

Candid Confessions

Faye Valentine

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Pacing back and forth in front of her parents Alayna and Dennis, younger sister Shayla, older brother Tristan and fiancé Lexi, Maisie waited for her other older brother Shawn to return from the bathroom before telling them the reason she asked them all over to her place. He walked in a couple of minutes later and sat down on the couch next to their brother. She paced the length of the living room four more times before stopping. Looking from one to another she took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. “Okay, this is going to be as hard for you to hear as it is for me to say so I’m asking that you please let me finish before jumping down my throat. If you have questions I’ll gladly answer them to the best of my ability but please try to keep it civil. Also, nothing is off the table so feel free to ask anything no matter how embarrassing you think it might be. Agreed?”

“I’ve got somewhere to be at eight so can we get on with it?” eighteen year old Shayla impatiently asked as she stared at her phone.

“We can get started just as soon as you put your phone away and pay attention.”

“Fine, whatever,” Shayla sighed.

“Thank you. As you all know Lexi and I are engaged to be married next year. You also know that she was the first and only person I’ve ever dated. What you don’t know is that we also live a bdsm lifestyle.” With part of her deepest, darkest secret finally off her chest, Maisie pulled a sleek leather collar from her right pants pocket and placed it around her neck. “And now that you know, I won’t be taking this off again.”

“Okay, well that answers my first question,” her sister said. “So, is this like some Fifty Shades shit? Do you have a dungeon?”

“No and yes.”

“What the hell do you mean you live a bdsm lifestyle?” her mother asked with barely contained disgust.

“I mean that I submit to Mistress Lexi and she dominates me. I can see the disgust on your face and that’s okay. It’s not for everyone. All I ask is that you respect my decision and not treat me any differently because of it.”

“I didn’t raise you to let people walk all over you,” her mother scoffed.

“No one walks all over me mom. In fact, I’m the one with all the power in this relationship.”

“Yeah right.”

“It’s true,” Lexi piped in for the first time.

“Let me explain,” Maisie said. “From the outside it may seem as if Mistress has all the power. I mean, I have given up control to her. I submit and obey her commands without hesitation. But in reality I call the shots. Let’s start at the beginning of any good bdsm relationship. I knew I was submissive since I was young. Honestly, it’s one of the biggest reasons I’ve never once disobeyed either of you,” she said to her parents. “Obeying just felt right so that’s what I’ve always done. Anyways, when I was eighteen I went to the internet searching for clubs in the area and found several. I went to them all but only one had everything I was looking for. Fast-forward three months. I met Mistress Lexi on a Friday night and we didn’t stop talking and getting to know each other ever since.”

“I don’t see how that gives you the power,” her mother cut her off.

“I’m getting there. Safe, sane and consensual. That is the bdsm creed. Anyone who just walks into a bdsm relationship without first getting to know the one they’re dominating or

submitting to is just looking for a bad time and will probably get it. Consent is about more than saying yes to sex. Part of every bdsm relationship is to sit down and discuss what each participant expects from each other and what they want out of the relationship. And part of that is going over limits.”

“Limits?” her brother Tristan asked.

“There are two types of limits. Soft and hard. Soft limits are those things I’ll only do under certain circumstances. For instance, I’ll only do gang bangs with men in the club setting and they must wear condoms. Hard limits are those things I would only do if my life is genuinely at risk. For instance, incest and bestiality. Permanent marks, blood play and most forms of body modification are also hard limits. I’m willing to do everything else without question.”

“Holy shit!” Shayla exclaimed.

“Anyways, to the power dynamic. Limits are there for a reason. Those are the things I’m telling Mistress that I’m willing and not willing to do. Mistress has her own. Thankfully both lists overlap nearly perfectly. As long as she abides by the list we’re great. But if she tries making me do something on the lard limits list she’s breaking the rules. The reverse is also true by the way.” Seeing the somewhat confused looks on her family’s faces, she decided to change strategies. “Let me put it this way. Mistress Lexi is only allowed to do those things I give her permission to do. Anything else becomes abuse and no matter how much I love her I won’t hesitate to have her arrested on the spot. Sorry, that was a bit longwinded but it’s important you know everything involved and that we both take this lifestyle very seriously.”

“So, you do gang bangs and your fiancé is okay with that?” her brother Shawn asked.

“SHAWN!” their mother exclaimed. “That is not something you ask your sister.”

