

Enslaved Lovers

Emily Sinclair

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Pen hovering millimeters from the line, Carla looked up at her best friend Becca who was nervously chewing her lower lip. "Once my name is on the contract there's no going back so are you absolutely certain you want to do this?"

"I have no choice," Becca replied, her voice trembling. "My life is falling apart, my credit is shit and I couldn't get a loan to save my life so you're my last resort. No offense."

"None taken. I just hope this doesn't ruin our friendship."

"I knew the cost coming into it and I'm just desperate enough to pay it. Please sign before I change my mind and lose what little I have left."

"You understand there will be no safe words, no limits? You will do everything I command when I command it or you'll be in breach of contract. If that happens you not only lose the money I will pay, but I will never sign another with you."

"I really wish there was something I could do to help," their friend Tiffany – their friend who was there only to witness the signing, said.

"It's okay." Becca's eyes drifted up the page and settled on the 'X' in the box next to **ONE YEAR NO LIMITS SERVICE**. Looking at her best friend pleadingly she continued. "Please sign the contract so we can get this over." Carla signed her name and handed the pen off to Tiffany who signed on the witness line and then used her personal seal to notarize the document making it official. Becca paused for a moment and then gulped back what little pride she had left. "I am your to command for the next year, Mistress."

"Lick Tiffany's pussy," Carla commanded.

"WAIT, WHAT?" Tiffany gasped. "I'm not bisexual and I'm definitely not part of this deal."

"Actually you are. Or have you forgot what it says about the witness on page three?" Becca asked as she got on her knees in front of her friend. "You are part of the service for seventy-two hours."

"God damn it! Are you seriously going to make me do this?" Tiffany asked.

"You read, or were supposed to have read the entire contract before witnessing and signing," Carla replied. "And in case there's any doubt," she picked the contract up and turned to the third page "If you refuse to obey then you will be punished. If you refuse that you are in breach and must pay the fine until you comply," she continued, handing her friend the contract. "Now, Becca, do as you're told and lick Tiffany to orgasm."

"Yes Mistress." Looking up into her friend's eyes, she continued. "In case you forgot I'm not bisexual either. So, are you going to let me lick or are you going to screw us both over?"

"I'm not even a little happy about this, but do it. You may lick me."

"Thank you. How long do I have to lick her, Mistress?"

"Until she has an orgasm. Actually, change of plan, both of you strip naked and do a sixty-nine until you both orgasm and I'm going to go get a few toys to make things interesting. And Tiffany, as you no doubt read again you are to call me Mistress for the next seventy-two hours or you'll be disciplined."

"Yes Mistress," Tiffany said, her face turning red.

"With the exception of your panties you may take your own clothes off. When you are both down to your panties you'll take each other's off using only your teeth. And remember, this entire house is wired do I'll know if you cheat and cheaters will be disciplined."

“Well, at least I’ll make a few extra grand,” Tiffany said as she pulled her tee shirt off. Suddenly realizing the implications of her words the blush extended to her chest. “God, that totally doesn’t make me sound like a complete whore.” Unhooking her bra, she slid it down her arms.

Seeing her friend’s bare breasts Becca leaned in and sucked Tiffany’s right nipple, lightly bit it and then pulled back, letting it slowly slip free. “If you’re a complete whore then what am I? I know you don’t really want to do this, and believe me neither do I, but our new Mistress has commanded us and I really don’t want to find out what she means by discipline so please make it through the next three days and once I get ahead I’ll give you some of the money she’s paying for my service.”

“From my understanding of the contract you’ll deserve every penny you’re making and even if you didn’t I could never take it so let’s just get through this so I can get back to some semblance of normalcy.” Taking her pants off, she chewed her lower lip and waited. A few moments later, Becca was kneeling in front of her.

Kneeling, Becca leaned in and kissed Tiffany’s panty covered vulva – her own clit throbbing with excitement. Kissing her way up, she caught the waistband between her teeth and tugged them down. Once they were around her friend’s ankles she sat back, leaned in and sucked Tiffany’s hooded clit. Tiffany moaned despite her embarrassment and instinctively spread her legs a little wider.

“Mmmm…”

“Is that okay?” Becca asked.

“I don’t want to admit it, but it felt nice. Please stand so I can take your panties off.”

“Eager to eat my pussy?”

“Honestly? I just want to make it through this insanity as quickly as possible.”

“Ah, come on. Tell me the truth.”

“I am not eager to do any of this, Becca so please don’t make this any more difficult than it already is.”

“Fine, but full disclosure, your pussy taste really good and while I’m not bisexual I’m going to enjoy exploring every inch of your stunning body,” Becca said getting to her feet. Tiffany knelt in front of her and a few moments later her panties were on the floor. Gently cupping her friend’s cheek she offered a reassuring smile, placed her right hand on the back of her friend’s head and drew her in.

