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I was just about to walk out the front door to go job hunting for the thirty-ninth day in a row when my cell phone rang. I did not recognize the number so slid it to ignore. On the front porch, pulling the locked door closed behind me it rang again. Same number. Sighing, I answered. "Hello?"

"Good morning. Is this Willow Hayes?"

"That all depends on who's asking. If you're a bill collector I'll pay when I get a job. If you're a telemarketer then take me off whatever list you've got me on."

"Thankfully, I'm neither. My name is Eva Briggs and I'm the owner and operator of Club Mystique. I got your name from Tori Newman. You do know her, right?"

"I do, but why on earth would she give you my name and number? I'm no stripper."

"We're not just a strip club. And she gave me your information because she said you've been out of work and having a hard time landing another job. Full disclosure, she also showed me a picture of you and her together in bikinis at the beach and if that really is you then I can guarantee you a position right now today."

"Oh yeah? Will that be head down, ass up or on my back?"

"Look, I'm offering you a job making well above minimum wage. The least you could do is accept or refuse without being snippy about it. I apologize for bothering you, Miss Hayes. You will not hear from..."

"WAIT!" I shrieked with far more urgency than intended. "I'm the one that should be apologizing. Thank you for the offer, but I don't think I have what it takes to be a stripper."

"Have you ever been to Club Mystique?"

“No Ma’am I have not.”

“Then it’s no surprise you think it’s nothing more than another run of the mill strip club.”

“It isn’t?”

“No, no it is not. Some of my employees do strip to various degrees of naked, but that is not their sole duty, nor is it the only thing we do. Your friend told me about you at the perfect time, Miss Hayes. I’m currently looking to hire several sexy, open-minded girls and from what I’ve seen you fit the bill. How would you like to come in tonight for an interview and the chance to win a ten thousand dollar prize?”

“Ten thousand...and just what would I have to do to earn that prize?”

“Participate in what I lovingly call the gauntlet along with a few other women vying for a position. Make it through to the end and that’s the top prize you keep even if you don’t take the job. Second get five thousand, third gets twenty-five hundred and the rest will receive five hundred.”

“And what is this gauntlet? What will I be expected to do?”

“I’m afraid I cannot tell you that, Miss Hayes.”

“Please, call me Willow. And why can’t you tell me? I thought you said you were the owner of the place?”

“I am. And I can’t tell you as it would ruin the surprise and give you an unfair advantage over the other contestants. If you wish to participate please arrive at eight-thirty so that you have time to get dressed for the event which will start at nine. Please enter through the back door and tell Michelle at the ticket booth you are here for the contest. She will see that you are well taken care of. If you don’t show up then I’ll assume you’re not interested in the job and I wish you luck in the search. Either way, enjoy the rest of your day.”

“Thanks. You too.” Hanging up the phone, I immediately dialed my best friend Tori. “What in the holy hell?”

“Um...excuse me?”

“You heard me! Club Mystique? Really?”

“Ah, so Eva called, huh?”

“Yeah, I just hung up from talking to her. She said you gave her my name and information and showed her pictures of us on the beach. She wants to give me a job.”

“You said yes, right?”

“Not exactly. I’m not a stripper, Tori. Hell, I don’t even know how to dance. At least not like that anyways.”

“You don’t have to be a stripper, Willow. There’s more to the club than that.”

“Eva said the same thing. She invited me to some contest tonight.”

“Please tell me you’re not going to turn down the opportunity to make ten grand.”

“What will I have to do? And don’t you dare lie and say you can’t tell me.”

“I wouldn’t be lying. I am forbidden from speaking of it to anyone including you. All the members are. If word gets out the one violating the terms will be banned and I’m sorry, but I like the place far too much to risk losing my membership. If you want to know you’ll have to show up and participate. What I can tell you, however, is that no matter what happens, you must complete the gauntlet. You may not think it to look at her, but Eva has a great deal of influence in many different fields and to piss her off could spell career suicide. So please do not show up if you’re not serious.”

“Can she get me a job that does not require taking my clothes off to earn a paycheck?”

“Absolutely. But it won’t happen overnight. You’ll have to earn her trust and respect before she even considers it and the quickest way I know to do that is to work at the club. So, you going to go?”

“Please be honest with me Tori. Even if you can’t tell me what I’ll have to do can you at least tell me if I’ll like it?”

“I honestly have no idea, but ten grand will go a long way towards keeping a roof over your head if you ultimately decide not to take the job. And before you ask, yes, I will be there in the audience tonight. I’d participate myself, but members are not eligible so I’ll just have to watch.”

“So, when did you get into watching women strip, or whatever the hell it is they do at that place? I thought you were straight?”

“Nah, if anything I’m pretty badly bent. We’re best friends, Willow, but there are some things I keep even from you. It’s nothing personal as I keep certain aspects of my life hidden behind walls and layers of secrecy so thick it would take a nuke to penetrate them. But if you show up tonight you’ll get a glimpse of what those secrets are. Unfortunately, I just pulled into the parking lot at work so I need to get going. Hope to see you tonight.”