“It’s okay, mom. I said I’ll answer all...”

“No, it isn’t okay. None of this is okay and I’ll be damned if I’m going to sit here and let that...”

“Stop talking before you say something we’ll all regret,” Maisie warned. “If you don’t want to hear it then you’re free to leave. Otherwise please respect me and my home by acting like an adult. Yes,” she said, turning to her brother. “I do gang bangs with men and women. But like I said, I only do all male ones at the club.”

“How many?” her sister asked.

“I’ve done five gang bangs so far. Three with all men and two with all women.”

“How many? Um, how many men and women?”

“The three with men were me and seven, thirteen and twenty-eight men. The two with women were me and Mistress with eleven and fifteen women.”

“Jesus Christ! So, you’ve had sex with forty-eight men and twenty-six women?”

“During gang bangs yes. I’ve actually had sex with three-hundred-seventy-four men and sixty-one women since I started going to clubs two years ago.”

“Fucking hell! How? Also, how in the heck are you even able to stand, let alone walk straight? Do you freaking live there or something?”

“No, but I do work there,” Maisie admitted. “Which is how I’ve been able to have sex with so many in just two years. Sorry mom and dad, but I don’t work in sales. I actually work at a fetish club and before you say anything, I love my job and have no intentions of quitting anytime soon.”

“What club?” her father asked.

“Club Triskelion. I’m not going to tell you what days or hours. If you want to check it out be respectful and follow the rules. If your intent is to try getting me fired, don’t. They’re not going to do anything on your word alone and even less when they learn you’re my father.”

“What else do you do? Um, sexually speaking that is?” Shayla asked.

“Can we go now?” their mother grumbled.

“Stop being such a baby and listen to what our daughter has to say,” Dennis said to his wife. “Or don’t you care about her life and well-being?”

“Of course I do but that doesn’t mean I have to sit here and listen to her discussing her sex life and the fact that the rest of you do tells me you’re all a bunch of damn perverts.”

“Honey, I need to use the toilet,” Lexi said, getting up from the recliner.

“Yes Mistress.” Without missing a beat Maisie took three steps to her right and got on her knees in front of her fiancé. Lexi raised her skirt showing everyone present she was not wearing panties. Maisie leaned in and placed her mouth over her Mistress’ vulva. Everyone in the room gasped and then went silent as they watched her drink.

“I’m going to be sick,” Alayna said.

“Don’t be such a baby,” Shayla replied. “It’s not that bad.”

Maisie was suddenly gulping air and knew her Mistress had cut the stream off long before finishing. Looking up, she saw her motion with a finger. Lexi then took a step back and to the left. “Mistress?”

“Prove it,” Lexi said.

Shayla had started drinking her boyfriend’s pee two months ago and had done it three four times a day since – twice with him and two more times her own, but she did not think her sister’s fiancé would call her out on it. “Um…”

“You don’t have to lie,” Lexi said, shaking her head in disappointment.

“I’m not lying!” Getting up, Shayla walked over and knelt in front of Lexi. “I’ve never drank it from a woman before.”

“Just open wide and place your mouth over my vulva. If you really do drink it the rest should come naturally.”

Face burning hot, Shayla did as told. She could smell Lexi’s natural scents and just the hint of urine in the air. Lexi’s flavors hit her tongue and she felt her clit tingle with excitement. Unable to help it, she licked. Once. Twice. Five times. And then the piss hit the back of her throat. Training kicking in, she swallowed.

“Nice!” Maisie exclaimed as she watched her sister drink the rest of her Mistress’ pee. “Make sure you lick her clean afterwards.”

“That’s it! I am not going to sit here and watch my daughters drinking piss and having sex with another woman!” Getting up, Alayna grabbed her purse and stomped out the front door. Looking back to see if her husband was following and seeing him still sitting on the couch made her even more furious. He got up after a few seconds and she smirked triumphantly only to scowl when he closed the door on her.

“Your mother’s right,” Dennis said. “I think you’re taking this too far.”

“Sorry dad,” Shayla said after giving Lexi’s pussy a dozen or so licks. “But she called me a liar and I’m anything but.”

“My apologies,” Lexi offered. “And nice job not spilling any of it.”

“I’m not going to apologize,” Maisie said. “As long as it’s on my green list I’ll obey Mistress’ commands without hesitation no matter who might be around when she issues them. So, do you guys have any more questions?”