



AMATEUR NIGHT

Crimson Rose



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“The Lion’s Den?” Charlotte said with raised brow as her best friend pulled into a packed parking lot. “I don’t think I’ve ever been to this club before.”

“I know I haven’t, but I heard through a friend of a friend that they’re hosting an amateur night tonight with a grand prize of five grand.”

“Five grand? What in the hell do we have to do, fuck the audience or something? No one pays that kind of money for a few amateurs to shake their ass on stage.”

“I don’t know, but for five grand I’m willing to take one for the team if that’s what we have to do,” Renee grinned.

“You’d fuck an entire audience for five thousand dollars?”

“Um, you do remember the reason we’re doing this, right? We’re both out of work and running low on funds. We have rent to pay and food to buy. Or would you rather be homeless in another month? Who knows, maybe this place will be better than the last seven we’ve been to and there won’t be so many ringers.”

“One can hope,” Charlotte sighed as her friend found a spot and parked.

Getting out of the car, the two young women walked around to the side and pulled the door open – entering into what looked more like the lobby of a hotel rather than a strip club. To the back and left were double doors with an image of a lion etched into them, to the right was a large glass-top desk where a raven-haired woman of about forty wearing a form-fitting blue and silver latex dress sat and typed away at a computer and to their immediate right was another door labeled BODY SHOP. Giving the woman no further notice, Charlotte and Renee walked to the double doors and reached out to pull them open.

“And just where do you think you’re going?” the woman at the desk asked without looking away from the monitor her eyes have been glued to for the last hour.

“We’re here for the amateur night contest,” Renee answered. “I assume the club

is through these doors?”

“It is, but you’re not going in until you’ve filled out the paperwork to enter the contest. Come over here and take a seat please.” When the two women sat opposite her she continued. “I’m going to ask you a whole bunch of personal questions and you will answer them honestly. You will then sign the consent and waiver forms before you are allowed inside of the club. Is that understood?”

“Yes,” Charlotte and Renee answered.

“Good. What are your names?”

“I’m Charlotte”

“And I’m Renee.”

“I’m going to start with you Charlotte. Can I please see your driver’s license or state ID please?” Charlotte rummaged through her purse for a moment, found her license and handed it across the desk. “Thank you. Is all the information on here correct and current?”

“Yes.”

“One moment.” Her fingers flying on the keyboard, Melissa typed in Charlotte’s name, address, height, weight, and hair and eye color before handing the laminated card back. “Will you be entering the contest under your own name or would you prefer a stage name?”

“I will go under the name Amber Skye if that’s okay.”

“That’s perfectly fine. And now for the personal questions. Remember, answer them honestly. What is your sexual orientation?”

“What does that have to do with stripping on stage?”

“Please just answer the questions.”

“I’m straight.”

“Have you ever had sex with more than one partner at the same time?”

“Um, no.”

“Are you Dominant or submissive?”

“I’m not even sure what that means.”

“Do you prefer to control the action in bed, or be controlled?”

“A little of both I suppose. It all depends on my mood.”

“Do you like being watched during sex?”

“Y-Yes,” Charlotte blushed, chewing her lower lip as she gave her best friend a sideways glance.

“What is the kinkiest sexual act you’ve ever done?”

“Umm...”

“Please answer the question honestly. If you haven’t done anything kinky that’s okay.”

“You had better never speak of this to anyone,” Charlotte said, looking into her friend’s eyes. “I once took a fist up my ass.”

“HOLY HELL!” Renee gasped at her friend’s admission. “Who in the hell fisted you up the ass?”

“That’s not important.”

“And you only did it once?” Melissa asked.

“Yes.”

“Would you be willing to do it again?”

“Probably.”

“What is your deepest, darkest sexual fantasy?”

“I really don’t...” Charlotte started to say, but when she saw the annoyed look on

Melissa's face she let out a soft sigh and answered the question in the hopes her friend's answers would be just as humiliating. "I want to know what it feels like to be branded."

"Jesus Christ!" Renee gasped again.

"It's a fantasy. One that I'll never realize because I'm too much of a chicken shit to do it."

"Final question, are your nipples pierced?"

"No."

"If you wish to enter the amateur night contest you will have to get them pierced. We have a shop right through that door where you can get them done," Melissa said, pointing to the door labeled BODY SHOP.

"Why do we need pierced nipples?" Renee asked. That's asking an awful lot and also severely limits your contestant pool."

"It is what we require. If you are not willing to get your nipples pierced then you are not the type of amateur we're seeking for this contest.

"Aren't you the one that said you'd fuck the entire audience for a chance to win five grand?" Charlotte smirked at her friend.

"That can be arranged and you'd make a whole lot more than five grand I can assure you. Now, are you willing to get your nipples pierced to enter the contest, or not?"

"I desperately need the money so, yes, I'll get them pierced as long as it's free."

"It is free. And now to you, Renee. You're license or ID please."

Renee handed her driver's license to the woman and stared red-faced at her best friend while she waited for the questions to begin as her deepest, darkest fantasy was about to come to light in a less than ideal way.

"Will you be using your real or a stage name during tonight's contest?"

“I will use my real name.”

“What is your sexual orientation?”

“I’m bi-curious,” Renee answered, rolling her lower lip between her teeth as she looked nervously at her best friend.

“Have you ever had sex with more than one partner at the same time?”

“Y-Yes.”

“You have?” Charlotte asked with raised brow. “When did that happen?”

“I’ll ask the questions if you don’t mind. What is the most partners you’ve been with at the same time?”

“That I had actual sexual contact with? Seven,” Renee’s blush deepened as she recalled the night of her eighteenth birthday and the orgy she was tricked into going to. While there were six other women and a total of fifty men, she managed to get away with having sex with seven men while there were some that were taken by as many as twenty.

“Are you dominant or submissive?”

“Oh, definitely submissive.”

“Do you like being watched during sex?”

“Absolutely love it.”

“What is the kinkiest sexual act you’ve ever done?”

“The orgy I mentioned.”

“Would you be willing to do it again?”

“I think so, yes.”

“What is your deepest, darkest fantasy?”

“I...I want to, um, oh god please don’t be mad at me. I want to have sex with my

best friend.”

“Oh my god!” Charlotte gasped. “Are you serious? You want to have sex with me? How in the hell long have you been keeping that one secret?”

“Um, for as long as we’ve known each other. I’ve been crushing on you hard, Char.”

“You can discuss your sex lives later. I need the two of you to read and sign the consent and waiver forms before you can go get your nipples pierced.”

“Why am I suddenly getting the impression that this isn’t a strip club?” Renee asked.

“Because it isn’t. This is a bdsm club. Do you know what that means?”

“Well, based on the questions you asked I assume it has to do with domination and submission. So the contest isn’t to find the best stripper after all is it?”

“No, no it is not. We are looking for vanilla men and women willing to spend the night going through a night of training to experience what this lifestyle is all about.”

“Training?” Charlotte asked. “What do you mean training?”

“You and the other contestants will spend a full day up on stage with experienced Masters and Mistresses where you’ll get a crash course in the bdsm lifestyle including everything from obedience training and discipline to a wide variety of fetishes. It will be explained in more details once the contest begins. Now, please read and sign the forms if you still wish to enter.”

