

Extreme Submission

Faye Valentine

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After years everyone telling me I should give up my job in sales and go into modeling and adamantly refusing on grounds I did not think I had what it took to walk the runway, I was ultimately not given a choice when the company I worked for started laying people off and a year later went under completely. Using this opportunity to prove to family and friends I was not model material, I went straight to a local modeling agency called Sapphire Promotions which, to my surprise lined up several jobs for various magazines. It was not the runway, but it was work that kept the lights on.

I built my modeling portfolio around fashion – wearing everything from jeans and tee shirts to elegant dresses and on rare occasion lingerie. It was the latter that got me noticed by one Damien Howell. The name was lost on me, but he was an apparent big deal in the not so niche world of fetishwear. While out of my normal comfort zone, I was offered substantially more than I had ever made in my life and a contract that would keep me working for the next five years. To most it would have seemed like an easy decision, but no so for me.

I had spent my entire life building an image for myself and while I may have accepted jobs modeling certain types of lingerie, none of them included harnesses, latex, leather or anything that could even remotely be construed as kinky. Sitting down with family and friends, I went over a cozen catalogs and the offer I was made and to my surprise nearly everyone including my best friend Rachel, my parents and even my great aunt Tessa told me I would be a fool to turn it down. Taking their word for it, I signed and a few days later I found myself at Extreme Restraints for my first shoot.

I was in the building all of three minutes when I was greeted by the man himself. Tall. Well-built. Unearthly handsome with the most beautiful icy blue eyes I had ever seem. Damien Howell took my hand in his and my heart skipped a beat. “Pleasure to finally meet you face to face Ms. Knight.”

“Likewise, Sir. And please, call me Alicia.”

“You sound nervous, Alicia. No need. The second I saw your portfolio I knew you were exactly what this company needed which is why I made you such a lucrative offer. Anyways, I have several shoots lined up for you today so if you’ll please follow me we’ll get to it.”

“You...you’re going to do the shoots, Sir?”

“Absolutely. I may be the president and CEO but I’m also an accomplished photographer with more than seventeen years’ experience. Unless you’re saying you have a problem with a male photographer.”

“N-Not at all, Sir, I’m just surprised the owner of the company would...nevermind, I’m just going to shut up now before my big mouth gets me into trouble.” I had seen thousands of smiles in my lifetime but the one he gave me in that moment was the first to ever make me want to bow to the demands of its owner and it both scared and excited the hell out of me as I followed him through the building and into a large room divided into multiple sets including pretty much every room one would find in a house.

A busty brunette wearing a red and black corset, latex mini skirt and heels emerged from a room off to the left, saw us and walked over. “Alicia, this is Janet. Janet, this is our newest model Alicia Knight.”

“Pleasure to meet you Alicia. I can call you Alicia, right?”

“Sure. Nice to meet you too.”

“Since this is your first venture into the wonderful world of fetishwear Janet will help you with some of the clothes as well as the non-clothing related scenes.”

“Non-clothes related scenes, Sir?”

“He means scenes where you’ll get into positions, various forms of bondage and toys such as cuffs, floggers, canes and the like.”

“Floggers? Canes? Um...”

“I know it sounds scary, but I’m a trained dominatrix and I’ll be here to ensure you have the best possible experience. So, what will we be starting with, Mr. Howell?”

“Why don’t we go ahead and start with positions, bondage and toys to get it out of the way and if we have time she can model some clothes? How does that sound to you Alicia?”

“Not going to lie, I’m a bit scared. I’ve never been tied up and not certain I like the idea of it. And I like being flogged and caned even less if I’m being honest. But, that being said, this is what I signed up for so I’ll do my best.”

“Actually, why don’t we get her into something a little more appropriate first?” Taking me by the hand, Janet gave me a big grin. “Go ahead and get set up and we’ll return shortly.”

“Um, I thought he was the one in charge around here?”

“Oh, he is, but when it comes to preparing for certain things he gives me very wide latitude because he knows I have the knowledge and skills needed to make for the best shoots. Five-seven, one-twenty-eight, thirty-four, twenty-four, thirty-seven right?”

“Um, yeah.”

“It wasn’t a lucky guess. I make a habit of reading the portfolios of everyone I’m working with. Despite your nervousness you have a very dominant look to you so I’m thinking we’ll dress the part. How does a garter dress and thigh-high boots sound?”

“This is way out of my experience so I’ll leave the clothing choices in your hands.”

“I’m thinking we’ll start off with you being dominant and slowly break you until you’re a willing and obedient submissive. I think that will sell very well.”

“Um, what do you mean by slowly break me?”

“Sorry, shop talk. Basically, through a series of scenes taking weeks, if not months, the shoots will show you going from dominant to submissive. You’ll start off in clothes commonly associated with dominants and gradually shift to harnesses, collars and the like. Add in learning the various positions and commands and for all intents and purposes you’ll be a trained submissive. Or at least that’s what those seeing them will believe.”

“But I’m not actually being trained as a submissive, right?”

“Correct. It’s all just for show. Go ahead and strip naked and we’ll get you dressed for the first shoot.”

Even more nervous than before, I took my clothes off and put on a form-fitting black latex dress that barely covered my ass. Next, I put on a pair of pantied and matching thigh-high boots. She quickly put my hair in a ponytail and I was following her out of the changing room and to the living room set.

“This first scene will set the stage for everything that follows. How are you at ad-libbing?”

“I can go with the flow.”

“Great. We’re both playing the part of dominant women. I tell you I need practice working on my bondage skills and you agree to help me out. We’ll got to the dungeon where you’ll strip and I’ll put you in various positions and ties. Once I have you restrained I’ll tease that I’m going to keep and train you as my personal submissive. Can you ad-lib to that?”

“I think I can manage as long as you start things off.”

“Great. Hopefully we can get it in one take and we can move on to the next scene. And if not, well, you’ll get a lot of practice being tied up,” she smiled. “Not that I’ll complain either way. One more thing, and this is key you this being a successful series of shoots, are you open to playful teasing, kissing and simulated or real acts of a sexual nature?”

“Whoa! I didn’t sign up to do porn.”

“Calm down. No one is asking you to do porn. But it would help sell the shoots if you were open to letting me kiss and play with you. I mean, you’ve already signed the contract agreeing to use toys so is it really that much to ask?”

“You said sex.”

“It can be simulated if you’re more comfortable with that.”

“I’m honestly not comfortable with any of this.”

“Then why did you come work for a fetish company? Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad you did. You’re an incredibly beautiful woman and will go far, but if you can’t do the most basic of things associated with this line of work then Mr. Howell might have to rethink your contract.”

“So, you’re going to blackmail me into doing it?”

“Of course not, but didn’t you even take a look at our magazines and website? At the full range of shoots we do here?”

“I did, but I was under the impression I was here just to model clothes.”

“Which is why I’m asking permission to go further. If you don’t want to do it then we’ll have to waste time coming up with another shoot for you to do.”

“I’m straight.”

“And?”

“You’re asking me to kiss and have sex with another woman.”

“Have you ever had sex with a man you didn’t want to?”

“Yes but…”

“It’s no different. Except this time you won’t be drunk,” she said with a knowing smile.

“It might help. Fine, I’ll do it but don’t expect me to like it.”

“Actually, I’m hoping you don’t. It’ll make breaking you all the more believable. Oh, and so you know, there are cameras everywhere so there’s a recording now of you agreeing to have sex with me in case you have a change of heart and think to somehow try using it against us.”

“The thought never crossed my mind.”