not going to give you a moment to reorient yourself, either. I’ll put you right into trance where you’re nice and deep and obedient for me, where you can’t embarrass

me again. Where you can't really do anything, actually, aside from serve me and be all dumb and ditzy and mindless for me."

Lily tried to shoot an arrow or two. They barely even noticed how off their aim was at that point. They could barely even focus on what they were doing – and with the way they had to stammer and clench their legs together, it didn't even matter.

"And then I'm going to keep you in trance for as long as I want. After all, why wouldn't I? It's easy access for me, and I don't have to hear your stupid mouth attempt to form a coherent thought. All I can do is spread your legs, so I can fuck you merciless. And you won't even register any of it. You'll just allow me to do whatever I want, won't you? Because I'm your Mistress, and you're just my plaything. For the vast majority of your life, what you want doesn't matter. As long as I want something from you, I'm going to get it. And right now? All that is what I want to do to you. I've half a mind to drag you home right now and get right to it."

They were slowly turned into a subby, steaming mess as they missed the rest of their arrows. They didn't even hit the wall with the targets – all their arrows were pointed towards the ground. And eventually, they had run out. "And you're done!" Magnolia said triumphantly. "Seems you're not better than me at some things, it turns out."

Lily wanted to mutter how mean she was being, but instead all they could do was try to walk off the hot steam and wait for the others. Once again, Diana was thoroughly outclassing Jasmine, frustrating her wife even further.

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As the five sat down at one of the tables eating what Jasmine called "disgusting carnival food", Clara miraculously had an *idea*.

"I know what we should, like, do next!" she said with way too much confidence.

"Oh?" Jasmine smirked, having not eaten a single bite. "Didn't count on you to have ideas. After all, we've done almost everything here."

Clara pouted at that sentiment. "But, like, it's really fun! Okay, so like… what if I go with you—" she pointed towards a suddenly bewildered Magnolia, "—and you go with, like, Mistress and Her Highness!" she then pointed towards an equally surprised Lily. "I like, don't know Mag, um, Mag…nolia too well, and I think she's like, really um…" Clara didn't have to finish that sentence. The way her cheeks flushed a bright red spoke for it.

"Well… I suppose it could be fun…" Lily mused, putting a hand to their chin. "But, like… I dunno. What do you think?" They turned to Magnolia, unsure if they wanted to be separated from their Mistress.

Magnolia smirked. "I think it might be fun. I get to see up close just what kind of conditioning Jasmine does. Besides, it could give me some more ideas…"

Lily paled. *I don't think I want to be quite as stupid as Clara, though…*

“Yeah! And like, Mistress and Her Highness can have fun with Lily! Like, um…” Clara furrowed her eyebrows, as if desperately trying to come up with another idea.

“Don’t worry, princess. I’m sure we can come up with something to do with Magnolia’s plaything,” Diana spoke with a smile on her face that *looked* innocent, but was secretly much more sinister. Lily froze, trying to imagine what Jasmine or Diana could ever want to do with them. Magnolia has passed them off to many of her friends, before; would this time be any different?

Lily looked between the three tops. “I… uh…” They finally set eyes on Magnolia. “W-what do you think, Mistress?”

“I think it’s a *lovely* idea,” she smirked, eyeing Clara with devious intent. Lily felt even more like a deer in headlights, being subjected to such a thing. “As long as you treat my property well, of course. And no changes or transformations, either – I love them just as they are.”

“I have no plans to do anything different,” Jasmine responded curtly. “You may want to put Clara on a leash, though. She can’t be trusted to go off alone *again*.”

Clara looked like she wanted to protest, but couldn’t do much, what with the conditioning Jasmine must have put her through. “Don’t worry,” Magnolia chuckled. “I think I have something that will keep her in check. I don’t think you need to put my plaything on a leash, though.”

“Huh? Why?” Lily lifted an eyebrow.

“Because, idiot,” Magnolia pulled their head close to hers. “You wouldn’t dare to embarrass me in front of my friends if you tried.”

Lily paled. “O-of course, Mistress.”

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“There,” Magnolia said triumphantly, pulling key from the locked leash. “Now you can’t run off again.”