Taking the offered clipboards, Renee and Charlotte began reading the forms one by one – each more explicit than the previous as it spelled out in graphic detail exactly what they were getting themselves into. Thinking only of the money, they signed and dated each form and then handed the clipboards back to Melissa who quickly scanned the pages and attached them to each of their profiles.

“Thank you ladies. Now if you would kindly go through that door into the body shop and tell Nicole that you are there for the contest piercings she will take care of you. When you’re done come back out here and see me.”

Opening the door to the body shop, Charlotte and Renee entered a large room set up exactly like any other piercing and tattoo parlor one might find on any given street across the city. Browsing through the aisles were four men and six women while a topless, heavily tattooed and pierced brunette stood behind the counter. As they drew closer they saw the tags hanging from the rings in the woman's nipples – the left had NICOLE stamped into it while the right read: SLAVE.

“How May I help you ladies?” Nicole asked.

“Um, we’re here to get the contest piercings,” Renee answered.

“Sweet. Come on back and I’ll get you taken care of.”

Stepping out from behind the counter, Charlotte and Renee saw the tattoos continued down the woman's naked body and that she wore a tailed plug in her ass which swayed left and right with every step. Their eyes drifting down, they saw she was wearing an odd pair of boots with steep heels and tips that ended in horse hooves adding a good five inches to her height.

“What in the hell are those things?” Charlotte asked, pointing to the boots.”

“They are ballet horse boots,” Nicole explained. “They go with the horse tail butt plug I’m wearing quite nicely, don’t you think?”

“They look ungodly uncomfortable,” Renee cut in as Nicole opened a door and ushered them into the small work room at the back of the body shop.

“You get used to them after a while. Go ahead and take your tops and bras off and I’ll get the equipment. You did say the contest piercings, correct?”

“Correct,” Charlotte answered as she pulled her shirt off. Reaching back, she unhooked her bra and began sliding it off when she stopped and gave her best friend a nervous look. “I guess you’ve been waiting to see my tits for a long time, huh?”

“Something like that. So stop teasing me and take the damn bra off. This just might be my one and only chance to see them up close.” Charlotte’s bra was off and laid over the back of a chair and Renee purred. “God damn you’ve got perfect tits. I know this is weird and all, but, um, do you think I could suck your nipples before they are pierced?”

“You know I’m not bisexual.”

“You might want to let her do it,” Nicole said as she lined a tray with needles, and jewelry. If you’re going to have any chance at winning the contest you’re going to have to have sex with other women. Don’t worry, the men will have to go gay as well so it’s not as if you’ll be the only one stepping outside of their comfort zone.”

“Really?”

“Really. We’ve been having these amateur nights every month for five years now and trust me, you’re going to have to do a lot of crazy shit to win. I’m almost done here so if you’re going to let her do it then now’s the time.”

“Okay,” Charlotte blushed. “Do it before I change my mind.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Renee latched onto her best friend’s right nipple faster than a starving baby finally being nursed. Wrapping her arms around her back and holding her tight, she sucked, licked and flicked her tongue over Charlotte’s growing nipple and was rewarded with a soft moan from her friend.

“Sorry to break up the party so soon, but I’m ready to get you ladies pierced,” Nicole said, intentionally breaking it up moments after it began to leave them both hanging and wanting for more. “I’ll start with you,” she said to Charlotte. Stand with your legs spread shoulder width apart and your arms behind your back, hands clasping above opposite elbows. I will work as quickly as possible, but you are not to move under any circumstance until I give the okay or you will be punished. Is that understood?”

“Punished? What do you mean punished?”

“If you move before I give you permission you will receive twenty swats of the cane. If you refuse the swats you will be disqualified from the contest and must pay for the piercings at \$150 per. Refuse to pay and the police will be called and you’ll be prosecuted for trying to leave without paying. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Then get into position.”

The blush traveling down her neck to her chest, Charlotte moved into the described position and gave her friend a dirty look as if to tell her to keep her smart remarks to herself. Renee only smiled as her friend’s breasts were put prominently on display. Using an alcohol wipe, Nicole cleaned Charlotte’s entire chest and then picked up the first sealed needle. Opening the package, she placed it against Charlotte’s left nipple and pushed it through.

Charlotte grunted and jerked a little, but not enough to count as moving out of position. Looking down, she watched as a barbell dangle with removable alligator clip was placed in the hollow end of the needle before it was pushed the rest of the way through. Her right nipple was just as quickly pierced and she thought she was finished until Nicole picked up an odd-looking device that looked like mostly handle with an open metal tip.

Her eyes growing wide, she stared in complete shock as Nicole placed it between her breasts and gave it an experienced push and twist. There was some pain, but not nearly as much as she would have imagined such a device causing and then her surprise grew even more as the tiny dermal anchor was placed under the skin and the threaded placement tool was carefully removed.

“W-What in the fuck are you doing? We were told we were only getting our nipples pierced! What is that thing? What did you just put inside of me?”

“Calm down. That is what’s called a dermal anchor and it is all part of the contest piercings you said you were here to get. Now please hold still while I do the rest.”

“Rest? How many are you going to give me? We were never told we would be getting this kind of piercing!”

“She’s right, we were told we were only getting our nipples pierced,” Renee

added.

“Maybe Melissa didn’t want to scare you off. Are you going to let me continue or not?”

“How many more are you giving me?”

“Four more between your breasts and you’ll be done.”

“Just do it. I hope this proves to you I’m willing to do just about anything for a chance to win some damn money.”

“I’m convinced,” Renee smiled.

Nicole worked as quickly as she could to place the microdermals in Charlotte’s cleavage – capping each of them off with a sapphire cap as she went. When they were all done, she removed her gloves, put on a fresh pair and then moved in front of Renee where she repeated the process – this time using emerald caps on the microdermals.

“You’re both all set. Good luck with the contest.”

“Thanks,” Renee said, looking down at the jewels sparkling between her breasts.

Leaving the body shop, the two friends returned to where Mistress Melissa still sat at her computer. Their nipples too sensitive to wear them, they carried their bra and tops in hand and they noticed the woman’s eyes going straight for their new piercings.

“Nice. What made you want to get the microdermals?” Melissa asked. “Not that I’m complaining or anything. They look amazingly sexy on both of you.”

“Um, Nicole said they were part of the contest piercings,” Charlotte answered.

“No they’re not. The only piercings you were required to get are nipples.”

“That lying...”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about it if I were you. Like I said, they look amazingly sexy and just might give you an edge over the competition. Speaking

of which, if you're ready you may go into the club now. The contest starts in ten minutes so don't delay. You'll want to go to the center stage where the other contestants and Dominants should already be. And good luck ladies."

"Thanks," Charlotte and Renee said in unison.

Opening the lion engraved doors, Renee and Charlotte looked upon their first bdsm club in nervous excitement. The first thing they noticed were the half, or nearly naked men and women walking about serving the well-dressed whom were sitting at tables watching the shows on the three large stages. Their eyes focusing on the center stage, they saw a row of fifteen topless men and women with nipples pierced exactly like their own and half a dozen leather and latex clad Dominants pacing back and forth.

“That must be where the contest begins,” Renee said, pointing to the center stage. “Come on, we don’t want to be late.”

“Says you,” Charlotte replied. “Do you see what they’re holding in their hands? I don’t know much about all of this, but I know a cane when I see one. Or half a dozen in this case. Do you think they’re going to use them on us?”

