

Bondage Ball

Crimson Rose

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Sitting on the couch, Faith watched her best friend Miranda pacing back and forth with a nervousness in her gait. "You should tell me what's going on before you wear a hole in the carpet."

"We made a pact to be there for each other without hesitation or question. If one of us needs help the other will provide it no matter the cost. Do you remember that?"

"Of course I remember. What's going on Miranda? If you need help just ask and I'll do whatever I can."

"This is something serious and incredibly important to me, but given you're very religious upbringing and nature I'm not so sure you'll actually help which means an end to our friendship and that's the last thing I want which is why I'm so freaking nervous right now. I love you, Faith, and even without the pact I'd do anything you asked, but I'm honestly afraid of what you'll do when you hear what I have to say."

"I love you too, Miranda, and even without the pact I'd help you out so just tell me what's wrong."

"You promise that no matter what it is you won't go running away never to speak to me again?"

"Is it legal?"

"Yes."

"Then you have my word I'll do whatever is in my power to help."

"No matter what?"

"No matter what."

"You're really, really not going to like this, but here goes..." After taking several deep breaths which she had to forcefully exhale, Miranda stared into her best friend's heterochromatic eyes and felt her heart skip a beat. "I need you to do something that breaks a ton of the vows you made all for the same of the one you took with me. After more than a year of trying I was finally invited to a very special event but I can't attend alone. That's where you come in, Faith. I need you to go with me."

"That's it? Why all the..."

"As my date," Miranda said, cutting her best friend off. "And not just for pretend. This event is for couples only and you're the only one that knows me as well as I know myself so you're the only that can do it last minute and not mess up any questions that may come up. And before you ask, yes, we'll definitely have to prove we're a real couple in the most intimate ways possible."

"S-So you... I... are you saying we have to have sex?"

"I know it's a lot to ask which is why I was so hesitant, and if this wasn't a once in a lifetime event I'd never have asked, but you really are the only one I can trust not to screw it up and get me booted and banned for life."

"What kind of event requires those attending to have sex to prove they're a couple?"

"The kind that caters to a lifestyle I've been into for longer than I care to admit."

"No more games and secrecy, Miranda. If you expect me to go against everything I've been raised to believe then you're going to have to be completely open and honest with me. What lifestyle are you dragging me into?"

"BDSM and the event is called the Bondage Ball. But don't let the name fool you. There's very little to no actual dancing. Well, not the type you've ever done anyway."

“Then what’s the point?”

“The point is for aspiring submissives and sex slaves to meet and learn from Masters and Mistresses while getting in some quality training.”

“I see. So, not only do you want me to have sex with you, but you want me to be trained as a submissive too?”

“It’s only for two weeks. After that we never have to talk about it ever again. Unless you like it and want to continue your training that is. Which, if I’m being completely honest I hope is the case, but you just attending for the two weeks is more than I could have ever hoped for. You are coming with me, right?”

“You weren’t kidding when you said you’re asking me to break virtually every other promise and vow I’ve ever made. This is a lot, Miranda. If I go with you then I let down everyone else I know – everyone whom I vowed to stay on the right track, remain a virgin until married, and not let temptations lead me to sin. I’ve sworn oaths to dozens of family members, friends, and members of the church. And to you. You’ve put me in a really bad spot. Do I honor our vow at the expense of all others, or keep theirs and end our friendship? I know I said I would help no matter the cost, but you’re asking me to go against everything I’ve been raised to believe. Will this be me sacrificing myself for our relationship, or giving into someone using a promise against me in the worst way possible? If I’m going to do this for you, what do I get in return?”

“Whatever you want.”

“So, if I asked you to give up all your vices including bdsm and spend the rest of your life going to church you’d do it?”

“You know I’m an atheist, Faith.”

“So, it’s okay for me to give up everything I believe and hold dear so that you can go off to be trained in submission, but you won’t do what I ask because it goes against your beliefs? Please correct me if I’m wrong, but I remember both of us making the same vow all those years ago.”

“Yeah, to help each other. How is me giving up bdsm and going to church helping you?”

“It helps me keep my best friend out of hell.”

“Which no one in their right mind should believe in. I mean seriously, why would Satan torment souls for all eternity for rebelling against the very same God he did? If anything you’d think he’d throw an eternal celebration. And that’s just one of countless things wrong with religion you and everyone else turns a blind eye to. So no, going to church doesn’t help you in the slightest and it’ll help me even less. Look, I know we have our differences and for what it’s worth I think that’s why we’re the best of friends, but shoving fairy tales down my throat...”