Clara looked down at herself and frowned. Much to her chagrin, there was – for some reason – a belt hoop on the corset of her dress. Magnolia swiftly used it, attaching a leash with a lock to it and taking the key for herself. Magnolia gripped onto the hoop of the leash tightly, implying she wasn’t intent on letting her go at any point.

“But… there’s like, so many pretty things, Mag, um… Mag-no…”

Magnolia narrowed her eyes. “It’s *Magnolia*. God, I can’t believe Jasmine made someone stupider than Lily. If you’re going to spend time with me, you might as well learn how to pronounce my name.”

“Um, okay!” Clara giggled cheerily. “Mag… no… la?”

“Magnolia,” she corrected tersely.

“Oh, I got it! Mag-lo-nia!”

“Magnolia,” she corrected *again*, getting increasingly angry. “Aren’t you a princess? Don’t you know it’s *polite* to pronounce people’s names correctly? Or do I have to maybe make some changes to Jasmine’s conditioning, and forbid you from telling her?”

Clara deflated. It looked like she didn’t want that – after all, Jasmine was her Mistress, not Magnolia. “Um… Magnolia…” she finally managed.

“There you go,” Magnolia smiled. “Looks like I don’t need to do more work.”

“That’s, like, good! So, um, what should we do, Miss Magnolia?”

“Hmm…” Magnolia looked around. She’d already gone to all the stores. And she wasn’t keen on trying more food. “I believe a sparring competition is happening soon. That seems in my interests.”

“Okay!” Clara sang. “What’s, um, sparring?”

Magnolia sighed in exasperation. “Don’t worry your pretty little head about it. I’m sure you’ll understand once you see it.”

She led Clara away to the stage – or at least where she thought the stage was. After a lot of wandering around aimlessly and Clara attempting to escape to buy the next shiny thing she could see, they managed to find the stage. Being only a few minutes late, they got decent *enough* seats.

“They’re not using actual swords?” Magnolia grumbled. “Amateurs.”

Clara obviously didn’t know what the word ‘amateurs’ meant, so instead she just scooted closer to a puzzled Magnolia. “Hiiii there,” she giggled.

“…Hello,” Magnolia raised an eyebrow. *Wow, she really is a princess bimbo.* “You should be quiet. You’re disturbing the show.”

“Awe,” Clara pouted as she crossed her arms. “Maybe I should join on stage.”

“Yes, I’m sure Jasmine would love to give me an earful if I let you do that.”

“Yeah, I think she would!” Clara noted as if that’d be a good thing.

Magnolia gave a tug of the leash and shook her head. “Alright, fine, you want some entertainment?” Magnolia whispered threateningly. “I’m curious how much brain damage Jasmine did to you. Clara, can you tell me what twelve times twelve is?”

“Oh, I’m like, real good at math,” Clara grinned. “That’s, like, seven…seventy… seven!”

Magnolia smirked. Now *this* was entertaining. “Sure it is. What about six time five?”

“Five! Um, no, wait, twelve!”

With every question, Magnolia’s grin widened even further. Clara couldn’t tell if she looked just smug or extremely turned on. “Ten plus two.”

“Five!”

“Alright, one more,” Magnolia had to do everything in her power not to pounce on Clara and start using her right then and there. “One plus two.”

“One million hundred!” Clara announced confidently, not caring that people were staring at her.

“Alright, now *this* was fun,” she grinned. “I think I have another idea for what we can do. But we’ll have to go back to the others.”

Clara tilted her head, but before she could ask anymore questions, Magnolia had pulled her out the leash and dragged Clara away. As they walked away, Magnolia noticed some people staring at Clara and giggling.

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Lily stared uncomfortably at the two Dommes, fidgeting with their hands. They'd been used by Magnolia's friends before. Most of those times they were in a deep trance, though. This felt... different. Lily felt like they were being held to different standards. Not to mention, they couldn't get a good read on either of them. Jasmine and Diana's stares were both piercing in an uncomfortable way. Lily already wasn't good with people skills. They were even worse when tall, hot ladies were looking at them in 'that way'.

"So, uh... you two have, um, five playthings, right?" Lily asked. They realized immediately that was probably the wrong way to start.

