

Public Submission

Faye Valentine

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I sat in the lobby of XTC Entertainment's modeling agency fully aware there were numerous porn shoots taking place on the other side of the complex only a few hundred yards away. There were nine other women here with me waiting, hoping for their big break, but the hour was growing late and every tick of the clock brought us all one second closer to dashed dreams. At ten to six, with only minutes left before the agency closed for the evening, a tall, well-dressed, ruggedly handsome man came through a door holding a clipboard.

The man looked around the lobby and smiled. "Ladies, my name is Tyson Blackburn and I'm looking for two models for a very specific set of shoots. Since there are ten of you and I don't have time to interview each of you separately, I'm going to ask a series of questions. If you're comfortable with what I'm looking for then raise your hand and as soon as something is said that you are not comfortable with you may take your leave. Okay, let's get started. Please raise your hand if you're comfortable with full nudity."

There was some hesitation including on my part but we all raised our hands and the brief smile on Tyson's face did not escape notice.

"Alright, keep those hands up if you're okay doing shoots with a partner." All ten hands remained raised and he continued. "With a partner of the same sex?"

There was some hesitation and then a petite young blonde spoke. "Are we talking having sex with someone of the same sex?"

"Please answer the question as it was asked." All ten hands remained raised. "Who is willing to have sex with someone of the same sex?" Four hands went down. The women collected their purses and grumbled as they left the building. "And then there were six. Keep them raised if you're willing to do public shoots." All six remained up. "Are you okay doing shoots with multiple partners?" Two more women left. "Fetish shoots?"

"Can you please elaborate on that?" I asked.

"I can if you keep your hand up." We all did and he went on. "Are you comfortable doing shoots containing any and all bdsm elements?" Another woman walked out leaving three of us behind. "Alright, to prove you're all telling the truth so far, I want the three of you to stand, strip out of your clothes, get on the floor and lick each other's pussies."

Pansexual by nature, I immediately got to my feet, reached back and unzipped my dress. It was halfway down my body before the other two stood and in the case of a busty brunette trembled with hesitation. Unzipping her skirt, she bit into her lower lip, looked at me and the other woman, zipped up and left.

"Well, since there are two of us do you need us to eat each other out?" I asked as I slid the garment down my legs.

"Absolutely. And since there are two of you I want to see you sixty-nine. And I want to see those fingers and tongues going deep."

"I'm Ellie. And you are?" I asked as I tugged my panties down and off.

"Natasha," the sexy brunette replied. "Pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise." Stepping out of my panties, I took the initiative. Cradling her neck in my right hand, I kissed her. She kissed me back and a finger slid along my slit. "Mmmm, I think we're going to get along just fine." Giving her a wink, I got down on the floor. She got on top of me and we licked and fingered each other as if long lost lovers. A brief moan left Tyson's lips and looking up, I saw him moving closer. Sitting the clipboard on the receptionist's desk, he unbuttoned his jacket and then unbuckled his pants. A moment later his cock was out and I lost

track as he walked in front of Natasha. Her head was jerked away from my pussy and I heard her choking on his manhood. She pushed back and I added a third finger to her surprisingly accepting pussy.

“Slap her ass hard and don’t stop until I’m fucking her,” Tyson commanded. As if it had a mind of its own, my left hand raised and came down hard on Natasha’s ass. She squealed around Tyson’s cock and I slapped her again as I fingered her with my right hand.

“HARDER!” Tyson commanded. “Make her ass sting.” Grabbing a handful of Natasha’s hair, he slammed his dick down her throat, she gagged and I could feel the saliva landing on my vulva and inner thighs as it drooled from her mouth. After a dozen or so thrusts he pushed her head down. She sucked my clit hard as he walked behind her. Looking down at me, he winked and then shoved into her ass. She bit harder into my clit causing me to yelp but that did not stop her or Tyson. “Work those fingers into her tight black pussy! If you’re not fisting her by the time I fuck my load in your ass I’m gonna vane you until you can’t sit down for a week.”

“FISTING!?” I shrieked. “I can’t...I’ve never...”

“You did say you were willing to do fetish shoots containing all elements of bdsm. Was that a lie?”

“N-No, but, aaahhhh fuck!” I moaned as four fingers stretched me open. “I’VE NEVER BEEN FISTED BEFORE! Uuhhnnn...please go slower. I’m not used to taking so much.”

“Fuck going slow. Fist her, Natasha, shove your hand in deep and make her squeal.”

“But she...”

“I’m the one in charge here and if either of you want to make it in this business you’ll learn to do as you’re told without complaint or hesitation. Now scrunch those fingers together and stretch her pussy. And don’t you dare stop until I’m cumming in your ass. And you,” he said looking down at me “start licking.”

“I’m so sorry,” Natasha apologized “but I really need this job.”

There was a lot of pressure as my muscles refused to give way, but her insistence was stronger and her hand pushed into me. “Aahhgghhh!” Squirming, I bucked my hips but instead of dislodging her hand it went deeper. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!”

“The hard part’s over,” Natasha said. “Just relax and don’t tense up or it’ll hurt a lot more than it has to. That’s it,” she added with a twisting motion. “Relax.” Her fingers balled into a fist as she continued twisting left and right while thrusting in and out. There was more stretching and her arm slipped deeper, her knuckles hitting my cervix. Pulling back, her fingers spread as wide as possible stretching me even more. There was a brief pause and she was hitting my cervix. Out. In. Out. In. Harder. Faster. Pushing deep. She fucked me with short, rapid thrusts and playfully nibbled at my clit.

“Fist her,” Tyson commanded.

“I am,” Natasha replied.

