



SAPPHIC SUBMISSION
Crimson Rose



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After handing her best friend Emily a steaming hot mug of hot chocolate, Dayana sat down at the dining room table across from her. “Okay, so what’s so important you couldn’t tell me over the phone?”

“You’re not going to like it. In fact, your gut reaction is going to be to tell me to fuck off, but I beg you to please hear me out. You know what I do for a living and how the pandemic has affected my employment. Meaning I haven’t been able to work in more than nine months. Yes, I’m getting unemployment, but it falls far short of the seven thousand I need every month just to break even. I’ve been dipping into my savings to cover the difference, but that’s running dangerously low as well. All that being said, I have a plan to hopefully make a substantial amount of money, but I need your help.”

“You planning on robbing a bank or something?”

“Not quite, but if you say no then I might start leaning in that direction.”

“Okay, but I’m not doing so well financially myself so how can I help?”

“I want to throw what is known in the business as a toy party and I would like to use your house to do it. Wait, before you say anything, let me explain. First, the reason I can’t use my own home is because the studio also uses it and I am contractually forbidden from using it for such parties. As for what a toy party is, well, that’s the part you’re really not going to like. Basically, it’s where a bunch of people – in this case all women that I know and work with, get together for the express purpose of demonstrating and selling sex toys. Now, obviously the pandemic has made that a bit harder than it normally would be, but we can still get word out to a lot of people on the internet if we live stream it as part of a webcam show.”

“You’re right, I don’t like it one bit. But for the sake of argument let’s say I agree. If you’re so broke you’re worried about getting by then how can you even afford to buy the toys you’re hoping to sell?”

“Good question. Also, thanks for not outright telling me to go to hell. I’ve made a lot of connections over the last four years and I’ve convinced several companies to send me free samples of toys, equipment and clothing. We’ll actually have quite a bit of stuff at our disposal which is why I need to use your place.”

“And why is that exactly?”

“Because you’re the only person I know with a place big enough to hold it all. Unless you’ve found a use for your basement that is.”

“If you agree to help then we’ll set it up as a playroom and I’ll let you keep everything for your own personal use free of charge. I’ll also pay you twenty-five hundred dollars. I’d like to pay more, but that’s all I can afford right now. On the other hand, if you agree to host and participate I’ll also give you fifty percent of whatever we make during the show and twenty-five percent of anything I sell as a result. I have nearly nine-hundred thousand followers, Dayana. Even if only one percent of them buy something the party will be more than worth it.”

“And by participate you mean?”

“I mean you’ll have to model the clothing and use the toys and equipment with me and the other women. And just so we’re on the same page that means using them on me and the other women and us using them on you.” Holding up her right hand to stop her best friend from replying, Emily continued. “I know, you’re straight. And that’s fine. You don’t need to be bisexual, lesbian or anything else to enjoy being pleased. But that’s beside the point if you’re not willing to help a friend out so I have to ask, will you please at least consider it?”

“No.”

“Fine, I’ll just...”

“I’m not going to think about it because there’s nothing to think about, Emily,” Dayana said, cutting her best friend off. “And there’s nothing to think about because what sort of friend would I be if I didn’t help you in your time of need? Can I wear a mask during this show and how long will said show last? Also, exactly how many women are inviting into my home?”

“Yes, as long as you’ll allow it to continue and at least three and as many as eight to keep it manageable and within group size limits. Are you saying you’ll participate?”

“For what you’re offering I’d be a fool to say no so as straight as I am I’ll go all in. But if you really want the truth then the fact is I haven’t been with anyone since Brice and frankly I’m tired of self-gratification so if I have to turn to women for pleasure then that’s an experiment I’m willing to participate in. So, when are you planning to have this party?”

“It’s going to take a few days to set everything up so how about Friday?”

“Sounds good. The basement is fully finished now but I haven’t been able to furnish it thanks to the pandemic so we can set things up just as soon as you get them here.”

“Can I see what sort of space we’re working with?”

“Sure. And then we can go to your place and start packing.”

“Everything that can be packed is already packed. Actually, in the hopes that you’d say yes I brought all but the biggest pieces with me. I’ve also brought the cameras and my laptop to control them. The question is, do you want to wait until everything is in place before we have sex, or do you want to do it tonight?”

“If I’m being completely honest, I don’t want to have sex with another woman at all, but like I said, I’m tired of doing it myself.”

Emily downed the last of her hot chocolate and she sat the mug on the coaster sitting on the table. “I don’t believe you. I mean, I’m sure you’re tired of pleasuring yourself and want someone else to do it for you, but if you didn’t want to have sex with another woman, or in the case of the party as many as nine then you’d be out there looking for a man.”

“Except that we’re in the middle of a pandemic,” Dayana countered.

“You have plenty of male friends that would gladly satisfy your every sexual need. Why not ask one to all of them? Why agree quite quickly I might add, to have sex with nine women unless you have a desire to do so?”

“To help out my best friend. Now, are we going to stand here and argue all day or bring in and set up the toys?”

“I believe that’s part of it and I sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart, but there’s more to it and one way or another I’ll get you to admit the truth.”

“And what truth is that?” Dayana asked, picking up her friend’s mug on her way to the kitchen to deposit them in the sink.

“That you’re at least bi-curious and have just been looking for an excuse to have sex with another woman.”

“There’s one flaw in that train of thought. You’re bisexual. Carrie is bisexual. And Lauryn is lesbian. If I really wanted to have sex with another woman I’ve had ample opportunity. Believe me, I’d much rather have a man right now but since it has been nearly a year since Brice left me and I haven’t been with anyone else I’ve gone off my birth control and don’t want to risk getting pregnant even if one of my male friends agreed to wear a condom.”

