

# **Perverts Paradise**

**Emily Sinclair**

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“This is crazy!” Sydney said as she absorbed her best friend’s plan. “You know what they do at that place, right? What they do even before you’re allowed to enter? I get it, you want to lose your virginity, ask and I’ll happily oblige. As would every man and half the women we know. So why Perverts Paradise?”

“Because I don’t just want to lose my virginity,” Megan replied. “I want to lose it in the most humiliating and degrading way imaginable.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s my biggest fantasy. I want to be taken by men and women like they own me. I want to be used as a cum dump and urinal. I want to be bred like an animal and made to obey the most perverse of commands. I want to be dominated and turned into a sex slave for anyone to use.”

“What do you mean you want to be taken by men and women like they own you?”

“I mean I want them to just rip my clothes off and fuck my brains out.”

“After they ask consent, right?”

“God no! Asking consent would just ruin it for me. No, I want them to just rip my clothes off and have their way with me – to use my body to fulfill their every perverse fantasy. As far as I’m concerned, Every man and woman in the world had blanket consent to take me. And I want to do it there so hundreds of people can see what a depraved slut that I am.”

“Wow! That... that’s... I honestly don’t... why do you want me to go with you?”

“Because you’re my best friend and I want to share my first experience with you even if all you do is watch.”

“They’re going to brand us, Megan.”

“We won’t be the first or last. And what’s a little mark when it comes to fulfilling our every fantasy? And it’s just once and we’ll get a discount on all future visits so as far as I’m concerned it’s totally worth it.”

“Can we take about fifty-two steps back and start at the beginning? How long have you had these fantasies?”

“It doesn’t matter how long I’ve had them, Sydney, only that I do and now that I’ve saved enough to pay for both of us to visit I’m going to see each and every one of them fulfilled. I’d love nothing more than to have you there with me, but if you don’t want to just say so and I’ll go by myself.”

“You realize what you’re describing is a rape fantasy on an epic level, right? Do you even know what it means to be a sex slave?”

“It means obeying every command without question, hesitation or complaint whether I like it or not. It means surrendering myself to my owner completely – wearing what they want me to wear, eating what they tell me to eat, acting how they want me to act. It means relinquishing my humanity and becoming an object for my owner’s use. It means having so sexual limits whatsoever so that I can better fulfill those of my owner.”

“Someone did some basic internet research and believed everything they read on probably some of the shiest sites and forums around. And you really want people to just walk up and fuck you without asking?”

“GOD YES!”

Reaching out, Sydney grabbed her best friend’s dress and then proceeded to literally rip it from her body. Tossing it to the floor, she yanked Megan’s panties down to her ankles.

“W-What are you... uuhnnn... oh my fucking God!” Megan stammered in shock as her best friend sucked her hooded clit. “P-Please... uhn... ooohhhh fuck... what... uhn... I can’t... you’re...”

“Shut your fucking mouth and don’t say another word or so help me I’ll sew your lips shut!” Sydney said as she took her tee shirt and bra off. Standing long enough to remove her shorts and panties, she then knocked her best friend to the living room floor, shoved her onto her back, and then got on top.

“W-What are you doing?” Megan pleaded. “Why are you...” THWAP! A hand slapping hard against her inner right thigh stunning her into silence, she watched as her best friend’s ass pushed back towards her face.

“This is what you wanted isn’t it? You want to be a sex slave, right? You want to be taken by everyone in the city without permission. You want to be used as a worthless fucktoy? You’ve fantasized about it for months so why are you so shocked now that it’s happening?”

“I... you... this isn’t...”

“This isn’t what, Megan? You literally just told me you wanted to be taken. What part of this isn’t living up to your fantasy?” Sydney asked as she poised three fingers for penetration. “You want to lose your virginity? Here, let me help you with that!”

“NO! Oh god, p-please stop! I... this isn’t... I don’t want...”

Her best friend breaking down, Sydney immediately rolled off and then pulled Megan in for a comforting hug. “I am so sorry I did that, but it was the only way to make you see what you want isn’t normal or even remotely healthy. Fantasy is one thing – we all have them, but while fulfilling them can be fun and oftentimes rewarding, some are best left to yourself. Imagine making that declaration at Perverts Paradise. You’d potentially have dozens, if not hundreds of men and women on you in seconds using you as the slut you proclaimed yourself to be. Do you honestly think any of them would’ve stopped, or would you have been fucked in every hole at once and God only knows what else?”

“I... I’ve been so fixated on doing it I never really stopped to think about the risks.”

“You want to be taken by men and women like they own you? Used as a cum dump and urinal? Bred like an animal and made to obey the most perverse commands? You can have all of that and everything else you can think of in a safe, sane, and consensual environment that isn’t a resort designed to take advantage of women like you.”

“Women like me? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean women that are so submissive it’s practically engrained in their DNA. I’ll make you a deal. I’ll go to Perverts Paradise with you on condition you obey my command above all others. You’re the sex slave and I’ve the owner. Is that understood?”

“I understand, but that’s hardly fair. You can just command me to not have sex with anyone, or to not engage in any fetishes whatsoever and I’d have to obey meaning I paid thousands of dollars for nothing. I’m going there to have sex and test my limits, not watch everyone else doing the same so, no, I cannot and will not accept your condition and frankly I’m more than a little upset you’d even suggest it like I’m a fucking kid that doesn’t know better.”