“Is no different than you trying to shove dicks down mine!” Faith shot back. “This isn’t about differences, Miranda! It’s about you asking me to break every vow I’ve ever made for the sake of your pleasure while giving me nothing in return.”

“That’s not true and you know it! Ask for help, actual, factual help and I’m there no questions asked, but as I’ve already pointed out, going to church helps absolutely no one. Also, I’m asking for two weeks, while you’re asking for the rest of my life. Tit for tat. You want me in church for life, then I want you engaged in the bdsm lifestyle for just as long.”

“Even if I wanted to help, I can’t. When I took my vow of chastity I... I made sure I could never break it. I’m in actual permanent chastity and it’ll only come off when I’m married so...”

“Bullshit! There’s no way you’ve been in chastity all this time without taking it off. How do you wash? Or change your pads?”

“It’s not that kind of chastity, but everything down there is completely blocked and has been since the day I turned eighteen. I don’t even have the key to remove the locks.”

“And I’m just supposed to take your word? Don’t get me wrong, I trust you, Faith, but extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence so prove it. Show me that you’re in some sort of permanent chastity and I’ll forget I ever asked for your help.”

Not saying a word, Faith stood with head bowed – unable or willing to look her best friend in the eyes as she pulled her oversized tee shirt off over her head. Reaching back, she unhooked her bra, but hesitated a moment before letting it slide down her arms revealing felt-backed titanium nipple shields inlaid with emerald crosses – her birthstone.

“Holy shit!” Miranda exclaimed at the sight of her best friend’s completely covered nipples and areolas. “Crosses? Really selling the holier than thou look, huh?”

Remaining silent, Faith pulled her pants and panties down leaving her standing butt naked save the low-cut socks she wore on her feet. Standing straight as a pole with legs spread, she bit hard into her lower lip as she slowly turned her back on her best friend and then finished the circle to face her.

Eyes going from shielded nipples to shielded hood and heavily pierced vulva, Miranda nearly choked on her own saliva as she watched her best friend turn to reveal a row of five microdermals in the lower back with one end of a flexible metal bar going down the crack of her ass blocking the back door as well. “I have so many questions! How the hell have you kept that hidden from everyone for the last year and a half? How do you use the toilet? How do you explain going through metal detectors?”

“There’s enough of a hole between the barbells to allow me to pee and the anal rod is designed to allow defecation but not penetration. And the shields remove any temptation I might have to use those avenues of pleasure. As for keeping them hidden, there’s a reason I always wear very baggy, loose-fitting clothes and especially oversized shirts. Everything is also made of titanium which doesn’t really set off many metal detectors. Not that I’ve been through many, but those I have gone through never went off. Believe me now?”

“Hard not to with the evidence staring me in the face. I don’t understand why you would do that to your own body. Don’t get me wrong, I think it looks incredibly sexy, but the reasoning behind it is just... insane to me.”

“The bible teaches that men and women should remain virgins until marriage.”

“You mean the same bible where God commands humans to go forth and multiply?” Miranda countered. Humans are sexual creatures, Faith, and to suppress your natural urges this long isn’t healthy. What if you don’t find the ‘right one’ until your fifty? Are you really going to spend the next thirty years of your life devoid of human touch and companionship because a book of conflicting nonsense written millennia ago by a bunch of power-hungry, fear-mongering men that weren’t even alive during the supposed events told you to?” Stepping forward, she used the side of her index finger to gently lift her best friend’s chin. “I’ve seen the way you look at me when you don’t think I’m paying attention. What if I’m the one? What if we’re meant to spend the rest of our lives together, but you refused to accept my love because a book of poorly written fairytales told you homosexuality is a sin equal to thievery, rape, murder, and coveting your neighbor’s stuff?”

“Are you saying... I... you... we...” Faith stammered as her entire naked body turned bright red from the humiliation.

“You’ve seen the way I look at you when I think you’re not paying attention. I want the absolute honest truth, Faith. What do you see in those moments? A friend? Lover? Soulmate?” Miranda asked even as she pulled her tee shirt off.

“W-What are you doing?”

“Leveling the playing field. If you’re going to be naked then it’s only fair that I’m naked too. So, my question; I’d really like an answer. What do you see when you sneak those peeks when you think I’m not paying attention?”

