

Welcomed Perversion

Crimson Rose

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Waking first, Brooke rolled over and gasped as she saw her fiancé's bruised face and black eyes. "Oh my god!" Although the woman lying next to her asked for the severe beating the night before, that did not make the after effects and less shocking.

"Uuhnnn," Ashley groaned. Eyes slowly opening, she found herself staring into her fiancé's wide eyes. "What's wrong? Everything okay?"

"I could ask you the same thing. How are you feeling?"

"Stiff. A little sore. But also really fucking good. Why? What's wrong, babe?"

"Um, your face!"

"Ouch!"

"Sorry, I didn't mean it like that. Your face is all kinds of fucked up, babe. Mistress really did a number on you and it shows."

"Nothing I didn't ask for," Ashley said, fingers coming up to gently touch her left cheek. "Mmmm... Not the same as having the shit slapped out of me but still feels pretty nice."

"Wow!"

"Sorry. I can't help being the way that I am."

"I'm not asking you to change, Ashley, but you kind of went off the rails last night and while Mistress Vivian gave you what you wanted I could see the hesitation and concern in her eyes. Honestly, I felt the same way seeing you being beaten like that and had I not been there to witness you begging for it I'd have called the police thinking she was beating you to death." Throwing the blankets back, Brooke took in the rest of her fiancé's naked body where she saw more bruising on her breasts, vulva and inner thighs."

"Well, it's a good thing my fiancé's a nurse," Ashley said as she slowly sat up.

"On the bright side the welts are mostly gone, but thee scratches and bruising are still very much present. Please promise me you won't do something like that again."

"I'm sorry, Brooke, but I think we both know I can't make such a promise, but what I can promise is that I'll only ask the Mistresses, other students and you to use such extreme force and only if our owners... FUCK... we're owned. We're sex slaves!" Ashley said, fingers going to the sleek metal band around her neck.

"Sex slaves in training. And yeah, not exactly what I wanted when I applied, but if that's what it takes to be with the woman I've loved for years then it's a price I'm more than willing to pay."

"Do you hate me for begging Mistress Vivian to beat me? Do you hate that I'm such an extreme masochist?"

"Of course not! I love you, Ashley, and nothing is ever going to change that. Please don't confuse concern for hatred or disappointment. If pain and humiliation get you off then I can work with that. All I ask is that you be careful and not go so overboard. At least not outside on a safe and controlled environment such as the manor or our home here."

"I'll be as careful as I can and going forward I'll make sure to do my best to keep it below the neck."

"Thank you. So, I don't see the plug on the bed anywhere so I take it that it's still up your ass?"

"Mmm hmm," Ashley purred. "I'm still shocked that Mistress Connie managed to fist me only after a couple of hours but I'm glad she did. And as commanded I'll leave it in until after orientation tonight," she added, referring to the official beginning of their enrollment in

Brentwood Manor's extended slave training program. "Well, except to shower and use the toilet that is."

"And it's really shaped like a fist?"

"Exactly like one."

"Cool. And you like being stretched open like that? Nevermind, of course you do."

"You don't?"

"To a degree but I can't take a fist in either hole."

"Oh! Um, will you let me try fisting you, babe? Not like right now, but whenever we have time between lessons?"

"If our owners allow it."

"They will. Mistress Connie gave me permission to play with anyone I want, anytime I want so long as it doesn't interfere with anyone's training. Speaking of our mutual owner, do you think she's pissed that you caned the hell out of her last night?"

"Probably, but she won't retaliate if that's what you're concerned about."

"How many did you end up giving her?"

"Forty-two on the breasts and a hundred and fifty-three on the ass."

"DAMN!"

"Yeah, I honestly felt bad for her, but the rules are the rules and if I didn't complete the discipline I'd have gotten double."

"Why did she get so many? I thought she only had like fifty or sixty on the ass?"

"She kept breaking position, forgetting to count or give proper thanks and said more than one expletive. Anyways, we should probably go take a shower and grab a bite to eat before getting our day started. Speaking of which, with our new employment here you're going to need to quit the hospital and then there's the matter of what to tell family and friends about our new lives. And I'm not just talking about the slave training. We're engaged now!"

"I propose waiting until after graduation to get married, but I'll go down to the courthouse right now if you ask."

"I was actually hoping we could talk to Mistress Vivian about having a bdsm-themed wedding here. Not right away obviously as weddings take time to plan, but maybe next summer if it's possible."

"Works for me, but what if no one wants to attend a bdsm-themed wedding? What does that even mean?"

"I was thinking the guests could dress the part. You know, fetishwear and all that. Basically, keeping in line with what they'd have to wear when visiting. Then, after we exchange rings we can do a collaring ceremony where we publicly profess our desire to be owned by our Mistresses and our devotion to serving them. As for no one showing up, this might sound harsh and heartless, but if they can't accept this as part of our lives and be happy for us then we honestly don't need them in our lives and they certainly don't deserve to have us in theirs."

