

Sapphic Submission

Crimson Rose

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After handing her best friend Emily a steaming hot mug of hot chocolate, Dayana sat down at the dining room table across from her. “Okay, so what’s so important you couldn’t tell me over the phone?”

“You’re not going to like it. In fact, your gut reaction is going to be to tell me to fuck off, but I beg you to please hear me out. You know what I do for a living and how the pandemic has affected my employment. Meaning I haven’t been able to work in more than nine months. Yes, I’m getting unemployment, but it falls far short of the seven thousand I need every month just to break even. I’ve been dipping into my savings to cover the difference, but that’s running dangerously low as well. All that being said, I have a plan to hopefully make a substantial amount of money, but I need your help.”

“You planning on robbing a bank or something?”

“Not quite, but if you say no then I might start leaning in that direction.”

“Okay, but I’m not doing so well financially myself so how can I help?”

“I want to throw what is known in the business as a toy party and I would like to use your house to do it. Wait, before you say anything, let me explain. First, the reason I can’t use my own home is because the studio also uses it and I am contractually forbidden from using it for such parties. As for what a toy party is, well, that’s the part you’re really not going to like. Basically, it’s where a bunch of people – in this case all women that I know and work with, get together for the express purpose of demonstrating and selling sex toys. Now, obviously the pandemic has made that a bit harder than it normally would be, but we can still get word out to a lot of people on the internet if we live stream it as part of a webcam show.”

“You’re right, I don’t like it one bit. But for the sake of argument let’s say I agree. If you’re so broke you’re worried about getting by then how can you even afford to buy the toys you’re hoping to sell?”

“Good question. Also, thanks for not outright telling me to go to hell. I’ve made a lot of connections over the last four years and I’ve convinced several companies to send me free samples of toys, equipment and clothing. We’ll actually have quite a bit of stuff at our disposal which is why I need to use your place.”

“And why is that exactly?”

“Because you’re the only person I know with a place big enough to hold it all. Unless you’ve found a use for your basement that is.”

“If you agree to help then we’ll set it up as a playroom and I’ll let you keep everything for your own personal use free of charge. I’ll also pay you twenty-five hundred dollars. I’d like to pay more, but that’s all I can afford right now. On the other hand, if you agree to host and participate I’ll also give you fifty percent of whatever we make during the show and twenty-five percent of anything I sell as a result. I have nearly nine-hundred thousand followers, Dayana. Even if only one percent of them buy something the party will be more than worth it.”

“And by participate you mean?”

“I mean you’ll have to model the clothing and use the toys and equipment with me and the other women. And just so we’re on the same page that means using them on me and the other women and us using them on you.” Holding up her right hand to stop her best friend from replying, Emily continued. “I know, you’re straight. And that’s fine. You don’t need to be bisexual, lesbian or anything else to enjoy being pleased. But that’s beside the point if you’re not willing to help a friend out so I have to ask, will you please at least consider it?”

“No.”

“Fine, I’ll just...”

“I’m not going to think about it because there’s nothing to think about, Emily,” Dayana said, cutting her best friend off. “And there’s nothing to think about because what sort of friend would I be if I didn’t help you in your time of need? Can I wear a mask during this show and how long will said show last? Also, exactly how many women are inviting into my home?”

“Yes, as long as you’ll allow it to continue and at least three and as many as eight to keep it manageable and within group size limits. Are you saying you’ll participate?”

“For what you’re offering I’d be a fool to say no so as straight as I am I’ll go all in. But if you really want the truth then the fact is I haven’t been with anyone since Brice and frankly I’m tired of self-gratification so if I have to turn to women for pleasure then that’s an experiment I’m willing to participate in. So, when are you planning to have this party?”

“It’s going to take a few days to set everything up so how about Friday?”

“Sounds good. The basement is fully finished now but I haven’t been able to furnish it thanks to the pandemic so we can set things up just as soon as you get them here.”

“Can I see what sort of space we’re working with?”