“I see the most beautiful, smart, kind, funny, and compassionate person I’ve ever met,” Faith answered honestly. “I see my best friend since before we could walk or talk. I see... I think... I... I’ve thought about...”

“It’s okay, Faith. Say it. Get it off your chest and finally be free of the burdens weighing you down.”

“I imagine us together!” Faith blurted out. “I imagine what it would be like to have sex with another woman – to spend the rest of my life living with the sin of forbidden pleasure. I... I’ve thought about us being together a lot and that’s one of the many reasons I went to such extremes to ensure I remained faithful to my beliefs.”

“I want you to look me in the eyes and tell me I’m not the one, that we’re not meant to spend the rest of our lives together, and I’ll give you another reason religion and that holy book to cling so hard to is wrong!” Miranda said as tears rolled down her flushed cheeks. “I... I get it. You’ve spent your entire life being indoctrinated into it and that’s a hard thing to break, but as your best friend I’m asking you to set everything you’ve been force-fed aside and look at me woman to woman and tell me you’d rather spend the rest of your life locked in chastity than to be with the one you love.”

“I... this is... we can’t... it’s wrong,” Faith stuttered.

“Because a book that commands women to shut up and know their place, a book that demands women submit to their husbands, a book that condones mass murder and incest tell you it’s wrong? I knew you were in deep, but this is insane!”

“The bible does not condone murder or incest!”

“No? How many wars leading to the death of millions have been started in God’s name? How did we all get here? God created Adam and Eve and they had kids. Tell me, Faith, when those kids grew up who did they have kids with? And don’t even get me started on Cain being banished and traveling east where he found other people. If Adam and Eve were the first then where did those people come from? What happened after the supposed flood that left Noah, his wife, their three sons and their wives as the only people alive? How did humanity start the second time? Tell me what happened after God turned Lot’s wife into a pillar of salt and his daughters got him drunk in a cave. I can go on and on and on but I think I’ve made my point. If you can’t see just how blatantly wrong and contradictory the bible is then I’m just wasting my breath. Old Testament. New Testament. It’s all the infallible, inspired word of God so it must be true, right?”

Mind racing. Heart pounding. Her entire body tingling as if it was waking from a long slumber. Acting on instinct and a fair amount of emotion, Faith put her left hand on the back of Miranda’s neck and then kissed her hard on the lips. Nothing had ever felt so wrong in her life. Nor had anything felt so right. It was awkward. It was sloppy. It was embarrassing and degrading on a level she never knew existed. And it was the most exciting and pleasurable thing she had ever experienced. Stopping after nearly half a minute, she took an unsteady step back and slowly exhaled. “Go get the key to my lock.”

"I... go... what?" Miranda stammered as she stared at her best friend in absolute dumbfounded shock.

"I don't have the key to my lock because I gave it to you on my eighteenth birthday."

"You didn't... I don't have... holy shit, Faith, that was fucking amazing!"

"I couldn't agree more. Now go get the key!"

"I don't know what you're talking about. You never gave me a key to anything!"

"Are you seriously telling me you never opened... oh, for crying out loud! The locket I gave you on my eighteenth birthday?"

"I tried opening it but it wouldn't so I figured it wasn't supposed to and never tried again."

"What do you mean it wouldn't open?"

"I mean I tried opening it and it wouldn't. Are you telling me there's a key inside? A key to the lock keeping you in chastity for the last year and a half?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying and if you want me to join you at the Bondage Ball you're going to have to open that locket and get it out."

"I am so confused right now!"

"That makes two of us. Now go get the locket before I change my mind!"

"I don't know what's happening right now, but you'll get no arguments from me,"

Miranda said as she rushed half-naked out of the living room. Skidding to a stop at the long dresser sitting opposite the walk-in closet in her master bedroom, she opened a small drawer on the top left side of her jewelry box from which she removed the golden locked given to her by her best friend a year and a half ago. Pressing the little latch for the first time since placing it in the drawer, she was immediately disappointed at the fact that it remained tightly jammed shut. Returning to the living room, she held it out to the still naked Faith. "Here you go, If the key to the lock is inside then good luck getting it out."

