

Lesbian Submission

Emily Sinclair

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Friday could not come fast enough. Not only because I was looking forward to the weekend, but my best friend Beth was remaining tight-lipped about something and tonight was the night she was going to reveal what it was. After work I went home for a quick shower and then headed over to her place. When I got there she let me in and immediately began pacing the length of the living room.

“Out with it. What’s the big secret?”

“Not so much a secret as a favor,” she said with a nervous glance in my direction. “I know what you’re going to say but please hear me out before shooting me down. You know what I do for a living and I know how you feel about that but I’m in kind of a tight spot right now and I desperately need your help. The dungeon I work at is bringing in some new toys and equipment that we are required to master. I already know how to use most of them but there are a few pieces I need practice with and that’s where you come in. Please, Angie, I need your help and I’ll get on my knees and beg if that’s what it takes.”

“You know I’m not into bdsm. Why don’t you ask one of the women you work with?”

“Because like me they’re dominant and aren’t going to submit to me even if to learn how to use the new stuff. Besides, you’re the only one I can trust to give an unbiased opinion on how I’m doing.”

She was right about that. Best friend or not, I always spoke my mind and right now was no different. “I’m sorry, Beth, but there are two problems with your request. First, I’m not into bdsm even in the slightest. And second, I’m not into women.”

“You don’t have to be. All I need is for you to give me your honest opinion on my performance as a Mistress, the effectiveness of the equipment and how well I use it on you. You have my word I will not do anything overtly sexual unless you give me permission to do so.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning I’m not going to tie you up and take advantage. I won’t lick or finger you unless you say that I can.” Walking over to me, she took my hands in hers, got on her knees and looked up at me with the most desperate eyes I’ve ever seen on anyone. “Please help me.”

“Dammit Beth! What is this equipment you want to use on me?”

“That would ruin the surprise. So, does this mean you’ll do it?”

“I swear to god you better not make me regret this.”

“You won’t. Um, I know I’m asking a lot, but do you think you can follow a few rules?”

“Such as?”

“First, when you enter the dungeon I need you to say ‘hello Mistress, my name is Angie and I’m here to submit.’ Can you do that for me?”

“Fine. Anything else?”

“Throughout the scene I need you to refer to me as Mistress. And since this is a scene I need you to agree to being disciplined if you fail to do so.” I opened my mouth to protest, but she held a hand up. “I know what you’re going to say, but a few of the toys are of the spanking variety so you’re going to get a red ass anyways so please agree.”

“Fine.”

“One last thing before we head down. There are two safewords you need to know. The first is yellow and may be used to slow the scene or to take a short break before getting back to it. And the second is red which, when used, will end the scene entirely no questions asked. Understood?”

“Yes, but I have one question. I thought I was just going to help you out with a few pieces of equipment. What’s with all the talk about scenes and following rules? Are you trying to train me, Beth?”

“Of course not. I can just use the stuff and ask your opinion, but for the best results I figured we could do it in the form of a scene between Mistress and submissive.”

“I really don’t see the difference. Either way you’ll be using a bunch of stuff on me, right?”

“Yes, but...okay, I’m going to give you an example. Please don’t freak out too much.” Standing, she gave me a quick peck on the lips. “How was that?”

“You know I’m not bisexual, Beth.”

“I understand, but please tell me what you felt when I kissed you.”

“Embarrassment. Upset that you would kiss me knowing I’m not into that sort of thing with women.”

“Yes, but how was the kiss itself? And I need the truth, Angie.”

“Quick but nice.”

Dropping back onto her knees, she looked up into my eyes. Desperation had been replaced with lust. Her hands gently grabbed my hips and she pulled me closer. Lips pressing to the denim crotch of my jeans she kissed my vulva. Fingers slipped under my shirt and pushed it up. She kissed my exposed belly. Higher. Higher. She pulled the garment off. Her teeth bit into the fabric of my bra and she yanked it up. She kissed my left nipple and then the right while I stood there in shocked silence. Her right hand on the small of my back she pulled me close and gently cupped my cheek in the left. After staring into my eyes for a long moment our lips met and my clit suddenly throbbed with excitement. As my apprehension faded and I returned the kiss, she took a step back.

“And how was that kiss?”

“I...it was...wow!”

