

# **Total Surrender**

**Faye Valentine**

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After years of lying to herself, family, friends, and anyone else that would listen, Scarlett was finally in a place of fully independence so no sooner had the door closed behind her best friend Molly, then she pulled the surprised woman in for a kiss on the lips.

“Whoa! Hello to you too,” Molly stammered.

“I’m ready,” Scarlett replied. “I’ve been lying to myself all my life but now I’m ready to be my real self. Will you be my first woman, Molly?”

“I... are you being serious right now?”

“I’ve never been more serious about anything in my life. I didn’t have a boyfriend because I was so focused on school, building a career, or feared getting pregnant Molly. I swore them off because... because I’m a lesbian. Oh god! I said it! It’s finally out and holy hell does it feel good! Please, Molly, will you be my first woman? My first sexual experience outside of fingers and toys? I know what you’re into and I’ll let you do whatever you want as long as it doesn’t involve men.”

“Careful what you ask, Scarlett.”

“I know exactly what I’m asking for. You’re into bdsm and I’m prepared to submit if that’s what it takes for you to be my first.”

“BDSM is just one of many things I’m into, Scarlett, and if you want to submit to me you’ll have to accept every single one of them. You’ll also need to sign a contract and agree to having everything recorded so consent can never be questioned.”

“Done.”

“You really want to be my sex slave?”

“I’m ready to surrender to you completely, Mistress.”

“Very well. Then let’s head to my place and once you’ve signed the contract and made a short video stating exactly what you’re agreeing to I’ll take you to my dungeon so that we can have sex.” Pausing, Molly stared into her best friend’s dark brown eyes. “I’m very serious about this, Scarlett, so if you’re not one hundred percent certain you want to be a sex slave then don’t do it because I will not go easy on you just because you’re my best friend.”

Giving her best friend another kiss, Scarlett tenderly caressed Molly’s left cheek. “I love and trust you with my life and I’m ready to be your plaything for whatever that means, Mistress.”

“You know you could have any woman you want, right? You don’t need to be my slave.”

“Other women aren’t you, Mistress. I can’t trust other women to not take advantage of the situation and, if I’m being completely honest, I did some research prior to this including reading hundreds of stories and watching at least a thousand bdsm-themed videos and I found most of it as intriguing as it was exciting. I even...” face suddenly burning hot, Scarlett stooped, eyes nervously drifting to the floor.

“You what?”

“I... I watched some very kinky stuff and... and I... I’ve been... fuck! I’ve been drinking my own pee and fisting my ass for the last year,” Scarlett confessed. “I also paddle my ass and tits and stuck needles through my nipples and vulva and oh my fucking god it makes me orgasm every single time, Mistress.”

Very good to know. Sounds like you have masochistic leanings. We’ll have to explore that in more detail. I’m going to test you on all of that, Scarlett, so I hope you’re not lying.”

“I’m not lying, Mistress.”

“You own paddles, needles, and toys large enough to stretch you open for fisting?”

“Yes Mistress. I also own several gags, sets of clamps, cuffs, and multiple collars I started wearing to get into the headspace of being your submissive.”

“Get on your knees.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Molly was looking down at her kneeling best friend. “Pull my skirt up, push my panties aside, and then put your mouth over my vulva. If you spill a drop you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood, slave?”

“Understood, Mistress.” Pulling her best friend’s short black skirt up over her hips, Scarlett then pushed Molly’s panties aside and gasped at the sight of four tunnels lining each of her outer labia. “Holy shit! You... you’re... That’s really hot!” she exclaimed as she leaned in and put her mouth over her best friend’s vulva.

“They’re called chastity piercings and if you’re serious about being my slave then you’ll get them soon enough. Now drink.” And with that Molly started peeing. “When I’m done you’ll spend at least a minute licking me clean.” she added as she began emptying her bladder into her friend’s mouth. Grinning, she watched as every drop slid down without so much as a swallow. “Impressive. After licking me clean I want to see your toy collection. Jesus, are you even swallowing?”

Keeping her mouth sealed over her best friend’s vulva, Scarlett carefully shook her head no without breaking contact as the warm, salty, slightly tangy fluid flowed unrestricted down her throat. Then came the moment of truth. Kissing her best friend was one thing, but to lick her, to eat her out was the true test of her sexuality and as the stream trickled to a stop she did not hesitate licking her best friend clean. Her own clit throbbing excitedly was all the proof she needed to confirm her sexuality, so, grabbing Molly’s ass, she shoved her tongue in as deep as it would go and happily, eagerly lapped up every delicious drop.

“Mmmm... damn, girl! Keep that up and you’ll have me gushing in no time.

Digging her fingernails into Molly’s ass, Scarlett redoubled her efforts to get her best friend off by alternating between licking and sucking and nibbling her inner labia and clit. “I love you, Mistress, and I love how you taste!” she exclaimed. “Oh my god! I’ve never been this excited in my life! Do you have any other piercings?”

“Just my nipples.”

“Fuck that’s hot! Can I see them, Mistress?”

“When we get back to my place, slave. Right now I want to see your toy collection so I know you’re telling the truth.”

“Yes Mistress. For the record you know I’m not a liar, Mistress, and I certainly wouldn’t lie about drinking piss, fisting my ass or anything else I’ve mentioned.”

“And what about drinking my piss without actually swallowing? How is that even possible?”

“That’s a combination of being born with no gag reflex to speak of and the ability to relax and keep my throat open so fluids just go right down. Want to see something cool?”

“Sure.”

