

**Leashed**

**Crimson Rose**

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Brynn normally did not talk to strangers, especially when she was trying to concentrate on winning, but after a few daiquiris she was a bit more willing to converse with the woman that had just sat down at the one-armed bandit to her right. It was small talk at first but two more drinks and forty minutes later they were sharing experiences and life stories as if they had known each other forever. Her name is Caitlin and like Brynn the stunning twenty-seven year old brunette lived in the small town of Amber Gulch, New Mexico. With a population of less than three thousand both women found it amazing they had never seen each other before, but their vastly different lifestyles – Brynn worked at the town's only advertising firm and Caitlin their only gentleman's club, explained a lot.

Brynn was feeling perfectly buzzed by the end of her third drink and probably should have stopped there, but good company and a fun environment – even if she was losing her hard-earned money, kept the liquor coming. After five drinks she had hit the giggling phase and halfway through the sixth she knew she was three sheets to the wind. She vaguely recalled Caitlin helping her to a room and out of her clothes. She sort of remembers their lips pressing together in their first kiss but she was as straight as an arrow so chalked it up to a wild imagination. Life was coming at her in a series of blurred, fragmented images as if she was watching a movie on maximum fast-forward and every time she blinked she missed several minutes.

There was a piece of paper she signed. Hands delicately caressing her naked body as they took several measurements. Then blackness as her head hit the pillow. More groping hands. A skimpy, form-fitting latex dress. A chapel. People she did not know watching as she said 'I do' as she stared into the gorgeous eyes of the beautiful woman she had just met a few hours earlier. Brynn vaguely recalled going back to another hotel room, being stripped out of her clothes and pushed back on a bed. A woman kissing her way up her nakedness and then getting on top. She saw images of herself having sex with Caitlin – of licking, fingering and sucking her lesbian lover, no, her wife to multiple orgasms. But that could not be right. She was as straight as an arrow.

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Waking with the mother of all hangovers, Brynn did not want to even open her eyes, but the body pressed to her back forced them open. Craning her neck, she looked back over her left shoulder at the still sleeping Caitlin and the disjointed images from the night before hit her like a speeding bus. "OH GOD!" she gasped. She did not have to throw the covers back to know they were both naked. But she did bring her now trembling left hand up. Her eyes focused on the eighteen karat rose gold band with two karats of diamonds set along the top edge.

"Everything okay, babe?" Caitlin purred as she woke refreshed.

"What in the hell happened? Did we...are we...what in the fuck did you force me to do?"

"I didn't force you to do anything."

"BULLSHIT! I'm not a lesbian. We're not really married. Vegas marriages aren't legal!"

"I can assure you we are married and Vegas Marriages are legally binding," Caitlin said as she tossed the blankets back confirming that both women were indeed completely naked. "I knew you had your reservations and were a bit tipsy which is why I recorded the whole thing." Hopping out of bed, she grabbed the backpack sitting to the right of the dresser and plopped back down on the bed next to her new wife. She pulled a laptop from the bag and once it was up and running double clicked a video file.

*“Are you sure you want to do this?” Caitlin asked. “Don’t get me wrong, you’re absolutely stunning and I’d be a fool to say no, but you’re more than a little tipsy and I don’t want you or anyone else thinking I took advantage.”*

*“I’ve never been surer about anything in my life!” a very drunk Brynn replied. “Get me a marriage license and a wedding dress and I’ll marry you right now tonight!” Brynn shifted her gaze to the floor as she nervously bit her lower lip. “I’ve never been with another woman before but there’s just something about you I can’t resist. God, just thinking about it has me turned on.”*

Hungover Brynn watched as Caitlin left the room. She lay back on the bed. Minutes passed and was right on the verge of passing out when the door opened signaling Caitlin’s return. She then watched as Caitlin once again asked if she was sure she wanted to do it and her drunkenly claiming she was not nearly as wasted as she really was and could make up her own damn mind who to marry. She took the pen and paper and signed her name to it. She then stood up and initiated their first kiss. The video faded to black.

“I have another of us at the chapel signing all the necessary paperwork, a third of the ceremony and a fourth of us celebrating afterwards if you want to see them.”

“I can’t believe I married another woman,” Brynn sighed. “That’s it, I’ll never fucking touch alcohol ever again,” she voiced aloud. Internally, however, she was heavily conflicted. Despite video evidence to the contrary, she still considered herself straight. And then there was her very strict religious upbringing that not only taught her homosexuality was bad, but divorce was a sin worthy of an eternity burning in hell. Sniffing back the tears, she stared at her new wife. “S-So what now? Are you going to force me to stay married to you?”

“I’m not forcing you to do anything, Brynn. If you want to get a divorce, then file for it, but I for one would like to at least give us a chance. Now that we’re married I feel I need to come completely clean. I did lie to you about one thing last night. I don’t work at a gentleman’s club. I work at a fetish club.”

“A what?” the confused, anxious, scared and hungover Brynn replied.

“A fetish club. I’m a dominatrix. I train men and women in the ways of submission.”

“GREAT! Not only did I marry another woman, I married a pervert,” Brynn sighed.