"Yes," Diana smirked, nodding her head. "Some have come and left, though. I'd say we've had about twelve, in total."

"Wow," Lily gaped with wide eyes. "I-I can't imagine having any other people, erm, serving... Mistress... with me." That was true. Magnolia was almost certainly fully monogamous, if not for her habit of sharing Lily around like they were a bucket of candy. "S-so!" Lily shook their head. "Tell me, um, about the others? I've met Clara, but... are they all..."

"Dumb idiots obsessed with princesshood? No, of course not," Jasmine chuckled. "We choose what our playthings turn into over time. Clara came to us as a smart, nerdy graduate who finished college at the top of her class. So we took away all her smarts and replaced it with... well, that. We have a bratty catgirl, a drone girl who was our first plaything, someone who runs the maids in our mansion." Lily blinked. They had maids? How much money did these people have? "We even have someone who we've transformed from a cutesy, beautiful femme into a fuckboy jock. We've also done other forms of pet play, more personality transformations... things like that."

Lily giggled at the last one. "Being turned into a jock sounds fun. I even work out a lot!"

Jasmine narrowed her eyes excitedly. "Yes, but it wouldn't matter what you want, would it?"

Lily gulped, paling. "W-well... if it's okay to ask..." They clenched their legs together. Why did this sound so hot? "W-what would you turn me into?"

Jasmine rubbed her hand to her chin, narrowing her eyes and looking Lily up and down. Diana had a similar look on her face, with a raised eyebrow. "I'm not quite sure. What do you think, dear?"

"I think I'd make you *smart*."

Lily blinked. "Huh? But that's..."

"The opposite of what Magnolia is doing to you. I know," Jasmine smirked. "I think that would be perfect, actually. I'd make you do all my books and busy work. You'd spend the rest of your day nerding out over Excel spreadsheets, filing all my taxes, drafting the perfect cease and desist letters... only to be pulled from your work to serve me or my wife. Yes, it's not conventional, but I'd love that."

Lily froze – not in arousal, but in bewilderment. Was that even a kink? Maybe these two were in it for just watching the drastic changes, the conditioning, the small things over time. After all, Lily was so bad at math, it was a miracle if they'd get simple arithmetic correct on the first try. Being able to only think of accounting and spreadsheets and busywork… it would sure be a change, that was for certain.

"I… I see," Lily flushed, looking away.

"Awww, they like that," Diana cooed. "Why don't we have a chat with Magnolia, then, dear? I'm sure she wouldn't mind a few changes…"

Lily squeaked. No, she'd *definitely* mind.

"Mm, sadly I think Magnolia has her eyes set on this one. I think she'd use that new fancy sword of hers to put an end to that instantly," Jasmine chuckled. "But it's fun to think about. Turning a dumb idiot into a smart nerd… but, who's only able to think about bookkeeping and service." With each and every word, Lily looked more flustered, and started having to hide their face in their hands. "Aww, what's wrong? Maybe I should pitch the idea to Magnolia. She's always firing her assistants after all, for being incompetent. Don't you think she could use what's left of Lily's brain for her good?"

"B-but… I can't…" Lily shook their head. "I-I like the way I am…" The conversation was quickly becoming sour. They couldn't imagine being changed against their Mistress' will! Even by her friends! "I… I don't think Mistress would… like that."

"Really? Do you think that matt—" Diana smirked before she was cut off. Jasmine instantly began to notice Lily's discomfort and put a hand on Diana's before she could continue. Slowly, the conversation died, and Lily's nerves began to fall still again.

Lily shook their head, trying to get the last of their anxiety out of them. "S-sorry. I get… nervous."

"Please don't worry about it," Jasmine bit her lip. "We went a tad too far, for someone who didn't sign a contract or anything. We…" The other cruel businesslady averted her eyes. "Apologize."

"O-oh, it's fine," Lily forced a smile. "It's… fun to think about." *But my heart and mind* only *belong to Mistress!* They thought.

Diana pouted. She looked desperately like she wanted to go further, and even Lily could tell. Neither Jasmine nor Lily responded to it. Suddenly, her face lit up from its earlier pensiveness, getting a different idea. "I have an idea that you *may* be up for," she smiled.

"W-what is it?"