"True. And I know I'll eventually have to tell my family, but at the same time I also fear losing them over it."

"Believe me, I understand completely, but we shouldn't have to live in fear of what others think. They don't have to like it. They don't have to participate in the lifestyle. All they have to do is accept us for who we are and continue treating us with the same love and respect they have our entire lives. But we can worry about all that later," Brooke said as she hopped off their new queen-sized bed. "I need to pee and you're my toilet."

"Yes Mistress!"

“As much as I like the sound of that, I am not a Mistress here at the Manor so you can’t refer to me as such. We’re slaves now so we’re just as equal as always.”

“While that might be true here, I think we’ll both agree you’re far more dominant than I’ll ever be and if you ever become a Mistress here I’ll serve you in a heartbeat,” Ashley said as she got down on her knees in front of her fiancé. Leaning forward, she placed her mouth over Brooke’s vulva and then gave a slight nod indicating that she was ready to drink. A beat later and the warm, somewhat bitter and salty fluid was freely flowing down her throat – her gag reflex virtually non-existent ever since her now ex-boyfriend started using her as his urinal years before. Clit tingling with excitement as it had each of the hundreds of times she had done it, she dug her fingernails into her fiancé’s ass as the orgasm gushed out of her.

“Jesus Christ! Did you seriously just orgasm drinking my pee?”

“Mm hmm,” Ashley moaned, not taking her mouth from her fiancé’s vulva.

“Fucking hell! Good think we’ve got hardwood floors because something tells me carpets would quickly get wrecked. “Do you always orgasm drinking piss?”

Sitting back, Ashley looked up at her fiancé. “I have in the past, but mostly I was fucked or pleased myself afterwards so it’s hard to tell for sure.”

“How many times have you done it? Drink pee that is.”

“Hundreds. Probably more than a thousand.”

“Fuck me!”

“Okay!” Reaching up, Ashley pushed four fingers into her fiancé’s pussy causing her to stumble and fall back on the bed. Following, Ashley fucked her fingers in and out while tenderly kissing Brooke’s inner thighs.

“N-Not what I meant but I’m not complaining,” Brooke grunted between hard thrusts. “H-How in the hell have you... uhn... how...”

“How have I drank piss so many times? Easy. I did tell you that Ryan used me as his toilet twice a day for over three years, right? Fuck! Now that I think about it that’s actually over two thousand times. Plus I drank mine at least once a day on top of that so, um, yeah, I’ve done it a lot.” Tucking thumb into palm, Ashley did her best to fist her fiancé’s pussy, but despite how wet Brooke was her hand just would not go in beyond the knuckles. Not wanting to hurt her lover, she did not force it to go any deeper but Brooke had other plans.

Reaching down, Brooke wrapped her hands around her fiancé’s wrist. Thinking she was causing her too much pain, Ashley started to pull back only to feel her arm being pulled forward. Eyes wide, she stared in disbelief as her fiancé’s pussy opened to accept her entire hand. Desperate to know what it felt like to be fisted and whether she would get off on the pain, Brooke bore down as she drew Ashley’s hand deeper. The stretching was immediate and intense but not wholly unpleasurable and the orgasm that followed erased what discomfort she had felt in the moment. “UHN! Ooohhhh my fucking god!” Wrapping her legs around her lover and pulling her in, she had a second orgasm as the knuckles hit that sweet spot within.

“The orgasms tell me you’re enjoying it, but are you okay, babe?” Ashley asked as she tried keeping her hand as still as possible in her writhing fiancé’s pussy.

“YES! Oh my fucking god, YES! S-S-Sorry. I just... I had to...”

“No need to apologize. I think it’s hot as fuck but you’re not a masochist like me and I don’t want you hurting yourself because you think it’s what I want. I don’t want that, Brooke. I mean, I want you to do what makes you happy and if fisting makes you happy then I’ll gladly fist you all day long, but please don’t go to the same extremes as me unless it’s genuinely what you want.”

“C-Closet. Lube.” Brooke panted. “Coat your hands, make fists and see if you can punch them into me one after the other!”

“Are you sure that’s...”

“YES! Please do it, Ashley. Please fist me until I pass out or beg you to stop. And not just my pussy. Yank the damn plug out and try fisting my ass too!”

“I’ll try, but please don’t force it in like you did your pussy,” Ashley said as she very slowly pulled her hand from Brooke’s tightly clenching pussy. Standing, She turned to walk towards the closet only to spin back around and punch her closed fist into her fiancé’s pussy. Yanking it out, she punched it right back in. “I think I’ll be able to give you exactly what you want, babe,” she said, pulling her hand out. “Let me go grab that lube.”