

The Sissiety

Crimson Rose

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Staring at the document sitting on the table in front of him, Skylar sighed and groaned in frustration. "I don't understand why you're making me do this. You've never made me sign an NDA or contracts to borrow money from you before so why start now?"

"Because if past experience has taught me anything it's that you may ask for a loan, but it never gets paid back," his friend Felicity replied. "How many times have I given you fifty dollar here and a few hundred there to fill up your gas tank or pay some bill only to find out you spent it on frivolous crap? Where's the thirty-seven grand I 'loaned' you to buy your truck? Where's the seventy-five thousand I put down on your home?"

"You're a freaking millionaire I don't even know how many times over! Asking for asking you for seventy-five grand is like asking us normal broke-ass people for seven dollars and fifty cents."

"And do you know how I became a millionaire many times over at just twenty-four years old? I worked my ass off starting and running multiple businesses and didn't blow all my money on stupid shit! Also, you're not asking for seventy-five grand, Skylar, and I'm not budging on this. You can read and sign the documents and we'll go from there, but as I said I will not make it easy and if you refuse I don't ever want to hear you asking me for money ever again. If you do, or you attempt to send someone here to ask for money on your behalf our friendship will end then and there."

"Seriously? You'd end a nearly twenty year friendship over a little bit of money?"

"A little bit? I crunched the numbers to the best of my ability and as of right now you owe me nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and you're asking for a million more. That is not an insignificant amount of money. And you're damn right I'll end our friendship over it as it's becoming painfully obvious you see me as nothing more than your personal bank to take advantage of whenever you spend yourself into debt. I'm tired of it, Skylar, so no matter the outcome you will never get another penny from me after this. Nor will anyone else. Now, please read the NDA and if you understand and accept the terms sign it and move onto the contract, or refuse and go home."

Half-heartedly taking in the words on the page, Skylar signed the NDA. Removing it from the clipboard he handed it to his best friend before looking down at the first page of a lengthy medical questionnaire. "What do you need to know my medical history for?"

"If I'm going to 'loan' you a million dollars I want to make sure I'm getting a good return on my investment. And before you ask, nothing in that stack of documents is negotiable. You'll read and sign every last page, or you get nothing."

Spending more than an hour going through the medical questionnaire, Skylar signed it and then moved onto a consent to being recorded form. No longer bothering to complain, he signed and then began reading a liability waiver. Those were followed by several more specific consent and waiver forms. And then came the meat and potatoes. The nearly thirty page contract dumbed down so anyone able to read and understand the English language could understand it. Liking what he was reading less and less by the word, he damn near shit a brick when he came to the section explaining exactly how he would earn the money he was asking for. "You can't be serious!"

"That's a lengthy contract with lots of detail so you're going to have to be more specific," Felicity replied.

“You expect me to earn the money by doing acts of sexual perversion? You know prostitution is illegal, right? And so is sexual slavery for that matter!”

“Technically there are parts of Nevada where prostitution is legal, but that’s besides the point. And while slave contracts are illegal, sexual slavery is not. That being said, you’re not reading a slave contract nor will you find the word anywhere within it. You also won’t be earning the money being prostituted.”

“Well, that’s sure as hell what it sounds like.”

“Then you had better read it again because nothing could be further from the truth.”

“It literally says I have to perform acts of sexual perversion to earn increasingly higher amounts of money! If that’s not prostitution then I don’t know what is!”

“Are porn stars prostitutes?”

“No.”

“They take money for sexual acts so why aren’t they?”

“That’s completely different!”

“Is it? They take money in exchange for acts of a sexual nature which is your sole criteria for being a prostitute so please explain how they’re any different than men and women working the streets.”

“You just said it yourself; porn stars aren’t working the streets.”

“And neither will you. Correct me if I’m wrong, but at least one of those documents you signed was a consent to being recorded form. No one is forcing you to sign, Skylar, so if you’re not comfortable following the contract to the letter then push it aside and that’s that.”

“I’m reading it, but I’d like you to explain exactly how this whole payment structure works.”

“It’s very simple. I’ll give you a task of a sexual nature and you’ll complete it for increasingly higher amounts of money. The amount starts at one thousand dollars with each subsequent task doubling the amount. So two thousand for the second task, four thousand for the third, eight thousand for the fourth and so on until you reach just over one million dollars. While the contract is in effect you’ll have one chance to bank whatever amount you’ve earned up to that point. If you quite before the contract is complete you’ll only receive the banked amount so use it wisely. If you complete the last task and earn the one million you so desperately desire, there will be one final bonus task worth five million, but I’ll only reveal what it is if you actually complete the current contract.”

“And what are these tasks you’re going to make me do?”

“There’s that word again. I’m not making you do anything, Skylar, and if you insinuate that I am one more time the deal’s off. As for what the tasks are, you’ll find out after everything is finalized, but I will say they’ll get progressively more perverse and take longer to complete the further you go. And just so we’re clear, there are no passes. You’ll do the task whether you like it or not, or you walk away empty-handed. Unless, of course, you banked your earnings before that happens.”

“You can’t expect me to go into it completely blind. Come on, Felicity, at least give me an example of what you’re going to... task me with.”

“You want an example? Okay, I’ll give you an example and I’ll even pay you one thousand dollars for it which doesn’t count as a task for completing the contract, but if you refuse it the contract becomes null and void and you can find another friend to get a million dollars from. So, you willing to put everything on the line for an example, or would you rather finish reading the contract?”

“Honestly, I’d rather not do either, but I also don’t want to spend god only knows how long doing I don’t even want to think about what trying to earn the money so give me the example.”

“I want to reiterate that once I give you the example task you are to comply without question, hesitation, or complaint whether you like it or not. Refuse, or fail the task and the contract goes in the shredder. Am I making myself clear?”

“As crystal.”

“And are you absolutely certain you want an example?”

“Just give me the task!”

“I need to hear you say the words, Skylar. Are you certain you want me to give you an example task based on the terms presented?”

“Yes, I’m absolutely, one-hundred-percent certain I want you to give me an example task.”

“For the record, you’re being recorded right now so there will be no denying what was said and agreed upon. With that in mind I will ask one final time: are you sure you want me to give you an example task prior to signing the contract?”

“As I said five seconds ago, I’m absolutely certain I want you to give me an example task.”

“Very well. For your example task which will earn you one thousand dollars upon completion you will stand up, strip butt naked, kneel with your hands behind your back holding opposite elbows or as close to it as you can manage, and then ask me to make use of both of your holes until I come in each.”

Knowing he had just played right into his best friend’s perverse hands, and that he had no choice but to comply or never get another penny from her ever again, a now visibly shaking Skylar stood up, took two steps away from the dining room table, and then began stripping out of his clothes. Keeping his teeth tightly clenched for fear of complaining or saying anything that might piss her off and retract the deal, he got down on his knees, reached behind his back, and reached for his elbows. “Felicity, will you... w-will you please... will you please make use of my mouth and ass until you come in each of them?”

“I’d love to,” Felicity answered as she pulled her flowing summer dress off over her head revealing her perky natural breasts and lacy purple panties concealing her cock and balls. “Crawl over here and pull my panties down. Once my dick is free you’ll suck it into your mouth and you won’t stop until every last drop of cum is in your stomach. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes,” Skylar stammered as he got on all fours. “You know I’m not gay, right?”

“I’m surprised it took you that long to complain,” Felicity said as she shook her head in disappointment.