

Scarlett Submits

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

After fifteen years of marriage – most of it spent alone while her husband was off on one of his many business trips, Scarlett decided enough was enough. At thirty-three she needed something more than an absentee partner, someone willing to spend more than one or two weekends a month at home before running out the door for their next trip. Unfortunately, getting out required money and the last job she had was working fast food in high school so, at the age of thirty-three, with no appreciable skills to speak of, she sat in her living room across from her best friend since the sixth grade ready to ask for a job that had been offered and refused on numerous occasions. Not because she had no desire to work. First, her husband insisted on a stay-at-home wife and second, she never thought herself pretty enough to do what her best friend did despite everyone telling her otherwise.

After a long moment, Scarlett looked up from the floor and stared into her best friend's light blue eyes. "So, um, do you really think I can be a model?"

"You're kidding, right?" Amanda replied.

"Ouch!"

"I didn't mean it that way and you know it. You're absolutely pretty enough to be a model. Wait, are you asking because you don't think you are, or because you want a job?"

"Um, both?"

"Oh boy! I'll hire you right now, but there's something you need to know before you accept. I don't run a modeling agency like Elite or Ford Models. In fact, I don't really run a modeling agency at all. I know what you're thinking. You've seen my website. You've seen the dozens of scantily clad women I've taken photos of. Full disclosure, that's all a lie. Well, mostly. I did take the photos and those women do work for me, but not strictly as models."

"Okay, so if you don't run a modeling agency then what do you run?"

"I'm the owner of a strip club and porn studio named Sensual Sins. If you work for me you'll start off working various positions at the club while learning to dance and use the pole. Sex will definitely happen, but to get around prostitution laws we're also billed as a porn studio. To that end everything you do will be recorded and sold on the internet and Blu-ray."

"Um, I know how to dance and use the pole," Scarlett confessed.

"Oh?"

"Mark had a pole installed in the bedroom more than a decade ago and has me use it for him whenever he's home. I actually like it do have been using it pretty much seven days a week. If not to practice new routines, then to keep myself in shape. That being said, I've come to terms with the fact that my career prospects are limited by my non-existent skills, but I don't think I can be a porn star."

"Not even for a hundred thousand dollars a year plus tips?"

"You mentioned sex?"

"Well, it is a porn studio so yes, you'll be required to have sex with anyone that wishes to pay for your services. And at five hundred per partner that adds up real fast."

"I'd have to have sex with women?"

"Hundred percent."

"Um, I'm not bisexual."

"Neither am I but that doesn't stop me from enjoying the company of another woman. That aside, why are you suddenly looking for a job? Are things okay with you and Mark?"

“Things haven’t been okay between us for years,” Scarlett sighed. “I mean, I love him, but he’s hardly ever home anymore and I’m tired of being alone. And since he gets his boxers in a bunch every time I mention working I figured I’d ask while he’s gone so I have a few weeks to save up before telling him I want a divorce.”

“I hate to be the one that told you so, but how many times have I told you that he doesn’t want you working because he’s a control freak and keeping you home keeps you dependent.”

“I see that now so won’t disagree. But Even for a hundred grand a year I don’t think I can do it with women.”

“I think you’re capable of far more than you give yourself credit for. Tell you what, if you want to get the hell out of here I’ve got three places you can live at rent free for as long as you like. You’ll just have to pay for utilities and groceries. And to do that I’ll give you five thousand dollars. In exchange, all you have to do is spend the weekend making love to me. If you like it then we can do the paperwork and you can start work Monday. And if not, then you’ll have five thousand to get you through until you find something else. Oh, and I should mention that in keeping with the porn studio aspect of my business, you’ll be required to sign a contract. I offer one-, two-, three-, and five-year deals, but for you I’m willing to go as high as ten. That will guarantee you employment for at least the next decade. So, do we have a deal?”

“I really appreciate the offer, but I don’t know...”

“Then let me sweeten it for you. Ten thousand to spend the weekend with me and two hundred thousand plus tips for the first year and a guaranteed twenty-five thousand dollar a year increase but only if you sign a ten-year deal. That’ll mean you’ll make over four hundred thousand your last year. Assuming you don’t waste it you can very easily be a millionaire in just a few years.”

“H-How many people will I have to have sex with? And are these other porn stars or just random people off the street?”

“As many as want to have sex with you during your shift. As for who they are, they’re all club members who must provide monthly drug and disease tests to continue participating. On that note, we do not require condoms so it’ll be up to you to ask them to wear one.”

“So, on average, how many do you think I’ll have to have sex with?”

“It varies wildly. One night you might only be asked by a few, and others you’ll be gang banged by fifty.”

“JESUS CHRIST! Are you serious? I’ve never been with more than one man in my life. Actually, Mark is the only partner I’ve ever had.”

“Fifty might be a stretch, but not unheard of. So, still interested in a job and new place to live?”

“Where are these places? Are they houses or apartments?”

“Both and around the city. The first is an eight-hundred square foot one bedroom, one bathroom apartment. The second is a fourteen-hundred square foot two bedroom, one-and-a-half bath apartment and the third is a twenty-six hundred square foot three bedroom, two-and-a-half bath house sitting on three fenced-in acres. It’s a bit in the country but closer to work than the other two and far larger.”

“And I can live there rent free?”

“If you agree to spend the weekend having sex with me.”

“And you’ll give me ten thousand dollars?”

“I’ll have the cash on hand and you’ll get it Sunday night. Again, after we’ve spent the entire weekend exploring each other every way possible. I suppose now’s as good a time as any

to confess that I have very few limits and while I prefer to be dominant will submit if you want to take charge.”

