

# **Houseguest Submission**

**Faye Valentine**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

“I’m headed out now, Mistress,” Olivia sad to the woman she had been serving for the better part of four years. “Remember, my mother will be here in about an hour and will be staying for three weeks while her home is being renovated so please keep the dungeon locked and our lifestyle secret as normal.”

“Don’t talk to me like I’m a child,” Mistress Diane replied.

“I’m sorry Mistress but this is the first time she’s come to stay for an extended period of time since I started serving you and I don’t want to risk losing her or any other family members that can’t understand or accept why I live the way I do. It’s better for all involved if I just continue keeping it a secret.” Giving her Mistress a kiss and hug, Olivia picked up her two suitcases and headed out the door. Fast-walking down the driveway, she got into the back of the taxi as the driver put her luggage in the trunk and a moment later she was on her way to the airport for a flight to New York where she hoped to land the biggest contract of her career.

Forty minutes later, hearing a knock at the front door, Mistress Diane opened it and greeted her submissive’s mother. “Hey, Megan, come on in. Can I give you a hand with those?” Not waiting for an answer, she picked up one of Megan’s suitcases and carried it into the house. “I’ve got the spare suite all set up for you if you’ll follow me we can get you unpacked and settled in.”

““I hear I have you to thank for getting me out of an extended hotel stay,” Megan said, following the jovial woman into the house, through the living room, down a long hallway and into the second master suite where she would call home for the next three weeks. Thanks for that.”

“Don’t mention it. What kind of girlfriend would I be if I didn’t let her mother stay a few weeks? That being said, I’m sure you’ve heard how anal I can be about keeping my home spotless at all times. I’m not asking you to do all of the housework as I’ve got a maid that comes in twice a week, but please pick up after yourself. Olivia normally does the dishes, but since you’re my guest I’ll take care of the cleaning with the exception of your dirty laundry.”

“Absolutely not. You were gracious enough to let me come stay free of charge so dishes are the least I can do to repay you and I won’t take no for an answer.”

“Then I won’t argue about it. There’s one more thing you need to know. Olivia asked me to keep it a secret from you, but given the circumstances I don’t see how that’s even remotely possible. We’re nudists. Frankly, the only reason I’m wearing clothes right now is because I didn’t want to freak you out by answering the door naked. I will remain naked pretty much all the time while in the house or on the property in general and I apologize in advance if that bothers you, but that’s just the way I prefer it.”

“Um, do you expect me to go naked as well?”

“I leave that entirely in your hands. If you want to, great. If not, then that’s fine as well. I’m just letting you know what I prefer so you’re not too shocked when you see me walking around in the buff. Finally, meals. Olivia normally does all the cooking, but since she’ll be out for three weeks and we can’t exactly go that long without eating I think it only fair if we alternate days.”

“Can you cook?” Megan asked as she unzipped the first suitcase.

“I do alright, but like I said, Olivia does most of it.”

“And I taught her everything she knows. Consider yourself off the hook. I’ll do all the cooking while I’m here. If you’ll give me a list of any food allergies and things you don’t like I’ll come up with a plan.”

“You really don’t have to do that, Megan. I’m not a renowned chef like you, but I do know my way around a kitchen.”

“I insist. It’s nothing against you, but I’m going to be off work for the next three weeks and I really need to do something to fill my time. I hate just sitting around doing nothing all day even on vacation. So, any other rules I need to know about?”

“I think we covered it all. Please, make yourself at home and if there’s anything you need don’t hesitate to ask.” Seeing her guest carrying a stack of what appeared to be surprisingly sexy panties towards the dresser, Diane remembered she forgot to clean out the lower drawers.

“WAIT! Um, shit, I totally forgot to clean out the bottom drawers. If you want to go to the kitchen and grab a bite to eat or a drink I’ll take care of it for you.”

“That’s okay, I really don’t mind.” Pulling the two bottom drawers open at the same time, Megan’s eyes lit up as she gazed upon about two dozen dildos, butt plugs, strings of anal beads and bottles of lube. “Well, okay then. That isn’t what I was expecting to see at all.”

“My apologies. With getting everything in order I completely forgot they were in there. Please, let me take care of it.”