“I think what just happened proves you have no idea what you’re getting yourself into and that you’re far from mentally prepared for the trauma you’ll be subjected to. I was just one woman willing to stop when you asked. Do you honestly think a bunch of horny perverts will give you the same curtesy after telling them you want to be used as a sex slave? That you have a rape fantasy? They will fuck you whether you want them to or not.”

“Which is exactly what it means to be a sex slave.”

“No, no it isn’t. And the fact that you think it does proves you have no fucking idea what you’re talking about. Submissive, sex slave, Dominant, everyone living they bdsm lifestyle – at least those that care about their partners, abide by the creed: Safe, sane, and consensual, for a reason because it is far too easy for consensual kink to devolve into abuse. What you want isn’t just borderline illegal, it goes against everything the bdsm community stands for.”

“And what would you know what the bdsm community stands for?” Megan shot back.

“I know quite a lot about the community and lifestyle I’ve spent the last year living.”

“Since when are you into bdsm?”

“I just told you I’ve been living the lifestyle for the last year. And before you ask, I never said anything to anyone that didn’t need to know because, frankly, it’s no one’s business but my own. That’s why I can say with utmost confidence that while Perverts Paradise may seem like a good thing for spreading awareness and building trust and acceptance within all communities, the whole place is a melting pot of bad ideas just waiting to boil over into a tsunami of chaos and regret so please trust me when I saw you’re better off going to a fetish club, or talking with someone you know that’s into the lifestyle and staying as far away from that place as possible. I’m referring to myself, of course. You can talk to me about anything, Megan, so please ask me whatever you want to know and I’ll answer. You want to lose your virginity? I’ll happily help you with that. You want to be used as a sex slave; we can discuss what that really means and come up with a training program beneficial to both of us. I can’t breed you myself, but I know numerous men that are verifiably disease and drug free that can give you as many pregnancies as you desire.”

“I don’t just want to lose my virginity. I want to lose it while hundreds, thousands, millions of people watch and I can do that in the privacy of your home so if you want to be my first then you’re going to have to join me at Perverts Paradise and take me quickly.”

“If that your criteria for losing your virginity then so be it, but you’ll have to lose it to someone else because I will never step foot in that place.”

“Some friend you are!” Megan huffing in sexual frustration.

“I’m trying to save you from a nightmare you may never wake from, and if you can’t see that then you need far more help than I can provide. We’re just talking in circles now and that’s not doing either of us any good so I’m done. If you want my help learning what bdsm is actually about then I’m more than willing to teach you everything I know and to point you to several knowledgeable and very trustworthy men and women. And if not, then go to Perverts Paradise where you’ll learn a very hard lesson.”

“Why can’t you take my virginity at Perverts Paradise?”

“I already explained why, but for the last time, I do not want to be branded and I don’t want to be seen engaging in kinky sex by hundreds, thousands or millions of people while the resort profits from selling it on the internet and who knows where else. Not saying it’ll happen, but are you prepared for the aftermath of your parents, brother and sisters, other family members and friends seeing you being used like a piece of meat?”

“They wouldn’t do that and since you have no interest in helping me fulfill my fantasies I’ll go find someone who is.”

“They very much can and definitely will use every millisecond of video to get what they want and to silence anyone that doesn’t agree with them. Come on, Megan, you’re not stupid, blind, or deaf. We’ve all seen it on the news. How many times have they been sued and lost? Honestly, I’m kind of surprised they’re even allowed to remain in business.”

“Coming from a confessed hater I don’t take anything you say about them seriously at all,” Megan huffed. “It’s obvious you have no interest in helping me whatsoever so I’ll see you later.”

“I’ve offered to help you multiple times, but you’ve got your head so far up Pervert Paradise’s ass you’re unwilling, or incapable of listening to anything I say. You’re not seeking help; you just want someone you know to be there while you descend into a level of debauchery you’re wholly unprepared for and I want no part of it. If that makes me a bad friend then that says more about your priorities than mine. I’ve done everything to talk you out of going other than tie you up and prevent you from leaving so whatever happens next is on you.”

Just because you don’t like the place, doesn’t mean it’s evil or they’re breaking the law and I’m done trying to convince you to have sex with me so you’re loss.” And with that, Megan put her shoes on, grabbed her purse and stormed out into the warm afternoon intent on losing her virginity how she wanted to lose it. Realizing she was butt naked, she ran back inside and put her panties on. “You owe me two hundred dollars for ruining my favorite dress and since I can’t wear it I’ll need something to cover myself with on the drive home.”

“Sorry about destroying your dress, but in my defense do you think some random men ripping it off at Perverts Paradise will care about replacing it? That being said, I’m not some random man at a fetish resort so show me a receipt proving how much it cost and I’ll buy you a new dress. As for something to wear home I’ll grab something from the closet.”

A few minutes later, Megan took the summer dress her best friend offered, put it on, and then opened the front door. “I’ll bring it back with a receipt for the dress as soon as I’m able.” And with that she stepped back outside, got into her car, and then drove home to get ready for her big day.