

Weekend Bacchanal

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Weekend Bacchanal

Copyright© 2019 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Her annual bacchanal only a few months away, Amelia put on her tightest sports bra, matching shorts, a pair of ankle socks and black running shoes. Going to the living room, she picked up the backpack sitting by the door and then headed out into the warm night to personally deliver the invitations to five hundred random homes. But what had her the most excited was the thought of surprising one lucky person with a night of uninhibited sex. Walking a mile before choosing a house at random, she placed a sealed envelope into a mailbox and then moved on to the next a block away.

Dropping off nearly half of the invitations, she stopped in front of a large, modern Tudor with a dark blue, almost black SUV sitting in the driveway. Slipping the backpack off her shoulder, she unzipped the front pocket and withdrew an ornate Venetian mask and carefully tied it in place before walking up to the front door. Taking a deep breath, she raised her right hand and knocked. It was nearly three in the morning so it was no surprise that it took three minutes for someone to answer.

“Do you have any idea what time it is?” a groggy shirtless man in his early thirties grumbled.

Looking down at her right wrist and then back up, Amelia answered. “It’s three-fourteen and this is your lucky night.” Taking a step forward, she kissed the man on the lips causing him to move back in surprise.

“What the...”

Following the man into the house, she kissed him again. “The annual bacchanal is approaching and you’re the lucky one to spend a night with me. Unless you’d rather go back to bed alone that is.”

“Lady, I don’t know who the hell you are but you’ve got exactly three seconds to get the hell out of my house before...”

“Honey, what’s going on?” A woman called out from down a long hallway leading to the back of the house.

“Married? Even better,” Amelia grinned. “My name is Amelia Dallen and I’m here to have uninhibited sex with you and your husband. Or you can go back to bed and miss out on the best night of your life.”

A few moments later, a lithe brunette wearing a sheer purple nightgown walked into the living room. “What in the hell are you standing there for? Let her in.”

“I’m not...”

“Jesus Christ, do you realize who you’re talking to? I’m so sorry for my husband’s lack of manners. I’m Gina and this is my husband Aiden and it would be our pleasure hosting you for the night.”

“Pleasure, but I need the consent of everyone involved or this night ends before it ever begins.”

“You have it,” Gina quickly replied. “Honey,” she elbowed her husband.

“I don’t know what sort of trick you’re trying to play but I’m not...”

“Oh for fuck sake! This isn’t a trick. Now give your consent.”

“Consent to what?”

“Were you born yesterday? Do you have any idea who she is? Amelia Dallen. Weekend bacchanal. Richest woman in the freaking state. You do realize she picked up to fuck her however we want, right? Now give her consent before she decides to leave.”

“Fine, I give you my consent. Now what? You’re just going to let us have sex with you?”

“However you like as long as it’s legal and no permanent marks are left. Oh, and everything we do must be recorded. You are, of course, entitled to a copy but I’ll be taking one home with me as well. Any issues being recorded?”

“None what so ever,” Gina replied. In fact, we have cameras set up in our dungeon that record everything we do.”

“Cool, but I still require that I set up my own cameras.”

“That’s fine. Shall we show you the way?”

“Please do.”

“So, why did you choose us?”

“You want the truth?”

“Absolutely.”

“Truth is, I have a lot of perverted friends that own clubs of one type or another and they were kind enough to provide me with membership lists. Your name was picked at random from a certain bdsm club.”

“I see. Well, I’m sure that breaks more than a few laws, but seeing as how it gives us a night together I’m not going to complain. Have you ever submitted before?”

“Many times.”

“Nice. When we get to the dungeon we’ll have a few questions for you.”

“Lead the way.”

Going into the kitchen, Gina opened a door and led the way into the basement where Amelia laid eyes on an impressive playroom including a wide variety of toys, equipment and furniture. Very nice dungeon.”

“Thank you. Before we get started I have a few questions and rules to go over,” Gina replied. “First, what is your name and age?”

