

Graceful Surrender

Crimson Rose

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Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

Sitting at a table in the corner of the Sapphic Spirits sipping at her fourth cosmopolitan, Gracie's mind kept going back to the perverse video that brought the incredibly shy and introverted young woman to the lesbian bar in the first place. Despite the alcohol clouding her thoughts, those she saw on her computer screen were in focus and played out on repeat no matter how hard she tried to think of anything else. Her entire body heating up, she saw her best friend Jewel in a bdsm dungeon playroom with two women and more than twenty men – none of which she recognized, engaged in a gang bang with all three women taking three men while the rest jerked off and took turns caning, flogging, slapping, pinching, and even biting them. Involuntarily shivering as the video played out in her mind, she fast-forwarded to the women restrained standing spread-eagle while the men took turns fisting pussy and ass while others used long, thin needles to pierce various parts of their sweat-covered bodies.

Downing the last half of her drink, Gracie buried her face in her hands and cried – not knowing how to confront her best friend, or even if she should as part of her just wanted to distance herself from the one person she cared the most about outside of her close family and just forget the last 18 years of their friendship.

Seeing a young woman sitting at a table in the corner sobbing uncontrollably, Haylie slowly exhaled as she scoot her chair back. “Carry on ladies,” she said to her friends. Getting to her feet, she cautiously approached the distraught woman so as to not startle her. “Sorry to bother you, but are you okay? Is there anything I can do to help?”

“I... you... n-no!” Gracie sobbed as she looked up at the pretty blonde through tear-filled eyes. “I just... my best friend...”

“I know you don't know me, but if it helps to talk about it you have both of my ears. Did something happen to your best friend?”

“Someone... she... I saw a video of her... of her... I never knew she was such a freak! She never... we always talk about everything, but... but this is...”

Sitting at the table, Haylie gently took the young woman's left hand in her own while tenderly wiping the tears from her flushed cheeks. “It's okay. Can I ask what you mean by freak? You said someone sent you a video?”

Between being flustered, completely upset, and taken aback by this strange woman's concern, Gracie opened up the email on her phone, clicked the link, and then slid it in front of the blonde.

Still holding hands, Haylie looked down to see three brunettes engaging in fairly standard – if not a bit on the rough side, bdsm play including being gang banged, caned, flogged, and slapped. “I see! May I ask which of them is your best friend?”

“T-The one with the butterflies tattooed on her side.”

“So, you're upset that she's very obviously enjoying herself?”

“Do you see what she's doing?”

“I do.”

“And you don't see anything wrong with the way they're being used?”

“Being used implies they're being forced to do it against their will, or that they're being taken advantage of, but from what I see in the video, the three women appear to be willingly engaging in bdsm play. May I ask why that upsets you? Are the two of you dating? Is this proof of her cheating?”

“W-What? No, we’re not dating. We’ve been best friends since we were like three and we tell each other everything. We... we vowed... apparently, I’m the only one that’s still a virgin,” Gracie confessed as the alcohol was really loosening her lips.

“I’m Haylie, by the way,” the petite blonde said as she reluctantly let her eyes drift up from the phone.

“I’m Gracie.”

“Nice to meet you, Gracie. So, would you like to talk about what really has you so upset or would you rather I go away?”

“*That* has me upset!” Gracie said with a furious motion of her right hand toward the phone. “How can you watch it and not be upset? How can anyone engage in such... such acts of complete and utter depravity? We promised we would save ourselves until marriage and there she is being fucked by more than twenty men! Wait until you see what happens next! Maybe that’ll prove what a freak she is!”

“Honestly, unless it’s something extremely taboo or blatantly illegal I doubt it. You said you were a virgin. Since you’re here I assume you’re at least twenty-one?”

“I turned twenty-one last month. Why?”

“Is this video your first time seeing bdsm?”

“It’s the first porn of any type I’ve ever seen!”

“I can see how it could come as a shock, especially given the vow you and, what’s your friend’s name?”

“Jewel.”

“Pretty name. But as I was saying, I can see how it could come as a shock, but as long as everyone is consenting and no one is getting hurt, I don’t see the problem with them engaging in whatever acts of sexual perversion tickles their fancy. Have you talked to her about it?”

“N-No. I just got it a few hours ago and I was so upset I actually left the house for the first time in like two years to drown myself in liquor. This is the first place I came to so here I am four drinks in and still can’t get that video out of my mind.”

“Interesting that the first place you came to is a lesbian bar.”

“A l-lesbian...” Gracie stammered as she looked around the interior of Sapphic Spirits for the first time. “I guess that explains the distinct lack of men.”

“That it does. So, and to be completely clear you don’t have to answer any of my questions and if you tell me to go away I will, but can I ask what about what’s Jewel is doing has you so upset? Is it that she’s having sex with other women or so many men? Is it the caning and flogging? The men slapping them around? The fact the women are referring to them as Master? Or is it something else?”

“All of it! I don’t understand how she, or the other women for that matter, can just let them treat them like shit!”

“I see. Do you know what bdsm stands for and do you know what the core creed of the lifestyle is?”

“N-No, and I really don’t want to know.”

“Then you’ll never understand why your friend and millions worldwide engage in bdsm. The core creed of the lifestyle is safe, sane, and consensual. That means engaging in safe sex in a safe space while in one’s right mind so they’re able to constantly give consent. Typically that means no drugs or alcohol is involved and unless you’ve been with someone a long time and have one hundred percent trust in them gags are usually off the table as well.”

“W-Why are you telling me this?”

