

Submissive Beginnings

Faye Valentine

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I discovered at an early age there were only two people in my sphere of family and friends as fucked in the head as me and those were my parents. I did not find this out because they were so sexually liberated they told me everything as that would have been too easy and in hindsight more than a bit weird. No, I only learned of our shared perversion after snooping around when they permitted me to stay home alone for the first time.

Snooping as all kids do, I found a tote in the back of my parents' walk-in closet that just looked as if it were trying to be hid. This, of course, drew my attention and I immediately dug it out. Opening it, I was greeted with a DVD cover of a woman in heavy bondage. There were about forty or fifty more with similarly themed covers as well as a stack of magazines dedicated to a dozen fetishes from bdsm and lactation to fisting, gang bang and golden showers. Any kid in their right mind would have said hell no, put everything back and try to forget what they saw, but I was drawn to them like a moth to flame.

Selecting a magazine called Nugget, I stared at the woman on the cover wearing little more than a leather corset, thigh high boots, a spiked dog collar around her neck and matching cuffs around the wrists. I found the whole ensemble strangely alluring even at my young age and as I imagined myself in it I flipped the magazine open and began reading and looking at pictures of women having sex together, putting each other in bondage and actually pissing in each other's mouths. I knew I should have been completely disgusted by it all, but it stirred up emotions wholly foreign and undeniably exciting.

I knew then that I wanted to be the women in that magazine and the next seven and an hour into a movie only reinforced that notion. Unfortunately, I was so engrossed I totally lost track of time and my parents walked in on me. There was screaming. There was embarrassment on the part of my parents that I never truly understood at the time. I was grounded for snooping through their closet, but worst of all, they either got rid of the tote or hid it somewhere not on the property as I never found it again. But what they could never suppress was my imagination and man did I ever let it run wild.

One might think that finding and liking such materials at such an impressionable age would have turned me into a whore, but that could not have been further from the truth. Don't get me wrong, I was incredibly curious about sex in all of its varied forms and thought about it constantly, but I was also smart enough to know I was far too young to take such a huge step without disappointing everyone I knew so I remained a virgin until my eighteenth birthday.

In truth, there was a scene in the one and only porno I watched that portrayed an eighteen year old losing her virginity to a large group of men and I spent the last few years refining that to suit my newly perverted mind. By the time my birthday rolled around I was convinced I would only be happy losing my virginity in the most humiliating and degrading way possible. I wanted to be broken mind, body and soul. I wanted to be used by men and women. I wanted to be caned, flogged, used as a toilet and filled with enough semen to breed an army.

I did not just want to submit, I wanted to surrender. I did not care if it was to a Master or Mistress so long as they turned me into their obedient fucktoy. Had I known then what I know now I would have known just how insane I was, but hindsight is twenty-twenty and all that. As it was, I had everything set up. I found a fetish club only fifteen miles from home and had already bought the perfect outfit which I kept hid in the trunk of my car for fear my parents would find it and have me committed. All I had to do was make it through the obligatory birthday party and then the real fun could begin.

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I was antsy all evening and constantly looking at the clock while trying to politely entertain family and friends. Thankfully, things wound down at about eight. By nine it was just me, the parents and my younger sister Jessi who was in her bedroom at the back of the house. After taking a pile of presents to my bedroom, I took a shower, got dressed in a tee shirt and jeans and was ready to walk out the front door when my mother stopped me.

“Before you go out we need to have a talk.”

“Ah come on, can’t it wait until tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow isn’t your birthday and we have one more gift for you.”

“But you and dad have given me so much already.” And that was putting it mildly. Not only did they give me a stunning necklace and pendant with pictures of my grandparent whom I loved and dearly missed, they also wrote me a very healthy check and guaranteed me a future in the promise of a fully-paid college tuition wherever I was accepted.

“Your father and I have one more present we did not think appropriate to give while everyone was here.” As if on cue, dad walked in carrying a huge wrapped package which he sat on the couch.

“What in the world is that?”

“That’s a good question,” Jessi said as she came into the room.

“Aren’t you supposed to be at Lisa’s?” mom asked.

“Got canceled so I’m home all night.”

“We need to have a talk with your sister in private so go take a drive or go see a movie or something.”

“I don’t want to go see a movie. I want to see what else you got her.”

“It’s none of your business.”

“I bet it’s a box of dildos. What,” she grinned when all three of us shot her a dirty look “if she’s never going to get a boyfriend she’s got to please herself, right?”

“Get lost or I just might revoke your driving privileges,” dad replied.

“Fine, whatever. Enjoy your dildos,” she huffed. Going to her room, she grabbed her keys and purse and left.

“It’s not a box of dildos is it?” I asked.

“Open it and find out,” dad grinned.

I really wanted to get to the club, but knew they would be pissed if I left without opening their present first so I walked over to the couch and tore the festive paper from box only to realize it was a tote. Memories flooding back, I looked from the tote to my father to my mother and back down. “W-What is this?”

“I think you already know the answer to that, sweetie,” mom answered. “Go on, take the lid off.”

Fingers trembling, I removed the lid and my eyes fell onto a familiar cover. “Is this...but I thought...”

“That we threw it all away?” dad said. “We were going to, but after thinking about it we decided to put it in storage until you were old enough to understand exactly what you were looking at.”

“I understood perfectly the first time. I don’t understand. You grounded me for looking at it. Why give it to me now?”

“We did not ground you for looking at porn,” my mother said. “We grounded you for going into our bedroom and snooping where your nose didn’t belong. And like your father said,

we're giving it to you now because you're old enough to learn about it. If you're still interested, that is."

"I've thought of nothing else," I said, my cheeks instantly blushing.

"You may be embarrassed, but know that you can ask us anything about the lifestyle that you want. We will not hide it from you anymore. Well, we'll still hide what we're doing, but you know what I mean," mom blushed. "We'll answer any questions you might have."

"I don't even know where to start," I said picking up that July 2000 issue of Nugget Magazine. "Are you really into everything represented in these movies and magazines?"

"Every bit of it," dad answered without hesitation or embarrassment.

"Have you done everything?"

"As in everything represented in there?" mom asked.

"Yeah."

"Yes."

"JESUS! So, you drank pee? Been fisted, gang banged and all that?"

"Yes, yes and yes."

"Holy crap! What was it like?"

"Honey, I think you should start with normal sex and leave the kinky stuff until you're older."

"I want to lose my virginity at a fetish club," I confessed."

"That's not a good idea," dad said, my comment not seeming to faze him in the slightest. "You might think you're ready for all of this, but take it from two old farts with a lot of experience, you're not."

"Wait," mom exclaimed "are you saying you never had a boyfriend or girlfriend for that matter, because you want to lose your virginity at a fetish club?"

"So what if I do?" I replied on the defensive. "I'm eighteen no so you can't exactly stop me."