

# **Welcoming Submission**

**Crimson Rose**

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## Welcoming Submission

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Hearing a knock at the door, Ashley rushed down to see who it was just in time to see a Lexis backing out of the driveway. Eyes catching something off to the right, she looked down to see a large cardboard box. Although she could not recall ordering anything in the past several months, she nevertheless picked the package up and carried it inside if only to contact the delivery company and inform them of the obvious mistake. Sitting the box on the coffee table, she searched all six sides for an address label but found none. *Um, okay, this isn't weird at all*, she thought sarcastically to herself. *Fuck it. If it's not addressed to anyone and it was on my porch then it's mine*. Going to the kitchen she retrieved a utility knife from a drawer and then returned to see what had been left for her and hopefully glean some clue as to whom left it and why.

With three quick swipes of the razor-sharp blade the box was open and Ashley found herself staring down into a box of smaller boxes with an envelope on top with OPEN FIRST written across it. Shrugging, she picked it up and immediately felt something slid into the slightly lower corner. Holding it away from her face, she carefully tore it open and peered inside to see what appeared to be a flash drive. *What. The. Actual. Fuck?* Removing the tiny device, she went to her laptop and plugged it into the USB port without even stopping to consider the possibility of it containing some sort of virus capable of stealing all of her information. With a few clicks she opened the drive to see a single video file. Curiosity getting the better of her, she gave it a double click and she watched as a black screen came into focus on a beautiful curly-haired brunette woman dressed in a form-fitting little black dress.

“Hello Miss Ashley Johnson. I’m Vivian Maxwell and it is my profound pleasure to inform you that after careful consideration you have been hand selected for our fall training program. Orientation will take place at Brentwood Manor at exactly 8pm on Friday, September sixteenth. Please arrive no later than seven for inspection and be sure to wear everything in the welcome package. And I do mean everything, Miss Johnson. Any deviation will be grounds for your immediate and irrevocable termination of your enrollment and based on your application I feel safe saying that’s the last thing either of us wants. Congratulations on your acceptance and I look forward to seeing you on Friday.”

And with that the screen faded to black and after several seconds the video stopped playing. “What the actual fuck?” Ashley said aloud. “Brentwood Manor? Training program? What application is she talking about? I never applied for any training program,” she said as she walked back to the box sitting on the coffee table. Grabbing a small, flat square box she pulled the top off to see a sleek green and silver collar. It looked beautiful in its simplicity, but something about it gave her goosebumps. Setting it aside, she withdrew another box – this one thicker and rectangular in shape containing a pair of dark green latex thigh-high boots. Another box contained a pair of long latex gloves in the same shade of green. The largest box contained a latex dress with silver eyelets on the front and sides and laced with thin black leather cording. The next small box contained a pair of triskelion-shaped nipple shields and the last one contained a large butt plug shaped like three increasingly larger bumps that made her shiver involuntarily.

Leaving everything on the coffee table, Ashley paced the living room wondering what the hell was going on while also trying in vain to recall enrolling in what she assumed based on the items received could only be some sort of bdsm training program – something she was definitely

not into. *I would never sign up for something like that. But how the hell did that woman know my name and address? Shit! Did I get drunk and do something stupid again? Wouldn't be the first time. But bdsm? A training program? That woman can't seriously expect me to just show up and let her train me. And that plug! Fucking hell! Is she planning on using my ass as a garage?* She thought as her eyes drifted to the huge toy standing tall on the coffee table. *I'll just look them up, get their number, call and find out what the hell is going on and how they got my information.*

A lengthy Google search told Ashley that Brentwood Manor was located on an estate some sixty-three miles from where she lived and according to their web page was used to train submissives and sex slaves from all walks of life. After a quick search through the site she stumbled onto the application and then the member's section. Butterflies in her stomach, she put in the same username and password she used for virtually every website she signed up for and to her astonishment it worked and she was taken to a profile page with her picture in the top left corner, all of her personal information and to her horror, more than a hundred explicit images of her in sexual positions from fingering to fucking herself with all manner of sex toy – all taken in the privacy of her own bedroom.

“WHAT THE HELL? I never... that's not... oh god what have I done? And why don't I remember doing it?” she said, her voice on the verge of breaking as she scrolled through the thumbnails to find her application and more than a dozen different consent and waiver forms all with her signature on the line. And not some random, half-assed forgery. Try as she might to find some flaw, she could not help but admit it was her own. “I don't understand.” Her entire body trembling and flushed from embarrassment, she rolled her chair back, got up and then resumed paces – wracking her brain for even the vaguest memory of what she had done.

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When calm enough to form coherent sentences, Ashley called Brentwood Manor in the hopes this Vivian woman could give her the answers she desperately needed.

“Thank you for calling Brentwood Manor, this is Connie. How may I direct your call?” a pleasant-sounding woman answered the phone.

“Um, hi, can I speak with Vivian Maxwell please?”

“Mistress Vivian is in class until four. If you'd like to leave a message she'll get back to you sometime after that.”

“Um, no, that's, um, maybe you can help.”

“I'll certainly do my best. What seems to be the problem?” Connie asked, sensing the apprehension in the caller's voice.

