

Faithful Surrender

Faye Valentine

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Three weeks earlier...

Pacing back and forth, occasionally looking at my husband sitting in his favorite recliner, I eventually let out a long sigh and stood in front of him. “Before we set it up, I want to make one thing perfectly clear. This is a one-time deal and when we’re done I never want it mentioned in this house again or so help me god I’ll file for divorce,” I said staring into his gorgeous blue-grey eyes. “I’ll do it.”

“Sweet. And what exactly will you do?”

“What you’ve been asking me to do since we started dating. For one night, and only one night, I’ll submit and do a threesome with another woman. And before you even say it, I want absolutely no proof it ever happened so no recording it. And if anyone finds out I’ll divorce you on the spot. Those are my terms. Accept them and you get one night. Don’t, and, well, this is a one-time offer so I suggest not wasting it.”

“In that case, I accept. I’ll have everything set up Friday. When you come home from work go straight to the bathroom and shower and come to the bedroom naked. Now, I have to ask why, after nearly six years of knowing each other are you now suddenly agreeing to do this?”

“In part to shut you up about it and because your birthday is coming up and I figured this was about the best damn present I could give you.”

“Fair enough. Do you understand what it means to be submissive?”

“Yeah, you bark commands and I follow.”

“Not exactly. In a nutshell, yes, you obey the commands of your Master – in this case me, but it’s not just blind obedience. That’s slavery, not submission. For instance, if I commanded you to strip naked and ram your fist up your ass, as a submissive you could tell me that’s one of your limits and not something you’re willing to explore. As a slave, however, your only choice is to do it or be disciplined.”

“Are you really going to ask me to ram my fist up my ass?”

“You’ll have to wait until Friday to find out. One more thing. Since we’re playing the roles of Master and submissive – you are being submissive and not a slave, right?”

“Based on what you just said? Yeah, I’ll stick to being submissive if it’s all the same to you.”

“Then to get you into the mindset I would like you to call me Master starting right now. You don’t have to submit or do anything else involved with the lifestyle other than that until Friday. And to really cement the idea I want you to accept the discipline that comes with disrespecting my authority over you whenever you fail to call me Master.”

“Discipline?”

“I’ll go buy a few toys for the occasion and discipline will take the form of swats on the ass with a cane.”

“HELL NO!”

“If you remember to call me Master you’ve got nothing to worry about. And I’ll sweeten the deal. Do it and when the night is over I’ll give you a very special gift. And no, I will not tell you what it is other than to say it will look absolutely stunning on you.”

“H-How many swats?”

“Five for the first infraction, ten for the second, twenty-five for the third and fifty every time after that.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“The choice is yours honey, but this is a one-time offer so if you refuse it now you’ll never get the special gift.”

Resuming my pacing, I silently thought about what he said. I did not like the idea of calling him Master or for being caned if I failed to do so, but there was a gift on the line and he was nothing if not generous when it came to buying things for me. Stopping in front of him again, I exhaled slowly. “Fine, I accept, Master.”

“God that sound so sexy coming from you. Do you know what safewords are?”

“Sort of, but to make sure we’re both on the same page go ahead and explain it as if I didn’t, Master.”

“Safewords are code words or phrases the bottom: in this case you, tells the top: in this case me, that everything is okay, needs to slow down or stop completely. The most commonly used are green, yellow and red. As I said, green means everything is perfect and things can continue as they are. Yellow means things are getting a little too intense and it needs to be dialed back a bit. And red means there’s something seriously wrong and the scene has to immediately stop. Understood?”

“Yes Master.”

“Please remember to use them if the need arises. All I ask is that you don’t go yelling red every time I ask you to do something you’re not one-hundred percent okay with. I’m going to push your limits Friday, honey, and I want you to do your best to accept whatever comes your way. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes Master. But there are some things I’m never going to do no matter how much you push me and you know what they are as we’ve had that conversation at least as many times as the one about threesomes and submission. There’s just one more thing. I get to pick the woman we do it with.”

“Actually, I already have a woman in mind and that’s whom we’ll go with. Trust me, you’ll like her and I won’t negotiate on this.”

“Fine, we’ll use your woman, Master. Who is she? If we’re going to spend the night having kinky sex then I’d like to talk to her first”

“Someone from work. And you can talk to her after we play a little. I want to keep things as mysterious as possible. I changed my mind on buying the toys. I think it would be better for you to do it. I’ll make a list and you can go right away. And if you do not get everything on it you will be disciplined for disobedience. Understood?”

“Yes Master,” I said, but the look on my face relayed how displeased I was with the idea of going to an adult toy store. Especially to buy what would no doubt be some very kinky items.

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“Good Lord! We need all of this for one night of sex, Master?” I asked, looking down at the long list of toys.

“I want to be prepared for any scenario. Remember, buy everything on that list or you’ll be disciplined. And the punishment for disobedience starts at twenty-five swats of the cane to your breasts and ass.”

“MY BREASTS, MASTER!”

“You heard me. Now take my credit card and go shopping while I set things up with my friend. Oh, on the back of the paper is the address for a shop you can get everything at so you don’t have to go driving all over town looking.”

“Y-Yes Master,” I said, now regretting ever opening my big mouth in the first place.

And hour and forty minutes later, I pulled into the parking lot of what looked more like a warehouse than any sex toy store I had ever seen and the only indication it was the later was the sign on the front of the building that simply read: SINSATIONS. Getting out of my car, I hurried to the back door before anyone had a chance to see me – a silly notion considering I was about a hundred yards back off the street with a huge brick building blocking the view, but that’s the mindset I was in.

Opening the door expecting to be greeted by a greasy creep checking me out, I was confused to find myself in a sort hall was a man standing to the left of a door and a small booth to the right where a petite brunette sat looking bored. Walking up to her, I nervously fidgeted. “Um, excuse me, but this is an adult toy store, right?”

“That it is. Welcome to Sinsations. I’ll just need to see your ID before you can enter.”

“Um, okay.” Digging through my purse, I fished out my driver’s license and handed it over. “Why do you need to see my ID?”

“Because you must be eighteen or over to enter and because our saleswomen don’t exactly wear street clothes,” she answered, looking from the driver’s license to me and back down again. “Faith. That’s a pretty name,” she smiled sliding it back under the glass. “How would you like to save twenty-percent on today’s purchase?”

“Why do I have a feeling I’m not going to like where this is going?”

“All you have to do is go in, walk up to the first saleswoman you see and tell her you’d like the twenty-percent deal. She will ask you to take your top and bra off and if you agree and do your shopping topless you’ll get twenty-percent off. If you don’t want to save the money then don’t do it. The choice is yours.”

“I’d hate to hear what I would have to do for fifty percent off,” I joked.

“Tell her you want that deal. You might like it. Also, since I’m assuming this is your first visit I’ll tell you right now that we play by the bdsm lifestyle and take it very serious. If you ask for a deal and then refuse it you’ll be disciplined by ten swats of the cane. If you refuse the discipline you will be blacklisted and banned for life.”

“And now I understand why my husband sent me here,” I said more to myself than her, but she heard it and her smile broadened.

“The choice is yours to make. You are free to go in and shop without the discount, but to get it you must ask before you even grab a cart. She’s good, Joel, you may let her in.” Looking back at me, she winked. “Happy shopping.”