

# **Dreams of Submission**

**Crimson Rose**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Waking with a pleasure-filled screech – body covered in sweat, bed wet with orgasm, Mollie threw the bedding back with her right hand and looked down to see her left buried to the wrist in her overly-stretched womanhood. Yanking it out with a grunt, she bolted upright just as her bedroom door flew open and her best friend Brooke ran in.

“What’s wrong?” Brooke said, eyes darting around her best friend’s room in search of an intruder before settling on Mollie’s naked body. “What happened? Are you okay?”

“I... I’m f-fine,” a red-faced Mollie answered. “I just... I had a nightmare.”

“Want to talk about it?” Brooke asked, eyes going to the puddle between her best friend’s still trembling legs. “Um, maybe we should change your sheets first?”

“I... I’ll do it in a minute. I just need to catch my breath.”

Moving to the side of the bed, Brooke took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. “I don’t smell pee, Mollie, so, what’s that pooled between your legs?”

“I... you don’t... what are you... please just leave me alone.”

“Wet dream?”

“Please just go.”

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of, Mollie. But that scream sounded like you were in pain so, what happened?”

“NOTHING!”

“We vowed to never keep secrets from each other Mollie.”

“I just want to change my sheets and go back to bed.”

“Bottling things up isn’t a healthy coping mechanism, Mollie. I can only help you if you let me.”

“I FISTED MYSELF!” Mollie blurted out.

“Excuse me?”

“I... I woke up with my hand inside of me.”

“Um, I thought you were a virgin?”

“I am.”

“One doesn’t go from virgin to fisting overnight, Mollie. It’s okay if you’re having sex, but I won’t tolerate being lied to.”

“I’ve never lied to you in my life! And I’ve never had sex with anyone so in that regard I’m a virgin but...”

“Go on.”

“I... I’ve been h-having these dreams... I really don’t want to talk about it.”

“Trust me, you’ll feel better getting it off your chest.”

After a long pause staring at the puddle of orgasm between her thighs, Mollie sighed. “I’ve been having dreams where I finger myself and I wake with fingers inside of me and the bed wet with orgasm. It’s gotten so bad I bought waterproof sheets. It started about six months ago when I woke with one finger inside of me, and tonight I woke up with my entire hand in me.”

“Holy shit! I know you’re feeling incredibly embarrassed right now, but there’s nothing to be ashamed of. Honestly, I think it’s kind of hot. But still, it’s hard to believe you went from virgin to fisting yourself by dreaming about it.”

“I’m not lying!” Mollie replied. Balling her left hand into a fist, she punched it into her pussy right up to the wrist. “Believe me now, Mistress?”

“WHOA! Mistress? Where is that coming from?”

"I..." Shoulders slumping, Mollie sighed heavily. "You've been in some of the dreams and in them we... you... I... God damn it! We were lovers, Brooke. We ate each other out and I loved it. I drank your piss. I submitted and you dominated. I obeyed your every perverse command without complaint if for no other reason than it pleased you. I let you dress me up like a puppy and lead me around on a leash in public."

"Wow! That... that's a lot."

"It was a dream."

"But you said you loved it. Is that how you feel while you're awake?"

"I... I mean... I don't know. Anything is possible in dreams, Brooke. It's not as if I've actually ever done any of those things so I can't give you an honest answer," Mollie said, yanking her hand out of her pussy and adding to the pool of orgasm.

Hopping on the bed, Brooke pulled her panties aside. Putting a hand on the back of her best friend's head, she gently pulled Mollie's mouth towards her vulva. "There's only one way to find out. I have to pee and I want you to drink it." Stopping with her vulva an inch from her best friend's lips, she took her hand off of Mollie's head. "If you want to do it then put your mouth on my pussy and drink it. If not, then don't."

Looking up into her best friend's eyes, Mollie's heart thumped so hard and fast it felt as if it would burst and beat now. "I... you want me to... it was a dream. I've never..." Gulping audibly, she put her mouth over Brooke's vulva as she had done a dozen times in her dreams. The warm fluid hit the back of her throat and as if she had done it a thousand times before, she swallowed without hesitation. Reaching up, she dug fingernails into Brooke's ass and drank without spilling a drop of the pungent liquid. Although she had drunk it multiple times in her dreams, she had no idea what it really tasted like until now and her clit throbbed as it freely flowed down her throat. When the stream finally trickled to a stop, she began licking and sucking as her dream Mistress always insisted.

"H-Holy fuck, Mollie!" Brooke purred. "You... mmmm... you're actually licking me! You don't... uuhnnn... shit that feels good. Y-You learned to do this in your dreams?"

Tasting her best friend for the first outside of her dreams, Mollie loved every drop of Brooke's juices that touched her tongue. If not because it tasted leaps and bounds better than she could have ever dreamt of, then for the excitement coursing through her body at being able to pleasure her best friend for real. "I've eaten out hundreds of women in my dreams, but this is the first time I've ever done it for real. I don't want to waste this moment so please lay down and let me make you feel good and we can talk about it later. We've never done it in my dreams because this is the first time it's ever happened, but I want you to punch your fists in and out of me."

Staring into her best friend through pleading eyes, she continued. "Please..."

"Are you sure you want to do this, Mollie? Don't get me wrong, I've dreamed of this night for years, but I don't want you doing anything you'll later regret."

"I will never regret pleasuring you, Brooke. You've made no secret about your feelings. I loved drinking your piss and eating you out for real and if you still feel the same I'd love to be your girlfriend."