“Honey, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Those aren’t the first sex toys I’ve seen. Some of them might be the biggest, but definitely not the first. Are they at least clean?”

“We sterilize everything after use.”

“I doubt I’ll need that much drawer space anyways so if you want to leave them I don’t mind.”

“Why, Megan, I didn’t think you had that wild of a side,” Diane said with a wink. “But seriously, three weeks is a long time to go without sex so if you want to use them I won’t say anything to your daughter.”

“Let’s just pretend we never had this conversation,” Megan blushed as she added her bras to the top right drawer. Her eyes occasionally going to the sex toys, she picked up a semi-transparent purple monster and turned to face her host. “Do you actually use this thing? Wait, nevermind, I don’t want to know. You and Olivia’s sex life is none of my business so forget I even asked.”

“I honestly don’t mind talking about it. One thing you’ll learn about me living here is that I’m incredibly open-minded. Please, feel free to ask me anything you want and I’ll answer to the best of my abilities.”

“I’m not sure I’m entirely comfortable talking sex with my daughter’s girlfriend,” Megan said, placing the huge dildo back in its place.

“Trust me, there’s nothing you can ask or say that’ll humiliate me so don’t hesitate.”

“Okay, and I mean absolutely no disrespect, but are your tits real?”

“One-hundred percent.” Pulling her tee shirt off over her head, Diane dropped it on the bed and then removed her bra and let her natural 38DD’s hang free. “And no offense taken. I’ve got big tits on a small frame so most naturally assume they’re implants. What about yours?”

“I’m completely natural. As if you even needed to ask about these little things.”

“You’re what, a thirty-six cee?”

“Yes. How did you know?”

“I’ve got a good eye for breasts. And I wouldn’t call thirty-six cee little. Smaller than mine? Yes. But little? Not even close.” Unbuttoning her shorts, Diane lowered them and her

thong to the floor and stepped out of them. “God, that feels so much better. I honestly hate wearing clothes.”

“HOLY SHIT!” Megan gasped as her eyes went to Diane’s vulva which was adorned by a ring and tunnel through her hood and tattoos down each outer labia reading **FUCK** on the right and **SLUT** on the left.

“What? Oh, sorry, probably should have warned you about that. I got the tattoo when I was eighteen after a night of drinking, and the tunnel and ring three years ago because I thought it looked cool.”

“You really are open-minded aren’t you? I’d be way too embarrassed to talk about it, let alone show them to people.”

“I was a bit embarrassed by the tats after I got them but when I realized both men and women liked them I grew more confident and stopped caring what others thought. They’re a part of who I am and if people can accept that then that’s their problem, not mine.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to offend or piss you off. I’ve just never seen anything like it before. I couldn’t even imagine going naked with that on me.”

“How would you like to experience it for yourself?”

“Um, no thanks. There’s no way in hell I could ever get tattooed like that.”

“You don’t have to. Not for real anyways. This is probably more information than you ever wanted to hear, but Olivia and I like to put dirty words on each other’s bodies during sex.” Diane partially lied. In reality it was Olivia that had the words written on her naked body, not both. “We use temporary tattoos to they stay longer and don’t smudge as easily. If you want to see what it feels like to have something like me I can arrange it.”

“Ummm...”

“Tell you what, go ahead and finish unpacking and then strip out of your clothes. I’ll go get a few of the tattoos and place them on your body. And I won’t take no for an answer.”

Walking out of the room before her guest could say no, Diane went down to the basement and opened the door to her dungeon. Going to a cabinet on the back wall she opened the left door and picked up a folder. Closing the door, she went back up to Megan’s room where she found her topless and just stepping out of her panties. “Not going to lie, you’re incredibly sexy.”

“T-Thanks. Honestly, I have no freaking idea why I’m doing this.”

“Because you’re curious to know how it feels to be labeled a fuck slut. Please stand with your legs spread shoulder width apart, arms behind your back clasping opposite elbows and I’ll get started.” Opening the folder, she sifted through the pages until she found one she liked.

“Close your eyes and no peeking.” Peeling the tattoo from the page, Diane carefully placed it on Megan’s left breast. Another went on the right and they were followed by one on each outer labia, hip and ass cheek. Okay, you can open your eyes now.