“Sure. And then we can go to your place and start packing.”

“Everything that can be packed is already packed. Actually, in the hopes that you’d say yes I brought all but the biggest pieces with me. I’ve also brought the cameras and my laptop to control them. The question is, do you want to wait until everything is in place before we have sex, or do you want to do it tonight?”

“If I’m being completely honest, I don’t want to have sex with another woman at all, but like I said, I’m tired of doing it myself.”

Emily downed the last of her hot chocolate and she sat the mug on the coaster sitting on the table. “I don’t believe you. I mean, I’m sure you’re tired of pleasuring yourself and want someone else to do it for you, but if you didn’t want to have sex with another woman, or in the case of the party as many as nine then you’d be out there looking for a man.”

“Except that we’re in the middle of a pandemic,” Dayana countered.

“You have plenty of male friends that would gladly satisfy your every sexual need. Why not ask one to all of them? Why agree quite quickly I might add, to have sex with nine women unless you have a desire to do so?”

“To help out my best friend. Now, are we going to stand here and argue all day or bring in and set up the toys?”

“I believe that’s part of it and I sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart, but there’s more to it and one way or another I’ll get you to admit the truth.”

“And what truth is that?” Dayana asked, picking up her friend’s mug on her way to the kitchen to deposit them in the sink.

“That you’re at least bi-curious and have just been looking for an excuse to have sex with another woman.”

“There’s one flaw in that train of thought. You’re bisexual. Carrie is bisexual. And Lauryn is lesbian. If I really wanted to have sex with another woman I’ve had ample opportunity. Believe me, I’d much rather have a man right now but since it has been nearly a year since Brice left me and I haven’t been with anyone else I’ve gone off my birth control and don’t want to risk getting pregnant even if one of my male friends agreed to wear a condom.”

“That’s fair. That being said, if you want a man I work with plenty that would love to give you what you need They’ll even wear condoms and pull out long before they’re ready to blow.”

“Like they do in your creampie surprise videos?”

“Those are staged.”

“I’d still rather not take the chance so let’s bring your toys in and get set up before I change my mind. Anyways, I don’t really feel like freezing my ass off so I’ll open the garage so you can pull in.”

“Works for me. But can I see the basement first?”

“Sure.”

Opening the door in the kitchen, Dayana lead her best friend down the flight of stairs and into the basement she had spent four months and several thousand dollars renovating into what she hoped would be a place to entertain guests once the pandemic ended and she was free to do such things again. Until then, however, it consisted of a main larger room complete with an unstocked bar on the right and shelving built into three of the four walls. Through an open doorway was a slightly smaller room with more shelves build into the walls as well as a large fireplace at the far end. To the left was another door leading into a full bathroom. Not that she planned on using it on a daily basis, but if past parties were any indication she had more than a few friends that could make use of it after getting completely shitfaced. “This is it. Are you planning on turning my entire basement into a playroom or will one room work?”

“Did I mention I have a lot of stuff?”

“So, all of it then?”

“As much as you’re comfortable allowing us to use for the party. What you do with your new toys and clothes afterwards is entirely up to you. The light grey walls and built-in shelves are a nice touch and are definitely going to save a lot of room. Feel free to say no, but are you okay with me adding a few hooks to hang some toys from?”

“I have some heavy-duty no damage hooks I intended to use for hanging pictures. Will those work?”

“Perfectly. So, I’m thinking we set all the dildos, butt plugs, anal beads, vibrators and lube on the shelves as they’ll fit and then use your no-damage hooks for the gags, clamps, paddles, floggers, canes and the like. We can then spread the furniture and equipment out as space allows.”

“I’m sorry, paddles, canes and gags?”

“I know, I can’t wait to try them out either,” Emily grinned, knowing full well the tone of her best friend’s voice indicated the exact opposite. “I know a couple people that work at liquor stores if you’re interested in stocking the bar.”

“I think I’ll need it. Come on, lets go grab the stuff from your car.”

“SUV.”

“Same difference.”