“I’ll think about it.” Hanging up, I went back into the house, kicked off my shoes and placed my purse on the stand next to the door. “So much for job hunting,” I sighed. Going to my desk, I sat down, turned my laptop on and went straight to google to look up the club I’ve heard so much and knew so little about. At the top of the list was a dance club in Amsterdam, a restaurant and lounge in Miami and a gentlemen’s club in Connecticut – none of which were even remotely close to where I lived. Adding in the city and state and the owner’s name shortened the list to exactly zero and I wondered what kind of club in this day and age did not have their own website. I suppose it added to the mystery of the place, but in my opinion made for poor marketing.

Unable to find anything definitive, I shut my computer down and went to the couch with the intent of passing the time watching meaningless programming, but it was nothing more than background noise as I thought long and hard about the options laid out before me. Yes, ten grand would go a long way to keeping me afloat until something else came along, but what would I have to do to earn it? While cryptic, I gathered enough from the tone of my best friend’s voice to know it was something I most likely would not enjoy doing. Adding in her and Eva both admitting women did strip there and my mind began wandering into sexual scenarios that made my cheeks flush.

The minutes ticked away with the agonizing slowness of a snail on Xanax. Bored out of my mind, I did what little cleaning needed done, washed a load of laundry, soaked in a long, hot bath and gave more thought to what I should do.

At five after seven my phone rang. Seeing it was Eva, I answered fully expecting her to tell me our earlier conversation was a joke. “Hello?”

“Hey, Willow, it’s Eva. Are you free right now?”

“Just soaking in a hot bath. Why?”

“Is there any chance you could drop by in, say, the next half hour to prepare for the contest?”

“Um, I thought it wasn’t until nine?”

“It isn’t, but I wasn’t thinking earlier and there’s a lot more to do to get you ready than putting you in a dress.”

“You’re assuming I’m going to participate.”

“You’re right and that’s my mistake. If you are going to participate could you please show up in the next half hour? Come in through the back and tell Chloe you’re here to see me. If not, well, enjoy your bath.”

The call ended and I sat the phone on the vanity. Exhaling a sigh, I drained the water and got out of the tub. After drying off, I threw on a pair of panties, a dress and pair of heels. Quickly doing my hair, I grabbed my purse and head out the door to whatever fate had in store for me.

I arrived at the club approximately twenty-eight minutes after Eva last called. Parking in the back corner where no one driving down the road or walking along the sidewalk could see me, I got out and kept my head down as I walked across the lot. Going in through the back door, I went down a short hallway and stopped at a booth where a busty, corset-wearing brunette sat looking bored. "Hi, I'm here to see Eva. My name is Willow and she should be expecting me."

"Ah yes, she told me you might be coming," Chloe said. Standing, she stretched and then stepped out of the booth. "Please follow me."

At the end of the hall she opened a door to the right, led me down another hallway, up a flight of stairs and to a closed door which she gave three knocks. "Enter," Eva called out from within. Chloe opened the door and waved me in. Once my feet accepted the signal from my brain they started moving across the threshold as my eyes remained locked on the stunning raven-haired woman sitting at a large oak desk. Like Chloe, she too was wearing a corset that had her milky white breasts nearly popping out of the top.

"Glad you could make it," Eva smiled. "I honestly did not think you would."

"That makes two of us."

Standing, she walked around the desk and held her hand out. I took it and felt my cheeks growing warm for no good reason. "So, what changed your mind? And money is a perfectly acceptable answer."

"There you have it then. I'm not going to lie, ten grand is a lot of money and I'd be a fool to turn down the chance to win it even if I wasn't getting desperate. So, what do I need to do that's going to take three hours to complete?"

"This is where you learn the truth of this place. Mystique is a bdsm club. Do you know what that is?"

"You mean like bondage and stuff?"

“There’s a lot more to it than that, but yes. We cater to a wide variety of fetishes in a safe and consensual environment where no one will be judged for the perversions they like. The rules are posted around the club in easily readable poster format, but you and the other contestants will not adhere to them during the running of the gauntlet. But more on that when the time comes. For now, I need you to come with me to my private bathroom so we can get you cleaned out.”

“Excuse me?”

“Have you ever had an enema?”

“No.”

“Trust me, you’re going to want to be as clean back there as humanly possible and that’s why I called you in. I’m going to administer them personally and afterwards we’ll get you into the proper gear. So, I’ll be getting fucked up the ass during this contest then? I mean, that’s the only reason I can possibly think of that would require enemas.”

“I can neither confirm nor deny that. All I can say is that you’ll definitely want me to give them to you until you’re cleaned nice and deep. And seeing as how they take about fifteen to twenty minutes each and you’ll be taking half a dozen or more and you understand why I asked you to come in early.”

“Okay, but why are you doing this for me and not the other contestants? It seems as if you’re playing favorites.”

“The other contestants have already filled out their application and waiver forms and know all about the enema requirement. Seeing as how you were never given either, I felt I should take it upon myself to personally handle your preparations. Which brings me to the forms you’ll need to read and sign. But we can take care of that after the first enema. Come on, there’s nothing to be afraid or ashamed of.”