“Probably as part of the discipline training we’ll receive during the contest,” Renee answered, taking her best friend by the hand and dragging her across the club and onto the stage just as a loud buzzer went off.

A tern-looking brunette of about thirty wearing a corset, miniskirt and knee-high leather boots looked down the line of contestants and then stepped to the edge of the stage lightly tapping one end of the bamboo cane against her right hand as she went. “Ladies and gentlemen, Masters, Mistresses, submissives and slaves alike!” she said into the microphone hooked to the left breast of her corset.

“Tonight marks a very special milestone here at the Lion’s Club. We’ve been running these monthly contests now for five years making this our sixtieth!” There was a loud roar of cheers and applause from the hundred and fifty or so men and women watching including members of staff from fellow dominants all the way down to the submissives and slaves serving them that lasted a full minute before dying down enough for the Mistress to continue.

“As in the past, tonight’s contest will last for a full twenty-four hours, or until only three remain. You heard right people! This month there won’t be just on winner, but THREE! To the third place winner goes one thousand dollars and six months training as a submissive or slave. Second place wins twenty-five-

hundred dollars and a full year of training and the grand prize winner will receive five-thousand dollars, a job here at the Lion's den and full training as Mistress Zoe's sex slave!"

There was another long round of cheering and clapping from the audience and nervous looks from the contestants as they all finally realized what they were getting themselves into. Sure, they knew it would be a long and kinky contest, but many of them failed to grasp just how much so. And hearing the top three winners would be trained as submissives and slaves had more than one thinking about leaving before the contest truly began.

"The rules are simple," Mistress Jenna continued. "Over the next twenty-four hours we will put these vanilla men and women through the paces of what it means to be a submissive and slave in the bdsm lifestyle. There are no limits, no safewords. The only way out is to forfeit the contest by leaving the stage and club. When we are down to the final three we will begin phase two which will determine the final order of winners. And so, without further ado, let amateur night begin!"

Turning back to the contestants, Mistress Jenna gave them a wicked smirk and swooshed the cane through the air – the whooshing sounds making them jump back and flinch. "Alright, cunts, you have exactly thirty seconds to strip out of your clothes. Anyone failing to do so in time will be punished."

The contestants scrambled to get their clothes off, but more than a few of them were having difficulty as they focused more on the swooshing cane than the removal of clothes. Most of the women were naked with time to spare thanks to already being topless and wearing next to nothing, but those wearing pants found themselves quickly running out of time as Mistress Jenna just stared at them with an amused look in her pretty face.

"Time's up," Mistress Jenna said. Those of you who are naked may take three steps back. The rest of you get down on the stage in the punishment position. That is head down, ass up with your arms stretched out before you and your feet raised so that you are on your knees. You will each receive ten swats of the cane. You will count the swat and say: I'm sorry Mistress, or Master if it is a man disciplining you, I will strip faster next time. If you fail to count or apologize for your slowness, or if you move from the punishment position you none of the swats will count and you'll start over until you get them right."

“Fuck that shit,” a handsome, well-built man wearing only his left sock scoffed. I didn’t come here for that kind of treatment. I’m out of here.” Picking up his discarded clothing, he stomped off the stage – making it halfway to the exit before remembering he was butt naked. Dropping his clothes on the closest table, he picked up his shirt and had it pulled over his head when he was suddenly bent over and a hard cock was being pushed into his tight, virgin asshole. “Uuhhnnn!” he grunted in shocked pain as his ass was stretched open for the first time. “Get...uhn...get the fuck off of me!”

“No, the idea is to get off inside of you,” the man fucking the ex-contestant’s ass laughed, tightening his grip around his waist and thrusting his cock in and out harder and faster. “Let me finish and they’ll be five hundred bucks in it for you.”

“I...I’m not...uhn...uhn...god damn it stop! I’m n-not gay!”

“Bitch please. Had you remained in the contest you would have taken it up the ass by a lot more than one man. You may not be gay, but you’re at least bisexual or bi-curious enough to think about giving it a try so stop fighting it and relax.” Reaching under the ex-contestant, the man grabbed his semi-hard cock and began slowly stroking it. “If you’re not enjoying it why is your dick growing harder in my hand?”

“I...I don’t...I can’t...please stop. I don’t want to do this.”

“Not even for five hundred dollars?”

“No!”

“Tell you what, I’ll make it a grand, but you’ve got to do everything I say,” the man said as he continued fucking his cock in and out of the tight asshole. “That’s a lot of money and the damage is already done. No matter what you do, how much you hide it, you can never undo taking it up the ass by another man and loving it. My god, you’re leaking pre-cum like a leaky faucet. Do it. Tell me you’ll take the deal. Tell me you’ll be my little bitch and do everything I command of you.”

“I...” the feeling of his asshole being stretched open no longer hurting, the young man sighed, softly moaned and grunted as the cock pounded harder, faster and deeper into his bowels. “I accept,” he finally said, his entire body burning hot. “I’ll be your little bitch and do everything you command of me. But I want

to see the money first.”

“Fair enough. What is your name bitch?”

“Mark.”

“Pleasure to fuck your ass Mark. I’m Master Finn.” Shoving his cock all the way up Mark’s ass, Master Finn reached into his pocket and withdrew a large wad of cash. Counting out one-thousand dollars in fifties, he put the rest back in his pocket and then pulled Mark back. Reaching around, he clipped the money to the clip dangling from Mark’s left nipple and then slammed him back onto the table.

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Meanwhile, back up on center stage, three men and two women were down in the punishment position counting, apologizing and wincing in agony as their asses were brutally caned while the rest of the contestants stood back and watched, knowing that at any time they could be next – a lesson one of them was soon about to learn.

Mistress Vikki – a petite, brunette with glasses and a sexy librarian look about her walked up to Charlotte, pulled her two feet in front of the rest of the waiting group and gently tapped her breasts with the cane about an inch above the nipples. “You will count the swats and say: thank you Mistress after each. If you fail to count or give thanks you will start over until you get it right. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Charlotte answered, her voice cracking from the fear of what was about to happen.

SWOOSH! The cane drew back and then bit deep and painfully into Charlotte’s breasts causing her to double over in agony.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh my motherfucking son of a god damn bitch!” Charlotte wailed, her hands coming up to instinctively protect her breasts from further torment as she danced around the stage like a chick with its head cut off.

“Get back in position, slave,” Mistress Vikki commanded. “That one does not count.” But Charlotte was only paying attention to the pain in her breasts. Losing

patience, the Mistress repeated herself. “You have exactly five seconds to get back into position for the next swat or instead of five you’ll get fifty.”

Hearing those dreaded words, Charlotte scrambled back to where she was standing and breathed rapidly through her nose as the cane came down once again without mercy. Thinking only of the desperately needed money and job potential, she screamed at the tops of her lungs. “ONE! THANK YOU MISTRESS!”

THWACK!

“Two! T-Th-Thank you M-Mistress!”

THWACK!

THREE! Thank you Mistress!”

Watching her best friend’s breasts being caned gave Renee mixed feelings. On the one hand she felt sorry for Charlotte and the undo suffering she was experienced, while on the other she felt her clit tingle with excitement with every lash. But her concentration was broken when she was roughly grabbed from behind, shoved onto all fours and had a large cock pushed into her pussy. Looking back over her right shoulder, she saw a tall, well-build bald black man fucking her. Lowering her head to the stage floor, she suddenly felt it jerked back when he grabbed a handful of her long brown hair and gave it a tug. Squeezing her breasts, he pulled on the clips hanging from her recently pierced nipples causing her to yelp.