“And that, Angie, is the difference between just using the equipment on you and doing it in the form of a scene.” Reaching behind my back, she unhooked my bra.

“W-What are you doing?”

“If we’re going to be doing a scene together you need to dress the part and this,” she said motioning to my jeans “isn’t it.” Grabbing the straps, she pulled my bra down my arms and dropped it on the floor. Next, she unbuttoned my jeans, knelt and tugged them and my panties down. She gave me a wink and then I inhaled sharply as she kissed my throbbing clit. “Mmmm, someone’s excited,” she purred.

“I’m not...”

“The clit doesn’t lie,” she grinned, giving it another kiss. I placed my Hands on her shoulders for balance as she pulled my pants and panties the rest of the way off. She kissed my clit a third time and then pushed her tongue into me. I gasped, but to my humiliation, instead of jumping back in shame and anger I grabbed her head and pulled her closer. She licked and then playfully nibbled my inner labia before peeling back my hood and flicking my clit with the tip of her tongue.

I had been licked by a few different men, but all of them combined could not compare to my best friend’s tongue. The reality of the situation suddenly catching up to me, I gasped and then took a huge step back. “OH MY GOD!”

“I know, right?” Beth looked up at me with a grin. You’re every bit as sweet as I imagined. Be honest, how did it feel?”

Bending over, I grabbed my clothes from the floor. "I think I should go now."

"There's no need to be embarrassed for liking another woman's tongue." Standing, she grabbed my right hand and pulled me behind her in the direction of the bedroom. I stopped and yanked my hand free.

"I am not having sex with you, Beth."

"I'm not asking you to. The clothes are in the bedroom. Unless you want to enter the dungeon butt naked that is."

"You licked me!"

"And you liked it so just accept it as a part of who you are and let's go do our first scene together."

"You might not think it's a big deal, but Jesus Christ, Beth, I just stood there and let you lick me!"

"And I'm beyond thrilled to be your first, but considering there are tens, if not hundreds of million lesbians and bisexual women in the world you're part of a rather large crowd. Besides, you don't have to identify as either to enjoy playing with other women so you can maintain your straightness."

"How can I be straight if I liked what you did?"

"Do you want to have sex with me, Angie? Do you want to get on your knees and lick my pussy?"

"No."

When we got to the bedroom she stripped out of her clothes and then kissed me. I wanted to pull away, but her lips pressed to mine made my love button throb. After a very long moment she pulled away and sat on the edge of the bed with her legs spread open. "Kneel," she said, pointing between her legs.

"I'm not..."

"Just do as you're told." Reluctantly I got on my knees between her legs and gulped back my fear. Leaning in, I let my tongue slowly slide along her slit. "Mmmm...and I didn't even have to ask you to do it. Don't stop. Keep going. Push your tongue in deep. Suck my clit. This is your chance to experiment so use this opportunity to discover something about yourself."

I paused with my tongue in her pussy and thought about what I was doing. After a moment I realized it was moving in and out of its own accord and the juices coating it were far more delicious than I cared to admit. Hands on her thighs, I pushed her legs open then shoved my tongue deeper. I was doing it. I was licking my best friend's pussy. She was not holding me hostage or forcing me by any other means. Pulling my tongue out, I sucked her clit and her legs clamped tight on either side of me head.

"Mmmm...keep going babe...uhn...uhn...you're doing great," she purred.

Encouraged by her compliment, I continued licking and sucking my best friend's pussy until, several minutes later, my mouth was filled with her succulent orgasm which I happily swallowed. Her legs slowly parted and I sat back on the heels of my feet. "I...I can't...I don't know what to say."

"I do. Thank you. That was absolutely amazing."

"Really?"

"God yes. The question is, did you enjoy it?"

"More than I care to admit."

"Well, admit it anyways. I want to hear the truth Angie."

I took a deep breath and slowly exhaled before answering. "The truth is...I wanted to hate it, but the longer I did it the more sure I was that I...that I loved it. "My entire body turned pink at the confession. "I love the taste of your orgasm, the feeling of sucking your labia and clit. I love the way my tongue made you squirm and writhe with pleasure and the way you rocked your hips to keep my tongue going deep."

Leaning down, she gave me a passionate kiss on the lips. "I know it couldn't have been easy, so thank you for being honest. Come on, let's get dressed so we can experiment some more."

"Y-Yes Mistress."