“The problem is, I received a mysterious unmarked package this morning. Inside I found a flash drive which I put in my laptop to find a video of a woman calling herself Vivian Maxwell welcoming me to some sort of fall training program. She used my real full name and everything but I've never seen that woman before nor have I signed up for a training program. Especially a bdsm one. I'm not even into it. I've never even heard of your place until that video and looking it up on the internet where, to my horror I seem to have an account where hundreds of my images are posted. I never signed up to your website. I never sent you nude and sexual images. I never signed all those forms or filled out an application and yet somehow it all happened and I feel as if I'm losing my damn mind.”

“Well, I was going to say congratulations on being accepted, but I think I'm sorry is more in order. I'll gladly see what I can do to help ease your concerns. Can I have your name?”

“Ashley Johnson.”

“Date of birth?”

“Seven-fifteen-ninety-seven.”

“And the last four digits of your social security number?”

“Eight-one-six-five.”

“Is your address eleven-thirty-two Deer Park Run?”

“It is.”

“According to the information I have here you’re five-seven, a hundred and thirty-three pounds, brown hair and eyes, thirty-six-see, twenty-five, thirty-seven. Is that correct?”

“It is.”

“Alright, now that I’m sure I’ve got the correct account, let’s get to the bottom of this. According to the information we have on file you applied on June seventh of this year and were accepted into the program on the first of September for the fall program. All of the documents seem to be signed and in order.”

“But I didn’t sign them! Or at least I don’t remember it. I think I might’ve gotten really drunk and did something stupid again. I’m not even into bdsm and you can’t force me to go through that sort of training!”

“Of course not! I’m not trying to force you into anything, Miss Johnson. I’m just going over what we have on file. If you’d like to withdraw from the program I’ll remove you from the roster, but before you do I have to ask, and I mean absolutely no offense, but are you sure you’re not into it even a little? Don’t get me wrong, I understand the social stigma that comes with being a submissive, but drunk or not would you really sign up for it if you weren’t at least curious?”

“I’m pretty sure I’m not into it. So please remove me from the roster because I don’t intend on showing up tomorrow. What should I do with the stuff you sent?”

“Yours to keep on us. I’ll gladly remove you from the program is that’s what you truly desire, but you’re under no obligation to complete the program and may quit at anytime so why not give it a try? Get into uniform and show up tomorrow. Go through orientation and give us the weekend to convince you that this is a lifestyle worth pursuing and if you still feel the same then you can just walk away knowing beyond a doubt that it isn’t for you. But if it turns out you like it then you’re in and can stay to complete the program?”

“And how long is that exactly?”

“I see here you’ve been accepted into the extended training program designed for beginners which is an eighteen-month program. But again, you are free to leave at any time without reason so what do you have to lose? No pressure, and if you tell me to remove you from the roster I’ll do so without hesitation, but why not give us a weekend so you can make an informed decision based on experience and not just feelings?”

“I... I’ll give you a weekend but I doubt I’ll change my mind.”

“I’ll remove you from the program if you certain you’ll never change your mind.”

“I don’t know what to think anymore,” Ashley sighed. “I can’t remember signing up or taking all those photos, but what you said makes some sense so I’ll give you a weekend.”

“Which part makes sense if you don’t mind me asking?”

“What you said about signing up drunk and possibly being into it even a little. I don’t think I am, but maybe being drunk brought something out in me I never new existed. I mean, I looked at the documents and they all have my signature on them and there’s no denying the pictures are of me in my bedroom using my toys. Can I ask what you’re going to do to me over the weekend?”

“You’ll go through orientation and have a few classes. Each class is tailored to a specific fetish and aspect of training you to be the perfect submission. Even though you’re only giving us a weekend you’ll go through everything as if you were remaining for the completion of the program. That way, should you decide to remain there won’t be any disruption in your training. Just make sure to wear everything we sent as you will be inspected and if anything is missing you’ll be turned away.”

“That toy might be a problem. I’ve never taken anything that big in my life.”

“I know it’s sizeable, but not the largest there is. If you’d like I can give pointers on how to stretch yourself to take it in time. And while it wasn’t stated in the welcoming video, I strongly recommend enemas to clean yourself out. You might as well get used to taking them now because you’ll be doing it daily for the duration of your training.”

“I can’t believe I’m saying this but h-how do I stretch myself to take it? Also, I don’t have enema supplies so...”

“No problem. Tell you what, why don’t you go ahead and put everything on and then come on over this afternoon and I’ll happily help you out and give you a tour of the manor? That way you can decide whether you want to stay or leave even before the program begins? Of I can point you to several shops that sell enema supplies and you can do it on your own. Your choice.”

“I...”

“No pressure, Miss Johnson. Yes, our job is to train men and women to be the perfect submissives for their Masters and Mistresses, but above all else we’re compassionate human beings who firmly believe our students’ mental and physical health come first so is you’re not comfortable showing up tonight then that’s okay.”

“I can be there by three,” Ashley blurted out.

“Are you sure?”

“No, but I’m doing it anyways. I’ll see you at three!” And with that, Ashley rudely hung up, heart pounding so hard in her chest she thought it would explode. “Oh god! I can’t believe this is happening! I can’t believe I just agreed to be trained as a submissive even if for a weekend. What the hell is wrong with me?” she said as she collapsed into her favorite recliner.