"Jesus Christ! I want to be your girlfriend, but this is a huge step, Mollie, and I don't want anything to potentially ruin our friendship. You just woke from an apparently incredibly erotic dream and emotions are running high. You drank my piss! I was only kidding, but you actually did it. What did it taste like?"

"Get on your knees and I'll show you."

"Show me how?"

“By peeing down your throat as you peed down mine.”

“OH! I, um, I’ve never done that before.”

“Neither did I until I did. We’ll, outside of dreams that is. It’s not that bad. And I know for a fact that you have no gag reflex and can open your throat wide open so you should have no problem getting it down. Please, just try it once and if you absolutely hate it I’ll never ask again.”

“Fine, but we should probably go in the bathroom.”

“Why?”

“Do you want piss all over your bed when I inevitably spit it out and you cover me in it?”

“Waterproof sheets, remember?”

“O-Okay.” Getting on her knees, Brooke stared into her best friend’s eyes. “Once you’re in position I’ll blink three times. That means my throat is open and ready.”

“Got it. And thank you for trying it for me even if you hate it.” Standing, Mollie placed her vulva against her best friend’s parted lips and then stared into her eyes. Once. Twice. Three blinks in rapid succession. Releasing her bladder, Mollie watched Brooke’s eyes go wide as the warm fluid hit the back of her throat, but to her credit she did not pull away as it easily flowed down her throat without the need for swallowing. “In my dreams I had to lick you for at least a minute after drinking your pee or I’d be disciplined. I’ve failed a few times and got twenty swats on the ass every time. You know I’ve overheard some of your sessions so I don’t know how accurate that is, but I’m pretty sure that’s where my subconscious drew inspiration.”

Going from drinking to licking, Brooke continued to stare up into her best friend’s eyes and listened as she continued talking about dreams and submission.

“I think most of the stuff I’ve been dreaming about the last six months stem from your sessions,” Mollie said. “I’ve gotten into the submissive positions so many times in my dreams I can do it in reality without thought. I know because I’ve done it. I’ve never once stepped foot in your dungeon and yet I know what all your toys and devices are. I’ve been dreaming of being submissive for so long I feel that I already am, Brooke, and I can’t think of anyone I’d rather serve than the Mistress of my dreams. I want you to fist me, Brooke. Please, remain kneeling and punch your fists into me.”

Giving her best friend’s clit a playful nibble, Brooke balled her hands into fists and then punched the left one up and into Mollie’s pussy. Enveloped in tight, wet warmth, she pulled out and gave Mollie’s pussy a hard right uppercut. Right out. Left in. Left out. Right in. Left out. She had fisted a few of the women she trained, but this is the first time she had been so violent and not only did it take her by surprise, she did not really know how to feel about it. Mollie’s grunts and moans of pleasure were the only reasons she continued. Going faster, she punched harder and deeper – her hand and half her forearm disappearing with every thrust. Left out. Right in. Knuckles slamming against cervix, she began pulling out when the orgasm gushed from her best friend in torrents.

“Please train me, Mistress!” Mollie moaned. “Please be my girlfriend. My lover. My wife. My everything!” Knees buckling, she slid onto her best friend’s hand on her way down onto the bed. “Ooohhhh God I love you, Mistress!”

“I love you too, Mollie. And the answer is yes. If you genuinely want to be my submissive then I’ll be honored to train you. If you want to be my girlfriend then consider us girlfriends. Consider us lovers. Consider us... if you honestly want to spend the rest of your life with me then... then consider us engaged. We’ll go ring shopping tomorrow,” Brooke said as she continued punching her fists in and out of Mollie’s pussy.

"I've dreamed of this day for months, Mistress, and... uuhnnnn... in my dreams we get nipple piercings as private symbols of our love to go along with the visible symbol everyone else will see. Yours have tags reading Mollie's Mistress while mine say Brooke's Bitch. Will you make another dream come true, Mistress?"

Pulling her hand from her now fiancé's pussy, Brooke said back on heels. "Please kneel in front of me."

"Yes Mistress."

When her fiancé was in position, Brooke continued. "I want you to look me in the eyes and tell me you're serious about all of this. Tell me you sincerely wish to be my submissive wife. Tell me you're not going to change your mind in a week or month when I ask you to do something you don't like."

"I have never been more serious about anything in my life, Mistress. I've literally been dreaming about it for months. I want you to train me. I want to spend the rest of my life serving and obeying your every command. And I swear on my life that I will not change my mind now, or ever. I love you with every fiber of my being and nothing you do will change that."

"Then I accept. All of it. I'll train you to be my submissive and we'll go ring shopping tomorrow. I have a client in the business. I can talk to her about getting custom nipple rings made for us."

"Really, Mistress?"

"Really."

"I love you so much!" Mollie said, throwing her arms around Brooke's neck. "You drank my piss, Mistress. What did you think?"

"Not something I'd do every day, but it wasn't horrible."

"Even if you never drink it again I'm proud that you gave it a try for me, Mistress."

"I'll do it again. Just not every day."

"I understand, Mistress. Will you use me as your toilet every day though?"

"You can count on it."

"Thank you, Mistress. I am yours to command now and forever."

"Then I command you to come take a shower and seeing as how your bed is a wreck you'll sleep with me tonight."

"Yes Mistress."

"I mean sleep, Mollie. As much as I want to have sex with you, it's late and I'm as tired as I am excited at this unexpected development in our relationship."

"I understand, Mistress."