

Love in Submission

Crimson Rose

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Erica had been an escort for all of three hours when she got the call to meet her first client in room eleven at the Fremont Motel about fifteen miles from where she lived. On top of it being her first time engaging in sex for money, it would also be her first time with someone of the same gender, which, for a straight woman, was not a decision she came to lightly. In fact, it took the twenty-five-year-old mother of three nearly seven months and complete financial ruin brought on by the pandemic forcing the small business she owned to close before finally settling on this new career in the first place.

That was the easy part. She loved men and would have been more than willing to have sex with them for money, but was in no position to have more kids. Sure, condoms are a thing, but in her experience most men went out of their way to find a reason to remove them before ejaculating deep inside of her and since she was highly allergic to all forms of birth control she could not risk it. That left women. It took her another three months of watching lesbian porn and reading lesbian erotica before she felt mentally prepared to step further outside of her comfort zone than she thought possible. In the end she reasoned two things to be true. First, there was no risk of pregnancy. And second, if things went south and she had to make a hasty escape she fared a better chance against someone her own size.

And that is how she found herself wearing her sexiest little black dress, skimpy panties and four-inch heels standing in front of the closed door to room eleven of the Fremont Motel. Now that she was here she wanted to turn around and go home, but then she thought of her kids living on the street, or even worse taken from her for being an unfit mother. So, she knocked. The door opened a moment later and she was greeted by someone she had known practically her entire life. "Oh, hell no!" she exclaimed as she stared wide-eyed at her best friend Makayla.

"ERICA? No way! Since when are you an escort? Or lesbian for that matter?"

"I...this isn't...oh god, Makayla, you can't tell anyone about this."

"Come in and we'll talk about it."

"I'd rather not."

"Hey, not to be that kind of woman, but I paid good money for your services and I fully expect you to deliver as promised. Now come in before you draw attention to yourself."

Pausing a beat, Erica stepped into the motel room and then flinched as the door closed behind her. "Please, Makayla, if I had known my first client was going to be my best friend I would've declined."

"But you didn't and here you are. It's okay, Erica, your secret is safe with me."

"Thank you."

"As long as you give me what I paid for."

"Damn it, Makayla! You know I'm not a lesbian like you."

"Says the woman sent by a lesbian escort service. So, I'm your first client, huh?"

"Yes."

"Nice. I have to know, if you're straight then why work for a lesbian escort service?"

"Because I didn't want to risk getting pregnant again."

"Good reason. And why escorting in the first place?"

"You know why," Erica sighed. "My business is most likely closed for good and savings are getting dangerously low. I have to do something to put food on the table and to keep a roof over the kids' heads and with the economy gone to shit this was all I could get. What's Tamia

going to think when she finds out you're using an escort service?" she asked, referring to her best friend's girlfriend in the hopes they could come to a mutual agreement that did not involve sex.

"She'd be pissed that she couldn't be here to join me," Makayla answered. "But I'm sure she's making use of the same sort of services in Portland."

"I don't think she would ever cheat on you, Makayla."

"It's not cheating if both partners agree to let the other do it. Now, to the reason you're here. I paid for an overnight date starting with a massage but I don't see a table or any other equipment. You really aren't prepared for this are you?"

"I wanted to get to know my client first, but I guess that isn't necessary. Everything I need is in my SUV. Are you really going to make me do this?"

"I'm not making you do anything, Erica. You work for a lesbian escort service and all the stars aligned to bring you to me. If you want to leave the door is behind you, but don't be surprised when you get fired for quitting on your first client. So, are you going to do your job, or do I have to file a complaint?"

"You know I've never done anything like this before so don't expect me to be an expert."

"We have all night to hone your abilities. And if you do a good job I might book you every day for the next month."

"You wouldn't!"

"Come on, Erica, have you forgotten who you're talking to? I've wanted in your panties since we were old enough to think about such things. Do you really think I'd pass up training you?"

"T-Training me?"

"To pleasure women. Now go fetch your equipment while I make myself more comfortable."

Erica knew there was a chance she could be called to entertain someone she knew, but never imagined it would be her first client or that it would be her best friend, but despite the hesitation she was dedicated to seeing this through to the end. So, after taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling she walked back out to her SUV and grabbed a large duffel bag full of oils – scented and otherwise, and sex toys from the back before returning to the room where her best friend now sat butt naked on the foot of the queen-sized bed.

"Either you've got the world's smallest massage table in that bag or you forgot to grab it," Makayla said as she looked from the large black duffel bag in her best friend's right hand up to her light blue eyes.

