

# **Friendly Perversions**

**Faye Valentine**

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Rolling onto my left side, my gaze went from the boring white bedroom wall to the back of my best friend whom was still sleeping soundly and my heart fluttered in my chest as I thought about all that we have been through recently and what the future held for us as our relationship moved to the next level. I loved her more than anything and deep down I think I always have, but it was not until recently – when we both started working for the Rainbow Ridge Ranch, that we were able to finally express those feelings openly. Not that they were hidden for fear of ridicule or the backlash of family and friends when they learned we were in love, but because until recently, those feelings did not exist in the same manner as they now do.

Meeting at the age of three in the rolling corn fields of southern Ohio, Molly and I became fast friends. She lived on the next farm over from me and my parents and where mine were seasoned pros at running a dairy farm, hers were just getting into the business and had a lot to learn – lessons my parents were more than willing to teach. During those frequent visits to each other's farms, Molly and I would play in the back yard in the warmer months and in our rooms during the cold.

By the age of five we were joined at the hip and our parents chipped in together to build us a playhouse in four giant oak trees that stood on either side of the property line. Our home away from home, we spent many a day climbing those old trees, eating far too much candy and coming up with wild stories about what we wanted to be when we grew up. None of which came remotely close to the crazy lives we now lived.

You would not know it by looking at us now, but back then we were the epitome of tomboy. We rode out bikes along the trails at the back of our properties, played outside in the mud in the hot summer months as an excuse to get one of our parents to spray us off with the hose as we ran around pretending to hate it. We went sledding at the local park in the winter, and in the summer we swam in the pond our properties shared. We did not own computers, tablets, smartphones or any other device that distracted most of the kids of our generation. What we did have were vivid imaginations and parents that encouraged us to go outside and use them.

When we were seven or eight I started getting an interest in my parents work and to their credit they allowed me to help them grooming the dogs, brushing the horses and milking the cows. I remember feeling sorry for them every time they were hooked to those horrible machines and stubbornly refused to accept that was the only way it could be done. And so, one hot summer day, my mother sat me down on a small stool with a metal bucket at my feet and showed me how to do it the old fashioned way. Catching on quickly, I got Molly involved and we made a game of seeing who could milk the most cows before getting bored and running off to do something else. I usually won as I found the job calming and almost therapeutic – though I did not even know what that word meant at that age.

At school we sat next to each other in every class that we shared. We ate lunch together, played on the playground together and when it was time to go home we held hands and skipped down the hall and out to the bus together. Life was amazing when we were kids and I often long to return to those days of carefree adventure, but that is not how the world works.

*I love you so much*, I thought as I gently kissed the back of Molly's right shoulder. And as I lay there reminiscing about old times I realized I always have. We never voiced it beyond anything normal for inseparable best friends, and we never acted on it even after hitting puberty and discovering sex for the first time, but the signs were there none the less. Giving her shoulder

another soft kiss, my vision blurred as tears started to form. *I'm just sorry it took me so damn long to admit it.*

The blankets were suddenly tossed back and Molly rolled out of bed. Mind still foggy from sleep, she looked around with a confused expression on her pretty face. Looking down at me lying in bed propped up on my elbow, she furrowed her brow. "Heather? Hold that thought." Running out of the bedroom, I heard the bathroom door close a moment later and then her rather loud sigh of relief. The moment passed, I got up and made the bed. She returned a minute later and smiled at me.

"Morning."

"Morning. How are you feeling?"

"Much better now that my bladder isn't going to burst on me. What about you?"

"Never better. What about the work? You in much pain?"

"The brands still hurt like a bitch, but the tattoo and piercings are okay. I had a dream about that place. I dreamed that Sabrina had me tied up standing spread eagle in the barn while she tattooed an explicit scene on my back. You were there on the floor with a hundred faceless black men fucking you one after the other and just before I woke up I started peeing. It shot out of me like a firehose and landed all over your back."

"Mmmm, sounds like fun. Too bad we're not allowed back there for a month, but I'm sure Ben and Sabrina could make that all happen if you're so inclined."