“That’s fair. That being said, if you want a man I work with plenty that would love to give you what you need They’ll even wear condoms and pull out long before they’re ready to blow.”

“Like they do in your creampie surprise videos?”

“Those are staged.”

“I’d still rather not take the chance so let’s bring your toys in and get set up before I change my mind. Anyways, I don’t really feel like freezing my ass off so I’ll open the garage so you can pull in.”

“Works for me. But can I see the basement first?”

“Sure.”

Opening the door in the kitchen, Dayana lead her best friend down the flight of stairs and into the basement she had spent four months and several thousand dollars renovating into what she hoped would be a place to entertain guests once the pandemic ended and she was free to do such things again. Until then, however, it consisted of a main larger room complete with an unstocked bar on

the right and shelving built into three of the four walls. Through an open doorway was a slightly smaller room with more shelves build into the walls as well as a large fireplace at the far end. To the left was another door leading into a full bathroom. Not that she planned on using it on a daily basis, but if past parties were any indication she had more than a few friends that could make use of it after getting completely shitfaced. “This is it. Are you planning on turning my entire basement into a playroom or will one room work?”

“Did I mention I have a lot of stuff?”

“So, all of it then?”

“As much as you’re comfortable allowing us to use for the party. What you do with your new toys and clothes afterwards is entirely up to you. The light grey walls and built-in shelves are a nice touch and are definitely going to save a lot of room. Feel free to say no, but are you okay with me adding a few hooks to hang some toys from?”

“I have some heavy-duty no damage hooks I intended to use for hanging pictures. Will those work?”

“Perfectly. So, I’m thinking we set all the dildos, butt plugs, anal beads, vibrators and lube on the shelves as they’ll fit and then use your no-damage hooks for the gags, clamps, paddles, floggers, canes and the like. We can then spread the furniture and equipment out as space allows.”

“I’m sorry, paddles, canes and gags?”

“I know, I can’t wait to try them out either,” Emily grinned, knowing full well the tone of her best friend’s voice indicated the exact opposite. “I know a couple people that work at liquor stores if you’re interested in stocking the bar.”

“I think I’ll need it. Come on, lets go grab the stuff from your car.”

“SUV.”

“Same difference.”

After bringing in eleven boxes and numerous pieces of smaller furniture and equipment that required some assembly, Dayana leaned against her basement bar and exhaled. “Well, I don’t know about you, but I could use a break before we start unpacking.”

“You’ll cool off a lot quicker if you take your clothes off,” Emily grinned as she pulled her tee shirt off over her head and then dropped it on the floor.

“Subtle. You know, I never did say whether I’d have sex with you today or wait for the party,” Dayana said as she too removed her shirt.

“True, but either way you’ll cool down quicker naked.” Before Emily’s bra could hit the floor she was already unbuttoning her jeans. A few moments passed in silence as the two longtime friends stripped. Naked, Emily stood in front of her best friend and then leaned in until their lips were nearly touching. “I’m going to kiss you, Dayana. Is that going...” before she could complete her sentence she was the one being kissed. “I guess you’ve made up your mind.”

“Whatever gave you that idea?” Dayana asked even as her clit throbbed with the excitement of kissing her best friend for the first time. Come on, let’s get the toys cleaned so that we can put them away.”

“Already done. I’ve been planning this for months and have been cleaning and sterilizing everything as I’ve gotten it. Um, before we start opening boxes I should warn you that some of them are on the large size so don’t freak out when you see them. Anyways, if you want you start unpacking them I’ll go ahead and set up the cameras. And if you feel like kissing me again please don’t hesitate to do so.”

“I won’t. Hesitate that is,” Dayana said as she bent over to rip the tape off the first box.

Having a clear view of her best friend’s bare ass, Emily stared for a moment before walking up behind her, kneeling and then kissing her on her freshly

waxed vulva. Dayana inhaled sharply and grabbed the edges of the box for support but did not pull away as her best friend's lips lingered on her own. Nor did she show even the slightest resistance when Emily's tongue pushed into her. In fact, she found herself actually pushing back in the hopes it would go even deeper. It did and she moaned as pleasure swept over her. "Mmmm! My god that feels good." Unfortunately, no sooner were the words out of her mouth then the tongue was removed from her pussy. "W-Why did you stop?"

"I was just returning the kiss. You wanted to unpack the toys so don't let me..."

"Fuck the toys! I can't believe these words are actually coming out of my mouth but please keep licking me."

"Unpack while I set up the cameras and then we can play while they record."

"A-Are you going to stream it?"

"I wasn't, but that's not a bad idea. We can use this to let my followers know we're planning the toy party and we can earn a bit as we set things up."

"Um, I need to be wearing a mask or something before you turn them on. What box are they in?"

"Look for the small one marked hoods and masks. I'll start in the other room to give you time to find and put one on."

"Thanks." Really wanting to feel the tongue sliding into her again, Dayana nevertheless stood and began searching for the right box. When she found it, she peeled the tape off and then pulled the flaps back. Inside she found at least a dozen different and very scary looking latex and leather hoods and at least as many masks. The first she pulled out resembled a dog's snout with built-in ears and oddly shaped penis gag. The next was unmistakably that of a pig. Either would completely conceal her identity which she liked, but the built-in gags would make it impossible to talk, let alone pleasure her first female lover. The third mask she removed from the box was a stunning three-quarters venetian style piece with long ears and nose that immediately made her think of a rabbit. And the best part, it would cover the majority of her face while still allowing her full use of her mouth. Placing it over her face, she secured the strap and then stepped into the doorway. "What do you think?" she asked.

