

# **Surrogate Submissive**

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Entering her best friend's house, Amelia could not help but feel the tension as her eyes darted from the freckle-faced redhead to her well-build and handsome husband. "Everything okay?" she asked as the door shut behind her.

"That all depends on you," Grace answered. "We have a huge ask, Amelia, and while we're more than willing to pay the cost we understand if you refuse. All we ask is that you please hear us out and give it serious consideration before answering.

"Okay."

"Promise, Amelia."

"I promise I'll give whatever you're asking serious consideration before answering."

"Thank you," Tyrone replied. "You're the only one we trust with this so if you refuse..." voice cracking with emotion, he clenched his jaw and averted his gaze.

"Please, have a seat," Grace said. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Something tells me I should be sober for this so water is fine."

"I'll get it," Tyrone said, immediately turning and walking into the kitchen.

"What's this about?" Amelia asked as she sat on the couch.

"Family," Grace sighed. "I'm not going to beat around the bush. Tyrone and I have been trying forever to get pregnant, but..." Tears welling up in her eyes, Grace took a moment to collect herself.

Returning with a bottle of water in hand, Tyrone offered it to their guest.

"Thanks," Amelia said, taking the ice cold bottle but not opening it.

"After years of trying and being tested a million ways..." Tyrone said.

"I can't have babies," Grace finished.

"I'm so sorry!"

"I... we... would you consider being our surrogate?" Grace pleaded.

"I... you want... I've never... fuck me!" Amelia stammered.

"That's the idea," Tyrone said. "Sorry. I don't mean to make light of the situation but if I don't..."

"Please, Amelia! We know this is a lot to ask, but you really are the only one we trust with this life-altering decision. Everything will be legal and above board. We'll not only pay for all medical bills, but pay you a quarter million dollars per pregnancy."

"Per pregnancy? You mean you want me to do it more than once?"

"You know I've always wanted a big family. Tyrone and I... we... we want at least five kids."

"FIVE!"

"I know it's a lot, but we're willing to pay the price. A quarter million dollars per child with a one million dollar bonus after the fifth is born."

"Wait, if you can't have kids yourself..."

"My eggs are useless so you'll be the biological mother."

"And we agreed to forego IVF," Tyrone cut in. "If you do it..."

"You mean you'll be knocking me up the old fashion way?"

"That is the plan, but only if you're okay with it."

"And if I'm not?"

"Then I'll never have kids," Grace answered.

“You’re asking me to have sex with your husband! To let him... to let him breed me! You’re asking me to spend the next, what, seven to ten years pregnant?”

“There’s a lot more we’re going to ask, Amelia, and this is where you might just walk out ending our friendship.”

“Jesus, Grace! What else could you possibly want from me?”

“If you do this for us we must ensure you don’t risk the pregnancies by having sex with anyone else so part of the contract will be placing you in a very specific form of chastity for which we’ll pay an additional hundred thousand dollars.”

“Chastity? You’ve got to be kidding me!”

“If our positions were reversed would you ask anything less?”

“You said a specific form of chastity. What does that even mean?”

“You’ll receive several piercings as detailed in the contract.”

“Piercings? What the actual fuck, Grace! What kind of piercings? And don’t tell me they’re detailed in the contract. I want to know what I’ll be getting myself into.”

“You’ll receive several tunnels in your outer labia that will then be ringed shut preventing penetration of anything larger than a straw,” Grace explained. “I... I’ll show you exactly what I mean if you’re okay seeing me naked.”

“I... this is insane!”

“No is a full sentence,” Tyrone said.

“Show me.”

Unbuttoning her jeans, Grace pulled her pants and panties down revealing five tunnels in each outer labia with rings going through each pair and a curved rod threaded through eyelets in the front and secured with a tiny lock at the bottom. “These are the chastity piercings you’ll get. If you agree to do this for us that is.

“Fucking hell! Not even for a hundred thousand dollars.”

“We’ll go as high as a quarter million,” Tyrone countered, but for that you’ll need to get your nipples and hood pierced as well. This will, of course, be in the contract.”

“There’s one more thing,” Grace said, pulling up her pants. “We’re offering you a lot of money so far, but nothing compared to the final ask. We both love you, Amelia, and want you to never have to worry about money ever again so included in the contract will be an employment clause.”

“I already have a job.”

“We know, but how long would it take to make ten million dollars working that job?”

“About a hundred and fifty years. Are you telling me you’re going to pay me ten million dollars?”

“One million per year for ten years with the option to renew for another ten afterward,” Tyrone answered.

“I’m afraid to ask what I’ll have to do for it.”