“My name is Amelia Dallen and I’m twenty-five years old.”

“Are you here of your own free will?”

“Absolutely.”

“And you agree to let me and my husband do whatever we want to you for the rest of the night?”

“As long as it’s legal and doesn’t leave permanent marks.”

“Do you give us permission to record and post said recording on the internet?”

“As long as my mask isn’t removed and you agree to let me do the same.”

“Agreed.”

“Without going into too many details, please give us a rundown of what fetishes you’re comfortable doing without prompting.”

“Hmm...I’m pretty open-minded so just about everything is on the table with the exception of anything illegal or that leaves permanent marks.”

“What do you consider permanent marks?” Aiden asked.

“Anything that won’t disappear on its own after a few days like tattoos, piercings, brands and that sort of thing.”

“What about needle play?” Gina asked.

“Never done it, but I’m willing to try. I’ve also been fisted in my pussy and ass though it does take some work to open me up that much so please don’t go ramming your hands in me without warning or copious amounts of lube. Flogging and spanking are also fine but caning is

right out unless used as a form of discipline. Oh, and I've drank enough pee to fill a swimming pool so please feel free to use me is your urinal. Those are the major ones I can think of."

"Since you are offering yourself to us for the night for uninhibited sex there will be no safewords used. Is that going to be a problem?"

"None what so ever."

"Are you okay with my husband fucking you bareback or will you require a condom?"

"I'm on birth control so bareback is fine."

"Okay, time for the rules. First and foremost you will call me Mistress and my husband Master. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"You will do as commanded when commanded or you'll be disciplined. Do you agree?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Discipline means being caned. Ten for the first infraction, twenty-five for the second, fifty for the third and one hundred for every one after that. You will count every swat and give thanks or more swats will be added. If you break position, forget to count and give thanks more swats will be added. Do you understand and agree?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Then you may set up your cameras. When you're finished you will strip naked and then stand there in the red square with your feet on the footprints and hands behind your back," Gina said, pointing to a taped off area a few feet to her right.

"Yes Mistress." Though the location, people and size of the dungeon changed from person to person each encounter started nearly the exact same way year after year, but Amelia did not mind as she considered it her recompense for what she put five-hundred other people through during her weekend long bacchanals. Working quickly, she set the wireless cameras up around the room and then stripped out of what little clothes she wore before taking her place in the taped off area. "I am at your command, Mistress."

Going to a pegboard on the far right wall, Gina grabbed a pair of cuffs connected by a short chain and a coil of purple nylon rope. Disconnecting the cuffs, she walked over to Amelia, knelt and secured them tightly around her ankles and then hooked them to d-rings in the floor. Next, she walked behind her new temporary submissive and began looping the rope around her wrists. She then raised her arms upward until Amelia was bent at the waist in the classic strappado position.

"Time to prove you're a toilet," Aiden said as he put the head of his cock against Amelia's lips. She let them part. He stopped with only the head in her mouth and then without further warning he began pissing. To his surprise, she did not choke or spit as the warm, acrid liquid slid down with practiced ease. Transitioning right into throat fucking, he slammed in and out of her mouth and throat while holding her long black ponytail to prevent her from stopping.

Meanwhile, across the dungeon, Gina grabbed a few items from shelves, a cabinet built into the wall and several hooks. Walking back over to her new submissive she started with placing cloverleaf clamps on Amelia's nipples and tugged the connecting chain, drawing the clamps even tighter. Next, she placed two much smaller sets of clamps on her inner labia and then added weights – causing them to stretch downward as much as humanly possible. Picking up a long, fat butt plug she generously coated it with lube and then slowly pushed it up Amelia's ass.