Looking back over her left shoulder, Emily's smiled broadened. "It suits you, but I think you'll look even better in the complete outfit. In the box marked plugs you'll find one with a bushy rabbit's tail attached. Once that's in your ass you can find the rest in one of the boxes marked clothes. Each animal is in its own separate smaller box so there's shouldn't be any confusion over whether you got the right pieces or not. By the time you're finished I should be ready to install the cameras in that room."

"Yes Ma'am."

"It's yes Mistress," Emily winked.

"Yes Mistress."

"Good girl. Now go get dressed."

"Yes Mistress." Her clit once again tingling, Dayana stepped back into the room and searched for the rest of her outfit. At nearly seven inches long and two and a quarter thick, the puffy tailed plug was much larger than she was used to taking up her ass, but she nevertheless grabbed a bottle of lube from the same box, coated the silicone toy and then after getting on all fours began working it in and out while doing everything in her power to keep her tight sphincter relaxed.

Hearing her best friend's soft grunts, Emily peaked into the second room to see Dayana on all fours with her ass towards the doorway. Grinning ear to ear, she quickly grabbed one of the already set up cameras and using the strong adhesive tape mounted it above the doorframe so that all those now watching in the chat room could see what was happening as it happened. "My god that's hot!" she exclaimed.

"I thought you were setting up in the other room?" Dayana gasped with the plug about halfway in her ass.

"I am but your grunts and moans drew my attention. Full disclosure, I started up my chat room as soon as I began to give time for it to build for the show. I also just mounted a camera above the door. You are now being watched by over fourteen hundred people. Why don't you put that thing in your ass, face the camera and tell everyone a little bit about yourself and what we're doing here tonight, babe?"

“I’m trying but it’s too freaking big.”

“If you think that’s big then you’re in for a surprise,” Emily giggled. “Here’s an idea: pull the tail out and then kneel with the base of it on the heels of your feet. As you talk to your audience just keep adding pressure and before you know it you’ll be plugged. I’m going to go replace the camera I took from the other room but don’t worry, I’ll be watching.” And with that Emily winked at her best friend and then walked out of the room.

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Even though her face was mostly covered Dayana feared someone watching would recognize her and she immediately regretted agreeing to do this. Even so, she did as her best friend suggested. With the added pressure of her body weight pushing down on it, she felt the toy stretching her open as it went another inch deeper. “Uuhnnnn!” she moaned in pleasure. “My name is Dayana and Emily and I have been best friends since we were like three,” she said. “And this is the first time I’ve ever done anything like this. Being in a chat room like this. The sex toy party. Dressing up as a freaking bunny. Stuffing a huge plug up my ass. But, she needed my help and made an offer I couldn’t refuse so here we are.” Unable to see what everyone is saying, she just continued speaking. “So, um, I don’t have the computer in front of me so I have no idea what you’re saying and if you its good or bad so I’ll just keep rambling as I work this toy in. I’m twenty-five years old. As you can see I have Long brown hair and green eyes. I’m five-seven, a hundred and thirty-four pounds and a thirty-six cee. Don’t bother asking where I live because even if I could see the question I wouldn’t answer it.”

“They’re tipping like crazy!” Emily yelled from the other room. “They want to see you fucking the plug up your ass so go ahead and get back on all fours for them. They’ve also tipped to see you wearing nipple clamps, spanking your ass twenty...nope, make that thirty times with a paddle and fucking yourself for five minutes with a dildo. Well, actually they tipped to see me doing those things but since you’re the one performing now and they are asking in chat for you to do it I think it only fair you give them what they want.”

“I don’t believe you,” Dayana hollered back. Getting up, she reached back and held the plug in her ass as she walked into the other room and over to the bar where her best friend was standing in front of her laptop.

“Take a look for yourself.” Stepping aside, Emily waited for her friend to get into position before she leaned in and gently bit her left nipple before sucking it into her mouth.

“Ooohhhh!” Dayana purred.

“Go ahead,” Emily said. “Scroll through the chat and see what they tipped for and are saying while I suck your nipples.”

Dayana did just that. But as quickly as she scrolled up, chat tipped bringing it back to the bottom. Thirty swats became forty. Then fifty. Seventy. Five minutes of fucking herself with dildos turned into an hour using progressively larger ones every ten minutes. Heart pounding in her chest, she slowly exhaled. “Um, as you’ve all seen I am only just getting started unpacking and I don’t even know what toys Emily brought over and is so graciously allowing me to keep.”

“Now that this room is set up we can move to the next,” Emily said. “I can help point you in the right direction.”

“Thanks. Um, Mistress.”

“Oh, glad to see you finally remembered your manners. I think I’ll be the one to paddle your ass. Is that going to be a problem?”

“N-No Mistress.”

“Good girl. Go finish getting dressed and once I’ve got the rest of the cameras installed you’ll get your first lesson in discipline.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

After spending nearly twenty long minutes working the plug into her ass, Dayana put on a pair of long sable colored latex gloves, thigh-high boots ending in human-sized rabbit paws and cupless bustier that matched the mask and tail she wore. She then placed cloverleaf clamps on her nipples which Emily made even tighter by tugging the attached chain. They then spent the next two hours unpacking a plethora of toys the likes of which she had never seen before. Sure, there were normal dildos and plugs even if some were on the large size. And then there were those she could only describe as fantastical. And that they were. From a company called Bad Dragon, they were molded after creatures real and imagined.

No-damage hooks from which now hung paddles, canes, floggers, coils of rope and myriad gags, cuffs and other binders were placed around the room. Pillories, stockades and sex machines were assembled. Cages big enough to hold an adult were placed in the back corners. There was a lot more to set up, but Emily was looking forward to disciplining her new submissive and she doubted they would get much more than the nineteen thousand people now watching. "Alright babe, we've stalled long enough," she said as she grabbed an imprint paddle with SLAVE written on one side. "By my account they've paid for one hundred and seventy swats. Fifty of those are to the breasts. While I'd love to give them all to you right now, that's a lot for your first discipline so..."