“Because if you wish to understand those women and remain best friend with Jewel, you need to hear it. BDSM is an acronym that stands for Bondage and Discipline, Domination and Submission, Sadism and Masochism and it is about far more than just kinky sex. There are power dynamics at play, but not how you or most people ignorant of the lifestyle think. Most see someone being dominated as weak, but the truth is they’re the one that has all the power.”

“Um, yeah, okay,” Gracie scoffed in disbelief.

“It’s true.”

“If that was true then why are they the ones being used and abused?”

“If anyone is actually being abused then it’s not bdsm and the one doing the abusing should be put in prison where they belong. Safe, sane, and consensual, remember? Yes, the dominant partner is in control, but that’s only because the one submitting allows it. ‘Without me you are lost, but without you I’m nothing.’ A Mistress once said that to me and it took me a long time to figure out what she meant, but when I did my whole perspective on bdsm changed.”

“Okay, and what does it mean?”

“It means that without a dominant partner to take control, guide and train the submissive they’re lost, but without a submissive to control, guide, and train the dominant one is nothing. Neither can thrive without the other, but only the dominant one is truly nothing without someone willing to surrender to them. Are you sober enough to give consent?”

“To what?”

“Yes or no? Let’s say I wanted to kiss you. Are you sober enough to give consent and to remember giving me consent to kiss you?”

“Y-Yes. Are... Are you going to kiss me?”

“I was only using that as an example, but if that’s what you want you’ll get no complaints from me.”

“I... I’ve never... I’m a...”

“It’s okay. I would like you to take your shirt off for me.”

“Excuse me?”

“I would like you to take your shirt off. And then your bra. Go on, trust me, no one is going to mind.”

“I’m not taking my shirt and bra off!” Gracie said – her voice raised loud enough to get a few glances over the music.

“It’s okay. No is a complete sentence. Also, I understand the attitude, but I ask that you please remain respectful and polite while you stand and bend over the table for me.”

“I’m not bending over the table for you or anyone else,” Gracie said, her voice shaky but polite.

“Then at least get on your knees between mine.”

“No thanks. Why are you saying these things?”

“To prove a point. We’re both in a safe place and sober enough to be sane, but only one of us is consenting so that’s it, no fun for either of us.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Call it a quick scene negotiation to which you refused all advances. And that’s okay. As I said, no is a complete sentence.”

“And what would’ve happened if I said yes?”

“Then you’d be topless and bent over the table awaiting my next command. That’s bdsm in a nutshell. The dominant commands, and the submissive obeys. If something is commanded the submissive isn’t comfortable with then they may use the safeword. Usually, all of this is gone

over in greater detail before a scene ever begins, but I'm just giving you some examples in the hopes it helps you understand your friend's desire to surrender control to all those men."

"Give me another command."

"You've made it abundantly clear that you have no interest in submission so..."

"P-Please. I swear I'll do it no matter what."

"Why?"

"B-Because I want to understand why my best friend would not only do this, but hide it from me. Please, I promise I'll do whatever you command."

"Very well." Opening her purse, Haylei reached in and withdrew a pair of cloverleaf clamps connected by a thin platinum chain. I want you to remove your shirt and bra and then kneel at my feet. Once you're in place I'm going to place these on your nipples. Then you're going to pull my panties down and spent ten minutes pleasuring me. Before you answer, know that there are cameras recording everything so consent can never be doubted. If you refuse I'll ask the manager to ban you for life as we don't like liars here. Now, if you understand and accept my command then say 'yes Mistress' and continue referring to me as Mistress for the entire duration of the scene or you'll be disciplined. And if not then the door is over there."

Gulping back her desire to bolt for the door Haylie was pointing to, Gracie – emboldened by the alcohol, stood and pulled her shirt off over her head. "Y-Yes Mistress," she said, dropping the garment onto the table. Reaching back, she unhooked her bra and let it slide down her arms before it too was on the table. Focusing all of her attention on the task at hand and not the nearly two-dozen women now staring in her direction, she got onto her knees in front of Haylie. A moment later she watched as the clamp inched closer and closer to her left nipple. "Uhn! H-Holy shit!" she exclaimed as the cold metal pinched the sensitive bud of pleasure.

"You okay?"

"Y-Yes Mistress. It's... I didn't..." face growing redder by the second, Gracie bit hard into her lower lip as her right nipple was clamped.

"You didn't what? Be honest, Gracie."

"It... it hurts, but in a good way, Mistress."

"Glad to hear it," Haylie said as she gave the chain a tug causing the clamps to tighten even more.

"Uuhhhnn! Sweet mother of God! T-They just got a lot tighter, Mistress!"

"And how do they feel?"

"Really good, Mistress. Why? Why does having my nipples clamped so hard feel so good?"

"Because the nipples are a very sensitive erogenous zone and many women enjoy having them pinched, clamped, even bitten."

"I can see why, Mistress!" And with that, Gracie reached under Haylie's dress and hooked fingers under the waistband of her panties. When Haylie lifted her ass, she tugged the garment down, pushed her dress up, and then without thinking about what she was doing leaned in and began licking. A shock of pleasure sent straight to her clit, she inhaled sharply, but did not stop licking for several long moments. "Dear God you taste good, Mistress! I guess that makes me a lesbian."

"Not necessarily. Sexuality is fluid so one can enjoy same-sex encounters while maintaining a straight identity. Being a lesbian would mean having an attraction and desire to be with women and absolutely none toward men. We can explore your sexuality in more details later. Right now you have ten minutes to eat me out so get started."