

Amelia Submits

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Amelia Submits

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

Exhibitionism comes as naturally to me as breathing and has been the cause of a great many headaches as far as my family was concerned. Hating clothes from the day I was born, I often ran around butt naked which was all well and good until I started school. After stripping naked for the umpteenth time in kindergarten my parents decided to home school me which suited me just fine as it meant more time running around in the nude.

One might think a pretty girl with a penchant for going nude would have more friends than she knew what to do with, but the exact opposite was true. Don't get me wrong, there were hundreds of boys going out of their way to impress me if only to see me naked, but I would hardly consider them friends. It was through them I learned to use my body to get what I wanted. Never in a sexual way, mind you, but that did not stop them crawling out of the woodwork with money or goods in hand.

I wish I could say I had never worn clothes a day in my life, but that would be lying. There were rare occasions such as doctor visits, family vacations and staying over at a friend's house where I simply had no other choice. One of those rare occasions, and perhaps the first to set the pattern for what would become an increasing need to show off my body no matter the consequence happened on my eighteenth birthday.

Deciding to spend some of my birthday money on a piercing, I went to a place called Needle Point – a local shop that did everything from piercings and tattoos to all manner of other body modifications I was not interested in. After telling the cute blonde at the counter what I wanted took a seat between a grungy-looking, heavily tattooed man and a petite, very nervous-looking brunette who averted her attention elsewhere every time I looked at her. The man, however, seemed particularly interested in my cleavage until I slowly raised the hem of my skirt to show him I was not wearing panties. Even the shy girl next to me took notice and I leaned back in my chair basking in their leering gazes.

I never got their names or what work they were having done as I really was not in the mood to talk and to my surprise a man came over about fifteen or twenty minutes later to get me. "Um, what about them?" I asked. "They were here first."

"They're having work done that requires other artists," the man replied. Once in a small work room with the door closed, he turned and gave me a smile. "Go ahead and take the skirt and panties off and we'll get started."

"You don't need to tell me twice. I freaking hate wearing clothes," I said as I unzipped the tight garment and tugged it down my legs.

"Do you have a high pain tolerance?"

"What does that matter?"

"Most women I've ever met are incredibly sensitive where you're going to get the work done. Any movement at all risks screwing it up and that's the last thing you want. So, I ask again, do you have a high tolerance to pain?"

"Not even a little."

"Are you willing to let me restrain you to the Saint Andrews and gag you so you don't freak out the other customers?"

"Um, what?"

"You see that large metal 'X' against the wall?"

"Yeah. Wait, you want to put me on that thing and gag me?"

“Up to you, but if you can’t handle even a little pain then I strongly suggest it for the work you’re having done.”

“Are you sure that’s the real reason? I mean, if you want to have your way with me all you need do is ask,” I grinned. “Also, I think you’re the first person I’ve seen here that doesn’t have any work done. Why’s that?”

“I have plenty done. It’s just hidden under the clothes.”

“Uh huh, right.” To my surprise, he took his shirt off and turned his back to me. “HOLY SHIT YOU’RE A CYBORG!” I exclaimed as my eyes settled on the intricate lines and details of what appeared to be a metal skeletal structure.

“Nah, I’m as human as you are, but I love it when people have that initial reaction.”

“Wait, that’s a tattoo?”

“Yep.”

“Jesus, it looks so real.”

“That’s the point. So, what’ll it be? Restrained and gagged or risk screwing it up?”

“You can restrain me,” I answered, my cheeks turning really warm all of a sudden. “What do you need me to do?”

“Just stand against the Saint Andrews with your arms and legs at the corners and I’ll take care of the rest.” Trembling with excitement and a small amount of fear, I did as he asked and he proceeded to secure me in place using three leather straps on each arm, one under my breasts, another around my waist and five down each leg. When he was done he went to a cabinet and grabbed a penis gag from a pile. “Don’t worry,” he said as he pushed the tiny silicone phallus into my mouth “it’s brand new and yours to take home when we’re finished.” Taking a step back, he looked me up and down. “Hmmm...something feels off. Ah, that’s it, your shirt is what’s causing the distraction. Mind if I unbutton it?”

The excitement rising, I shook my head.

“No, you don’t mind or no you don’t want me unbuttoning it?” I tried talking but only garbled nonsense came out. “Can I unbutton your shirt?” he asked more direct this time. I nodded and after removing the straps under my breasts and around my waist he unbutton my blouse and smiled when he saw I was not wearing a bra. The straps were put back in place along with another above my breasts and then he walked over to a cabinet and began gathering supplies.

When he rolled a cart over to me about seven or eight minutes later my eyes went to all manner of items I did not think were necessary to do a simple hood piercing including some sort of gun-looking thing I was certain was not meant for tattooing, one that was a tattoo gun and several bottles of ink. *What the actual fuck?* I thought as he put on a pair of purple gloves.

Gently massaging my nipples between finger and thumb, I let out a soft moan even as I began to grow more scared. When they were standing at attention like little erect erasures he picked up a needle, placed a ring in one end and lined it up with my right nipple. Eyes growing wide I watched as it pushed in one side of my nipple and out the other leaving the ring behind. Leaving it open, he pierced the left and then placed a tiny bell on each and screwed them shut.

Completely stunned at what he had just done to me, I watched, unable to tell him to stop thanks to the gag as he double pierced my hood and added what I would later come to learn is called a clit shield. But my humiliation was not over. Next, he picked up that definitely not a tattoo gun, placed the tip of it against my waxed mound and pulled the trigger. There was intense heat and searing pain that blurred my vision and had tears running down my cheeks as I struggled against the bonds holding me tight.

“That’s the worst of it,” my tormentor said sitting the gun on the cart. Looking down I saw two words that would forever change my life. Though red, raw and looking absolutely disgusting they were clearly visible. **BREEDING SLAVE**. “You’re doing great. I just have the tattoo and you’re all done.”

After covering my right hip with some sort of ointment he carefully placed a piece of paper, rubbed it firmly and peeled it away, leaving behind the purple outline of a spade (as in the playing card variety) with a Q in the center with **BLACK** written above and **OWNED** below. Wasting no time he got started first on the outlining which he had just gotten finished with when the door slammed open and the blonde that was at the counter rushed in.