Taking me by the hand, Eva pulled me across the office and into a large bathroom complete with sink, toilet and tub big enough for two. On the left, built into the wall were shelves filled with fluffy purple towels and below that were three drawers. Her right hand was suddenly caressing my left cheek and I froze as she moved closer. Our bodies pressed against one another and I stopped

breathing. My eyes grew wide as her lips drew closer. Her hands moved behind me and my dress was unzipped and sliding down my body. Her lips were so close to mine now I could almost feel them and then she took a step back and got down on her knees. The touch of her fingers caused goosebumps to rise on my naked skin and I looked down as she teasingly traced a line from my belly button to my clit and along my vulva.

“W-What are...uuhnnn,” I moaned despite my humiliation when her finger pressed harder against the thin material of my panties and her thumb massaged that sensitive bundle of joy. Knees feeling suddenly weak, I stumbled back and braced myself against the wall. “Please don’t. I can’t...I’m not...why are you doing this to me?” I stammered.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Eva purred, moving across the floor to once again kneel at my feet. “Here, let me help you with these.” She tugged my panties down and lifting one foot at a time they were off leaving me standing there in only my heels. She moved in and I felt her warm breath on my clit. “Thousands of women have passed through this club over the years, but only a handful of them have had an effect on me. Kneel on the floor with your head down and ass up.”

“I’m not bisexual,” I said even as my legs bent of their own accord and I found myself face to face with her on the floor. Biting hard into my lower lip, I dropped onto all fours and lowered my head. She moved behind me. Hands on my ass made me flinch, but I did not scatter away like my brain urged me to do. More out of inability to move than want of her touch. The tip of her tongue flicked my clit and then it was sucked into her mouth. My body shivered and I instinctively pushed back. I wanted to run but it was too late. That one simple act told her everything she needed to know and her tongue pushed into me. I was being licked by another woman for the first time in my life and could not tear myself away as she spread me open and went deeper.

Eva sucked my inner labia into her mouth and playfully nibbled on them. Her teeth sunk in enough to let me know they were there, but not so hard as to cause me any real pain. She then slowly pulled until they were stretched tight. Biting harder, she let go as I squealed. Not giving me time to think, she did it again – this time maintaining the hard bite for several agonizing seconds before letting go. The third time she added a pinch to my clit. The orgasm came out of nowhere and shook me to the core. I tried lying flat on the floor, but she held my by the thighs and fucked her tongue in and out. I had never been a squirter, but

she managed to get a few gushes from me that she lapped up without hesitation.

When it was finally over, I fell to the floor and rolled over. Clamping my legs closed, I stared up at the ceiling. “What in the hell just happened?” I panted.

“You had a very intense and might I add, tasty, orgasm.”

“I can’t believe I let you do it. How? Why? What in the actual fuck? I’m not bisexual. I’m not attracted to women even a little.”

“As you just discovered, you don’t have to be attracted to women to let one pleasure you, Willow.” Crawling over my body, she straddled my hips and casually tweaked my nipples. “The question is: are you going to let me do it again?” Leaning down until our lips nearly met, she stopped.

She did not have to say the words for me to know what she wanted. My entire body buzzing with excitement, fear and a healthy mix of pleasure, I raised my head and kissed her. I. Kissed. Her. Not the other way around. She did not force, trick or coerce me in any way, shape or form that I could think of. My head lifted because I told it to. Our lips pressed against each because I wanted it to happen and try as I might, I could not explain these bizarre, very much out of character actions.

“Mmmm...I could do this all night, but unfortunately we’ve got a gauntlet to prepare for. Head down, ass up,” she said, giving me a quick peck on the lips before standing and walking over to the drawers built into the wall. A moment later and she was holding a large purple rubber bag, clear hose, a long metal nozzle with a thick bulb near the base and a small plastic bag of miscellaneous items which she carried over and sat on the vanity. “Have you ever had anal sex?”

“Yes, but I’m not a huge fan of it.”

“Let me guess...you’ve been with men that just shoved it in without warning?”

“Actually, no. I’ve been with very considerate men that took their time and worked me up to it one finger at a time, but I got no pleasure from it. I’m also not a fan of anything going into what is, by function, an exit.

“Fair enough. Well, this is going in your ass and the bulb here at the base will

ensure it stays put until I pull it free,” she explained, holding the sinister looking probe up for me to see. Upon closer inspection, what I initially thought was a ball was, in fact, more of a cone tapered for ease of insertion that flared out much like a butt plug and it was thicker than any dick I had ever taken. “Any questions before we begin?”

“No.”

“Great.”

Turning the water in the tub on, she adjusted the temperature several times and then held the wide mouth of the bag under the flow. It quickly filled and she screwed the cap in place, attached the hose, made sure the valve was in the off position and then used a steel s-hook to hang it from the shower rod. Next, she pushed the hose on the end of the nozzle, applied a small amount of lube and then placed it against my tightly puckered asshole. “Relax and let it slide in. It’s thin enough it shouldn’t hurt.”

“It’s not the thin part I’m worried about.”

“Don’t worry, that will slide in nice and easy as well. The lube I’m using had a mild desensitizer in it that should make it possible to take without much pain. Don’t get me wrong, you’re going to feel it stretching you open every step of the way, but it won’t hurt nearly as much as if I pushed it in using regular lube.”