“Be right back.” Hopping to her feet, Scarlett ran into the kitchen and grabbed a tall clear glass before returning to the living room. “Watch this.” Placing it over her vulva, she began filling it – the cup growing warmer by the second. When she finished peeing, she brought it to her lips and then with one swift motion the contents were in her belly. Showing her best friend the empty glass, she grinned. “How cool is that? I can just toss drinks back like nothing.”

“Fucking hell, Scarlett! Since when are you able to do that?”

“For about two years. I’ve wanted to show you so many times, but at the same time wanted to keep it secret until I was ready to come out. You have no idea how hard it’s been restraining myself.”

“I bet. So, your toy collection...”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You own dildos?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And you enjoy using them on yourself?”

“Very much so, Mistress.”

“But no interest in the real thing?”

“Only if it’s attached to a very convincing transsexual woman, Mistress.”

“So, if I can find a convincing transsexual woman you’ll have sex with her? You’ll suck her off? Drink her load and take it inside of you?”

“Um, I’m not on birth control, Mistress, so inside of me is too risky.”

“You remember like five minutes ago when you said you’d do everything I’m into without question? Since we’re here having this conversation I might as well let you be the first to know that I’m ten weeks pregnant. I’m being bred, Scarlett, and as my slave you’ll be bred right alongside me.”

“I... CONGRATUALATIONS, MISTRESS! Um, who’s the father? Do I know him?”

“Her, actually,” Molly grinned. “And she’s a very, very convincing transsexual woman named Aryanna. We met at a club a few months back and, well, one thing led to another and she’s been pounding me with her huge cock nearly every day since. The important thing here is whether you still wish to be my plaything.”

“I’m financially secure for the moment, but I don’t have your money, Mistress. I really can’t afford the extra expense of a child, let alone multiple.”

“You want to be my slave?”

“Yes Mistress, but...”

“No butts. And you want to be my lover?”

“More than anything, Mistress.”

“Then marry me.”

“M-Mistress?”

“You heard me. We’ve known each other for more than twenty years. You’re a lesbian. I’m pansexual. You want to be my sex slave and lover and I want the same. Marry me, Scarlett. And yes, I’m being serious.”

“I... I don’t... I’m not... oh my god... y-yes, Mistress! Fuck! Is this really happening? Are we... are we engaged now?”

“I believe we are. How does that make you feel?”

“Scared. Horny. Nervous. Excited. Like the luckiest woman on earth.” Taking her fiancé by the hand, Scarlett lead the way into her bedroom to show off her toy collection.

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Dropping a large dark purple tote on the foot of the bed, Scarlett ripped the lid off and motioned with her right hand. “This is my humble toy collection, Mistress. Do you want me to take them out or would you like to take a look for yourself?”

“Go ahead and lay everything out, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I’m impressed, Scarlett. You really are determined to be my slave aren’t you?”

“I am, Mistress,” Scarlett said as she reached in and pulled a huge dildo in the shape of a hand with fingers scrunched together leading down to a forearm. “This is one of my favorites, Mistress. I love taking it up the ass.”

“How easily can you take it?”

Wanting to prove her every claim, Scarlett unbuttoned her shorts and pulled them and her panties down. Stepping out of them, she grabbed a bottle of lube, coated the toy, placed her left hand on the foot of the bed, and then shoved about eleven of the fifteen-inch-long toy up her ass – her back door stretching to accept it with practiced ease. “About that easy, Mistress,” she purred.

“Fucking hell! Can you keep it in while you empty the rest of the tote?”

“No, Mistress, but I can do this...” Pushing the toy out and letting it drop to the floor, Scarlett grabbed a fist-sized and shaped butt plug, lubed it, and then pushed it into her ass. “I can keep this one in for hours,” she added as she reached in and pulled out a long, thick glass dildo followed by fourteen more dildos and butt plugs of various sizes and materials, four leather collars, half a dozen pairs of clamps, seven gags, and nine paddles – some wooden with holes drilled into them and others rubber with words such as SLUT and BITCH stamped into the sides. Reaching in again, she withdrew a box of nitrile gloves, a large bottle of rubbing alcohol, a set of metal bowls, and a box of needles used for such play. “That’s it, Mistress. These are all the toys I own.”

“Not a bad start. What’s the biggest you can take in your pussy, slave?”

“This one, Mistress,” Scarlett answered, picking up a foot long, two-and-a-half-inch thick purple dildo with a huge set of balls and suction cup base.

“Not a bad start.”

“Can you take a fist up your ass, Mistress?”

“I can take a fist in both holes at the same time, but unlike you I have to work up to it.”

“What about drinking pee?”

“Been there, done that many times and on occasion, if you’re a good slave, I’ll drink yours.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’m genuinely looking forward to being your slave. That being said, I know being a slave means being collared, but I can’t wear them openly at work so I’ve thought of a solution.” Walking over to her dresser, Scarlett opened the top right drawer and grabbed a long thin box from the back corner. Sitting it on the dresser she flipped the top open and then picked up a thin, stiff black metal strap with a silver triskelion at one end. “I had this made to wear around my thigh,” she said, showing the object to her best friend. “The triskelion is part of a magnetic clasp so once the other end is slid into place it’ll stay on all day long without moving. It’s also flat enough that I can wear all but the tightest of pants without it being noticed.”

“That’s very ingenious of you. You may wear it as a substitute to a collar.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” And with that, Scarlett placed it high around her left thigh. “So, do you want to have sex here for the first time, or in your dungeon? Also, since we’re engaged should we go ring shopping and when are we going to tell everyone?”

“Dungeon, yes, and as soon as we’re able to get everyone together in one place. But one thing at a time. Keep the plug up your ass and get dressed so we can head to my place for your first lesson.”

“Yes Mistress!”