THWACK!

“F-FOUR! Thank you Mistress!” Charlotte sobbed.

THWACK!

“Five! Thank you Mistress.” Breathing a sigh of relief that it was finally over, Charlotte’s eyes lit up when she saw the cane slashing through the air on a direct collision course with her breasts. It landed hard – tearing into her nipples with such force she momentarily froze as the world around her went black and then turned into little pinpoints of light as her vision returned. “SIX! Th-Thank... thank you M-Mistress!” she cried.

“Since you initially moved and made me repeat myself you will get ten swats, slave. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.” Slumping her shoulders, Charlotte did the best she could to steel herself against the impending torment as the length of bamboo sliced through the air and into her welt-covered breasts for the seventh time. “Sev-seven. Thank you Mistress.”

Drawing back for another swat, Mistress Vikki stopped and looked across the stage at those remaining unpunished, or unfucked. “You, red, what’s your name?” she asked a short redheaded woman with the largest areola’s Charlotte had ever seen.

“M-Mandy, Mistress.”

“Get over here Mandy. I want you on your knees licking this slut’s cunt in the next five seconds or you’ll be the next to feel the sting of the cane.”

“Yes Mistress.” Without hesitating, Mandy walked over and dropped onto her knees in front of Charlotte. Before her breasts went out of view, Charlotte noticed tint droplets of white slowly dripping from her nipples. Looking up into her tear-filled eyes, Mandy leaned in and began licking – her tongue pushing as deeply as humanly possible. She was no lesbian, not even bisexual, but after watching how swiftly the Dominants were willing to use the cane, she thought it best to suck up her pride and do it rather than go through unnecessary pain and suffering.

“Mmmm,” Charlotte moaned as she felt the tongue of another woman licking her for the first time. As humiliating and degrading as it made her feel to have sexual contact with another woman in front of so many people, it was far more pleasurable than the cane which zipped through the air and against her breasts. “EIGHT! Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Mistress.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you Mistress.”

“Well done slave. Now get down on your back so that you and Mandy can sixty-nine each other. You have ten minutes to make each other orgasm or you’ll both be punished with fifty lashes to the ass. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Charlotte said, quickly laying on the stage floor. No sooner was she on her back then Mandy was on top of her pushing her ass back towards her face. Hesitating only a moment – her eyes drifting to the left where she saw Renee being taken by a black man, she spread Mandy open and began licking. Concentrating on Mandy’s clit, she pushed two and then three fingers in deep and hard – fucking them in and out as the woman’s pussy juices began flowing. Licking up every drop, not stopping to think about what she was doing, she felt her pussy being stretched open wide. “Uhn...h-how many fingers are you shoving in me?”

“Four,” Mandy answered. “Relax, I want to see if you can take my entire hand.”

“N-Not that...uhn...easily.”

“Do it, slave,” Mistress Vikki said. “If your hand isn’t in her cunt before time is up you’ll be given a hundred swats of the cane.”

“Yes Mistress. I’m so sorry,” Mandy apologized, pulling her fingers out, tucking her thumb in palm and thrusting them back in as hard as she could. Her hand slipped in to the knuckles. There was a brief moment of resistance and then in it went.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh my fucking god! Ooowwww! TAKE IT OUT! Oh god it hurts! Please, please take it out.”

“Do as you’re told and relax, slave,” Mistress Vikki commanded. “Her hand is in your gaping cunt now so you might as well get used to it. But don’t worry, turn about it fair play in my book. I want to see your hands stretching her pussy and asshole in the next three minutes or you’ll get two hundred swats of the cane. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Charlotte groaned as Mandy fucked her fist in and out at an increased pace. Forming her left hand into a tight cone, she fucked it in and out of Mandy’s pussy as hard as she could, giving as little thought to the woman’s safety and pleasure as was given her. In less than a minute, her hand was in wrist deep and Mandy was groaning and grunting in pain and discomfort. “Now you

know how I feel. Hold still because I have a feeling it's going to hurt a hell of a lot more going in your tight ass."

Pulling her left hand from Mandy's pussy, Charlotte shoved the right one in and placed the fingertips of the left against her asshole – hoping her pussy juices would be enough lube to make penetration possible. Not bothering to stretch Mandy out a little at a time given the time constraint, Charlotte pushed in with a hard, steady pressure that had the squealing and squirming woman's asshole stretching open in a matter of seconds and another minute and a half later and both hands were in to the wrist and both women found themselves writhing in orgasm.

"Well done, slaves. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I swear I saw milk leaking from your nipples, Mandy."

"Yes Mistress, I am lactating."

"Induced or natural?"

"Natural Mistress. I had a baby four months ago."

"Very nice. You may stop fisting each other now. I want you to coddle and let her drink your milk."

"Yes Mistress."

"You know, this is the first time I've ever done anything with another woman," Charlotte said, as she and Mandy moved positions so that she was in the former's arms, mouth ready to latch onto her first milk-filled nipple since her mother stopped breastfeeding her at the age of two.

"Is that so?" Mistress Vikki grinned. "Well, I guess now's as good a time as any to bring out your inner lesbian." Walking to the edge of the stage, she tapped the microphone until it rang out with feedback drawing the attention of those around them. "Attention Everyone, I have a flowering lesbian up here on stage and need the aid of as many women as possible to break her in. I want her fisted, licked, sucked and brought to the brink of climax over and over again, but she is not to orgasm until I give her permission. I want the slut edging for at least an hour so who's willing to help me out?"

In a matter of minutes, there were and additional sixteen dominant women on stage surrounding Mandy and Charlotte. And while the latter continued to drink the former's milk, she watched as a pretty green-eyed blonde knelt between her legs, coated her hands with lube and then worked them into her pussy one after the other. Giving no resistance, she purred like a kitten and continued sucking down the sweet nectar flowing from Mandy's nipple and into her mouth.

On the other side of the stage, a young, slightly chubby blonde woman named Becky was being taken by three men at the same time, a man named Robert was being spit-roasted by two more and a short, rail-thin brunette named Anne was strapped to a Saint Andrews while Mistress Tori flogged her from one side while Master Andrew caned her from the other. Two more men walked off – this time learning their lesson and getting dressed to avoid the same fate as Mark whom, after an hour was still bent over a table getting fucked from both ends, leaving three men and nine women to receive another twenty-three hours of training.

“I think it’s time for these sluts to learn what it truly means to be a slave,” Master Arnold – a tall, handsome man of forty, said to Mistress Jenna as he looked across the stage.

“You thinking what I’m thinking?” Mistress Jenna replied.”

“Tattoo?”

“Tattoo.” Smirking, Mistress Jenna went to the back of the stage where all the toys and equipment they planned on using for the contest were laid out on tables with larger pieces of furniture and machines sat underneath. Gathering her supplies onto a cart, she pushed it to the center of the stage. “Attention! All contestants are to form a line right now for their first mark.”

There was some confusion as various forms of sex came to a screeching halt. Some contestants like Becky were relieved for the break, while Charlotte loudly moaned in orgasm as the fists were suddenly pulled from her pussy and ass – the look from Mistress Vikki telling her she was in a world of trouble for cumming without permission.

“When the mark has been given you will receive one hundred swats of the cane to your ass for orgasming without permission,” Mistress Vikki confirmed Charlotte’s fears.