“Uhn...you’re not making this any easier,” I grunted as the nozzle slid in to the plug part. I felt the water slowly filling me as she worked it in and out – making sure to keep at least two or three inches in me at all times which, I would find out later was to prevent water from shooting everywhere out of the holes along the sides. My asshole was stretched just a bit wider with every thrust as the tapered section did its job. And then I felt her fingers on my clit. My legs spread and her rubbing intensified. My asshole stretched and then snapped shut. The plug was in that easy and thought I was staring at the floor, face red hot, I could see her grinning.

Eva gave the nozzle a few hard tugs eliciting grunts from me. “Yeah, that’s in there nice and tight isn’t it? Relax now. I’m going to increase the flow and you’re going to feel the urge to shit. Take deep breaths and the sensation will pass.”

“Oohhhh damn!” I exclaimed as the flow went from a mere trickle to garden hose in a matter of seconds. She walked around in front of me and got down on the floor with her ass in my face.

“Do I need to tell you what I want?”

“N-No.” Why am I doing this? I thought as my fingers slid under the tight material of her latex skirt. It did not take me long to realize she was not wearing panties and as I pushed the garment up over her hips I was face to face with her exposed pussy and ass. This...this isn't happening. I am not attracted to women so why am I doing it? Hands moving down, I placed them on her thighs and pulled her back. There were no further thoughts, no hesitation. My tongue was out and licking along her slit as if I had done it a thousand times before. She pushed back and the only thing to move was my probing tongue deeper into her pussy.

“Mmmm...not bad for a straight girl,” Eva moaned. “I want you to remember this moment when it comes time to participate in the gauntlet. If you can so easily and eagerly brush aside your sexual preferences to pleasure another woman then there's absolutely no reason you can't do the same for all the other acts of sexual perversion you'll be put up against. I'm going to make you an offer that may help you look past your inhibitions to win the contest. Make it through to the end in the shortest amount of time and on top of ten grand prize you'll get a substantial sign-on bonus for accepting the job. I want to see you win tonight Willow. And to that end I'm going to break my own rules and give you an advantage over the competition. If you allow me to, that is.”

“What will I have to do?”

“What is the most perverted thing you've done sexually?” she asked, looking back over her shoulder.

“This.”

“I see. Well, we've got less than three hours to give you a crash course in kink. Do you think you're up to it?”

“I honestly have no freaking idea what I'm up for anymore. What do I need to do?”

“I need you to follow my every command without hesitation or complaint and trust that I am doing everything necessary to give you an advantage. If you’re going to win, you need an open and accepting mind. To that end, I need you to bury your inhibitions and forget they ever existed. Can you do that?”

“I can try.”

“Great. Then let’s get started.”

A warm, bitterly salty fluid suddenly filled my mouth and for the first time since this bizarre encounter began, I finally understood what she meant my perverted.

Wearing a form-fitting black and burgundy dress that barely covered my ass and matching strappy thigh-high boots curtesy of Eva Briggs, I stood on a large stage in the center of Club Mystique alongside seventeen other women – some looking far more confident than others, and I wondered how many of them knew just what they were getting themselves into. Looking out at the crowd, I spotted Tori sitting at a table with three very handsome and well-dressed men I had never seen her with before. She gave me a smile and my face flushed.

“WELCOME ladies and gentlemen to the thirty-second running of the gauntlet!” Eva exclaimed – her voice amplified through the club’s speaker system via the microphone attached to the neck of her dress.

Thirty-second? How is that even possible when the club has only been open five years? I thought as she continued.

“This month we have eighteen beautiful and eager contestants vying for the ultimate prize of ten thousand dollars!”

Ah, well then, that makes more sense.

The next hour was spent with us contestants parading around the stage as Eva read off our names – first only, ages and vital statistics. We were then taken to a door at the back of the club, down some stairs to a lower level and into a large room where eighteen men and women stood next to their own covered tray. I saw cameras in two corners of the room and knew we were being broadcast to the club above.

“Alright ladies, this is where the gauntlet begins,” Eva explained. “Once all eighteen of you have been pierced the door will open and the first to reach the end wins the top prize.”

“Pierced? What do you mean, pierced?” a pleasantly thick brunette asked. “No one said anything about getting pierced.”

“If you are not willing to get pierced then the way out is right behind you.

You've got exactly one minute to make up your minds as once I'm upstairs the only way out is through."

"What's getting pierced?" the woman asked.

"What does it matter?" I cut in as I stepped in front of a tall, curvy blonde woman. "I'm ready whenever you are."

"That's the spirit," the woman smiled. "Take your tits out and raise your dress over your hips."

"Wouldn't it be easier to just take it off completely?" I asked, reaching back to unzip it. After spending nearly three hours with Eva getting put through one perverse act after another, I held no illusions that I would make it out of here unfucked and I accepted that fact without regret. Stepping out of the garment, I tossed it at Eva, gave her a wink and turned back to the blonde. "Ready when you are."

The needle was through my right nipple a few moments later and I saw several other women following suite while the brunette and three others shook their heads and called it quits before it even began. Four down, thirteen to go, I thought as my left nipple was pierced and a gold ring placed in the hole. My hood followed and the woman gave each one a final cleaning with an alcohol wipe before sending me on my way.

