

Ashley Submits

Crimson Rose

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I had been living with my mother's best friend Amanda for two weeks now and in that short time I learned a great deal about my sexual preferences as I combed over a list of about two hundred carnal acts from the mundane such as oral, anal and orientation, to more hardcore things like fisting, gang bangs and pain. I marked each with a number from one to five – with one representing the things I least liked and five what I enjoyed the most, and then revised it a good dozen times before I was satisfied.

In those two weeks I practically begged Amanda to continue training me as her ponygirl, but she refused to so much as even kiss me until the list was complete and I was certain this was a life I really wanted to live despite having already been dressed as a pony, forcibly taken by a black man, my holes stretched enough to take large fists – my asshole doubly so, caned and let's not forget pissing down my new Mistress's throat. And that was all in my first day home from college for the summer.

My parents would drop by every couple of days to explain the lifestyle and the club they had formed – a club I was inadvertently initiated into when I decided to sneak home to surprise everyone instead of calling ahead. And of course they apologized profusely for the way Martin – the black man that forced me into the gear and sex, treated me. They were long, awkward conversations, but at the same time gave me an insight into their lives I never would have otherwise known.

I think what still surprised me the most was the fact that, instead of trying to talk me out of joining the club or serving Mistress Amanda, they encouraged me to experiment and explore my sexuality to the fullest. Not that it would have made a difference one way or another as my mind was already made up to see the training through to the end, but it was nice to know I would not have to hide it from them as they had from me for so many years.

Gathering up the folder containing the exhaustive list of sexual acts, I took a deep breath and walked from my bedroom out to the living room where my parents and Mistress sat in waiting. I gave them each a nervous smile and then walked over to stand in front of Amanda. "As requested I took my time going over the list, researching the lifestyle beyond what the three of you have already told me and I've made up my mind. I want to join your club and be trained as your ponygirl. But not just any ordinary, garden variety one. Cart. Show. Pleasure. Riding. Breeding. As far as being a ponygirl is concerned, I want to be trained in every conceivable way."

"Are you sure this is what you want to do, sweetie? My mother asked, her voice soft and concerned.

"How many times are you going to ask me that same damn question?" I shot back. "Sorry, I'm just having a hard time figuring you two out. One the one hand you sit there and encourage me to experiment with my sexuality and on the other you question my every decision. Mixed signals much?"

"We're just making sure you're doing what's right for you and not what you think we or Amanda want from you," dad replied. "Also, get used to being asked because you're going to hear it a lot from now on."

"Your father speaks the truth," Amanda confirmed. "Your brutal introduction to the lifestyle aside, bdsm is all about safe, sane and consensual. Minds and feelings change on a regular basis and you may find what you like today isn't what you're into tomorrow so, even if

it's something you've marked as willing to do without question you'll still be asked if only to acknowledge consent."

"If this lifestyle is all about safe, sane and consensual then please explain why Martin forced me into it?" Turning to my parents I almost scowled. "Please tell me why neither of you lifted a finger to help me when I sat on the sex chair or got stuck in the bondage bed despite my constant pleas for help." Turning to Amanda, I continued. "And that goes for you as well, Mistress. Sure, you were following a set of rules governing the club, but as was pointed out before: I wasn't a member and therefore not subject to them at the time. Yet all three of you put me through the hell and humiliation of being stretched, fisted, caned and let's not forget you drinking my piss. Where was safe, sane and consensual then?"

Slumping my shoulders, I let out a long pitiful sigh. "I'm sorry. I just..."

"No, you're right," dad interrupted. "We should have done more to..."

"Now hold on a second," mom cut in. "I'm sorry you feel as if we forced you to do those things but please remind me how many times I warned you against sitting in the chair or putting yourself in the stockade. If you want to know where the consent was, try looking in a mirror? You gave consent when you disregarded everything I said and willingly took your clothes off and sat down. You gave consent when you went to your room, messed with the controls and put yourself in the stockade. Yes, we could have stepped in and stopped it, but you gave consent by willingly placing yourself in those positions so don't you dare stand there and blame us for what you so obviously wanted to do."

Standing, Mistress Amanda stepped between me and my parents. "There will be no fighting in this house so everyone just calm down and take a breath or you can all get out and not come back. Paige, I'm sure this is the last thing you want to hear, but I have to side with your mother on this one. After viewing the videos of the night there can be no mistaking you did those things of your own free will despite her many warnings. That is consent and you have no one to blame but yourself. As far as drinking your pee goes, I was trying to prevent a mess while introducing you to another perversion."

"You could have let me out of the damn bed so I could use the bathroom like an adult, Mistress."

"Had you been forced into it I most certainly would have, but you willingly placed yourself in the stocks, Paige, and that constitutes consent. Had I interfered other than to dole out the required swats I would have broken club rules and suffered the punishment for doing so. Need I remind you they are the same rules you had to read and agree to in order to join?"

"If you would have let me finish instead of rudely cutting me off I was going to say that I just needed to get that off my chest, Mistress. You asked me to think about that night and what it would mean to me moving forward and that's exactly what I've done. With the exception of what Martin did to me, I accept full responsibility for my actions even if he did fulfill my rape fantasy."

"He what?" mom gasped.

"I had a rape fantasy," I explained. "Granted, I never imagined it would ever happen, and after talking to Mistress Amanda about it I know it should have been consensual on both sides, but yeah, I liked the way he took me."

"Then why is he sitting in jail pending trial?" Dad asked.

"Um, because fantasy aside, he raped me and deserves everything he gets. And seriously, are you going to sit there and defend his actions?"

"Not at all. I just can't believe you wanted to be raped."

“Rape fantasy. There’s a difference that I really don’t want to get into right now. The whole point of this meeting was for me to announce my acceptance of the lifestyle and my willingness to be trained by Mistress Amanda in accordance to the rules of the club and the limits on my lists. With that being said, I once again apologize for my outburst and I’m ready to begin my training just as soon as you are, Mistress.”

“We’ll start first thing tomorrow morning. That will give me time to go over your list and formulate a training regimen we can both work with. Until then you are free to do as you please.”

“Thank you Mistress. I think I’ll let my best friend know I’m in town. She’ll probably kill me for waiting so long, but I’d like to see her anyways.”

“If you plan on telling her about your new lifestyle and inviting her over you need to make her aware of the rules. As a guest of my house she is not required to submit or call me Mistress, but should be polite at all times with a yes Ma’am or a no thank you Ma’am. She will also be required to go fully nude and that is non-negotiable. And if she is disrespectful to me, you or anyone else while here then she can accept disciplinary action or be banned from ever coming back.”

“I will make sure she fully understands, Mistress. Just one question, if she does come over and wants to sample the dungeon or the equipment in the barn is she allow to or no?”

“As long as she understands the rules governing the club she is permitted to use the equipment as long as there is someone there to make sure she is safe and cleans up after herself. Since she is your friend and guest that will fall on you and as such you will be disciplined right alongside her if she fails to uphold the rules.”

“I understand Mistress and thank you. If there’s nothing else I ask permission to get dressed so that I can go see her.”

“Granted.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Leaving her with my parents, I went to the bathroom to shower before returning to my room to get dressed in a pair of jeans and a tee shirt. It was the first thing I’ve worn in the last two weeks and honestly felt a bit weird, but the law prevented me from running around the streets butt naked so I dealt with it. After pacing back and forth a good fifteen minutes I finally picked up the phone and called my best friend Ashley. She was thrilled to hear from me, slightly mad I did not contact her sooner but still agreed to meet at her place to talk.