

Sub Mistress

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Paige stared across the table at her best friend Lydia and smiled. "My compliments to the chef." Seeing her best friend's girlfriend Emily walk in from the kitchen with another bottle of wine, her grin widened. "You trying to get me drunk?"

"Maybe," Lydia answered.

"I'm still not going to go to bed with you."

"I'm not asking you to. What I am going to ask, however, is..." Pausing for dramatic effect, Lydia gave her girlfriend a quick glance before continuing. "Will you marry me?"

Taken completely off guard, Paige sprayed red wine all over the table. "W-What?"

"I'm kidding, but hopefully it'll lessen the shock of why I really invited you to dinner."

"I'm listening. Also, that's not something you should kid about."

"Why, were you going to say yes?"

"Maybe," Paige said, drawing the word out as her best friend had done only a moment ago. "But since you weren't serious I guess you'll never know. Besides, you're already taken."

"I really wouldn't mind if the two of you got married, Ma'am," Emily said as she refilled Paige's wine glass. "Unless you wouldn't want me as your obedient submissive that is."

"Well, first of all how many times do I have to tell you to use my name? And second, no, I don't want you as my obedient submissive. Not because I don't like you because I do, but you know full well that I'm straight and only do sessions with men."

"I could always wear a strap-on and pretend I'm a man," Emily grinned. "But seriously, you're the only one that seems blind to the fact that the two of you were made for each other."

"Hard to see how I'm made for another woman when I'm straight."

"You sure about that? I mean, have you had sex with another woman? Kissed one?"

"No and I have no interest in doing so because I'm straight."

"Or too indoctrinated by society to come out of the closet."

"If I was indoctrinated by society there's be a hell of a lot less homophobia," Paige countered "because I accept everyone's sexuality no matter what it might be. The same, however, cannot be said for you."

"I accept everyone no matter who they are."

"Says the woman that can't accept that I'm straight."

"I want you to be my Mistress," Lydia blurted out. "And before you say it, I'm being deadly serious. I want you to train me in all things submissive. Before you shoot me down completely please hear me out. I'm neither dominant nor submissive by nature but after many very long and sometimes heated conversations Emily has finally convinced me to give her way of life a try and seeing as how you're my best friend and a professional dominatrix I immediately thought of you. I know your straight and have no interest in women but I also know that the pandemic has hit you much harder than it has me so I'm offering a proposal. And I don't mean marriage though I wouldn't say no," Lydia added with a seductive smile. "Train me. Let Emily have someone to serve. And in return I'll not only pay triple the going rate for such services, but forgive the eleven grand I've loaned you to get through the past five months. Please, Paige, I honestly want to do this for Emily and you're the only one I trust so will you at least think about it for more than a second before saying no?"

Everything her best friend said was true. She was straight. The pandemic did not just hit her hard it had financially knocked her on her ass. While she qualified for unemployment she as one of the unlucky ones still waiting for their first check months into a seemingly never-ending

pandemic so triple the going rate – a ridiculous amount her best friend could easily afford, was nice but it was the forgiveness of the loan that convinced her to step way outside of her comfort zone. “There’s nothing to think about,” Paige replied. Seeing the look on her friend’s face instantly go from hopeful to utter defeat nearly broke her heart. Holding up her right hand she continued. “I’ll do it.”

“REALLY?” Emily shouted in excitement.

“Really. But there are going to be some rules.”

“Yes, there are,” Lydia cut in. “And you’re not going to like them but given how much I’m paying for your services I think they’re deserved. First, I don’t want a one-sided bdsm relationship. If I’m going to serve you I’m going to do so in every capacity of a submissive. That means pleasuring you every way imaginable including sexually. Second, you’re free to wear a mask or hood if you like but I want my training to not only be recorded but streamed live for all of my fans and followers to see,” she said, referring to the more than half a million men and women following her on various webcam sites. Third, Emily and I have spent the last few months discussing options and I’d like your opinion on the design and layout of turning the unused back half of the basement into a dungeon and what sort of toys and equipment would be most useful. And lastly, given the nature of the world right now and the risk of getting infected I’m going to require you to live here with me until my training is complete or the pandemic ends, whichever comes first.”