When we were all done, Eva stood in front of the door but did not open it. "You will receive a tag for every section of the gauntlet you complete," she explained. "In order to qualify for winning you must accumulate a minimum of five tags. As incentive for being as kinky as possible, your times will be adjusted based on the number you cross the finish line with so take that into account before rushing through. Each section will be numbered so you'll know when you've moved from one and into another. Ready...set...GO!"

The door flew open and she stepped out of the way. Time seemed to stand still as we all waited for someone else to be the first, but when no one went through, I sucked it up and stepped into the short hallway. Going to the end, I recalled Eva's words as she administered the last of my five enemas. Going right, I saw the number twelve on a door to my left. Knowing it was by far the most extreme thing in the gauntlet, I told myself if I could get through it, I could get through it all. Stepping inside as four others drew closer, I heard the door lock behind me.

Across the small room was a petite redhead wearing a leather harness that left nothing to the imagination standing next to a brazier which rested on a three foot high stone pillar.

“Left, right or center?” the woman asked.

“What does that mean?” Eva failed to explain this part to me.

“Left,” she pointed to my left breast. “Right,” she pointed to my right breast. “Or center?” She asked, her gaze going down to my vulva.

I gulped. “C-Center.” Ten grand, a job and a substantial sign-on bonus, I thought as she put on a heavy glove and withdrew a red hot iron from the coals.

Approaching, she knelt, lined it up where she wanted and pressed it into my flesh. I screamed bloody murder and wondered how many contestants I had just frightened away. I hoped all of them, but there was no chance in hell I was that lucky. Standing, the woman placed the branding iron back in the coals and then hung a tiny gold tag on the ring adorning my hood.

“Well done,” she said with a smile. “You have completed this section of the gauntlet.”

Opening the door, I stumbled out and nearly ran into a brunette whose ear had been up against the door. From the look on her face she did not hear much and I pulled the door closed before continuing down the corridor – teeth tightly clenched against the unbearable pain shooting through my body. I did it. I actually fucking did it! Eva is right. I can do anything if I put my mind to it and toss my inhibitions out the window.

Several men stood in the hallway ahead – each with cane in hand. Thanks again to Eva’s guidance, I knew what they were going to do and acted accordingly. Stopping in front of them, I waited. I was grabbed around the right wrist and pulled forward. My arms were pulled out to the sides and my legs kicked open about two feet apart. Surrounded on all sides, they let loose – raining swats down on my ass, back, arms, legs, and breasts. Thankfully, they were very skilled tormentors and missed my fresh piercings and brand. Spun around to the point of dizziness, I saw two contestants approach, see what was happening to me, shake their heads and turn back. Another skirted around the swinging lengths of bamboo to move on to the next challenge.

No regrets. No hesitation. No inhibitions. No regrets. No hesitation. No inhibitions. As the canes struck hard causing welts to rise up in a roadmap of pain, I chanted the mantra to myself. It did not rid me of the agony, but it did see me through to the end. The tag was placed on my left nipple ring and using the right wall to stay on my feet, I ambled down the hall to the next section of the gauntlet. As I approached, I saw the woman that passed me by on all fours yelping and fidgeting as a man attempted to get his hand into her ass. Grinning ear to ear, I walked up to them, got down on the floor head down and ass up. "Ready whenever you are."

Another man emerged from the left where several more sat in waiting. Lubing his hands as he walked behind me, she applied some to my ass and pushed two fingers in. Relaxing my sphincter, a third and fourth were added before I was really feeling the stretch. Sure, Eva managed to work her hand in there, but his was so much larger I feared I had finally met my match. Closing my eyes and taking a deep breath, I relaxed every muscle in my body and shoved back hard and fast. Just like the enema nozzle and Eva's hand, there was a brief moment of nothing happening and then it was in. But not over. Pulling it out, he pushed his left hand in. Left out, right in. Right out, left in. Knowing it would not end until I had an orgasm, I reached back and vigorously massaged my clit while imagining it was Eva's Tongue. It took several minutes, but the juices squirted out and I was rewarded with half a dozen powerful thrusts as his hands punched in and out of my ass and then a tag was hung on my right nipple ring and I was on my way.

Winding my way through the outwardly spiraling corridors, I came to a section with the number nine painted on the floor. A dozen small rooms lined the left and right walls like the cells of a dungeon and my heart fluttered as I looked in to see ten men standing in a semi-circle. Walking in, I knelt in the center of them. A cock was offered and I sucked – my hands going to two more as the rest slowly jerked off. Unfortunately, this was one fetish Eva was unable to help me with. Not at all skilled in the art of deepthroating, I choked and gagged as I was turned and fucked down the throat by one man after another until they were all hard and jerking off.

Opening my mouth, I tilted my head back and waited. The first globs of semen landed on my tongue several minutes later and were quickly followed by several more. Instinct told me to spit, but Eva's warning forced me to hold my position as the slimy concoction slid to the back of my mouth to make room for more.