"No thanks. I think I've gotten enough body modifications for one lifetime. Speaking of which, are you really going to keep that shield on the entire month?"

"I have to or the holes will close."

"You can always get a couple of barbells. I'll be damned if I'd go a month without being able to touch my clit, but you do what you think is best for you. Also, Sabrina never said you had to keep it in the whole time. Just when you're at the Ranch."

"No, she said we had to keep everything we got for as long as we worked at the Ranch. I'll call later to verify, but I'm pretty sure she's going to tell me I have to wear the shield at all times."

"And you're willing to go the rest of your life, or at least however long it is we work there without ever touching it again? Without me ever touching it again?"

"I'll call and see what she says. So, we're really engaged now, huh? Or was that just talking in the moment?"

"I meant every word of it, Heather. I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Why? Are you having doubts?"

"God no! In fact, just before you leapt out of bed as if your ass was on fire, I was thinking back on all the great times we shared growing up and how inseparable we were and I came to the startling realization that I think I've always loved you. I kind of feel stupid not for not saying it sooner."

"Honestly, I don't think it would have worked between us if you had. I think we needed Rainbow Ridge to awaken that side of us first. Don't get me wrong, I've had bisexual thoughts off and on my entire life, but until the Ranch I chalked them up to normal sexual curiosity and not something I would ever act upon. And once I discovered the joys of sex with men I stopped having them altogether. Anyways, I was thinking we could..."

"Hold that thought. It's my turn to use the bathroom." Turning to leave the room, I was stopped by a hand grabbing my wrist and pulling me back. Molly dropped onto her knees, looked up into my eyes and placed her mouth over my pussy. "Are you sure?"

“Mmm hmm,” she said, keeping her lips firmly in place.

“God, I love you so fucking much.” Biting into my lower lip, I started to pee and she started to swallow – the warm, bitterly salty fluid no longer gagging her as it had when she first started the day before. The stream finally trickled to a stop and without batting an eye she started licking me clean. “I am so proud of you. I know it sounds silly considering what you just did, but I am. Not everyone can so willingly embrace perversions so far beyond their comfort zone like you have and it means the world to me that you have.”

“I honestly don’t think there’s anything I won’t do to please you. And if you doubt me then I’m more than willing to prove it however you like.”

“I don’t doubt you for a second. And the feeling is mutual. So, I was thinking we could take a shower, grab breakfast and go shopping for engagement rings. Unless you have other plans that is.”

“Sounds perfect. I do have one question though. Where are we going to live?”

“Good question. This place is a rundown shithole so definitely not here. I feel like we should make a fresh start, so, how about we get a new place together? And I mean a house. If we’re going to be married and used as breeding cows,” I said, my eyes going down to the tattoo on Molly’s pussy “then we’re going to need plenty of space to raise a family.”

“Speaking of which, we need to let everyone know. And I agree, a new place and a fresh start sound perfect. The next obvious question is how soon are we getting married?”

“Today if we could, but I think it’s going to take a bit longer to set everything up. What with getting the marriage license, invitations, guest list, and all that good stuff out of the way.”

Not to mention being fitted for dresses, setting up the Ranch and a million other things. But I think we’re getting ahead of ourselves. Let’s take this one step at a time and start with engagement rings and informing family and friends.”

“Are we going to tell them anything else about what we do?”

“You mean that we’re piss drinking, fist taking, gang bang breeding and dairy cows? Oh, and let’s not forget submissives in training. I think if we told them that the guest list would be pretty small.”

“You forgot fetish porn stars,” I added. “And I was just asking. I want to make sure we’re on the same page with what we’re telling everyone so we’re not caught up in trying to lie to cover our tracks. That being said, I think it would be hot as hell to see all our friends hooked to the milking machines while being fucked by massive dildos. The guys too. Not the milkers, of course, but having their asses reamed out good. God, I’d give anything to see that.”

“Unfortunately, I think that’s only ever going to happen in your dreams.”

“I know. Alright, let’s go shower and get this month long vacation started.”