“I’ll let that go because you’re clearly upset, but I’ll tell you here and now I take great offense at being called a pervert,” Caitlin shot back. “Just because you lived a sheltered life and never experienced or experimented with sexuality outside of what your parents dictated was normal doesn’t make the rest of us perverts. Speaking of which, I need to use the bathroom so I think now’s as good a time as any for you to step out of your naïve little bubble and learn a new skill so get up and come with me.”

“Why? W-What are you going to do to me?”

“You’ll see once we’re in the bathroom. Now please be a good girl and do as you’re told or I’ll have to give you a lesson in discipline as well.”

Brynn once again found herself conflicted. On the one hand her parents brought her up to respect authority and what was her new wife doing if not asserting her dominance in the relationship. And on the other hand she knew her parents had taken her indoctrination to the extreme. Unfortunately, old habits were hard to break and as much as she wanted to tell Caitlin to fuck off, she nevertheless got out of bed and followed her to the bathroom.

“I’m not going to lie to you Brynn. What I’m about to ask you to do is seen by many as one of the grossest fetishes there is but it’s honestly not that bad. If you can get through this first time without gagging, throwing up or spilling a drop then you’ll be able to do anything. And to help you along I’m going to teach you a little trick I discovered while learning to deepthroat

cock. First, I want you to kneel in the tub. I then want you to take several deep breaths while squeezing your left thumb like this,” Caitlin explained as she held up her left hand, tucked thumb into palm and wrapped her fingers around it. “I’m going to get in the tub with you and put my pussy against your lips. You’ll form as tight a seal around it as possible and then I’ll count down from five. When I hit one I’m going to start peeing and you’re going to swallow it right down no problem.” Seeing the look of utter disgust on her wife’s pretty face, she continued. “I know what you’re thinking, but if you remember to keep squeezing your thumb and swallow you won’t spill a drop. And if you do I’ll let you discipline me for lying.”

“You can’t seriously expect me to just get in the tub and drink your piss.”

“I can and trust me when I say you can do it if you follow my instructions. I’m so confident, in fact, that if you do as I say and you still throw up, gag or slip a drop of it I’ll file for divorce just as soon as we take a shower. If, however, you do get it all down I want your word you’ll give this new relationship a chance.”

Knowing there was no way in the hell her parents brainwashed her into fearing above all else that there was even the slightest chance she would not gag, throw up or spit it out, Brynn readily agreed. “Fine, I agree.” Her stomach already churning at the thought of what she was about to do, she nevertheless climbed into the tub and got down on her knees. She closed her eyes and took several breaths before squeezing her left thumb. She felt her wife get in the tub. A hand on the back of her head drew her in. It was then her eyes opened and she looked up into Caitlin’s eyes. Her mouth covered her wife’s vulva. She was drunk off her ass the first time she ate her out. This time she was sober and tasted all her flavors.

“Five,” Caitlin started counting down. “Four. Three. Two. One.” She started pissing.

The stream of warm bitter fluid hit the back of Brynn’s throat. She instinctively wanted to pull away, but there was no urge to throw up so she gulped it down as quickly as her mouth filled. To her horror, humiliation and shock she could not believe how easily it went down. One mouthful. Two. Five. Each went down as easily as water. The stream slowed to a trickle and then she swallowed the last of it. “Oh my god!” she gasped, falling back on her ass and looking up at her wife in shocked surprise. “I can’t...I just...”

“You didn’t spill a drop,” Caitlin smiled. “I’m proud of you and on top of hoping you learned something new about yourself I sincerely hope you’re a woman of your word and give our marriage a chance.”

“I know a lot of people that will be pissed I married a woman, including my boyfriend, but I’m a woman of my word and I promise I’ll give us every possible chance. That being said, I noticed in the video that you appeared to be sober last night so I have to ask: out of all the women in the casino why did you pick me to marry?”

“Honestly, I didn’t set out to marry anyone. Don’t get me wrong, meeting a random beautiful woman in a casino, marrying her and then training her as my submissive pet has been a longtime fantasy, but I never actually thought it would come true until I sat down next to you and we started talking. We hit it off so well that I knew I had to try it and to my luck it worked out perfectly. And don’t even get me started on your pussy eating abilities.”

“Sorry, last night was my first time.”

“No need to apologize babe. I meant that in the best possible way. In fact, you’re only the second person to ever bring me to orgasm with their tongue and the first to get me off multiple times so I praise your natural talent and hope you enjoy doing it as much when sober.”

“There’s only one way to find out.” And with that Brynn sat back up in a kneeling position and flicked the tip of her tongue over her wife’s hooded clit. She then leaned in a little

more and sucked it into her eager mouth as a lifetime of indoctrination flew out the proverbial window. All of Caitlin's sweet heady flavors coated her tongue and lips and she liked what she was tasting. Her boyfriend of eight years the only other person to have eaten her out, Brynn relied on what he did to get her off in the hopes it worked on her wife. Peeling back Caitlin's hood, she gently blew on the sensitive bundle of pleasure a couple of seconds before gently gripping it between her teeth. Caitlin's kneed buckled under the pleasure and without hesitation the two women began eating each other out in the tub.