"A table will be a hazard for the type of massage I'll be giving you," Erica said as she sat the bag on the floor next to the small dresser. Heart pounding in her ears, she grabbed the hem of her dress and then pulled it off over her head.

"Jesus Christ you're perfect," Makayla purred as she stood and walked towards her best friend.

"Massage, first," Erica said, holding her best friend at bay with an outstretched hand. "Trust me, things are going to get intimate very quickly. Just relax on the bed and I'll let you know when I'm ready." Keeping her hand out, she waited for her client to return to the bed before removing her panties and heels. Now fully nude, she unzipped the center compartment of the duffel bag and pulled out a roll of thick clear plastic which she unrolled and then spread out over as much floor as it would cover – weights along the outer edge there to prevent it from crumpling up in the first five seconds of use. "Alright, I'm ready. Please stand in the middle of the tarp facing the bed."

Curious where this was leading, Makayla did as her best friend commanded. A moment later she felt Erica's oiled breasts and belly pressing against her back. Grinning, she was about to turn when hands came around either side and cupped her breasts. "Mmmm, not sure what sort of massage this is but I like."

"It's called a nuru massage and as you can see it's very physical," Erica said as her hands moved down her best friend's body. "In fact, the whole point is to get us as slippery as possible and then see what sort of positions we can get ourselves into." Stopping with the fingertips of her right hand a fraction of an inch above her best friend's hooded clit and her left hand gently massaging oil into Makayla's breasts she took a deep breath, closed her eyes and then went for it. First she cupped her friend's vulva. Then she pushed two slick fingers into her. Surprised at how easily it happened and natural it felt, she paused for a beat before fucking her fingers in and out.

"I really like!" Makayla moaned.

Fingering her best friend for maybe ten or fifteen seconds, Erica pulled out, poured more of the colorless, odorless oil into her palms and then massaged it into Makayla's back before moving down to her toned legs. "Get on all fours, put your head down and then spread your legs," she said, surprised the words were coming out of her own mouth, let alone to her best friend.

"I thought you'd never ask. But first..." Spinning on her heels, Makayla hooked her right arm around her best friend and then planted a kiss on her lips. When she got no resistance, she introduced some tongue. It was met in kind. Naked, oiled bodies pressing against each other, they shared their first kiss for several euphoric seconds before Makayla felt herself being lowered to the floor. She offered no resistance and soon found herself lying on her back with her best friend kneeling on all fours over her legs. Erica lowered her well-oiled upper body and slid up her best friend's legs, stopping with her mouth an inch from Makayla's vulva. Staring into her eyes, Erica closed the gap. She had tasted herself on toys and cocks in the past, but this was her first time tasting another woman and straight from the source and despite being straight her throbbing clit was all the proof needed to convince her she was hooked.

Having no idea how to pleasure another woman, Erica did what she liked having done to her in the hopes it would get her best friend off. She started with sucking and then playfully nibbling Makayla's inner labia. Moving up to her hooded clit, she pushed two and then three fingers into her pussy. Surprised at how little resistance she got, she added her pinky and fucked all four in to the knuckles. Feeling as if there was room for more, she took a chance. Tucking thumb into palm, she bunched her fingers together and pushed. After a moment of brief resistance her entire hand slipped in. "HOLY FUCK!"

"N-Now you know one of my fetishes," Makayla moaned as her best friend's hand pushed a little deeper. "Spread your fingers before pulling out and make a fist before punching it back in! And add some twist to it while it's in me," she explained what she liked. "Wait! Keep it in me." When she was sure the hand was not going to be pulled out, she rolled onto her belly and then raised up onto all fours. "I love it up my ass as well, but it'll take a little more work to open me up so don't just go ramming it in. And if you really want me gushing use both hands at the same time."

"If I'm going to give you the ultimate experience then maybe you should tell me what else you're into," Erica said, pulling her right hand from her best friend's pussy so she could add more of the slick nuru oil to both.

"You'll find out as we spend the next month together."

"You do realize I cost fifteen-hundred for a full twenty-four hours, right?"

“And you’re a steal at that. Look, I get why you’re doing this and I’m never going to judge but why risk running into the wrong person? Quit your job and come work for me.”

“I don’t know the first thing about software engineering,” Erica said, referring to her best friend’s chosen profession.