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Charlotte said as she fell into line between Robert and Renee.

“Holy shit this is fun,” Renee whispered to her best friend. “And you look like you’ve really taken to sex with women. When this is over...”

“Yes, when this is all over we can have sex as much as you want,” Charlotte replied. And it’s no fun being brought to the edge of climax over and over only to be denied. You heard her, I’m getting a hundred more swats after this.”

“To be honest, the welts on your tits do look...”

“Alright you wannabe slaves,” Mistress Jenna said “You will now each be given a mark in the form of a tattoo that will tell the world in no uncertain terms exactly what you are. Since there are so many of you and time is of the essence, I won’t be the only one doing the work. Now be good little slaves and stand with your legs spread shoulder width apart and your arms behind your back, hands clasping opposite elbows.”

“Tattoo?” Anne asked. “A tattoo of what?”

“Of whatever the hell we want to give you. A slave does not question her superiors. And for that you will get two. Any more questions?”

“I’ve allowed you to fuck me ten ways to Sunday, flog me, cane me and let you talk me into getting my nipples pierced for this contest, but this is too much. I will not be tattooed.”

“Then you may leave the stage and this club,” Mistress Jenna said as she put on a pair of nitrile gloves. “If you are not gone in the next thirty seconds you will be tattooed if I have to strap you back to the Saint Andrews to do it.”

Running to the other side of the stage where the clothes were gathered in one big pile, Anne scrambled to find hers while Mistress Jenna counted down for all to hear. Quickly stepping into and pulling her panties up, Anne slipped her shirt on over her head and with bra and jeans in hand practically flew off the stage with only eight seconds to make it to the exit. Dodging around a man making a grab for her, she stumbled, righted herself and was just making the three steps leading up to the door out when Mistress Jenna called out zero. Pausing for only a moment, knowing that it meant she would be double tattooed whether she like it or not thanks to the waivers and consent forms she signed, she bolted for the exit, but it was too late. Hands wrapped around her wrists and pulled them back and up painfully as she was dragged kicking and screaming towards the stage.

“LET ME GO! You can’t do this to me! I swear to god I’ll go to the police if you don’t let me go right god damned now!”

“Go to the police all you want. You signed the forms giving us permission to do this whether you wanted it or not,” Mistress Jenna said. “You were warned and given ample time to leave and you failed, so now you’re going to pay the price. Men, secure her to the Saint Andrews and give her five of the kinkiest tattoos you can imagine. After that she is free to leave.”

“You hardly gave me any time at all to leave!” Anne protested as the men carried her up onto the stage and pushed her against the large metal X near the back. “This is so unfair! Please, I’m begging you, don’t do this! Let me go!” Kicking, she made contact with one of the men’s thigh mere inches from his crotch.

“And for attacking your superior you will receive three hundred swats of the cane,” Mistress Jenna smirked.

Panic and fear setting in, Anne lashed out in the only way she could. Wildly kicking and swinging her free limbs she screamed and cursed as she scraped the fingernails of her right hand across the other man’s face – leaving behind nasty red scratches in the process.

“And for that you will receive the full piercing treatment as well as an additional two hundred swats of the cane. Keep it up and you’ll be here for the next week getting punished for your disobedience and disrespect.”

Stepping up in front of Charlotte with tattoo gun in hand, Mistress Vikki looked the trembling woman over with a smile. “You going to give me any trouble, slave?”

“No Mistress.”

“Good. Now hold still while I give you your tattoos.”

“Tattoos, Mistress? I thought we were only getting one.”

“True, but since you took to licking pussy so well I thought I’d give you another.”

“May I ask what you’re going to tattoo on me Mistress?”

“You’ll see when it’s done, slave. No more talking.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Keeping her mouth shut tight for fear of ending up like Anne who was now tightly secured to the Saint Andrews, Charlotte watched as Mistress Vikki applied a cream to her right shoulder and then carefully place a small piece of carbon paper over the area. After giving it a vigorous rub, the paper was peeled away leaving behind the purple outline of the bdsm triskelion with the words: SLAVE FOR LIFE written around it. She gave Renee a scared look and for the second time thought about leaving, but when the needle pierced her flesh and the first drops of ink were permanently set in place, she sighed and watched as her first tattoo took form.

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While the remaining contestants all got the same triskelion and slave tattoo, Charlotte got another on her inner left forearm of a rainbow flag done in stunning 3D to make it appear as if it were actually under torn and stretched skin and looked so realistic it made her shiver every time she looked down at it.

Anne, however, was not so lucky. On top of the triskelion and slave tattoo, she also received one on her right breast that said: REBELLIOUS CUMDUMPSTER, one on her left breast that read: PRINCESS FUCKTOY and another on her mound that said BLACK COCK BREEDING COW. Next, one of the tattoo artists placed a hand wrapped around a black cock on her inner right thigh while another gave her five puppy paws on her right hip with: K9 LOVER woven through the center.

After the tattoos, came the piercings. Two in her clit which was shielded and another seven tunnels in each outer labia which were held shut using special barbells with tiny loops in the center. But the humiliation did not stop there. The piercer then took a length of thick metal wire with a flared end and threaded it through the eyelets in the barbells from the bottom up and then using a special tool, cold welded the free end to a small ring at the bottom of the clit shield.

Seeing the treatment Anne was getting for such a small slight, four more women left the competition leaving two men and three women including Charlotte, Renee, Robert and Becky. The last was Tony – an older, heavysset man with balding hair and a small cock that accepted everything without question.

“Alright, slaves, prepare to get your brains fucked into jelly,” Mistress Jenna said with a grin as she walked to the edge of the stage and once again tapped her microphone to get the audience’s attention. “Ladies and gentlemen, we’ve come to the gang bang toilet portion of the amateur night contest and you all know what that means. If any of you need to go number one, these slaves are here for your use. And once you’ve all used them as your personal urinals you may spend the next six hours gang banging them however you see fit with the following exceptions. Charlotte is only to be fucked by women and Renee is only to be taken by the black men who will do everything in their power to breed her over the next six hours. The rest are yours to take as you please!”

“Excuse me Mistress, but when you say urinal,” Renee said.

“I mean everyone in this club is going to use you and the rest of the contestants as toilets. They are going to piss on you and down your throats and you’re all going to do your very best to drink it without throwing it back up. Now line up center stage on your knees with your heads tilted back and mouths open.”

Tony was the first in position with his mouth so eagerly opened he was damn near drooling at the prospect of being used as a public urinal for so many people. Charlotte and Renee were down next followed by Robert. Becky looked around the stage and the huge group of men and women descending upon it, slumped her shoulders and walked off – unwilling to go that far for what she considered a small prize. Gathering her clothes, she managed to get dressed and leave without incident.

Lines of alternating men and women formed in front of the four remaining contestants. The first man stepped up, placed their dicks in the contestants’ mouths and started pissing. All four of them jerked back, choking on the vile fluid as it continued splashing across their faces and down their chests. When

they were done, a woman took over and so it went one after the other until each of them had been urinated on by ten people.

The stage a mess of piss and other bodily fluids, the four contestants continued to kneel as the next man in their line stepped forward and pushed a dick down their throats – holding their heads in place to prevent them from pulling away as the bitter, salty liquid flowed down their esophagus and into their churning bellies. And on it went in a seemingly never-ending stream of pissing men and women until each of them had more than twenty loads split between covering their bodies and filling their stomachs.

