

Mutual Submission

Emily Sinclair

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Scott had long suspected his wife of cheating on him even before they got married, but with no concrete proof, her adamantly denial and family and friends saying she would never do something like that he married her anyways. He loved his wife more than anything in the world but no matter how hard he tried he could never quite shake the feeling that she had at least one other man on the side.

A slow day at the office, Scott got off work earlier than normal. Checking the mail, his curiosity was piqued when he saw a bubble envelope addressed to his wife with no return address. Carrying it and the rest of the mail inside, he tossed everything but the bubble envelope on the stand next to the door and kicked off his shoes. It was not his birthday. Their anniversary was another seven months away. Unable to think of a single occasion that his wife would have ordered something for him, he tore the envelope open, reached inside and pulled out a thick DVD case. His eyes focused first on the title: LESSON ONE: INTERRACIAL GANG BANG. His eyes lowered to an image of a white woman on top of a black man – his dick fully penetrating her, while a second took her from behind and a third was balls deep down her throat. He could not see the woman’s face, but he did notice a pair of purple lips on her right butt cheek that looked remarkably like the one his wife has.

Scott flipped the case over in his hands and there taking up most of the back cover was his wife kneeling with head tilted back, face covered in semen and hands wrapped around two of the biggest, blackest dicks he had ever seen while at least a dozen more stood naked in the background. More than a decade of suspicion had been confirmed in two images but where most men would have been completely and understandably devastated to discover the woman they loved more than life itself was cheating on them, Scott found himself incredibly horny. Opening the case, he saw not one, not two, but six DVDs – each with a different image of his wife with black men.

Saying to hell with lunch, Scott turned the TV and blu-ray player on. He then popped the first DVD out of the case, put it in the machine and hit play. A black screen brightened to the parking lot of a club Scott did not recognize. He did recognize his wife’s Nissan Versa, however, as it pulled in and parked in the rear of the building. Fully focused on the screen, he watched her get out of her car. She then approached the door and pulled it open.

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Twenty-seven year old Erica Dawson Stepped into Fantasia for only the third time in her life and this time she vowed not to leave until she had sex with as many black men as possible. Walking down a short hallway, she pulled another door open and stepped into a small lobby with a row of comfortable looking chairs along the right wall and five desks – each manned by a stunning woman wearing black latex dressed, about ten feet in front of the back wall where two burly, well-dressed black men stood on either side of a set of heavy wooden doors. Shaking nervously, she walked up to the gorgeous round-faced woman whose long purple hair hung over bare shoulders in loose curls.

“Welcome to Fantasia,” Samantha greeted the sexy woman that just walked up to her. “Are you looking for a night of fun or something a little more long term?”

“I’m looking to be fully trained as a sex slave starting with being gang bang by black men if that’s possible.”

“That can be arranged but before you can have sex here you’ll need to provide a recent disease and drug test.”

“Um, if you check your system under the name Erica Dawson you should find that I was tested last week and am completely clean.”

Samantha typed the name and a beat later her profile popped up. “Alright, I have your profile up. You say you want full slave training?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“And you understand that means you give up all rights as a human being and agree to obey every command without failure whether you like it or not for as long as you’re in this club?”

“I understand.”

“Just so we’re on the same page, if you are commanded to shove a fist up your ass you’ll do it. If your trainer wishes to pierce your nipples, tattoo your sexy ass or brand you a sex slave you’ll accept it without question. As long as it’s legal you’re required to do it. Now, with that in mind are you absolutely certain you want to be trained as a sex slave?”

“Only if my first lesson can be a weekend long interracial gang bang.”

“I think that can be arranged. But before we get to that there’s a mountain of paperwork you need to read and sign.”

“I talked to someone named Jenna the last time I was in and she said slaves are actually paid a quarter million a year. Is that actually true?”

“It is, but if you quite your training before it is deemed complete you’re required to repay everything you’ve made up to that point plus fifteen percent so you better be damn sure you want to be used as a brainless fuckdoll before signing up because the contract you’ll be required to sign is written in such a way as to make it legally binding.”

“Except slave contracts aren’t legally binding,” Erica countered.

“Except you’ll be signing a contract to do hardcore bdsm porn which is legally binding,” Samantha countered. “Like I said, make damn sure you want to be a fucktoy before signing up.”

“Can I read the forms first?”

“Absolutely.” Opening the top left file drawer in her desk, Samantha withdrew a thick folder and held it out for Erica to take. “Go ahead and give it a read but you may not take it out of the building unless signed.” Reaching into another drawer she pulled out a clipboard with a pen attached to it by a thin length of twine which she also handed to Erica.

“Um, this is a lot of reading.”

“We’re open twenty-four-seven.”