Not really one for eating man-seed, I had to concentrate and fight the urge to spit as it started cooling.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw one of three black contestants enter the room across the hall. There was a brief conversation and she too was kneeling. My competitive side emerged. Reaching up, I started jerking two of the men while another added his cream to my face. Hands going from cock to cock, I redoubled my efforts to get the rest of them off. The man in my left hand pulled back and aimed his own cock. The first ropey strand hit me square in the forehead. The next landed on my nose and I had to close my eyes to prevent it from getting in as the rest was added to my nearly full mouth.

Using a finger, I wiped up as much as I could from my face and let it drop into my mouth. Feeling it about to overflow, I had to stop and steady myself before I spilled it and had to start over. The rest of the men added their jizz to the mix and thankfully I was allowed to swallow. It went down roughly, causing me to gag and nearly vomit. Managing to keep it down for a full minute, a tag was added to my right nipple and I was sent on my way. Unfortunately, I was not looking forward to what was coming next, but with no way out, but through, I went down the hall and into a small niche where three men stood in waiting. Behind them, sitting against the wall was a metal bucket.

“No regrets,” I sighed, getting down on my knees. A cock was placed against my lips and I took him into my mouth. Forming as tight a seal as possible, I attempted to ignore my gag reflex as the bitter fluid hit the back of my throat. Thanks to Eva I knew what to expect, but that did not mean I had to like it. Taking him deeper, I quickly gulped to avoid tasting every drop. The stream trickled to a stop. The man stepped back and another took his place. Belly already full, I groaned and drank. The third man added the contents of his bladder to my belly and I clamped my lips tight while taking slow, shallow breaths to fight the need to throw up.

Time seemed to stand still as I waited, waited and waited some more. Finally, the man in the middle looked at his watch, smiled and added a tag to my left nipple. “Well done, slave,” he grinned. “You may throw up now if you like.”

“Oh god thank you,” I groaned. Scrambling across the concrete floor, I hovered over the bucket, but the damn piss refused to come up until I put a finger to the back of my throat and forced it to do so. When I was done, the men offered me

some water and mouthwash. I accepted both. Stepping out, I leaned against the wall to take a breather before continuing. I had no idea where I stood in the contest, but that was my fifth tag and enough to leave. Unfortunately, I let my greed cloud my judgement when I accepted Eva's deal and had no choice but to complete all twelve tasks if I wanted that substantial sign-on bonus.

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Vaginal fisting, Needles in my breasts, pussy, and several other sensitive areas of my body leading to five permanent anchors being placed in my cleavage and capped with letters spelling out WHORE and a foursome with three black men whom all filled my pussy with their loads was followed by twenty swats of the cane on my already welt-covered ass, sex with two women, five minutes of being flogged and sex with another black man.

Following the corridors, I made my way to the finish line and collapsed in the far corner – too exhausted to go on. I was the only one in the room until a door opened and Eva stepped in with a woman dressed as a sexy nurse.

“Congratulations, Willow!” Eva exclaimed. “You’re not the first to finish the gauntlet, but you are the only one so far that has completed all twelve tasks and that will go a long way towards lowering your time. This is Dana and she’s a board certified doctor. She’ll check you out to make sure you’re okay and then you’ll be taken up to the employee lounge to shower and rest while we wait for the rest of the contestants.”

“So, does this make me a sex slave now? I asked, looking from the WHORE piercings down to the brand on my mound reading: OWNED SLAVE.

“Not even close, but at least not you’ve got a pretty good idea what it means to be one should you desire more training.”

“I think what I went through was enough for one lifetime thank you very much.”

“That’s a shame. I was really looking forward to training you. Oh well, it’s not a lifestyle for everyone and definitely not something you should enter into with even the tiniest sliver of doubt. For what it’s worth I couldn’t be any prouder of you. And those watching in the club above loved every second of it. How is she, nurse?”

“I don’t see any lasting damage, Mistress. She should heal up fine in a few days.”

“Glad to hear it. Please take her to the lounge and see that she’s relaxing in a nice hot bath.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Mistress?”

“Dana is one of my submissives,” Eva explained. “And it is a sign of respect to refer to one’s dominant as Master or Mistress. The same applies to all members and employees of this club.”

“So, if I work here I have to call you Mistress?”

“That is correct. You will call all dominant women Mistress and the men Master. Failure will result in disciplinary actions in the form of swats. So, do you still want the job?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then welcome to the team. We’ll go over the paperwork and your duties next week after you’ve had time to recover. Go on, Dana, get her upstairs.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Feeling only moderately refreshed after a long bath, I was once again wearing in the same burgundy and black dress and matching boots standing on the stage with thirteen other women – the four that left before getting pierced nowhere in sight. Tori, however, was still sitting with her three male companions and from my position on the stage I could see her hands down the pants of the men immediately to her left and right.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The thirty-second running of the gauntlet has concluded and let me be the first to say what an amazing spectacle it has been,” Eva exclaimed to the roar of cheers and clapping. “After careful review of the footage and adjusting for the number of tasks complete, we have a very clear winner. Will Heather Kemp, Jessica Somerville and Willow Hayes please step forward?” Turning, she faced the line of women. “The rest of you are dismissed with my thanks and a prize of five hundred dollars for your participation. Members, please give these lovely ladies a big round of applause.”