"That one is two and a half inches and you took it like a pro. Good girl," Gina said as she picked up a cat-o-nine. Taking a step back and to the left, she brought it up and then down hard

across Amelia's back causing her to yelp as the stiff leather tips wrapped around her right side and bit painfully into her belly and breast. Welts almost immediately raised on her back while the tips drew tiny drops of blood. THWAP! The second strike hit a little lower than the first. More welts, more blood. THWAP! With an upward swing, Gina slapped the hard-tipped tassels right across Amelia's nipples.

Knowing from the past eight years of submitting to random strangers that complaint would only make things worse, the only hint of complaint she offered was a groan as she continued sucking Aiden's cock.

THWACK! With practiced precision Gina brought the cat-o-nine up between Amelia's legs. The hard leather tassels dug painfully into her hooded clit causing her to throw her head back and howl as a torrent of agony coursed through her entire body.

"Aahhgghhh! Fucking hell!" Amelia screeched.

"So you do have a pain threshold," Gina replied as she brought the implement of torture up against the bound submissive's clit for a second time. The next three were delivered to Amelia's ass which were followed by ten to each restrained arm, twenty to each leg and a further twenty-five split between back, breasts and belly leaving her gasping for air and bleeding from dozens of tiny cuts caused by the tips.

"E-Enough," Amelia panted. "I can't take anymore."

"But we're just getting started. Besides, I do believe you gave yourself to us to use freely as our sex slave for the rest of the night," Gina replied. "Honey, why don't you get the violet wand while I get the needles?"

"Sure thing, babe," Aiden said. Holding back for the last half hour, it only took him a few more thrusts down Amelia's throat before she was eating his load. When he was finished, he went to one side of the dungeon to fetch the case containing the violet wand while his wife went in the direction of the cabinet holding all of the needles. Returning, he placed the large black case on a small table just out of Amelia's sight, opened it and attached the branding electrode. He then removed and shuffled through several dozen templates before finding five that he thought fitting.

Carefully cleaning Amelia's breasts, hips and mound with alcohol wipes that stung more than a little, Aiden then placed the thin, flexible templates and turned the violet wand on. Heart pounding in her chest, mind racing, every muscle in her body tense, Amelia looked back at her would-be Master. "W-What are you going to do with that, Master?"

"I'm going to brand, you, slave."

"THE HELL YOU ARE, MASTER!" Amelia screeched. "I said nothing permanent and specifically mentioned branding."

"Brands from a violet wand are not permanent unless they are gone over multiple times," Aiden explained. "Depending on how your body heals, it'll fade away after maybe a month or so. Violet wand brands also have the added benefit of not burning the skin like traditional branding so it is far less painful."

"Unlike what I'm going to do to you," Gina said as she pushed a cart across the dungeon. Stopping it a few feet behind Amelia's left hip, she picked up a penis gag and placed it in her mouth before proceeding. "You see, there are many ways to interpret the word permanent and if you really think about it nothing truly is. I mean, take branding for instance. At first thought one might think it is a permanent form of body modification, but in reality it too can be removed. As van piercings, tattoos and any other work you have added." Squatting down, Gina removed the

clamps from Amelia's vulva. "I don't know what information you got on us from the club, but I bet they didn't mention my profound love for stretched labia.

Unable to free herself or beg them to stop, Amelia stood there spread legged and arms painfully raised behind her back as Aiden slowly, meticulously branded her while his wife Gina carefully marked and then added four tiny tunnels to each of her inner labia along with as many microdermal anchors along her inner thighs for them to be stretched and hooked to once healed. Next, she pierced Amelia's hooded clit, belly button and nipples before finally threading everything together with a fine silver chain. And then lastly, she added a specially made barbell through each set of tunnels that had a small hole in the center to hand weights on.

"Don't worry, everything we give you tonight should be more than healed in time for your annual bacchanal," Gina said as she stood and gently caressed Amelia's right cheek. "That being said, it's going to take your Master another four or five hours to finish all the brands so I hope you don't mind staying longer than intended. And while he's doing that I think I'll go ahead and test your claims of being able to take fists."