The Group golden showers over for the time being, the contestants were once again split up with Charlotte and forty women taking the front right part of the stage – her pussy and asshole immediately stretched open around a very butch-looking brunette's fists. Renee and the black men took the back left, Robert went to the back right with nearly fifty men and thirty women, leaving front left for Tony and the remainder of the participants.

Charlotte's pussy and asshole were fisted for an hour straight as she licked the pussies of eight women – something she was really starting to enjoy despite the voice in the back of her mind still nagging her about how wrong it was. As woman number nine was scooting in place, Charlotte felt the fist in her pussy pressing hard against her cervix and for a moment she thought the woman – a curvy blonde named Sasha, was going to try going even deeper, but then she felt the fingers of Sasha's other hand slowly easing into her pussy one at a time and she exhaled slowly, knowing that she was in the path of double fisting.

"Are you...uhn...uhn...oh god that feels so fucking good," Charlotte purred as Sasha worked three fingers of her second hand into her pussy. "Are you going to double fist me?"

"I am. And when I'm done stretching your cunt out as much as humanly possible the next in line is going to do the same to your gorgeous ass. By the time we're done you might even be able to take three fists in the same hole at the same time. How does that sound, slave?"

"I...yes Mistress."

"Are you telling me you want us to triple fist your holes?"

“If that’s what you want, Mistress. A slave has no control over what happens to her and since I’m on a slave contest, well, I think you know where I’m going with this.”

“Then we’re going to stretch you out so wide you’ll need the largest of cocks and toys to pleasure you. You’re going to gape open so much your holes will never close again. And after you’re bred like a fucking bitch in heat you’ll be popping out babies with ease. I think you’re going to make me one hell of a slave.”

“Y-You Mistress?”

“My name is Mistress Zoe and when you win this contest and take the job you’ll be trained as my loyal and obedient sex slave.”

“What...uhn...what if I don’t win, Mistress?”

“Then there are still two positions open and I’ll offer one to you directly. In fact, accept the position right now and the job is yours, giving your lover an even better chance of winning against the others.”

“My lover, Mistress?”

“The slut over there being turned into a black cock breeding slave. She is your lover, no? I’ve seen the way you look at her.”

“No Mistress. She’s...mmmm,” Charlotte moaned as Mistress Zoe’s fists slammed in and out of her pussy. “We...we’re best friends but we’ve never... uuhhnnn...we’ve never had sex with each other.”

“If she wins and becomes my slave I can guarantee you’ll have as much sex as possible with each other. So, what’ll it be, will you take my job offer and become my sex slave in training?”

“Uhn...is that...ooohhhh fuck that feels amazing! Is that f-fair to the other contestants, Mistress?”

“The other contestants don’t concern me. Accept my offer and you can quit the contest and they’ll have as much of a chance as if you walked away without the job.”

“How do I know this isn’t a trick to make me quit, Mistress?”

“Two reasons. First, I am not a liar. And second, I would lose my job and be banned from the Lion’s Den for life. I will ask one more time. Are you willing to quit this contest, take a job here at the club and become my slave in training?”

Looking over at her best friend taking two big black cocks in her pussy at the same time while a third pushed its way deeper down her throat, Charlotte smiled and then looked back over her right shoulder. “I accept your offer, Mistress. Will you please remove your hands from my pussy so that I may leave the stage?”

“I’ll escort you to the body shop myself, slave.”

“Body shop, Mistress?”

“So that you can get the rest of your piercings and other marks.”

“I...Yes Mistress.”

Standing with the aid of her new Mistress, Charlotte looked over at her best friend and smiled. Not bothering to pick up her clothes, she walked arm in arm with Mistress Zoe off the stage and out into the back lobby.

“And with that surprising exit we are down to our final three in record time!” Mistress Jenna said as she watched Charlotte and Mistress Zoe leave. “But don’t worry ladies and gentlemen, I’m not going to deprive you of the chance to use these wannabe slaves. The contest will continue until the gang bang is complete before we move into the final round.”

Surprised by her best friend’s departure from the contest, but in it to win it Renee opened her mouth just in time for it to be filled with more piss as the men below and behind continued to double fuck her pussy. Desperately wanting to find out why her friend so suddenly left, she never the less did not want to give chase for fear of being disqualified after doing so many kinky things. Instead, she concentrated on gulping down as much pee as possible.

“Hey Mistress Zoe, Charlotte. Is the contest over already?” Mistress Melissa asked from her station at the lone desk sitting at the back of the lobby.

“Hi Melissa. No, the contest is still going but Charlotte had agreed to take one of the job openings and to serve as my slave. We are on our way to the body shop to get some work done.”

“I see. Well, I guess that explains why you’re out here butt naked. When you’re done we can go over the paperwork and get you started next month.”

“Next month, Mistress?”

“You’ll need time for your work to heal before beginning your job here, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Entering into the Body Shop, Mistress Zoe led her new slave up to the counter where Nicole was still working. “Back for more already?” she asked. “Hello Mistress Zoe.”

“Nicole. This is my new slave and you know what I want from my slaves. Get it done.”

“My shift ends in ten minutes, Mistress. Loren will be in shortly.”

“Very well, we’ll wait for slave Loren then.”

“Thank you Mistress. The work will take many, many hours and I don’t want to fall asleep halfway through.

“What work will I be getting, Mistress?” Charlotte asked, her stomach in knots at her decision to become a sex slave just to earn enough money to keep a roof over her head and food on the table.

“I like my slaves heavily pierced, tattooed and branded,” Mistress Zoe answered.

“Branded, Mistress? H-How many brands? What will they be of?”

“Oh, this, than and a few other things. I am also into scarification. By the time Loren is done you will be in extreme agony and it will be in that moment, when you look at yourself in the mirror that you will truly feel like the slave you were born to be.”

“Yes Mistress. Um, this might be a silly question, but doesn’t branding fall under scarification, Mistress?”

“Normally, yes, but in this instance I separate the two as for me, scarification involves etching the skin while branding is burning it.”

“Yes Mistress. Since I’m doing this and taking the job here at the club, can you tell me how much I’ll be making?”

“Starting salary is sixty-five-thousand plus tips.”

“Six...sixty-five-thousand? Are you serious, Mistress?”

“I am. Sex sells, slave, and the kinkier the better. Going on average, you stand to make a hundred thousand a year.”

“My god! I...I never imagined, Mistress. That’s more money that I thought I’d ever make at any job.”

“Could be more, could be less. A hundred grand is just the average.”

“Even sixty-five is more than I’ve ever made in my life, Mistress.”

After a few more minutes of small talk, Charlotte watched as a pale-skinned woman with purple and black pixie hairdo walked in and took her place behind the counter – taking her shirt off and draping it over the back of the chair she did not sit in.

“Hello Mistress, how may I serve you?” Loren asked.

“This is my new slave. I want the full workup done immediately.”

“Yes Mistress. What is your name, slave?”

“I’m Charlotte.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Charlotte, I’m Loren. If you’ll please follow me I’ll take you to the workroom and we can get started. If you need to eat, drink or use the restroom now’s the time as we’ll be in there for a good long while and there will be no breaks for either of us.”

“Actually, I could use all three. I haven’t had a break since I got here and I’m worn out already.