"Take the rest of your clothes off," Faith said as she took the small gold locket. Pressing the little latch, she sighed when it refused to fully engage. Wiggling it around did nothing. Trying to pry it open with a fingernail almost broke her nail. "Okay then. I promise I'll buy you another locket," she said on her way to the kitchen where she grabbed a small flathead screwdriver from her best friend's utility drawer which she then used to force the locket open revealing the key that had gotten jammed in such a way as to render the latch useless. Returning to the living room, she held the key out to her best friend. "Part of me honestly believes I'm going to burn in hell for all eternity for the sins I'm about to commit and part of me honestly believes beyond all reason that it's the best decision I'll ever make so please remove me from chastity and use me as you will."

Taking the offered key, the tiny object weighing heavily in her hand, Miranda stared at it for a long moment before looking into her best friend's eyes. "I can't think of anything I'd rather do, but... but I can't."

"What do you mean you can't? I'm offering to go to this Bondage Ball with and for you! I'm offering myself to you so that we can be the convincing couple the event demands! I... I've already confessed my love for you! What more do you want from me?"

"It's not what I want from you, Faith. It's about doing the right thing and that's not using a vow we made as idiotic, naïve children to get what I want. I love you far too much to take advantage of you like that which is why I'm taking back my ask for help and begging your forgiveness instead."

“You’re right. We were dumb kids making grandiose promises to each other, but for better or worse we never strayed from any promise made. Despite our many differences we’ve remained the absolute best of friends willing to do anything to help one another no matter the cost to ourselves. You’re also right about your criticisms about religion and the bible which I was too blind to see until you screamed them in my face.” Reaching out, Faith tenderly close her best friend’s hand around the key. “I love you, Miranda, and I want to spend the rest of our lives together finally enjoying the pleasures of life I’ve so stupidly deprived myself of. I want you to take me out of chastity. I want you to make love to me right here and now. I want to attend the Bondage Ball not out of obligation to a vow we made when we were five, but as a couple. And not just for pretend. I... I want to go as your actual, factual girlfriend.”

“What about all the vows you’ve made to your family, friends, and members of the church? We both know exactly what’ll happen the second word reaches their ears that we’re dating. I love you too, Faith, but what kind of friend would I be to ask you to go against everything you hold dear just for me?”

“The best kind. I’ve spent my entire life to this point convinced that God, Satan, hell, and the bible were universal, infallible truths. I’ve been taught to fear God as much as sinning for he is a wrathful, vengeful god. But that he’s also loving and benevolent which, if I’m being completely honest makes no sense at all, but then again I was taught to never question anything religion and the bible taught me. Especially in matters of love. I’ve known since we were like nine that you were the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. Yes, I locked myself in the most extreme form of chastity possible to save myself for my future partner, but I also did it because my urges were becoming far too strong and I feared what would happen should I let my feelings overcome a lifetime of indoctrination. I don’t want to marry a man because a book or my parents tell me it’s what I should do. I want to marry the woman I love and that’s you, Miranda, so please remove me from chastity and do what we both truly desire.”

“Am I crazy or was that a not so subtle proposal? If it was the answer is yes,” Miranda said as he knelt at her best friend’s feet. Staring Faith in her heterochromatic eyes, she leaned in and kissed the barbells going through each set of tunnels. Inserting the key, she gave it a twist and in a swift motion the lock was lying on the living room floor. Placing it in the lock holding the clit shield in place, it quickly joined its companion. As did the titanium shield with its ruby cross matching those blocking Faith’s nipples. One by one, she removed the long barbells – the only sound in the room their thumping hearts and near panting as the moment of truth drew that much closer. The end of the anal rod falling loose with the removal of the last barbell, she reached back and unhooked the other end from the microdermals.

Resisting the urge to dive right in and give them both what they truly wanted, Miranda got to her feet and removed the nipple shields but left the barbells in place. “This is it,” she said as she unbuttoned her jeans. If you have any doubts whatsoever now’s the time to voice them.”

“I think I’ve made myself perfectly clear. And for the record that was absolutely a proposal and I couldn’t be happier that you accepted. Now, I want you to show me exactly what I’ve been missing the last year and a half so my only question is: who’s on top?”

“Why not both?” Miranda said as she pulled her socks off. Butt naked, she pulled her now fiancée in for a kiss she was first to initiate. “I love you more than I could ever put to words and I want to show you the thrills of sex in all its forms, but not here. In the living room I mean. Come with me and I’ll show you one of my best kept secrets,” she added as she took Faith’s hand in her own. “And for the record, that was me genuinely accepting your proposal so I believe that makes us engaged now, fiancée,” she added with a smile of genuine happiness.