"If that's what they paid for, Mistress, then that's what they should get. As painful as it's going to be I accept it."

"Then we'll start by teaching the first of many positions you'll learn as my submissive. Assuming you want to be my submissive after the party that is. This one is aptly named punishment. To assume it start by getting on all fours. Then lower you head until your chin is resting on folded arms while raising your feet until you're on your knees. The first seventy swats will be with the paddle and those will be followed by fifty more with the cane before we switch positions and finish on your breasts. Now, for the discipline itself. After every swat you'll count and then say thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson. If you move, forget to count and give thanks or say anything other than the count and thanks

we'll start over from the beginning until you get them all right. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Mistress,"

"One more thing. As my submissive you are entitled to the use of safewords to slow or stop a scene. That being said, they may not be used to get out of being disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

I am not a cruel or uncompassionate woman so I'm going to ask you one more time whether or not you want to go through with this. If you say no then we'll stop and I'll spank myself to give them what they paid for. If, however, you agree then I will not stop until we're finished or you tell me to leave. So, Dayana, are you going to stop before the fun even starts, or are you going to accept your punishment like a good submissive?"

"I'll accept my punishment like a good submissive, Mistress," Dayana answered as she got into position. "This is going to hurt isn't it?"

"It wouldn't be punishment if it felt good."

"Yes Mistress. I'm ready whenever you are."

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Two-hundred-thirty-eight swats and one bruised ass and pair of breasts later and Dayana's discipline finally ended. Behind too sore to sit, breasts too sore for her to lay flat she remained in position another minute before getting to her feet.

"That was the worst thing I've ever experienced in my life, Mistress. I never want to go through that again."

"As long as you obey my commands like a good little bunny you never have to," Emily replied.

"I'm ready, Mistress. I want to have sex with you." Not waiting for an answer, Dayana leaned in and sucked her best friend's left nipple. A thin jet of fluid hit the back of her throat. She stopped sucking and looked up while still latched on. Emily smiled and gave her a wink.

“Keep drinking babe. To answer your question, I lost a bet in the chat room about eight months ago. It took me about three to induce lactation and five to built up to the supply I now produce. Now drink up and when you’re full we can have all the sex you like.” Looking directly into the camera set up in the far corner, she continued. “And just so all of you watching are aware, this is the first time my sexy little pet has ever played with another woman so sit back and enjoy what I’m sure will be a thoroughly pleasurable show.”

After alternating left and right for a solid ten minutes, Dayana then kissed her way down her Mistress’ body until she was kneeling. She wanted to hesitate, to somehow convince herself that she was straight and that she should not be doing this sort of thing, but that time had long passed so she grabbed Emily’s ass, pulled her in and then licked her vulva. Again. Then a third time. After the fourth she sucked and nibbled on her inner labia. Savoring every drop of her best friend’s flavors, she did not stop or let up for several more minutes as the juices coating her tongue spurred her on.

“You’ve got a lot of toys to go through so...”

“Six-thousand-nine-hundred-twenty-two,” Dayana said as she dropped onto all fours and began crawling across her new playroom.

“Excuse me?”

Getting to her feet in front of shelves lined with some of the bigger dildos, Dayana picked up one shaped like an arm and hand with fingers extended and bunched together in a cone. “I lost my virginity on my sixteenth birthday, Mistress,” she said, turning to face her Mistress.

“I know, you told me all about it.”

“Yes Mistress. But what I didn’t tell you or anyone else is that the older man I lost it to gave me another present. It took him nearly five hours but he eventually fucked his entire hand into me,” Dayana said as she gently shook the giant dildo. “I loved every second of it. So much in fact that I begged him to do it again. Six-thousand-nine-hundred-twenty-two. That’s how many times I’ve been fisted in the last nine years, Mistress. And yes, I really have kept count. Twice a day since I turned sixteen. Pussy only. I can tell by the look on your face that you don’t believe me.”

“I never said I...” Before she could finish her sentence Emily watched as her best friend slid the toy into her pussy as easily as if she were taking a finger. The entire hand disappeared and was followed by several inches of arm before Dayana stopped. “Well okay then.”

“There’s more, Mistress. Please kneel.”

“Pretty sure you’re the one that’s supposed to be kneeling for me, my pet.”

“Yes Mistress, but it’ll be hard for me to show you if I’m the one kneeling.” When Emily knelt, she continued. “Now please reach up and push a hand in alongside the toy.”

“Are you sure?”

“It’s okay, Mistress, I can take it. Really. While I don’t have all of these bizarre looking toys, I do have several large ones I use on a daily basis.”

“I just don’t want to hurt you is all.”

Smiling down at her Mistress, Dayana pulled the hand dildo from her pussy and then sat it on a small table to later be cleaned. She then went to another shelf and grabbed the largest you now available to her – a mammoth fifteen-inch-long multi-colored toy called the alien breeder which was capable of not only stretching her four inches wide, but deeply depositing eggs as well. After loading it up she grabbed a bottle of lube and then returned to where her Mistress was still kneeling. “You want proof I can do what I say, Mistress? Well, here it is.” Kneeling, Dayana generously slathered the toy with lube, positioned herself over it and then lowered herself down. The nearly three-inch-wide tip slid into her without much resistance and she kept going until reaching the widest part near the center. “I would never lie to you, Mistress.” And with that she spread her legs and dropped, taking as much of the dildo as would fit.