“Like Grace, I won’t beat around the bush. Submissive contracts aren’t legally binding which is why the contract we’re offering will have you working for us as a fetish model and porn star during which time you’ll willingly and eagerly perform any and all legal fetishes,” Tyrone explained. We’ve spent more than a hundred hours hashing everything out with our attorney and it’s completely legal. Two-fifty per child plus another two-fifty for the piercings, a million for completing the surrogate portion of the contract and a further ten million as our employee with the option of renewing for another ten million. That’s twelve-point-five to twenty-two-point-five million dollars. As you said, even the lower end is more than you’ll ever make in a lifetime at

your current job. That being said, we know this is a lot to pile on you all at once so to see if you're actually able to do it we're offering a one night, fifty-thousand dollar session. If you accept you'll spend the rest of the night in the dungeon with Grace and I obeying my every command without hesitation or complaint. If you can do that we'll pay you in the morning."

"Dungeon?"

"Our play room," Grace answered. "It's where... It's where Master has spent the last seven years training me as his sex slave," she confessed to her best friend for the first time in their lengthy relationship.

"Sex slave?"

"That's what I am, Amelia. I am his property to do with as he pleases and he is my owner whom I unquestioningly obey. And before you ask, I've been hiding this part of my life from everyone since the day we began dating."

"I... I don't even... Jesus Christ, Grace! Okay... whatever.. it's your life to live and you're both obviously very comfortable living it, so who am I to judge?"

"Thank you."

"Here's the thing though," Amelia said. "You're not accounting for two things in this deal. Well, at least two things I can think of in the moment. First, what if I want to have kids of my own? Under the terms you set I'd only be able to have sex with your husband for the next ten years. And second, what if I meet someone I want to be in a relationship with? You're basically telling me I have to put my entire life on hold to basically be your baby factory. Yes, the money you're offering is great, but does it really replace a decade of my life? I honestly don't think so. I want kids of my own one day, Grace. With someone I'm going to spend the rest of my life with. And I want a partner that isn't already married to my best friend."

"So, your answer is no then?" Grace asked.

"I didn't say that. And I'm not saying yes either. But if we're going to do this then the two of you need to see my side of the equation. Get rid of Tyrone being my only sex partner and the chastity bullshit and maybe we can discuss it further."

"So you'd risk putting our children at risk just so you can fuck whomever the hell gives you attention?" Grace snapped.

"Excuse me?"

"I'm sorry," Grace apologized. "But you have to see our side of the equation as well. You'll be carrying our children and we'll do whatever it takes to ensure they're born healthy. The reason we're willing to pay you well above the standard for this type of situation is because you're my best friend and we know what a hardship it'll be on you."

"I'm twenty-eight, Grace! I don't want to be pushing forty before having kids of my own, especially after popping out five for the two of you. And I certainly don't want to spend the next ten god damn years alone."

"You won't be alone, Amelia! You'll have us."

"Are you going to divorce him to marry me?" Amelia shot back. Spinning to face Tyrone, she continued. "Are you going to divorce her to marry the woman that'll be having your babies?"

"No."

"I didn't think you would. But you're basically demanding I give up on finding a partner or starting a life of my own for ten years! I'm sorry, but I won't do that for anyone including the two of you. Now, if you drop those two things maybe we can talk."

“I’ll drop the exclusivity clause but not the chastity,” Tyrone offered as compromise. “If you find someone you’d like to date they must be told exactly what they’re getting into and the two of you must be willing to get tested every month at our expense. And unless you get pregnant by another black man it’ll be pretty easy to tell if I’m the father or not. It’ll also be added that if either of you test positive for STDs, the contract is null and void and you get nothing.”

“That’s fair,” Amelia replied.

“And tonight’s test is non-negotiable. We need to know that you’re able to go through with even the kinkiest of shows so you’ll spend the rest of the night as my sex slave.”

“I want to see the money before I agree to anything.”

“Be back in a few minutes,” Grace said.

“You just have fifty grand laying around the house?”

“That would be telling. Hold tight and I’ll be back in a minute.” And with that, Grace left the living room in the direction of the master bedroom.

“I can’t believe I’m considering this,” Amelia said as she watched her best friend disappearing down the hallway. “

“Fifty grand for a night of submission seems like a pretty good deal to me. Especially when it’s tax free cash.”

“And what happens if I decide it isn’t for me and I won’t go through with being your breeding cow?”

“Then we’ll remain childless.”

“You know adoption is a thing, right?”

“More power to those willing to adopt, but I want biological children. Preferably with my wife, but since that’s not possible...”

“You’ll settle for me?”

“I would never call it settling. In fact, I would consider this the most selfless thing you could ever do for us.”

Returning to the living room, Grace held out a stack of banded cash. “Go ahead and count it if you want. It’s all there. And this stack is if you agree to extend the test to the entire weekend,” she said, holding out another fifty thousand dollars. But you have to obey every single command whether you like it or not. For the weekend you’ll be a sex slave meaning no limits and no safewords. And you don’t get paid until the test ends.”

“How do I know you’ll actually pay me?”

“One, I would never risk our friendship over money. Two, it’ll be in writing. And third, the entire thing will be recorded including the mention and acceptance of payment.”

“Fine. I’ll do it. I’ll spend the weekend as Tyrone’s sex slave for a hundred thousand dollars,” Amelia said.

“Great. I’ll go fetch the contract and then we can get started.”