“Um, what?”

“BDSM. Unless you want to take charge I’m definitely going to dominate you this weekend. And you should also know that by accepting the deal you’ll also be giving me permission to sell it.”

“Then I want more than you’re offering.”

“That’s the spirit. Since I like you so much I’ll raise it to twenty-five thousand but you’ll have to sign a contract giving me permission to use it however see fit including selling it.”

“Fifty.”

“Excuse me?”

“Fifty thousand.”

“I like you, Scarlett, but for that kind of money you’re going to have to submit to me completely for the entire weekend. Meaning I may do whatever I like whether you like it or not and you won’t refuse or hesitate to obey my commands.”

“I don’t like it and have a feeling it’ll come back to bite me in the ass, but at the same time I’d be stupid to say no, so I’ll say yes and hope for the best.”

“I promise I’ll do my best to make this the most memorable and pleasurable weekend of your life.” Getting up from the recliner, Amanda walked across the living room and offered a hand to her best friend. Scarlett took it and was helped to her feet. She was then pulled in for a kiss. Resisting at first, she slowly accepted the inevitable and after several tense seconds was sharing a smooch with her best friend, heart thumping wildly in her chest. Pulling back after a solid ten seconds, Amanda smiled. “I think we’re going to have a lot of fun, babe.”

“I hope so because I don’t want this to ruin our friendship.”

“No matter how you feel about having sex with me, I’ll always be your best friend. And if you like it...” Stopping mid-sentence, Amanda gave her best friend a wicked grin.

“If I like it what?”

“I’m single, you’re talking about divorcing your husband...”

“Oh my god! You mean...y-you want to...girlfriends?” Scarlett stammered.

“Let’s see how the weekend goes first. That being said, we’ve known each other for more than two decades so is being girlfriends that much of a stretch? Assuming you like having sex with me that is.”

“I suppose not. But like you said, let’s see how the weekend goes first. So, should I bring anything?”

“Nope. We’ll be naked for the next three days so you won’t be needing clothes.”

Taking the initiative this time, Scarlett gave her best friend a quick peck on the lips before walking towards the door. “You coming?”

“Not yet, but when I do you’ll be drinking it,” Amanda replied. Walking towards the door, she gave her best friend a playful slap on the ass and a hard kiss on the lips before pulling the door open and stepping out onto the front porch. “We’ll ride together. I’m driving.” Stopping at the edge of the porch, she turned around and walked back to the door. “Just so we’re on the same page, by coming with me you’re agreeing to let me do whatever I want to you for the entire weekend. That means if I want to fuck you with a massive strap-on you’ll accept it with a smile. If I want to shove my arm up your ass you’ll beg me to use you as my puppet. If I want to push needles into your breasts and turn you into a pincushion you’ll take it with a smile. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yeah, you’re saying you’re fucked in the head. But seriously, you wouldn’t do those things to me, right?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny it but if you agree to come home with me and sign the paperwork then nothing’s off the table. If you agree then get on your knees right now.”

Thinking about it as she stared into her best friend’s eyes, Scarlett took about thirty long seconds to weigh her options before dropping to her knees. Amanda stepped directly in front of her and then raised her skirt and pulled her panties aside. Thinking this was a test, and not wanting to screw herself out of twenty-five grand and a mostly free home before the weekend even got started, she immediately leaned in and licked. Cheeks instantly turning red from embarrassment and heat, she closed her eyes and continued. She had tasted herself many times when sucking dildos during her many night of self-pleasure and found it at least palatable, but the juices now coating her tongue had her clit throbbing with excitement.

“While I love your enthusiasm, I have something else in mind. Open your mouth and place it over my vulva. I’m going to piss and you’re going to drink. If you refuse then the whole deal is off. If you spit it out, or otherwise spill a drop then when we get back to my place that sexy ass of yours will feel the business end of my cane. No questions, no comments. Do it or don’t.” To her surprise, Amanda looked down as she felt her best friend’s lips spreading wider against her vulva. After a brief pause, she peed enough to fill Scarlett’s mouth.

Scarlett swallowed her best friend’s pee and then leaned back enough to talk. “I don’t have much of a gag reflex so please just go until you’re finished.” She then placed her mouth over Amanda’s vulva. Warm, tangy fluid hit the back of her throat and she swallowed as quickly as her mouth filled until there was nothing left. She then resumed licking, completely ignorant of the three cars now stopped on the road, drivers and passengers alike watching their very public display of perversion.

“Okay, either you didn’t taste it or that wasn’t the first time you’ve tasted piss. Which was it?”

“Well, I did taste every drop, but you’re right, that wasn’t my first time. Mark started using me as his personal urinal on our honeymoon and I’ve been drinking my own every day since and his whenever he’s home. Also, full disclosure, if you did ram your arm up my ass you’ll find that I can take it pretty deep.”

“Oh?”

“I’ve got...OH SHIT!” Scarlett gasped. “We’re being watched!”

“Nice. Now don’t change the subject. How deep can you take it? Have you fisted yourself?”

“Yes, but only my ass. I also have a massive double dildo I use to stretch me as deep as possible.”

“How massive?”

“Um, it’s over two feet long and like three and a half inches thick.”

“And how deep can you take it?”

“If I go slow I can take the entire thing but then I have to fist myself to pull it out again.”

“God, that’s fucking hot! Does Mark fist you up the ass?”

“Yes.”

“Answer me honestly, Scarlett, are you his submissive or sex slave?”

“No. Other than being his toilet and occasionally taking his fist that’s about all the kinky stuff we do together.”

“And when you’re alone?”