Tiffany’s lips pressed against her friend’s vulva and she froze, gulped back the humiliation and then pushed her tongue into Becca’s pussy and was embarrassingly surprised to find she too not only liked the taste, but the feelings suddenly coursing through her body and concentrating at her tingling clit. Her hands came up and grabbed her friend’s ass as her tongue flicked over Becca’s clit.

“Ooohhhh god damn that feels nice,” Becca purred. Her hooded clit was sucked and then nibbled. Grabbing both sides of Tiffany’s head, she pulled her in and ground her pussy against her friend’s lips and tongue. “MARRY ME!”

Becca’s proposal was followed by an awkward silence after which Tiffany sat back on the heels of her feet, her entire body rosy red. “D-Did you just propose to me?”

It was Becca’s turn to take on a full-body blush and suddenly she was biting into her lower lip. “Sure sounded like it.”

“Then I suppose there’s only one answer I can give.” Tiffany paused as she too nervously chewed her lip. “I would be honored,” she answered after a long moment. “Now let’s celebrate our engagement by eating each other’s pussy.”

“Um... Tiffany, do you realize what you just did?”

“What?” her friends asked as she lay back on the floor.

“You just committed us to marriage!”

“I was only teasing, Becca now stop wasting time and eat me.”

“I’m not wasting time, Tiffany! Jesus Christ, did you actually read the contract at all? We must accomplish everything we agree to do during our time of service without exception or pay the fine and you just accepted my excitement-induced proposal. If we don’t get married then we each have to pay her fifty grand for breach and I for one don’t have that kind of money!”

“She would never force us to get married.”

“Think again,” Carla said as she returned carrying a small box which she sat on the coffee table. “Let me be the first to congratulate the two of you. Also, in accordance with page four, section three of the contract that states if the signee and witness agree to any long-term goals then both parties must serve for the duration of the contract, you are now my sex slave for the next year as well. Don’t worry, I’m not going to force you to remain here for the next year as I know you have a life of your own, but you are obligated to be here for at least twelve hours a day seven days a week for training.”

“Come on Carla, this is going too far.”

“That’s Mistress Carla and also fifty swats of the cane for repeated disrespect. Becca, you may be on the bottom of the sixty-nine so I can administer her punishment.”

“Yes Mistress.” Kneeling, Becca stared into Tiffany’s eyes and offered her most apologetic smile. “For what it’s worth, I too am honored to have you as my wife, but if things don’t work out we can always get a divorce.”

“Not for the duration of the contract,” Carla said as she drew a cane from the box of toys she brought up from her personal dungeon playroom.

“Then I suppose we have a year to make it work,” Becca said as she lay on her back.

“I can’t believe you’re going to force us to do this. Get married, I mean,” Tiffany said as she got on top of her sexy friend, her heart beating so hard in her chest she could feel it in her ears.

“I’m not forcing you to do anything. You read and willingly signed the contract. Besides, if you don’t want to marry your amazingly beautiful and soon-to-be incredibly submissive friend then you have an out.”

“I don’t have fifty fucking thousand dollars so, no, I don’t have an out, Mistress!” Before completely losing her shit and doing something she would regret, Tiffany lowering her head and resumed eating her new fiancé’s pussy.

“We’ll go to the Clerk’s office first thing in the morning and since we are not required to wait or get a blood test I know a judge that would be more than happy to perform the ceremony. With any luck you can be married this time tomorrow.”

“Come on, mistress,” Becca said, her voice conveying a hint of frustration. “You have us for the next year and a wedding is supposed to be a special occasion so at least give us time to plan one right.”

“Very well. You may plan your wedding and reception but both must take place before your contract runs out. Agreed?”

“Agreed, Mistress,” Becca answered.

“And you, Tiffany? Do you agree?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“GREAT! Now let’s have some fun.” Standing behind and to the right, Carla brought the cane down hard on Tiffany’s ass.”

“Aahhgghhh! FUCKING HELL THAT HURT!” Tiffany wailed.

“I know this may come as a huge surprise, but that’s the whole purpose of discipline. And since you did not count or give thanks that swat did not count.”

“That’s not fair! You never said I had to count or give thanks” Tiffany complained.

“And for further disrespect you are now at seventy-five swats. After each you will count the number of the swat and say: thank you Mistress. If you stop licking your fiancé’s pussy for any reason other than to count and give thanks, or if you move off her or say anything other than the count and thanks you’ll receive additional swats and we’ll start over until you’re able to get it right. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

THWACK!

“ONE! Thank you Mistress!” Tiffany groaned through tightly clenched teeth. As soon as the words were out of her mouth she went back to licking Becca’s pussy.

From her vantage point, Becca saw the thin length of wood slicing through the air and her fiancé’s ass and cringed every time, but did not dare take her mouth and tongue from Tiffany’s pussy even for a second lest she too were disciplined.