“I meant as my submissive in training. In exchange, I’ll pay you twenty grand a month. Yes, it’s less than you could make as an escort, but you’ll be with someone you know and trust no to take advantage. You don’t have to answer now. But at least think about it. Also, now you know another of my fetishes. Or rather lifestyle choices. But we can talk about that after you’ve fisted me to multiple orgasms.”

“I accept,” Erica said as she pushed her oiled right hand back into her best friend’s pussy. “Your offer that is. I’m not entirely sure what it means, but I’ll be your submissive in training. But I need some sort of guarantee that you’re actually going to pay me. Not that I don’t trust you, but I have three kids to think about and can’t take any risks.”

“Understood. We can go over the particulars tomorrow. Until then, remember what I said as you use me as your puppet.” Lowering her head onto folded arms to make herself a little more comfortable, Makayla spread her legs and moaned as Erica’s knuckles occasionally glanced off of her g-spot. Twenty grand a month was a lot of money to spend training a submissive, but her best friend was worth every penny and even as Erica’s hand and fingers penetrated her holes she was already coming up with ways to add in monetary bonuses to ensure that she not only got back on track, but stayed there.

“I don’t know what’s more shocking; that I’m fisting my best friend, or how easily you’re taking it,” Erica said as she pushed three fingers into Makayla’s ass. “That being said, I want you to eat my pussy. If you want to that is.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then she found herself being flipped onto her back with her best friend kneeling between her legs. Holding her breath, she bit into her lower lip. The tip of Makayla’s tongue flicked over her hooded clit casing her back to arch as she moaned. Straight or not, she loved being eaten out and her friend’s tongue was already working miracles and she wanted to return the favor. “Get on top of me so we can eat each other.”

Using the slickness of their bodies, Makayla effortlessly moved up her friend’s body. She sucked Erica’s left nipple and then gave it a soft bite before switching to the right. Then they were kissing. “I know you’re straight, but marry me.”

“W-What?”

“I love you Erica. Always have, always will. And you obviously love having sex with women. Marry me. Be my submissive and you’ll never want for anything ever again.”

“What about Tamia?”

“I love her as well, but you’re the one I want to spend the rest of my life with.” Standing, Makayla turned around and then knelt over Erica’s head. “Think about it, babe,” she said, lowering until she was being licked. “Mmmm...see how easily you started licking me? I didn’t even have to ask.” Lying down, she bit her best friend’s hooded clit. “I’m serious Erica. I want you to be my wife.” She bit again, this time a little harder. “But no pressure. If that’s too much then I’m more than happy remaining friends and training you as my submissive for as long as you wish to serve me.”

Erica said nothing as she pleased her best friend as she did not want to seem as thrilled as she was, but knew beyond all doubt that she would say yes when the time was right. “Unlike you I can only take three fingers. That being said, I brought some toys with me if you want to use

those as well. They're in the bag. And yes," she blurted out, as her clit was gently pinched between finger and thumb.

"Yes?"

"YES!"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning YES! Pinch it harder!" Erica moaned as her hips bucked beneath her best friend's ministrations. "Oh god that feels good!" the fingernails sank a little deeper. "LIKE THAT! N-Now keep pinching as you pull away." Her tiny love button now in a death grip, she gushed like a broken water line as it slowly slid free. YES! YES! A thousand times yes! Straight or not I want to spend the rest of my life doing this with you!"

"So..."

"I'll marry you! I'll be your wife. I'll be your submissive. I'll be whatever you want me to be if you promise to do that again."

"I don't want you rushing into something you'll later regret so..."

"God damn it, Makayla! I wouldn't have said yes if I thought I'd regret it. No pinch my clit and tell me you love me because I sure as hell love you and what you're doing to me right now. You're going to think I'm insane, but what really gets me off is putting a clamp on it and then quickly yanking it off. But not the alligator type as that's a recipe for disaster. And yes, I have clamps in the bag as well. And a paddle. Thought it was more for me in case my client wanted to spank me I'd be more than happy to use it on you if you want me to."

"Insane? No. Masochistic? Quite possibly. Do you get off from pain and humiliation, Erica?"

"Mmm hmm," Erica purred as her clit was once again squeezed between finger and thumbnail. In fact, her masochism weighed heavily in her decision to go the route of lesbian escort because she could not think of anything legal more humiliating for a straight woman than that and the illegal ones that came to mind were too much even for a masochist of her caliber. "If we're going to be married you might as well know everything. I drink piss so if you need to go then I'm your toilet." And with that she pushed her right hand into Makayla's pussy and four fingers of the left into her ass.