“I’ll gladly help you with your dungeon ideas and I agree that living here would minimize some risks. I also don’t have a problem having our sessions recorded or live-streamed as we record everything where I work. What I do have a problem with is having sex with you Lydia.”

“Those are my terms, Paige.”

“Fine, you want me to have sex with you then make it five times the going rate and you have a deal,” Paige said, hoping the added cost would convince her best friend she really did not want to do it.”

“Deal,” Lydia quickly replied. “And you won’t just be having sex with me, Mistress. Emily and I come as a package deal. And because I didn’t add that in there I’ll make it seven times the going rate.”

“I’m not going to argue with that. Now, before we do anything we’ll need to go over what exactly you want out of this new relationship.”

“Emily and I have already discussed that and I want you to train me completely. As in I don’t want to have any limits whatsoever.”

“You want to be a sex slave?”

“We want to be sex slaves, Mistress,” Emily corrected.

“The deal was to train Lydia, not you.”

“For seven times the going rate I think you can train both of us at the same time,” her best friend said. “Especially since she’s already mostly trained. And to prove you’re serious I’d like for the three of us to spend the rest of the night having sex.”

“Two things. First, you may not want to have limits but I do so if being a sex slave is what you’re seeking then I’m not the Mistress for you,” Paige said as she stared into her best friend’s light blue eyes. “Second, I will not be pressured into having sex. We’ll do it on my time, not yours.”

"I'm not pressuring you, Paige, but I do need to know you're going to at least eventually ask me to pleasure you and I see no better time than the present to prove it so you can join me and Emily in the bedroom or we can forget the deal."

"That sounds and awful lot like pressure to me."

"And that sounds and awful lot like you have no intentions of ever having sex with me."

"I've already agreed to have sex with you as part of the deal, Lydia, and we both know I'm a woman of my word."

"You are, but this is something I know you're not even the least bit interested in and I need to know that you're going to do it so join us in the bedroom or I'll just have to find another Mistress to serve. Also, not to nitpick, but you agreed to train me as a sex slave as part of the deal so unless you're not a woman of your word as we all know you are then I'll have to find another Mistress to serve."

"I think we're getting ahead of ourselves and I honestly don't think you realize what no limits truly means. For instance, if I commanded you to have sex with animals or family would you do it?"

"Hell no!"

"Then we've already found two limits and I'm sure if we sat down and went over a comprehensive list of fetishes we'll find a whole lot more. What if I wanted to cane your breasts or brand your ass? What if I wanted to be a cruel Mistress and physically and mentally beat you into submission?"

"Then you wouldn't be much of a Mistress, Mistress."

"True, but there aren't many people in this world with the mental fortitude to truly be a sex slave. A submissive with few limits? Sure. But an honest to god slave? I've never met one."

"Fine, I get your point. We'll go over your list. Right after we do a sixty-nine."

"Which one of us is the Mistress again?" Paige asked with a raised brow. "I get it. You want in my pants and I've agreed to let you, but if this is going to work we need to draw clear lines on who's in charge and what each of us not only wants out of this relationship but what we expect from one another. And to do that we need to take five steps back and have a very lengthy conversation. Then there's the matter of me moving in here for what could amount to months or even years. Don't get me wrong, I love this place but I have a house of my own that isn't going to take care of itself."

"Then let me," Lydia replied. Heidi is dying to move out on her own so rent it to her. As for maintenance and lawn care I'll happily pay the guys that do my work to ensure everything is taken care of."

"You really have put a lot of thought into this haven't you?"

"Yes Mistress I have. And not to sound arrogant but in this instance I have an answer for everything."

"I don't doubt it. I'll move in eventually, but not until after we get your basement ready for all my toys and other equipment and we've gone over some fetishes. Until then, after you."

"Mistress?"

"To the bedroom. Or have you forgotten I agreed to have sex with you?"

"Right! I promise to make it as pleasurable as possible, Mistress."

"*We'll* make it as pleasurable as possible, Mistress," Emily corrected.