“Mistress, may your slave be permitted to take a break before we begin? I will need at least an hour to set up all of the necessary equipment.”

“She may. And when you are finished you are to go home and recuperate. I expect to see you back here bright-eyed and bushy-tailed in exactly one month ready for training.”

“Yes Mistress,” Charlotte said. “Where are the bathrooms? I really, really need to pee.”

“I’ll show you,” Loren answered. “Come with me and I’ll also show you where you can get something to eat.”

“Thank you. And I will be here ready and willing to be trained in one month, Mistress.”

“See that you are or you’ll have done all of this for naught.”

Once Mistress Zoe was gone from the Body Shop, Loren took Charlotte by the hand and led her back out of the shop, through the lobby and into the Lion’s Den where the contest was still going on. She continued towards the left side of the room, but Charlotte stopped dead, her eyes locked on her best friend and the large group of black men attempting to breed her.

“That’s my best friend up there getting bred by all those black men. She’s probably wondering why I left the contest so abruptly.”

“She’ll just have to continue wondering until it’s over. She can’t come down here and you can’t go up there. Come on, the bathroom’s this way.”

“So, what all are you going to do to me?”

“You will be very heavily pierced, tattooed, branded and etched as per Mistress Zoe’s very strict and exacting standards. And despite what she says, you will definitely not be finished with all of the work tonight. Some of the tattoos and the etchings will take multiple sessions, but the bulk of it will be done over the next ten to twelve hours. Here we are,” Loren said, stopping in front of a closed door at the end of a short hallway. “This is the employee lounge. When you start working here this is where you’ll take all your breaks and freshen up. It’s fully equipped with bath and shower rooms.” Opening the door, she ushered the newest member of the Lion’s Den team inside. “There are also fridges where you can store food you bring from home, and several vending machines. Unfortunately, the kitchen is closed right now so you’ll have to eat from the machines.”

“Um, I left my purse back in the Body Shop.”

“No problem. Pick whatever you want. Considering how much pain and suffering I’m going to put you through this one’s on me.”

“Thanks, I think. You know, I’ve never done anything like this in my life. We came here thinking this was just another strip club holding an amateur night competition. Never in a million years would I have ever thought I’d agree to be someone’s sex slave, let alone do all the things I did tonight leading to that point.”

“I’m not going to lie, Charlotte, that’s pretty fucking hot. And really cool that you’re so willing to accept what is often seen as a bizarre and terrible way of life. It really isn’t, you know. Well, okay, it can be extremely bizarre as you’ve no doubt experienced, but it is far from terrible. And as strict and sadistic as Mistress Zoe can be, she is one of the best. She is also one of the kinkiest. That’s why she only takes those willing to be trained as sex slaves. I’ll warn you now, she will command you to do things that made whatever you did out there tonight seem like plain vanilla sex in comparison, but no matter how horrible and disgusting you might think it is, you’ll do yourself a huge favor by just accepting it as part of your training and doing it without hesitation or complaint. Mistress Zoe is not known for going lightly on her slaves and even the slightest disobedience or disrespect will be met with swift and harsh discipline.”

“Thanks for the warning,” Charlotte said as she browsed the various vending machines. Finally deciding on a club sandwich, Doritos and a coke, she ran into the adjoining bathroom and peed before returning to gobble up the mediocre meal as if she had not eaten in a week.

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Once back in the Body Shop with everything she needed set up, Loren secured Charlotte to a Saint Andrews by leather straps down her arms, up her legs and around the waist and chest. “I’m going to start with the piercings first and then move on to the brandings followed by the tattoos and finally the etchings. Since you are going to do a fair bit of screaming and I need to concentrate on my work I am going to place a Scold’s Bridle on you to keep you silent.”

“Scold’s Bridle? What in the hell is that?”

“It’s a type of gag that will keep your mouth shut and tongue depressed, preventing you from making a peep while I work. Just remember to breathe through your nose just like when taking a big dick down your throat and you’ll be fine.”

“Um, I don’t have a lot of practice taking dicks down my throat. It makes me gag every time.”

“You mean to tell me they didn’t throat fuck you out there?”

“Mistress Jenna decided to bring out my inner lesbian. Other than the men pissing in my mouth I was used only by women during the competition.”

“I see. Well, it still shouldn’t be a problem as nothing will be going down your throat. I was only using that as an example. Do your best to relax and breath through your nose and you’ll be fine. I really wish I could put you under for the procedure, but Mistress Zoe insists that all of her slaves be awake and fully aware so they experience every needle piercing their flesh and the brands burning it. It’s her way of breaking new slaves in and weeding out those who are not committed one hundred percent. So, if you are having any doubts whether or not you’ll serve her for the rest of your life you better tell me now as once I begin there’s no stopping until the end of my shift.”

“I have a million doubts and even more questions, but I’ve come this far and for

the money she said I'll make, becoming a sex slave is a small price to pay."

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Then let's get to work."

“Alright ladies and gentlemen, time’s up!” Mistress Jenna loudly spoke into her microphone even as she rode the big black cocks stuffing her pussy and ass. Bouncing back on them a few more times, she sighed at having to stop so suddenly when she knew the next orgasm was just around the corner and pulled herself off the long, fat dick and got to her feet. As much as I’d love letting these men fuck their big black cocks into me all night long, the rules are the rules and the gang bang portion of the competition is over and the final round is about to begin. Thank you Masters Mistresses and slaves alike for participating. You may return to your seats and normal duties at this time while we get things set up. Slaves, you have one hour to rest, use the bathroom or do whatever the hell else you like before the competition resumes.”

“Excuse me, Mistress, but I thought we were not permitted to leave the stage,” Renee said to Mistress Jenna.

“Normally, that would be the case, but I am making an exception while we set things up for the final round. You may leave the stage without being disqualified as long as you return before the hour is up.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“If you’re looking for your lover I’m guessing she’ll be in the body shop getting worked on.”

“My lover, Mistress?”

“The contestant you spent the first couple hours staring at until she walked out with Mistress Zoe.”

“We are not lover, Mistress. Just friends.”

“Could’ve fooled me. Anyways, if I know Mistress Zoe, and I do know Mistress Zoe, then she no doubt offered your friend one of the positions here and she took it.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’ll go look for her there.” Hopping off the stage, not bothering to get dressed as all sense of shame went right out the window the second she entered into the competition, Renee made a beeline to the body shop. Opening the door, she stepped in to see a petite brunette with tits so large there was no way they were real slowly bouncing up and down in her seat. It took her a moment looking through the glass counter top to realize the woman was riding an extremely fat dildo.

“Here to get some work done, or just browsing?”

“Um, actually, I’m here looking for my best friend. She may be already getting worked on. Her name is Charlotte.”

“She’s in room three with Loren. You may head back, but do not disturb the worker or client or you’ll be asked to leave.”

“Thanks.” Heading to the back of the shop, Renee sat three doors to the left labeled 1, 3 and 5; and another three on the right labeled 2, 4 and six. Testing the knob for room three, she pushed it open and stepped inside to see Loren pressing a branding iron to her best friend’s pussy mound. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!”

“What the...who in the hell are you?” Loren shrieked, spinning around with the searing hot iron still in hand.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to disturb you. I was looking for her,” Renee said, pointing to Charlotte who was silently sobbing into the Scold’s Bridle. “My god, what are you doing to her?” she asked, her eyes going from pierced nipples to pierced and shielded hood, heavily pierced, tunneled and ringed labia and back up to the microdermal piercings between her breasts that now read: FUCKTOY in platinum lettering. And then her gaze fell back to the BREEDING COW brand that had just been administered and her jaw dropped.