After more cheering and clapping, eleven women filed off the stage and collected their cash prize. Eva turned her attention to me and the remaining two contestants and I felt my heart rate increasing. “Coming in third place, and the winner of twenty-five hundred dollars and a one year membership to Club Mystique is...Jessica Somerville!” There was more applause. Second place, five thousand dollars and three years membership to Club Mystique goes toooooo... Heather Kemp. Making this year’s winner of ten thousand dollars and lifetime membership to Club Mystique is the only contestant to complete all twelve tasks of the gauntlet...WILLOW HAYES! Congratulations ladies and please enjoy the rest of your evening on me.”

“Thank you Mistress,” I replied.

“Mistress? Wait, I thought members, employees and submissives were ineligible?” Jessica complained.

“As they are,” Eva answered.

“It’s a sign of respect to refer to the male and female staff of this club as Master

and Mistress,” I cut in. “That is all I was doing.” Turning to Eva, I gave her a warm smile. “Thank you for a very enlightening evening, Mistress. Prizes aside, I learned a great deal about myself tonight that gives me a lot to think about.”

“You’re very welcome. And if any of you are interested in further exploring the bdsm lifestyle don’t hesitate to ask me or any of the other dominants any questions you might have. Also, please inform me when you’re ready to leave. As the amount of money you’ll be collecting is larger than the rest you’ll be escorted to your cars by one of the bouncers to ensure no one loses their hard-earned winnings.”

“I’d love to stay longer, but I’m in desperate need of about three day’s sleep, Mistress,” I said.

“Of course, Whore,” Eva smirked, a finger moving down the letters now adorning my cleavage. What about the two of you?” she asked the other two women.

They both agreed it was time to go and the three of us followed her and three muscular men up to her office where she counted out our winnings and sent us on our way. Stopping at the table my best friend sat jerking off two men, I leaned down and kissed her cheek. “I’m going home now to sleep but I want you to drop by tomorrow so we can talk.”

“I’ll be there bright and early.”

“Then put the coffee on when you arrive.”

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Waking to the tantalizing aroma of fresh brewed coffee, I rolled out of bed with a groan and stood in front of the full-length mirror. The rings and tags were still there as were the microdermal cleavage piercings and the brand on my mound. The rest of the marks – the welts from the caning and flogging and the pinpricks from the needle play were mostly gone with only the worst of the welts remaining. Looking over at the pile of cash sitting on the dresser, I smiled. In too much pain to wear clothes, and figuring there was no point in hiding my body from my best friend now that she witnessed my most humiliating, degrading and eye-opening sexual experience, I walked out of the bedroom and made my way to the kitchen. Ignoring the world around me, I poured a cup of coffee, took

several sips and then sat at the table opposite Tori.

“Morning sleepyhead. So, last night happened, huh? How are you feeling?”

“Like I’ve been put through a wood chipper. Most of the welts are gone, but I hurt worse now than I did when the men used me. And my stomach is churning from all the semen and piss I drank. What about yourself? Oh, and when did you get into such perverted sex?”

“The pain was dulled last night because of the adrenaline rush. Now that levels have returned to normal you’re going to feel a little worse for wear. So, any regrets?”

“Not even a little. Look, I can see the question burning in your eyes and all I can say is I don’t want to do anything that might risk our friendship. I love you, tori, but not in that way which is why I kissed you on the cheek. If I’m being perfectly honest with you and myself there’s only one woman I have feelings for and that’s Eva. I don’t know what it is about her, but she made me do things last night I never imagined and she did it so effortlessly I can’t even explain it.”

“I know it’s a lot to ask and I I’ll understand if you say no, but would you be against playing together from time to time?”

“And by play together can I assume you mean sex?”

“You may assume.”

“Kinky sex?”

“Even better.”

“So, you want to dominate me? Be my Mistress?”

“I’m not going to lie. I’ve had more than a few dreams to the effect.”

“Very well. We’ll do it, but I have one condition that is non-negotiable. If I feel this relationship is getting in the way of our friendship I will end it then and there and we will never go down that route again.”

“I can live with that. Now, the question is: do you wish to be trained as a

submissive with limits, or a slave without?”

“Considering what I went through last night and the brand on my pussy, I’m thinking the latter will make more sense.”

“That doesn’t mean you have to go to that extreme, Willow. And you don’t need to answer now. In fact, I insist you take all the time you need. You should also factor what you’ll be doing at work into the equation.”

“You’re assuming I’m taking the job.”

“I talked to Eva last night after you left. You’re taking the job. And to answer an earlier question, I got into perverted sex almost the same way as you. I met Eva two years ago on my way out of a bar I was very disappointed with. We got to talking and he invited me to Mystique with promises of a night I would never forget. That night included the two of us making love to each other and her giving me a crash course in the lifestyle. I was hooked and she gave me membership good for as long as I work the club one night a week. I’ve been doing it ever since and have sampled everything they have to offer. I’m just glad you’re okay with it. You are okay, right? I mean, you did go through some pretty fucked up shit last night and if you need to talk please know that I’m here for you.”