“I’m not talking to you. Ellie, shove your hand in Natasha’s cunt. Don’t complain. No hesitation. Do to her what she did to you.”

“W-With pleasure,” I grunted. And a moment later my right hand was wrist deep in her pussy.

“OOOOHHHHH FUCK!” Natasha groaned. Reeling back, she pressed her body against Tyson’s, driving her pussy further down my arm. Tyson grabbed her breasts and she squealed again when he pinched and pulled at her nipples.

“Welcome to my world, babe.” Pulling out, I shoved back in, doing to her exactly what she had done to me. Her fingers spread and hit my g-spot.

Bucking wildly I gushed in orgasm and before the fountain stopped my face was covered in her juices. That triggered another orgasm from me and for the next four or five minutes it was a constant back and forth of squirting pussies. Tyson slapped Natasha's ass hard and after two or three dozen swats he grabbed her hips, slammed into her and came.

"Don't stop," he commanded. "Keep fisting each other until I tell you to stop." His cock slid out of Natasha's ass and he took a step back. "I'll be watching and if you stop for even a second I'll cane you both."

His words barely registered in my sex-addled brain. I was vaguely aware of him leaving through the door he came from but did not care as Natasha alternated fucking me with one hand then the other. Following suite, I yanked my right hand out and shoved my left in.

"Uhn...uhn...sweet motherfucking Jesus," I moaned. "I've never been fisted before but this will definitely not be my last time."

"Amen!"

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Natasha and I were going at it for about forty minutes when the door opened and a still naked Tyson returned carrying a small black case. Sitting it on the receptionist's desk he flipped the two clasps and raised the top. "You may now stop and kneel with your arms behind your back, hands holding opposite elbows."

Natasha and I reluctantly stopped fisting each other and moved into position. Though I was butt naked, I did not feel quite so exposed and vulnerable until that point. Looking up and to the right, we both watched as Tyson pulled two small wooden boxes from the larger case. Walking in front of us, he looked down and smiled.

"Keeping your elbows at your sides, hold your hands out palm side up," Tyson commanded. We did so and he placed one of the wooden boxes on them. It was heavier than it looked. Eyes drifting down, they locked on a symbol burned into the maple top. At first glance I thought it was a ying yang but then realized that instead of two sections this one had three. Lifting the small gold clasp holding the box closed, he raised the lid and I caught a glimpse of a sleek leather-backed metal collar with what appeared to be Celtic knots etched around the perimeter. I don't know why but my heart skipped a beat and butterflies suddenly swarmed my belly.

"I am going to ask you something but before I do I need you to understand the significance," he said, picking the collar up as if it were a delicate flower. "I want you to know I do not take this lightly. Think of this collar as an engagement ring, no, I am not asking you to marry me, but in terms of this lifestyle it signifies that the submissive – in this case you, are being considered for a long-term relationship or potential ownership." He saw my mood suddenly shift and placed a finger on my lips. "I do not mean ownership in that manner. You've accepted the job as a submissive fetish model and part of that is wearing my collar for the duration of the contract."

"You're going to actually train us as submissives aren't you?" Natasha asked.

"What do you mean, train us?" I asked, looking over at her and then up at him. "What the hell is going on here? What am I getting myself into?"

"Do you want the modeling job?"

"Yes."

"Then you'll accept my training collar and wear it at all times except for showering for the next two years. If, at the end of that time you want to end the relationship you are free to do so, or you may accept my ownership collar and become my full-time submissive."

“I don’t understand. What are you talking about?”

“He’s saying he’s going to train us for the next two years,” Natasha replied. “If we accept his collar we’ll be his submissives in training. You know, bdsm? And if we choose to, in two years we can accept another collar to become his property. He’ll own us as his personal sex slaves. I accept, by the way,” she said, looking up at Tyson.

“And I have to wear your collar to get the job?”

“That is correct.”

“Then I accept.”

“I need you to understand what you’re accepting, Ellie. This is not a decision you should take lightly. By wearing my collar you are accepting me as your Master and agree to follow my commands to the fullest of your abilities or face disciplinary action. By wearing my collar you are accepting your position as my submissive and will proudly declare such whenever asked”

“I really, really need this job so I accept your collar, M-Master.” The leather pressed against my neck and I inhaled sharply as he screwed the clasp together. When he was done he kissed me. It was tender. Passionate. My heart fluttered in my chest and I felt my cheeks growing warm. He took a step to his left and I excitedly chewed my lower lip. Natasha accepted his collar as well and after kissing her Tyson took a step back.

“Congratulations, ladies, you are now my submissives in training and the first order of business is to go over our limits and what you’ll be expected to do for me and this agency. Once that’s all figured there’s the matter of the contract signing, but before we get to that I have another fetish to introduce you to. Open your mouths.” We did as commanded and he stood in front of me. “Do you know what a golden shower is?”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“Have you ever been on the receiving end?”

“No Master. I mean, yes, maybe. I peed on myself once or twice if that counts.”

“Have you ever tasted it?”

“No Master.”

“Well, tonight’s your lucky night. I’m going to piss in your mouth and you’re going to swallow it.”

“Um, and if I want that to be a limit, Master?”

“Then we can talk about it when we get there. Keep that pretty mouth open and drink unless you want to be caned. And no spitting or you’ll be caned.”

Reluctantly, I kept my mouth open. He moved a little closer and the warm, acrid fluid hit my tongue. I flinched, but remained in position. When my mouth was full his stream suddenly stopped and he moved in front of Natasha. It took me a few moments, but I managed to gulp it down. Natasha did the same. Back and forth he went filling our mouths one after the other until he was finally finished using us as his urinals.

“Good job, my pets, now get on all fours and follow me to my office.”

“Yes Master,” Natasha and I said in unison.