“I am giving her all the work Mistress Zoe commands of all her slaves. If you are going to stay then please remain silent while I work. Any more outbursts and I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

“Can I talk to her at all? I don’t have a lot of time before I have to get back to the competition.”

“Sorry. This is going to take my entire shift and I don’t have any more time to

waste.” Dropping the branding iron into an empty bucket, she picked up a scalpel and sat in a chair facing Charlotte’s right hip. Placing the razor-sharp tip against the tender flesh, she looked up at Renee. “I am about to cut her so if you cannot handle it without freaking out on me please leave.”

“What are you cutting into her?”

“The design I’ve placed on her outer thigh. Are you going to remain silent?”

“Yes,” Renee said, moving around to get a better look at her friend’s thigh and the outline of what appeared to be an angel hanging upside down in very intricate shibari bondage and suspended from a bdsm triskelion. Biting her lower lip so hard it started to bleed, she watched as Loren made several swift, sure cuts with a steady and practiced hand and wipe up the blood as she went.

In a matter of about forty minutes, the outline of the body was done and Loren took a long drink of water, checked to make sure Charlotte was still breathing and then sat back down to start on the rope work. Having seen her best friend suffer enough, Renee gave her a reassuring smile. “I’ll see you after the competition. It’s the final round already so hopefully I’ll win and we’ll both have jobs.”

“Oh, you’ll definitely win,” Loren said as she cut one edge of the rope binding the angel’s breasts.

“How do you know?”

“Because you’re the only woman remaining. Sure, sissy fuckboys are fine and all, but the real money is made with the female slaves.”

“I see. Well, I’ve been in here much longer than I intended. I need to get back before I’m disqualified.”

No sooner had she walked through the doors back into the Lion’s Den, then Renee wished she had just walked away and gone home. Now occupying the stage about three feet from center were four long metal tables lined with burning hot braziers with metal rods protruding from them. Having witnessed her best friend being branded, she knew exactly what was coming should she walk back up that stage. Looking at the clock, she had nine minutes to spare. Making up her mind to see it through to the end, she walked up onto the stage and gave Mistress

Jenna a nervous look, but otherwise remained silent.

Robert and Tony returned three and five minutes later respectively and as soon as he saw what was on the tables, Robert shook his head, walked over and grabbed his clothes and left without another word – not even bothering to collect his winnings.

“Is that what we’re going to have to do Mistress?” Tony asked. “We’re going to get branded?”

“That is correct, slave. We will give them to you one at a time until one of you has had enough. The one remaining will receive the final brand and be declared the winner. Since you’re both here we can go ahead and get started. Please take your places center stage.”

Robert and Renee looked at each other, their clothes, the row of branding irons and then back at each other to see whom was going to back out first. When neither of them ran away, they both hesitantly moved to the middle of the stage and trembled as Mistress Jenna and Master Paul grabbed the first hot iron in thickly gloved hand. The red-hot metal was pressed into the contestant’s right breast and they screamed in agony. When it was pulled away a head of a lion with property of the Lion’s Den written around it was left behind in sickly seared flesh.

The first branding iron was discarded and the second picked up. As it inched near their left breasts, Robert took a small step back, looked at Renee who was displaying supernatural willpower in remaining in place and then moved back into position. The branding irons were pressed into place and CUMBUCKET was left behind. The audience was hushed and on the edges of their seats as they watched and wondered whom would cave first. The third branding iron was picked up, used just above Robert’s cock and Renee’s clit. On the former it now read: Sissy Slut and on the latter, BBC Breeding Cow.

A fourth branding iron was picked up by Master and Mistress and inched ever so slowly towards the contestant’s right hip. But Robert finally had enough and backed away – not stopping until he was across the stage. “I’m done. I can’t take it anymore,” he said between tightly clenched teeth. Renee stood her ground, knowing that all she had to do was take this one last branding and it would be over. She would win and take her place alongside her best friend as the newest

member of the Lion's Den team. Closing her eyes, she felt the metal burning away her skin and she gritted her teeth until it was over. Looking down, she saw: GANG BANG WHORE forever seared into her flesh.

"Congratulations!" Mistress Jenna exclaimed. "You are the winner of this month's amateur night competition! How does that make you feel?"

"Like a slave already, Mistress," Renee now openly cried at the horrendous pain she was feeling.

"You're well on your way. Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for this month's winner, RENEE!" The audience went wild with cheers and applause that did nothing to sooth Renee's tormented body. "If you'll kindly go see Mistress Melissa in the lobby and tell her you're the winner she'll take care of the paperwork and then you may head on in to the body shop and let whomever is on duty that you're there to receive Mistress Zoe's marks. They will know what you're talking about."

"Yes Mistress." Dreading what was to come after seeing what her best friend was suffering at Loren's hands, Renee never the less slowly walked out of the club and up to Mistress Melissa's desk. "I won, Mistress. May I please sit down?"

"You may. You look exhausted."

"And in excruciating pain, Mistress. I...ugh...I was just branded four times and have to go through a whole lot more. I saw what Loren was doing to Charlotte and I am not looking forward to it one bit."

"And yet you're still going to go through it aren't you?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Just as a good slave would. I assume you are here to fill out the paperwork for the job?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Not a problem. I already have most of the information in the system. You'll just need to sign a different set of waiver and consent forms for those working here

and then we can take care of the tax forms. You will start out as a server in more ways than one. When you are not being trained by Mistress Zoe you will wait tables and take care of our patrons' every desire no matter what is asked of you. Base salary for the position is sixty-five thousand and on top of that you'll receive cash tips that do not need to be reported to the IRS as they cannot be traced. On average you'll make about a hundred thousand a year. Not bad for a waitress, huh?"

"I'm not going to complain, Mistress. Is this the same job as Charlotte, or something else?"

"You'll both have the same job. And since you're both under Mistress Zoe's care you'll work the same shifts. But don't get any ideas. If you let playing with her get in the way of your training or work you will be swiftly disciplined."

"Yes Mistress."

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Half an hour after winning the contest, Renee was in the body shop talking to Caitlyn – the fake-breasted woman she met earlier. "I'm here to get Mistress Zoe's marks."

"I take it you won the competition then?"

"I did. And all it took was getting branded four times."

"Well, prepare for a whole lot more. What's your name, slave?"

"My name is Renee. You?"

"I'm Caitlyn. Why don't you go on back to room five and I'll be back as soon as I can get someone to cover for me."

"Okay. I'm going to pop in and let my friend know I won real fast."

"Actually, take your time, it's going to take me at least an hour to get everything set up. I'll come get you when I'm ready."

"Okay." Going to the back of the shop, Renee opened the door to room three and

quietly entered, closing the door behind her. Walking over to Charlotte's right side, she saw Loren still working on cutting the bound and suspended angel into her flesh. "I won," she said to her friend who looked like she was on the verge of passing out, but unable to do so due to the extreme pain she was in. "I'll soon be in another room getting the same marks as you. We did it, my friend. Not exactly how we planned it, but we both have well-paying jobs and we can finally stop worrying."

"Oh, honey, your worries are just beginning," Loren said with a sinister tone.