“I’m okay. At least I think I am. I may be in shock and not realize it. I keep telling myself I should be more disgusted. I should be humiliated, devastated and crying in shame but I’m not. All I feel is excitement and an almost overwhelming urge to go back and lick Eva’s pussy until she covers my face in her juices. God! I can’t believe I just said that.”

“I can. Eva is an incredibly beautiful and dominant woman few can resist. And for what it’s worth, you’re not the first straight woman I’ve seen her seduce. And yes, you very well may be in shock which is why I want you to take time to think about what you’ve done, what it means for your future and whether it’s something you can go on doing. But above anything else, I want you to understand that there are people here for you no matter the time of day should you need to talk and I’m not just referring to myself.”

“Thank you. I have a week before I start working at the club and I plan on spending every second of it weighing my options.”

“Anything in particular you’re having trouble with?”

“Nothing and everything,” I sighed. “Like I said before, I know I should be ashamed of what I did, conflicted even at so willingly having sex with another woman no matter how sexy she might be, but I’m not and that has me completely flummoxed.”

“Has it ever occurred to you that you’ve been deep in the closet and she brought you out into the light?”

“But I’ve never had feelings for women in my life.”

“Because you never felt anything, or because of your upbringing? Not saying your parents are homophobic or anything as I know they’re not, but still, there are many factors to sexuality even the so-called experts don’t fully understand. I mean, how many people go half their lives or more before realizing who they really are? You, my dear, are case in point and you’re not alone in this. Yes, I’m bisexual now, but like you I never realized it until an old friend talked me into experimenting.”

Standing, I walked around the table and hugged my best friend. Pulling back slightly, I looked into her pale blue eyes and then I kissed her. “I was wrong. I do love you, Tori, but I’m also afraid of losing you.”

“Then let’s take things one day at a time and see where it leads us. And if you still want to have sex with Eva then I’m more than willing to let you as long as I get to join in.”

“And if I only ever want to have sex with you?”

“Then all the better, but I think we both know that’s never going to happen so why bother pretending otherwise?”

“Those men you were with last night, the ones you were not so subtly jerking off under the table. Do you have sex with them?”

“I do. And I can tell you right now all three of them want to screw you at the same time.”

“Will you join me?”

“Absolutely. But not today. I want you to heed Eva’s advice and take time to think about what you’ve done before we take another step forward together. And if you ultimately decide not to pursue a relationship with me I’ll understand. I only want what’s best for you, Willow.”

“And that’s why I’m more confident than ever this is the right move.” Pressing my lips to hers, I poured every ounce of passion I had into it. She inhaled sharply as if taken by surprise and she kissed me back. “Let’s go to the bedroom where it’s more comfortable,” I purred.

“Are you sure this is what you want to do? If we have sex things will never be the same between us. Hopefully in a good way, but we’ll never know.”

“I’m sure. Those toys Eva has at the club – the floggers, canes, enema supplies and all the rest. Do you have any of them?”

“I have a few, but they’re at home.”

“Will you take me shopping later for some? I can’t believe these words are coming out of my mouth, but I actually sort of maybe kind of liked it.”

“I think that can be arranged. In the meantime we can use this,” she said, opening my closet and grabbing one of the many belts hanging within.

“Please not today. After last night I need something a little more...tender.”

“Oh, this isn’t for you. It’s for me. I want you to wrap it around my throat and choke me with it.”

“Jesus! Are you...nevermind, of course you are.” Taking it from her, I doubled it over and slapped it across her ass causing her to jump and giggle with excitement as she fell onto the bed. “I’m not even going to pretend I know what I’m doing, but with you and Eva’s guidance I’m open to learning.”

“And I’m open to teaching,” she said, rolling onto her back and tapping the bed to her left.

Walking over, I instead pulled her into a sitting position and yanked her tee shirt off. “I may be new to this whole bdsm thing, but I have enough experience with sex to know it’s a lot easier to do it without these.” Tossing the shirt over her

face, I unhooked the front of her bra and pushed her back onto the bed. Latching onto her right nipple, I gave it a hard suck and then kissed my way down to the top of her jeans. Grabbing the belt, I gave her left breast a playful slap. She gasped and arched her back. I struck the right a little harder and then unbuttoned her pants. Tugging them and her panties down to her knees, I flipped her over and sucked her inner labia into my mouth. Nibbling playfully at them, I pulled back, bit hard and let go. She squealed and fell flat on her face. "You okay?"

"Mmm hmm! Eva would be proud you're using one of her favorite moves. Please, do it again. And feel free to hit me harder with the belt. I like a little pain."

"I said I wanted something tender and here I am causing you pain." Dropping the belt to the floor, I rolled my best friend turned lover onto her back and kissed her clit. Slow and gentle from here on out. Understood?"

"Whatever you want...Mistress," she said with a wink and smile that made my heart skip a beat.

"Not yet, but maybe one day with enough training I'll earn that title and then we can dominate and submit to each other."

"I'd like that a lot. And thank you for giving me a chance. I know you're hesitant, but I swear I'll never do anything to hurt you. Unless you want me to, that is," she giggled.

"Shut up and lick me," I said, turning around and pushing my ass back. Lowering my head, I sucked her clit, content in the knowledge I was in safe hands.