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Scott could not believe what he was seeing and hearing as he watched his wife take the clipboard and folder, walked across the lobby and took a seat on one of the chairs sitting along the right side of the room. Cock throbbing, he wanted to take it out and jerk off but wanted to wait until he saw some action. Thankfully, he did not have long to wait as the video faded to black. When it came back into view it showed a huge bedroom with thirty or so well-hung naked black men standing on either side of a king sized bed. The door opened and he watched his wife enter.

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Erica made it all of three steps into the bedroom before two black men grabbed her and a third ripped her clothes off and tossed them aside. She was forced onto her knees and the man’s cock was shoved into her mouth and down her throat. After several seconds of watching her gag on it, he grabbed a handful of her long dark brown hair and held it down her throat as her face

went from pink to red to purple as she fought for breath. When he eventually pulled out, she looked up at him gasping. “O-Oh my fucking god! You pissed down my throat!”

“Get used to it whore,” the man said as he shoved her head towards the floor. Her hips were raised and another man walked up and unceremoniously fucked his big black cock into her ass. Not used to anal, she grunted and instinctively tried pulling away but the man that had pissed down her throat once again fed her his dick. Spit-roasted, knowing every man in the room was going to use her as their personal fucktoy and cumdumpster for the next three days she did not bother resisting as let them have their way with her.

Erica met her husband Scott when she was in the ninth grade and he in the eleventh and despite being the stereotypical cheerleader dating quarterback relationship it was love at first sight for both of them. He was her first and for more than a decade only, but in the back of her mind she wondered what it would be like to be with other men. Lots of men. Lots of well-hung black men that would stretch her open and use her however they desired. That tiny spark of curiosity slowly grew into a full-fledged fantasy and now, at the age of twenty-seven she was finally able to fulfill it even if it meant cheating on the only man she had ever loved and relegating herself to a life of sexual slavery – the first year of which she was already paid for as part of the contract she eagerly signed.

Three men became six. Six became fifteen. Erica had gone through half the men in three hours but as they left more arrived to keep the party going for as long as she was physically capable. Numbers sixteen and seventeen double penetrated her pussy while eighteen fed her another load of piss. It was her third of the day and despite how disgusted she was for letting them use her as a toilet, she knew that ‘no’ was no longer in her vocabulary. At least if she wanted to get through her training without undue punishment that is. Somewhere around the thirty man mark she did her first double-anal and was used as a toilet for the fifth time. Her belly full of piss and semen, she politely and hurriedly excused herself before making a mess all over the bedroom floor.

When she emerged from the bathroom Erica let her gaze drift around the room as she slowly exhaled. “I swear I’ll have sex with every single man that enters this room for the next three days, but I need a short breather to calm my stomach and freshen up a bit so if you can give me an hour that would be great.”

“That’s about how long I need to give you a little mark,” one of the black men said. “Alright guys, take ninety and when you return you can have your way with this brainless fucking cunt.”

“W-What mark are you giving me?”

“You’ll see when it’s done. Now go take a shower and come right back out here or I’ll cane your fucking tits.”

“Yes Sir.” Shivering involuntarily, Erica backed into the bathroom. Not bothering to close the door, she sat on the edge of the tub and turned the water on. Once it was to temperature she turned the shower on and stepped in. As the hot water cascade over her body she thought of her husband and how she could possibly explain her new life of sexual slavery to him and mentally preparing herself for the inevitable divorce when she does while simultaneously cursing herself for letting her fantasy consume her to the point of going this far. Thankfully, she had thirteen more days before she was due home from her fictitious work trip so she pushed the thoughts to the back of her head and did her best to concentrate on the task at hand.

She wanted to stay in the shower until there was no more hot water, but Erica had the feeling such stalling would result in her breasts being caned so she washed and dried herself off

as quickly as possible. Returning to the bedroom, she saw the black man had set up a table with everything needed to do tattoo work. "Excuse me, Sir, but if you're going to tattoo me can I at least know your name?"

"Liam. And I'm going to do more than tattoo you, slave."

"I am yours to do with as you please, Sir. May I ask what you're going to do to me and do you have actual experience doing it?"

"Well, I'm one of Fantasia's resident body modification specialists with nearly twenty years under my belt so, yes, I know what I'm doing. As for what I'll be giving you, well, you'll just have to wait and see," Liam said as he tossed her a wide blindfold. "Stand in the middle of the room with legs spread shoulder width apart and hands locked behind your head and then put that on. If you move or take it off before I give you permission I'll cane every inch of that sexy body of yours. Is that understood?"

"Yes Sir."

No sooner was Erica in position then her left side was cleaned with alcohol wipes. A template was carefully applied and then she heard the buzzing of the tattoo gun. Needles rapidly pierced her skin and deposited black ink between the layers. This was not her first tattoo, but unlike the pair of lips she had on her ass, there was not a whole lot of fat to cushion the pain so it took everything she had to not only remain in position but quiet as well.