Diana didn’t say anything right away, turning to her left. Lily followed her gaze. As soon as they saw Magnolia walking back with the chained-up Clara, Lily’s face instantly widened with delight. “Mistress!” they called out. “You’re back!”

“Yes, I am,” Magnolia sneered as she turned to Jasmine and Diana. “You two really did a number on this one. I can’t believe she graduated college.”

“Mm, she was quite bright and talented before all this,” Jasmine confirmed. “Your plaything was quite nice to hang out with too, Magnolia. Now, if you’d please…” she looked down at the leash.

Magnolia took a moment to realize what Jasmine was talking about. “Oh, right.” She undid the chain on Clara’s dress and Clara rushed up to her Owners. “I trust you treated Lily well?”

“Oh, yes,” Jasmine shot a grin at the still-flustered Lily. “They were quite a joy to be around. Now, I think I have a fun idea for what we can do next, once we leave this… swamp.”

Magnolia raised an eyebrow. Suddenly, a wide smirk crossed her lips. “I believe we may have the same idea.”

Lily and Clara looked at each other; Lily looked confused, silently asking Clara for clarification. Clara just stared at them with that dumb, dim smile. That was the last thing Lily saw before they heard those four sweet words they knew so well, falling instantly into a deep trance.

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Lily's eyes slowly slid opened as they reoriented to their surroundings. It was always so hard to readjust when their Mistress would use their trigger phrase so suddenly. They realized something else, though -- they weren't at the faire anymore. Nor were they back in their house. They sat up, noticing the soft, plush cream-colored couch they were laying on. They felt like they had just taken a long nap, but... where were they?

They looked around, rubbing their eyes. Clara was sitting next to them, and from the looks of it, she was just coming out of trance too. Lily shook their head, trying to brush the cobwebs off their brain. Their eyes shifted across from them. They instantly appeared much more attentive as they saw a smug Magnolia grinning at them -- and more confused when they saw Jasmine and Diana on the couch next to her.

"Wha... what's going on, Mistress?" Lily asked, staring at their Mistress with bewilderment. "Where are we?"

"You're in my personal residence," Jasmine commented, taking a sip of her tea. Diana was wrapped around Jasmine's arm like a sweater. "At least, one wing of it."

A wing? Lily wasn't quite sure what she meant, but at least now they knew they were at her house. "Um... forgive me for asking, Jasmine--"

"That'll be Miss Jasmine, for today. And please, refer to her as Miss Diana."

Lily gulped and nodded. They realized what was happening. "O-of course. S-sorry, Miss Jasmine. I... actually think that answers my question," they laughed nervously. They fell completely silent, as their

mind raced. What was Magnolia going to have them do? How would it go? What sorts of degrading, humiliating things would they be put through?

"Oh, wipe that worried look off your face, plaything," Magnolia sneered. "Unless you want me to take it off for you." Lily vibrantly shook their head. "All we're going to do is have you put on a bit of entertainment for us. Specifically, we're going to see you two..."

Magnolia trailed off, only to watch Lily's eyes widen. Jasmine and Diana clearly enjoyed the sight as well. Clara either didn't care or didn't notice. Magnolia finally finished her statement.

"Decide who's the more dominant idiot."

Lily gaped. "U-um..." they looked between the two of them. There was no way Lily had a dominant bone in them -- they were far too subby to be that way. And Clara? Lily would be surprised if she knew what the term dominant meant.

"Your plaything looks uncertain," Diana noted. "I thought you trained them to obey without question."

"I did," Magnolia's eyes narrowed to a threatening glare, silencing whatever complaints Lily might have had. "Because they know exactly what will happen if they disobey me."

"Y-yes, Mistress," Lily nodded. "So..."

"So, whoever makes the other one cum first, wins a prize," Jasmine smiled. Lily had to wonder what this 'prize' meant -- usually it was some kind of sexual gratification, or if Magnolia was feeling extra mischievous, the 'prize' would be denial.

Clara grinned widely. "Like, okay! I can like, totally do that," she giggled.

"Well then," Magnolia clapped. "What are you waiting for? Get to it, idiots."

Happy birthday to me, Lily thought to themself sarcastically as they tried their damndest to fake that they had a single toppy bone in their body.