Clenching her pelvic muscles as she slowly raised up, Dayana coaxed one of the three silicone eggs out of the tip, moaning as it was deposited deep inside of her. Down. Up. Another egg deposited. Down. Up. The last egg slipped free and then she pulled herself off of the toy. “I now have three of those eggs in me, Mistress, and there’s only one way to get them out. The only question I have is do you want me on top or bottom?”

“I want you on top so that I have full access to both of your holes, my pet.”

“Yes Mistress. Just please remember I’ve never been fisted up my ass. And while you are free to do so if you wish, I suggest leaving something for you and the others to do to me at the party.”

“Trust me, there will be plenty of us to do at the party. Now get your sexy ass over here, my pet,” Emily said as she rolled onto her back.

Party Time...

Six days was hardly enough time to train a submissive, but it was more than enough for Emily and Dayana to finish setting up the basement playrooms and put on several webcam shows to promote their upcoming sapphic party. And for her to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that she loved the fairer sex every bit as much as men. Possibly even more. Persuaded by how much her best friend's followers loved her as much as what she made in less than a week, Dayana opened her own account and with Emily's help set up her profile and tip menu which she used to simultaneously broadcast her training as a lesbian submissive.

By the time Friday rolled around, Dayana was eager to get started. The first to arrive was Cassandra Foster – a twenty-nine-year-old olive-skinned, green-eyed brunette porn star with the largest natural breasts she had ever seen in person. Millie Spencer arrived a few minutes later. Of the women guaranteed to show she was the youngest at twenty-three, but that did not mean she was without experience. Although pansexual, the petite raven-haired beauty had only been with a man twice in the last three years – both times on the set, and against all odds each scene resulted in her getting pregnant. The last to arrive was twenty-seven-year-old Bianca Byrnes. A lifelong lesbian, the blue-eyed blonde had only been in the porn industry a little over a year but was already making a name for herself by doing some of the raunchiest perversions permitted by law.

“Now that the main participants are here and everyone has been introduced, let me go over a few rules,” Emily said. “First and foremost, due to the work she does Dayana will be wearing a mask or hood throughout this party. Anyone attempting to remove it for any reason without permission will be severely disciplined and then asked to leave. Second, as of six days ago she is my submissive in training so on top of this being a party to sell as many sex toys as humanly possible, it will also be her sixth day of recorded sessions. Third, while there is a fully stocked bar we ask that drinking be kept to a minimum so we

don't get too carried away. Fourth, after many lengthy discussions Dayana and I have decided to make this a no-limits party lasting as long as there are people willing to join. Just so we're all on the same page, nothing legal is off the tables so if you're not willing to step out of your comfort zone then you should probably leave now as it is assumed you're willing the second you step foot in the play room below."

"Full disclosure, Mistress Emily is the only woman I've ever had sex with and I absolutely love it. I honestly can't wait to do my first gang bang, lesbian or otherwise. As for things I've done, I can take two hands in my pussy at the same time and one in my ass. Mistress also started me on my toilet training three days ago but from what I understand we can't do that on camera but I'll gladly drink it off camera if you want to use me for such purposes. And as she already mentioned, this is no-limits so please feel free to use me however you desire as long as it does not require the removal of my mask. Oh, I almost forgot, since this party is likely to last several days you're all invited to stay here to minimize the risk of anyone getting and spreading Covid. I've got two spare bedrooms with queen-sized beds and all meals will be provided by me. Now, shall we head down and get this party started?"

"After you," Cassandra replied.

"Mistress, would you like to lead the way?"

"This is your house and your play room. You can have the honors," Emily replied.

"Thank you Mistress. This way ladies." Leading the way through the living room and into the kitchen, Dayana opened the door to the basement, flipped the light on and walked down into her new favorite room. Once everyone was in the main room, she turned to face her guests. "Welcome to my playroom. On your right you'll see the fully stocked bar Mistress Emily previously mentioned. Please feel free to help yourselves. To your left is the doorway leading into the rest of the playroom but we'll get to that in a moment. With everything spread out over two rooms, we tried making sure there were normal as well as larger toys within easy reach. And seeing as how this is the first room everyone entering will see we placed some of my favorite pieces including the Saint Andrews, spanking bench, two of the fucking machines, the glider and pillory. And if you look up you'll see heavy-duty d-rings in the ceiling. And below them

are more rings recessed into the floor for maximum restraining possibilities.”

“I’m loving it already,” Bianca said. If this was all you had it would still be an impressive dungeon.”

“Thanks. If I’m being completely honest I started renovating the basement before the pandemic hit because it was otherwise wasted space. Thankfully, Mistress asked me to host this party because other than the bar I still had no idea what I was going to do with it. Anyways, if you’ll follow me into the next room I’ll give you the two-cent tour and then we can get this party started.”

“While you show them around I’ll set up the chat rooms,” Emily said.

“Yes Mistress.”

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With five laptops running five separate chat rooms for maximum selling potential, the party began at exactly five o’clock with the five women wearing latex dresses, panties and thigh-high boots. Dayana alone wore another venetian-style mask in blues, silver and gold that covered the majority of her face. Everyone taking their place at the bar, Emily’s eyes lingered on each of her friends – stopping at her best, before speaking to the camera and the combined nearly twenty-seven thousand people watching. “Now that we have a sizable viewing, why don’t we get this party started with a game of stretch the labia?” she grinned. “The rules are simple. For the next twenty minutes we’ll all wear clamps on our inner labia. For every tip of one hundred tokens, we’ll add weights to them in half ounce increments. First person out will receive ten swats to their breasts. The second one out will receive twenty-five swats on their breasts. Third one out will receive ten on their breasts and sixty-five on the ass. The fourth one out will get twenty-five on the breasts and one hundred on the ass. And the last woman standing gets to dominate all of the others without limit for twenty-four hours.”

Reaching under the bar, Emily grabbed the box of weights and several pairs of clamps that she placed there earlier in the day. “Shit!” she suddenly exclaimed. “We’re going to need to be wearing far less clothing if everyone wants to actually be able to see our inner labia being stretched. Every tip of five hundred tokens will allow you to tell one of us to remove their dress or panties for the rest of the game. Once everyone is naked we’ll add the clamps and weights.

Also, every tip of five hundred tokens will get you a special coupon to save fifty percent on any toy orders over one hundred dollars at our online shop. Just remember to add your email address as part of the tip note so we know where to send it.”

“So, basically, you’re going to dominate the three of us and we’re going to be caned,” Millie said.

“You don’t know that,” Dayana replied, hopeful that she could win and avoid being disciplined.

“Actually, I do. Wait, you don’t know? She never told you?”

“What?”

“I spent two years stretching my inner labia to the meaty size they now are,” Emily answered. “I can hold quite a bit of weight on them.”

“How can you be her best friend and not know that?” Kassandra asked. “I mean, haven’t you ever seen her videos?”

“Not really big on watching porn if I’m being honest. Also, until six days ago I was straight, or at least I thought I was, so what little porn I did watch was of that variety. That being said, I already serve Mistress without limits so nothing is going to change for me other than more swats I’m really not looking forward to.”

“Let’s not declare her the winner yet,” Bianca smirked. “She may have two years’ experience on us but I have an ace up my sleeve that I think might give me the advantage.”

Watching a stream of yellow text scrolling up the screen, Emily grinned. “Sorry to interrupt, but we all need to take off our dresses and panties,” she said.

“Really? Already?” Millie replied.

“I guess they really want to see us clamped and stretched,” Emily answered as she spread the many sets of clamps across the bar. “Three pairs each. Place them as equally along each inner labium as possible for a more uniform stretch. Tips are actually coming in faster than I can follow, but thankfully my moderators are

keeping track for us. Right now, we're at five and a half ounces per side and climbing so once you're naked and the clamps are in place start adding those weights ladies."

Used to being naked in front of thousands of viewers all five women quickly stripped out of their dresses and panties. The small sets of cloverleaf clamps – chosen specifically because they tighten the more you pull on them, thus minimizing the chance they would slip off from excessive weight, were carefully placed. One by one each woman picked out the required ounces and then showed the others before hanging them as evenly as possible from the base of each clamp. Used to such activities, Emily and Bianca did not even flinch. Cassandra winced a little as the weight increased but did not back out. Millie bit hard into her lower lip as her labia were stretched but she too remained in the game. Not wanting to be the first eliminated even if it meant the minimum punishment for losing, Dayana added the weights and then braced her hands on the edge of the bar as her knees went weak.

"Take those half and quarter ounce weights off ladies because we're now up to nine ounces," Emily announced enthusiastically.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!" Cassandra groaned. "There's no way in hell I can take that much. I'm out."

Gritting her teeth, Millie managed to get the full nine ounces on her left inner labia, but when she added ounce eight to the right she let out a guttural groan and then began removing them as quickly as she could. "I'm out."

Though far outside of her comfort zone as far as pain went, Dayana was not about to give up without giving everything she had so even as her eyes teared up she continued adding the weights until she had nine ounces on each side and her labia were being pulled down much further than she imagined possible. Emily and Bianca just smirked at each other, unfazed as they too met the goal.

"You know, there's no shame in admitting you're in over your head," Emily said to her best friend.

"I agree, Mistress, so if you can't handle the pain you should probably leave the dungeon," Dayana grinned in reply even as she resisted the urge to bow out.

"Oh, I like her," Millie replied. Turning to Cassandra, she continued. "While the

three of them see whose labia will hit the floor first why don't we put a few of these toys to use?"

"Sounds good to me. Just so everyone watching is aware, we're actually offering every toy, piece of equipment and furniture they see here on the website, right?" Cassandra asked.

"Everything but the Bad Dragon line which we'll be auctioning off throughout the party," Emily answered. "That's right folks! If you want your very own Bad Dragon dildo that has been thoroughly tested by the five of us, then stay tuned. We'll be doing the toy auctions at the top of every hour. The rules are simple. One of us will select a Bad Dragon toy and who to use it on during which time you'll have fifteen minutes to send me tip notes with how much you're willing to bid. There is a minimum bid of five hundred tokens and you may only bid once. After the fifteen minutes one of us will go over the tip notes and then announce the winner who will have until the next auction to pay or it'll go to the next in line and you'll be banned from further participation. Now, that being said, according to my moderators we are now up to fourteen ounces on the clamps."

"Jesus Christ!" Dayana exclaimed.

"If you can't take the pain then get out of the dungeon," Emily replied.

"I can take whatever they dish out at us, Mistress," Dayana said as she grabbed several more of the teardrop weights.

Try as she might, Bianca simply could not stand the discomfort quickly building towards excruciating pain. With eleven ounces hanging from each labium, she stopped, thought about adding another and then let out a pitiful sigh as she began removing them.

"That just leaves us, Mistress."

"So, it does. You might as well concede now," Emily said as she took her time adding more weights.

"Not a chance in hell, Mistress. Also, is it me or are you hesitant to add more?" With nearly a pound hanging from each labium, Dayana was not sure how much more she would be able to take herself and was desperately hoping her best friend would call it quits before her labia really did hit the floor.

“I don’t know how in the hell you’re able to take so much your first time, but god damn,” Emily groaned as she added ounce thirteen. “NOPE!” Groaning, she started unhooking the weights. “Looks like you win, my pet.”

“Really Mistress? Holy crap! I can’t believe I actually won!”

“That makes two of us. I guess you’re more of a masochist than I imagined.

“Not really, Mistress. I’m actually in a lot of pain right now and it doesn’t feel all that good to me. Honestly, I’m glad you stopped because there’s no way in hell I could add another weight no matter how heavy.”

“As the winner we are all your slaves for a period of one week which we can discuss after the party. Speaking of slaves, it looks like one of us might be getting temporarily branded tonight,” Emily said.

“EXCUSE ME?” Dayana gasped.

“Pretty sure branding is permanent,” Cassandra said as she slipped the bulbous end of a feeldoe into her pussy.

“Heat striking branding is. But we’ll be using the magic wand which used an electric current. The effect can last anywhere from a few weeks to several months but will eventually fade and then disappear altogether. Have I done it myself? Yes. Does it hurt? Yes. But as you can clearly see I have no brands anywhere on my body.”

“What proof do we have that you’ve actually done it?” Bianca asked.

“If my word isn’t good enough for you then I can show you at least five different videos where I branded myself or was branded by another. Dayana, you remember last summer where I suddenly switched to wearing boy shorts instead of my normal bikini?

“Yes Mistress.”

“That’s because a costar used a magic wand to brand my hips and I didn’t want anyone to see what they said.”

“What did they say, Mistress?”

“Cum guzzler on the left and BBC breeding cow on the right.” They lasted until last month. “As for tonight, it will only happen if someone sends the necessary fifteen thousand tokens in a single tip so it probably won’t even happen.”

“Then why even mention it?” Millie asked as she knelt and took Kassandra’s fake cock into her mouth.

“Because several people were discussing it in chat and I wanted to give you plenty of notice that it could happen. Anyways, with the first game over, I think the rest of us should put these toys to use,” Emily said.

“Agreed Mistress. I’ve never done a threesome before.”

“Dibs on her pussy,” Bianca grinned.

“I’ll get the biggest dildo the harness can hold for your ass then,” Emily said.

“And I’m going to take these damn weights and clamps off,” Dayana groaned.

Several hours later...

Taking their first break at midnight after seven hours of non-stop sex involving toys, machines, fingers, fists and tongues the five women sat at the bar and enjoyed a much-deserved drink. “So, it looks like I lied earlier about one of us getting branded tonight,” Emily said as she continued to monitor the chat rooms.

“Glad to hear it Mistress because I for one was not looking forward to them picking me.”

“Amen, sister!” Kassandra exclaimed.

“Then neither of you are going to like what I have to say next. It seems as if our combined fanbase wants to see us commemorate this wild party with matching brands. All of us,” Emily said to everyone’s surprise. And before you ask, yes, they paid the price five times to make it happen. They even sent me an image of what they want.”

“And that would be?” Bianca asked.

“A triskelion with sapphic slave written around it placed on our mounds.”

“Fuck me!” Dayana gasped.

“After the break,” Millie quickly replied.

“So, what happens if we don’t want to be branded?” Dayana asked.

“First, let me reiterate that it will be temporary. That being said, if you refuse then you’ll be kicked out of the party, lose your share of the profits for said party and will receive one hundred swats of the cane every day for a week. On top of that you’ll most likely also lose a sizable portion of the followers you worked so

hard this week to get and if enough of them report you for deceptive practices you can be banned from the site altogether.”

“I see Mistress. Well, this is my house so if I’m kicked out of the party then that means you’ll have to find somewhere else to hold it. I also don’t see how you can force me to let you cane me. That just leaves the profits. I have no idea how much we’ve made so far, but that’s honestly the only reason I’m going to let you do it, Mistress.”

“Well, it’s on my tip menu so I’d be a hypocrite if I refused,” Emily said. “And the rest of you?”

“If it’s not temporary I’m going to be really pissed,” Cassandra replied.

“I’m not just going to be pissed, I’ll kick your fucking ass if it doesn’t go away,” Millie threatened.

“Depending on your skin and healing factors it should only last a few months, a year at most. But if you do want to make it permanent then that’s possible by going over it several more times. Bianca?”

“We all agreed to make this no limits so we can’t start whining just because something is about to happen that none of us are too keen on. I’m in. And as the artist of the group, I demand to be the one to turn whatever they sent into something presentable.”

“Um, they actually sent a pretty sweet photoshop image That I’m all for,” Emily replied. “But as you say, you’re the artist here so if you think you can improve on it then by all means take a look,” she added as she moved the chat onto the big-screen TV hanging on the wall behind and to her right.

Looking up at the TV, the four other women saw a very well-done picture of a triskelion with SAPPHIC SLAVE written around the outer edge. It was simple and straight-forward and not much to improve on given that it was to be branded on them.

“Okay, I admit, that’s pretty cool,” Bianca said. “As far as branding designs go that is. So, who’s first?”

“As the one experienced using the magic wand for branding I’ll do the four of

you in whatever order you desire and then Dayana can do mine,” Emily answered.

“I’ll go first, Mistress,” Dayana said even as she gulped back her fear.

“It’ll take a bit to make the template and I’m guessing maybe four or five passes to really make it pop so probably two hours per person. I’m going to brand Dayana first. Who wants to go after her?”

“I’ll do it,” Kassandra answered.

“Alright. And after her?”

“I guess I will,” Bianca replied.

“I’m probably going to be pretty damn exhausted by then so Dayana will brand me after Bianca and then I’ll finish up with Millie before we call it a night. It’s probably going to take thirty or forty minutes to make the template so sit back and relax and I’ll come fetch you when I’m ready, my pet.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Oh, and the rest of you are free to watch or play as you wish. Just make sure you’re showered when your time comes.” And with that Emily switched the chat to Dayana’s computer and then opened a program on hers that would take the picture provided and cut it up into a template that could then be printed on special adhesive paper.

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So that she did not move and screw it up, Emily bound her best friend to the Saint Andrews by the four corners and then added several more leather straps around her arms, legs waist and above and below her breasts to keep her as immobile as possible. And then to keep her screams from waking the neighbors she placed a penis gag in her mouth and buckled it tightly behind her head. Using rubbing alcohol and a cloth she thoroughly cleaned Dayana’s mound and vulva. The template was carefully placed. The branding electrode was placed on the magic wand and was then sanitized. Placing the tip at the top of the letter S in sapphic, she turned the magic wand on. The sudden arc caused Dayana to jump, but bound as she was there was hardly any movement at all. Placing the

tip so there was a very small gap between it and skin, Emily began tracing the pattern.

As the tip of the wand moved along the first letter, Dayana likened the sensation to that of a first-degree burn. As the S was finished and her Mistress moved onto the A, she felt the heat spread from her mound to the rest of her body. And by the first P she was covered in a light sheen of sweat. Muscles tensing, she closed her eyes and tried thinking of more pleasurable things, but the intensifying pain made that virtually impossible.

“Nope, that’s too painful to watch,” Millie said even as she continued watching the tip of the magic wand slowly moving along the outer circle of the triskelion. “Anyone want to test out a few more toys with me?”

“Sure,” Bianca answered. “How do you feel about needle play?”

“Um, Kassandra? You want to play?”

“Sure. How do you feel about needle play?” Kassandra said, giving her fellow porn star a wicked grin.

“Not funny.”

“Think of it as practice for the pain of being branded,” Bianca said. “Also, no limits, remember?”

“Fine, but if I let you use needles on me then I get to fist both of your holes,” Millie said in the hopes of using one of her friend’s hard limits would persuade her to not use needles.

“No limits mean no limits,” Bianca replied to her friend’s surprise. “Come on, let’s get you restrained.”

“Seriously? I thought you were adamantly against fisting?”

“Like I said, we all agreed to no limits and I’m not going to be the first to refuse to do something I’m normally against. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be getting branded either. Speaking of doing things we don’t like, I think that means you’re going to let us cane you, right?” Bianca asked Kassandra.

“Like it or not,” Kassandra sighed.

“Just make sure not to mark up her mound,” Emily said as she continued tracing the outer edge of the triskelion. “Same goes for using the needles on Millie. Her inner and outer labia are fine. As is the hood. But please don’t use them on her mound or we’ll have to wait for them to heal before I can brand her.” Seeing her bound submissive frantically waving her hands as much as the cuffs would permit, Emily immediately stopped branding, got up and removed the gag from Dayana’s mouth. “You okay?”

“It hurts like hell, Mistress, but I’m fine. I just really need to pee. Also, I can control myself so I don’t think I’ll need the gag.”

Moving the chair back, Emily knelt between her submissive’s legs and then placed her mouth over her vulva. Having practiced this for the last six days, Dayana knew exactly what it meant and after a brief pause let the stream flow full force. Even after nearly a week she still had no idea how her best friend was able to let it slide down her throat without actually swallowing. Having the ability to relax and open her throat, Emily was able to down an entire large mug of beer in one swift gulp. The same principle applied to pee, water or any other liquid she chose to drink in such a manner. While not unique, it still impressed everyone that saw it in action.

When she was finished drinking, Emily spent another ten or fifteen seconds licking her submissive clean before once again sitting in her chair, magic wand in hand. “Anything else before I get back to it?”

“No Mistress. And thank you for drinking my pee.”

“My pleasure, babe.”

“Pretty sure it was my pleasure, but we can agree to disagree, Mistress,” Dayana replied.

“Or maybe we both gained some pleasure from the experience. Either way, I need to get back to the branding before too much time passes and the lines don’t match.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Meanwhile, a dozen feet away Millie was bound standing spread eagle with cuffed wrists and ankles secured to heavy-duty d-rings in ceiling and floor. To Bianca's right was a small cart upon which sat a large metal bowl filled with rubbing alcohol and thin needles of all lengths with hubs in every color of the rainbow and more. Not to be left out, Cassandra – also someone very much into needle play, measured and marked the backs of her thighs and calves. Eyes wide, teeth biting deeply into her lower lip Millie watched as the first needle was carefully fished from the bowl. Unable to watch, she closed her eyes. Her right nipple was pinched and gently pulled. The pain of the razor-sharp beveled tip of the needle passing through tender flesh was intense but brief.

Opening a pack of much thicker needles, Cassandra placed the tip against the top left most dot she made on the back of Millie's right thigh. "While the ones Bianca are using are temporary and will heal over in a couple of days, the one's I'm adding are permanent until removed." And with that she angled the needle and pushed it in a measured depth. Ignoring her friend's yelp, she quickly placed the first microdermal anchor.

"W-What do you mean they're permanent?" Millie exclaimed. "What in the hell are you doing back there?"

"Ever hear of a corset piercing?"

"Yes but...oh god! You're not!"

"I am. Now, unless you want them to turn out crooked I suggest holding as still as possible."

"Easy for you to say! You're not the one being used as a pincushion." The pain in the back of her leg so intense, she did not even realize there was a needle sticking through her left nipple until she looked down and saw it. "You're going to use every damn needle in that bowl on me aren't you?"

"Probably. Is that going to be a problem?"

"As you so like to remind us, no limits mean no limits," Millie answered.

"Good girl." Grabbing one of the longer needles from the bowl, Bianca placed the tip against the top of Millie's left breast and then slowly pushed it through.

Throwing her head back, Millie wanted to scream in agony, but instead moaned in pleasure as the orgasm gushed out of her. Saying nothing, she closed her eyes and kept them closed as one needle at a time the bowl emptied.